



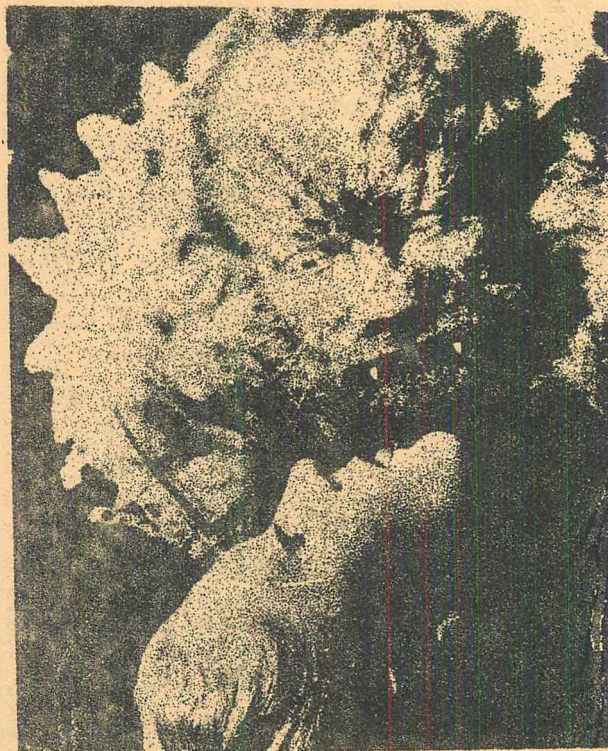
This issue of Spiritus Mundi is dedicated to Rosie Green, for reasons that are obvious within. But I can't resist hailing some other ladies ... Bobbi Armbruster and Laurraine Tutihasi, Dixie Adkins and Patty Green. Teri Carlberg and Charlotte Proctor. Valerie Proctor. And Melissa Reed.

And a girl named Brenda who works at the Turkey Lake Rest Stop on the Florida Turnpike, who was getting off work as Andy Whitehead and I stopped there on our way south to the worldcon. While Andy stuffed his face inside, I made phone calls from an open booth by the curb on which she sat, calling Charlotte to report on the progress we'd made since leaving Birmingham that morning, Gary Brown to gauge the progress we'd have to make before reaching Miami that night, Rosie to settle the happy arrangements for the days to come. This girl, blonde, about 18 or 19, sat on the curb waiting for her ride, watching me make my calls and very probably listening in. Her upturned nose and guileless face made that eavesdroppery no offense at all. I had to go up to her afterwards and ask her name.

She was just a girl who waitressed at a rest stop along the Turnpike, who was waiting for her boyfriend to come pick her up and take her home. Sitting there in her jeans and T-shirt and thongs, she didn't mind some strange turkey talking to her there in the place named for them. She'd never been to New Orleans but she had friends here. She'd sung in Ohio, she told Andy (as she was still there when we'd both finished eating), as a choir member back when she was "a little anklebiter".

She was going north -- 13 whole miles. We had a southern journey ahead of us -- 200 miles plus. So I rushed back inside the plastic rest stop and there, from as silly a vending machine as I've ever seen, molded a plastic spaceman and gave it to her. And drove off exchanging waves and shouts of bon voyage.

I've often wondered what the world would be like without women. Aside from empty ... No, I mean, what life would be like without the stimulus of women, the desire for them, the peculiar, almost spiritual importance of them. How much of me is given to them? How much more would I make it if I could? How important are they? They bring such pain & such wonder. How do we live with them? How do we handle this terrible dream?



*Spiritus
Mundi*
41

I like to watch them when they don't know I'm watching. No, by this I do not mean that I like to climb trees and sneak peeks under chastely drawn windowshades ... by this I mean that I like to watch them walk down the street, shop in the supermarket, looking at labels, look at their faces in my rear view mirror while stopped at a red light. Their faces are at rest then, they don't know anyone is looking; they can't flex their faces into any assumed mood. In New York women don't dare smile on the street, some hardhat would undoubtedly harass her all the louder. It's such a shame that women everywhere must fake their way down the street, so few dare smile or show that most precious of qualities, humor, in public. They do when they think no one is watching. They let the tension go, they let the reality come out. Ah.

I chose the Beauty and Beast illo on page one on purpose. Beast's tragic love for Beauty summed so much of my own feelings up. Sure, he put Beauty on a literal pedestal, and contemporary thought makes that a no-no, since female people are people first and female second. Cocteau knew, however, that our sexual identities were a vital part of us; that Beast was compelled by his nature to adore Beauty. There is no choice. Women may be "just people" but that makes them no less important and no less invaluable. The approval of women is something we strive for all our lives. If it isn't a pedestal we place them on, because of our nature as men, it is a judgment bench. Why are we helpless in the face of their senseless occasional bitches? Why their approval mean so much?

It is because they can cause such pain -- the kind that poises razor blades over trembling wrists -- and such wonderful delight. They hold our hearts in their hands, jugglers, which reminds me, that a little while before the worldcon/DSC binge chronicled, in my typically onerous fashion, within, I sat in a room somewhere in New Orleans and watched a girl juggle.

I won't name the girl but I bet it won't take long for you to discern who it is. Mailing comments, no doubt somewhat irate, will do the job for me, say how I embarrassed the poor chick, and so on. Pfft. Life is too short to worry about such things as that. Besides, the girl doesn't care much for me anyway. No, what counts is the metaphor. There she was, a new juggler, very young, trying to loop three rubber balls into some pattern in the air. Now she was very new at this and the spheroids more than once went asscatter. She smiled, her face incredibly elastic, and retrieved them from underneath the stereo, underneath the bookcase with the s.f., caught the ball I tossed back to her after it had rolled to a stop by my big toe. And tried again, her countenance a study in lighthearted concentration.

We do the same to them! Don't think that I don't know that. Don't think that I don't know that we return pain for pain and gladness for gladness. I know all that. But what shone through the moment for me was an absolute awareness of the power we give to women: they juggle our hearts and feelings and minds and futures and like this girl, it's hard to get it right, the first time. Sure, sure, we are all captains of our souls and masters of our fates, but I saw with clarity again as she juggled that women are the sea in which we sail our ships. End of convoluted metaphor within a metaphorical story.

The girl got rid of me, as I knew she would, and I hurried home in a rapture of inspiration. And I read some James Dickey and tried to mimic his command of metaphor in a poem about new jugglers trying to keep life going in the orbits of their practice. And failed, failed, failed.

But I had the right idea.

Poetry! Poetry! Poetry is the answer to everything!

Carol ~~Sather~~ Kennedy sent me a poem shortly after her visit to New Orleans last July. It sums the spirit up for me ...

EXCAVATION

If they ever dig us out of lava
will I, guitar in hand,
be discovered standing on the tree stump
 beneath your window
singing some bawdy serenade
and you, draped over the window sill above,
still be giggling and tossing a rose
through the fresh evening lava,
much to the disgust of the scandalized
 neighbors
not as yet dug up?

Or will I,
if they ever dig us out of lava,
be discovered standing, guitar in hand,
on the tree stump beneath your window
singing some bawdy serenade in the fresh
 evening lava
while you,
fearful of what the neighbors not as yet
 dug up might think,
are discovered sulking in an easy chair
 somewhere in the house
hiding from the window,
a wilted rose in your lap,
a dull dead dream in your eye,
and a tear on your cheek that looks like
 amber?

Or, if they ever dig us out of lava,
will all they find be a tree stump in your
 yard
and you asleep with the window locked
and a guitar full of lava in a closet
somewhere on the other side of town
and me in the kitchen of another house
drinking a stein of lava to forget,
content with the thought that the neighbors
 not as yet dug up
may sleep on peacefully and undisturbed?

-- John Dickson

Amen.

ELVIS

ELVIS Don't tell me how long ago it was. Years have no meaning. I know how old I was. I was five. Maybe I was approaching six. I sat on my mother's lap and watched the first performance on national television of Elvis Presley.

For Christmas, 1956, I received a 45 rpm of Hound Dog. I amassed some collection of Elvis 45s. Heartbreak Hotel. Tutti-Frutti. Teddy Bear. Jailhouse Rock. Blue Suede Shoes.

I once forced my mother to take me back to the Tonawanda, NY barber shop to get a haircut fixed. I'd wanted sideburns like Elvis. I still have an early Christmas present my mother got me, an "autographed" publicity picture. I drew war scenes on the back.

And I filled hundreds of pieces of manilla paper with crayon drawings of the King, back there in the midfifties, wasted hours of schooltime that should have been spent doing my long addition problems drawing pictures of Elvis. Always the same scene. Elvis, a triangular head atop a triangular torso, guitar swinging down, on stage, behind him an amorphous band, before him the silhouettes of screaming girls with their arms in the air. Over and over again, now and forever, thanks God for Elvis Presley, and now I just can't believe that such a great thing has gone, that such a great moment could ever pass.

Gone? Maybe not. There's something to be said for the works of people living on after they die. After all, they'll be able to play all those discs and watch all those awful, but fun, movies in 2077 too, long after we're wormshit, all of us, right?

Yeah. That they will. But they won't feel the electricity. They won't feel static hips begin to shake rattle and roll. They won't know. They won't know.

[illegible]

On and on ... after Elvis, Groucho, a sad, overdue death. No sadness reading the stories, just laughter at the recounted liners and appreciation for a genius beyond age. Shortly after him, Sebastian Cabot, a well-liked actor, and then, suddenly and disastrously, Zero Mostel, a magnificent talent whom I was honored to see in Ulysses in Nighttown, front row center, on Broadway. (The play wasn't much. Mostel was titanic.) That's an enormous loss. And just today Leopold Stokowski, partial creator of Fantasia and, incidentally, the greatest conductor outside of Toscanini in this century. No tragedy there, either, not for a man of 95. That the man was still active, and indeed producing work acclaimed as some of his finest, only increases the sense of awe, and envy, and not despair, that one feels upon his death. A rich life fully spent in great and wondrous activity ... there's nothing more to be asked.

But it's been a damned bad time. A month of the Jackpot. The world is diminished.

Being left with records and tapes and films just ain't enough.

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Before I go any farther, and vanish into the DSC report which begins o'er there -- , an important bit of business remains undone. This is GHLIII Press Publication #319, written in the months of Aug-Sept '77, mostly at 631 Dauphine St., NOLa 70112, home of me, Lillian, the author.

When I saw the flashing blue lights, I knew I was in trouble. "Maybe you better pull over," Wirth said. The Mississippi Highway Patrol car looming ever larger in the rear view mirror was a powerful persuader. Over I pulled to the gravel shoulder of Highway 59, just shy of the Lamar County line en route from New Orleans to Birmingham for the '77 DeepSouthCon. As the cop car sidled in behind me, a redneck voice drawled in my brain: "You in a heap lot'a trouble, bwah."

But no, the cop was very polite. He didn't drag Doug and I into the surrounding forests and kill us and bury us under earthen dams. He gave me my ticket & instructions on how to mail it to the judge (if I chose to make no fight of it, which, being guilty as sin of the cardinal crime of Speeding, I declined to do), and left. Vanishes a myth of the rural South. The New South again triumphant ... and I didn't exceed 60 all the way into Birmingham.

Yeah, a myth was demolished, but it was still not a pleasant harbinger for the DSC. I must truthfully say that despite my faith, of long standing, in the qualities of both B'ham and the Friersons, I expected to have a dreadful time at the DeepSouthCon this year. I expected to stagger through the 3 days of the con friendless and embittered, aghast & alone. I could not have been more disappointed.

Benumbed by the long drive, exhausted to the point of despair, Doug and I pulled into the back yard of Jerry & Charlotte Proctor at close to ten PM. There we found a virtually deserted house...only Jerry, son Forrest and Dave Halterman steaming in the livin' room. The ladies were already at the Parliament House downtown, said they ... DSC was underway.

The blue hotel with the golden crown, across an intersection from an ersatz Statue of Liberty atop a bank, was easily located with Jerry's directions. The tenth floor room of Meade & Penny Frierson, bankroll and chairman respectively for the con, was located by the noise. We entered ... & there they, you, were. Steele -- a face only a mother could love. The Biggerses -- passing out copies of the latest Future Retrospective. Lamented ex-SPAN Larry Mason. Andy Whitehead, holding down half of one of the beds. Some British fans ... and the con-man, MP3. We was ariven.

Sing This All TOGETHER



I was expecting to find Charlotte and a couple of B'ham's SCA cuties about, but was told that they had gone to din-din with the first pro to show for the con. My bowels churned as I heard the noxious name of David Gerrold, whose arrogance and condescension marked him as an anus of the first water when I saw him at the '74 Star Trek Con in NYC (see SM20). His return, shortly, gave me no reason to change my evaluation: I was told that he had been snotty to the barony girls & had indeed made one of them physically ill, he'd upset her so. I was close to feeling the same way as he assumed the corner chair by Meade's new A.B. Dick mimeo and Selectric and began pontificating on the faults of Alan Dean Foster. Only the joy of seeing Charlotte again, benefactress & protectress, relieved the sudden chill of Gerrold's entrance. She took the lot of us back home ... that is, she led Doug and I back to the abode. I lay myself down to sleep fearful of the morrow ... hardly a good way to think on an upcoming con.

Friday was a day of arrivals. Friday was a day of reckoning. Gathering fans met on the second floor mezzanine of the blue hotel with the yellow crown to register at Penny's table, inspect the twin hucksters' rooms (where Glen Brock was already milking fans, his stogie puffing huge billows of rancid smoke), wander through the embryonic Art Show, under the able but ridiculous control of able but ridiculous Ken Moore. There I ran into Steven Carlberg, fetching in rainbow suspenders and Grok button, and Beth, very cute in Mitch Thornhill's hat. She pledged that she was going to "murder me in LAS-FAPA," the Ellay-based apa to which we both belong. At least she was talking to me ... that particular worry, that all would be tension & unease, was quickly & finally blown to the breeze. Youknowwhoski & I had passed in the doorway to the con suite; my greeting was suitably ignored. Perhaps best.

And from the mezzanine, looming over the lobby, I beheld that Friday noontime a glory beyond words. He lives. Ray Lafferty, immense, his small head with its titanic brain somewhat lost on his blooming frame, entered, raising the IQ level of the whole hotel by half again. Compensating for this was John Guidry (love ya, John!), who came forward to greet the genius of Tulsa. I ran down to hail them both. My arms cannot stretch about the great Lafferty's girth. It is impossible to properly elucidate the love I have for R.A. Lafferty. A lot of it has to do with the Yeatsian humanism & humor of his fiction, which had me forever his servant before I met him (at St. Louiscon in '69). A lot of it has to do with the man himself. It is impossible to imagine a more unlikely genius. Like his character (hell, persona) Bertie-grew Bagley in Fourth Mansions, one could say of Lafferty: he "was fat and ungainly, grown old ungracefully, balded and shaggy at the same time, rheumy of eyes and with his mouth full of rotten teeth, discredited, violent, and vulgar: an earthen pot, and a cracked one at that." The only thing wrong with that description is that no one in his senses could ever imagine violence from Lafferty, whose voice is soft and even musical, in a cracked-wax-cylinder sort of way. Even though he showed sympathy for such a hideous scoundrel as Nixon, it should only be expected. Ray's point of view is never expectable or even at times defensible. It is always however stunningly original. Ray Lafferty can warble "You'll Never Know Just How Much I Love You" in my ear anytime. Bang bang!

This professional height of attendance obtained, the fannish (or faannish, as you prefer) duty now fell upon B'hamacon. And this duty fell to

Charlotte, who spent most of DSC (it seemed) picking people up from or taking people to the airport. I tagged along. After all, it wasn't just any neo who was coming in ...

Rain popped against the windshield as we rode to the airport. Clouds broiled & blustered over all of Jefferson County. Truly, thought I, he comes in on turbulent winds ...

A pennant -- the exalted Stars & Bars -- was purchased & pressed into Charlotte's hands. After so long away from fertile Alabama in horrible Los Angeles, I knew that the old spirit had to be awakened in this way. I stood to one side, camera poised. And lo, the clouds opened, & on a verdant ray the mighty vehicle descended, a spume of rainwater lofted forth from the runway to mark its passage; the plane rolled to the concourse & stopped. I had shown Charlotte graven images to prepare her for the sight of him. In case these proved less than needed, I was there, & I had beheld him twice prior. But lo, he came forth, striding nobly, moustaches graying at the tip, as ever the image of success, he even he, gaping in wonderment as a tall lady stretched forth the Confederate banner & shouted "Yoo Hoo ... Alonzo!"

Lon Atkins was back in the south.

A moment's explanation & my own entrance into his field of view let the great Alonzo know that DSC had come to meet him, & he was not merely being accosted by a crazy lady in a Star Wars shirt. Many photos were snapped recording the event. And so, hauling along a hitchhiker, Lewis Gray, we returned to the Parliament House, Lon remarking on the familiarity of the Alabama humidity. (Later, I had the honor of introducing Atkins to Ray Lafferty ... Somehow, I get a boost out of introuing Ray to people who've never met him.)

