

ATTENTION NON-FAN (OR UN-FEN)

# NO AWARD



NUMBER EIGHT

**NO AWARD**

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*This fanzine is available for the faanish usual (which I tend to translate as my own whim, but I do honour trades, locs, artwork, written articles, and other contributions). If all else fails, send me US\$5.00 and I will send you a copy. No Award is not pubbed on any regular schedule (even though I want to get it out at least twice a year). Mostly, issues will be put out when material and money decide to get together in a meaningful way.*

**A FANZINE BY MARTY CANTOR**

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**LEGALESE**

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**FALL, 2000**

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- Terry Jeeves - pg. 30

**HOO HAH PUBLICATION NO. 540**

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Last May I received the results of a blood test. It showed that my cholesterol level was high, due mostly to very high triglycerides. I must admit that I have long been a devoted follower of a belief that there are only two major food groups: Sugar, and Everything Else (with most of Everything Else being improved by the addition of Sugar).

This was devastating news. Change what I eat? I mean, I just live on coffee-flavoured sugar, cheeseburgers, cheesecake, pastries, milk chocolate. My initial thought was, I'M GONNA STARVE! I did not expect that I would retire into an eating regime of flax seeds.

And then there was the recommendation that I exercise. Ye ghods, the only thing I had ever wanted to exercise was my indignation. I was hoping that my retirement would see me spending 10 to 12 hours a day in front of my computer, not using any muscles other than those actuating my fingers.

So, based on some research, I have decided that I will have to force myself into a couple of foreign (to me) patterns of doing things under the categories of exercise and eating. Here are some of the things I will have to do:

**Exercise:**

1. Beating around the bush.
2. Jumping to conclusions.
3. Climbing the walls (and I will doing a lot of this).
4. Passing the buck.
5. Throwing my weight around.
6. Dragging my heels.
7. Straining my credulity.
8. Pushing my luck.

9. Making mountains out of molehills.
10. Hitting the nail on the head.
11. Wading through paperwork.
12. Bending over backwards.
13. Jumping on the bandwagon.
14. Balancing the books.
15. Running around in circles.
16. Tooting my own horn.
17. Climbing the ladder of success (nah- this is too difficult).
18. Pulling out the stops.
19. Adding fuel to the fire.
20. Putting my foot in my mouth (this can also fit under the eating category – I will probably be doing this a lot.)
21. Starting the ball rolling.
22. Going over the edge.
23. Picking up the pieces.
24. Walking a straight line.
25. Falling all over myself.
26. Rushing to the rescue.
27. Pulling my punches.
28. Pushing the envelope.
29. Rising to the occasion.
30. Running it up the flagpole.

**Eating:**

1. Swallowing my pride.
2. Eating crow.
3. Opening a can of worms (this can also fit under the exercise category – I will probably be doing this a lot.)
4. Eating my heart out (but *only* if I am very, very hungry).
5. Tasting defeat (but *never, ever*, tasting defeat).

Of course, I do not intend to stop exercising my indignation. m



*Last issue I introduced this intriguing material from the creative mind of Thom Digby. These items are culled from various APAzines by Thom. Most of his zines consisted of comments on previous zines by other APA contributors; however, Thom always started his zines (titled Probably Something) with this non-commentary material (often called But Nots after the way he formatted his zines). Naturally, I have excised the comments, and what remains are what I have re-printed here.*

**PROBABLY SOMETHING**

**BUT NOT**

HOMOSEXUALS HAVING A COPYRIGHT ON ORAL SEX AND COLLECTING ROYALTIES FROM HETEROSEXUALS WHO ENGAGE IN IT. (APA-L #528)

**PROBABLY SOMETHING**

**BUT NOT**

GETTING GUNS OUT OF THE HANDS OF CRIMINALS BY REDEFINING “CRIMINAL” AS “PERSON WITHOUT A GUN.”

Of course that isn't the only possible way to do it - one could instead redefine “gun” so that it has that name only when in the possession of a law-abiding person, or perhaps a new definition of “hand” would suffice. But in any case the people who feel they need guns for self-protection probably

will go along with it. (APA-L #564)

**PROBABLY SOMETHING**

**BUT NOT**

TWELVE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME TO GET THE SUN AS A NIGHT LIGHT FOR CRIME PREVENTION PURPOSES.

This would make it dark during the daytime, but with slight improvements in street lighting the presence of all those crowds of people should keep the criminals scared off. (APA-L #558)

**PROBABLY SOMETHING**

**BUT NOT**

HAVING TO DISGUISE YOUR PET ROCK AS A PAPERWEIGHT BECAUSE YOUR APARTMENT DOESN'T ALLOW PETS. (LASFAPA #13)

**PROBABLY SOMETHING**

**BUT NOT**

INSTEAD OF A CUCKOO CLOCK, TRAINING YOUR CAT TO MEOW THE HOURS.

Various subsidiary problems like how to get the cat to look at the clock to know when it's time to do something will be left as an exercise for the reader.

**PROBABLY SOMETHING**

**BUT NOT**

COMBINING LIPSTICK OR CHAPSTICK WITH SUPER GLUE FOR PEOPLE WHO TALK TOO MUCH.

Or, perhaps, for people who want to lose weight but don't have the will-power to go on a diet. (LASFAPA #27)

**PROBABLY SOMETHING**

**BUT NOT**

DECIDING THAT IF WOMEN OWN SEX IT'S AN UNLAWFUL MONOPOLY AND THEREFORE ANTITRUST ACTION SHOULD BE TAKEN AGAINST THEM.

But can you have a class-action suit with a class as the defendant? And if you won, how would the judgment be enforced?

And if women do lawfully own sex, it's a

commodity that many would try to steal or take under false pretenses, etc., like expensive jewelry. So, like jewelry, the owners of sex have to be careful about walking around with it without bodyguards or similar protection. But unlike money or jewels, sex can't be taken off and stuck in a safe somewhere when you're not using it. Therefore a woman must worry about it, similar to a man who for some reason is required to always carry large amounts of cash and who knows the thieves know about it.

Maybe the ownership of sex should alternate in odd and even years or . . .? (APA-L #658)

**PROBABLY SOMETHING**

**BUT NOT**

THAT THE REASON ROME FELL WAS THAT ALL THE LIGHT THEY HAD TO READ BY WAS ROMAN CANDLES.

Which are probably good enough for non-critical reading like carved stone inscriptions where in case of doubt you could feel the letters with your fingers, but I suspect that many of the more discriminating preferred to simply curse the darkness. In fact, it got so bad that in the more crowded neighborhoods the din of people cursing the darkness prevented others from sleeping, thus setting the stage for the legendary Insomnia Wars. This constant all-night fighting so sapped the strength of the people that soon the barbarians from the north were able to slip in under cover of daylight when everybody was resting up for the next night's fighting. Thus Rome fell. (APA-L #678)

