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SPIRITUS MUNDI 43

1 JANUARY 1978.

Time to begin another year. Time to begin another Spiritus Mundi. Time to add another fanzine to the GHIII Press log, this one by the file number 331.

I like to begin new years with SMS. Being more than a little superstitious, it's one of my good luck charms. I began 1971 with SM1, '72 with SM7, '76 with SM31. Which demonstrates the invalidity of this particular superstition, since none of those years had anything much in common. Certainly not good luck.

But superstitious or not, this SM is different from most. It's the first issue since #30 to have a mimeo cover. It's the first ish since #19 to have text printed on the flip side of the cover. (Lest you think that I keep such trash trivia in my mind all the time, I did have to look that piece of info up.)

All my artwork thish, from the Gustave Dore cover on, with the exception of Linda Miller's Phoenix piece, is taken from the pages of the New Orleans Figaro or its rival rag, the Courier. The lettering is by Fosco Piva. And the reading, if you will, is by the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. You.

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Christmastime ...

Last year I couldn't take any time for work at Christmas ... This year I would not have that. I requested time off in early autumn, and got it. On December 22, I flew north.

If you've been in SFPA for a while, you will recall that my love for the experience of flight is surpassed tenfold by my admiration for the swine flu. It is a measure of the esteem in which I hold my family that I took airplanes north ... first to Atlanta and from there to Buffalo. I was petrified. Two days before the flight, believing down deep that I probably wouldn't have to pay the bill, I dialled Bobbi Armbruster's phone number. Bobbi & husband Ron Bounds live in Munich, West Germany. The 13-digit number rang twice before I came to my senses & hung up. After all, three minutes would have cost me \$6.75, and even Bobbi's not worth that much.

The flight from NOla to Atlanta was eventless. The asshole sitting next to me was practically chortling over my nervousness, but I tried to groove on the unsettling spectacle of other jets flying underneath us as we approached Atlanta.

The flight from Terminus to Buffalo was downright interesting. I nearly choked when I pulled myself on-to the plane ... an I-1011 as big as some DSC hotel lobbies. Although I found the high ceiling to be a bit hard on the vertigo, the plane is so stable that the ride was really smooth. My seatmate was a fascinating engineer based in Central America, Fred Johnson by name, my age and a pilot himself. We yakked it up en route. He and the dozens of Jewish teenagers from Miami filling the plane with their racket kept me occupied. I also had two screwdrivers. (When the plane broke through the thick but unbumpy snow clouds to reveal the whitecovered wilderness below, the sandjaded kids cheered.)

And so I saw my kid brother again -- older but no wiser, with a man's hands and a kid's heart and two girl-friends of whom I preferred Marie -- and my folks, finer than ever, and the stupid dawg Twink, and the bustling metropolis of Lewiston, NY. Thanks to some hewndown trees, you can now see Brock Monument from their kitchen window. The Brock Monument is in Canada. I watched the playoffs & put up the Christmas tree with the ornaments I've known since I was a kid. I looked at Dad's Spain photographs and searched for my own stuff, but alas it was all in safe basement storage. Too bad ... I wanted to bring back my supposedly mint GHLIII Press set to be bound & to look at my journals again. But I didn't bother to tear into things. This was not a nostalgic trip ... although I did rescue my first-ever Christmas gift, a stuffed rabbit named Tony whom I always thought of as a dog, from mothballs in a cedar chest, and return him to the open and a place of honor. He served my imagination for many



years ... & there is a photo of me and him 27 Christmases ago when first we met.

My kid brother gave me a lecture about saving money and I tried to convince him to continue his education, the better to understand the world. We got along splendidly. It won't be another two years until we see each other again ... brothers ought to stay closer than that.

I wanted to go into Canada again, maybe see Niagara Falls. I did see the mist when I went into the Falls to get a haircut, hearing from the barber horror stories about the Blizzard of '77. Remind me never to go north for more than a few days in the winter ... ever. Anyway, no Canada this trip. Since Carter pardoned the draft dodgers there's not as much attraction in the place as before, anyway. I did drive over to Webster, NY, a nice suburban town east of Rochester (Kodak city), to see a fellow member of IASFAPA. Which keys in my

DEDICATION ! ! !

To Rauraine Tutihasi, Webster NY, first met at Suncon, first encountered in IASFAPA, who delighted me by allowing me to invade her home. Her father's photos of the Matterhorn were on the wall. I was asked to remove my shoes. Neat girl, in fact obsessively so -- she's a librarian with Xerox, after all.

I was in Lewiston for 5 days. Christmas Day was fun and like Sally Brown, I got my share of the loot. A nice stereo was principal. Now I can hear "The Chain" whenever I want. I gave my usual presents -- booze (port and sherry) to my father, a jigsaw puzzle (Tut's mask) to my mother, tape (Songs in the Key of Life) to Lance. And on the 27th I flew home.

And here I must confess that flying Buffalo to Pittsburgh, I was a disgrace. I even asked a stewardess to sit with me as much of the trip as she could. Much of my distress was owed to leaving the family, but ... although I don't recall any real problems with turbulence, I was a mess.

But from Pittsburgh on, I was better than okay. You see, I was thinking. When the plane would shake, I'd hold out my hand with its fingers outstretched and concentrate on it. This is my hand. There are more bones in my hand than in any other part of my body. Because it has an opposable thumb the world belongs to me." Be lieve it or not, it helped.

But what helped more was my memory of something Don Juan said in Tales of Power, the brilliant volume by Carlos Castaneda. In it Don Juan called the world "a splendorous being", "our great mother who shelters us". As we rode over the brilliant white overcast -- a semming Arctic wilderness -- I realized that the wind which occasionally touched our plane was not hostile or threatening. It was rather the breath of the earth, part of the moving, changing pattern of life, that the world was indeed a living thing beautiful and loving and that she would not hurt us. The turbulence was merely the breath of the world. Being bombed out on trunks may have helped, but the thought dispelled fear.

And then the clouds were gone; it was a clear day in the south. And then there was a brilliant shine below, the sun on water, and then there was Mobile below (I could see the battleship), and we descended, descended ... the delta appeared, its fingers taking new miles from the sea ... and then there was New Orleans.

The return to New Orleans came on 12-27-77 ... and there was no end to activity. No sooner was I back than Charlotte and Jerry Proctor, with their whole brood, came to New Orleans to see the town ... and Tut. I was utterly delighted to see them, since they have been practically a 2nd family for me throughout the past year. I only wish that I could've been less pooped during their visit, which was marked by a thundering downpour on the morning they originally had scheduled for Tut. (They went the next day ... and loved it, from all reports.) I guided them to divine dining at Toney's magnificent Italian restaurant on Bourbon and at the peerless Hummingbird Grill in the sneakeypete district.

Jerry told me, while we supped in ragged splendor, of the funniest practical joker I've ever heard . This genius was a quiet little member of the Birmingham News' staff who apparently spent most of his salary on his little gags. I doubt if I'll have space to give any but two. Here:

A boob in the office bought a small, foreign car and boasted one time too many about the great gas mileage he enjoyed. So the Joker (I cannot recall his name) bought two five gallon cans of gas and hid them in the press room. Every day at lunch he'd sneak down to the parking lot and fill the foreign car's tank to the brim with gas. The booster found to his astonishment that he was riding around for two weeks and using no gas (he even tested the tank with a probe, and indeed the thing was brimful). Just when this was really getting to the guy, the Joker went down and siphoned all the gas out of his tank, so that the next time he started up he went perhaps a block before running out. And he did it again. And again.

Pretense was like a blank sheet of paper to the Joker, inviting his profoundest creative wiles. A dandy on the staff always wore the finest clothes, drove a fancy car, and generally conducted himself snootily around his fellow employees. The Joker struck. The dandy announced that he was taking a vacation to New York and staying at a ritzy hotel. So the Joker bought a fifth-hand suitcase, falling apart at the seams, stuffed it with rags (some hanging out) and bound it closed with rope. He then shipped this horror ahead to the palacial hotel, with instructions to deliver it to its owner -- the dandy -- when he checked in. "Your (ahem) luggage, sir."

It would have been a thing to see. Alas, the Joker is no more. But his works live on after him.

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As I was flying over Lake Pontchartrain, arrowing north, the grain silo at Continental Grain Company, some miles from New Orleans, blew sky high from what appears to be an accidental ignition of grain dust. Much of my time in Buffalo was spent poring over newspaper accounts of the disaster, which left 35 men dead and many more injured. I had a personal reason for doing so. Larry Epke is a Federal Grain Inspector. He's also one of my closest friends. His number rang and rang ... and I had no reason not to fear the worst.

So I called the newspaper, the Times-Picayune, and waited twice with my heart battling my tonsils for throat space while they checked the latest lists. Larry wasn't on them.

And when he called, a day or so after I returned, I felt like whooping. That's one eulogy I didn't want to think about writing.





New year's day was a beautiful, bright, warm day here in New Orleans. I drove over to Dennis Dolbear's house to watch the NFL playoffs. A dog gaily wallowed on the grass of Claiborne Avenue's center meridian; it was glorious.

Of course, I would have rather seen Oakland go into the Superbowl against Dallas, but these pages are not for football discussion. These pages are to tell you of the phone call Dolbear received while I was there and what transpired thereafter.

Just before the NFC game two teenage girls called Dolbear. "Is Mitch there?" "No." "You sure?" They hung up.

In a few seconds, time just enough for the number to be dialled again, the phone rang once more. This time I answered, affecting a deep, dumbjockish voice, "Mitch?" "Yeah,

just a minute."