Lon also took care of his own introductions. A Mr. Cuyler Warnell Brooks, Jr. showed himself at the convention shortly after our return. Mr. Brooks, known as "Ned" to both his friends, has commented in the past that the Lon Atkins who appeared at DSC '73 & Halfacon '75 was not the same hombre whom Brooks had known in the prehistoric days of the early & mid-'60's. The '70's Atkins, claimed Ned, was too tall. Mindful of this, Atkins greeted Brooks with a hearty "Ernie! Good to see you! But ... you seem shorter ..."

Food! Food! All this hobnobbery with BNFdom was taxing on one's tummy. Though it was raining sustenance was required. Charlotte, Wirth and I had feasted on luscious barbecue at Ellie's that lunchtime, but supper was to be had only in the plastic environs of Bonanza. Ned, Doug, Guidry, Ron Beasley, Ohio's Frank Olynk & myself tortured our digestions with rancid greaseballs, & Guidry tortured our ears with endless non sequiturs. Ned was his usual nasty self, but I contented myself with the surprise I & George Inzer planned for Ned at the next day's banquet ...

It was almost time for the opening ceremonies, but there was no sign of the master of ceremonies. In their infinite compassion, the Frier-sons had given this duty to one Julius H. Reinhardt, a onetime actifan & retired warrior for whom age had proved the only unbeatable foe. He was nowhere around. So, after I was introduced to LASFAPAN Alan Winston by Beth, the con moved into the next item on the program, an excellent slide show by Frank Love.

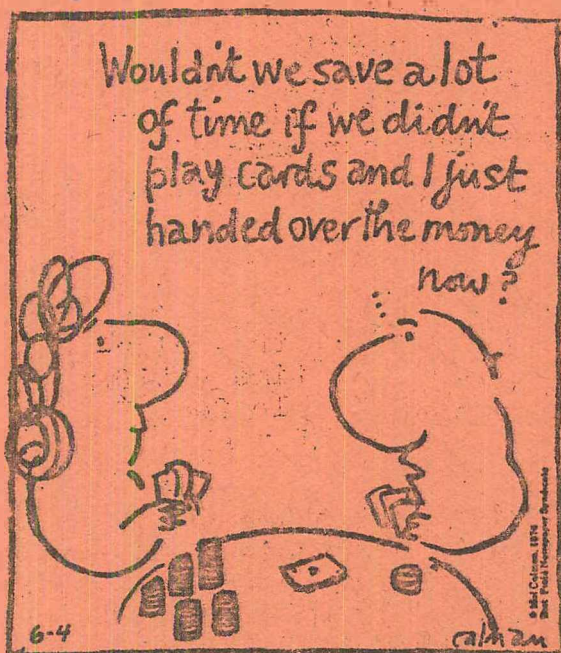
Among the classic slides Frank cast against the screen was one of yours truly glowering down from a panel at Rivercon, DSC '75. He coupled me in tone with Keith Laumer, which means I owe Frank a good fast bonk on the bean the next time he turns his head.

After the slides I wandered again, & here are some of the people I saw. I saw Dennis Dolbear and Justin Winston and Elaine Vignes, exhausted after a difficult trip up US I-59. I saw Steve & Binker Hughes, unchanged except for some extra weight on Steve's part. I saw Rosie Green. To be continued.

Back in the main ballroom another panel discussion was underway. There had still been no opening ceremonies, even though, bent and bowed, the wolflord had finally appeared. This was a panel of writer/editors, composed of Page, offutt, Gerrold, Jack Dann, Grant Carrington, and Donald Wollheim, an awesome presence. He claimed at one point not to have been responsible for World War II, & I shouted out that Moscovitz thinks so. This drew a good laugh from those fans who were up on their fan history. Forrest Proctor & Hank's delightful elfin princesses ran about. I spotted Joe Celko's glistening pate, & introduced myself by sitting on his knee. Since my barium enema I am afraid of nothing.

It was full evening now, and that terrible wandering time began; I looked in on a Dungeons-&Dragons tilt in room 922, one of two taken by the Proctors (I was renting a bed in the other, 924); I talked with Celko and Sam Gastfriend, trying to borrow some of that \$4000; I passed Lafferty, bang bang. I saw Inzer -- at last; you should never have told the dean why you wanted Friday off, George.

I finally came to rest up in Steele's room, where with Jerry & Charlotte I looked over his impressive collection of slides ... cons, stars, girls ... truly fine. I remind Gary here&now that he pledged to make a print of one of the DSC '76 shots for me.



At this point in the con Penny was worried. "If we don't look out," she told me, "we'll make a profit." Time provided succor from that worry, alas.

In the game room I photographed a Hearts game to cause trembling in the hearts of those In the Know. Atkins faced Ned, Whitehead, & P.L. Caruthers (looking splendid). I snapped a picture of Lon just as he prepared to finish a successful run. Inspired, I sat down myself with goodman Patrick Gibbs, strongman Sam Gastfriend, oldman Hank Reinhardt ... and please gaze at the cartoon to the left.

I did not merely beat Hank Reinhardt. I beat him 3 times. On the 3rd, decisive game, I took no points for nine hands. It was a fearsome struggle indeed ... lasting till five.

I won 57¢ from Ulric ... and exulted as if it had been \$57,000. Hank reacts so beautifully ...

I knew DSC XV was a real con after the game broke up. The four of us were hungry, but had no way of knowing where to find edibles. Hank didn't know that part of town very well, & no one was willing to risk his life by driving in our state of quasi-consciousness. So we walked up & down outside the hotel once or twice before giving up the ghost and surrendering to slumber.



I was starving when I went to sleep; I was ravenous when I awoke. I had no intention of doing anything but stuffing my face with eats. I certainly had no desire to comply when Meade grabbed me hot off the elevator and said "Guy, get in there and run a trivia contest!"

SFPAn Joe Moudry was supposed to be handling the trivia, I protested, but in vain. Still working on the vital Michael Bishop poetry chapbook (a beautiful piece of work when it eventually appeared), Joe had not shown. And there was a partial roomful of people in there waiting to be trivialized. Weber, himself a trivia expert, was already in there...

So we winged it, on ham and a prayer. Having no questions to ask the audience, we called on the audience to try to stump us ... and, coupled with the visual pyrotechnics of my best (though now slightly flabby) Jagger imitation, we were a success. We heard Star Trek questions, finish-this-quotation questions, lots of classical history questions from Elaine Vignes among others. And we were a success. Our audience grew instead of dwindled. Joe came in as we were finishing, & I spotted Linda Karrh glowing like a star in the audience.

Lunch, laundry, and the next item on the agenda, the Hearts tourney. Hank was muttering such things as "To lose a game to that!" during his first game; wife Janet poured a liberal dose of sodium chloride into his wound by asking me, as he sat there, what had happened in last night's game. While waiting for my own table to form, I took pictures of Melissa Reed, a voluptuous year or so old, sticking her toes in her mouth. Gene's lovely wife Beverley watched nervously as I picked her child up.

My own experiences in the hearts tournament were not pleasant. Andy Whitehead, who was supposed to be the 4th at the table, could not be found, and the replacement could not wait to throw himself out of contention. One bad hold hand for me, & I was out contention without a chance. No fair.

It was already afternoon; soon it would be time for the all-important banquet (you can tell how much of the program I watched). After departing the tourney in tatters, I ran into Rosie Green, oh yes, who asked

me if she could sit with me at the upcoming banquet. Blubbering with gratitude I of course begged her to do so, & furthermore persuaded her to tolerate some GHLIII picture-taking out by the hotel pool. With her closecut tightcurls and triangular face and empathic manner, she was a fabulous model. And to think that she was once on the SFPA waitlist...

Rosie went off to dress for the event, and I took a picture of the wolflord and the lovely ladies of his kin. The elfin princesses have matured into delights; I predict many headaches for the aging Ulric as he attempts to keep the wolves of Atlanta away from them. (No problem, though ... with their mama's savvy & their papa's training, I'm sure these gals will have no trouble taking care of themselves.)

THE BANQUET.

I thought a subhead was requisite here. After standing in line for several minutes, sweltering in the mezzanine heat, the congoers were finally admitted into the ballroom. I sat with the Turks (except for Dolbear, who had turned his nametag around & written "Don Walsh" thereon some time before, & had of course been immediately ejected), Pat Gibbs, and was flanked (lucky lad) by Charl & Rosie. Steven played dinner music on the ballroom piano, a very welcome addition to the normal con banquet routine. And we scarfed down the adequate meal, GHLIII trying to work a word in edgewise to Rosie, crippled by the flow of baloney from the Guidrymouth on her other hand. But I still managed to work in some talk about Chinatown, which she liked as much as I, space, and writing.

The official program followed the desert. Penny, nervous as I had never seen her, read a short speech during which she presented momento plaques to GoH Mike Bishop and to Charles & Dena Brown, Fan GoHs. A fabulous award, a model of a knight atop an engraved base, was presented to Hank (an award I alas never got to see). Meade then came forward to give engraved gavels to the two foremost congers in the South, KublaKon's Ken Moore and Rivercon's Cliff Amos.

David Gerrold, an aid to indigestion if ever there was such, came forward to introduce Bishop. He laughed while talking about how he underpaid Bishop for his first pro sale. Say hello to Gerrold: hello asshole. Say hello to the asshole: hello Gerrold.

Bishop, a breezy yet obviously brilliant young man, gave a splendid talk, a review/critique of S.F. in Dimension by Alexie & Cory Panshin, apparently a didactic book stressing eternal optimism as the be-all and end-all of s.f. Bishop disagreed, stressing the necessity of suffering, the balance relationship between hope & despair, & seemed to champion the cause of s.f. which is real to characters & their feelings. I was already a fan of this fella after "Samurai and the Willows", which I voted for in the Hugostakes this year, but his talk (to be published in Nickelodeon) cemented things: he's A-OK.

Penny assumed the chair again after the crowd finished its applause and presented Mike with his inevitable Phoenix Award. Again, Southern fandom is the first to give actual trophy-style recognition to a fabulous talent (past winners: Gahan Wilson, Ray Lafferty, Richard Meredith, Thomas Burnett Swann, none of whom had Hugos at the time

they won the Phoenix). I hoped that Mike would follow Ray into Hugobood shortly. The Rebel followed, going to Cliff & Susan Biggers for their outstanding activity on many levels.

And then it was my turn ... not to receive an award, but to give. In my pocket I had a special honor Inzer and I had cooked up several months before. George didn't realize what we were up to, so I had to trot up to the podium by myself. I had spotted our victim in the back of the room earlier. Ned Brooks looked very wary as he heeded my call to come up to the fore.

I praised Ned's accomplishments in fandom ... It Comes in the Mail, the '76 Rebel, & so on, and pointed out that the old duffer had never been hailed for his recruiting. It was to thank him for bringing new people into fandom that George and I presented him with a special award ... a button fashioned from a photo of the Raving Timsie Marion.

I believe Ned shrieked. As the audience --which apparently got the gag much better than I thought they would -- hooted, I led the dazed BNF to the mike & called on him to tell us something of his efforts to bring us all Raving Timsie. "What can I say?" he blubbered. "I apologize for some of the people I've brought into fandom.

"Kill you for this, Lillian," he said. Music to my ears.

Rosie asked if I'd like to talk, then, and so we did, for hours, on writing, on being the daughter of a wellknown writer, on our personal lives. She's read my zines and wonders why I don't write for real. I've been hearing that a lot lately. An awful lot. Enough, perhaps, for some spark to be reborn in me of the necessary nerve to Do It. Rosie and I stopped our conversation only to watch the first hour of 2001, amutual obsession, downstairs. But that was only a temporary interruption in a communication that I hope will not end.

Sunday is always a sad day at cons ... less so this time, for me, since I was not part of the mass exodus. Before he took off with John Guidry and Jeremy Barry, Doug told me that he'd sold two of those silkscreens he'd given away for free in SFPA for a total of \$24.50, more than covering his share of the hotel bill.

The vital business of the day was taking place in the ballroom ... choosing next year's DSC site. Brooks and I counted ballots. Despite the spirited bid of South Coast, ably presented by Lon, our honest count of the ballots gave the con to Rich Garrison's Atlanta bid. For (what?) the eighth (?) time, the DSC returned to Terminus. I hope that Chattanooga's Dixiecon comes off anyway ... the fall date is ideal for a relaxacon.

After brunch shared with Ferguson and Celko (Joe has a pocket stapler) Rosie and I attended the end of possibly the funnest part of the con, an egoboo panel hosted by Jerry Page as aided by crimsoncoiffed P.L. You'll recall that last year saw Hank crowned God of Fandom. This year he defended his title against Dave Hulan (looking and sounding very splendid -- excellent man, I discovered again), Filthy Pierre, and the eventual winner, Alonzo. After being announced as victor, Atkins hoisted Hank's singing axe & proclaimed that he now had the right to execute the former winner in the manner in which he saw fit. The blow was not long in coming. Lon read Hank passages from Thongor of Lemuria.

And ooh, it was indeed ghastly. Hank screamed & protested & fell on his back but Atkins strode on, drilling the ghastly prose into Reinhardt's skull. It was fun in a hideous sort of way. The win in the Egoboo contest made it a clean sweep for Lon at DSC XV ... earlier he had won the Hearts contest. Poor Ulric.

Movies were pledged for the afternoon. Rosie was staying over till Monday, so there was no hurry, and we allowed Frank Love to entertain us. Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein was on the schedule, but like all too much at the con, was cancelled due to lack of time. I had no quarrel with seeing my absolute favorite cartoon, "One Froggy Evening", and picking up some great trivia for later contests.

DSC was not without problems. As the suitcases began to appear & people began to leave, I talked with a hotel staffer, Mama Jo Frank, about some damage the hotel was charging Meade for. She seemed understanding, but there was talk circulating of a possible lawsuit against the hotel for breach of contract. Anyone who tried to draw ice from a rusted hulk of a machine on many of the floors knows what I mean.

And so DSC XV faded into the dusk. I stayed at the hotel on Sunday, taking Rosie up to the statue of Vulcan and through some of the lovelier parts of that changing, growing, ever-beautifying city. We tried to contact my greataunt, but she was alas in Florida and would not be back until we were both on our way there ourselves. Rosie departed for Floridian parts Monday afternoon, & I spent the next two days at the Proctorhaus, hacking out this brief and altogether unsatisfactory report on a con which I had expected to be a dreadful experience. It was anything but.

Many thanks. I'll see you next year.

((==))((==))((==))((==))((==))((==))((==))((==))((==))((==))((==))

And so Andy Whitehead, hi Andy, and I drove to Miami. An account of the travails of waiting for my paycheck to arrive from New Orleans can be found earlier this mailing in the dreadful oneshot Last of the Red Hot Lovers.

While in Birmingham, waiting for the check, I spent my time with the Proctors, attending a meeting of their barony. There I heard and gave reports on the various DSC functions and personalities (I didn't talk about SFPAns, fear not), looked at Halterman's neat collection of D&D miniatures, and gleefully erased the sour SCA image left by DSC '74. I talked with Susan Lair and promised to look in on her brother once I made it back to New Orleans. I gave that justly proud beauty one of the snapshots I'd taken of her, & our mutual friend Lynne McCaleb, another of Birmingham's foremost attractions, glommed some of the pix I'd taken of her. Apparently I have a kind of blurry-focussed talent in this field.

I'm told that Meade & Penny broke about even on DSC, which is good news. Memberships in Garrison's Atlanta con are pouring in. And I even hear talk about a New Orleans DSC bid for '79, but no specifics to report yet.

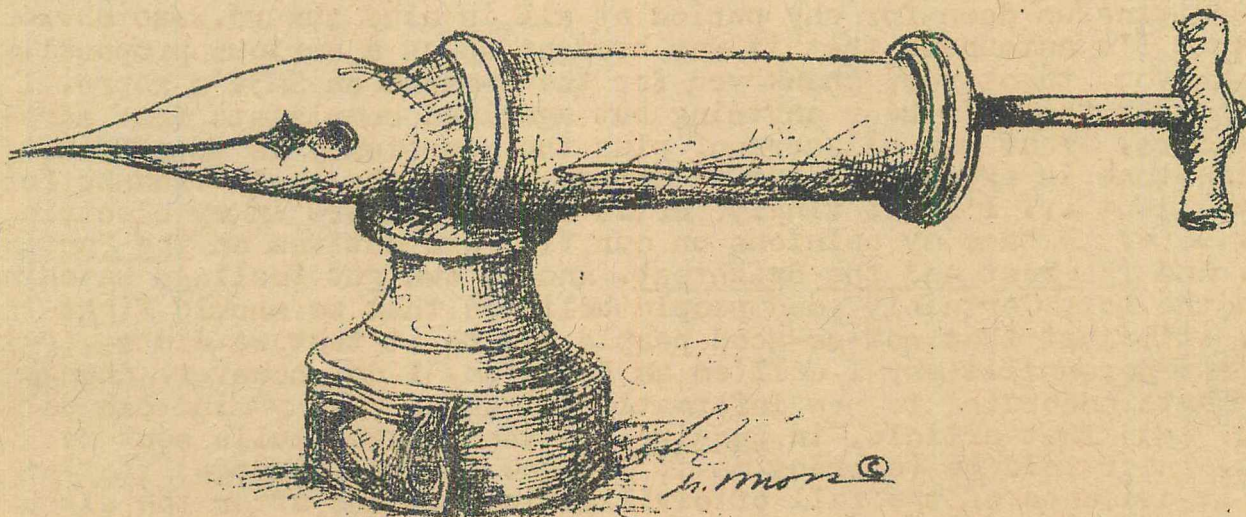
And so Andy and I went to Miami ... it was a long trip. Rather than heapits tadium onto my printed pages, though, I advance some other part of the last two months into the fore ...