**PROBABLY SOMETHING**

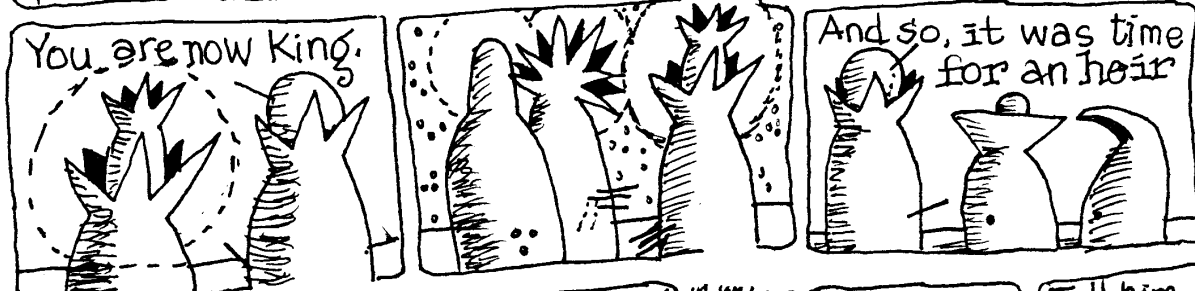
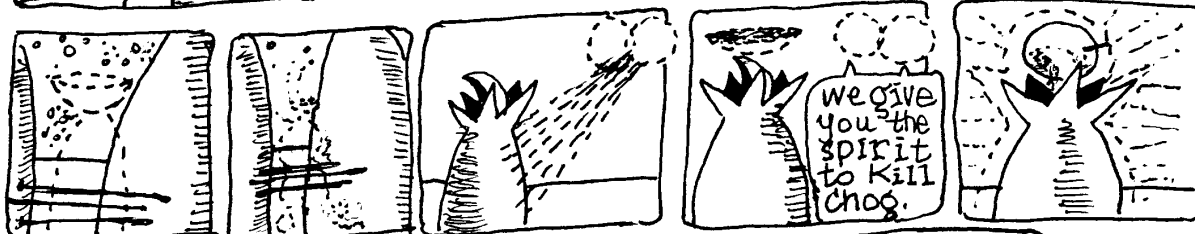
**BUT NOT**

PUTTING DIGITAL CLOCK DISPLAYS ON CARS INSTEAD OF LICENSE PLATES SO IF YOU NEED TO GET THE LICENSE NUMBER OF A CAR YOU SEE SPEEDING AWAY FROM A CRIME ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS LOOK AT YOUR WATCH.

And if you're caught in a traffic jam at midnight on New Year's Eve you can still celebrate watching the license number of the car ahead of you change from 23:59:59 to 00:00:00. Of course those who want personalized plates may object to the enforced sameness of everybody's number being the same as everybody else's, but they can always go out and buy bumper stickers. (APA-L #680). M



CHOG 2



# INTO THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE

by  
Milt  
Stevens

Milt sent this e-mail posting to accompany his article.

*For all I know, I am now the second person in recorded history ever to have read entirely through Dhalgren. Ted Sturgeon is the only other person ever to have gotten past page 200. I had really underestimated how truly awful the novel would be. I should describe the prose of the first 700 pages to be tortured. After that, it becomes entirely incoherent. It's sort of difficult to write a nonsense article about a novel that was nonsense to begin with.*

[Baretta, extra clips of ammo, Swiss Army knife, rappelling gear, hip boots, shovel, aspirin, and a gallon bottle of Pepto-Bismol. Yes, I think I have everything I need. I'm finally ready to read *Dhalgren*.]

At over eight hundred pages, Samuel R. Delaney's novel *Dhalgren* was considered an absolute monster when it appeared in 1975. It loomed over the literary horizon like Godzilla about to stomp on Tokyo. Science fiction readers fled in gibbering terror at the very sight of the book. It was even worse if they tried to read it.

In chapter one, we meet a Man With No Name. He bears no resemblance to the character of the same lack of name portrayed by Clint Eastwood. He has only one sandal. Many mythological characters have only one sandal. He meets a woman. They have sex. She shows him to a cave where he finds a mystical thingie which he uses for underwear. She then turns into a tree. He gets a ride from a man driving a truck loaded with artichokes. This brings him to the bridge at the outskirts of The City. He meets five women with flashlights who strangely resemble a Greek chorus. They give him a multi-bladed weapon called an Orchid. It slices, it dices, it does perfect garnishes. He crosses the bridge and enters The City.

The City is called Bellona. It's sort of like Detroit but without the charm. In the past, an unspeakable disaster has occurred which has left The City entirely devoid of chickens. Nobody speaks of it. The City seems to twitch and reconfigure itself at irregular intervals. Streets that didn't cross now do. Streets that used to cross now don't. Burma Shave signs appear almost anywhere without warning. The people who still live in The City are either enigmatic or unemployed. The City has been on fire forever, but it never burns down. One suspects they are using gas logs.

While wandering the streets, he sees a parade of creatures including a dragon, a mantis, and a couple of aardvarks. They flicker. He later learns this is the latest fashion among the local sociopaths. The creature illusions come from things called light shields, and the people who carry them are collectively known as scorpions. A little later, he meets a former engineer named Tak Loufer. We learn that No Name has previously been in the Indiana Home For The Criminally Confused. Loufer starts referring to him as Kid. He starts referring to himself as Kidd. They go to Loufer's place and have sex.

The next morning, he wanders into a park where he meets a woman named Lanya, who has nice boobs and plays the harmonica. They don't have sex, but she gives him The Notebook. Apparently, the notebook had been previously owned by a copy writer for a fortune cookie company. The right hand pages are filled with lines which may mean something or other. He wanders off to find Roger Calkins, the legendary publisher of the local newspaper, the Times. He comes upon a church which has a clock tower with no hands. The church is presided over by Reverend Amy who also distributes porn in her spare time. He meets an aging newsboy named Faust. He learns that days in The City are determined by whatever is published in the newspaper for that day. Sundays usually occur once every seven days. Tuesdays usually happen, but Thursdays are frequently omitted. Dates are whatever Calkins feels like putting at the top of the page.

Kidd wanders onward to the vicinity of Calkins Mansion. He encounters a newt, a spider, and some other bug. They flicker. They beat him savagely. Two residents of the mansion, a civil rights leader named Paul Fenster and a poet named Earnest Newboy, come out and watch Kidd bleed for awhile. They discuss the matter at length. You can tell



Newboy is a poet, because he makes even less sense than the rest of the characters. Kidd manages to recover by himself and wanders back to the park. Lanya then takes him to a gay leather bar to clean himself up. They encounter Loufer and a new buddy named Jack. Loufer invites them all back to his place. On leaving the bar, they notice there are two moons overhead. One of the moons may be named George. This may be significant.

[Page 100. A mist of confusion hangs over everything. Fractured sentences litter the terrain. The air is still breathable.]

Leaving Loufer's, Kidd and Lanya return to the park where they have sex. Twice. On waking the next morning, Kidd begins writing poetry. Mental deterioration was bound to set in sooner or later. He uses The Notebook to write poetry. He doesn't try any Burma Shave verse.

Madame Brown and her dog Muriel wander into the park. Kidd had encountered them the evening before at the gay leather bar. He and Madame Brown discuss his underwear. She offers him a job cleaning out junk. He decides to take it. That afternoon, he wends his way to a mostly abandoned apartment building. He meets the four members of the Richards Family; Mr. and Mrs. Richards, their daughter June, and their son Bobby. They want to move from the 17<sup>th</sup> floor to the 19<sup>th</sup> floor. They want him to clean out the apartment on the 19<sup>th</sup> floor. This is the most reasonable development so far. Of course, the Richards Family prove to be completely waca-waca. The apartment on the 19<sup>th</sup> floor is filled with all sorts of stuff but nothing resembling a plot. Later, he takes a bath.

On the way back to the park, he stops at the gay leather bar and encounters Earnest Newboy. Newboy wants to see some of Kidd's poetry, so he invites him to the Calkins Mansion the next time the newspaper says it is Tuesday. Later, he returns to Lanya in the park. They encounter two men digging a latrine.

[Page 200. Mutated metaphors peer evilly from every nook and cranny. Similes slither across the ground and disappear into logic holes. Few readers have come this far, and fewer still speak of it.]

Exploring the mostly abandoned apartment building, Kidd finds a crash pad/dope den on the 16<sup>th</sup> floor. The apparent proprietor, a man named Thirteen, invites him inside. Faust, the aging newsboy, and a scorpion named Nightmare are

among those hanging out inside. Everybody sits down and smokes dope for awhile.

Kidd stops by the church with the handleless clocks to get a gay porn poster for June Richards. She wanted it because the model, a big Black dude named George Harrison, had raped her previously. The second moon is apparently named after the same fellow.