I covered the mouthpiece and adjusted my throat. The words that then came out were in a squeaky adolescent whine. "This heah's Mitch."

"Mitch? You don't sound like Mitch?" Ah, so young and nubile, this voice on the phone. "Mitch who?"

Uh, uh, "Hornbill," I said. "Mitch Hornbill. Who's dis?"

It turned out to be a delicate child named Sharon, who, when she satisfied herself that the Mitch whom she was calling was not the Mitch she'd reached, revealed that she and her friend Barbara were trying to reach a dude named Mitch to invite him to a party. But any old Mitch in a storm; Sharon, who revealed that she was 14, asked me, or Mitch, what I looked like. Or what Mitch looked like, rather.

"Yeah, ahh, yeah ahh, I'm maybe, ahh, five feet nine and a half, yah, maybe ten inches tall, you know?, and ahh, maybe about 155, 160 pounds ... and I got hair about down to my shoulders, you know, and people say I got, you know, really bushy eyebrows."

"What cola are your eyes?"

"Gee, uh, ahh, I dunno. I never look in my own eyes, you know." And I gave Mitch a laugh best described as the flatulence of a baboon. Dolbear, listening in on the extension, ran back often to let me know that he was in muffled hysterics.

"Do you wanna know what I look like?" asked Sharon.

"Yeah, sure," said "Mitch", "I bet you're a real neat-lookin' girl" pronounced "goil", "you know?"

"Well, I'll tell you about my friend Barbara. She has a figure that looks just like Raquel Welch ..."

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"...and hair just like Farrah Fawcett-Majuhs. Do you wanna know her measurements?"

Oh, apa, what can I say. Dolbear howled silently. "Sure," said Mitch,

God bless him. The girls fumbled with a tape measure.

Sharon asked to talk to the guy who'd answered the phone, whom I, in gratitude to the owner of the phone, had named Dennis. Back the jock caricature came. He too was asked to describe himself, and I gave Dennis the blond hemanishness of everygirl's pubescent dream. "Do you wanna know MY measurements?"

Mitch was called back to the phone. "Where do you come from? Do you live in New Orleans?" She pronounced the cityname "Noo OL-ee-ins". And so, to prevent complications, I made Mitch a resident of Hattiesburg ... a dreary university town about 100 miles up the pike. I gave him a job at an Exxon station. I told Sharon, who was far more bold than Barbara (Barbara, when talking to Mitch, had called her a "hoah", which is "whore" in coonassese), that Mitch was to come to New Orleans the next fall to start UNO. Oh yes, I made him 18, figuring that an older man might impress the delightful child. When asked to name some of the people I knew in Hattiesburg, I named Justin Dolbear, Don Karrh, Linda Montalbano, and a few other amalgams straight out of a jigsawed NOLA fandom roster.

Sharon paused, as if building up her courage for something. "Do you smoke dope?"

"Sure," said Mitch. Dolbear came back to express horror and astonishment. "14 years old?" he mouthed silently. I shrugged.

"Who do you get it from?" And I threw out a first name, someone from whom I would score the killer weed if I was so moved.

"Uhhh ... tell me what you look like."

Mitch protested that he had already parted with this delicate information, but sighed and plunged ahead. I remembered to mention the bushy eyebrows.

That done, Sharon asked, "Do you know what it means 'to mastuhbate'?"

I do believe I said something then, like "Sure," but I honestly don't recall. The room was whirling around like a funhouse and Dolbear was rushing in in terminal fits of laughter. Sharon went on to mention a creep named Randy (and he certainly was) who'd called her up out of the blue & asked her to help him mastuhbate. "Dat's a shame," I said.

"What shape is youh mouth?" I mumbled something about never looking at my own mouth, you know?

"Did you ever ... uh ... go all the way with a girl?" Pronounced "goil".

"Well, yeah, sure, you know, like I'm like a grown man almost ..."

"We'll call you back." CLICK.

I laughed myself sick for a few minutes, then watched the Dallas victory over Denver. I made Dennis promise to pass along 524-3210 as the place where Mitch was staying that night in case Sharon & Barbara did call back. "Dennis," I asked of the law student, did I break any laws?"

"Guy," said Dennis, "from what I heard of that conversation, the only one being corrupted was you."

Sharon and Barbara did call 524-3210 later that night. And they asked Mitch to call up another number and "say anything he wanted" to "a meany". Mitch said gee, uh, he shouldn't do that, 'cause it wasn't his phone, you know? And he heard Sharon tell Barbara that he was retarded and then away they went. And heaven bless you, Sharon and Barbara, queens of my heart.



We begin mailing comments on the 80th SFPA mailing on December 14, 1977. The mailing arrived 8 days ago.

Here first, The Southerner

#80, second issue of volume 11. It's as usual nowadays an attractive 00; I like the heavy yellow paper stock. The rules are clearly stated and the Treasury accurately put. The departures from membership of Schardt and Carlberg are noted, and as Stven's leavetaking will be hit upon elsewhere, I'll concentrate here on Dee: I'll miss her. She was one of very few SFPAns of any extensive standing whom I never met. She added a definite touch of grace to our pages, and she was a charming presence. She came into this apa with a bunch of poems about death and natter about the pistol in the drawer, with a single bullet in it. She left with poems about love and nothing locked in her life except that drawer. I only wish I'd met her; knowing her was a great deal of fun. I further note Cousin It's name on our wait-list and recall an encounter with the fellow at the Camillia Grill (Doug Wirth and Teri Carlberg in attendance) wherein he stated that he had nothing to do with its being there ... Reminds me of my entrance into Myriad five or six years back. Finally, I look over the roster, and compare it mentally to that of mlg 39, which I received seven full years ago as you read (or skim) this. Eight names, including my own, are common to both rosters. Of these, two have the same address, Ned and Meade. And Ned Brooks is still doing the same type zines (if not in the same typeface). Remarkable consistency despite all our changes, say wha? Let's move on.



And next we come upon the Egoboo Poll results (messy us, ahem) results which I called AHOE (ahoy there) a few days before the mlg arrived to check. The rotten response to the poll is to be expected in this year of mass withdrawl, but what response there was produced a very pleasing result for me. I am once again Guy Lillian the Third, and I thank y'all very much. Of course, SM's victory in the Regular Zine category is particularly gratifying; it's come in first before, but this time was least expected ... even though I do consider #s 39-41 to be three of the best zines in

the series. I was glad to see Jennings rank so high, disappointed that more attention was not given Spanier, and thoroughly disgusted when I thought of the 20+ points I'd given Brown myself. (Congrats, Gary.) And thanks for a handsome, well-ordered results zine, Alan.

The self-abusive page called Arrrrggghh!!!, by AHOE, reflects the agony of every OE in those terrible moments after the inevitable eff-up of the 00. Aside from wondering what would've happened to me if I'd done this (which I did, once, though not on the masthead), my only response is HAW HAW!

This pretty but pathetically out-of-date 5th Anniversary sheet for Apollo 11 should indeed have been collated in with the other JPL material, Andruschak. In fact, I'd encourage Alan to reject any such loose items franked through in the future. And while space is too limited to go on to your conglomeration of stuff, following, I must note that a photo of Andy, appearing in a recent LASFAPA, reveals him to be the very twin of our own mike weber ... specs, beard, dimple, all.



That's almost spooky.

This packet is called The APA-Lling Waitlister #8, with a funny Viking cover. Saw a fascinating PBS show on the mission tonight, and aside from the interest I felt about the geological (geo?) anomalies prevalent across the Arian landscape, my major emotion was affection for your fellow workers at JPL. Their other-worldly manner, their wide-eyed innocent excitement ... ahh, I love that kind of critter. Every one of them seems to be the sort that wears different colored socks to work ... and fails to notice that the man next to him has done the same thing. And now I find that I need a dividing symbol within these paragraphs ... how about (!)? Okay? (!) Except for the occasional mc's, I enjoyed the Apa-L overruns. They seem aimed at general daily natter, and as evident here, I rather like that sort of apac. I fully agree with your frustration with the Leiber GOHship, and said so to the Seacon people in Miami. Phil Dick is one of several people long overdue for Worldcon honors. (!) Love the JPL fact sheet on the Solar Sail. Ah, for a world without politics, eh?

The NASA portrait of Saturn's rings is breathtaking, but it belongs on a zine, not floating free in the mailing. Speaking of Saturn, I looked at it once through a telescope, and literally had to sit down afterwards and think about it, one of the most awesome sights I've ever seen.

Shadow-SFPA's tardy 3rd mailing, up next, provokes me to hail the shadow apa as the most successful and innovative idea SFPA has seen in the past year. Even though most of the contributors are NOLans, I find it a very creative group. I'm moved to do a zine for it myself ... damned if I won't. So no comments here except to say that if Mitch's NOLa Fandom zine was ever accurate, it certainly isn't now. The Turks ride!

Do I allow myself a breather? Such was my thought when I wrote Spiritus 42, blessed with a brilliant AH cover -- funnier than I ever dreamed it would be, & I thought up the gag. (!) I just recovered photographs taken during my parents' trip here to see GHLIII and Tut. My grandmother looks so neat ... she pointed at one item in the Tut exhibit, a trumpet, and said "Now what's that thing? a toilet plunger?" And giggled at me. Showing those folks Tut was one of the great pleasures of my life. (!) I lament the use of blue paper in fanzines ... and of course, that very zine is printed on blue stock. Sometimes I disgust even myself. (!) Get the impression that most of SM's overruns go to girls? I even sent one to Bobbi Armbruster in Munich ... for \$3.06. I mosaiced 12 different stamps onto the package; why not be fancy when dealing with a goddess?