M L G CAUSTICS 78

The Southernor #78/GBOE === An able OO, but it shows your exhaustion. Still, thanks again for the pinch-hitting. (=) It's too bad the order of these zines is so askew, but naturally that's not your fault, as you weren't around to log them in as they arrived. I mailed The Right to Say "Shit" #3 weeks before SM40, but they're side-by-side on the contents. And indeed, George's postcard zine was typed after that which Moudry printed. Oh well, at least it's all there. (=) Delmonte lives in BR (that's "Baton Rouge"), I think. Mitch Thornhill should goose him into providing more details on his whereabouts. (=) "Poorly conceived hoax" ... my, how staid we are becoming. Amorpho P. Titanium is every bit as real as Faruk von Turk and Harry B. Purvis. My couch still groans in memory of his weight. I trust Mr. Verheiden will either provide us with a oneshot composed with Amorpho or that the immense creature himself will act to shore up official faith in him. (=) Joann has recovered from her concussion? You mean, you can tell? (=) Congratulations -- of course -- to Alan, and to you for competent EOing.

The APA-Lling Waitlister #6/Andruschak === More, more, more info on the Mars missions. They have added a great deal of sercon excitement to our pages, thanks to you. Harry, you're a helluva waitlister.

A Tribute to Doctor Strange, etc./Lester === I don't know if I'd like to live on a Clark Kent Street. Imagine arranging for a pizza to be delivered there. "You want us to drive it over," says the pizzeria, "or will you fly in and get it?" And of course, there are multitudes of Lois Lanes ... (=) You want George "snuffed out"?! Lester, I know he's spent time with Markstein, but really ... You mean "sniffed out", I think. Doesn't sound too good either. (=) I like the neon auto sign on your bacover. It's

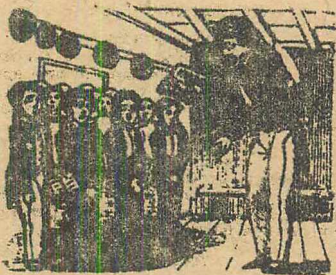


lakewards on Canal Street, but alas, is never lit.

Gunfighters #2/Jennings === The best comes close to the beginning this time. Quite beyond doubt, this is the best and most welcome zine this mailing. (=) "Horns'n Hooves" is going great guns ... yippekiyippe! I trust you'll continue this ~~mes~~ masterpiece of faanfic with each new set of mc's... (=) I'll have some thoughts on apa mass "slack-off" a little later on. I don't feel quite so charitable about it now as I did when SM40's mc's were typed. (=) I would stand in line five hours to see Cimmaron; I would camp out for five days to see Cimmaron. It's one of that magic quintet of Academy Award winning films that I haven't yet seen. (=) It's been the fashion to report on background music when composing mc's ... so okay, right now the background music is by Thor, booming above New Orleans and the drizzle, with backing by a Fedders air conditioner set on -- ha ha -- fan. (=) If I had to guess who would be "remembered" from today's musical stars, I'd probably mutter "Elvis ... the Beatles ..." and draw a blank. Dylan is another likely candidate for immortality. You see, music isn't just music anymore. It's a social force. Elvis was (and how awful it is to have to say "was") a stunning performer who changed the shape of American life. The Beatles had the same influence. So did Dylan. Their music is primary, of course, but what will last into the future will be their historical impact ... unmatched, anywhere, by any other entertainers. I imagine people will be reading about Presley's funeral a hundred years from now. We remember Henry Ford -- they'll remember Presley. (=) Boy, did Alan put one over on you. That story about paper clips evolving into caathangers turning into bicycles was by Avram Davidson ... and was called "Or All the Seas with Oysters". It won a Hugo. Alan mentioned the title. (=) So hurricanes are called "typoons" in California. I thought sp. I knew some girls out west who were real fine typoontang. (=) Say hello to Amorpho's good friend Mickey while he's in town over Labor Day! Amorpho only has three fingers too! (=) To repeat, or repeat, I'd like to participate in a "Best of SFPA" volume focussing on fan(orfaan)fic. If Pettit sells me his collection I might just do it. Of course, there are all sorts of possible problems, not the least of these being egos ... there are people in this apa who wouldn't want certain other parties to print anything of theirs. Look at the grief I got for The Reinhardt Roast. (Wait, wait ... the hassle there was because some believed that I wanted full egoboo credit for the thing, and was demanding such ... or so the tone implied. I heard no objections from anyone about actually printing their words.) (=) Yes, I agree ... leaves of absense from SFPA are not a good idea. It's patently unfair and destructive. Shutting us down for any period at all is also absurd...so obviously so that I'm astounded that it was brought up as a serious proposal. (=) Thank you, thank you, thank you for the comment on SM39's repro. I never thought that I'd hear anything but agonized complaints from sore-eyed readers. That new silkscreen, plus the mimeotone, is to credit. Yes, mimeotone is expensive, but it do pay to buy the best. Thanks for the compliment ... I'm all tingly, or is that the short in my electric typer ... (=) I base my opinions on our Viet Nam motives on The Pentagon Papers. And The Best and the Brightest. And my own gut feelings watching them on the box. Certainly good people believed that we should fight the war ... it's just that not-so-good people saw to it that we did so. (=) As for apa personalities, I call'em as I see'em. I do, however, change my judgments according to new information given me ... My mind can be changed. (=) That article, in Esquire, on the Savage Skulls sent me reeling. Inzer told me (correct me if I screw this up, George) that he saw in it evidence of the fall of civilization ... and after the disgraceful looting during the recent NYC blackout, it's hard to disagree. (=)

Comics didn't help me learn to read ... my folks say that I started learning from road signs (my favorite was "Yield", hahaha). LOC-writing did, however, help me learn to express myself on paper. Their value to me has been celestial. (=) I'm politically rather liberal, and I support the ACLU almost all of the time, too. However, when they campaign to let a bunch of Nazis goosestep through a neighborhood filled with immigrant Jews, many camp victims, as in the recent Skokie incident, then I must hold back my approval. Letting those fools invade that community would have been the equivalent of handing the guy who shouts "Fire" in the proverbial crowded theatre a bullhorn. I also thoroughly disagree with their support of the rights of pornographers to publish Kid Stuff ... child porno. As I said last time, for me, this is a matter of child molestation, not censorship. And I do believe in capital punishment, as I've said often before. (=) 2001 is a poem. Nuts to those who deny its gloriousness. (=) Great zine!

Huitloxopetl the In-Between/Frierson === Since you're safely back in our ranks, we'll forgive you for missing mailing 77. Just don't allow such a tragic lapse again! I don't know if my tender nervous system could take it. (=) I don't think I would have enjoyed your taxcon very much ... or did you guys manage to publish at least one oneshot? Fried 1040s? The Only Tax Table Guy Lillian Never Titled? Green Whip April 15? (=) If Atlanta does win the '78 World Fantasy Con, I hope you'll let me assist it in some way. All the compensation I'd ask would be an invite to share a meal with Stephen King. I really admire his work. (=) You come dangerously close to the Best Bit Award this mailing with your "overflowing cowboy boots" remarks on Gary Brown's childhood snapshot. Very dangerously ... (=) What's this little brown bug that just crawled out of your zine? (=) If you and Penny had a ball watching Annie Hall, more power to you, but I hope they'll let you back in the theatre again ... (Involved, rather tacky, and thoroughly worthless joke, folks.) (=) Of course, DSC has to pitch its activities outward, towards general fandom, as well as inward towards the established fan group already in existence. What happens when the established fan group dissipates due to mundane factors like career moves and the inevitable gaffiations? You're handling it right ... the philosophy that a con should consist of a bunch of old pals swilling beer together fits into the bigger con matrix easily enough... Nothing at a big con has prevented the Old School Tie, as you put it, from being worn and recognized with pride. (=) Collins (Tom variety, as in old UC comrade, as in est freak, as in old NYC roomie) might well have wasted a bundle in suing Marc Michaud, who took great HPL material Tom had gathered at great expense and trouble and copied it, ruining Tom's own plans along those lines ... but I can't say that I blame Tom. Isn't it so that he would have won that case but for an error on the part of a suppoena server? Hopefully, fandom knows of the case widely, and Michaud, a detestable character from what I've heard, will not prosper through his skullduggery. (=) I'll take your advice ("dance lightly on that rotten intestine damoclesing over you, baby, the burst is yet to come") to heart ... but I understand it only partially. Well, I'll study on it ... (=) "The old SFPA spirit" would not surface at all in an invitational apa. Our nature is democratic, not elitist. One set of opinions, and that's what we're talking about, do not an active, creative, interesting apa make. And SFPA is all that. And always has been, and if I have anything to say about it, always will be. (=) I liked your section on hamstering, but looked upon all the trash one may heap upon the little bastards with horror. They're being treated like French poodles. Next step, clothes ...



Skimming the Clouds of Venus #8/Andruschak ===

So how goes the Viking Continuation mission? (=) Oookity ookity ook to you, too. (=) There is, of course, no logical reason for being frightened of flying. I know there's no danger. I know it when I'm up there quivering and quavering and screaming for the stew. It just doesn't get through the panic of being absolutely helpless, at the mercy of an anonymous pilot, adrift

in space. And waiting for the next turbulent heave ... (=) Visiting the Ackermansion is one of my fannish dreams, & has been since I read an article about it in an early Famous Monsters. It will probably never come to be. (=) Hank Stine lives in Baton Rouge -- almost saw him last time I was there -- so if you want him to see any comments made on his character or lack of same, send 'em on yourself. Used to see all the time when I was in the Little Men and photoing Nebula banquets back in '69-'70. Impression: arrogant young writer type. Liked Pat Adkins' writing a great deal. I have a weird memory of him talking to Ursula K. LeGuin at a SFWA meeting ... talk about odd juxtapositions. (=) "Welfare junkies" my ass. Did you read Carter's proposal on changing that system? I hope you get your Jupiter probe and all the rest of the projects that will keep our eyes and senses open in outer space ... but this bitter reactionism is no way to go about it. (=) I have no doubts that Star Wars will be nominated for best picture, but it won't win ... it's too much a genre item. I expect a safer and more familiar film like MacArthur to win, even though it is nowhere near as wellmade or entertaining. (Ed Flanders and Dan O'Herlihy give Oscar calibre performances as Presidents Truman and Roosevelt, however, and ol' Peck isn't that bad himself.) I must emphasize that this is only a preliminary prediction ... check SM44 next March-April for my final choices, and SM45 for the results.

Weeks Folded Up Their Tired Frames/Andruschak === I like the title of this new apa and the sort of slaphappy camaraderie that it implies. "The Old Phoenix Inn" brings all kinds of rather warm and fascinating images to mind. (=) Interesting awards choices. Elsewhere I'll report on the winners. Does anyone disagree that Suncon has done the absolute grade-Z worst job of collecting Hugo ballots in the history of the award? (=) I'll pass on SEKIII's article ... hard to comment on these things, you see. ("You're a traitor to your fellow IIIs, Lillian.")

Rules for 1977/8 NFFF Story Contest === I pass. How about a limerick contest?

Supersonic Rocket Ship #9/weber === Gack! Orange ink again. Why not favor some of your other apas with this atrocious hue for a while, mike. (=) I read a con report on Attention by one member of SAPS which indicated that the con came off well. Congrats. Do another some holiday weekend when I might be able to show. (=) So Irvin now lives in your apartment complex. Lucky for you Susan finally agreed to tie the knot ... Irv has this disconcerting habit of staring at pretty, unattached (in any degree, whether by name only or what) girls and spending the rest of whatever convention he's at it in a bleak depression. If he ever gets back on the roster we're counting on you to go through his garbage and recover our zines (=) I see the con went okay from your p.o.v., too. \$25 is a reasonable loss; I sustained that from Halfacon '75. (=) Good zine despite the obscene ink.

Suprise Attack/Koch === Hello, Irvin. (=) Wherever the next, and all future, DSCs should be (and I botched this sentence), I'm anxious for a number of different cities to get involved. Memphis ... Chattanooga ... Little Rock ... all areas which are ripe for DeepSouthCon-giving. I hope we stay out of Atlanta for awhile, although right now it looks likely that we'll be back there next June.

SFPA Nostalgia/Brooks === TA-DAAA!!! How does it feel to win the Best Bit in the Mailing Award, Ned? These color photographs of DeepSouthCon '65 are sheer delight. The color came out well in the xerox process (how much did this cost, by the way?). A great contribution. (=) From the angle of the top photo -- Bailes & Andrews, who must be the thinnest human being I've ever seen, and Atkins -- I don't think an estimate of 5'6" of Lon's height is quite fair. He might have been standing in a hole dug in the consuite floor, remember ... or he might be on his knees. You've voiced the suspicion before that the Atkins who attended DSC '72 (which was the last time you saw him, since you didn't come to Halfacon '75, his last Southern appearance) was an imposter. Hopefully you were both at B'hamacon and he has provided fingerprints or somesuch to prove his identity to you. (But remember, fingerprints can be transplanted ...)

It Comes in the Mail & It Goes on the Shelf/Brooks === Missed the regular edition this time. (=) My own WOOF zine is 'way forward in this mailing. I wish I'd made it into the first disty. (=) Cancelling ICITM? No! No! That zine won you the Rebel, Ned! Don't deny us its wonderfulness! How now will I know how much money I save by not buying fanzines?

The New Port News #50/Brooks === Congrats on the big fiftieth issue, Nedsy! 4 pages! Wow! (=) Me? Make up Amorpho P. Titanium? Why, I am as pure in the driven snow wafting down the sylvan streets of Gary, Indiana ... (=) I wore my (sob) beloved hat at Halfacon '73 almost constantly. You saw me with it there, although I was concentrating on chasing Janet Davis. (=) Yes, Ned, if I can sing, anyone can sing. And you've been a fan of my peerless tones since our ride between Atlanta and KC last year. Thanks for the Granny nomination, by the way, but I still give the edge to Stevie Wonder for the Male Vocalist title. (=) If everyone had to join SFPA under their real names, you'd have to call yourself Cuyler and Lon would have to call himself Alonzo ... and be listed that way on the roster. Could you stand that? I mean, "Cuyler Warnell Brooks Jr." is almost as pompous sounding as "Guy H. Lillian III".

Oblivio No. 33/Brown === It's a drag not to have mc's from you. I hope this trend towards sparsac goes the way of all flesh soon. You had an excuse, though ... (=) Ah, I just spent the evening at Clarence Laughlin's Pontalba Building apartment, idly exploring the cliffs and canyons of the great talker's enormous book collection. This has nothing to do with your mc, Gary, but it was so neat an experience that I couldn't avoid mentioning it. (=) Nexttime I hope to see a fat trip report out of you. Going from one Sun&Fun state to another is no mean excursion. Tell us all about it. (=) My attitude on the SFPA postal situation is to let things ride until trouble actually arises. We've gotten away with the Book Rate caper for years and really, there's no sign that the jig is anywhere near up. We should continue along as we have been going & cross the tightrope of post 'orrible intereference when -- or rather if -- it ever appears before our collective feet. Mass binding? Never. It encourages small zines and cuts 'way down on the individual appearance & impact of a zine. Yech! (=) Greatly enjoyed the

story of your encounters with the crazed bird during your runs ... wait, wait, that sounds very bad ... during your jogs. I'm glad you didn't try to protect your territorial rights with pocket mace or somesuch. Sometimes it's best to give in a little ... (=) I liked Leave it to Beaver too, at least until Mathers' voice changed. He was a⁺ Cal while I was there, but I never saw him or gave much of a damn. As for Dick van Dyke, I am of two minds on the show ... it had skillful writing and performances, true, but I found a lot of the humor irritating in a strange way. It was too selfconsciously cute. However, this doesn't keep me away from the reruns every Saturday afternoon...