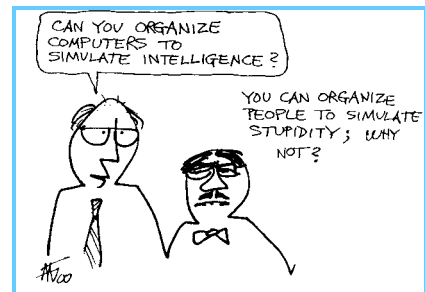
When Kidd returns to the apartment building the next day, Bobby Richards manages to fall down the elevator shaft. This leads to his death and extensive discussion. The body is eventually dumped in an empty apartment, because nobody can think of anything better to do with it.

The newspaper says the following day is Tuesday, so Lanya and Kidd go to visit Earnest Newboy and the Calkins Mansion. The place is heavily vandalized and mostly empty at the moment but otherwise pretty much like the Winchester Mystery House. There are twelve gardens named after the months, but they are arranged in no particular order. Some of them grow nothing more interesting than crabgrass. Some of them don't even grow that. Earnest Newboy talks at great length. He tends to talk in paragraphs which run on for several pages.

[Page 400. I discover the bodies of two dead book reviewers. Their faces are frozen in expressions of ghastly nausea. The air is increasingly purple and difficult to breath.]

Kidd becomes ill. He fears he is either going mad or becoming a character in a Russian novel. He is taken to the gay leather bar. He meets Earnest Newboy again. Newboy tells Kidd that Mr. Calkins may be interested in publishing his poems. Since he suspects he is either dying or going mad, Kidd gives Newboy The Notebook. He and Lanya awaken in the park next morning surrounded by Nightmare and his gang of scorpions. Nightmare gives him a light shield, but batteries aren't included. Light shields require 26<sup>1/2</sup> volt batteries. The next morning he

meets a man named Pepper in the public restroom. Pepper is suffering from some vague but debilitating



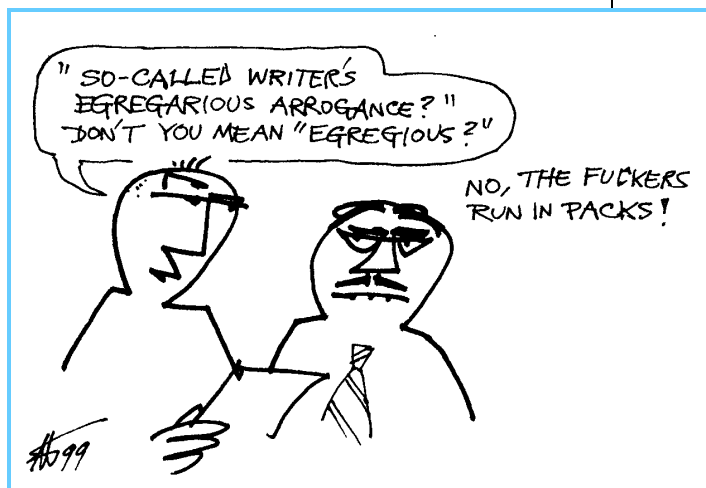
disease which causes falling of the armpits. Together, Kidd and Pepper visit the home of Bunny, the go-go boy from the gay leather bar.

Kidd then catches a bus. The bus is driven by a seven foot tall Black man who wears a black cowl. He probably plays basketball. The Black man intones ominously, "Anaheim, Azusa, and Cuca-monga." The bus takes Kidd to some unknown section of town where he meets Nightmare and a gang of scorpions. They are about to assault a gang of armed Rotarians who have barricaded themselves inside a department store. Kidd is recruited for the assault. They proceed to trash the ground floor of the department store. Kidd wrestles with an armed Rotarian and manages to get control of a rifle. He loses his one sandal and gains a new right sandal. They all flee the department store on the Anaheim, Azusa, and Cucamonga bus while revenge maddened Rotarians fire from the upper floors.

He returns to the church where he is fed by Reverend Amy. Newboy shows him proofs of the forthcoming book of his poems. Kidd decides to title the book *Brass Orchids*. Lanya finds him and tells him he has been missing for five days.

[Page 600. Mad cackling seems to fill the entire universe. It is as if a host of chickens have been driven beyond the limits of sanity.]

While wandering the streets in search of casual sex, Kidd encounters Denny, a man he has previously swapped innuendoes with at the crash pad/dope den. Since their last meeting, Denny has become a scorpion. They decide to go back to the scorpions den and have at it. On the way they encounter Lanya and decide to make it a threesome.



At the den, they engage in numerous sexual acts some of which I can't even spell.

After eventually disentangling himself at the den, Kidd goes to visit Tak Laufer. Laufer gives Kidd a 26<sup>1/2</sup> volt battery. Now Kidd can turn himself on. Since the assault on the department store, Kidd has increasingly been treated as the leader of the scorpions. This causes the novel to progressively read like *Boyz In The Hood At The End Of Time*. Or, possibly, *Boyz In The Hood Practically Any Ol' Time*. As part of his new status, Kidd leads the scorpions on a run to trash a house in a residential neighborhood.

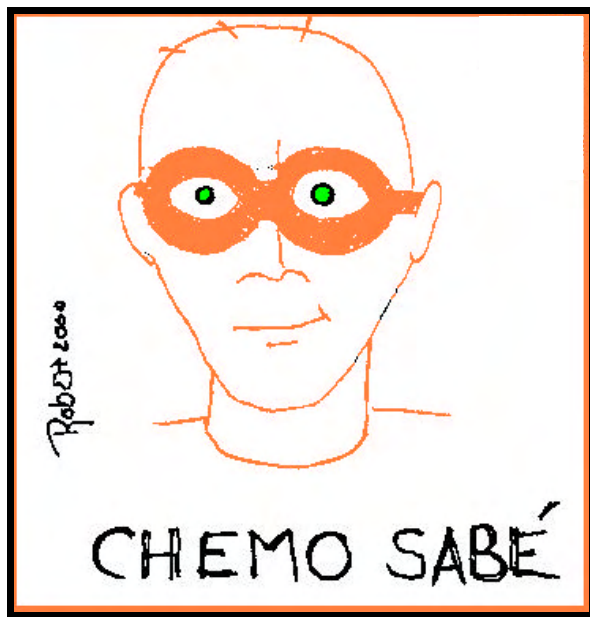
While Kidd and the Scorpions are busy looting and pillaging, the smoke and haze clear from the sky and a gigantic sun hundreds of times larger than the normal sun rises over the horizon. Naturally, everyone runs amok and atwitter. This may mean the end of the world or possibly a supermarket opening. Many have already suspected that time isn't running normally. It may be running backwards or even sideways. The again, it could be running diagonally. Some blame the Republicans, while others suspect an international conspiracy of chickens. After awhile, the giant sun sets, and everybody goes back to their normal business of looting and pillaging.

Later, Kidd meets an astronaut named Captain Kamp at the gay leather bar. Captain Kamp believes he may have seen a cockroach on the Moon.

The next day, Laufer takes Kidd to an abandoned store which he says is a bookstore. All the shelves are empty except for several boxes of Kidd's book of poems, *Brass Orchids*. At the counter, a man sits cross-legged and chants "Om." Kidd asks him why he is chanting "Om." He says it relieves his spastic duodenum. It's a better reason for chanting "Om" than any I've heard previously.

Leaving the bookstore, Kidd meets his gang of scorpions who tell him their den has burned down. It was easier than doing housework. Kidd and his gang break into another house and move in. He receives an invitation from Roger Calkins to a party in honor of the publication of *Brass Orchids*. The party is to occur three Sundays hence. Since the next three days happen to be Sundays, the party is fairly soon.

Kidd and his entourage of scorpions arrive at the party at Calkins Mansion.



Captain Kamp is in charge of the party and the other guests are the usual folks who live at the Calkins Mansion. Most everyone in Bellona seems to be there except for the elusive Mr. Calkins. The scorpions get right into the spirit of the party. They either drink or copulate depending on whether they are vertical or horizontal at the moment. Kidd meets a literary critic. He asks the literary critic what he thinks of *Brass Orchids*. The literary critic beats him savagely.