(And just to keep my own Box and Coffin Scores uptodate: I'd hit all 42 SFPAs of my membership as of mlg 80, contributing a total of 1947 pages -- 29 lastime. Unless my pitiful arithmetic fails me again, that's an average of 46.34 pp/mlg. And as Hutchinson notes in his pages-owed scores, I've never ever owed a single page throughout my membership. Here's my foot.)

Bev Kanter, waitlister, contributes a one-page eulogy to Ted Johnstone/ David McDaniel, and it's lovely. It reeks of personal pain and the personal love that helped you overcome it. I am in awe of the feeling in this single page. I didn't know Johnstone as a person, only as a reputation. You've made it more than clear that I am a poorer person because of it. But I can't resent this. I can only thank you for a beautiful piece of work.



Ah, Brooks! The SFPA mailing is for real! What would this pile of paper be without The New Port News, in this case #52. I see Alan's OO gaffe didn't escape your notice, as so much does these days of incipient senility. (!) The Honda, sacred sage, is a 4-speed stick shift. It's doing fine -- I have eleven thousand miles on the thing and have put exactly two quarts of oil into its engine -- but true to the nature of any Quarterite's vehicle, is collecting bumps and dents here&there. It is also perenially filthy, since there is no way one can keep a hite car clean in sooty old New Orleans. (!) Go ahead and dittofax that computer art on your birthdate. It sounds spiffy. (!) Well, well, by the time you read this, it will Brooksmas ... and Ned will be the second member of our present roster to reach 40! While you can still hear, Ned, accept my congratulations and wishes for one or two years more! (!) GASP!!! Ned Brooks COMPLIMENTS MY REPRO!!!! Should my heart give out now I will not gripe! My life has achieved its most difficult goal!!! (!) George and I will get ours, you say? Pray tell, father Ned, of what do you speak? (snicker)

Guru Atkins, appearing next with Wilderness #26, seems down on his longrunning postal game.

Yet in Wilderness #27, he again shows why the series was a great boon to the apa throughout most of its run. The press releases were hilarious!

I must agree with Dave Hulan's comments on the sabbatical notion, printed in Utgard 26, although I differ with him in his contention that there's a need for any such plan. Yes, I too want to keep my string of mailings hit and mailings possessed current ... tho God knows that I do far more than minac. Minackers can damn good and well publish or croak, it's just about all the same with me (with the exception of Reinhardt, whom I will move earth and fire to keep in SFPA), & this sabbatical business reeks of an elitism I find noxious in the extreme. (!) Yes, and why have guilt feelings about minacking? As long as you meet the minimum requirements, you're in SFPA; any waitlisters who complain about it can ask for their buck back from Alan (and starve waiting for it). I hear no complaints ... (!) I anticipate getting The Silmarillion for Christmas (it and the new Castaneda book were my only gift requests aside from some blue jeans). Review nextish.

The Savin Word Master which produced Hulan's Penny Ice and Cold Meat 16 is indeed a nifty machine. Interesting hearing about your writing.

On my latest trip to Bumminham I made a point of seeing our next contributor, Barrister and Barfly M. Frierson, in his congested skyscraper office. There Charl Proctor (to your FEET, SFPA scum, at the name of a great lady!) and I found you, old comrade, busily lawwing it up. Naturally you are isolated from things fannish, being as professionally busy as you are. Too bad -- I would have liked to have seen a Frierson/SFC blitz on the 1980 Worldcon, myself among others rising from the trenches giving our own rebel yell ... Another time, then, and until then, see you allatime, everywhere ...

It's much easier tp forgive SFPAns such as you, Gene, who minac nowadays due to the press of mundac, than it is to accept the excuses of those who affect a malaise about apac, a feigned weariness which goes on & on & on ... Still, let's hope the Dwerd's Dwelling after this No. 32 is back to snuff. (!) When I lived in Greensboro I lived amongst mill workers most of the time. They used to chew up Hell's Angels like Double Bubble. Then there were the Indians...



they had a running feud going with the Angels; a pal of mine witnessed one encounter which ended with a barechested chieftain rushing into a pizza parlor with a shotgun, causing pal, Angels, assorted writers and artists to dive beneath their tables. I miss North Carolina; it had the best girls and the craziest men I've ever known. (!) Concrete slab foundations don't function too well in Louisiana housebuilding. The muck which composes most of the state shifts too easily, causing cracks. Piledriven posts provide the best support. (!) I certainly look forward to seeing Melissa at many DSCs in the future. In fact, 16 years from now, when you're nervously guarding her from the wolves of Southern fandom, recall that Guy H. Lillian III tried to pick her up at a convention ... and she wriggled her way out of it. Then rest easy.

The bacover to Skimming the Clouds of Venus #10 depicts Chris Lee, as Dracula, riding a hoss & strumming a gee-tar. Thus the mysterious logo above the drawing, "Drac in the Saddle Again". May I take a bow? You see, such was the title of a recent LASFAPAZine by yours humbly, and hearing of it, my fellow apan Celia Chapman decided to surprise me with this drawing ... the work of supertalented Linda Miller (who has a fillo two pages ahead in this very zine). It's a thoroughgoing gas, and I'm glad it ran here. (!) It's Hank Stine. (!) There's a NOLA group that is indeed interested in bidding for the '82 worldcon. I'm not in on it and have no intention of becoming so, since the DSC in '79 will likely fall on my 30th birthday and will therefore take most of my attention these next several months, and after. (!) The Ozma material was interesting and close; hope your job continues on all right.

Oh, Beverley, I disagree ... I loved Conjure Wife straight through. Perhaps it was the sheer tangible pleasure of reading the Lion paperback, but the thing reeked of spookiness to me. Leiber is a for-real master storyteller.

Six pages -- even of non-creditable & really non-SFPA material -- is better than no Spanyay at all. I liked this oneshot with the talented Gafford very much; it reminded me in its modus vivendi of SFPA -- Meet the Bum, another masterwork written out longhand and translated onto master later, another oneshot composed right there on the teeming streets of the City to end all Cities. AH, the addresses come alive for me at your mention of them. Gaff -- to make a comment directly to the zine at last -- knows whereof he speaks re JAPs, although I must say that Jewish girls from New York also have attractive characteristics, as well. ~~Big/xxx~~ They're very intelligent and very strong in the personality department, and that means a lot to me. Yeah, I rail about the type, but it's because I'm in love with it. Ah, them, rather. Anyway, good oneshot, but you better do some mc's again one of these Ones, Chuckles.

That's a right nice poem covering thanatos ceasing Vol 2 #1, Ceese. (!) The awareness of death is a vital (haha) element in many of the artistic works I value the most ... the films of Bergman, the writings of Castaneda. With an airplane flight coming up in 36 hours, as I type, it's on my mind too. But your admitted panic at the thought is not the one I try to share. Don Juan said that one's death was an adviser, that by being constantly aware that one's death was an arm's length away (on one's left side, no less) one would forget his fear of it and live impeccably, make of one's life the most joyous and interesting experience possible. Freud would call this -- maybe -- a triumph of eros over thanatos. As he would that glorious line from Wallace Stephens, which I repeat time and time



again: The only Emperor is the Emperor of Ice Cream. Reminds me of that story I wrote once based on that poem ... (!) I like your thoughts on The Force and its connections with Stranger; recall that Obi-Wan spoke to Skywalker at least twice from beyond the edge of Darth's lightsabre, "more powerful than ever". It's a nice bit and I for one buy it, for the dead are never dead, they are always with us, influencing, guiding, moving us through their memory and the imprint of their past lives ... (!) I never won concert tickets by calling into a radio station (wait, yes I did, to a Dr. John gig in '71 or '72, but I blew it off), but I recently turned on WSMB while driving home from the office & caught a trivia contest underway. "The first three callers who tell me what were the last words of Charles Foster Kane in Citizen Kane win two tickets to the LSU-Tulane game..." Naturally there was no telephone in sight, nor did one appear for several minutes. Nevertheless I called ... and won ... and sold the tickets for ten bucks by merely driving past the Superdome on game night and beeping at a guy screaming for tickets. A \$9.95 profit on the deal. (!) I didn't like The Tenant, in fact I thought it self-indulgent.

Unless you send me, forthwith, a copy of Werewolf vs. the Vampire Women, Mr. Wells (whose brilliantly-titled zine appears next in SFPA's 80th bundle), I will cease to believe your claims that the book exists at all. (!) Ah yes, The Lincoln Conspiracy is mentioned. That's the film that advances the thesis that Lincoln is still alive, but he's a vegetable. (!) Sir, 28 is not kidhood. It is practically middleaged. (!) Walsh shares your preferences for crunchy peanut butter in matters of the heart. (!) The Lance business -- and I mean Bert Lance, not my brother -- was blown out of all possible proportion by the media. The guy didn't do anything illegal. Everyone went at him looking for another scandal, and after the ball was over, everyone seemed sorry it had happened. Hurricane in a laundry hamper, that's what it was. (!) A number of feminist groups are boycotting any convention cities whose states have refused to ratify the ERA. For a group with a political purpose, I'd say that this sort of action makes sense. For a non-political group like s.f. fandom, I'd call it idiocy. (!) Happy 20th anniversary in fandom, ~~1964/1967~~. Do you remember just how you became initiated into the wonders of neohood? (!) Doug Wirth protests that he did the bacover to Alan's zine in #79. (!) I suspect that this mailing's Best Bit will be one of your lines. Check mc's end to see.

