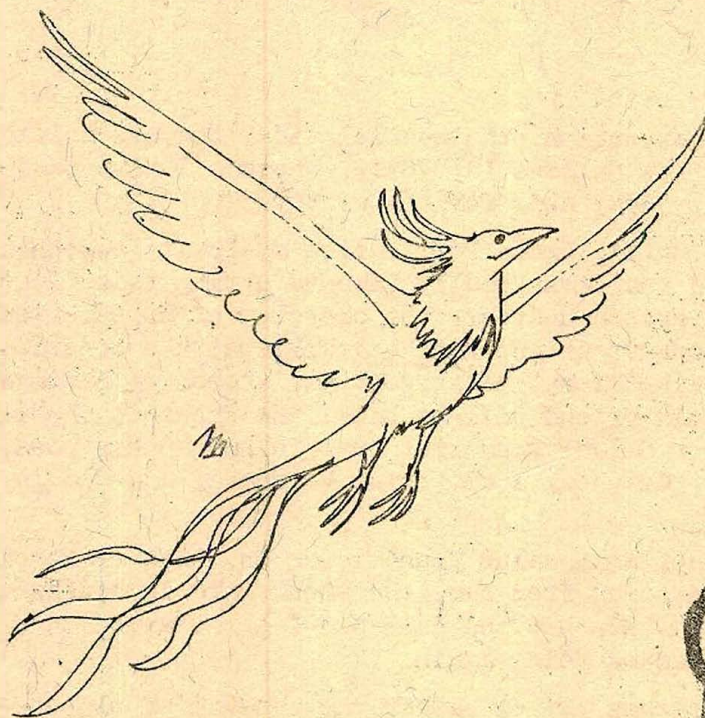






It is Spring, at last.



Thank God.

SM
4 5

Spring, yes, spring. The long winter is gone. And who is that bounds, not unlike the satyr upon the von Turk-reproduced DelMonte-drawn cover to this fanzine, created for the 83rd mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance?



Guy H. Lillian III, seeing the new season, the new solstice, the new spirit (let's hope) in at 631 Dauphine Street, New Orleans La. 70112, where I have seen in the last two springs and where I stored my nuts for the winter.

This zine is Spiritus Mundi 45, GHLIII Press Publication #341. I'm beginning it after a long nap on 4-11-78, and the first really intense spring rain. Outside filtering in: the noises of the French Quarter; the clopclop of horsehooves on the pavement; the barely audible boopboop of the Natchez calliope; the constipated groan of a municipal garbage truck moving along the street; the whooshing passage of traffic on damp asphalt. Later our old friend will be back: the shout in the street. Remember your Ulysses? Stephen Dedalus' wonderful crypticisms to his boss, Mr. Deasy? "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake, and God is a shout in the street."

Well, God is a bit more than that, as Dedalus found later on, that eventful June evening of 1904. 74 years and an ocean from him, the shouts are in different accents but the message is still the same. Now how the hell did I get started on Ulysses? Guess it's time to read the goddamned thing again.

Spring means new motion, new feelings ... or rather the renewal of old ones, eternal ones, buried for so long in the chill. Even here in New Orleans, where the only snow to be seen was some in a little plastic packet passed between desperate and shifty hands, the chill had been on us. No more. Here comes the sun.

I knew it was spring when, on March 10, I went to the New Orleans International Airport and met a visitor to our fair city at the concourse gate. She was dressed in heavy Coast Guard blues that seemed, and I admit it, a little absurd on a little gal like her. But no matter how childlike her little fingers seemed, protruding from those long thick sleeves, and no matter how funky the G.I. shoes looked to a jaded civilian underachiever like me, there was no denying it: she'd earned that uniform. Jeni Roberts was on her way home from basic training, Cape May, New Jersey. On her way back to Los Angeles, itself a stopping off point on her way to her first ship, Seaman Apprentice Jeanette Roberts stopped off to see me.

How does Lillian know a chick in the Coast Guard, for Christ's sake? This is the cry I can hear even from New Orleans. It is simple. You recall that I am a member of IASFAPA, the outstanding monthly based in Smog City. I've issued a standing invitation to the ladies of this group to visit romantic New Orleans (he said, twirling his phantom moustaches). In SM40, I mentioned the journey hitherwards of Carol Sather, since returned to her original nomicker (Carol Kennedy). Last issue I rejoiced over the all-too-brief sojourn south of Lee Ann Goldstein, Paramus NJ's answer to both Mae West and Joan Sutherland (obscure, obscure) ... Jeni, like these two wonders, is a member also of IASFAPA. What better way to celebrate the end of CG basic training than to come through New Orleans?

I knew it was spring when I met Jeni there at the airport. So the solstice itself wasn't due for another eleven days? Spring, she is rebirth; spring, she is renewal. The next two days renewed me, all right. Because as I've said before, I'm never so alive as when I'm showing this town to someone who doesn't know it, as when I'm getting to know someone who turns out to be special, as when I'm letting someone get to know me. Alive.

Changed into jeans and a T-shirt that read "Love a Coastie", Jeni saw this town. She saw City Park's ducks, Lake Pontchartrain's sailboats, St. Charles Avenue's mansions and hanging tunnel of willow branches. She saw St. Louis Cemetary (of course) and refused to make a cross on Marie Laveau's tomb (brave lass!). She ate at the fabulous and unbelievable Hummingbird Grill and superfaaaaaanish Jim's, although that part of her journey was something of a failure; whereas Kennedy had lapsed into rhapsodies over Nawlins cuisine, it didn't impress SA Roberts one bit. For this I blame the Coast Guard, hardening the taste buds of our best youth (Jeni is, or was then, 18), subjecting them to K-rations and ruining their abilities forever to enjoy food, glorious food, life's second greatest pleasure! I ask you, oh apamates of such long standing, would it weaken our global position any more to have soldiers and sailors who could tell the difference between a beignet and hardtack? Between boubillaise & buffalo meat?

She saw people ... and Walsh. (Who pronounced her "'Ey, alla'right!") She met JoAnn and Kevin, Karrh and DelMonte at the theatre where we saw Aquus. Dolbear joined us at Jim's. She cringed when I pointed my camera at her, being one of those camera-phobes that are such a bane for astigmatic shutterbugs like me, but I managed one or two shots that appropriately caught the round face and the sweet smile.

She left here in her uniform, with its redwhite&blue kerchief and funny shoes and peaked white cap; but I don't think that she left as she had come.

I parked, illegally, by the side of the road paralleling the runway at N.O. International. I'd done this before, when Lee Ann came to visit, on impulse, but this time thought to warn my visitor that I was there, waving & jumping up and down beside my soot-smudged Honda, waving at the enormous DC-10 as it headed for the heavens. I called Jeni in Ellay the next day to check; yep. She'd seen me.

And now she is at sea, aboard the USCGC Morgenthau. It's still winter where she is, cruising beneath the aurora borealis around Alaska. But here it is spring, a season she introduced to New Orleans ... and certainly to me ... in 1978. Of course she gets this issue's dedication! Was there ever any doubt?

And spring was off and running ...

Me, I too was off and running. The blood was up and the urge was on me, as the solstice came and made it official. Go! Travel! Get away! Escape!

So, as the Easter 3-day weekend came up, I did just that. I prepared to split this hick burg and head for where the real excitement is ... Birmingham ... and Atlanta. So I prepared to depart. But the day before I was to leave, as I snored away my life in my customary afterwork nap, my doorbell rang ...

And how about that? Stven Carlberg.

With Steven was a lovely young lady named Kim, who had read three science fiction novels (Stranger, Flow My Tears, were two). I heard the good news that Steven's music is in healthy shape, being nurtured by his involvement in local theatre. He hadn't heard about local fan politics and rumors, of course, and when questioned on how it felt to go that first pair of months without doing a SFFazine, told me that it was much easier than he'd feared. He was impressed when I told him that his last publication, Zen & the Art of Brobo Maintenance, was still being discussed in our pages. He ogled the Phil Dick collection (oooh, what I almost said), and I forgot dammit to show off my butcher-Beatle jacket on "Yesterday"...and Today.

It was nice to see him.

I took some time off the following day, Thursday, and drove, drove, drove, reaching Birmingham early (relative to my usual arrival), ten p.m. As usual, I was staying with the kind and splendid Charlotte Proctor and her brood. I enlisted the help of sterling Jerry Proctor in sharpening the little knife with the orange plastic handle that I use for slashing stencils for illos. Through dextrous manipulation of whetstones & emory sticks and other tools of the trade, the blademaker soon had my little edge glistening keen and deadly. Valerie in turn enlisted my aid in helping her work on a pal's frosh English essay. The friend, a classic willowy blonde named Ginny Ragsdale, abloom with the glory of youth, sought the editorial aid of craggy old ex-professional GHLIII, who redinked her page and a half on machismo with the same eye for stylistic beauty with which he once bluepencilled the scripts of Arnold Drake. Ginny appreciated it, methinks, & Charlotte accused me of eating up all that attention. Guilty as hell, yer honor. (Heard later on that the paper aced.)

Good Friday meant a luscious lunch at Andrew's Barebecue, a Birmingham necessity, & a daylong spell of g*u*i*l*t. I have all these aunts and uncles in B'ham, sweet old folks every one, all very precious to me and one, Aunt Cora, a veritable sun in the sky. But I didn't feel like relatives this trip, and so stayed my hand from calling ... & pounded my forehead in abuse for being such a cold, uncaring, despicable excuse for a snide young nephew. In fact, I was so concerned about it that I had to call the South's own father confesser figure and beg him for a way to make penance.

"Meet me at the 2200 Club at 7:30," said Meade Frierson.

Longtime readers of Spiritus Mundi will recall issue #30, in which I was given my introduction into the world of Birmingham's go-go bars. Cast your memories back to the tales of succulently plump Jenny, fullbodied Sam, & the celestial Kaye, wet dreams of an overaged adolescent all, but denizens also of a refreshingly simpler world, where the turmoil of human relationships between the sexes is reduced to a perverse but easily understandable standard of dollars & duties: the male pays, the female entertains. It is nothing real, of course, because thank God life is nowhere near as hideously base as that. Tsk, tsk, I disapprove of anything that reduces Women to sexist stereotypes. Why, create a committee to padlock all such dens of chauvenism, and you may put my name at the head of the contributors' list. Down with male lust fantasies!