Celko's Home Companion #18 === I wonder if Garrison's use of the Heinlein name in his DSC ads will win him votes. Yeah, I just wonder. Anyway, Heinlein is impressive in person, despite his horrible speeches and somewhat mummified appearance. His wife is a true dish; I treasure my postcards from her almost as much as the autographs from him. (=) I know how you feel about age. Ever since I gained my paunch I've felt forty years old. The girls look so young, and as distant as they seemed when I was 15 and knew, just knew, that I'd never be able to touch one. I think I've found my theme for this in this universally fascinating subject. (=) Loved your last text page and T. Bear's contribution. I once saw a porno novel called Teddy Bear Passion which showed a luscious nude caressing a leering teddy bear, and if you think I'm kidding, you're wrong. Of course, you probably read the book in galleys, Joe ...

Aauugghh! Will I Never Be Invited to Join SFPA?/Lester === That was indeed a nice evening at Tyler's Beer Garden. I'll have to make it back there soon. Good cheap oysters. (=) Yes! We must continue our outward space voyages. Whenever I hear of some new celestial discovery, I feel a real thrill, indeed something of a chill ... because we are so small and it is so big out there. Must be sensawunda. Or simply awe.

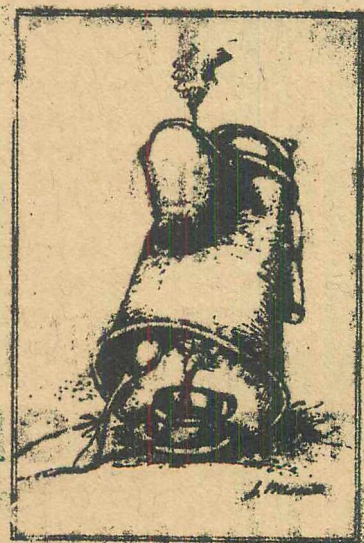
Stuff It!/Ceese === I would like to propose Mr. Donald J. Walsh Jr. for membership in the Alliance of SMAP. He has voiced inventive ideas along the lines the apa seems interested in for several years, & he aims for a larger audience.

The Iron Baron #2/Reinhardt&Procter === This zine was only mailed in by me; I xeroxed some copies for SFPA but had no part in actual creation of this rightist delight. Continued elsewhere...other opinions welcomed.

Von Turk's How to Dance the Oriental Fox Trot === Surely the DSC could use this tutorial aid in adding yet another facet to fannish traditions in the south. As there is a Hearts contest at most Southern gatherings, a wog foxtrot contest should be likewise held there. I'd actually pay to see Irvin or Reinhardt or von Turk himself cut a rug. I wouldn't pay much, but I would pay.

Unreal Reality #8/weber === More orange ink. When I opened JoAnn's copy of this zine to egoscan it a few days before my won mailing arrived, I just shut it upon first glance. Fortunately, the changeover to darker shades is herein underway. (=) Indeed, I have every intention of living until Spiritus Mundi 410 and not just SM41 is published, but nevertheless I will dare the tortures of the damned to bring the glories of Reinhardt into SFPA. After all, Hank is so old now he couldn't do any damage if he tried, and it's easy to force him into getting his SFPAC in. (=) When I told Guidry that

SFPAns were talking about Ignite again, he made a point of asking "Which ones?" You might expect a spate of handwrit horrors in a soon-to-come mailing. Of course, John's mental catalog of potential victims can easily become shuffled, so if he's gone around DSC looking for someone called Amorpho Celko Verheiden, don't be surprised. (=) Good comments on Stars My Destination. (=) Isn't "wackie" spelled w-a-c-k-y, m-i-k-e? (=) Maybe I'm more preoccupied with sex than Lester, but at least it's because I like it. And know what I'm preoccupied with. (=) I saw Creature and It Came from Outer Space just the other day at the Prytania, mentioned in the last several SMS as a haven for excellent movie-going. Yes, they were in 3-D, the first such films I'd seen since some western my father took me to in the early '50's. I was quite surprised at the excellence of the effect in Creature; there's an aquarium scene that's just plain amazing (you expect to catch a flipper in the face) and rocks seem to fly off the screen in an explosion. The girl is almost squeezable in her maddeningly chaste swimsuit. It Came from Outer Space is a better movie, storywise, but the 3-D quality was much less effective. Clarence Laughlin, who sat next to me, advised taking off one's ridiculous cardboard glasses for the best thrills. Doing so helped me realize that the best 3-D sight of all was Linda Karrh walking up the aisle. (=) If the crafts-union people dominate the Oscars and give out awards which will mean more work for them, I'd imagine they'd give the award to big, splashy, expensive spectacles every year, since they cost the most and provide the most work. Rocky cost about eight hundred thousand dollars. That's nickels and dimes in that business. No, I'm occasionally infuriated by the Oscars but I'm not yet totally cynical about them. (=) I support Polanski's decision to grim up the ending of Chinatown. For me, it is the only ending that makes thematic, consistent sense with the rest of the film, and which provides ethical, moral power. (=) Kane was nominated for several important '41 Oscars, picture, actor, etc. It should have won them all, and please note that I said "should". Whether it could have in a Hearst-influenced industry ... who's to say? (=) If "most under-25s...refuse to see anything in black and white at a theatre" then they're fools ... but I don't think that your initial statement is correct. I really doubt that the lack of technicolor will cause anyone, ever, to reject King Kong or Casablanca or The Last Picture Show, to name the last Oscar nominee to appear in black and white. If so, it's their loss. Certainly children, not as yet infected with their elders' imbecilic tastes (assuming that those elders will reject b&w films, no matter what their quality), will see through surfaces to the glory underneath, indeed within, the black and white scenes of King Kong. (=) I've played both Dominos and Hustle ... good video games. You put up the first quarter ... (=) I didn't comment on Twilight's Last Gleaming in SM39 because I realized that I'd talked about that stupid film in the previous issue. (=) I personally find SFPa's inability to absorb new members to be our most dangerous trait; you bashed down the doors, and Whitehead has secured himself a place here (if he keeps it) and Spanier, if he'll rouse himself from bummishness, has an excellent chance at winning our recognition as true SFPAN. But Larry was right; we do take ourselves very seriously here and we do think ourselves the world's best apa. Justifiably. (=) Fill space!



(=) Hell is being unable to express oneself. (=) 75¢ a shot for color xerox, eh? Screw, in a phrase, that. (=) I like the Star Trek video game -- I forget its name -- very much. Closet trekkies live! (=) I too saw Z in the original French, with subtitles, and it was far superior to the dubbed version. In fact, I saw it with Jerrell Stewart, the original redheaded wet dream of my boyhood ... and was absolutely thrilled with it. I also saw it the day after Nixon's election in '72, a good day for such a thing ... (=) You categorize Carrie unfairly. It's a very subtle and tender film. Before. (=) A very good zine, mike. I hope you score well on the poll this year. You will on my ballot.

Tales Calculated to Drive You to SDC/Hutch === Kind of a dull report this time, except for your illos, which were, as ever, classic in their awful punfulness.

Comic Bin Number Three/Hutchinson === Clever opening, warm report on your connubial abode. Great grass-cutting cartoon ... you ought to try to sell it commercially. And as for the house itself, well, I hope I'll've gotten to see it on the September jaunt to Suncon. (And isn't "John Hall" spelled "Jon Hall"?)

Cookies Made By Orcs/Hutchinson === Yep, seems we've reached our full yamdankee quota. Sorry, Weilage&Lillie&Carl&Davis&Morrissey&Andruschak&Tutzauer&Main&Titanium&Hickman&Kanter&Kyger&Sather ... especially you, Carol. Not to worry, though, we won't be inviting space #30 on the waitlist into SFPA until well into the '80's, I bet. (=) Love your comment on punk rock: "Talking about it, I start to sound like my father". Welcome to old age, son. (=) Ron Juge -- whose son Chris, all of 14, is a startlingly good artist himself, and who may have done SM's cover thish -- showed a couple of movies he'd made when he was a teenager, creative and hilarious stuff. He looked a lot like Spanier back then. (Which helps a lot, since you probably haven't met either of them.) (=) ARGH! Of all issues of Spiritus to have a blank page ... I have no, no extras of #39 left. Gave'em all to Shadow SFPA. Well, I'll have to haul out my mailing's copy and exchange that with you at Suncon ... xerox it to wholeness, and restaple. God the trouble we go through for our fanzines. Well, maybe we're practicing for parenthood ... (Or I am, since you wouldn't have a kid on a bet.) (=) Connors lost Wimby not because he didn't play it cool enough, but because he couldn't maintain the solar heat of his twin resurgences towards final victory. It was a tremendous performance, anyway... and I look forward to the (now-past) U.S. Open in anticipation of more glories. (=) Love your idea for "Superman's Mission for President Nixon". (=) John Ellis wasn't just in those mammoth crowd scenes in Black Sunday. The producers, in recognition of his enormous talents, had him throw himself on the ground underneath the blimp. There's a scene shot from above the field which shows him prostrate on the turf ready for the blimp to crush him. I recognized the scene from John's description at MAC ... it was too instantaneous to allow for recognition of the boy by features. (=) Good for you and your support for legal destruction of the bastard who shot the dolphin. Print your letter and keep us abreast of developements. (=) Point an aerosol spray can out the window and strike a match and hold it in front of the nozzle and press the button and call the fire department to put out your drapes. That's how dangerous a spray can can be. (=) Boy, I remember The Great Locomotive Chase. Great movie; it hit me right in the heights of my Fess Parker adulation. I remember being very upset that he was condemned to be hanged at the end ... oops! Sorry Stven! (=)

I saw that Best of DC Comics volume, and applaud "Doorway to the Unknown"'s inclusion ... after all, I wrote an awestruck LOC in praise of that tremendous story. I would've much preferred "Night of the Stalker" to "Night of the Reaper" in that same book, though. "Stalker" is the essential Batman ... driven, a little crazy ... and alone. (=) Ernie Kovacs? Yeah, Ernie Kovacs. Did you see that episode on music? The city segment, the street vignette, was among the most powerful and moving things I've seen on television. He wasn't all laughs, but he was all genius. I wish that show would come back. I wish he could come back. A neglected -- generally -- titan. In a gorilla suit. (=) Have you changed your mind any about the post-Diz studio since seeing The Rescuers? I found it jolly good. (=) I kind of like Abba ... they're not Fleetwood Mac but they do have "Knowing Me, Knowing You", a good song. (=) "Dogs and cats raised from babies" sounds awfully gross. Get them dog and cat food instead. (=) Whenever I see the Hawaiian Punch ads, at least the ones with the jingle ("You get 7 kindsa fruit...") I imagine Jagger singing it. "Ooow, yew get seh-vuhn kindsa frewt in Hahwahyan paunch ..." (=) Good Wielage letters. I hope he shows at Suncon ... uh, that he showed at Suncon. And congrats again on OElection; hope you're happy in the job.



Gimboate Vol 1. pp 548-565/Steele == Congrats on the new ditto. I can barely read this. I just don't think dittos and elite typing go well together. (Quick! Name the one GHLLLL zine which is both ditto and elite?) (=) I don't disbelieve or believe anything I see in Rally, since nobody sends me Rally. (=) More electronics projects. Build me a Selectric, Gary. (=) I agree with you about Star Wars; it is gloriously entertaining and those who pick at it are doing so out of sheer snobbery ... after all, if anything is popular it can't be any good. Star Wars is both popular and extremely fine. I hope it wins six dozen Oscars. (=) I agree ... "Quark" was a onejoke show, and a bad joke, at that. Phooey. (=) I never cook anything more complicated than a can of ravioli. Or a frozen pizza. The consummate bachelor, I fear. (=) I haven't seen 101 Dalmations since I was ten. Wish it'd come back into general distribution. (=) Naw, the naked girl spinning down from that skyscraper in the best/most horrible scene in Magnum Force wasn't the chick in "Gamesters". She was much slimmer and younger. There wasn't a quattlu's worth of resemblance! (=) Atlanta truly impresses me; I'd like to settle there, I think. But then I always want to be someplace other than where I am. (=) I wish I had an elite typer ... it'd save big bucks on mimeo costs, for sure. A Selectric II, world's most wonderful machine, is much beyond my ken, but perhaps by my 40th birthday ... (=) Freas caricatures are grand, but yet, as you say, sometimes they aren't that identifiable. My own mother didn't recognize that of me. (=) I don't think SFPA's in a rut ... some mebers may be, but they have no business applying their own hassles to the apa at large. I'm enjoying this current mailing, and so as far as I'm concerned, everything is looking up. Only the follow-the-leader tendency towards spacefillers is at all annoying ... everything else seems fine. And I'm cooking on all burners. (=) Redneck humor really shitty, Gary. (=) Your comments on the phone company reminds me that the girl who installed my phone (see SM33, "The Queen") is now a claimant. Hope I was able to help her out ... pay her back for the fascinating afternoon.

4th of July in Old New York 1977/Spainier == Small but spicy zine, finely written as are all bumish publications, and evocative ... it actually makes me miss New York. The ferry terminal ... where I picked up SM20 from an exhausted Spanyay who proclaimed "This is it!" (and then printed SM24 for me). The Statue of Liberty, beautiful and gleaming like the dream it was meant to be. Battery Park, where Mel Friedman and I used to take our Sunday Times summer, '74. Wasn't 127 John Street that place where Larry Lee worked? (Works?) You had to mention Tony Tollin, a nice guy but frightfully dull (pretty wife, looking like Gloria Moore, SM12 dedicatee). Chuckles, this apa needs your personality, and I hope the mad faaaanish side of you comes to the fore. But material like this, rich and splendidly written, it needs too. Whatever we have of quality is worth cultivating. Onward and upward ... bumishly, of course.

I's Addled my Brain and I Think I's Insane #1/Montalbano == Ah, what's a little brain damage among friends ...

Purple Haze #3/Montalbano == A very fine part of this mailing. No ruts visible here. (=) I like the Maple Leaf Bar ... although it's so small and crowded and dark and stuffy that I have no idea how the whole New Leviathan can fit inside. I'll have to squeeze in one evening and watch you girl-type people dance. (D.O.M. GHIIII had the thrill of the summer the other p.m. when I watched a number of 14/15 year old girls dance at Jim's Chicken -- ahem -- House. My God, they were even bumping with each other! I've had razor burns on my hands ever since.) Seriously, the Maple Leaf features some civilized recreations and the best men's room graffiti in the city. I'm told that the frauleinkrapper is similarly blessed. (=) I like Heart ... it's heavily influenced by Zeppelin, natch, but "Barracuda" features lyrics that absolutely drip with that ol' Adam&Eve. Love it. (=) I read RS occasionally, whenever they feature something which particularly attracts me. I bought the Phil Dick issue, of course ... Hunter Thompson's endorsement of Jimmy Carter, and the Carter Law Day speech ... and the Star Wars ish that was so controversial. I read other peoples' copies when I don't buy my own. It's a great magazine, and I don't really care how big a shit Wenner is. (=) I wouldn't touch drugs on a bet. It's a sad enough life already, and I saw too much horror at Cal. I don't even like mushrooms on a pizza. I don't even think it cute to blather about it... Guess I'll never be hip, huh? (=) I hate it when a car dies ... it's almost as bad as when a pet goes. Worse, maybe. When your goldfish turns belly up you don't have to walk home. (=) However, I must say that your paragraph on living dangerously just plain blew me away. Your lifestyle is impossible for such as me, but I won't preach. I'd much rather listen and watch, as to a work of art; rough-edged, maybe, but fascinating. (=) Maybe you're not a fella, JoAnn, but you might as well be for all the good it's ever done me. You have a copy of that Jazz Fest picture by now. I like it, myself. It's dark, a little fuzzy at the edges, & yet it possesses a lot of sensual substance. Snort! My pics capture the essence, all right.

932 rue bourbon #2 (reprise) (revamped)/Inzer == Yeah, this is a fine two-pager. I'm

glad the repro worked as well as it did, and those postcards are just the right touch. It's a good little zine. I especially applaud the praise for the wonderful Hummingbird (known as "The Bird" hereabouts); the free floor shows when one of the derelicts and/or rednecks living upstairs makes trouble is also worth seeing. And it has as good a juke box as I've found in town.... You're missed here, George. Maintain.