Gary Brown, our new Prexy, shows off his new Selectric in One Small Step for Fankind, and makes me wish that I had the funds for such a machine ... not necessarily a Selectric, but definitely a changeable-element machine. If you had a problem here it was not with the typer with an overinking mimeo.

1245 fanzines by Dave Locke is an awesome total indeed ... here we have the latest (as of its creation), J.A.P.E. #3. Delighted to have even minac from you, but damn it, do not go this repellant route again! (!) Ah, conjugal bliss. You give us just the taste of what wonderful thing has happened, and hooray for you. (!) Too bad about your Vega. Screw all American cars, and I don't mean lindas ... (!) Boy, will she whap me good when she reads that comment! (!) Air conditioning is a waste of money. My Honda has 470 a.c. You roll down all four windows and drive 70 m.p.h. Works fine until you get caught, and the jails are air conditioned at taxpayer's expense, anyway. (!) Oh yes, you are soooooo right above love. It is far too common a word for far too uncommon a true feeling.



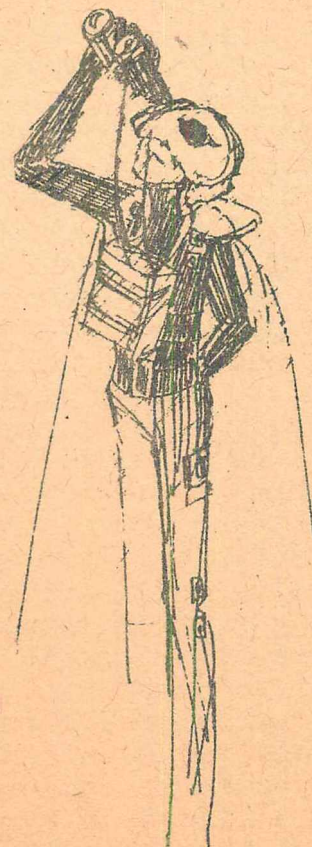
It's abused everywhere, but especially in its rightful place ... human relationships. This is a shallow time and shallow relationships are the rule; our post-pill paradise has turned into a Mr. Goodbar nightmare. We mask the triviality of our feelings and the interchangeability of our partners with the big word. Love is not lasting in this culture; it is not patient, it is not tolerant, it does not forgive, it does not forbear. Hell, when you can screw anyone, why feel anything special for anyone? I wrote a pretentious poem called "The Last Words of Dutch Schultz" a year plus ago. I think I'll quote a stanza:

The only deposition he gave was to Death,  
Telling Death the truth as he saw it then:  
That love is a joke and a gag and a lie  
And something you can kill with a pin.  
Something that you pin like a bug to the wall,  
Something that you squash, and then grin.  
"A boy is never wed, nor dashed with a thousand kin."

Moving off that stilted verse and onto a stilted fanzine, we next find my own The Sons of the Sand Ride Again!, affixed to the ad Faruk von Turk ran off for the Sons' '79 DSC bid. More info elsewhere ... hope that you all will show in Atlanta and vote for us. Wish this had run illo front in the mlg, though, Alan.

\*\*\*\*\*  
"COMING, PHOENIX?"  
\*\*\*\*\*

Everyone had heard that Heavy 23 would be something special, and it is, the first sustained drive by George Inzer in too many mlg's. It's an incredibly welcome event; I didn't know how much that unique handlettering was missed until I opened this zine past Moudry's fine cover. (!) I haven't heard one note of punk rock, though what I've heard about it is frankly encouraging. As RS said, rock has been without anger for far too long. So has SFPA, so I guarantee thiszine will be read with a lot of interest. (!) "Some of you have thought this was a scream of pain but you just don't know a shout for joy when you hear one." Best sentence you've ever written. And the most right-on. (!) All the guts of SFPA need is a little less elitism and a little more honesty. Personally, I'm not sure which of these traits Stven championed in Zen/Egoboo, where he described cons as devices for gathering audiences. Of course, as many times as I've propounded apac as self-expression as well as communication (as if there were any difference), one could say that I was interested in gathering an audience. But I was always more interested in hearing what the other fella had to say; I was always more interested than that in being an audience as well as having one. (!) Music on my stereo is Rumours, the whole album of which I felt like I lived through when Beth came over the other day. My posters have all fallen down, since the masking tape won't hold on to these plaster walls.





(!) You ask if "buy all this stuff about women" as if one's feelings were products of logic. The whole point is that I have no choice in the matter. The way I feel is subject to no such control. And it's too fucking easy to say "we're all people first". Sure we are, but so what? We're all corporeal, too, and we all live under the constant threat that Carter or Brezhnev might blow us to hell&gone tomorrow morning. But those are matters for separate discussions; for me, sex is a man and woman question and as a man -- within the framework of my own emotions -- I have to talk about women from my side of the question. And of course I know women as people first ... but I react to them as women as well as human beings. That denies them nothing in the way of dignity or human respect; it adds to that dignity, as I believe that it is a respectable state of being to be female. In other words, I don't hate women at all; I may resent their power over me, but I also thrive on it as the stuff of joy. (!) Besides, Orson Welles feels the same way, and he's God. (!) I really don't know anything about Marion. That joke on Ned was entirely a joke on Ned, and wasn't meant to reflect on Tim C. Sure did pester me about getting another copy of his picture, which I'll try to provide. (!) Rock didn't begin with Elvis; he himself followed Buddy Holly, didn't he? And I certainly don't think it ended with Bowie; there's damn little anger in him, too; there's more raw feeling in Rumours than in Diamond Dogs. (!) Indeed, I give not a flying fuck about being hip; it does disturb me a lot when people I used to get on well with become so paranoid that they're afraid to associate with me, thinking I'm going to ring in the Feds to bust them for Killer Weed. (!) Bullshit, George; you speak of the Snake Pit in a manner that I cannot believe is you speaking as you, but you speaking as one trying to please someone else. I invited you over to Justin's for a Saturday night soiree dozens of times -- or at least as many times as there were Saturdays -- last summer. You never tried to go, and God knows why. Could you have been scared that those terrifying people would gang up on you? God in hell! The chill comes from more than one source; could you have been influenced? could you have been afraid? And I found groups at DSC that excluded me with chills, too; people whom I like as individuals (many of them) froze up into a snickering elite when gathered together. You were a part of one such group ... but get this, I knew you were part of something important to you, and I was perfectly willing to allow you that experience & the need for that sort of insulation. But you had every reason to try and break through that chill you say you felt from the Snake Pit (what a clever phrase; I'd like to meet the toady who dreamed it up), and you never tried. So who's ingrown? (!) I know I've changed from the '60's; after all, I left the sixties as a twenty-year-old, & one changes more in the first years of the twenties than one does in the teens. But I remember the '60's, and that magnificent year 1969 -- definitely the best year of my life in every conceivable way -- has its influence on me daily. No, I've grown from the sixties, but not away from them. And until I see a better way of looking at life, I see no reason to regret that. As for fighting being passe, tell that to Ron Kovic. Who says the war is over? (!) Great comment on the sabbatical bizness and the civil rights basis of gay lib. Absolutely right on. And of course most gays feel as do you and I about the abuse of children; horrified. (!) I look on Hustler as Gully Foyle looked on Pyre; if the people can't cope with it, they should learn to cope with it. No one should do their judging for them. (!) Your tirade against soulless science is not ridiculous; it is not



anger at science itself you express, but righteous anger at what that soullessness in ourselves which has let logic take the place of feelings; ah, the postpill paradise; ah, Mr. Goodbar. Naturally the men who create these technological wonders intend no bad effects. God knows that the pill, for instance, has done infinitely more good than harm. But damn mankind anyway that cannot control their emotional responses to this seeming supreme superability of science and keep it in perspective. Damn us that we cannot keep our spirits intact, that we believe in orgasms and not love, that we believe in microbes and not fate. I fully believe that you can believe both in microbes and in fate and that science and the spirit are not mutually exclusive. Hell, look at those glorious loons at JPI ... (!) If there was a Good Riddance Party when Markstein left NOLa, I knew nothing about it. I believe I went to B'ham that same weekend, though. (!) What a wonderful zine. This mc is the first I've coomposed since returning to NOLa from Christmas vacation, a journey which I'll talk about up fo'wards -- and please read what I wrote about conquering my fear. Castaneda has had his effects, even if I can't stop my internal dialog and, yet, abandon my ties with the world. And so so glad that there is still George Inzer in SFPA to bring out all the insides.

Uhh ... these buttons, professional quality and all that ... if they made you any money, then I hope you reported the income on the IB-2. (I'm on The Sphere vol. 51 #1 now) (!) I definitely don't think that Lafferty sees the universe as a joke, although he certainly believes in laughter. Ray's perspective of good and evil is far too serious, and, if I might say, too Catholic.

Gunfighters #4 comes up next, by our old founder man, B. Jennings. Its "Dime Library" cover is wonderful; makes me think of the two Buffalo Bill movies, and the fact that I'm the only person I know who enjoyed Altman's. (!) That Horns'n Hooves never fails to astonish me. When will Jake find out about John Huston's real relationship to the Mexican kid on the white horse? (!) Great typo in your first sentence to the OO. (!) I echo your protest of the inclusions. Five years ago, when we were all pagecount mad, I was guilty with other New Orleans members of such crudpumping. HOWEVER, I do not think that Ignites or Fox Trot sheets are such crud, especially when ICs are always done with SFPANs, and are a definite SFPA tradition. Beware: Guidry now has you on his list. As for fox trots, well, that's an old SFPA schtick from after/before your time ... but I think that most of the apa got it. (!) Lynda Carter can do two things: inhale & exhale. She does these two things superbly well. So I sometimes watch Wonder Woman just so I can understand the mechanics of respiration that much better. (!) Man, when you say that life is dull, you really mean it. Kiss your cat's paw (and maw, & brothers & sisters) and make it well, now.