"D-d-do you think Jenny might be back in town?" I asked Meade.

Turned out that, alas, she wasn't. However, after our ever-more-portly SFC Prexy and I connected at the aforementioned dive, we adjourned to the classier surroundings of the Wrought Iron, located in the attractive hills circling the B'ham bowl. There we chanced upon a find of finds ... another remembered name and, ah, face ... Kaye. Kaye herself. 3 times



busted but never stymied Kaye, with a face like an angel, truly perfect in its beauty, and a boddddaddddddddy which would bring Zeus plummeting to earth cold he but see it ... Kaye, of whom I wrote in SM30: "her antics to 'Get Down Tonight' would close schools were they common knowledge." There weren't many customers in the Wrought Iron, which meant that the gals could pay more attention to Frierson and myself, and ah, I must confess to enjoying that attention. Spring was making itself known, a persistant inner throb at the base of my spine ... mgybe due to Kaye's request of me that I blow on the back of her neck to cool it off.

"Kaye," I toasted her, "in my heart you will live forever."

"Honey," she drawled so sweetly, "thank you, for that is just my intention. To live forever."

I will have to return to the Wrought Iron. There are vital lessons I have yet to learn. For instance and in particular, there is a particular twist one gives to a dollar bill to have it tie tight about garters. This trick eluded me ... and will take more practice.

Early on the morrow Charlotte, son Forrest and I loaded up the Honda and departed for Atlanta. It was too brief a time in B'ham and I didn't get to see many of the folks I wanted to ... Susan Lair, Lynne McCaleb, Vulcan ... but ahead was a road I had not travelled in years and one of my favorite cities. Highway 20 swept by undertire and soon we were topping a rise and gazing onto the metallic shine of the Queen City of the South.

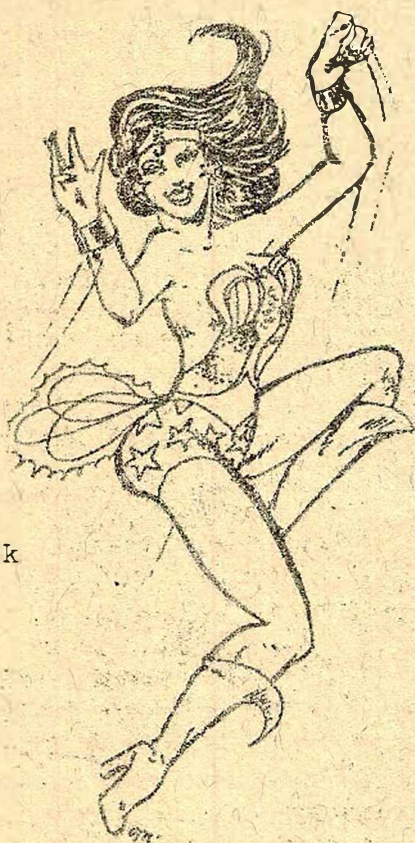
I'm used to a relatively small town here in New Orleans. Atlanta is not a small town. Atlanta is big. I'm used to a town in which a twenty-minute drive is sufficient to get one from any one place in it to another, brring bad traffic. Twenty minutes is necessary in Atlanta to get you anyplace from any other place, in the very best of traffic. I'm used to a Southern city where the past is the present. That is not the Atlanta way. Everywhere you look there is architectural creativity and originality and the fresh landscaping of new developement. In New Orleans it is practically sacrilege -- and properly so! -- to consider driving a nail into a board. Maybe that's why I was so entranced by Atlanta, and why it is the next place I want to live. It's so different. It's new. It's big. It is growing with unabashed vigor. Frankly, I do believe that it is where the action is going to be in this part of the world for a very long time to come.

It is also where legends go to die. Or at least to retire. Charlotte's sense of direction, never reliable in getting one lost, but good, in her own B'ham, guided me unerringly to Drew Valley Road... a tricky place indeed to find. There we found, ensconced in a spiffy haven beneath the trees, with his beautiful children dueling in the yard with plastic swords ... oh, hell, you know.

"Nobody home!" Hank announced as I came up to his door.

"I can see that," I said.

Ah, but there was someone home. For in addition to the ever more grey Greybeard, there was his delightful and patient Janet and two houseguests, noble Tom and lovely R/E*LOH!E/A\$D*E*D Georgia, both Society (for Creative Anachronism) members in



goodstead. Georgia plays the bagpipes.

The wolflord showed me about the new Wolfhaven, a nifty place which should be even niftier after he's done with it ... for axeholes in the walls can only make things niftier, right? He described with satisfaction the progress of the heroic fantasy book he and Page are editing (talked to Jerry later on the phone) and griped that he hadn't had time to even read the last couple of SFPA mailings. Which is a relief to all of us who've been telling Hank jokes, I'm sure. His gorgeous self-designed knife was displayed, but I turned down Hank's offer of a demonstration.

The three menfolk went out to get groceries and check in a hardware store, and I got to see for myself whether Hank's claim that Georgia girls were prettier was true. (I should add that Hank meant prettier than other girls; for sure they were prettier than Georgia men.) He does have a case. In the supermarket where vittles were being purchased we ran into, almost literally, Mike Weber, who was en route to Hank's on my call. Soon we were all gathered in Hank's living room, and Weber and Hank yelled at each other about politics (such a bullish exchange could not be called an argument) while I played with the wolfdughters' Stretch Armstrong. Have you ever handled Stretch? His syrup-filled rubber body stretched a full four feet before snapping back to his normal 1 foot height. Weird.

Anyway, I finally got Weber out of there, pausing to talk to Rich Garrison on the phone for a moment. The phone, alas, was the only touch I was to have with a lot of Atlanteans this Easter weekend...I called the injured Steele from Weber's later, & never did get in touch with the Biggers' or the Hughes'. But the day was still young.

Our Hondas were practically nose to tailpipe as Mike guided me back to his apartment. Lordy, didn't it rain, too, on crowded, messy highways narrowed by construction ... and it had grown dark, too. How I kept Weber in sight I'll never know, but I kept blinking my lights to tell him I was there.

Once we'd gone over several river and through a number of woods, Mike's apartment was reached. There the gloom of the weather was dispelled by Sue Phillips, ever lovely. She taught me to play a couple of the video games on their TV and I became proficient at Pinball, scoring 220,800, a house record.

Flicks were in the plans, so simple human indecency demanded that a date for me be found. The Weber/Phillips duo looked at each other in consternation. There are simply no available girls in 'lanta fandom...except a lass named, I believe, Nancy Gelb ... but that was out, said Weber, since apparently this Ms. Gelb had bad memories of me from one of the conventions last year. I'd chased her behind a curtain or something.

???. I didn't remember any such tomfoolery ... although I did seem to recall a name-tag with Gelb on it. Dangling from a ripped blouse in my hands ... I don't know. Many of my memories of the '77 cons are so hazy. Anyway, I never got a chance to find out as Ms. Gelb never answered her phone.

As the witching hour ... and Easter ... approached, we zoomed off in Mike's 5-speed for the local art cinema. There we were to see a most unique double feature: Metro-polis, which I had seen once before at Justin Winston's, and a movie I'd kind of avoided seeing ... I don't want to talk much about it now, as this is another movie-mad issue of Spiritus and I'll be reviewing a spate of flicks later. Space is much too limited ... time is much too limited ... Nonetheless, even I had to sing along:

"LET'S DO THE TIME-WARP AGGGGCAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!!!!!"

The evening which did not encompass the movies was spent talking comics with Weber and sneaking looks at Sue, who has grown more radiant than ever. He "hahs" my cries to the stars that he is simply not worthy of such a beautiful wife, but dammit, Weber, it is so.

Snoozed the night away on the ex-bed of Donna Henderson, and the morning was Easter.

No Easter basket. Rats.

Bidding mike & Sue adieu, after a call to Steele, I hustled again to Hank's. There I not only encountered the wolflord and his guests again, but a most bizarre Easter bunny ... completely bald, boasting a demonic goatee ... a Beretta in his belt ... the awesome Celko again hopped into my life.

The rest of the visit was delightful. Joe held the gathering enthralled and Hank demonstrated the noble art of throwing playing cards. One lodged in a beam joint in the ceiling and for all I know, is still there. I hung around much too long ... and left only when Celko's digital watch read 3:00. Damn, I didn't want to leave. For not only did I have a behemoth of a ride ahead of me, I was leaving some really fine people behind. Ahead, a job I'd come to see as little more than tedium and tension and a fandom divided by dope into suspicious factions, and almost nothing in which I had a personal stake. Above, gloomy clouds. Ahead, long miles of road. But I went, consoling myself that DSC was not so far away.

And the road was new to me, blessedly unfamiliar, and pretty the country it passed through. And the bad sky cleared so startlingly that along one deserted, lightless stretch of highway just shy of Mobile I stopped the Honda, killed the lights, & stepped out onto the road to accept the utter truth of the galaxy billowing overhead. It was beyond description.

I made it into New Orleans about eleven p.m., Louisiana time. 515½ miles, said the odometer, from Wolfhaven, Korphlugarten. Here. For better or worse.

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The next weekend, at the end of March, Biloxi hosted a (gasp) science fiction convention. It was called Coast Con (gasp) and I wanted to go. It cost (gack!) fifteen dollars. So I didn't go. Which created a small problem. Seems I'd borrowed Sue's copy of Lucifer's Hammer with the provision that it be returned at the con. I had to get the book (unfavorable review elsewhere) to Biloxi. Who was going from NOLA? Not Faruk von Turk; he'd planned on it but the \$15 tag blew his mind. So, as Guidry would not be found, I had to enlist the reluctant aid of Linda Karrh. No story ... I just hope the transfer went all right. Did it, mike?

A story did come out of the convention, though. Seems some NOLA fan, undoubtedly brooming along on a stratospheric high, had (1) read an apocryphal new item in a recent Rally and (2) overheard a completely unconnected anecdote from George Alec Effinger and come up with (3) a rumor that Harlan Ellison was planning on trying to block the New Orleans bid for the DSC, because Louisiana hasn't ratified the ERA, y'see.