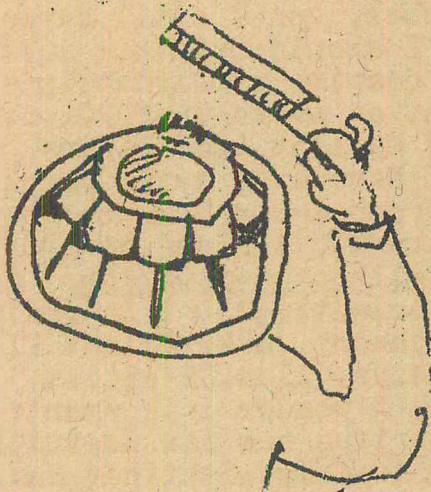
Spiritus Mundi 40/Me === Didn't credit Dylan Thomas with the poetry -- which I find splendid -- in Effinger's Pogo panels. I have several more pages of Kelly/Thomas, but these two are the best. (=) August is dipping towards September, and I still haven't heard from John the embezzler again. I suppose I should mail him the tapes we cut. (=) The Honda's still holding up, despite a third trip to Birmingham in which I took it there & back at an average of 70mph. Brave little auto! to submit to my control. (=) My last LASFAPazine as of this writing was Dillinger Pickles, and I have even cuter crook-puns in the works! (Yawn) (=) To continue my personal Box Scores, now that Atkins has succumbed to the quicksand of mundac, I stand at 1868 total (giving myself $\frac{1}{2}$ a page for A Snowflake Falls on New Orleans) & 46.7 pp/mlg. I had 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ in mlg 77. Isn't that fascinating? (=) AM radio continues to assault my ears ... although "The Chain", a brilliant Fleetwood Mac song, appears more and more often nowadays. Alas, I almost never hear "Martian Boogie" anymore. (=) Hmm ... I wonder if I wasn't a bit too heavy in this zine ... oh well, each Spiritus has its identity, and this one sought its own. I'm wowing the NOSFA girls with that Hamill autograph (scored at MAC), so SM40's definitely good for something.

The Right to Say "Shit" is the Right to Play Tennis! #3/Me === Since that brilliant loss at Wimby Connors has been playing like a goose with a goiter, botching the Clay Finals to Orantes, losing a match to Brian Gottfried, for god's sake. Nevertheless, there is always Jimbo's own tourney, the US Open, and by now we will have seen just who has the Right to say What.

The Decline and Fall of the Whole World/Boutillier === Ilaine's illo is really effective.

I might use one she did for me someday ... it's rather outré ... (=) The spirit of the sixties was not a simple matter of civil disobedience ... it was a combination of incredible social and political repression hiding beneath a veneer of patriotism and the painful birth of consciousness among the citizenry. Civil disobedience was part of that, true, but it was not at the core of the sixties. It did, however, count, because it brought out that repression, the latent fascism in American politics. It ain't the same today ... nor should it be. We've won a few and lost a few. We've had an effect. But those people you speak of seem to give a damn, and that is definitely in the spirit of the '60's. Me, I am open to argument on nuclear power. (=) Carrie Fisher doesn't look a bit like Irene Vartanoff. Besides, Ellen, the sister, is closer to Princess Leia ... (=) Great comment about superheroines. Could this be a sign of a (*gasp*) sense of humor? Impossible! (=) Who the fuck is Straight Arrow? (=) God, where did I say anything about the DSC in SM39? (=) Aren't groupies part of rock fandom? (=) The heat of June has given way to the rains of August. And now, as this is read, it's September. Is that a breeze stirring?

Muffin Fan/Lester === What's your favorite color, you seem to ask ... And I go, uh, duh, and fly away to the Valley of Eternal Peril. Light yellow, I guess. I seem to prefer that for my zines. (=) No value to Picasso! You're insane, Lester! Picasso's works blaze with insight and power. As for Waiting for Godot, it articulates absurdist values ... which, while I do not cotton to them, are a serious and profound way of looking at life. Theatre of the Absurd is great stuff, Lester ... you're welcome to CPO Sharkey anytime. (=) Nice report on the tenth anniversary meeting of NOSFA. (=) Soap operas! Now I know that you're bananas, Lester. Edge of Night hasn't been any good since Leander told Nora that his affair with Matilda's mother had ended when the tapes were discovered by Roscoe in 1974 ...



* * * * *

A line of asterices, denoting the passage of time ... and two conventions. Between last page and this, I attended DSC and worldcon. Many of the comments on the pages preceding are thereby rendered obsolete ... such as my wonderment about the winner of next year's DSC, my hopethat Wielege would show for Suncon (he didn't). Those that I saw on the jaunts to B'ham & Miami, good to see you, and to all of you, please read on.

* * * * *

Five Years a STF-Fan/Lester === Welldone
faanish
autobio, condensed of course but still
very readable. I do note that my own name
isn't mentioned. Maybe I should just
sigh in relief.

Send Whitey Back to the Moon/Lester === Clever title. (=) Carol
Sather, who now prefers
to be known by her maiden name of Carol Kennedy, is now deeply in-
volved in Minnesota fandom, and has been trying to get me to pop
up there for their minicons. (=) I missed the Armand Ruhlman film
festival this year. I believe that was the night Carol flew in,
& I had to fetch her. Next year. (=) Thoughts on the Hugos later.
Real surprise in the novel category.

A/Atkins === I think I like these Coffin Scores. I see I don't rate
a mention. No surprise there.

Melikaphkaz #59/Atkins === Now this is more like it! If we have to
live in a SFPA that has no Atkins mc's
or Box Scores, then at least we still have the best faanfic artist
in apadom. The Hincle saga is inspiring and heart-warming, even
though the old brute sounds a lot like Irvin Koch. More, more; I hope
DSC was a pleasant enough experience to inspire a return of the Lon
of lore.

Wilderness #23/Atkins === I cheer for a quick decision. The tilt
has lost its edge of laughter.

Regency Reviews/Hulan === Never got into schlock romances ... maybe
I should do something along this line
with my Phil Dick collection. Maybe I should forget it. How about
reviews and synopses of all seven books of Remembrance of Things Past?

Utgard 25/Hulan === This is very admirable, patching things up like
that, and I hope SFPAns mimic your example in
hassles to come.

932 rue bourbon #2 (reprise)/Inzer === Missed Anita's visit to NOLa,
but wish I'd been around to
attend the rally. (Oh, just heard sad news ... Zeru Mostel, whom I
saw on Broadway in Ulysses in Nighttown, died today. Very sad.) (=)
Be brave & carry on. And good words on Star Wars, very much to the
point.

J.A.P.E. #2/Locke === I've waited until today (9-11-77) at this time (3 pm central time) to start your mc. Reason: Jimmy Connors and Guillermo Vilas have just taken the court to battle for the U.S. Open title. I'd put my money on Vilas, but my spirit rides with the punk from Illinois as ever. Yesterday's semi-final against Barrazzutti was impressive mainly in that Jimbo proved that he is still a 15-year-old wiseass at heart (I refer, natch, to that bizarre mark-rubbing incident in the first set, an act that would have earned Connors a punch in the snoot had he been playing me). I will keep these pages posted on the progress of the match. Again, Jimmy has made the finals of the two major tourneys. He's been up there at the Open for four years in a row, now. No one in the field is as consistently good. (+) Thanks for the nice comment to SM39; I was quite pleased with that zine & I'm glad it connected with a fan whose opinions I respect. (+) 2 all, first set. (+) I'm still trying to break my 9400 record at Sea Wolf, and my 28 record in Death Race. They had a roomful of such goodies at the Fontainebleau but I didn't spend too much time there. (+) Wait, wait, Jimbo beats Roscoe Tanner all the time. When Roscoe eliminated him in the Wimby quarters in '76, everyone was astonished, and Tanner's mama said that it was about time (Jimmy and Tanner have been playing for yaers and years, since they were embryos, practically, and His Brattiness almost always won). Surely Connors had no trouble with him in the Open. As for being an all-time great ... I agree. Jimmy is close to Laverhood, and Rod is an alltime great. The next five years will tell the tale. (+) Judging by that smoochful LASFAPA party I attended at Suncon (hi, Lorraine), Ellay fans may well be among fahdom's friendliest. Of course, Tutihasi comes from Rochester, NY, but ... (+) Anyway, I dislike Los Angeles mainly for its vibes, a prejudice born in Berkeley when all those spoiled rich kids turned a political environment into a blase, bland dope environment. Not, of course, that the city was pure of the killer weed beforehand, natch... (+) 4-2, Jimbo. Tough game, that. (+) I of course agree with you insofar as child porno is concerned. (Connors breaks again. 5-2, set #1) I couldn't care less about adult porno, in fact I admit to occasionally enjoying a voyeuristic peek at it myself. But child porno has nothing to do with sex. It is violent crime against people who cannot defend themselves. (+) "Dragon shit". I love it. (+) 1977 picked up a bit this summer. The people responsible know who they are. Now if only I could write one good story ... that'd make the year a success. (+) First set to Jimmy. Boy, he looks sharp! As I thought, yesterday's sluff against Barrazzutti was a matter of Connors relaxing between two monster matches. (+) I found recently that my recently-obscene belly distended less after an affair of the heart, ahem. Makes me wonder what my gut was distending with. (+) Great zine, great writing, welcome again and again.

A Snow Flake Falls on New Orleans/Sather === I just mc'ed this zine for LASFAPA, the apa Carol, who now prefers to be called by her maiden name of Carol Kennedy, shares with me and several dozen others. This is a very moving and beautiful zine. She's happy up in Minnesota now, with a fine fella and frenetic fannishness. It was good to have her here. (+) She tells me -- in case you noticed the paper color -- that she printed this zine in purple on purpose. Certainly appropriate.

Introducing Obden-Sandersom/Moudry === Pretty typeface on this new machine. Oh, for an elite typer ... I love this Coronet, but I crave variety and less expensive zines.

Bah....Jimmy let it go, after 3 excellent sets. Oh well. I found it fascinating that Chris Evert, watching from the shadows, looked glum when it seemed that Jimmy would lose. Marjorie Wallace and all, she still cheered him on. The kid's lucky, and I hope he knows it.

The Galactic Heritage Almanac, Su.77/Moudry === I wish your trivia contest could have come off at DSC. I looked forward to being completed baffled. (=) I begin each year in the GHLLII Press vowing to do fewer but better pages ... and then each year is just as thick and thickheaded as the last. Can't win. And yes, I'm very interested in getting my Press bound, but I'll have to get my mint sets of the earlier years from Lewiston first. (=) Decent enough rostersaver, but I hope you get into some meatier zines sometime soon...

Devil's Advocate #1/Amos === Welcome, welcome, good friend. This attractive little zine is a splendid introduction, not that one's needed to anyone who has attendd one of your great Rivercons, or almost any other Southern convention. Welcome to publishing fandom. If you keep writing with such ability as you show here, you'll prosper. Welcoem again.

Thin Ice #25/Verheiden === Glad to hear that you lost all that flab; you and Brown should form some sort of "newly skinny" society. But your decline in SFPac is much harder to take than most being one of the more creative members. Here we see a schedule for a film whose script we've seen before, a fascinating and exciting journal of creativity in progress. Good reviews cap it. All this zine needs is mailing commentary ... but we'll enjoy what we have.

Dwerd's Dwelling/Reed === Not again, this short zine syndrome. Hope your "block" gets dranoed out of the way of your SFPac soon. (=) I always liked Gil Kane's pencils, too. I miss the good old days of Kane Green Lanterns and Infantino Flashes. It hasn't been the same since. (=) I wish I had the dexterity to make a bookcase. My envy runneth over. And what's worse, you have a beautiful wife and child, too. Some characters have alla luck.

Intuition 48/Stven === Well-put. The self-examination phase of your life seems to be peaking, and it's taking your SFPac into peaks of good, inward writing too. I'm all for that. But boy, are those awful suspenders.

I Dreamed I was Saint Augustine, Parts 12 and 25/Carlberg == Grand Illusion is one of the great antiwar films, compassionate and powerful. (=) I would not call this past DSC the best ever ... for me, '75 still reigns. But thanks to Rosie and my B'ham friends, it was very very far from the worst ever, which is what I expected.(=) Science fiction movies better than Star Wars: 2001, Dr. Strangelove, Clockwork Orange, Day the Earth Stood Still, Metropolis; but SW is right up there.

Out of the Woods Vol. 1 No. 1/Hutto === Hi, Ceese. (=) I never did much typing on a Composer -- just the logo for SM18, I think -- but they seem utterly ideal for fanac. Given a billion dollars ... (+) Given a billion dollars I probably wouldn't mess with fandom for five more minutes. Who am I fooling? (*) Icky accident. My only one so far took place in the rain, when a poor Porsche being towed by a pickup suddenly appeared in front of my Honda. Luckily, there was next to no damage ... undoubtedly because our cars were both so very small. There's virtue in that.

She Dug Her Teeth into Sandy's Neck Who Screamed #2/Wells === I'm still waiting for those xeroxes of Werewolf vs. the You-Know-Who, George. Till then, my belief in the anti-qualities of You-Now-What remains absolute. (=) Wonderful news about your marriage. I wish I could have been there to sing at the ceremonies. And Bermuda! How classy we're getting! See me? Green. If I remember, I'll print this page as green as I am. (=) I want to see Nimoy in Equus. I understand he does a very very fine job. He follows some heavy company, though. I understand Burton will make the film, which is too bad: I wanted to see Perkins on screen again playing something besides Norman Bates, again. (=) The current spate of short zines makes me wonder if you haven't become SFPA's new trendsetter, Wells. Guru H. Wells. Hmm...

The Sphere vol. 49 #1/Markstein === I don't think we reptiles in the Snake Pit (aren't you glad Markstein's no longer being nasty in print? Hsssss...) have become ingrown. Most of the Turks were at DSC and I went to worldcon (so did Boutilier). I don't know what becoming ingrown means, unless it's a toenail, and Walsh lost all his toenails in the yellow jaundice attack ...

The Infamous Crudsheet Collection/Markstein === The Sons of Bacchus editorial and the Hollis article are very worth reading ... makes onewish that zine had continued to come out. The rest is as it says.

Continuing Conversation #2/Beth === Thanks for being so sweet at DSC. You really helped make what could have been a very nasty scene very nice instead. And more thanks for your visit over here before you left for Texas. You showed me, poo.

SHADOW-SFPA

Cover: Magnificent vista of Mars. Andruschak, how did we ever survive without you?

The Edw (that's what happens when my typer ribbon hits the end of the spool before I reverse it manually. Try again.)

The Shadow-SFPA Knows #2/Beth: I hope you continue Shadow-SFPA, and don't mind a suggestion. Forget about collecting overruns from Big Kids. I like the rules...the thing is not to lose hope.

After Midnight/Thornhill: Ah, med tech talk. I miss it. Sure I do. How's your BUN? (Don't get personal, or have I used that line this zine?)

I Know What Evil Lurks/Andruschak: I can take stapled mlg's for L ASFAPA, but for an apa like SFPA, rich in personalities that not only know each other but have definite love/hates going ... two staples aren't big enough.

L.A. in '81/Andy: I dunno. Maybe.

It Comes in the Mail & It Goes on the Shelf: I've seen this before.

Phlogiston 4/Beth: Terrible tale of the pound. I cannot stand sad animals. They trust us so much. It's terrible being sentient creatures capable of feelings.

Whatever Gold #2/Markstein: Mulé's bid got its trouncing. But I definitely wouldn't call all of his associates "idiots" ... not people like Bev Traub, anyway, a lady of much quality.

Scri blings Dashed/LeBlanc: Actually, you don't have to use the plastic backing sheet on G-stencils. This page is typed without one, for instance. (=) Rocky Horror Picture Show plays here weekly ... someday I will take the plunge ...

Bacover: Pretty. Reminds me of Bonestell. Hooray for the Mariner ... it should be a great next decade to be alive. I'll be listening.

AND THAT'S ITSVILLE FOR THE MAILING COMMENTS ON SFPA MAILING 78! IA!
:o

FLICK IT IN

I had originally hacked out a few movie reviews in this space, but a shrug in the direction of The Last Remake of BeauGeste and a racking spasm of barfery directed at End of the World was the best I could do. I also saw A Clockwork Orange again, though, and it gave me a better idea.

Spot Darth Vader!

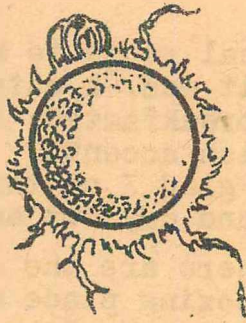
As everyone knows as well as his own last name by now, Darth Vader was played by an actor named Dave Prowse (no relation, I think, to onetime Sinatra financee Juliet). Where else have you seen Dave Prowse?

I myself have seen him, to my knowledge, only twice other than in Star Wars. Of course, I had no idea that I was seeing him then, because then he was just a muscleman carrying Malcolm McDowell downstairs at Patrick Magee's "Home". Yes, yes! That was Darth Vader in his salad days! Seeing Clockwork Orange again recently, I listened to his voice. Lucas has said that he used James Earl Jones' goldenly menacing tones, in part, because Prowse's own voice is a rich brogue. True enough, it is rather light, ill fitting a big character like him, and unsuitable for a pestilence like Vader.

Prowse was also in a film in current release ... a film interesting in a couple of other ways... The People That Time Forgot. His part was next to negligible: he played a hooded axeman who swings his hatchet at Doug McClure a couple of times before catching a blade in the belly. But it was he.