Hey, good for John Boy Meets the Texas Chainsaw Killer! (Mark reports on its prize winning in Thin Ice #27.) The egoboo you're receiving is all due to the inspired ending of the film, suggested, as I believe, by one of SFPA's most outstanding members. Good for you. Bring it & other Verheiden epics to the NOLa DSC. (!) I got a kick out of that stupid pictorial in Playboy of Hefner and some of the bunnies. Especially with those sleazy captions ... Hefner has always impressed me as a yokel trying to impress people. He's impressed me with how a dipshit who gets rich is merely a rich dipshit. And with how cheap his view of the good life really is. (!) Entirely because of your recommendation,





I took in The Hills Have Eyes ... & found it quite entertaining and wellmade. It was never outright disgusting -- disturbing, though, at times -- and it really moved. I loved the Rex the Woner Dog bit and the performance of that-weird-looking-guy-who-was-also-in-Doc Savage and Cuckoo's Nest. What the film needed was an ending shot, perhaps of the survivors walking down the road towards civilization. I should mention the Sally Struthers lookalike, too. Yeah, long live crummy horror movies! (!) I saw a neat poster for Shock Waves (clever title) but it's never played within seeing distance. As for Damnation Alley, it's an utter waste except for Peppard's great line, "This town is invuhested with killah cock -

roaches!" That's almost as good as "I think you ar' jus' ay STEWPID GRINGO ASSHOLE!", though nowhere near as fine as "I don' got to show you no STINKING BAHDGES!" (!) Right, I know more about the singles bar mentality from talking to some of the chicks in NOLA fandom than from Goodbar.

Reading Merlin's Daughter #3, initial membership zine by Sue Phillips, I am tortured by the thoughts that before she even met the thoroughly undeserving putz weber, I myself chased her around several conventions. And all to no avail. Alas, dear lady, for your swiftness of foot. Welcome to the ranks. (!) Your zine made the mlg without a cover, and shame on weber. As the senior SFPAn in your house, he should know that it is his duty to provide. (!) NO, NO, Mrs. Peel could never be Steed's lover. She lives only for me!!?! (!) Whether or not SFPA is currently the best apa going, it is certainly my favorite (LASFAPA has risen 'way up to a strong second place, though), and I've never seen any other apas produce mlg's like our fiftieth or our 73rd. It's definitely an apa with as much potential as any around ... and now, thanks to your entrance, it also ranks with the loveliest. Welcome, fair ms.

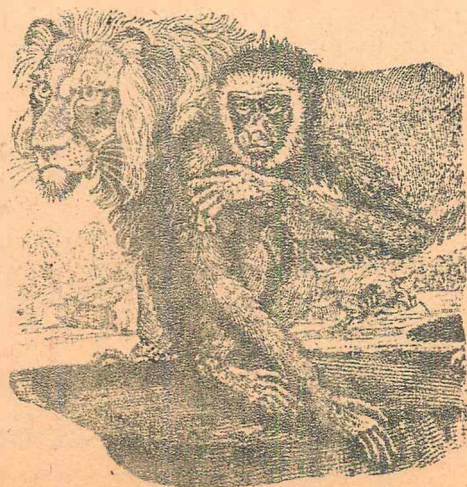
The worser half, or third, of the Marietta SFPA contingent, appears next, again with no cover for his zine. Tsk tsk! Muswell Hillbilly/Unreal Reality is the title. (!) I get so annoyed at nitpickers about films like 2001 and Star Wars that I welcome your "Plausible Explanations" game. On behalf of all Jedis everywhere, thanks. (!) What disturbed me most about the tale of the crook substituting nags for big name horses, then running the good horses under the nags' names to take advantage of the better odds, was that the bastard offed the lesser horse after registering it under the false, famous name. I hope he gets clawed to death by wolverines. (!) Allegro Non Troppo played in town while I was in Buffalo, naturally. Don't suppose there's much chance of a convention getting hold of it, huh? Shit. (!) The technical data on color filmmaking is fascinating. And your mention of Stanley Kubrick's achievements in these matters with Barry Lyndon adds to my appreciation of that badly maligned film. (!) I saw Beast from 20,000 Fathoms the other day ... and Lee van Cleef says about two lines. Of course, he does fire the shot that kills the thing. It's a rather lacklustre film; critters like the Beast and the Giant Behemoth, being all prehistoric menace and no empathy, pale to the level of a stopped-up sewer when comparing to the rampant wild intelligence and true anger of a Kong. (!) OOK OOK! (Don't ask me what it means ... I picked it up in LASFAPA.) That's a hilarious comment to Carlberg. John Guidry comes through with a great line! (!) Bah -- I do a magnificent zine and get six sentences of an mc. You is slippin', bwah.



Aggh, imagine having a deadline knock-knock-knockin' on the door, and no mailing to comment on. Such is the fate of Cliff Biggers documented in Talisman #14. Sad; hope you come back strong nexttime. In the meantime, neat to hear about the s.f. club; now that you see Reinhardt on something like a regular basis, I hope you help me prod him into staying in SFPA. I can only do so much by mail.

Who better

to me on Bowl Day than Brown, whose Oblivion no. 34 sports an ancient Hutchinson cover; wonder what Alan thinks about its surfacing now. Great offset, though; the guys at P.I.P. remember me as the jerk with all those big black spaces on my orders, and I'll bet you too got some dirty looks when presenting this piece. (!) "Time Pool" is a fine piece of faanfic, but I had no idea Alan came from the midwest. How my idols crumble! (!) I'm glad you think that the Egoboo Poll is just for fun. I agree. Why don't you resign the presidency, then, & let me have it. I can think of few things SFPAN that would be more fun than that. (In print, anyway.) (!) Mad's second parody of Star Wars, in the current issue, worked fabulously ... mainly because it was done by onetime SM cover artist Sergio Aragones. Luke goes into the men's john at the spaceport bar and finds all these weird commodes ... Great stuff, succeeding as only Sergio can succeed. (!) I agree -- there's no reason why the Superman/boy relationship shouldn't keep about 15 years between the two. What I objected to back in the sloppy Weisinger days was the occasional anachronism ... for instance, Superboy was once shown catching a Mercury capsule after its parachute lines parted. I might buy that now ... but it jars me to see the kid shaking hands with JFK when goddamit I remember his older self shaking hands with him on several occasions. (!) Besides, DC could always explain the discrepancies away by saying that the older stories took place on another Earth. They've done that before. (!) See my Close Encounters review after the mc's. Preview: wow. End preview. (!) Pffft. Hopalong Cassidy is great. (!) "Spiffy" is one of my favorite words-of-the-moment. I use it in conversation until my companions are totally bananas. (!) I must OOK OOK at your sneaky trick on the p.o., scrawling the postage amount below the stamps. Reminds me of Julie Schwartz old trick on a pulp editor. This guy had the habit of putting Xs in the corner of each page in every story he'd approved for purchase. Schwartz knew about this and simply made the Xs himself. The editor never noticed, and Julie published and published. (!) I met Bruce Arthur once ... even did a oneshot with him (and Ned, and Timsie) once called April Fools (memorable for its Spagnola cover & for being my very first experiment with electrostencils. Nice guy, quiet. (!) No, no, Phil Foglio won the Best Fan Artist Hugo; Kelly Freas used to win all the Best Pro awards. By the way, this year I'm hoping Vinnie DiFate gets the latter trophy. Please consider him, people. (!) No typo on my juggling bit. I'm a little disappointed that no one's made a guess as to who it was, but maybe that'd only piss her off more. (!) Oh yes, about that T-shirt of yours. It wasn't in my suitcase when I got home, and I'm sure my roomie didn't have it, either. I searched the room for it in vain (also in Miami). No luck. However, I did wear it throughout the con ... (seriously, I dunno where the hell it is).