Well, that seemed like a little much, but hearing that several NOLA fans were worrying, I checked with Effinger. He quite justifiably bounced off the ceiling. His story: he'd made a comment to Harlan, in New Orleans for a Tulane University panel discussion, that taking money for doing so in a state which hadn't said yes to the ERA went against his all-too-loudly proclaimed worldcon crusadings. And that was it. George asked me to do my best to kill the rumor and in subsequent calls I hopelessly stomped it down. Ellison doesn't know the DSC exists, & while he's on this political kick, I hope no one opens his eyes. Fannish panic had struck again...

And speaking of the DSC '79, we hope that one and all vote (by now, voted) for us at Rich's con. Now the fun ends and the work begins

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Received today a unique dittozine ... USCGC Morgenthau - News Letter No. 1-78. 3 pp., ditto, this zine is addressed "To: The Wives, Families, and the Friends of the Men and Women of CGC Morgenthau." It is a personalzine of the commander, & mentions the arrival of, among others, SA (Seaman Apprentice) Roberts, one of the three new members of "our women complement". It ain't Don-O-Saur, but it is re-

freshening. Fannishness in the armed forces on the high seas ... ah, there's a weapon the Reds can't counter.

Speaking of Russians, the weekend of Coast Con was astoundingly lovely. I walked over to the Mighty Muddy to partake of the cheapest thrill in town (public thrill, that is) ... riding the Algiers ferry. There I found docked the Odessa, the Commie luxury liner (you know, they only make you handle one oar) on which, coincidentally, a fellow unemployment interviewer was to sail later that day on a Gulf cruise. There were some Russians on deck. They stared down at the Americans on the shore, taking movies of the girls. Swarthy Cossacks in glistening white uniforms, rather grim, but then I probably looked grim, too. I know my fellow yankees did. Quite a chasm between us, political, sure, but real, too. Hungary and Czechoslovakia and Solhenitsyn ... the most repressive tyranny on the face of the earth, vicious, imperialistic ... I was surprised at myself for feeling uncomfortable, for feeling in my gut that the differences between those guys on the deck above and me and the tourists gawking at them were real, counted, made sense.

Maybe it was just the business they pulled up there on that deck. A Russian hammer-and-sickle flag flew from a pole on the stern, huge, bright red. One of the white-clad officers posed beside it while the other filmed him, Louisiana in the background. I felt positively rightwing: Terry and the Pirates. It'll never fly here for real.

Rode the ferry, shouted "Semper paratus" at a passing Coast Guard tender. That's the CG motto. Means "Always Ready." (Got the spelling from the CG keychain Jeni gave me.)

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April 2nd ... talked to home. Dad is in for some professional engineering type goodies...to keep him from transferring south, Union Carbide is offering him some spiffy foreign assignments, including one in Paris, for God's sakes, one in Germany, and, to aid in his neverbegun quest for spiritual enlightenment, a couple of months amongst the caribou in Saskatchewan. I'm in the wrong racket.

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I had been looking forward to April 3rd for months. The first Monday in April ... surely you'll know by now what that means. The second SM of any year deals with Mardi Gras. The third ... has to mention the Academy Awards.

My usual fevered interest in Oscar was heightened this year by a more personal involvement. Julia dealt with a person I've had the honor to meet, Annie Hall is by someone, about someone, whom I saw on the streets of NYC in 1974. (In fact the incident, depicted below by Carl Gafford, closely resembles one scene ... but then I

never asked Woody Allen to autograph a matchbook cover. And then there was Star Wars ... the life's dream of an s.f. freak. Not your standard year. Nor your standard Oscars.

An Oscar-by-Oscar account of the night would be duller than the actual show, impossible though that may sound. The show was badly paced, as usual, suffered from horrid choreography, and was brightened only by Bob Hope and Vanessa Redgrave.

Her award was very well deserved &



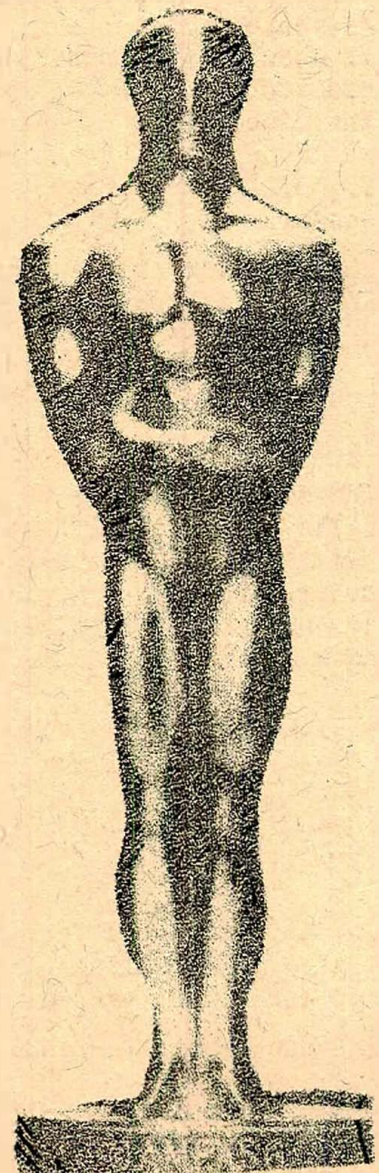
long overdue. And except for one unfortunate adjective, there wasn't a goddam thing wrong with her acceptance speech. In it, she lauded the courage of the Academy in voting its aesthetic conscience instead of bowing to political pressure. She praised the courage of Jews the world over who have given their lives in the struggle against tyranny. And she said "Zionist", and criticized Nixon and McCarthy. The intent of her message was overwhelmingly positive, & if she hadn't said Zionist all would have been peachy. Still, freedom of speech is freedom of speech, and I was hopeful that the remark would be allowed to rest in peace ... but I reckoned without Paddy Chayevsky, a hack apologist for middle American mediocrity & its twisted values, who sought successfully to milk the occasion for some cheap applause. I say this as an admirer of Redgrave and Israel both.

All that aside, the awards were mostly well-earned. I would quarrel with Jason Roberts' Julia Oscar (his 2nd in a row) only on behalf of Peter Firth's brilliance in Equus. Star Wars won all the technical awards except Cinematography, wherein it was not even nominated ... but Close Encounters took that. Greatest visceral pleasure came from seeing it take the awards for Score (since John Williams' music was a true classic) and Costume Design. It won six awards, plus a special sound effects trophy. It almost won it all.

The major awards were good, I've decided. Diane Keaton was the heart and soul of Annie Hall, and gave a funny and touching performance. Best word for it and her is "attractive", I think, because through our audience love for her, we could identify with Woody and thereby with the flick. Great award. Richard Dreyfuss was a surprise and, at first, a disappointment as Best Actor. I wanted Burton to win the Oscar he has deserved for ages. But seeing a rotten vehicle called The Madusa Touch has changed my mind. In it, Burton plays a writer with a telekinetic power that wreaks havoc on people who piss him off. Plot was meaningless ... everything was Burton, bellowing, spitting forth venom and pain, proclaiming his horrors ... just the performance he gave in Equus. In fact, the characters were indistinguishable. Dick has become a mannerist, playing not characters but himself. That doesn't mean, however, that he isn't glorious fun to watch. As for Dreyfuss, well, I preferred him in Close Encounters, but he was very funny indeed in The Goodbye Girl -- in fact, he alone made the movie worth watching. And he is one of the finest young actors working.

Now as for the Biggie ... I was a Star Wars partisan, of course ... but I cannot begrudge Annie Hall its Oscar. Unique, stunningly creative, personal & emotive ... it was autobio, sure, but it was autobio touched with parody and the free hand of the absurd. Allen made people guffaw before, in Bananas and Sleeper and all the others. But Annie Hall was not just laughter. Anyone who has ever known a wonder who could be touched but not held forever couldn't help but bite the collective lip in recognition, too. It was a very very beautiful movie, and to send Oscar its way was a very good choice indeed.

And that's Oscar for another year ... and I'm still missing five Best Pictures ... The Broadway Melody,



Cimarron, Cavalcade, The Great Ziegfeld, You Can't Take it With You.

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That first week in April saw Big Stuff go on at work. Basically, our psychotic supervisor got called down good. One of the interviewers finally complained to the union (I'm not in it) and the area manager (who is in a separate building, with the jobfinders; remember, I'm with unemployment insurance) finally, finally, finally took an interest. One by one we were called over there and asked to let it all hang out about this boob. I was there for an hour ... later, the supervisor was on the carpet for double that. He got a written reprimand & a promise that the next time he fucked up, he'd face either demotion from his supervisorship or The Axe. So he's had a good scare and will have to cool his fascist instincts towards his fellow employees and the public. Thank God.

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Justin Winston recently got an eyepiece for his telescope, and on both of the Saturdays in early April we hauled it into his yard and there beheld the manifest glory of the sky. You know what's up there ... Mars, Jupiter and its 4 visible companions, Andromeda, Saturn. I think the lens was 50 or 150X, but the images were startling. A tiny circle a fourth the size of a dime ... but Jupiter's color bands were discernible and, knowing it was there, the red spot. Messier 31, our galactic bedmate (a mere -- what? -- $7\frac{1}{2}$ million light years away), a suggestion of nebulosity around 3 extraordinarily bright stars. Mars a blur. Not much expected of Saturn ... it is, after all, one hell of a long way away. But there it was ... the rings not only sharp and clear but the shadow of the rings on the planet and even the shadow of the planet on the rings ... there, actually there. A thing .. no, a place, not just an unblinking dot in the heavens. It's a neverending wonder.

While we were looking at M-31, I mentioned part of that wonder to Justin. "I wonder how many people we're looking at?" "Or are looking at us?"

"Hello there ..."

Gee, science fiction.

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The day before SFPA 82 arrived, I made plane reservations for Iggy. Luckily, I called Continental, who have instituted a supercheap \$83 rate to Ellay. There I will (glk!) fly on 8-23-78 to see IASFS and my grandmother, in that chronological order, and then travel on to Phoenix and the con, with some Angeleno (preferably an Angelena). I've already made reservations at the Hyatt in Phoenix, which makes me a double masochist, remembering the atrium. Len, I fear you should expect a call.

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MAILING [AUSTIX]

Yes, on April 10, arrived...SFPA 82, sniffing a little and gazing up at me with big brown puppydog eyes from its emaciated pi'ful face. How like a Keane painting this sad little mailing.