Days and weeks pass. Kidd is dancing naked at a scorpion orgy when he remembers his name. His name is William Dhalgren. I thought there had to be some explanation for the title of the book. Suddenly, a mighty roar comes out of the sky. Gigantic bolts of lightning cascade across the heavens. The giant idol of Baal wobbles and then collapses on the orgying scorpions. There is a massive explosion in the helium mines. Atlantic City begins to sink beneath the waves. Fire and collapsing buildings are everywhere.

Kidd/Dahlgren and the surviving scorpions beat feet for elsewhere. They head for the bridge leading out of town. With Kidd/Dahlgren in the lead, the gang of flickering scorpions are hauling ass across the bridge when they pass a young woman walking toward The City.

As they pass, she yells, "Is this really Cucamonga?"

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## NET GLEANINGS AND OTHER WISDOM ABOUT EXERCISE

(compiled by  
Marty Cantor)

1. It is well documented that for every mile that you jog..... you add one minute to your life ... This enables you at 95 years old to spend an additional 5 months in a nursing home at \$5,000 per month.
2. The only reason I would take up jogging is so that I could hear heavy breathing again.
3. I joined a health club last year, spent about 400 bucks. Have not lost a pound. Apparently you have to show up.
4. I have to exercise early in the morning before my brain figures out what I am doing.
5. I do not exercise at all. If God meant us to touch our toes, he would have put them further up our body.
6. I like long walks, especially when they are taken by people who annoy me.
7. I have flabby thighs, but fortunately, my stomach covers them.
8. The advantage of exercising every day is that you die healthier.
9. If you are going to try cross-county skiing, start with a small country.
10. And, last but not least-I do not jog, it makes the ice jump right out of my glass.

℣

## NEW SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT

by  
*Leslie  
Norris*

Ernest Hemmingway  
School of Oral Surgery.

Grace Kelly Grand Prix Class.

Jack Ruby School of Jurisprudence.

John Hinckley School of Courtship.

Natalie Wood School of Seamanship.

Dan White School of Civil Disobedience.

John Lennon School of Fan Club  
Management.

Richard Pryor Cooking Academy.

Charles Manson Pediatrics Convocation.

Claudine Longet Biathlon Workshop.

Donner School of Haute Cuisine.

James Jones School of Mixology.

Joplin-Hendrix School of Pharmacology.

Earhardt-Post School of Navigation.

Ted Kennedy School of Life-Saving.

Jimmy Hoffa School of Labor Relations.

Vaughn Bodé School of Meditation.

Karen Carpenter School of Nutrition.

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*I previously liked Nader. In the recent past I  
have come to have a lower opinion of him,  
and as of today I don't just hate his guts, I  
dislike his entire digestive system.*

D. Gary Grady in Trufen

## FREWARE

by  
Mike  
Glyer

Right before the Worldcon there's always a flurry of messages on the SMOFS listserv. Even without a calendar I would be able to tell you what time of year it is when the daily digests peak like the August thermometer over 100K for weeks on end.

Yes, I prefer getting one big e-mail instead of 125 little ones, but I keep thinking there ought to be an even easier way. There's a lot of wasted effort when half of every message consists of quotes from a previous e-mail offset with >> carat marks. Yet I can't automatically skip those sections: that's how *all* of Ben Yalow's *original* messages look, a copy of somebody's e-mail with seven words of new commentary inserted somewhere in the middle. And I don't want to miss the seven useful words.

It's also not safe to skip the long-winded debates about changing Site Selection or the Hugo Awards. After seeing a list of this year's Best Dramatic nominees, it was obvious I had missed the amendment that eliminated "science fiction" from the definition of Best Dramatic Presentation. At about the same time, Chicon 2000 Hugo Awards administrator Michael Nelson wrote me that I had been nominated for "Dave's Award" and "Dave's Other Award." I've apparently missed a lot of important rules changes this way.

Fortunately, the same fannish ingenuity that created all this e-mail has been harnessed to figure out a quicker way to deal with it.

Remember when somebody started a project to use the idle time on your home PC to analyze Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence (SETI) astronomical data? You'd install their software, download a file of stuff, and let your PC analyze it while you were away. Later, you'd log onto their site to let

your PC cough up the results and get some more data to work on. I kept expecting to hear horror stories about their software doing nasty things to people's computers, but none of the local fans who got involved have followed up with any complaints. So I know it's perfect for my purposes. Watch for my new version of this program, Search for Intelligent Fannish Text (SIFT).

SIFT will send these messages to be dealt with by our professional consultants. For example, anything flagged as an "Important Message" will be forwarded to that fan on the Aussiecon 3 list who complained that his beeper goes off whenever he gets a priority e-mail. Our Romance Consultant, Ed Green, will be receiving all ILUVYU e-mails.

Later on, Marty Cantor has promised to help me write a version of the program to access another format, Technical Readout Using Fannish Electronic News (TRUFEN).

I know this will make the Internet work better for everyone.



ML

## FANZINE REVIEW

by Joseph Major

### BALONEY

*Baloney: c/o Arnie Katz, 330 S.  
Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Ve-  
gas, NV 89107, USA*

or

*Tom Springer, 15515 NE First  
Circle, Vancouver, WA 98684,  
USA*

*"Available for contributions of written  
material, artwork, or letters of comment or  
in trade:*

*[Interesting self judgment: "Although this  
fanzine is as available as a Vegas hooker,  
you can't buy it for any amount of  
money . . . we don't trust ourselves with  
hard cash."]*

Arnie Katz deserves some sort of award, at least for using lots of fanzine names. In his introductory editorial (called, as it always is, "**Katzenjammer**") in this initial effort, he lists sixteen different titles and alludes to a further dozen or more.

This energy bleeds over to other fields. The fan club in Vegas holds, horrors, **book discussions**! Not to mention his actually organizing the fanzine convention Toner, a feat of accomplishment in an area of activity where the usual aftermath of a convention is a massed fleeing of fanac by the organizers, never to be seen again by mortal fan.

And how, here he goes again.

Admittedly (he admits) there was a valid excuse for winding up the tri-weekly *crifanac*. He tripped over a box of fanzines and was sidelined, just in time to be hit with a deluge of work in the mundane world. As it was when Joel Nydahl's father paid off his bills on the condition that he quit fanpubbing, mundane considerations have cramped and

constrained fanac.

The intent here is to be more lighthearted than the down-to-Terra news format of *crifanac*. Comments such as the warning to male fans not to read this zine while performing upright micturition hint at this attitude. If generally applied, and it almost always is (I'll discuss the exception later), this should provide a welcome anodyne in a field that is, sad to say, becoming noted for an increasing level of animosity.

Small wonder that Arnie, continuing this flippant tone, explains in a patient manner to listserv vets what this unusual artifact called "fanzine" is. There are many differences. "[Every] witty or intelligent comment is not followed by seventeen messages from Gary Farber and Ned Brooks. We won't let any individual fan write more than five letters of comment on each *Baloney*." [p. 5], for example. It takes a brave soul to make such a declaration, there being people out there who would do that for no other reason than they were forbidden from doing it.

From there Arnie segues into the life story of one of the little-known heroes of Insurgentism: Robert Lichtman, well known as the keeper of the *Trap Door*. His heroism was displayed in the historic campaign he waged to raise Arnie into the ranks of fanpubbers in the first place. As Arnie poignantly puts it, "He knows that, like the oyster, a little irritation is necessary to bring forth the best pearls." [p. 7] Indeed, presumably Robert the puppet master is attached to Arnie's back like a giant slug, tentacles inserted into his nervous system, for Arnie goes on to confess, "My will is not truly my own but a plaything of the Secret Master of American Insurgentism, Robert Lichtman." [*loc. cit.*] Does this mean that if we punch out Robert, Arnie goes into convulsions? It's probably not a good idea to try testing this thesis.