I hardly know what to say to you, JoAnn. The brouhaha caused by He Who Shall Remain Nameless is only recently past, & only last night I called you to assure you -- as had all but one or two of my people -- that I had no truck with the kind of thought that had you so frightened. If it does any good, I'd like to say that again, & rest assured that the responsible party is not taken seriously. You see, love, I don't necessarily stick up for my friends when they're wrong. (I'm cutting right to the heart of your zine, and the guts -- or bowels -- of this mc, your comment to Lester.) I don't think that doing so is real friendship. My best friends in fandom include -- but are not limited to -- Doug Wirth and George Inzer, because these guys won't rationalize for me when I'm offbase, in fact they'll tell me when I'm askance. The relationship you describe as being friendship isn't. It's followership. A friend doesn't ignore his friend's faults, defend his wrongs against others by rationalization: he tries to help his friend. Wirth never hesitates to tell me when I'm full of shit -- he did so in SFFPA simultaneously with his fatal remarks to Markstein. I suggest you look up my responses to those comments...but that's not truly germane. What is is the idea that you really do need to try to look at things from another viewpoint. Imagine how it feels to be called a psychotic and an orphan in print, for instance. If you're going to allow one person unlimited access to bitterness, please grant the other at least a hint of the same privilege. And then let's all share in a deep sigh of relief, because all that crap really does seem to be behind us now. (!) Love your natter this time. I enjoyed running into Lambert and Freff, the person I most wish I was, over at your pad while they were in town. (That's when Teri asked me who I thought the next president would be, and I said Mondale, and she said "When did HE join SFFPA?") (!) Tsk. It's K-a-r-r-h. As in boom-boom, ka-boom. As in belt Guy on the bean for talking about "Dixieboobs". (!) Realizing that my reputation as a r&r purist may forever go down the chute, I'll admit to liking "School's Out" and "Elected" a great deal. Alice Cooper has some good moments amidst all the bullshit. (!) God, I like that "real subtle editing". Pronounced SUBBTul, no doubt. You have the zaniest sensayuma in this whol apa. (!) Uhhh ... not too sound too MCPish, but isn't a bra kind of necessary for a young lady of your somewhat Junoesque upper story proportions? I mean, won't forbearing now mean dual soccer practice in your forties? (Guy Lillian is blushing. It's true.) (!) Good strife is good for you. So good for you. (!) Speaking of records, I just joined the Columbia Record Club (11 records for \$1 ... and an extra one if you watch this commercial!) and ordered all 8-track tapes. I hope I did The Right Thing, but the bargain was too much to miss. (!) No comment about drugs this time. You deserve a rest. (!) "Outré" means, and this is right off my scalp (see the dandruff?), strange, weird, out of the ordinary. (!) Kevin only does his Guy Lillian imitation to make you feel romantic. (!) God! What a surprise. These poems are really good. I'm not saying that to be polite. You've out-Ceased Ceese. That Byron and Yeats piece is publishable. Send it off somewhere. Shit! We've got a Marianne Moore in our midst. (And oh yes -- the zine was Purple Haze #5.)

DelMonte's rather (ahem!) startling illo covers the fourth mailing of Shadow-SFFPA, which I have mc'ed in full in Chinatown, running in the fifth SSFFPA. Here let me compliment Beth on her superb electrystencilling, the best I've seen from that particular machine.



Steele, you absolutely have to do something about those typer-hating neighbors of yours. I'm fortunate; my downstairs neighbors have been around for some months but have only smiled at me on the rare occasion when I see them coming or going. I wonder if they can hear this machine down there...I type with it on my bed. (!) Good for you in starting your SFPazine right away and doing your egoboo ballot right away. Had a certain other someone not procrastinated I might be President of SFPA now. Wahhhh... (!) Good luck in car-buying. Myself, I just liked what I saw and went in and ordered one. Haven't regretted it since, either. (!) Just so you don't forget about that '76 DSC print I want, Gary. I need it for my journal. If need be, I'll borrow the slide from you and have it commercially done myself. No need for a swank production; I just need a picture of myself taken between March 20 and September 19, 1976, and this is one of two that I know about. (Karrh took the other and doesn't know where it is.) This zine has a strange name. Gimboate. What does that mean?

One approaches a Hutchinson zine prepared for a long mc and a lot of laughter. Where the Beer and the Cantalope Play sports as outstanding a cover as the mad fingers of Hutchinson have ever produced; that those fingers lay tile for a living is a disgrace. Anyway, now the zine is in hand, so let's plunge on. (!) As my professor the poet said once, "Always some of us are mad, Sometimes all of us are mad." (!) In You Only Live Twice a Japanese typewriter was shown. It was about the size of your average sofa ... (!) Most of the complaints that Star Wars is sexist focus on the extras in the rebel force ... all men. I recently offered a possible justification for this seeming sexism: the rebel force was composed mainly of deserters from the Empire's legions, right? The Empire is a military dictatorship, right? Military dictatorships throughout human history have glorified machismo, right? So ... And as evidence of this, did anyone see a gal on board the Death Star? (!) Speaking of new dubbed voices, the latest rerun of "From All of Us to All of You", the Disney Christmas show, featured a promo for Pete's Dragon, the new release. The original voice of Jiminy Cricket is, alas, gone now, so the introduction to that particular segment was handled by a pretty fair imitator. I was listening for the difference, and it was there, but I imagine Smedley Schnook in East Bumfuck was fooled. (!) Tom Collins is indeed no hoax. I wonder if my bro from Berkeley is off that goddam est kick yet ... and is therefore tolerable. (!) Uhh...boa constrictors wouldn't bite one's nards if one crawled up the toilet. They'd squeeze'em to death. Ack! (!) Videotape was used as part of the postcon activities at Halfacon '73 ... as fabulous a con as I'd ever attended prior to the first Rivercon. Remember that, Meade? (!) An English word with four consecutive consonants? There are millions: "Backscratcher" (5!); "headshrinker". On and on. (!) Don't talk about biting fingers around me, bwah. (!) Yes, my mlg arrived simultaneously with JoAnn's, according to my spies. Thanks ... and since Montalbano didn't have to put up with Lillian bugging her for a look at her ~~mg~~ mlg this time. (!) Fuzzbusters are against the law in Canada. And some states are counteracting them by broadcasting phony radar waves here and there on the highway. Future generations turning up with 17 fingers on either hand will curse those innovative cops in their graves ... (!) Gato Barbieri's "Fiesta" is one of my current favorite jazz cuts. Good stuff. (!) Ha! Thought you'd fool me. Vincent Price was on the cover of Famous Monsters #14, as the crazy count (or whatever) in The Pit and the Pendulum. Who was on the followup issue? (!) I do not insist on anything more than a good copy



of Swamp Thing #1. Or of House of Secrets #92. Got'em for sale, anyone? (!) Ah, but what matter if Melody was born deaf. Melodies are felt in the heart. This one sure was. (!) When my dad and I toured Carlsbad Caverns 15 years ago, the ranger turned off the lights & had everyone stay utterly still. Plop plop plop, ~~/shh//in//dark//~~ the only sound was the drip of water from the ceiling, building stalactites and their stalagmite brothers. Neat. (!) Loved your letters to the editor, and right on. (!) Great letter from Evanier (and able response) too. You manage to publish a pretty balanced zine, you know? How did Spiritus ever top it, even by two mere points? (!) Fine obit and beautiful bacover! Those spaceships are just what that illo needed to become more than mere decoration. Vunderbar.

Good man Cliff Amos produces his second Devil's Advocate next, and it is a spiffy little zine, containing enjoyable inside comments on the latest Rivercon. Someday you might do a mailing comment and see if you like the feeling, Cliff. Thanks for the talk on NOIA's DSC bid ... and you were right on several very important points.

Cliff also franks through his excellent NASFIC ad. What's to say? See you there.

I dunno about Zen, Ion, whose latest Melikaphkaz filler ish comes up next (whole #61), but I know that the teachings of Don Juan have moved me profoundly. I'm reading Tales of Power over again now in preparation for The Second Ring of Power, and I found the tone of the thing to be most helpful to me in a bad moment recently ... hell, I'll write about my air flight up ahead, so you might read that section of this SM. (!) Orc charts? What?

Getting towards the bottom of the SFPA 80 stack now, we find Joe Moudry's new typeface leaping up at us from The Occasional Browser. It's slim stuff, like far too much of your material nowadays. See the stick? Get on it, bwah. (!) Aye, Quill makes crackerjack products. Love these stencils. (!) No, the impact of Presley's death was its tragic nature. He was 42. That's younger than a couple of SFPAns. Groucho, God bless him, was a shell, a living tragedy of too much age; it does freak me out, however, to lose both Chaplin and he in the same year. That's bad in itself, no matter how far past their prime both me were.

Why do you run The Arkham Anchorite #15 here, Joe? To tickle SFPA with a look at a real Moudryzine. Good stuff front to back, nice reviews, coffin scores (what happened to your plans to take over SFPA's?), box scores, etc. I'm usually opposed to seeing mc's to one apa in another ... but most of this is so nice I'll forgive you (oh thank you thank you Guy) this once (oh). (!) Thanks for the fine conversation last November -- the last time I dropped by the Moudryhaus. See you soon?

3 zines remain ... 3 zines by SFPA's newest member, who is already familiar. Lester's first zine in the pile is The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey, which sounds like an everyday evening for some girls I know. Nice fable to begin the issue ... and an even nicer Dune cover. Can't say that I get the Animals song parody, but then I'm not familiar with the original song. Original autobio method, I must say. (!) As originally used, white trash was a term applied to loose, unprincipled, "wuthless 'n no 'count" people, and black folks as well as white used it. Maybe it does have slightly racist connotations but its social connotations are much more to the point. They're trash, & good people of any ethnicity had best stay 'way. (!) The Civil War over? Yeah ... we won. Last year. (!) There's such a hyperfine line between the idea



of justice and the gut reality of vengeance that I'm very very glad that my jury duty (in progress as this is typed) involved little chance of my being part of pronouncing sentence. (Unless I get on a Class 1 case -- murder or aggravated kidnapping -- that is.) Thank God for law to guide us. (!) I like Mark Twain's line: "Keep the rules when you are young, so that you may break them when you are old." (!) You had to mention San Francisco. Oh, my long-abandoned heart ... (!) Crap, I see women as people. As people who are women. And if you object to their being treated orthought of any differently than men, why do you get so upset when Elaine Vignes makes a cock joke every once in awhile? I don't think you can accept the fact that someone can both love women and respect them. (!) I'll do it ... a Best SFPA Faanfic ... when and if the material becomes available. That's a pledge. (Which works better than Behold, & damn the price.) (!) If I wrote LOCs in order to get fanzines, I'd be spending money on postage. Forget it. (!) Nah, Phil Foglio was merely being humble when he took his Hugo away without a word. Lafferty did the same thing at Torcon. Now Rick Sternbach, he made an ass out of himself giving his thank you speech, so I predict that we'll be seeing someone else up there at Iggy. Hopefully Vincent DiFate. (!) No comments on the flick reviews. (!) I think Atlanta could give any foreign bid a strenuous run for the worldcon roses. However, the bid should start now with advertising and support gathering. I'd support it, of course; when I go overseas, it will be for more than a convention.