But it wasn't bad for all that. I can no more restrain my affection for a solid little SFPA mailing than I can for Keane, woefully sentimental though his work may be. I believe that we may survive ...

The Southerner #32/AHOE

Amos ... Hutto ... Inzer ... Locke. Bloody hell, as Larry Epke says, that is a sad toll. Cliff isn't a

ziner, he's a corner; I never expected him to stay long. Geese was more into his private creativity than our public blather. It hurts to a superb fan writer and disciple of truth like Locke ... and it is almost crippling to lose Inzer. George

was more than just another member, he was and is a great friend who could, above all, be trusted. And I saw a Heavy cover, by Delmonte, in Ronnie's portfolio. Alas, it may never see print. ### I support your dues policy, especially since I won't owe any for four mgs. ### You know, I had to look up one of my old OOs to remember the amendments I proposed so long ago. Our constitution is a good-readin' document.

Skimming the Clouds of Venus #12/Andruschak A welcome in advance. Look forward to meeting you in August. ### I would not call it a "mission accomplished", the success of IASFAPA; call it rather a "mission well begun". That is one truly wonderful group of people; 3 of its members have visited me here, and I've visited one in NY. Five of its ladies have -- as of this Spiritus -- received SM dedications. (Don't everyone gasp at once.) It is a great apa, and you created it. My thanks. ### I'll be at your party at Iggy, of course. Stock up on onion dip.

Shadow-SFPA #6 As usual, comments on the individual zines can be found in China-town (3) in #7. I hope the SSFPA survives Beth's promotion into active membership ... and I hope it gets more zines from other waitlisters besides Southern Fried Fandom; with the exception of Andy and Rich Morrissey, such it has almost entirely been. Again, however: a good idea well done.

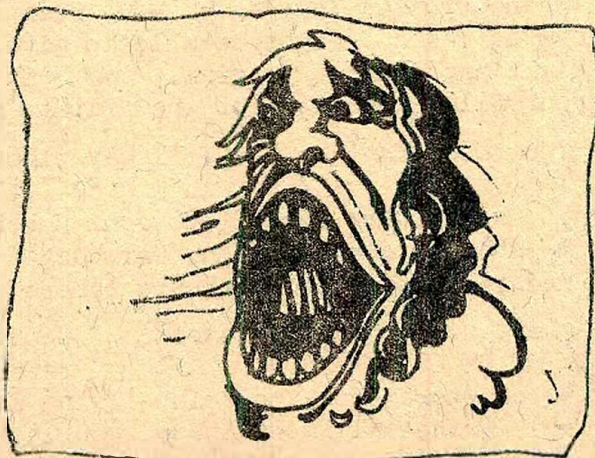
The Senior Woodchucks' Guidebook #2/Alan I like reading these indices; keep running them, please. I say this despite my very limited interest in The 3 Stooges, your current topic. So much of their material was swiped from superior teams -- Laurel & Hardy, for instance (remember the fish salesman bit?). I did enjoy ... at age 10 ... Have Rocket, will Travel. But that was at age 10.

GHLCGXXXXIII/Me Nothing to add to this list of my first 333 zines, except that I would include SM39 to any list of my own favorites. I promise no more Press lists until GHLDCLXVI... (hmm, might look attractive to give each pub a Roman numeral, at that. This one would be GHLCGXXLI. Big deal ...)

The New Port News #54/Brooks I realize that Chris Lee makes terrible movies from while to while, but he's always good. ### I agree with you about Quark -- unfunny -- but it's a big hit around here. No accounting for lack of taste. ### Symbol 12 is, of course, my favorite Selectric element; it can be used to brilliant effect. Good for you for getting one. ### I loved your experimental page filled with differing typefaces, done on such different machines. von Turk has one of those rotating cylinder jobs (a Bickensderfer... and so's your old man), and I once saw a stencil he'd tried to cut. No better luck than you. ### Your reprint about the perve who talked women into incinerating their scalps is current frontrunner for the Best Bit of mailing 82 ...

Smaug's Treasure Trove/Bush Great covers

... nice to see SFPAc from you. ### Hey, nice dedication. Many gracias, Shel. ### Kubrick's change of the Shining cook from black to white may remove a distraction from the story. I'm covered with drool with thoughts of the movie anyway. ### No joke ... I hate flying. I've been on about 25 plane trips, but God, I haven't really enjoyed more than two or 3. ### Tink-erbelle? Oh, the little red light bringing up the rear. Well, I think it was there for comic effect. Worked. ###



Amen about comics fans ... outside of K-a & NYAPA, they impressed me as a bunch of shylocks. Greed, greed, greed... ### I see you're a fan of ~~tits~~ even as am I. There's nothing prettier in the world. Eat hell out of comic books ...

Spiritus Mundi 44/Me Haven't found out how many years the judge gave Wayne Livas ... for some reason I regard my interest in the case as completed. ### Ali and Spinks have signed to battle for the title in our own Superdome next September. \$25 for the cheapest ticket...will I be there? Will I be there, they ask ... ### I really botched my Oscar predictions ... there was no contest this year (recall SM39), & mayhaps that's just as well...

Dwerd's Dwelling No. 33/Reed Hooray for your second offshoot! ### Hooray also for your new room ... Hank also has house renovation plans ... alien to an old balding bahcelor like me, who'll probably be a lifelong renter. ### I loved the Supie/Ali book, haven't been able to find a copy of my own. Spinks and all, the book sold like crazy. And why not? I've never seen such beautiful art. ### Dark walnut stain on Celko? Am I missing something?

Melikaphkaz #63/Atkins I must admit, you have something in equating your cat with a fungus. Most cats are such, anyway. You've merely decided to take advantage of nature. ### Nice comments on grass; its effects for you resemble Don Juan's "stopping of the internal dialog". My own experiences with dope have gone no further than faking it a couple of times for the sake of girls. (Remind me to tell you about Joe Brancatelli's party...) ### I hope you are right about elitism being the dead past in SFFA. My comments were directed at the sabbatical proposition, which was definitely elitist in nature. I'm delighted to see the father of us all, Alonzo the Magnificent, caring so about SFFA. Only natural, considering the years you've put into it. ### Politics based on human weaknesses? Like what? Seems to me that no free society could exist without politics. I hope you follow up on your comment. ### Re: your mc to Badgers: Whaaa? ### Your mc to Brown regarding Florida was fabulous ... have you read John D. MacD's superb Condominium yet? ### As long as the Atkins Box Scores are gone from human ken, it falls upon the individual member to keep this invaluable SFFA stat underway. Deltasign:

THE CHLIII SCORES: In SFFA 44 mailings. Misses: 0. Never owed pages. SFFA 82 saw 49 pages of Lillian work, for a total so far of 2032. 46.18181818 per mailing.

I wish you'd renew the Box Scores. I don't trust my math.

Thin Ice #29/Verheiden For a guy who can't draw, you do some good covers ... ### How true ... schmaltz rock is directed at the base emotions, & in times of upheaval those base feelings are right up where it can get at them. I couldn't listen to "If Loving You is Wrong" for months after breaking up with Gail in '72. Of course, I still can't stand to listen to it, & Gail faded into Neanderthalia long ago. ### Pizza Caboose? ### I don't handle CEIA in our office; if I did I might be able to give some inside advice. Keep trying ... and you might try another program. ### Enjoyed "Our Rebellious Youth". Start packing your film cases now for the trip to New Orleans for DSC.

Save Your Ass/Jennings I'll say right now that this was the most impressive zine in mlg 82 ... no mc's, just natter. But what natter! The Storm. On February 20th, 1978 Jeni Roberts called me from Cape May, New Jersey & told me she was coming south. Warm day for me ... Your account is vivid and horrifying, and reminds me of the hours before a big hurricane is to move in from the Gulf.

The Sphere vol. 53 #1/Markstein Good cover. ### I take it the timebomb you refer to is your Sphere #39 and your various flights of excrementia therein. (Tying in to your cover thish, which really is very clever.) Principal among these, your utilization of the great tragedy of Justin

Winston's life. I have it on the highest authority (hell, I got it from Justin) that a printed apology -- direct & simple -- would remove the source of animosity. Obviously he's the person you care about regarding all this (still warping my great "Fuck facts" quote out of all context, I see; same to you, cookie), so you might give it some thought. (Aside to Schwarzin: you'll read this even if Markstein won't ... why don't you read it aloud? Spirit's real, you know.)

Fee, Fie, Fo, Fat.../Etc. I've been at this joint 3 years, longest I've ever lived anywhere ... except perhaps 75 Conant Drive, Buffalo 23, NY ... grades 2 through 7, 1957 to 1961. I want out!

At Dawn the Girls Swam in a Nearby Lake While Waldo Strengthened His Grip By Squeezing Trees/Wells

That sentence is beyond doubt among the worst I've ever read. I must read Werewolf vs. the Vampire Women, the lifework of Arthur N. Scarm. ### Aside to Jennings ... did you know that the MacNelly cartoon satirizing the 1040 won this year's Pulitzer Prize? Back to Wells ... ### My favorite episode of Steve Allen's wonderful Meeting of Minds series starred Genghis Kahn & Emily Dickinson. Julie Harris repeated her Tony-winning performance as Emily, the only time on the show that Jayne Morgan didn't take the female's place at the table. ### Did you see "The Strange Case of the End of Civilization"? Hysterical. ### I had a claimant recently who'd left work due to a massive coronary; he'd died -- i.e. his heart had stopped -- on the table & had awakened to broken ribs from the direct massage. What went on in the meantime? He couldn't recall. ### I haven't heard this Wings superhit ... "Mull of Kintyre". ### Seems to me that a knife could conceivably cut itself...why not? The edge of a piece of paper can slice into its other edge ... uhh, can't it? ### Art Ulene's Corky has had literary ancestors ... Harvey, for one. Frankly, the fella sounds downright looney. ### You misunderstand the Wolflord, dear sir. Certainly he said that P.T. Olem's detestable The Clones was superior to your beloved (?) Scarm; but you misunderstand his context. The Clones is better at being bad.