The plot of the film is also worth practically nothing. It features a cavegirl with big tits, oh yummy, and some okay, sorta, special effects. (Speaking of which, I recommend Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger for its Harryhausens, but nothing else.) The real star of the show, though, is Frank Frazetta, whose paintings appear as wall drawings in several places, and whose work inspired many of the costumes. Several scenes, in fact, are animated Frazettas, so obvious that I laughed out loud in delight when one appeared.

So listen, where have you seen Darth Vader? He is the most neglected of all of Star Wars' actors, and even though his voice never made the sound track, his presence dominated much of the movie. Both he and Jones deserve credit for an outstanding performance.



SUNCON

I. The Trip

We took turns driving, a hundred miles at a time. Florida, when entered, was seen as a goal, and I exulted at the beauty of the countryside, all purple trees and green.

A million years later, that day, we hurtled off the Turnpike into the southernmost tip of the continental United States. Fort Lauderdale passed and I wondered if Trav were home on The Busted Flush. Then there was Miami and that miserable monsoon which dogged us all the way south from Gainesville went crazy. There were only 4 cars on the road as we took 826 West, circling the city to find Brown's house, but all four huddled together in a 55-mph community, sliding over the invisible lines in the road, bumpers almpst kissing. The sixteenth hour of a trip is no time for such shenani-gans. It is no time for a rain born of Hurricane Anita to turn one's daylong dreariness into terror.

But we made it.

II. Brown's

Several times in that apartment complex, Whitehead had to leap from the car and dash through the rain. Building W must have been the 26th examined. Or perhaps 28th, if Miami goes by Cuban spelling and includes N and LL. But it was there. We bashed on door #11 and wailed piteously in the chilly shelter outside the door.

"What's all the noise?" demanded Brown, opening his door.

The boy's lost weight. Gone the flabby fatso of DSC '73 and '74. Back the bronze sun god of DSC '72. And in a place befitting a serious, dedicated fan, large, expansive, neat, a huge library of mint comics, blowup photos of Hutchinson paintings on the walls. Not even the ghastly puss of Tom Snyder bawling on the color TV could spoil the impression of fandom as a worthwhile occupation for one's time.

Long day. Long, long day. It had begun in the predawn darkness of B'ham in Charlotte Proctor's house, where I felt at home. Ended 860 miles -- more -- later, and began worldcon #3 for me.

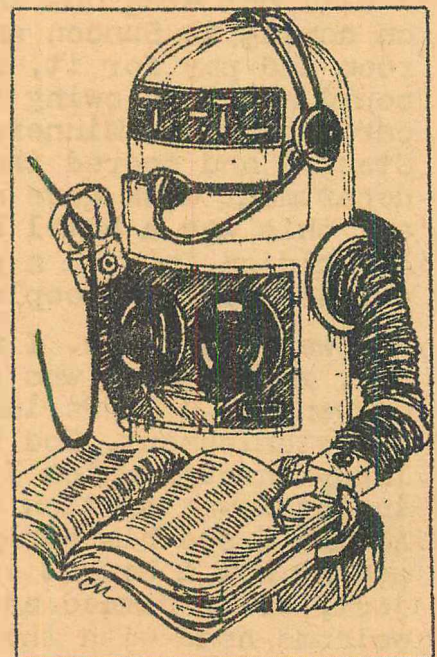


illustration by C. Murray Frenaux

III. Miami and Miami Beach

To avoid rush hour traffic, Gary took us the local route to Miami Beach. I have heard of Miami all my life. Here it was, a city. Palms here and there, and in the restaurant where we breakfasted, the almost painfully familiar whine of New-York-Jewish accents. Oy vey, how I love those people, and mazeltov, how glad I am that I don't have to listen to those horrible voices day in and day out anymore

I remember my National Airlines commercials. "Where are the stews?" I demand of Brown. Hospitality and a fine firm snoozing place are not enough for Lillian. He must have access to fantasy sex. Gary name the place but they don't let you inside the city limits if you are ugly and poor. Oh cruel fate!

I note the houses we pass. Adobe? Is that adobe? New Orleans has one advantage over Miami ... our suburbs are solid brick, and pretty. The dwellings here look grim by comparison.

But oh well. Here a sign, "Biscayne Blvd.", and another, "To Miami Beach". We cross a long causeway and then we found ourselves in Disney's Geriatricland, driving down an avenue lined with HOTEL, HOTEL, HOTEL, all offering something called "Pullmanettes". And then ahead of us loomed the Hotels, the behemoths, the dinosaurs, monoliths, mountains of money, and in the midst of these, across the street from a canal and a houseboat (not stainless steel) ...

IV. The Fontainebleau

The badges have been seen on obvious fans wandering close by the hotel. Red frames, and the name, SUNCON. The hotel driveway busily swallowed baggage and people, and I turned my poor Honda over to their reckless hands, and discovered that the law of this universe was "tip".

Money! Money! Departing Gary and Andy, I carried my bags to the registration desk, along the wall of a lobby the size of a fair-to-middlin' railroad station. Shock occurred when I found that the hotel demanded a hundred bucks deposit against room costs I could make that, but it would leave me broke and destitute throughout the con.

I will not drag out that story ... Carol Bather had originally planned on coming to Suncon and had promised to me that she would grace my room and pay for it, at least for the nonce, with her Visa card. She could not come owing to an affair of the heart, but she did send her card down, via Minnefan John Stanley. Some to-do later, I located Stanley and scored the card, and the Cosmo chickie marring the credit department desk gave me a hundred dollar bill refund. Money money money, this was a hotel built on the exchange of lots and lots of money. A worldcon in such a place? It required a leap of imagination to see science fiction people there.

But we were there. I was recognized first, at the reg desk, by Susan Fox, a tiny girl who shares LASFAPA with me. (It would be LASFAPA's convention.) Wandering through the lobby, alone, unrecognized but for my astonishment, God himself, Theodore Sturgeon ... In the secondary lobby through which I had to pass to reach the elevator to my room, in the Tower section of the tripartite hotel, Forry Ackerman was seen. Always I see him early on at these things, and always I laugh and remember how I bought issue #9 of Famous Monsters (name the cover subject, or be damned as fakefen!) so long ago. Familiarity raised its welcome head with the appearance of Doug Wirth, whom I had the sad duty of informing would not be my roomie this con. Okay by him.

Roomie? For that I'd need my room. I lugged my bag to the Tower 'vator (anything like a darth vator?) and rode to the 15th floor.

V. 1571

It was unbelievable. I grew used to the view ... the Ocean, my God, the motherlovin ocean, with its ships and its horizon and its truth that the next thing this way you can walk on is Africa ... huge, and huger than huge, so huge that size had lost meaning, it rolled there to the left of the balcony to room 1571. To the right, Miami rose, city skyline past canal and houseboat. Below, roof of the lobbies, & across, a curved highrise, the central and older segment of the hotel. That beach below looked so small from here, and so glorious. How long had it been since I had swum in the Atlantic? 23 years! (I lost my shovel.) But the Anita remnant still roared and blustered o'erhead.

I showered, the smegma of the road still on me, then went down and registered for Suncon, obtaining my own badge and tag, and seeing and greeting good Cliff Amos, crossing his fingers for his Lousiville NAS-FIC bid, and descended to

VI. The Hucksters Room

The entire basement of the hotel, it seemed, had been given over to the pursuit of Stuff. I have never seen a larger hucksters area, and considering that there were no more than the usual number of hucksters, the effect was right pleasing. No crowding, and lots to choose from. Goodies of all sorts a glassblower with his acetylene torch and fantastic creations, acres of booksellers, T-shirts and posters and pins ... I did the rounds and saw Ned Brooks selling his Mae Strelkov trip report, Pat Adkins selling Burroughs goodies and the divine Left of Africa (joined, later on, by Hal Clement, autographing copies), and even Hank Stine selling TV stills he'd scored from a trashcan at NBC. It was a delightful room in many ways...the variety was its spice, and I bought a variety of things: Swamp Thing issues (passing up a \$7.50 #1 and a \$15 House of Secrets #92), Lafferty's Not to Mention Camels, PBs of Man In Deus Irae, Amazing World of DC Comics #13 (those creeps don't even send me freebies anymore). I tore myself away from fabulous prints of Freas masterworks, like the classic cover to Who? (great book) and Jedai Knight pins. I spent much time in the Hucksters Haven this convention ... but enjoyed every minute of it. I would rate that room one of Suncon's few absolute successes.

VII. People, or sort-of

I met Celko ... I ran into Mike Weber, with whom Joe had driven down from Atlanta. (They both went with me to get the Visa card from Stanley, a trip through rain to the overflow hotel next door). Linda Karrh, boom boom kaboom, appeared, sat in with me for a minute or two at a panel on crudzines (!). Later on find out how she earned her nickname of "Dixieboobs". I saw the kinglike figure of Ray Lafferty wand'ring lonely as a cloud, and waved to the greatest man alive. He waved back (sweeter than the praise of kings). I listened to the horrible hoarseness of Sam Moscovitz as he talked with Adkins ... throat cancer, they say. Curt Stubbs came by in his tricornered hat. The K-a crowd came through, Gary Brown ("Where's my undershirt, Guy?" "Didn't I give it back to you?" I still haven't found Gary's undershirt) and Jeff Wasserman (a splendid imitation of the bum Spanier, who did not show, the bum) and Bob Zimmerman, and Alan Hutchinson, new OE of SFPA, who cursed the fact that the hotel provided no coke machines.

This is a class hotel? Everything through room service. Everything needs a tip... I also saw Teri Carlberg, cute as a bug's ear, who bopped me on the nose with a red, red rose. Talk about metaphors ...

Somebody pointed out that it was already the afternoon of the first day of the con, and there were panels going on in the various ballrooms upstairs, discussions of science fiction in various sercon aspects. They went practically unattended. I began to feel like a 7-year-old ballooon-toting kid wandering through a carnival ... not knowing where to turn next since so much was going on.

So I went upstairs to wait, and went to sleep.

VIII. How Green Was My Ally

Rosie awoke me. I had left a message both at the registration desk in the lobby and the con reg desk, and sure enough, she called the minute she was there. There with her father Joe and the Green clan. I was invited to an impromptu party in room 2500 of the Spa Building, to which one could get by descending in two elevators, crossing a flooded patio, ducking beneath the ripped tarp of a flapping canopy, riding up another elevator and negotiating a mazelike floor. 2500 was not on the 25th floor; it was on the fifth floor in bluding #2.

And ah, she was there, Rosie was there, tall, "stacked" I believe is the vulgar term, black curls vivid about her fabulous face, those huge eyes, that upturned nose, that impudent chin. Wow.

And her family, the splendid Joe, his nifty wife Patty, their wondrous younger daughter, Melody, who was The Single Most Impressive Person I Met For the First Time At Suncon. And Celko, oh yeah, he was there too. Everyone swilled the demon rum from bottles smuggled into the hotel ... you see, signs in every room forbade the bringing thereto of food or drink (except via room service, see); anyone seen carrying a bottle in the hotel would be subject to, get this, a corkage fee. (In dher words, a fine for bringing your own and not shelling out for the hotel's overpriced hooch.)

Registration for the Greems followed shortly. Rosie's friend Frankie, a lovely lady, had come as "Vaunda Rubenstein", and got through registration even though she had no identification under that name. We went to

IX. The Art Show

them, and I have seldom been so impressed byan exhibit of fan/pro s.f. art. Some of s.f.'s loveliest cnavases were represented foremost for me being John Schoenherr's entire Dune Calendar series. Sternbach was well presented, and there were some classic Freas works. Alas, no Frazettas (wait, there was one, wasn't there?), and no Bonestells (am I sure about that?), but there was sculpture and there was splendor and it was undoubtedly a beautifully successful exhibit. (The repellant plaster mannequins, masquing figures against the wall, could have been part of the exhibit, poor fan art, but they were hotel decor.) Doug Wirth had his SFPA silkscreens and the famous crashed Confederate spaceship up for "sale" although he put a ludicrous price of \$200 on it to avoid paying an exhibition fee.

X. The Bounder

Hunger hung upon me, for it was nigh onto evening, now, and I had not stuffed my mouth since breakfast. The Greens talked of a dinner expedition, but before then, just outside of the Art Show, we sat in chairs along the lobby wall, and up rushed a bounder, in fact The Bounder, and hugged Rosie. It was a ferreal BNF, Ron Bounds, dashing and bearded, well-remembered from the Viking costume he wore at my first worldcon, St. Louiscon in '69. Rosie was lost to the world while they caught up, and Celko busied himself cleaning up a beer bottle he'd smashed on the floor, and my stomach protested my neglect of its comforts. I mention Bounds because he was to be a very hale fellow the next few days, one whom I hope I'll see and have the chance to talk to again, even though I am far far from any sort of in-dom in fan circles. And because he was to pick up his wife from the airport that night, and lads, his wife is Bobbi Armbruster, Read that name with awe.

Cliff Amos came by at this point, and mentioned to me through teeth that would have chattered had they not grasped a pipe that rumor had it that the New Orleans worldcon bid was quite close in the ballotting to Britain ... a bad sign for Cliff's NASFIC hopes. I breathed a prayer with him and returned to my crew.



XI. The Creation of Dixieboobs

Huge the Fontainebleau. Realize that the Main Lobby of the hotel had not yet been visited, that the registration lobby only had been explored. There we were to meet Joe and Patty and glom some eats, a development for which I was amply prepared.

The lobby was busy with one of the traditional events of any worldcon, a Meet-the-pros soiree at which the writers wore funny hats. At St. Louiscon (no typo) they wore straw hats. Here they wore pink derbies.

On the outskirts of the mess of humanity boozing and autographing Rosie and I found Joe and Co. I had changed from my worn&torn jeans to the closest thing to presentable garb that I had; I even had one of my clip-on ties in my pocket. Delighted was I to find an old, very familiar personage there, Craig Shukas, present at my first NOSFA meeting 6-28-69, sitting there talking with Guidry and Green. Also there was a most attractive young lady named, I discovered, Fran, who should not be confused with Frankie, Rosie's friend. No, this gal -- 32, pretty, with a wise curl to her mouth, brunette, specs -- was Patty's friend. Keep'em straight, now. Anyway, for reasons I shall never understand, she was obviously paying a lot of attention to Craig. Craig does look good, I guess, nowadays, being six-four and Travis-McGeeish in appearance. He'll always be the crewcut butterball I met in '69 to me, but others might feel different. One of these others was obviously Ms. Fran, and another was obviously Ms. L. Karrh, who spotted

our little group from a mezzanine balcony and rushed right down and spirited Shukas away. (Brown and Hutchinson, to whom I had pledged introductions to Karrh, were witness.)

Fran was somewhat taken aback, temporarily. "I like that," she said. "I meet a great-looking guy and off he goes with Dixieboobs!"

Linda was wearing a Dixie Beer sweatshirt, y'see. The second part of the nickname can best be ascribed to the, um, uh, yeah. You've seen Karrh, I guess.

Guidry, in his infinite tact, tried to reassure Fran that no male at that convention could possibly avoid looking at her and think, and I quote, "Lust!" But the damage had been done. Fran wanted revenge. So she struck out at her friends by recommending a place to eat.

XII. The Brass Screw

I kid about Fran's lust for vengeance, of course; she was a very very neat girl. But her taste in restaurants is strictly from cough syrup. Out into the deluge, for it was still pouring, we went, over the causeway in Joe's car, myself sandwiched happily between Rosie and Melody in the back seat. On the way they conversed in sign and I learned a word or two. Melody, born deaf, is fluent in it and Rosie is constantly trying to learn. I'll have more to say about sign later.

The sign for the restaurant was "Despair". Oh, the food was adequate enough, I suppose, but our poor waiter was green as grass and fouled up every order. We wasted much of the evening waiting for our food & a good part of it eating it. Celko vowed a Narsty Letter.

The name of the joint, by the way, was not The Brass Screw. That's what I found in my salad.

XIII. And to All a Good Night

Back at the hotel, we adjourned to 2500 for a private party. But first I wandered on my own a bit, taking in a few 3-D minutes of The Creature from the Black Lagoon. The rain was hideous, but up in Joe's room, talking movies with the splendid Mr. Green, who praised Kris Kristofferson's performance in Vigilante Force (repeating terrifying dialog), all was warm and dry. I looked out the window at ships vanishing out to midnight seas. Bounds took off to meet Bobbi. And Pat Adkins called to invite one and all to a party in his room.

It was there that we next found ourselves. Guidry whooped through, hurling paper airplanes into soggy disaster off Pat's balcony. Pat finally threatened to lock him outside if he didn't stop it. And though weariness hung heavily upon me, I found it a true pleasure to talk to Pat, one of the best of New Orleans' fan population. He had quite a tale to tell ... for behold, that night he had met Sturgeon.