As for The Many Loves of Dobie Lillian, are you sure Tuesday Weld started out this way?

And lastly, a zine I published myself, Lester's worldcon report, The Funky Frog Takes a Vacation. Because Les bought bond paper instead of mimeo-tone, I had to slipsheet, which made publishing the thing far too much trouble to allow for more than SFPA's copies. This is therefore the only appearance of this very long, very detailed report. And if an art is possible only for women and they choose to practice it then the art is not sexist, so hooray for bellydancers and on that note, so much for the mc's to mailing 80.

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The Bit That's the Best

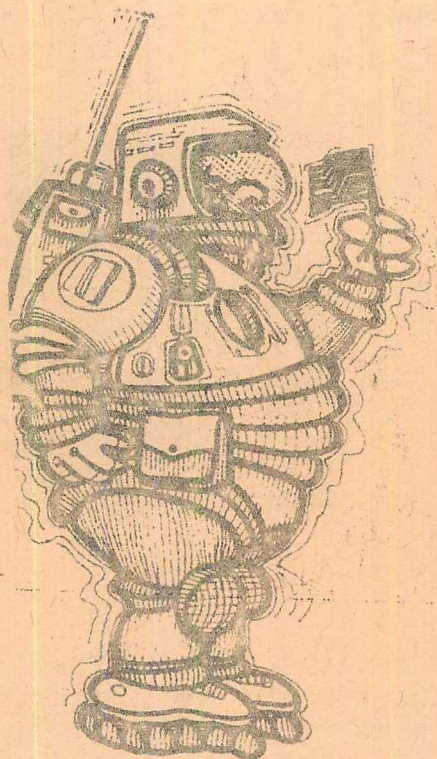
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I wonder how many times I've given out this Best Bit award? I remember doing so in SM17, and undoubtedly did so before then ... anyway, the best yuk I got out of mlg 80 came in Mike Weber's zine, so congrats to him ... even though it was a quote originating with John Guidry about the DSC banquet: "If I'd known Carlberg was going to sing, I'd've brought a gong!" Poor Steven is no longer around to respond, but what the hell. A laugh's a laugh, and that line got one.

GROUCHO



# FLICK IT IN



All together now, one two three:

DAH DAH DAH DAH DAHHHHHHHHH!

(Perhaps I should supply some annotation.

First DAH: B flat. Second DAH: C, a full step higher. Third DAH: A flat, a major octave lower. Fourth DAH: A flat again, 1 octave lower. Fifth DAH: E flat a 5th above.)

Again. DAH DAH DAH DAH DAHHHHHHHHH.

It is a simple little set of tones. It conveys newness and, with that little rise at the end, a questioning hope. It's as if in that tone the composer were trying to sum up a new thing which brings on hope and question. It sounds as if it could be a greeting.

Like a little kid, so beautiful that he could be loved by even the most cynical sonuvabitch on earth, rushing out to meet the unknown with joy. Not fear: joy. Shouting in his little voice "Hello. Hello." And waving at those crazy beautiful lights in the sky.

Simple. That's how they are, the sound and the sight which sum up Close Encounters of the Third Kind. This film about man's first contact with creatures from another world is a simple film. Its story is complicated in places, but its thrust is basic, and its theme is simplicity itself. And its basic appeal is not suspense or sensawunda or even astonishment but joy. It is a fabulous movie.

This is the first film dealing with flying saucers/UFOs/alien visitors which assumes that humanity would not react in an insane fashion. Nobody wants to shoot down the aliens. When the landing comes, it is not in the midst of tanks and howitzers, but technicians recording everything like good technicians should. The military is involved, sure, but only as a cover and to make sure that no one bollixes up the most incredible event in modern human history. The whole event bespeaks human intelligence, not human stupidity. What a wonderful change of pace that makes.

And what amazing visuals. Even jaded old s.f. fans used to every wonder in the book are knocked clean over by the visuals in Close Encounters ... original, amusing, and powerful enough to blast you up the aisle. The one great gasp -- and those who have seen the film know exactly the scene I mean -- is among the most impressive



shots I've ever seen in a motion picture. In fact, the last 40 minutes are almost without dialog but are moving, thrilling, enrapturing cinema. What wonderful stuff!

There are, alas, less wonderful moments which one has to pass through to reach this magnificent finale. The major "plot", if plot it be, involves Everyman Richard Dreyfuss' mental and social anguish after being touched by UFOs. It is somewhat dull to watch. There is a tedious lecture in an auditorium which conveys essential information but manages to bore. But not all the build-up scenes are poor ... there is a sequence in India which is a selfcontained prelim ... and a wow. And of course the early UFO scenes are very impressive. And exciting.

Close Encounters sent me out into the workaday world in a tingle of excitement and happiness. Oh, I thought, if only it could happen while I was around to see it. It might ... but really, I do not expect it to. Nevertheless, I have seen a moon landing and a country reborn and, in 1977, two truly magnificent science fiction films. Neither had much in the way of plot ... Star Wars, in fact, had much the edge insofar as story was concerned. But both were magnificent expressions of the spirit of science fiction and the tremendous force of imagination and hope. It will be one helluva fine Hugo ballot.

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Remember that gasp I spoke of before? It was a gasp that comes from an audience seeing something unexpected and wonderful. It's not s.f., but it is a wonderful ... The Turning Point, a powerful and effective blend of soap and ballet. Mikhail Barishnikov, current superstar of dance, plays a supporting role, and when he puts forth with his aerial terpsichore, the reaction is one of amazement.

It is for the ballet sequences that The Turning Point is remarkable. Barishnikov could have easily played one of the Close Encounters UFOs; his flights are every bit as spectacular and graceful. The film displays a magnificent sense of detail -- the quiver in a dancer's forearm, the distinguishable dancers' walk, the stageboards bending beneath a ballerina's toe, the sweat, the anger. The world of dance is seen as wondrous and depicted as painful ... both for the woman who has lived her life in it, and for the woman who has lived on its fringes. Which brings up the straight soap opera plot involving Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft. Both of whom are excellent, playing off each other and taking full advantage of the difference in their karmas. They have a lovely fight at movie's end.

There is a lot to admire in The Turning Point, and I admired it a lot. Next issue I'll discuss the Academy Award nominations ... look for this movie to be mentioned in several categories.

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And then there is Providence, which makes Close Encounters look adolescent and The Turning Point like Search for Tomorrow. Alain Resnais has made a film which is bitchy, brilliant, hilarious, horrifying. You'll probably never see it. Providence is an art movie and you'd have to go through more effort to see it than you're probably willing to invest. Too bad for you. But it does free me to talk about what the movie is about.

What Providence is about is the imagination of a dying writer strug-

gling with his conscience, through a night of 1973 Chablis, rectal cancer spasms, flights of fancy and guilt and memory. John Gielgud -- who is in hot competition with Clint Eastwood for the wreath as my current cinematic idol -- has a book in the works and a life to reconcile and as his night wears on and the Chablis bottles pile up about him, the two intermix in a dazzling outpouring of genius and heartbreak and wit and venom ... The prose is worthy of Somerset Maugham, the cinema of ... well, Alain Resnais. The performances, particularly those of Gielgud and Dirk Bogarde, are beyond description. Less good is Ellen Burstyn, who has never been as marvelous as her press, and Michael Warner is still playing Morgan (though there's not much wrong with that).

And while I'm finding faults, I found the movie's final touch of sentimentality to be intrusive and a little bit cowardly ... but pish and tush, Providence makes itself felt deeply wherever it chooses to turn, and at least the sentiment is effective. And the heavy musical score by Miklos Rosca is plodding and pretentious ... the furthest thing from the film itself, which is marvelously quick on its feet.

Faults, then, to add flavor to the experience. I mentioned the Oscars before, while heaping far too much praise on The Turning Point. I don't expect Providence to win any nominations, although both Gielgud (who won the NY Film Critics Award) and Bogarde easily merit same. Yeah, it's a stupid world. But there is excellence in it yet.

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To get off films for a minute ... earlier this mlg you should find a little zine I did called Christopher Leewards (guess I'm not far off the subject of movies at that). You'll note a nice little illo by Wade Gilbreath upon't. That illo almost never came to be seen by eyes other than Wade's and mine, as it was in my wallet when it was stolen on 6-22-77. Fortunately the fat black woman who ripped it off -- and I saw her, the only possible culprit, leaving the scene of the crime -- dropped my wallet in the nearest mailbox ... thus Wade's skillful art appears at last. Now isn't that a nice little story?

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No film yet, but hopefully one someday, is the next item on my reviewing agenda. Watch, oh apa mine, for a theatre group known as the Otrabanda Company, playing soon at a science museum (hopefully) near you. Members of this bayou-based company have visited me professionally, and in a spirit of balance I recently paid them a call in return. The hour-long play was an allegorical s.f. celebration of morality and science -- two tough subjects to integrate. Glass -- the play -- did it splendidly. It was inventive, moving, hilarious, and startling. The actors moved like dancers (as many were); they were talented, professional, & very damned good. Their usual schtick has been performing on a raft sailing up & down the Mighty Muddy, but soon they will be touring museums with Glass under a fine endowment from the National Science Foundation. The play is Glass. The group is Otrabanda. The quality is superb. If they wander your way, wander theirs.