Semi-Continuing Conversation / Schwarzin

Brown has a sexy voice? Or is it the other Gary? In which case: Steele has a sexy voice?!? ### Well, blue paper is ... well, it's a dark color, & ... ah, the hell with it. I prefer lighter colors. ### I've had a prostate massage, which nearly killed me. Someone once told me that a lady's monthlies were comparable, at their worst. How'd they know? ### I understand Larry Flynt is spending his days trying to move his toes. Bob Greene, once his mortal enemy, visited him & was horrified at how he wailed ... finally down to basics, finally down to the weakness at the center of his soul. Flynt's wife allegedly took photos of her husband's wounds for publication in Hustler. ### If people care about one another in this hideous society they have to work at it, & few are those who can escape from their selfishness & triviality with the necessary compassion & flexibility. It is too easy to dump a relationship under stress & start up another one. Why work at it? Why bother? Sure, there are people who do bother (you name one, the wonderful Bobbi Armbruster), but the selfish, the trivial, & the apathetic hold sway. Which, I suppose, only means that one should keep his/her emotions real and try to instruct by example. ### I would like nothing better than to closely examine the, ahh, items in question in re JoAnn's playtexlessness...but the poor lass screams whenever I come within a block of her. ### Duhh, duhh, what's a menhir? ### A comment to your SSFPazine crowded out by the lack of room in Chinatown: child porno is being given special attention above & beyond regular (!) smut because an aggravating circumstance is involved: the molestation of helpless people. It's akin to the difference between simple rape & forcible. Personally, I decry any attempt to censor what I read or see, but preventing the abuse of children is another matter altogether. ### Good zine!

APRIL 19 ... arrives LASTPAPA 19 with a hilarious GHEIII parody cover ... and comes a long call from Lee Pelton and Carol Kennedy. And they pass along the Hugo nominees.



I've read so few of the nommed books & stories that I cannot comment now ... next ish, then ... For now, a simple dammit that Scanner didn't make the list.

Two Twisted Tails/Hutchinson

I suppose you caught the recent

Bugs Bunny in Space pastiche, which spliced together bits & pieces of many of the Martian cartoons; I found it actually repellant. Why they can't simply show some of the plain stuff without all the revision & snipping is a matter of confusion for me. ### The Hobbit won a Hugo nomination...guess how much chance it has against Star Wars. ### Shock Waves ne'er showed around here. Don't those fools know I read my bad horror movies??? ### When I go to a movie, I almost always sit midway on the aisle. If I plop myself in the middle of a row, I make sure there is easy access to the aisle. You see, I get excited in movies when the man-eating glorp peels the bikini top off the teenage heroine

and sometimes I have to beat it. Ah, beat it to the men's room, that is. ### You mention Terrytoons & snag me with a comment hook; yesterday began the annual Symphony Book Fair, & after work I went by & there found John Guidry, attacking the boxes and tables for the 7th straight hour. He had on hand the find of the fair, a How-to-Make-Animated-Cartoons book with an original Paul Terry autograph & scribblesketch inside. Elaine Vignes had found it, decided she didn't want it, & given it to John. I'm never around at the right times nowadays ### Lastime I saw Beast from 20,000 Fathoms the furshlugginer local station cut out the lighthouse scene ... the original Bradbury story which gave rise to the whole movie. Assholes! ### My words to JoAnn must remain cryptic, at least in print. I wanted her to see them in the open; I apologize for leaving so much unexplained. I'll tell all in person. ### FM16 ... Zacherley? ### No, the pupil who set his teacher's hair afire called her on the telephone & convinced her that she had this rare scalp disease ... ### Keep out the Riff Raff? Hit'im with the sonic transducer, Frankie! ### Speaking of bad taste menstruation jokes, I just made one, & recently made another to a NOLA femme. She's an art teacher (and a very talented artist herself) & mentioned that she'd lost her 5th period. "I didn't know you saved them," said foul, tasteless, sexist dog turd GHLIII. ### Christ! I franked through both Celkozines! Enough! ### The Birmingham church-bomber was at large until very shortly before his trial; he went 19 years before being nailed. I hope they put the rat down where the sun don't shine & welded the door closed. ### Hank's 7 or 8 years older than Meade? I didn't think Frierson was so old ... ### I echo your invite to Spanier to rejoin the waitlist. Hear that, Chuckles?

Gimboate Vol 1, pp 581-584/Steele

Good news about Galbreath. He still owes me a cover. ### If you do get laid off from

your job, don't hesitate to apply for your unemployment insurance. ### Forget the '76 slide. I finally wrangled a pic Linda Karrh (pause to puff & pant) took of me at MidAmeriCon. It's already in my journal ... ### The notes given for the CE3K fanfare came from a radio schtick on the film. ### Yes, that was me, calling. I didn't know you were still in a postslumber stupor, though ... you sounded just the way you normally do ...

Uñreal Reality #somethingorother/weber

Like the ad/cover. ### Thanks for the hospitality, & congrats to you & Sue for

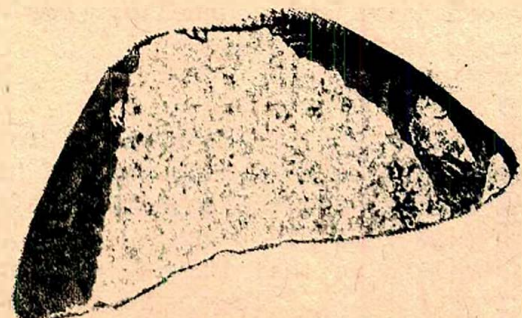
finally persuading me to go to Rocky Horror. The movie was like Lord of the Rings for me ... a cult item I skipped on general principles & then enjoyed immensely.

It was a one-joke movie, to be sure ... but I'm still laughing. I was lucky to see it in Atlanta, where the audience augmented my kicks instead of fucking up the works with their own antics. I was wild about the music -- the soundtrack, purchased simultaneously with those for Chinatown & Citizen Kane ("Mixed bag," I explained to the sales clerk), plays now as I hack -- especially "Hot Patootie" & of course "The Time-Warp". Skillfully produced and fine hardrock. And the story itself, looney as hell though it was, impressed me as friendly. I'm straight as a laser, I'm afraid, but Curry's Frank N. Furter was so funny ... and finally, so sad ... that I couldn't help but like the son(or)daughter of a bitch. Talking about the flick somehow doesn't do it justice; I can't see going back 27 times but once was definitely not enough. Hell, mind if I interrupt your mc to take on the next quiz?... while "There's a Light" plays & we all flick our Bics ...

Trivia Quizon.....

1. Puce and magenta: the Transylvanian flag.
2. The ~~Christian Science Monitor~~ Main Dealer.
3. Lillie St. Cyr really is a stripper.
4. The sonic transducer, I think.
5. The meaning of the movie is elusive.
6. The middle one.
7. That's on the flag, I think.
8. The Last Supper.
9. Gimme a minute ... "Hot Patootie" is on next.
Hm...Divine? I can't tell, don't care...
10. Jesus, I only saw the damn movie once ...
11. RKO? Real Kinky Orifice.
12. On screen or off?
13. Is the transducer the machine that brings Scott up the stairs?
14. Scott is Frankie's rival ... and we all know what Great Scott! means.
15. A ~~Worcester's~~ Hersey's Bar.
16. 1?
17. 13.
18. 14.
19. Von Scott, Brad, Frank, Magenta, Riff, Columbia, Rocky
20. Orgasmic rush. That's on the record, too. Of lust.
21. Iccck!
22. Creation of Adam by Michaelangelo.
23. Twice ... maybe?
24. Rocky. Said by Columbia, who got dirty looks for it, especially from Furter.
25. The one not busy.
26. Pink. If it wasn't, it shoulda been.
27. Nope; at least, not on the album cover.
28. Who keeps track of time? Especially with all the warps ...
29. No parking.
30. He played in Hercules, as you know.
31. Anita Bryant would pee in her diapers if she saw this movie.
32. False.
33. Twice ?
34. Douche, & fast.
35. False, unless Eddie hands it to him.
36. Edsel. If it wasn't, it shoulda been.
37. Frankie, of course.
38. Five. ???
39. Lifesavers are from the Titanic.
40. Not enough!

THE
ROCKY
HORROR
PICTURE
SHOW



41. 17 dogs and one bitch (Frankie).
42. Eddie's brain.
43. Everybody, of course.
44. Nephew.
45. No.
46. False -- Riff Raff.
47. Didn't everybody?
48. Aug. 9, 1974. Nixon resigned that night. Thanks Beth.
49. False ... or it should be. He's locked up in the fridge at that time.
50. She beat the other girls to the bride's bouquet.
51. False, false, false. Columbia is All-American.
52. Believe it's Riff Raff. Who else could it be?
53. Seattle World's Fair.
54. Transylvania, Transsexual, or something about the same.
55. Where couldn't be be.
56. Eleven. All 10 fingers and one in his nose.
57. Puce & magenta.
58. 69. I think I mixed up the last 2 questions.
59. Jimi Hendrix, as remembered by the Plaster Casters.
60. No number, a slogan: "Heaven's above."

ESSAY: Deal the cards. ### Sure helps to have the record as a cribsheet.

Before going back to Mike's zine, I want to mention that Barry Bostwick won the 1977 Tony Award for Best Actor in a Musical for The Robber Bridegroom, Susan Sarandon is rubbing powder on her tits in Pretty Baby, Meatloaf is touring the country ... and poor Tim Curry is still playing Furter in London. I don't want my world rose-tinted ... but I wish all those who do lots of luck.

Unreal Reality (continued)/Mike Saw Allegro Non Troppo, and while being bored with the live action antics of the dagoes, was very impressed with the animation, and the clever punch to the cartoons, particularly the "Bolero" segment ... and after the punchline in the second segment (the Leader taking his people to the cliff, etc.) I laughed for 5 minutes. Moral to the piece: there is a limit. ### If Bradbury is disdained by fandom, his Gandalf nomination is a peculiar indication of it. Of course, I'm a collaborator with Ray, so ... ### Lucifer's Hammer was among the shallowest hunks of tripe I've ever read. Hammerfall was just an excuse for the authors to put to paper some common rightwing wet dreams, some early Heinlein sexism, and work some Ellay fans into a cowboys and n--- shoot'em-up. A couple of the characters came through...