Robert, er, ah, that is, Arnie then goes on to praise one who needs no praise, is beyond getting praise, yet deserves and should receive praise: Bill Rotsler. Rotsler was far more than the artist who highlighted this and apparently every other fanzine in the world (somewhere, it is reported, there is a fanzine that does not have a Rotsler illo and does not have a Harry Warner letter. I think it came out sometime around 200 B.C.E.) We shall see more of Rotsler in this ish, a worthy thing to do in and of itself, yet Arnie reminds us of some of the many facts of his work. He also cites a needed corrective in

this era: “What Rotsler *didn't* like was stupidity, venality, ugliness of spirit, narrow-mindedness, self-righteousness, and pomposity.” [p. 8] This was, as Arnie shows, an attitude that is unfortunately not as common as could be desired.

Since this editorial began with a comment on the naming of names, it ends with one. Namely, the naming of names for this zine, and Arnie recounts how he, Joyce (the ever-uncredited co-editor), and Tom brainstormed titles. Unfortunately for the collectors of absurd titles, the combination of the editors' names did not fly. Now, some people really would find a fanzine called “*Springer Katz*” to be interesting, striking, and original. Now, as for “*Tom Arnold*,” which they actually (or so it says here) did consider and reject. There actually are Tom Arnold fans out there.

So it is that Arnie sets the theme for this zine, presenting an air of light-hearted civility, an anodyne to the inherent Attitude (not to be confused with *Attitude*) that has seeped into fandom, to its loss.

Tom finds his place in the world of fandom following Arnie, under the head of “**Sercon Navigation**.” As Arnie sets policy, he sets methods. “So what is it that finally brings a fan back from gafia?” [p. 10] he asks rhetorically, and proceeds to answer that question. This entails listing the fans who kept him on their mailing lists while he was Out There. But, as he points out, “. . . most of them have stopped arriving.” [p. 11] mostly because (from what I can see) most of them have vanished into other planes of fannish existence.

“Like jalapeños on your nachos, fandom needs a bite,” [p. 11] he resolves, after a description of how he worked with Arnie to get that bite. From there, he carries the food metaphor a little too far, though I will admit that my digestion has advised me to absolutely reject jalapeños under all conditions, even when in baloney.

As if to rub in the magnitude of our loss, there follows the first of what is by definition a limited series, those promised columns by Bill Rotsler, “**Bent Lance**.” What a metaphor.

It certainly begins well, with a discussion by Rotsler of the dynamics of nude models. (And remember, while *Baloney* is available from the address above, you still “. . . can't buy it for any amount of money.”) Whether it was the woman with



the plain face, cunning deception for what was beneath, large firm breasts under a robe can hold it out far enough from a splendid body, you see - and the art class sure saw - or the model who noticed Bill's discomfiture and, ah, targeted it, there were many interesting models to be followed.

The art class had some other people, too. One would hope so. Some were notorious, some noteworthy, and one was in a way both.

Rotsler also demonstrated the art of the lino, such as:

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**He's a self-made man  
who took the lowest bid.**

---

- *Baloney*, “Bent Lance”, p. 13

This column alone makes future issues of *Baloney* worth looking forward to. All too soon those who are gone are also forgotten; Arnie and Tom are doing their part to prevent that.

We pause for some non-editorial material. Well, this is a first issue. At least it is editorial related, as Ken Forman recounts “**The Quest**” to find just the right present for Tom. The man who rolls his own is even more bereft in these days of “store-boughts” than ever. However, as the world takes away with one hand it gives double with the other; and, thanks to the wonders of on-line auctions, Ken found Tom the perfect present, an army surplus Machine, Cigarette-Rolling, Field, Stainless Steel. However, finding the right accessories was a nightmare . . . as in the case of the fifty-kilo capacity bag for a substance also often rolled in cigarette paper. “ARE YOU INSANE?” his wife asked, and perhaps we should quietly agree and leave it at that.

In the penultimate editorial, Joyce discusses “**A Family Affair**,” quoting Carol Carr (whom, I believe, was herself quoting that nonpareil of sages, Anonymous) that “Being Family” means that, if you have to go back, they have to take you in.” [p. 18] From there, she discusses the nature of Fandom as Family, its relationships and its connections.

This is a concept that I like well in the abstract and wish it held truer in the concrete. In contrast to the ties Joyce warmly describes, there are many gulfs in fandom: chasms caused where some fans have declared others *persona non grata*. Most families have a family pest; when my father moved to get a



deserved promotion, we ended up in the same town with ours. Fandom has, I fear, too many of these people. If more fanzines had this one's intent, Fandom would be more of a family.

And, finally, the editors issue a craven pleas to the readers, saying, "We want your Letters of Comment sooooo much. . . " [p. 20] But not, presumably, five or more from any single person. Make up your minds, guys.

A few comments and meta-comments: To begin with, I have to worry about those dozens of fanzines, begun, carried on briefly, and then abandoned. A fanzine develops an image, a certain state of mind, it has a community of a shared interest. As Arnie says himself, it is a family. Turnover is destructive to families; how many broken people come from broken homes? And establishing a family, only to desert it, over and over again, cannot but exhaust the spirit of editor and recipient.

Also, there is the matter of the demurrer. At the end of that reconstructed conversation between the editors, Arnie quotes himself [on Page 12] as saying, "We'll also add the names of five special fans to the list . . . These five are special in, well, a different way. They're insensitive, ill-bred, ignorant, benighted, egotistical, and bigmouthed." To which Tom supposedly replied, "We're sending *Baloney* to fuggheads?"

Later on, Arnie told Mike Glycer that this was a joke. Yet, it was surprising to observe how many

people thought themselves, perhaps only humorously, ". . . insensitive, ill-bred, ignorant, benighted, egotistical, and bigmouthed." At <ploktacon>, Alison Scott reported, there was a veritable sign-up list of people wishing to be considered IIBEB. There is a humorous way to look at it.

But there may be a more desolate conclusion to be drawn from this widespread response. Has Arnie tapped into our inner Degler? For all that we seek to put on an adult posture, to shake that "Buck Rogers Stuff" (now "Star Wars Stuff") image, there is a fear. Some armor themselves in the breastplate of academia, appearing at conferences on the fantastic to explain in learned detail, with footnotes, the ineffable significance of the never-seen-before-by-fankind eighty-first page of *Dhalgren*. Others pursue "cool" attitudes - "This is a fanzine about *NOTHING*" (or what Dora Black was doing in 1968, which is the same thing) - striving to look laid-back, hip, and cyberpunk.

But we are still insecure. Everyfan fears that he, too, really is a fugghead, that the all-seeing eye of the BNF has penetrated his disguises and he, too, stands there revealed as ". . . insensitive, ill-bred, ignorant, benighted, egotistical, and big-mouthed" by the incisive criticism of the Secret Masters, who sit there, established and secure, mercilessly revealing of the flaws of those unfit to join them. Even those who seem to be among those Big Names themselves.

Particularly since Arnie also said, "We're including five pompous idiots for entertainment value only. Somewhere out there is our "Martin Morse Wooster," our "H a r r y Andruschak." Neither of whom appreciated the "compliment."

m





by  
Len  
Moffatt

## CALIFANATALES

Part Three:  
*The Outlander's Tale*  
(continued)

Wherein Len continues his fannish memoirs.

The Outlander Society would sometimes have guests at its meetings. The guest could be a local author or fan including those who had expressed interest in joining the club. A secret ballot requiring a unanimous “yes” would determine who got invited to join.

When Dorothea M. Faulkner (aka “Grandma the Demon” when she wrote locs to the prozines, Rory Faulkner when she wrote poetry both serious and humorous, and “Dottie” to her close friends) attended her first LASFS meeting we knew at once that she was Outlander material. She was a little old grey-haired lady from Covina and the type of person we used to call a “pistol.”