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Now I know that professional tennis does not employ referees in striped shirts, and a well-struck volley does not earn the glorious raised-arms signal shown here. Nevertheless, Spiritus Mundi is written in an atmosphere of sports mania, as New Orleans endures the Sugar and Super Bowls & I watch the Colgate GrandPrix Tennis Tournament on the idiot box. Guess why.

That's right. That's The Right. As in great tennis. As in Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg.

Haven't heard much about the brilliant brat from Belleville recently. Except the gossip stuff about Chrissy Evert; since Jimmy spent Thanksgiving at her folks' house in Fort Lauderdale, and Marjorie Wallace is long gone, talk started up again about these two geniuses of tennis playing a true (sigh) love match. Not true, of course, but it was good for us Jimmyphiles to see him back with a Good Woman and away from that Scarlet Harlot (hey, that almost rhymes).

But suddenly, here he was, playing as one of 8 of the top names in tennis in the Colgate tourney, a round robin affair which saw its final come on Sunday, January 8. And all the better because so unexpected; it was to be a rematch of Wimbledon '77 and the U.S. Open of '76 ... Jimmy Connors, who had not won a major tourney all year, against Bjorn Borg, who had repeated as Wimby champ in a classic match against Connors. Connors had lost a match in the tourney to Vilas, and had rather bravely proclaimed "Don't count me out!"

But I had. Yes, I confess! The sloppy loss to Vilas in the Open cost me a lot in Connors currency. I didn't really think that he'd do it. I stand corrected.

The final of the Colgate Grand Prix was a fabulous bout, as all meetings between Connors and Borg are bound to be fabulous. Of old acquaintance, they are veterans of ten matches. And Borg won the last two. I fully expected him to win this one too. But still, as I turned the mimeo crank which brought Lester's mczine for this mailing into print, I watched the superb TV coverage, the tedium balancing the tension, the match helping me get through the printing, the printing helping me survive the match.

And oh God, it was good. True, the pattern of the play was standard Connors/Borg stuff ... Jimmy won the first set rather handily ... then turned into a puddle of poodle pee in the second, winning but one sorry game. And then there was the final set, the gotterdamerung, the whole bag of marbles, and it was wonderful. The crowd at Madison Square Garden freaked at the fabulous play and the furious exchanges and the stunning suspense. Connors and Borg do not play tennis. They play Monster tennis. And Monster Tennis is what it was. Pat Summerall stole a line from my last Right to Say Shit and compared the match to Frazier/Ali. How apt. The best in the world, doing their best, because they just know that the other guy deserves the best.

And this time, back from the depths, raising his arms in triumph like



King Kong ... the brilliant brat was back. Hooray. Connors proved again that he was good as they come, in fact great. After '77, as after '75, he'd been written off. Here was the Word: '78 was going to be different.

Touchdown.

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It was proposed, by the way, that if Connors had married Evert the reception would be rather unique. All the friends of the bride would gather in a small motel room. All the friends of the groom would gather in an easy chair ...

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Und zo, on Super Sunday, 1-15-78. SM43 is finished, and none too soon. Looking back over it I have not been particularly pleased. Phyllis Moudry, through Joe, passed on some nice boo about SM41, the big DSC-&-Suncon ish of 4 months back. She said that in it I had attained closure. Whether this meant that I had written a zine that inspired everyone to close it as soon as they opened it, or that I'd finished everything I'd set out to do ... Actually, the Moudrys said the latter. This present zine obviously does not attain "closure". Too many loose ends, no direction, bah phooey. But most issues of any apazine are like this; I won't bitchno mo'.

What I will do is wrap this thing up, and print it tonight. This busy Sunday will be basier still. Right now, for instance, I watch Hubert Humphrey's memorial services. Nixon is there, a lonely boil on the face of the ceremony, shrunken back behind Carter and Ford. Mondale is impressive ... but anyway ...

The drink by my side is Orange Crush. I scored a six-pack of the stuff from my landlord, bar owner Jim Monaghan, when I passed his Molly's Irish Pub the other night. A flack from the Crush company watched over the distribution. It's fair stuff, much tangier than Fanta, the orange drink locally available. But anyway ...

Hmm, that was some glance Carter shot Nixon when he said that "Hubert Humphrey may have blessed this country more than any of us." In any gathering of Presidents, Nixon is bound to get dirty looks. But anyway ...

Last night I had a real pleasure; met Roger Iovin, whose name has winged about this burg (like a sparrow; like a bat) ever since I've lived here. Folks have told me that we met at DSC '73, but I honestly don't remember, so this was my first ferreal encounter with this walking legend. Drove him over to Justin's; along with another living legend, of sorts, Walsh by name. It was likely a dull evening for Roger, used to more, ahh, fancy pursuits, but oh well. He certainly added spice to the increasingly tame mixture. And I liked him; there's certainly room for the Petrucchios in the world, and certainly in New Orleans. By the way, Iovin's novel The Presence, written under the name of Rodgers Clements, is pretty good. But anyway ...

Oh great, the HHH ceremony is followed by an Emerald Planet/Starman movie. This is obviously going to be quite a day. But anyway ...

It's exciting to be in Supertown on SuperSunday ... even though I have no emotional stake in the game. Football, and sports in general, has surfaced several times in this zine ... so if this zine has a theme, or rather a dominant image, sports is probably it.

And I must confess that I am caught up in the hoopla, walking along Bourbon Street and around Jackson Square this bright, chilly day. The enthusiasm is a tonic to the usual Sunday blahs, and my utter contempt for the ridiculous tourists in their orange windbreakers and/or white tam o'shanter is softened by an affection for this silly, glorious celebration. In two weeks Carnival begins -- the earliest in years -- and this is a true harbinger. The vibes, the cheer, the lunacy is the same. Hell yes, I love it. Despite the crowds, despite the horrible problems I've been having in finding a place to park, I love it.

The Denver fans in their orange coats and hats so enthusiastic and whoopie-wild are so much more approachable than the frigid, neatly-clipped MiddleAmericans of Dallas, whose coldness is less a matter of the weather than of some inner arrogance. Therefore, as game time creeps slowly up on this city, I suppose I must raise a cheer for Denver with my last can of Orange Crush, and recall the only live football I saw in the '77 season ... the Tampa Bay Buccaneers vs. the New Orleans Saints.

It was another blah Sunday, overcast and grim, 11 December 1977. As I usually do on Sundays I was laying around thinking about death and failure when I heard from the limpid lip of Brent Musburger that the hitherto winless Tampa Bay Bucs were ahead of the Saints in their game in the Superdome. Since the stadium is walking distance I lifted myself from my bed of tears and hoofed it thither.

It was so! I encountered hundreds of disgusted Saints fans departing down the Dome's concrete ramps. They had looks on their faces reminiscent of Nuremberg judges, and muttered words like "clowns" to one another. And I melted into the crowd at one entrance to the Dome and snuck into the incredible stadium. And took a fabulous seat, 50 yard line, field level.

It was 26 to 7. Tampa Bay stood directly in front of me, excitement electric upon them. Across the ersatz turf stood the Saints, despair spelled in their collective stance as if they were type. The stocky brown block that was Hank Stram provided punctuation. Tampa faked a punt & scored. Archie Manning, hapless NOla quarterback, flumbled the pigskin in his own end zone into the arms of a Buc. The crowd cheered. So did I. This was no day for death & failure. This was the day that the Tampa Bay Bucs became a football team.

Manning tried valiant passes and indeed led a vaguely impressive scoring drive. The minutes ticked down to less than one, and an onside kick was recovered by the Saints. But on the last play of the tilt, Manning threw the football into the lusting grasp of a whiteclad Buccaneer. No longer were the Bucs 0-26. They were now 1-26. And they left the field dancing, as if en route to the Superbowl, throwing Manning's pre-game words back to him. "It would be a disgrace to lose to this team," he'd said. So they shouted, "It's a disgrace!"

I bought a Tampa Bay pennant on the way home. Feeling like a million dollars. But anyway ...

As said earlier on, I have been dutifully attending jury duty. I've gone on 4 mornings and have five left to go. And I've never seen the inside of a courtroom since the first day's, orientation, just read Castaneda & breathed other jurors' smoke. What follows to close Spiritus Mundi 43 is an item I found pinned to a noteboard in the jurors' lounge. As Dallas and Denver poise for their tussle, I turn to the ancient rites of human justice ...

Follows a verbatim transcript of a sentence imposed upon a defendant convicted of the foul murder in the Federal District Court of the Territory of New Mexico, many years ago, by a United States Judge, sitting at Taos, in an adobe stable used as a temporary courtroom.

"Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, in a few short weeks it will be spring. The snows of winter will flee away, the ice will vanish and the air will become soft and balmy. In short, Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, the annual miracle of the year's awakening will come to pass -- but you won't be here. From every tree-top some wildwoods songster will carol his mating song, butterflys will sport in the sunishine, the busy bee will hum happily as it pursues its accustomed vocation, the gentle breeze will tease the tassels of the wild grasses, and all nature, Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, will be glad but you. You won't be here to enjoy it because I command the Sheriff of the county to lead you out to some remote spot, swing you by the neck from a nodding bough of some sturdy oak tree, and let you hang until you are dead ... And then, Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, I further command that such sheriff retire quickly from your dangling corpse, that the vultures may descend from the heavens upon your filthy body, until nothing shall remain but the bare bleached bones of a cold-blooded, blood-thirsty, throat-cutting, chili-eating, sheepherding, murdering son-of-a-bitch."



Gotta watch out for those chili-eating sheepherders. Toodles, krewe.