Dan ~~Anderson~~ Forrester, for instance ... but the chicks were all caricatures and the men all macho creeps, except the black villain, who was a shameless fear totem, a houserobbing wiferaping jivetalking street n--- armed with Nam savvy and federal grants. I seldom think of books as racist but Lucifer's Hammer was just that. It'll almost undoubtedly win the Hugo because Niven and Pournelle throw great parties for LASFS, but on its own merits the book belongs with the worst dribblings of Allen Drury. Contrast it with another "disaster" novel, John D. MacDonald's Condominium, which was umpteen times as entertaining, umpteen times as perceptive, umpteen times as good. By himself MacD is seventy times the writer of both Niven and Pournelle. ### Anyway, thanks for loaning me the book. And Donna's vacated room,

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TRUE WALSH STORIES. It's April 21st. Tonight I allowed Walsh to cadge a ride from Lovin's, where he spends most of his time, uptown (I had to exchange my Citizen Kane record; not the soundtrack after all, I found). He brought along a jar of chemicals in a black box. PICRIC ACID, label said. Walsh wowed me halfway there by telling me that it was, when dried, a high explosive. "UNO wanted to get rid of it," said he. "They were afraid it had dehydrated. Not to worry." And he kicked the box to show me not to worry. I didn't. I learned not to bother worrying a long

time ago.

By the way, tomorrow is not only my daddy's 52nd birthday, it is also Astrid Anderson's wedding day. I hear from Walsh that Foul and Karen are in town, but of course the affair is private, & they don't want a bunch of fans hanging around. Somehow the city seems nicer, though, knowing that great man is here.

+ = +

Is This a Mummy I See Before Me/Davis Welcome back, again. You're one of my favorite on-and-off SFRans. Welcome back also to the South, whence you should have never left. ### Pfui, Silent Running is a lovely movie, The Power is quite good (despite George Hamilton), and the first and fourth Planet of the Apes flicks are worth watching. And of course Fare Maidens from Outer Space is the best movie ever made. ~~Oh/4/\$3/\$0/644/~~ ### Lee as The Emperor? Oh yes, yes, yes ... although someone did ask him if he'd been approached for the sequel and he replied in the negative. ### I recall Atomic Rabbit, who got his powers from U-235 pills. Sure he was a mouse? (Only in a fight.) ### It's spelled "hypocrites". ### Interesting thoughts on GL3K. ### Fritz Leiber has been worldcon GoH ... in NOLA 25+ years ago. And I say that Phil Dick deserves GoHship as much if not more than ANY OTHER s.f. writer or artist who's been working as long as he has, and much more than all but a thimbleful of the others. ### Ah, just talked with R-M Green of West Palm Beach, Florida. Someone reel me in from the ceiling ... ### Come at me with your khaki killer techniques and your Heinlein! I will counter with my Phil Dick humanitarianism and drug vapors. Like the Shadow, I will cloud your mind, and away will spirit Emma Peel ... ### Poor Turning Point got really burned in the Oscars; didn't win a one. ### I know well what a klutz Gittis is ... we're discussing Chinatown now ... as he operates on naive assumptions despite his prior experience with Chinatown. I disagree beyond measure about Nicholson ... I thought him wonderful in the role. Remind me to give my exposition on the usage of cigarette lighters as symbols in the movie. Sure, Gittis did everything wrong, but Polanski did absolutely nothing wrong. What a flick ... I listened to the music before starting this page, and it is Jerry Goldsmith's finest. ### Death to cats. Nyahh. ### To repeat: Diana Rigg is mine, mine, mine. Tell you what: as I walk past with Ms. Rigg on my arm, I'll let you and Weber stand a few feet away to drool and abuse yourselves. It's the least I can do for my fellow apans. ### Just so long as the father of Rigg's kid wasn't Sterling Smith. (See SM39.) ### "And Lafferty yet writes! Never forget Lafferty." You should be at LoC. You'll see. ### Okay, Davis, welcome back. Last a while this time ... you are a true bounty (double ply).

Something for SFFA/Hulan Yes, like you thought, Ld Cox did a zine entitled Something for SFFA #1 (3 pp) back in mlg 26, according to Markstein's Index. The "#1" will differentiate this from that in future indices easily enough. ### Agree: I'd rather have an oldfashioned sweepband watch than one of those newfangled digital doodads. Despite what Trav McGee says, I like being able to move my wrist, shift my eyes and know the time. With digitals as most are usually made, you have to thumb a button, making for interesting situations during traffic. Celko pointed this out last Easter ... mentioning that sun glare made his watch right hard to read anyway. ### Your NFL makes more sense than that which is. Good system.

One More Time/Lester Why didn't you ask me to mimeo this thing? I could have gotten you legible results. ### Walking in this town is fun; less exerting than in other cosmopolitan burgs like, say, San Francisco, where the natives and tourists have hills to contend with. Here we have flat, flat, flat, flat. It's dull, this flatness, but it's easy. ### All You Need is Cash was utterly inspired. Mick Jagger was grand and the Beatle imitators were uncanny, especially the ersatz Paul and John. Getting old ... they're satirizing MY youth now.

APRIL 22nd ... the "tomorrow" referred to on the last page. Last night Beth called, which was right sweet of her. We talked about a lot of things, including The Rocky Horror Picture Show Quiz, which accounts for the crossed-out answers & the date of the Denton Affair (which I looked up in the almanac). Don't call it cheating. Call it research. (And Brad did hold the sax. Eddie did hand it to him.)

THIS MORNING I heard, on the phone, the voice I least wanted to hear ... but I went and picked Walsh up at his granny's house anyway. The wedding was imminent & Walsh needed a ride. I drove him to Lovin's, and ended up being drafted to carry not only Walsh but also Lovin, the ring, and the bouquets (all gorgeous, except for Roger, though he would dispute that) to the wedding site at City Park. I got to see, once again, Poul Anderson, on a very proud day for him, one of the truly great men I have ever known, who was much too patient with me back when. I said hello for Rosy (with whom I had also spoken the night before; ah that voice, that voice) and was asked to pass along return greetings. I cursed Walsh (nothing new there) for not giving me enough notice so I could have shaved. "Just makes us look better," said the demon detective.

I trundled Don and Rog out to City Park, following Huge Gross Shel's hideous van, & deposited them and their stuff at the Rose Garden. I noted L. Hoffman Price taking photos of the assemblage before departing, feeling a compound of envy and osmotic happiness.

Picric Acid ... Picric Acid ... I'll have to type that into page 16. Knew something reminded me of Charles Dickens.

##

Talisman 16/Biggers Nice cover; you should always draw, draw, draw. ### I know what you mean about cutting back on apac; I want to halve my activity too, a desire now dependant on CM elections in NYAPA. If Spanier loses, I'm out, although I of course haven't mentioned that there. ### Just a rumor & a dream, so far, that I might move to Lanta. I'd definitely like to, as it is a great city with a great group of fans. But how could I get nifty girls from LASFAPA to visit me if I lived there? New Orleans is jazz, adventure, romance, French Quarter, mystery, history, voodoo, wild endless fornication. Atlanta is the big fire in Gone With the Wind, the place where everyone changes planes, the tall Hyatt, and the best DSC town in the south. And much more, of course. I won't leave here yet. I've come far enough in this burg, lonely though it is and effed-to-pieces though its fandom may be (hah, is). But I can hear the calliope on the Natchez from here. Can't from Peachtree and Peachtree, just off of Peachtree. ### I'd cooperate with an increased copy requirement to raise funds, but take my word for it: let's not advertise in The Buyer's Guide. ### Freas has another Hugo nom this year ... a fact which I find disgusting. Did he do anything in '77? Well, what matter to fans? He gets drunk at parties and comes to conventions, all that's required to win a Hugo over more deserving artists. ### Of course life doesn't begin to decline at 25. That downward slope begins at 30. In other words, next year. At the NOLA LSC. Come watch me hit the crest on 20 July. ### I'm with you on novocaine: its effects go within an hour or two. Wonderful stuff. ### The Long Goodbye was Lliot Gould's Marlowe movie; Farewell, My Lovely was Mitchum's. I've been warned away from The Big Sleep. ### I like the in-print Biggers better than the staid old schoolmarm that wears your nametags at conventions. (To return the compliment.) Don't exactly despise the latter, either, understand, it's just that in social blowouts like cons, I believe in letting it all hang out. Just because my mouth is open doesn't mean my ears aren't. ### "Continuously" has six vowels and six consonants, & no more. Found that out reading Hulan's zine (he used the word and I idly counted the letters). The English word "waterigroupy" had all five vowels in a row, and the third word that ends in "gry" after "angry" and "hungry" is "walgurgisnachtgry". Stump me, haw? ### I guess I'm a cosmopolitan Southerner. Hate the magazine, though.

Merlin's Daughter/Sue

Hi, and thank you for putting up with me
Easter eve. ### Boy, do I regret not seeing The Hobbit.. I've missed out entirely on the discussion in these pages, which has been intense. ### If I ever get ahold of Joan Dilworth, ~~I'll try to have a copy made of the best pic I took of Chris Lee, and waft you a copy.~~ It's the least I can do after borrowing your Lucifer's Hammer. ### Andruschak's resemblance to your hubby is probably all in the beard, but you can judge for yourself at Iggy. ### Justin Winston is a.k.a. Faruk von Turk, the mysterious Son of the Sands. We who follow him have ape'd his nomicker, dropping the last "s" to differentiate us from the Abbott & Costello fan club still active in Louisiana. I explained all this to the hotel people I talked to, but still got straaaaaaaaange looks. ### A sweet and stunning girl not being responded to by fellas is more astonishing to me. Before fandom, you must have hung around with a court of drag queens. ### Boy, do we disagree about Niven and Pournelle. Or Pournelle at least; Larry's all right. ### I have a complete run of the X-Men up to #24 or so. Probably beyond that, since it includes those terrific Adams issues. I liked that book; had about six LOCs in its pages. ### Still need Fat Freddy's Cat? Can do...