Pat was almost aglow, and not in any neoish way. He had talked with Sturgeon for a good length of time, and fairly seriously, too. He reflected the beauty of the man. I hoped that I would get to speak with him, too, and Rosie mentioned that she'd never met him but very much wanted to.

Talking with Pat about great science fiction ... well, it was nigh onto the ideal way to end one's first day of worldcon. End that day we did.

XIV. Came the Dawn

No rain! The skies outside were clearing. And there were bathers frolicking at the beach below. The sexy blue bathing suit I'd brought called to me from its drawer ... how long had it been since I'd tasted brine? Years, years, years!

But no, there is conning to do. Fannishness forever. And breakfast even before that. And down in the unspeakable coffee shop, as I wolfed down ten-dollar pancakes, Rosie leapt up and ran over to a fellow and his frau who had just come in, bearing a baby critter.

The guy was black-haired and craggily-faced, shaped like a shoehorn, his body pulled forward by the weight of an enormous pipe. I'd never seen the man outside of photographs before, but I knew who he was, God yes, I knew. Zelazny.

"That's an introduction you owe me," I told Rosie when she returned.

We walked by the beach briefly on the way back to the con activities. I grooved for a moment on the seeming infinity of the sea. Then we played an electronic game and returned to (her) snooze; (me) sit on the balcony and watch the ships go out to sea.

XV. Program at Last

The first item on the actual program which either of us felt like watching came up at one p.m. ... the Guest of Honor speeches by Fan GoH Robert Madle and Pro GoH Jack Williamson. We bopped to a ballroom and sat ourselves down twoseats away from Fred Pohl and his wife. I felt something of a thrill ... Pohl had a manuscript in his lap and was editing it during the proceedings. And he is one of The Best.

We'd come in at the end of a panel in praise of John W. Campbell staffed by Gordy Dickson, looking very slim, Hal Clement, Ben Bova and Jack Williamson. It sounded good and I wished I could have heard it. We'd seen David Gerrold outside, worse luck.

Silverberg came onto the stage, toastmaster and general m.c. for the convention. I haven't liked Silverbob so much in years as during his stint at the Suncon. He was lighthearted, clever, funny, and not the rather standoffish fellow I'd imagined I'd met before. He was very funny in introducing Madle, and then Williamson ... saying that although he liked poking fun at people he introed, doing so with Williamson was like mocking OB-1 Canobe.

Madle, a first fandom member, went over his career in fandom, mentioning Julius Schwartz, one of the two Great Men I have known (Lafferty is the other), several times. I hope that some enterprising worldcon with an eye for justice will, in the near future, offer Julie its Fan GoH honor. Madle mentioned his own TAFF and Big Heart honors, and gave a fine impression as a man for whom fandom really has been a way of life.

Williamson, making what he promised would be a long, boring, academic speech, and which turned out to be notsolong/norsoboring, talked about the next hundred years of science fiction. Alas, he neglected Mrs. Brown, the personal-impact perspective of the field which Mike Bishop had so effectively championed in his DeepSouthCon GoH speech. It's in personal stories, stories of character, stories in which the future and its ideas have effects on individuals, families, communities, that s.f. has its most potential value. The Dispossessed was called "a novel of character" by Schuyler Miller. True. Budrys wrote novels of character. Man Plus is a novel of character. Phil Dick writes such. And they write, these authors, damned good science fiction that happens to be moving.

Anyway, great speech or merely enjoyable, it was good to see Williamson, whose GOHship was decades overdue. Worldcons tend to grant such goodies to a select coterie over and over again, neglecting men who merit such recognition. Williamson was the prime example of this sad tendency before Suncon saw to justice.

XVI: Lobby People

Leaving the ballroom after Williamson finished, Rosie and I headed across the lobby. She wanted some lunch and as I had a headache, I thought it a good idea also. On the way we passed a tall, lanky fella with a beard whom I recognized, and with whom I have something very very obscure in common.

"Hooray for the Barrington Bull," I shouted. And Terry Carr turned about and gawked.

I should have left him like that and found him later to explain, giving him a few minutes to enjoy having his mind blown, ahem. But I went up and introduced myself as the Bull editor (Barrington being a Berkeley housing co-op, those of whom who do not know my life's history) who wrote to him in 1970 asking for extra copies of the Bulls he'd edited in the late fifties. Having patience and being a fan at heart, he looked around, found his files, and (get this, get the extraordinary excellence of Terry Carr) xeroxed them for me. I left them, like a FOOL, in the Barrington files, where they have undoubtedly been rolled up and smoked by the commie pervert pinkos that have always lived there. Anyway, it was good to finally thank Terry in person.

And Heidi Saha walked past. I've been debating with myself what to say about the way she looked, wondering whether I should just let it slide, since after all, it's none of my damned business, or comment, since she has been by familiar choice pushed to the foreconsciousness of fandom. Perhaps it is legitimate, then, to make an evaluation of the current state of a public figure. Certainly it's done all the time about Harlan or RAH or Gerrold, the tumor.

All right then. Heidi looked just awful, like a caricature of something unworthy, a cigarette dangling, a comically tight skirt, her chipmunk cheeks, so charming when she was younger, rouged red. A few years ago Jim Warren actually had the audacity to publish a magazine about her, calling her fandom's favorite. Fandom's favorite what, he didn't say? When I asked him about it, he said that Heidi and her family wanted a movie career for her, and publicity was the best way to go about it. Maybe so. But unless I missed something and she was in costume, Heidi looked just plain worn. It is altogether too damned bad.

XVII. Kazoos

I ate a bowl of soup, only \$12.50, with Rosie and Patty and Fran and Celko, then retired to 1571 to take a nap myself. My headache didn't go away until after I'd slept. Dinnertime was approaching, and as Rosie didn't think much of any of the shirts I'd brought, I ended up borrowing one of Celko's. The shirt was solid-colored, which I prefer, and fit well, but the fabric was very thick and heavy and did not wear well in the Miami heat. "Don't sweat!" Joe advised. He should talk. He doesn't even have hair.

XVIII. The Rusty Pelican

For the second night in a row, I ate with Rosie, her family and friends, at a restaurant off the Beach. But where last night had been a trial,

the Rusty Pelican was a triumph.

The Rusty Pelican was a Polynesian restaurant located on Key Biscayne, and the evening spent there was by far the most pleasant of my whole congoing vacation. Exotic decor, a view of Miami and the bay, and wonderful seafood. I scarfed an elaborate concoction called a seafood pie, various types of undersea eats covered with cheese. Our salad was prepared at table by a skilled pro named Hector. Everything was scrumptious, and the conversation was fine. We even toasted "the relative success of Suncon".

And The High Point of the Week came when the table suddenly discovered that a young man had stopped by the table and he and Melody were having a full conversation in sign. A guy of about 20, he was preparing to graduate from the same academy as she attends; she'd recognized him, and he had spotted her and Patty "talking" from his own table. He articulated very well, enunciating his words with little trace of slurring. He and Melody both were stunning examples of that invincible spirit of man, overcoming all obstacles, I've been reading about ever since I discovered science fiction.

It was a high and a half. On the way home Melody taught me the words for "Rosie" and "pretty". What a lady. 12 years old. What a fabulous 12-year-old lady.

XIX. The Masquerade

We returned to catch the second half of the masquerade, which has received some criticism for being too short. Star Wars costumes, as expected, abounded, but some were well done. There was only one naked girl, dammit, and she was covered with stars and diamond shapes in strategic locales. Phooey.

Some of the better costumes, though, were really quite good. The Humor award went to Spock-Boy Walton, an original (?) idea if there was one at the con. A Luke and Leia duo won the authenticity honor, as well as huzzahs from the other contestants. The usual winners for beauty were given their annual honor, and again, Mike Resnick was named for an outstanding costume. But it wasn't as fun a masquerade as it should have been...I for one miss the many, many costumes on parade at St. Louiscon. And the sloppy barbar shop quartet that howled on stage during the judges' conferences was no match for Patia von Sternberg. (Patia was in attendance, of course, and even won an award at the masquerade. Earlier, I'd seen some neurotic fan yell at her in the lobby, thinking that she'd tried to burn him with her cigarette. We fans have problems, a lot of us.)

People aren't masquing anymore! I noticed that at Mardi Gras and it was obvious here! Faanishness is on the wane. And it is too bad. Of course, I would never have the nerve to dress up and parade around, but my hypocrisy on such matters isn't the point.

XX. Parties ... and Armbruster

Never let it be said that I don't take advantage. Rosie Greem is Joe Green's daughter and that meant that I was able to have a seat in the special SFWA suite closed to most congoers. It was relatively empty and almost spookily quiet up there when we arrived, after the banquet. Ray came in, and I grew a bit angry at Charlie Brown for putting down the faanishness of Southern fans to those present, scoffing that we never attended any of the DSC panels. I protested that Southerners were faans

first and all else afterwards, but my defense likely fell on closed ears. If the south is to get the worldcon it merits, the path does not lie through the forest of BNFs.

After my futile words, I reassumed my seat at the edge of activity, and would have grown thereinto the furniture had not Zelazny entered. (Here I grow no more, and return to these wondrous days of teenhood.) I went up to him and asked him to autograph his two Hugowinning novels and Deus Irae. Heartily ashamed of myself, I talked to that gentle, shy man for several moments about our mutual knowledge of Mr. Donald J. Walsh, whom Zelazny has used as a supporting character in three of his bestknown stories. Roger told me that another yarn was in the works.

Rosie and I adjourned to livelier climes, and on the 8th floor I met ... her.

Bobbi Armbruster. Ron Bounds' wife. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh.

There are those that make all the rest worthwhile. There are those who light up the universe like quasars. There are those who warm the environs with a word. They are rare, rare, rare, yet I had run into many of them this vacation. Here was one. Oh yeah. Tall. Lovely. A fellow member of LASFAPA. And what does Lillian, scum filth dregs maggot pus horror Lillian, say to this angel, this glory, this marvel, this Creature of Light?

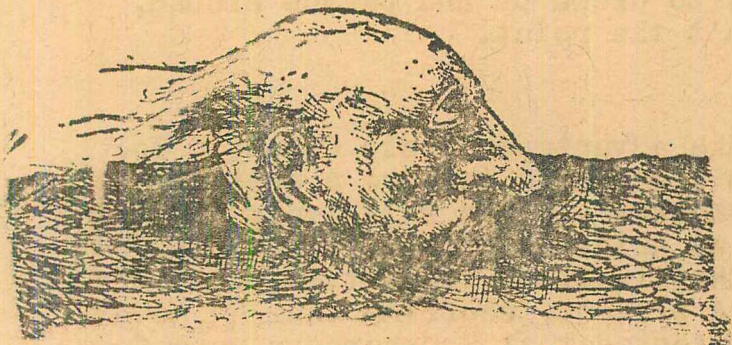
He says, "Son of Sam wants you!"

Thank the great God in heaven, of whose works she is among the paramount, Bobbi laughed. Later, later, she played a real part in the success of Suncon. For, even as Rosie and I descended to watch the Hank Reinhardt story, otherwise known as Robin and Marian, a Shadow hung over Rosie ... a shadow in the form of a fan who craved Rosie's company, who kept insinuating himself into her presense, calling her on the phone, leaving heartrending messages under the door ... A Problem was afoot.

XXI. Down to the

Going about with one of the most attractive, bestknown, and popular girls in fandom has its drawbacks. One of which is her commitments. Rosie had a date on Sunday morning which predated DSC, and so while she was off with a Miami mundane, I went swimming in the ocean.

I am usually quite reticent. about wearing swimtrunks in public, having a physique best described as repellantly flabby. But I would not be denied my swim, my immersion in the sea. In the salty brine I bobbed and swirled, meeting waves headon, tasting the delicious ocean, feeling the atoms of inundated navies wash over my form. Girls loosened their bikini straps, laying on their tummies on the beach. Oh, this was life, life I tell you. Caked with salt and sand I emerged glowing with the closest thing I've had to health in many a sorry year.



On the way back up to shower I stopped off in the Hucksters room, and there met Laurraine Tutihasi of LASFAPA, who told me of the LASFAPA party to occur that evening, and Bruce Pelz was encountered in the lobby. He gave me my copy of the second disty of W.O.O.F., with my Me safely included. Virginia Heinlein got off the elevator as I was getting on; I had heard that RAH himself was at the con, signing autographs at a blood donor station in the basement, but this was the first empirical evidence of His presence.

After washing the sand from my bod, I wandered through Suncon, footloose for the first time since Friday. I watched a short slide show on the space shuttle. I watched a rather confused panel on "Teaching s.f." with Fred Pohl, Ben Bova, Jack Williamson, Tom Monteleone, and frequent interruptions (welcomed) by Ed Wood, screaming "Put s.f. back in the gutter!" Points were missed all over the place.

And when I was again coming down from 1571, HEINLEIN got onto the elevator.

Third time I'd encountered The Dean...and I discovered to my tremendous displeasure that I was still scared to Death of the man. Nattily attired, jaunty, he played with babe-in-arms Alexander Lundry while his wife planted her heel into the top of my foot. I wanted to say something, but fearful, actually fearful, I almost didn't dare. Finally he seemed to turn towards me in the mirrored vator and I mentioned that I'd been at the blood donor reception last year. "Alexander wasn't," said Robert A. Heinlein.

Should I feel crushed or exhilarated? I did not know then and I do not know now. All I know is that I have felt brazen and boorish in the company of astronauts and Presidents and Senators and saints, but awed only a very few times. This made the third time I'd felt awed in the Presence.

I later talked with Poul Anderson, as gentle and fine a man as ever drew breath, about my feelings towards RAH. (Not only had Poul recognized me, he was genuinely friendly. Naturally, for such a fellow he is.) "Oh," said Poul, in his gloriously deep, glorious sonorous tones, "Bob doesn't bite. Unless he wants to." I agreed, remembering the shreds of Alexei Panshin I'd seen littered on the ground after their meeting in '74.

I seem to have skipped a chapter heading ... surely Heinlein merits one of his own. Call this chapter XXII then, and end it by recalling Heinlein's walk with his frau towards the art auction, and the looks of wonder and excitement on the faces of the people he passed.

XXIII. Amber

After feeding my face, and reading Harlan's article on Silverberg in the program book (containing a reference to a photograph I took in '69, of the two of them holding their Hugos, which hangs framed on Harlan's wall), I heard from Lester Boutillier that the rumors of a close race for the '79 worldcon were only rumors. He'd heard that Brighton had trounced New Orleans, but no vote total was ever announced.

I then made for the mezzanine, and in a smallroom there found myself waiting, along with Sue Phillips, for the beginning of a wedding. It had been announced as an Amber-style wedding, based on the Zelazny series, and indeed the wedding procession concluded with Roger Zelazny. It began with a pair of familiar clowns ... Teri Carlberg and Freff.

I can't remember details of the ceremony, except for one reference to "our lord Roger" which drew a laugh, but I was greatly moved and amused by the beauty of the moment, a moment which will probably never happen to me. May the principals, whoever they were, live together happily.

XXIV. An Old Friend

I wandered into the fanzine room and watched some slides of past cons (I wasn't in any), talked past a number of the hotel's mundane residents playing highstakes poker (all of them, every one, an elderly Jewish gentleman from New York; I felt like sitting in on the game and losing my shirt just to listen to them talk; half the time I love that accent), then found myself standing alongside Rosie, whose Miami beau had departed. Together we went to the movies, and saw the good parts of the best movie movie of all time.

What's a con without King Kong? Nothing! Nothing! And there has been nothing before or since to match the sheer thrillfulness of the jungle sequences in that film. Exciting, wondrous, an absolute high. In the midst of it, a wookie entered. He had been walking about the hotel, grooving on the various fannish things to do, impressing the fans and the kids and the New Yorkers. He watched a bit of the film and left. But he would reappear. After all, his presence was required at

XXV. The Banquet

Our table was crowded ... ten folks, including the infamous J.J. Pierce. And we were well in the rear of the ballroom. Silverberg was a distant figure dancing on the stage.

The food was wretched, rubber chicken masquerading as cornish hen. Rosie couldn't eat it. Fans at the next table drove the staff to tears by running their dampened fingers about the rims of their glasses, producing piercing notes. A tray was dropped and like grade school kids, the crowd clapped. Fran and Eric Ferguson arrived late. Teri came through in her makeup. The wookie entered to great applause. I walked past Brown and Hutchinson, leaving, and Gary laughed that this was like Christmas morning for me. Ah, he knew.

I went to the head, and was handed a paper towel when I washed my hands by an attendant. I was expected to tip him. I hope a dime was enough. With my plumbing, I could go broke in that hotel ...

Behind the podium on stage, glistening bright, a row of phallic silver ...

XXVI. **HUGOS**

Silverberg began his m.c.'manship for the banquet with a vaguely scatological joke about John W. Campbell. (They'd gone into a men's room & Silverbob had realized "John W. Campbell pees!") He gave out the 1954 Hugos to No Award. He introduced for brief remarks Made, Williamson, and TAFF winner Peter Roberts. And the awards began.