Intelligent, well-read, opinionated, and articulate, she was fun to be with, to talk with, even if you might not agree with her right-wing politics. She carried on a correspondence with John W. Campbell, Jr., Eric Frank Russell, and Robert A. Heinlein. She was the widow of a Naval officer and had at least one daughter whom I only met once or twice. She was an independent as a hog on ice, to use an expression that she might very well use, and an outstanding story teller and limerick reciter.

I remember an Outlander meeting at Stan Woolston’s home in Garden Grove. Our special guest that day was Cleve Cartmill who was one of the members of The Mañana Literary Society which included Heinlein, Anthony Boucher, Ed Hamilton, and others of

that era. (Read *Rocket To The Morgue* by H.H. Holmes - or Anthony Boucher, if you find a later edition. One of the characters is a composite of Cartmill and Heinlein.) Cleve wrote fantasy and s-f for the old pulps, including Campbell’s *UNKNOWN WORLDS*. He was in a wheelchair due to some infirmity but quite able to wheel himself around as well as create entertaining fiction.

We got into a limerick reciting competition and Dottie won the day with the following gem:

“There was a rather shy young lady who found herself at a limerick session like this one and, when it came her turn she blushed and said that she know only one limerick and would it be acceptable for her to say da-da in place of the naughty parts. The others at the party agree, if somewhat reluctantly, and she proceeded as follows:

There was a young lady da da da  
Da da, Da da, da da  
Da-da, *Da da*  
Da-da, *Da da*  
Da-da, Da-da-da *fuck!*”

Cleve almost fell out of his wheelchair and I was rolling on the floor.

Some time before Dottie joined the LASFS and the Outlander Society, Alan and Freddie Hershey arrived on the scene. Alan was a chemist who had been part of the crew at Alamogordo during the war. His quiet manner and pleasant personality got him elected to the office of Director of LASFS and he was one of the few Directors who managed to keep order during the meetings without raising his voice or banging the gavel.

I don’t recall Freddie running for office but she, like Dottie, was a “pistol” in her own way and helped make the old club as well as the newer Outlanders a bit livelier, to say the least. Outlander meetings as well as other parties at the Hershey’s home in Bell were always filled with everything from serious discussion to outlandish fun and nonsense. Actually, it was always open house at the Hersheys between meetings and parties if you were considered a really close friend. There was always beer in the fridge as well as bites to eat plus good conversation or simply reading while listening to classical music.

It was during this time that I started to write my Katchelkicklekalikanese Opera Trilogy and the first of the three “L’Amour de la Trine” was performed at an Outlander Meeting hosted by the Hersheys. I was

really flattered when Freddie dubbed me the funniest man in the world. In the room, maybe, but surely not in the entire world.

But that was the way with Freddie. When she liked something her enthusiasm knew no bounds. Alan was the quiet one of the pair; but his comments, sometimes serious, often wryly humorous, carried as much weight with us as did Freddie's more boisterous remarks.

When the Outlanders sponsored the third Westercon, we decided that Freddie should chair it. We may have been wrong, but we assumed this would be the first science fiction convention to be chaired by a woman, at least on the West Coast. So, naturally, the precedent was established that if we did win the bid for the 1958 WorldCon it would be chaired by a woman, presumably Freddie. But Freddie dropped out of fandom before then. We then assumed it would be Mari Wolf, who had joined the OS after attending the third Westercon. But that wasn't to be, either, as the fannish fates would have it.

The Hersheys were good writers, too, and added to the quality of material that we published in *THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE*.

They also helped with *Shaggy (Shangri-LA)*, especially Freddie, which was still surviving under the revolving editorship system. Because of the decrease in circulation, Shaggy's letter column was virtually extinct. When I took a turn at editing an issue, I tried to encourage readers to write by having some kind of a letter column, come hell or high water. I got Rick to write a loc and created a letter of my own, pretending to be a British fan reader (I used the name of a character from an H.G. Wells story, but I forget which one). I asked Freddie to write one; and, following my cue, she pretended to be a nurse who read s-f and lived in Idaho or somewhere in that area. Naturally, she wrote a sort of caustic letter in an attempt to stir up the monkeys. But, with only three letters, I'm afraid it wasn't enough to get others (local or elsewhere) to write locs for the zine.

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The youngest members of the Outlander Society were also the youngest members of the LASFS, Con Pederson and John Van Couvering.

Con, like more than one young fan we have known, was not happy at home with his parents. They had had him late in their lives so there was a

bigger than usual generation gap. As I recall, they lived in Minnesota, and Con did have to go back there to live with them between extended trips to Southern California. For a while, he lived in one of the beach towns with bachelor Bill Elias, an Outland from West "By God!" Virginia. Bill was like a big brother to Con.

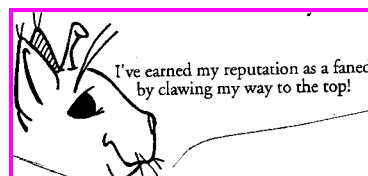
John Van Couvering came from a large family, all redheads as far as I could tell. His father was an engineer in the oil industry; and, I think, John wound up there, too. He had gained some fannish fame as the fan who walked through a glass door. This was not literally true, although John was somewhat accident prone. What happened was that he bumped into a glass partition (which shattered) in the local library while walking along with his nose in a book.

John was a pretty good self-taught cartoonist and comical writer. Someone at LASFS (maybe Rick or me, but it could have been any member interested in keeping the club 'zine going) suggested that we have a *Junior Edition of Shaggy*, with Con or John (or both) at the helm. I think John wound up with top billing. Other Outlanders pitched in to guide and help the young'uns, and so we found ourselves at the club room on a Saturday afternoon with stencils ready to run on whichever mimeo was available at the time.

There was one, small problem. We could not find the club's paper supply. The club room was sublet from Walt Daugherty. The paper could have been in a locked cabinet, but we had only the key to the clubroom and Walt wasn't there. We kept looking; and, eventually, heard a cry of "Eureka" or some such from Van Couvering. He had found some paper which we assumed belonged to the club as it wasn't locked away. Perhaps we should have known better, as the paper was 8" x 11", not the regular 8<sup>1/2</sup>" x 11" mimeo paper.

John proceeded to slap on a stencil and start printing while Rick complained that there wouldn't be any margins. "Who reads the margins?" asked John blithely, proceeding to repro the zine.

On the following Thursday evening he wasn't so blithe when Walt raised hell about the misuse of his private stock of paper. As I said, perhaps we should have known better because of the special size of the paper.



*THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE* was usually run off on one of my mimeographs although we may have done a couple at the LASFS club room. We had a rotating editorship, too, not that any of us did any real editing. The person responsible for the issue was just that. He or she was expected to get the other members to write stuff for it. Rick, as our unofficial treasurer, kept track of the mailing list so it wasn't likely to get lost.

We published excerpts from our "eternal chain letter" (round robin), wrote articles, verse, a little fiction, and all three of my opera take-offs. I recall how pleased I was when Sam Merwin, Jr. reviewed *THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE* in **Startling** or **Thrilling Wonder**, I forget which one had the fanzine review column, and expressed his appreciation of what he called my "horsing around operas."

I would get to meet Sam some time later at a local MWA (Mystery Writers of America) meeting as well as at conventions and local parties. But, before then, he sort of figured in my life when I tried to sell a novelette to some mag or other. It came back with a nice note saying they might have bought it, but they had just purchased a story with a similar theme from Sam Merwin, Jr. It turned out to be *House of Many Worlds*. My story was a parallel time world story, too, but had an entirely different plot and situation. Still, it was nice to get that kind of letter instead of a printed rejection slip.

I think Sam was living in Florida at that time but later he moved to California to write for movies or TV and do some editing here and there. He drank more than was good for him as did more than one writer from that era. We didn't really think that we would live forever, but it was somewhere in the backs of our minds.

Stan Woolston, who was a printer by trade, had a small Chandler & Price letterpress in a shed in his back yard. He usually worked at someone else's print shop and used his own press for hobby purposes. All of the covers on *THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE* were printed by Stan. You certainly couldn't judge the zine's content by the covers as they were what one might call "symbolic." He had this cut of an Indian tepee and it seemed to go well with the "Outlander" logo. I think only one reader asked what Indians had to do with s-f fandom and I'm not sure we bothered to answer that one.