The Portable Noctuary V1#2/Moudry

I wish I could've stopped off at your new house en route to Atlanta and ~~fallen/sd/sd~~ ~~stayed/sd/sd~~ looked over the new collection housing, but it was late in the evening & who needs guests at that time, anyway. Charl Proctor tells me that the place is right pretty. Congrats aplenty. ### I must confess that I know little or nothing about the Shaver mystery. ? ### Another quiz. Okay. (1) Under Pressure & 21st Century Sub. (2) ? (3) I oughta know this, since I've met most of the participants, I think. (4) Jesus! (No, He wasn't one of the editors of Weird Tales) (5) F&SF. (6) Plenty of them: Bester, Bloch, Delany, and likely more. (7) Unknown, he guesses. (8) Moon Mullins. (Get it? "Cheeky" character...) (9) ? (10) Bloch, I think. (11) Actor, Curt by name. (12) Moses. (13) "The Day Before the Revolution." (14) Red Planet. (15) Don Quixote. Didn't know Cervantes was an Aussie, did you? (16) Spiritus Mundi. I know a good title when I see one. (17) Unknown. (18) No, I won't do that. (19) Jerry Page. (20) Revolt on Alpha-2. (21) Oh, lord, Moudry... (22) The Day Star by Mark Geston. (23) Tolkien. Burroughs was round one. (24) First or second, second, yes, star to the right and straight on till morning. (25) Amazing. (26) The Conservative. (27) Walter M. Miller Jr. (28) Chi. (29) Adventures in Time and Space. (30) The Man Who Folded Himself. (31) ? (32) CHLIII Press, Zugzwang Press, Ochre Dingleberry Press. (33) Mystifying. (34) City. Knew that. (35) World of Chance. (36) Gaines, Mad. (37) Lester. (Sorry, too good to miss.) (38) ? (39) I could look it up, but that would be cheating. (Call it research.) (40) The reason I haven't slept with a twonk since my first DSC.

The Survivor/Campbell

Welcome! I know we've met at Joe's, so you're the 68th member of this apa I've met in the flesh, counting myself. I wonder if that's a record? ### I approve of Joe blackmailing pages out of you through dangling pulps & pound cake in front of you. I've done the same with Hank for some years now, and this mailing must again. I will never understand how people can waste their time riding bikes and chasing girls when they could be filling stencil after stencil with mailing comments. ### Neat Nixon tale. My June LASFAPazine, as presently planned, will be dedicated to him, and entitled Dickhead. ### See you at DSC. Who's up for another Fried Shoes?

Oblio #36/Brown

Great cover! Alan's outdone himself! ### Ick! Shame about your back. Shame also that you were forced to endure middle Americana at its worst (Gilligan's Island, Gomer Pyle); that must have hurt worse than the pinched nerve. I've found L'eggs ads to be less hummable than Haynes: "From Madrid to Montreal remember underneath it all..." Of course, nothing ever could beat the Wrigley Spearmint Gum Marching Band. "Gum Gum Gum, Wrigleysspearmintgumgum, gum..." Remind me to relate how I once caught myself going GUM GUM GUM on the subway in NYC....Get

well, fella. ~~1/need/your/shirt/s/~~

SFC Bulletin 18.75/Frierson Thank God you're okay, and digging out. Shame about all the lost stuff, especially the fabulous denim con suit. Rebuild and persevere!

My God, I'm About to Be Kicked Out of SFPA!/JoAnn Cute cover cartoon! ### My sympathies for your doing fanac four times over. Please don't trash that original dittozine, even though Karrh spaced it out and didn't run it (you could always hit up Steele or Andruschak to print it for you). Nothing against Linda, but when people give me stuff to do and I agree to do it, I try my damndest to do it. ### Meade's nose may be getting a tad red in s'ham, but his neck, never. ### Ah, well, now that you mention it, "Juno-esque proportions" does indeed mean, ah, "gargantuan mounds of firm-peaked mammarian flesh", and why shouldn't you care what you look like when you're 40ish? You'll still be much the same you are now, at least, I hope, insofar as, ah, well, let's just say that you probably won't feel old, so why should you look old? But of course I'm not one to encourage well-endowed young girls to wear bras. I'm still remembering the beautiful brunette in the tight T-shirt who came out of the ladies room at Luigi's complaining that it was cold in there and how I thought, through the rush of my overloaded senses, that she didn't need to say a thing ... Oh, aggh, God, yum yum YUM! ### Check one of the Writer's Mags on the shelf, or visit the library and get one of the Writer's Guides, for small publisher's addresses. Send off a couple of poems; you don't need an anthology. I predict success. Meade's had a spate of poetry pubbed; oldtimers here recall P.O.M.P.O.S.I.T.Y., which reprinted many of his collegiate works. If a hippy lawyer from the boonies can do it, you got it bagged.

The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey #3/Boutillier My third Spiritus contained a report on the Nebula awards with a piece on Ted Sturgeon, whom I met thereat, and my first full set of mc's. It was blue. ### Where was I during the ConToast? Last Saturday in January ... I went to Justin's and called Kate out in California ... hmm, wonder why I didn't go? ### Good and perceptive report on Mardi Gras, although I still say that the adjective most descriptive of it is "cold". ### The piece I liked best on the Elton John Muppets show was ~~Wiss/Paggy~~ the opening segment where Elton said that he'd found the Muppets to be really friendly; even his lunch liked him. And of course there was a trayful of french fries and a hamburger all waving at him and going "Ooooooh, Elton!" My favorite bit on that whole series remains the Muppets chorale rendition of "Temptation", which ended with Miss Piggy throwing Kermit to the floor in acute lust. Juliet Prowse was the guest star. ### The Incredible Hulk is really sad. I notice they changed the guy's first name from "Bruce". Too many "questionable" implications to the name. ### I understand that Loose Change thing was historically very inaccurate; SDS existing in full flower in 1963, etc. I ducked it. ### I dropped in, entirely without paying, on one segment of the Tulane Directions '78 ... the panel with Dick Cavett and Gay Talese. I went in only to fetch Elaine for some faanishness; didn't even know Cavett was there. Second time I'd seen him in person. ### It's untrue that Carter wasn't fond of HHH while he was alive; since he went into the White House, Carter kept up a dialog with Hubert that he found very helpful. He distrusted him during the nomination fight, of course -- he knew that Humphrey could cash in enough political chips to seriously challenge him for the nomination. ### Jerry Brown? Buzz word ... ### Sexism for sex: you always confuse the obscenity for the reality. And maybe men can bellydance, but who cares?

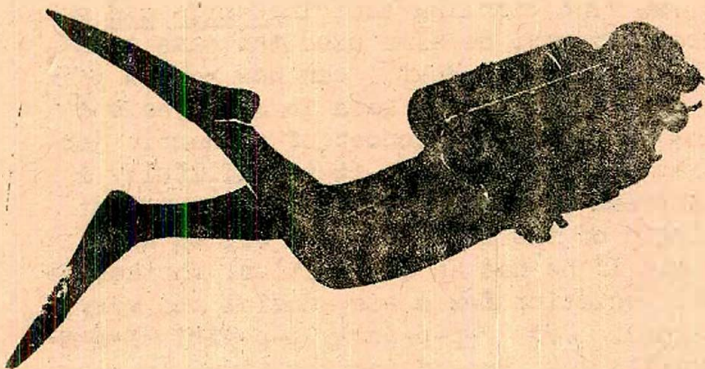
Chromakey #Ache/Weilage Neat caricature. I hope you keep 'em coming. I recently had three electrostencils run (courtesy of Charlotte Proctor; my old source at UNO dried up suddenly) with no fewer than 7 GHLIII caricatures from old zines theaon. The purpose of this rampy egotism was continua-

tion of a LASFAPA schtick ... I pub a portrait of myself in every zine I do for them. The cover to SM34, much reduced, is coming up; should raise a few hackles. ### I'm typing on an SCM, too -- Guidry's, lent to me by pearish kindness. It was borrowed to save stencils, being elite as opposed to my own machine's pica. It has its problems ... the "t" was hardly printing up until a few stencils ago, at which time I applied the Mexican monkey wrench, and now the "p" is printing lightly. Fortunately, the "p" is used much less often than is the "t". ### I saw a novel version of The Wicker Man ... that is, I saw a book version. Without nude scenes of Britt Eklund, who cares? ### The circling shot in Carrie did make me dizzy, but Katt & Spacek held my interest anyway. dePalma used the same technique in Obsession, but I don't recall it in The Fury. Hey! I can now review that very neat flick, which features the best Kirk Douglas I've seen in many yeats & ... of course, some patented Brian dePalma justice. His concept of cathartic justice is even more basic and brutal than Sam Peckinpah's, but it is skillfully & creatively handled & you go "Right on!" instead of "How awful!" when the moment comes. There is a very big hole in the logic of the thing, though ... so big I even thought of writing dePalma & asking him if he had an explanation. Whether he did or not, it wouldn't hurt my overall appreciation for a suspenseful and very wellacted piece of work. Not Carrie, but good. ### P-p-p-porky p-p-pig? N-n-n-nuts to y-y-y-you, W-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-w- Marcus! ### Hmm, doing the time-warp nowadays, M? ### Saw a photo of Jack Larson recently; he's old, old, old. ### You got your wish re: Oscars for Annie Hall. ### I like the BeeGees' Sat. Night Fever music too, especially "More than a Woman" and "Staying Alive". They're a fine group ... their "Nights on Broadway" is a heart-twister. ### Loved the video natter ... I like to hear experts talk about their fields.