- # The First Fandom Award went to Frank Belknap Long, alas not present;
- # The E.E. Evans Big Heart Award went to Elaine Wojciekowski. "They let the wojcie win," Silverberg commented.
- # The Gandalf, the "creepy crawly award", went to Andre Norton, alas also not present. The beautiful, quiet, C. J. Cherryh accepted.

- # Moments later, Cherryh, a tall and beautiful brunette, silent as the moon, was back on stage, accepting her John W. Campbell Award from Mrs. Peg Campbell and her grandson. Rosie applauded like mad; Cherryh is a personal friend.
- # A special plaque was then given out to Star Wars, and producer Gary Kurtz took to the stage to accept it. One enterprising fan waved a light sabre. Poor Kurtz, though, is not a member of our fraternity, & so called us "sci-fi fans", and was immediately smashed to pieces against the back wall by a chorus, nay, a tidal wave, a veritable tsunami, of boos. He recovered well and departed to a counterbalancing ovation. I hope he doesn't make that mistake when he picks up Star Wars' Hugo next year. (Fran was disgusted. "You people are so fucked up," said she.)
- # Fan Artist -- Phil Foglio. A welcome award, and a good change from the Tim Kirk parade of Hugos. Phil, looking like Alan Hutchinson one size larger, came to the stage with his hands clasped behind his back and took the honor in silence.
- # Fan Writer - Tie between Susan Wood and Dick Geis. Ho-hum.
- # Fanzine - S.F. Review, again. Ho-hum.
- # Pro Artist - Rick Sternbach, and isn't that a change. Freas didn't even make the final ballot this year. Good award, though I would've preferred DiFate or Fabian.
- # Short Story - "Tricentennial" by Joe Haldeman. Rosie clapped like crazy. I didn't. I much preferred Damon Knight's "I See You". To my mind, this Hugo was simply a pat on the back to another awards favorite, much like Niven's Hugos for "Inconstant Moon" and "The Hole Man".
- # Novelette - No surprise, "The Bicentennial Man" walked away with it. No complaints, either, since I voted for it.
- # Novella - a Tie. Spider Robinson's "By Any Other Name", which isn't so hot, and James Tiptree's "Houston, Houston, Do You read?" which is. I would have preferred Mike Bishop's "Samurai and the Willows", but ... ("I think you're all insane," said Fran.)
- # Novel -- and a real surprise. Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang beat out Children of Dune. Alas, Kate Wilhelm was not there (of the writing winners, only Haldeman was around). I have to say that I'm pleased ... I'd nominated Sweet Birds, a superb, gutsy story. And it was a genuinely unexpected surprise.

There was no award for dramatic presentation, which I considered very bad. Carrie had been nominated, after all, and it was infinitely superior to A Boy and His Dog, which had won last year. I do n't understand a fandom that votes in this fashion.

But I have to hail a fandom that sends a wookie up on stage just as the Star Wars plaque is being awarded. The wookie chased Silverberg off stage and gave the plaque to Kurtz himself. It was a glorious moment.

So much for ~~the Hugo awards~~ the Hugo awards, 1977.

XXVII. Rosie's Obligation

The dark shadow fell again over Rosie, that fan came up and asked her to have a drink with him later. She'd promised to do so before the con, in facts some time before, and felt obligated. "Rescue me in half an hour," she said.

I felt strange at this, sympathizing with the poor guy, since after all, I've been enamored of basically uninterested girls fully 3/4 of my life. But after all, this was to be my last evening at the con, & damn

it, I wanted to spend time with Rosie, too. So I left her to fend for herself for that $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and went up to

XVIII. The LASFAParty

hosted by Alan Prince Winston. And amongst the mess of sardinepacked parties elsewhere in the hotel, it was a calm oasis. Members and affiliations only. And I discovered that LASFAPAns are a friendly, friendly crowd indeed. They were, beforehand, just names on zines, short fanzines by my SFFA-based standards, but good, personal ones. Now they were people ... Winston himself, Susan Fox, Mark Glasser, Sam Konkin III, several others, and a very very neat young lady named R Laurraine Tutihasi, tiny and delicate but sharp and sexy. And Bobbi and the Bounder, to whom I explained my mission of rescuing Rosie. If you need help, they said, we're it. Celko chimed in his own pledge of assistance. I left to fulfill that mission.

XXIX. The Greatest Man in the World

I found them in the bar. "You looking for me?" Rosie called, to attract my attention. The fan glared. I made up some lie about her father wanting to see her up in the SFWA suite. "I'll take her," snarled the fan.

Outside, stymied, I found Ray Lafferty sitting alone in the lobby. He seemed very tired and I sat down with him. Just for a moment. The time had come for me to thank him, and I just had to do so. I thanked him for answering the letter I wrote him in 1969 after St. Louiscon. I thanked him for being gracious enough to accept the Bodé-drawn Hugo I'd given him that year, even though it probably galled his disappointment all the more. (He'd lost the Nobel Hugo that year.) I thanked him for these small things, and we talked a little bit about Vaughan Bodé, whose work Ray admired a great deal, and how sad it was, yes, how sad it was. A laughter like Lafferty has learned to laugh only through pain and tears. Ray, stone sober, sat and said how sad it was about the young genius whose work he so admired. The value of men like Ray is that they bring joy and lunacy and transcendant sense through a sad, twisted, unhappy world. He is the very heart of it, the heart of transcendant joy, and I don't care if that's overstated, for me it's true. When I walked away, having said so long, I was practically in tears because God damn it, I love that old man.

XXX. Another of the Same Cut of Cloth

At the elevator, I met Sturgeon, and I got to thank him, too. I thanked him for being so kind to a thundering neo in 1970, when I was photoing the Nebula awards for Quinn Yarbrow. So different a man from Lafferty ... gentle and small where Lafferty is big and, when in his cups, booming. But they share in the stuff of the angels. I think I mentioned enough details of the party at Poul's (documented in Spiritus Mundi 3) for him to recall me, but whatever, he thanked me for remembering him. "Are you kidding?" I responded.

XXXI. Rescuing Rosie

I gathered my forces, the awesome Bobbi, the able Bounds, the loathesome Celko. Bobbi took field command. "We'll hit every party in this place," she said. I was in good hands.

And we hit every party. We went to London's victory celebration, hundreds of fans singing filks in unison. We went to Louisville's NASFIC victory

party. We went to a Washington party where Bounds joined in a ritual song. We asked about parties in the lobby and went to all those soirees. In vain, in vain, there was no Rosie to be found.

We split, and I returned to the LASFAPA party to check there, and went to another party to check there. From there I checked back with Winston and received a message from Bounds. "It's in code," said Alan. "One two four five." They'd found her.

XXXII. Success

1245 was a closed party, but Bounds let me in. Rosie was with her family, minus snoozing Melody, and Celko in the back room, along with Armbruster and the frustrated fan. The tightcurled beauty with the upswept nose and strong chin looked relieved. Celko held down the conversation. I picked up a Magnus-Robot Fighter comic and pretended to tell Rosie all about the fineness of Russ Manning's artwork.

That was quite a party. Gordy Dickson and Silverbob and the Browns and the Greens (colorful bunch, haw haw haw) ... and it was a goal attained. Rosie's suitor left after a short while, his plans thwarted, but hopefully with his feelings not hurt beyond repair. It was a ticklish thing, this rescue ... I felt very sorry for the guy. Like him, I had often not been able to know when I wasn't wanted. Hopefully, I've learned that when that happened it is far, far from the end of the world.

And so on we talked, and partied, and Celko objected to my wearing his shirts for the past two days, and I told him to talk to Gary Brown, who was still looking for his undershirt.

XXXIII. Morning.

The fan woke me at 8. Eight. "Tell Rosie I'll pick her up at 11:30 to see Star Wars," he said.

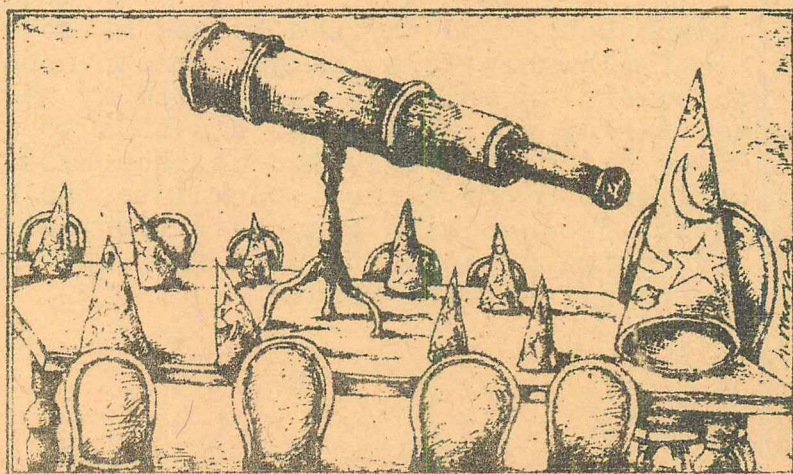
"Ghjfmppfgf," I replied. Translated, that meant, "Not if I can help it."

XXXIV. Checkout

We packed up. I ditched my bag behind Pat Adkins' table in the hucksters room, which had already begun to empty. I could find no pb of Sweet Birds anywhere to replace the beatup copy I already had. I did buy two Lafferty pamphlets with illos by Dany Frolich.

I found Wirth, who was to drive back with me, and told him that we'd leave when possible. I went upstairs with Dixie and joined an enormously long queue waiting to check out.

And a special word of praise for Dixie, one of the greats. She massaged the back of my neck for



—Geoffrey Moss

me. And she was soooooooooo good at that. Pat Adkins is totally unworthy of her.

While we were standing there Heinlein came up, glanced at the crowd, and asked us, "Have you seen Mrs. Heinlein? She was supposed to be queued up here somewhere ..."

"Not today, sir," said Lillian, ever ready with a bon mot to serve up to the great.

Everybody looked at Heinlein and smiled the kind of smiles one reserves for the great honors. And so what if it's silly and fannish, it's the way we seem to feel towards him. I hope he knows it and enjoys it. I think he does. I do think that he doesn't quite know how to handle it. Whatever, I look forward to DSC next year, when we'll witness his meeting with another seeker of blood donors ... Hank Reinhardt.

My bill came to about \$111, all but \$11 covered by Carol Sather's Visa card. Andy Whitehead needed a lift into Miami and Rosie wanted to take off for a bit, so after paying we ate lunch (talking with Mrs. Peg Campbell, a wonderful lady, at the next table) and scooted into Miami.

The less said about the trouble we had finding the Western Union office the better. But we found it, Andy got his going-home money, and we returned to the hotel. It isn't really hard to find your way around a strange town once you comprehend the basic street structure. Miami's quadrant arrangement isn't too bad, not after Birmingham. One should have the address right first, though, Andy.

XXXV. Goodbye

I went inside. Doug brought out his suitcase and we stuck it in the tiny trunk. I brought out my 'case and put it in the back seat. He waited by the Honda while I went in to find Rosie, who had wandered off during the loading procedure.

The lobby was filled with checking-out fans and checking-in Baptists, elderly black folk there for their big annual convention. Once that hotel would have blown itself up rather than take in a black convention ... or a bunch of space nuts. It had gone broke just months before; it was on its way again. A dinosaur in the space age, a relic, a pyramid in a modern metropolis, hotels like the Fontainebleau are anachronisms, with antiquated ideas of class and service. I remembered the roach Joe Green had killed in his room. "Don't let the hotel know," Joe Celko said. "They'll charge you a roachage fee."

So I found Bobbi and ah, she kissed me goodbye. I merely thanked Bounds for his fellowship to a lowly, unknown nobody from New Orleans. (Although several people had recognized my name, and one fella even thanked me for praising one of his LOCs to Julie Schwartz.) And Rosie walked me out to the car. And ah, she kissed me goodbye, and I watched her walk across the street, back into the Fontainebleau, tall in her pink suit, crowned with black hair tightcurled, and I took off my name-tag and tossed it onto the dash and said "Let's blow this hick burg" and Doug and I hit the road.

POSTLUDE

The 16-page con report which precedes will run in several apas: SAPS, NYAPA, all mine save LASFAPA. I found myself without room at the end to thank Alan Hutchinson for letting Doug and I crash at his place o'ernight en route. Everyone was tired and yet I was too tense to sleep; Alan solved that problem by handing me a stack of extra Barks comics and letting me read myself to drowsiness. (If anything, the Barks brilliance kept me going until the whole stack was devoured.) My thanks to Alan and Rosie.

And it sure as hell was a long trip back. 1000 miles plus, going via St. Pete. It would have been longer had I taken my original route across Alligator Alley. But I sat on a bee and took a station attendant's advice and went the sane way for once in my life.

Tampa Bay smells bad. Alan's house is neat. Alan's wife is neat. Alan's comics are neat.

Since I've been back I've devoted my time to typing my con report, completing my mc's, and trying to get back into the swing of things. My favorite co-worker transferred to another office; shit. I'm typing now when I should be studying for a little examination I have to take for my next promotion. I haven't been able to pay my phone bill yet, and a second one is ready to plotz me. I owe Larry Epke for the paper this zine is printed on. Him I pay back ten bucks every couple of weeks (by the time this is read, this zine might even be mine for true). The phone company might start doing nasty things to my phone.

But I'll handle it. Dial 504/524-3210. See? I handled it.

My cover this zine is by Chris Juge. I forget whether Chris is 14 or still 13, but he's an amazingly talented young man. It's in the genes; Ron's his old man. Chris pencilled this gem at a NOSFA meeting I forced myself to attend; I immediately rented it. The item was skillfully screened by Elaine Vignes so that I might reproduce it offset at Postal Instant Press. I would have asked Justin to print it, but he was busy those last weeks before deadline. He was, however, kind, and allowed me to use his darkroom to develop my DSC pictures, some of which are pure gold. With luck, I'll have some of them before your eyes in a mlg or two. Some of you already have shots you'll find personally interesting.

Things are Up in New Orleans fandom. The other night at von Turk's saw not only a number of foul things done with a can of that noxious toy product, Slime, which looks like canned EC Comics, but a long discussion of the fact that this town has been four full years without a DeepSouth-Con. Since a truly top person led the discussion, I felt sure that dreaming was at a minimum. So: watch this space. I'll tell more, when there's more to tell.

I love the new Richard Pryor show. Catch the Star Wars bar bit on the first show? I look forward to Close Encounters of the Third Kind and Apocalypse Now, both of which should be up for the Oscar next to Star Wars next April.

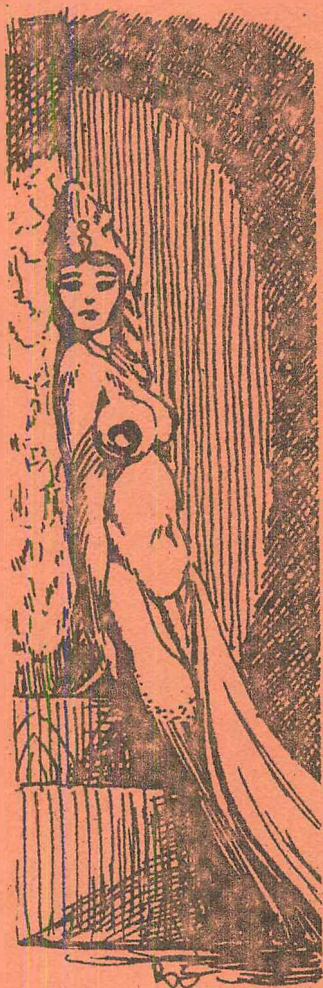
And the King Tut exhibit is in town. I'll be going the weekend after the deadline with my parents, when they're down here to visit. My grand-

mother is coming along, too. First time I've seen her in (Good Lord) five years and a fraction. That's too long. Hopefully, my brother will come down here for Thanksgiving. I know I'm going home for Christmas.

And I'm just going on. I've taken out a nurse I met at the writer's group a couple of times. She seems to like old movies (we both loved Top Hat) and the Moonwalk, and talking. I like to listen to her, and I guess that's lucky for me, because all that hyper-romantic business at zinefront aside, the important thing is that we listen to each other and care about one another and do not try to take advantage of or hurt one another. Even as women matter so much to me, so do men matter to some women. Whatever matters to us, if it is another human being, then let us hope that kindness will be the offering of the hour. Phil Dick says in his Del Rey anthology that how kind you are is as good a measure as any of how human you are. And how right he is.

Resolution for the new year, then, for each September begins a new year in SPPA, and a new volume in my diary (begun 9-20-66). To be as understanding as I can be. To try to know how other people feel and understand those feelings and see if they can't coexist with my own. Yeah, our little group has been through some rough times. But they're done. And if we could all just listen and if we could all just open up and tell how we feel ... the future times might not be so rough.

No victories. No defeats.



No victories. No defeats.