\* \* \* \* \*

I haven't said much about my two best friends, Rick Sneary and Stan Woolston. For three guys who didn't have a heck of a lot in common outside of our mutual interest in science fiction and fandom, we got along very well. Eventually we were known as the Hub of the Outlander Society. I'm not sure who came up with that appellation. It might have been Rick but it could have been one of the Hersheys. Members came and members went but we three seemed to go on forever. Long after the Outlander Society was no longer meeting or publishing, we hung together and even managed to organize a committee to put on the 1958 WorldCon, combined with the Westercon for that year.

Rick, a native Californian, was born a cripple and his health was poor enough to keep him out of public schools. He was tutored at home and that, plus his wide range of reading (s-f was only a part of it) developed a brain and personality equally strong in facing the rigors of trying to live a normal life. He got into fandom, as so many of us did back then, through the letter columns in the pulps. I could write (and have written) pages on Sir Richard Sneary, but I would recommend that you get a copy of *BUTTON-TACK: THE RICK SNEARY MEMORIAL FANZINE*. The first edition is out of print but SCIFI, Inc. published a second edition and copies are probably still available from Bruce Pelz.

Stan Woolston was born in Illinois, but his family moved to California where he has lived most of his life. Having a club foot, he was not in the armed service during WWII, but served as an air raid warden. However, his mother and one of his sisters were in the Army. Stan's primary interest in fandom became the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Living in Garden Grove in Orange County, a long distance from LA and the LASFS, he welcomed the chance to be an Outlander. Meetings at his place, especially back in the days when that area was more rural than it is now, were always fun.

Freddie dubbed Stan "the benign Buddha" because of the way he would sit on the floor smiling at the goings-on around him. He sometimes came up with some marvelous story idea or situations but never got around to writing them. He did manage to write up something and send it in to John Campbell for **Astounding's** old *Probability Zero Department*. Campbell published it and it is a shame that Stan didn't work harder at pro writing. Foo knows, he did enough for fanzines and writing in general to keep the NFFF going.

Rick and I, along with other old friends like Ed Cox and Art Rapp, were active in the NFFF at one time. We were even on the Board of Directors and Rick was President at least once. More on that later.

Stan was among the last of the old time letter writers. Rarely did he write a brief note. His letters were long and detailed and often decorated with cartoons and bits of comic verse. He could be deadly serious or wacky-funny and he never took himself too seriously. If I write of Stan in the past tense, it is because he is as gone from us as Rick is. His body may be alive, but the marvelous mind that was Woolston is no longer with us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another special guest at an Outlander meeting, this one hosted by the Hersheys, was Ray Bradbury. I'm not sure how he got to the meeting. Alan may have picked him up, either at Ray's home or at the end of the trolley line. Ray didn't drive and did not like to ride in cars or on planes. Trolley, trains, and I guess buses (as well as his trusty bicycle) were his chosen methods of transportation when it was too far to walk.

Ray announced that he just happened to have his latest story with him. I don't know if he had sold it yet, but I do remember that it was "Way In The Middle of the Air" - the one about the black folks migrating to Mars. Naturally, we asked him to read it to us.

Before, he began to entertain us with one of his W.C. Fields imitations. When he began to read, Alan, as was his wont, crawled under the coffee table to relax. Alan was a tall man, so only his head and shoulders were under the table and I think out of sight of Ray, who was sitting on the couch. At some time during the reading, I heard these soft buzzing sounds and realized that Alan, as was his wont, had drifted off to sleep and was softly snoring. Freddie noticed this, too, and made an unhappy face, but none of us dared wake him lest he bump his head on the underside of the table and draw even more attention to the fact that he was not, at that moment, an ardent Bradbury fan.

Actually, I suspect that Alan was simply tired and was one of those persons who do not like to be read to. God knows, he did enough reading on his own. Freddie once told me - when Alan wasn't present - that he would sit and read for hours on end, which tended to make her somewhat impatient.

"He just sits there and *reads!*" is the way she put it. "If the roof was made of green shit and it fell in on his head, he would still sit there and read!"

Freddie was a reader, too, but she spent a lot of time on gardening, cooking, and developed an interest in archeology. Eventually, she and Alan would go their separate ways and find happiness with new partners.

I almost forgot to finish the Bradbury story. Ray stayed for the whole meeting/party and I guess it got too late to catch a bus or a streetcar. Dave Lesperance, a temporary member of our group, volunteered to take him home, and legend has it that it was a white-knuckle ride for Ray all the way.

Shortly after my move to California I submitted a short story to **Astounding**. It was one that I had written when I was in the service, and my college Journalism instructor had given it good marks. It was returned to me along with a very encouraging letter from Editor John W. Campbell, Jr. I guess the story was totally unsuitable for the Campbell **Astounding** as he didn't give me any hints or help on how to make it acceptable to him (as he did with some other writers) but he did assure me that I was a good story teller and should continue to write and submit stories to him and to other editors in the field.

The only other time that I had submitted a story to a prozine was back in my high school days. I can't remember the exact plot of the short I sent to Ray Palmer at **Amazing** but (unlike the one I sent to **Astounding**) I do remember the title, which was *Beer and the Fourth Dimension*. Now, at that young stage of my life, I was equally ignorant about beer and the fourth dimension, but I didn't let that stop me from writing what was supposed to be a comic story. It came back from **Amazing** with the standard printed rejection slip. Scribbled in the margin of the slip was one word, "Overstocked." At first, I had no idea what that meant. The story was "overstocked?" With what? Eventually, I assume that **Amazing** had a large backlog of short stories and didn't want to buy another one at that time. So I was slightly encouraged.

But I didn't really get into professional writing until after World War II and two or three years after my move to California. I was too busy having fun as a bachelor fan attending club meetings and parties, writing and pubbing with the Outlander Society and for LASFS, NFFF, FAPA, etc.

But, during this period (shortly after the war),

there was a so-called s-f promag “boom.” Apparently inspired by the atomic ending of the war, everybody and his uncle seemed to be trying to publish science fiction books and mags. The books were primarily reprints of some classic material but the mags ranged in quality from pretty good to rather bad.

Ackerman announced his Agency and took on some of us LASFS members along with his already established clients. The LASFS decided to have annual Fanquets at which new writers would be honored.

I began to write short stories for Forry to peddle. I was still working in the plant at that time and could plot a story in my mind during the day while running a printing press or a ream cutter or whatever job I was covering that day.

At home in the evening, I would start writing the first draft on my old Remette. By the end of the week (or earlier) I would have a complete story which I would s-l-o-w-l-y re-type into a more or less readable second draft. I never took time to do more than a second draft.

I have heard some writers brag that they never wrote more than one draft of their stuff. I can only assume that they were better typists than I was or were so popular that they could have written with crayons (I’m cleaning this up) on toilet paper and editors would be eager to buy their output.

I remember Ray Bradbury telling us how he worked on more than one story at a time. He would get up in the morning and start a story. If he didn’t finish it that day, it would go into a filing cabinet and he would pull out another one that he had started previously. He did this on a daily basis and eventually would have several stories for his agent to sell. I suspect he started this system after his days of selling newspapers on the streets of Los Angeles when he was doing his writing in his spare time. I also suspect that in his early days as a writer he burned a lot of midnight oil.

Eventually, Forry sold one of my stories to one of the new fly-by-night promags. They earned that name because most of them didn’t last more than two or three issues.

**Out Of This World Adventures** was an experimental latter day pulp in that it featured a colored comic book section in the middle of all the printed prose. It is now a collector’s item among comic book fans, if not among old pulp fans.



My story appeared in the second issue of **OOTWA** along with stories by A. Bertram Chandler, Basil Wells (one-time member of the Western Pennsylvania Science Fictioneers, the club I started years before), J. Harvey Haggard, Bryce Walton (another LASFSian), John and Dorothy de Courey, and Walt Sheldon.