Zinith 2/Lillie Hmm, your name is too close to mine. You better see about changing it. ### Good cover. ### Balance certainly is the ultimate condition. Who said that first? Karl Wallenda? ### I'll be attending one apa party at Iggy (the LASFAPA gathering); if a SFParty is arranged I'll of course attend. How many of us will be there? ### Good comment to Morrissey about the South, bro' Rebel! ### MADAME Thornhill!?! ### Good comment on Silmarillion, which I of course have yet to read. ### NYC is a glorious place. Its problems are famous, but its glories are obvious. Always, always, always something new to see. Great town if you have money or don't care about not having money. ### As you seem to be taking a zodiacal survey, I'll cooperate: I'm a Cancer, born 7-20-49. ### The drawing on the Sons of the Sand ad was by Fredric Remington. Yes, the Fredric Remington. Justin took it from one of his bound editions of Harper's, 1889 or thereabouts. (He photographed it, that is ... he wouldn't trash an invaluable book just for a con ad.) ### "Pawnee Bill" Lillie my sweet pink bee-hind. You're yanking legs out of the socket here, Scott. ### Switching an audience's emotions from delight to fright and back again is the mark of a good director. Spielberg did it brilliantly in Jaws; in fact, I've never seen better headplaying than in the wrecked-boat scene. ### I doubt seriously if there were earthquakes around this part of the country in the 1850's; if so, why haven't there been recurrences? ### I don't think your analogy of free verse to a blatantly tasteless pocket of noise by a punk rock group is fair at all. Shakespeare is free verse. If you mean blank verse, well, I would point to Emily Dickinson, whose work is often without rhyme or rhythm and which is also incredibly beautiful. ### Mississippi's obviously part of the south. Isn't it in our constitution? ### Rather interesting mc to Lon; such discussions usually bore me, dealing as they do with transcendentalisms beyond my concern. I like to deal in stories, accounts, the people and their feelings. It's point of view, but I can read about philosophies and maintain some interest. ### No comment on your comment to Lester. You should've been in New Orleans for the last 5 years... ### I like the Hildebrandts' Tolkein calendars too. Looking over the latest is what convinced me to read the trilogy. ### I was at a SFMA conclave in Berkeley once which shared a hotel with a glob of Fundamentalists. Randall Garrett had the only interesting encounter: he was stum-

bling about the lobby of the Claremont Hotel with a drink in his hand when an old lady storms up to him and said "Don't tell me you drink!" To which the great Garrett replied, "Yes, and I fuck too!" Tsk tsk. ### I know the very day I "grew up", and I've said it before: May 15, 1969. People's Park. Discovered there and then that I was not a coward, that I cared, that I was not a follower, but a person with his own mind and a real sense of right and wrong. ### Good zine. You sure do have a lot of uncles.

IT'S BEST BIT TIME!!!!!!



and
Nasty Ol' Ned Brooks wins it going away with his account of the phone call pervert who persuaded unwary housewives to burn their hair. Congratulations Ned! Your prize, a bottle of shampoo, a quart of gasoline, and a match, is enroute. But don't wait! Douse that dandruff now!

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And so Sunday, 4-23-78 comes ... and I am in dreadful danger of completing this Spiritus. And it isn't even May!

One of the dangers, this early completion, of starting an issue on page 1 and continuing straight on through, perhaps going back to change a few typos (or answers on a trivia quiz), but adding no new sections or pages. Doing apazines in sections insures a balanced zine ... neither the mc's nor the natter nor the reviews nor the conreps dominate. I like doing SMs in sections for the greater control it brings. Lastish had definite segments ... trial, Carnival, mc's, movie natter to close. This one? Well, anything for a change.

I do have a couple of reviews which I wasn't able to work into the mc's ... I recommend hesitatingly an interesting German, I think, film by the name of Aguirre, Wrath of God. If you can make the rather difficult leap of imagination to allow Spanish conquistadors to speak German, you can immerse yourself in a terrifying and emotionally draining story of a group of these soldiers, separated from their general, who embark on a psychotic expedition to find El Dorado. The lead actor is apparently well known in foreign film circles; I can't tell you his name (and only because I didn't catch it, not because it's a secret). He is absolutely brilliant. Supporting performances are likewise fine. One looking for a standard plot will go away unsatisfied, but no one will leave unshaken. Good, good, film.

The s.f. Book Club brought me James Tiptree's first novel, Up the Walls of the World. It is splendid. Its theme: the Other exists. Tiptree is not talking about a bad Tom Tryon novel (and worse Robert Mulligan movie). She is talking about fundamental problems of self and other beings. Again, it is proven that there is room in science fiction for novels about characters. Not only the imagination is pricked here ... although Tiptree creates as complete and believable an alien world as I've ever encountered ... but the spirit as well. It is complex, touching, & fine.

I went to see Pretty Baby for exactly one reason: a couple of scenes were shot on the corner. I watched them filming them on 24 May last year, along with Inzer; in person, Brooke Shields is a pretty little girl. On screen, she is a beautiful little girl. Naked, however, she looks like a skinned rat. I disliked Pretty Baby intensely.

There is no drama to the film. There is no tension. There is no revelation of character. There is no moral perspective (except when a hammy extra gets to say, "after Shields' cherry is auctioned off, for \$400, "I dunno; this gives me queasy innards"). There is no plot. There is no historical accuracy...a senator is even shown wearing a wristwatch with a golden band. Nothing happens in Pretty Baby. The acting is

standard par, or worse. The madam of the whorehouse steals the show by being absolutely ghastly; everyone else is just there. Keith Carradine's characterization consists entirely of a funny walk. Susan Sarandon is best, but her best scene is still stolen by exposure of her amazingly full, heavy breasts; she's grown in many ways since Rocky Horror. Shields? She doesn't change at all during the film. Nothing affects her. Losing her virginity? Nothing. Living with a man? Nothing. Being taken from him? Nothing.

And that about sums up Pretty Baby. There's nothing to it. And the two scenes which the company took all day to shoot take up perhaps 45 seconds, together, of screen time. You don't even see my front door.

~~###==###~~

In the space below, I will cap Jimmy Connors' tennis activities since SM44. He lost, in the first fucking round no less, to Jeff Borowiak. This was a WCT tourney played 3-21-78. He came back a couple of weeks later to win a tourney over Raul Ramirez, 7-5, 7-5, in Rotterdam, his 5th win of the year, I believe. He was scheduled to battle Roscoe Tanner in one WCT bout in April, but I could find no mention of it; today he fights his #1 rival, Bjorn Borg, in a Tokyo tourney. Blank space below will be filled Monday, tomorrow, with an account of the results! Jump'em Jimbo!

Don't have to wait ... wish I did. Borg ate Connors alive, 6-1, 6-2. Must have been a slow court. Bjorn has a 2-1 advantage over Jimmy in '78.

Not to despair! Wimby and the U.S. Open are still ahead!

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I received a nice letter from Dee Mathews, and was planning to reprint it, but, naturally and of course, have misplaced it in the deeps of this apartment. How could someplace so small be filled with so much trash? Sorry, Dee ... I'll see it's transcribed as soon as it's freed from whatever glut of paper hides it.

Got calls from our own Andy Whitehead and LASFAPAN and SFPA waitlister Alan Winston ... both going to DSC, both needing roomies. As I'm booked, smile, I referred Alan (who called second) to Andy. Andy also requested mimeography and he was of course given full leave to send on the stencils. Gotta keep that bwah in SFPA... which reminds me, time to start bugging Hank for his pages again.

@==@

The wedding story is about over... Poul and Karen will be in town another two days, but no mere fan should intrude on their time. Last night I ran into a member of the wedding party, Adrienne Martine, who brought back memories of those good days of Berkeley fandom, back in the earliest numbers of Spiritus Mundi in '71. She's an agent and author herself, and exists as further proof of my precognitive talent: while typing up my diatribe against Lucifer's Hammer several pages ago, I remembered the Nebula banquet where Niven won his award for Ringworld. I thought the book sucked, as I said then and have ever since, and had something of an argument with a girl at a party about it. You guessed it: Adrienne. Next day Walsh called and told me she was in town.

Anyway, she was nice to see, & I drew forth info about some of my old mates in the Little Men ... Alva Rogers, remarried ... Tom Whitmore, owns a bookstore ... Jerry Jacks, lost weight ... and ultimate in my affectionate memory, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, doing wonderfully and selling books. With luck, my "mama" will be at Iggy.

I drove Ms. Martine to the airport today (that's my major talent: driving people places). Asked her to please contact Quinn for me and see if she still has the negatives of my Nebula banquet photography. I'd like prints of those prizes (and of course I'd pay). Harlan's Nebula switcheroo hassle, described in a previous issue.

My photos of Sturgeon ... unless those were lost when I sent the negatives to Tom Purdom. I'll have to write Quinn to make sure she knows that I'll pay...

Seeing Adrienne and talking to her, I was struck by a surprising but basic fact of sf-dom. A lot of people ... but very inward. Everyone seems to know everyone else. Adrienne knows Bobbi Armbruster, the shining light of LASFAPA. People you know in differing contexts may know each other in a third. It's a small microcosm indeed ... and that is no redundancy that I just typed.

I was a neo back then, when I first met Adrienne, but I was happily unaware with how ignorant I was. Quinn took me into her charge and gave me the chance to meet people ... photoing the '69 and '70 Nebulas (or "Nubblebubbles"), "foot"ing for Annie McCaffrey at St. Louiscon ... picking up Harlan ... driving about with Chip Delany ... God, the faux pas committed by Lillian the young asshole (at least I've grown older). I could reach back in time and strangle myself. (And quit shouting, "Do it! Do it!")

Spring has come to New Orleans and with it reminders of my fannish past. Good reminders they be. But only reminders. Onward and upward. I must starve through May to make DSC and survive June. July I will buy my plane ticket and August, late, I am off for Ellay and Phoenix. Looks like I'll be making every worldcon in the U.S. that I can from now on.

And staying in the south, too. If not New Orleans, Florida or Georgia (around Terminus) or Alabama (near B'ham) or the beautiful upper south. But definitely here; Dixie is my kind of place. And New Orleans comes so close to being my kind of city.

It's wonderful to walk a few blocks and sit on the levee, clamber down the rocks to the edge of the mightiest river in this part of the world, watch the ships -- the tugs and the barges and the tankers and even, indeed, the thick white Russian liners -- ply its waters. To feel the spring wind sweep in over the river, watch the occasional (thankfully rare) bottle drift against the current when near the shore, to see logs carried south from God knows where try, seemingly, to climb ashore, pushed by the wake of passing ships. I wrote Jeni Roberts, still cruising the Alaskan waters, from there the other day, & found myself realizing that the water I faced and the water she sailed on were one and the same body, differentiated by salinity and boundaries only. If I put my letter into a coke bottle and sealed it & heaved it into the Old Man River, how long before it bobbed alongside the USCGC Morgenthau for some sailor to pick up?

All I'm sure of is the optimism of spring. I am convinced that it is possible. That everything is possible. Winter is a time of hoarding, of acute awareness of limits. No more of that now. Not until autumn's signals show in the trees. Now everything says "Bloom, grow" ... no wonder, back on page 2 of this, I thought about Ulysses! Everything ties together if you wait long enough and look hard enough. Old Sunny Jim knew this. It's an annual lesson: limitations are limited too.

That letter, written by the river, went into a mailbox. My next -- well, you never know. All waters, real and figurative, physical and fannish, connect. You might find a bottle one of these days ... watch for me, in the surf of the sea.