My title for my story was “Reaction” but editor Don Wollheim re-named it “Alpha Centauri Curtain Call” which, upon reflection, I decided was a much better title for Pike Pickens’ first space adventure. The character (*aka* The Tramp-Clown of the Spaceways) became my alter-ego who performed at parties and cons and even at a hospital.

Some years later I thanked Don for publishing the story and in his wry way, he asked if I had been paid for it. “Oh, yes,” I said. “That’s more than I did as the editor,” cracked Wollheim. I didn’t know whether to believe him or not, but who knew with those old fly-by-night mags?

I used to think that **OOTWA** lasted only two issues but I recently learned that it probably saw four issues. My story was in VI, #2, dated December 1950. The last time I saw a copy for sale the dealer wanted forty bucks for it. I didn’t buy it, but then I’m not a big comic book fan.

(to be continued, rsn or later)

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# OLD FAN'S GUIDE

Reprinted by permission  
of the editors of  
**BUTTON-TACK**  
(where it had been  
reprinted in 1992)  
and Len Moffatt,  
editor of  
**MOONSHINE** #30,  
August 1962  
where it saw its  
first publication.

by  
**Rick  
Sneary**

**ACTIFAN:** A fan who can't think of anything better to do.

**APA:** A fanzine boarding house.

**AYJAY:** Furor scribendi.

**BHEER:** A fannish lubricating liquid.

**BNF:** Someone a great many fans know.

**CHICON III:** A charming convention.

**CONFERENCE:** Convention for the provincials.

**CONVENTION:** A family reunion for orphans.

**CORRECTION FLUID:** The water of forgetfulness that washes away our sins.

**CROGGLE:** To be played speechless.

**CRUD SHEETS:** Unassembled fanzines.

**The CULT:** It certainly is.

**DITTO:** A purple pain.

**DNQ:** A lock on the door after you have set fire to the barn.

**EGOBOO:** The current that keeps fans going.

**ESFA:** The center of the Feud World.

**FAN:** One who revolves rapidly and produces a good deal of wind.

**FANAC:** Work.

**FANARCHIST:** A group of fans that are a little bomby.

**FAN CLUBS:** Something used against non-fans.

**FANDOM:** The whole mish-mosh.

**FANNISH:** Being nuts in the accepted manner.

**FANTASY:** That crazy Wizard of Oz stuff.

**FANZINE:** A place to say things you wouldn't in a private letter.

**FAPA:** A graveyard with a waiting list.

**FAUNCH:** To want something fannishly.

**FEUD:** A battle between paper tigers.

**FLATBED PRESS:** -(Censored)-

**A FOCAL POINT OF FANDOM:** You.

**FOOFOO:** The devil ghu say.



**FOOT:** Something to say when you are being a disappointed fan.

**FUGGHEAD:** Someone with a hole in his mind.

**GAFIA:** Finding a seemingly better use for one's time than fandom.

**GESTETNER:** One of those big sporty foreign mimeos with wire wheels.

**GHUGHU:** The ditto of FOOFOO.

**HOAX:** Old Chinese joke: "I almost somebody else."

**HUGO:** An award for having more friends than someone else.

**IPSO:** A de facto fanzine.

**KOOK:** Someone who acts like a fan but isn't.

**LASFS:** A Shangri-La where everyone grows old.

**The LITTLE MEN:** Literary Giants on a small scale.

**MIDWESCON:** A Con of lost resorts.

**MIMEO:** A machine that sometimes produces fanzines.

**NEOFAN:** Someone a lot of fans don't know.

**NFFF:** The proof of the Natural Futility of a Fan Federation,

**OFFSET:** A black mark left over from the last revolution.

**The OLD GUARD:** They all died at Waterloo.

**PRO:** Someone making money out of being a fan.

**PROMAG:** Something that once published Science Fiction and Fantasy.

**PROPELLER BEANIE:** A hat with a fan both above and below.

**PSI:** Pie in the sky.



**PLONKERS:** They're dryer than zap guns.

**SAPS:** Self-explanatory.

**SCIENCE FICTION:** That crazy John Glenn stuff.

**SENSE OF WONDER:** Not understanding what you are reading.

**SHAGGY:** A hairy fanzine.

**SLIP-SHEET:** To put old crudsheets between new crudsheets.

**STAPLES:** Little bits of wire that fall out of a fanzine until you try to open it.

**STENCIL:** A 20<sup>th</sup> Century clay tablet.

**TAFF:** A way of getting funny-talking guests for Conventions.

**TYPER:** The tip of a fan's paper tongue.

**ZAP GUN:** Wetter than a plonker.

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# LOC 'N LOAD

paragraphs with commentary in script by ye ed.  
and in blue in the PDF version

## JOE ZEFF:

The Digby article brought back fond memories of when he was down here, contributing to APA-L. I do wish he'd rejoin. Not just because we need contributors, but because he has so much to contribute. His viewpoint is skewed, but always in an interesting direction.

I do not expect that many who have moved all of their written fanac on-line to also maintain a paper presence, but I would like to see some of them do so - and Digby is one of these.

Ed Green's continuing story highlights the inner working of any military command in action, in a way few, if any, novels ever have. It shows us the problems, difficulties, and personnel frictions that keep things from running like the well-oiled machines the writers (most of whom have never experienced this) would like us to believe they are. It also shows the thoughts of one of the people trying to keep things moving in a way that makes us understand just what it takes. I, too, hope he publishes this for a wider audience some day.

## GENE STEWART:

Your editorial was suspiciously chronological and orderly. Can this be the debris-scattering sloppy slob we all know and love?

Your second sentence relates to my household and my opinions. My zines and APArunning are more like your first sentence. \*grump\*

Thom Digby's stuff is excellent and reminds me, somewhat, of both Stephen Wright and some smartass faned whose name has slipped the surly bonds of Stewart's Mind, a.k.a. S/M.

What? "Smartass faned" is surely an oxymoron.

But Marty, that Pavlova's the cause of your current diet regimen, isn't it? If this be heaven . . .

That wonderful Pavlova was not the cause of my current contretemps; but, as the culmination of a lifelong sugar habit, it was surely contributory to it. But not by much.

Ann Green's wonderful *TO KNOW ONESELF* is superb; thanks for reprinting it. Now, why do my thoughts turn to Dr. Howard DeVore in general? And doesn't Harlan fit at least two of the packrat subspecies, those being sexual and award-winning?

As for which box I fit into? the packrattus bibliorexessivus. Whereas you, apparently, belong to the packrattus kipple-lotticus branch of the family, eh? Or is it the packrattus multiplicitous file-drawericus.

I have seen Harlan's book collection - it covers the walls of many rooms in his house and I think that it could conservatively be called "extensive." He also has a large art collection.

As for file drawers, my 24 of them are not enough. I have fanzines in three file boxes, and my APAs are in ten boxes and on several shelves.

Wait, let's get this straight. I joshingly refer to Harry Warner, Jr. as a curmudgeon and Rodney Leighton lambastes me, but you get to call Terry Jeeves weirdly masochistic without penalty? Where, one demands, is the fairness in it all?

Fairness? In fandom? You gotta be kidding! Besides, just in case you have noticed it, this is my fanzine, and I will smartass wherever and whenever I wish.

## AILSA EK:

I have read all of *BRINGING UP THE REAR* and *PROBABLY SOMETHING* and giggled my way through the latter. I like the way Thom Digby's mind works and shall probably be reading the article to my husband and daughter over Sabbath dinner tonight.

If everybody in your household giggled, you are either all fans or you are all weird. Not that there is much of a difference, after all.



**TERRY JEEVES:**

I loved those off beat comments by T.E. Digby and also the piece on new TV ideas. I wrote a letter on similar lines and sent it to the BBC, but they never replied. One suggestion to combine the craze for medical matters and competitions, was to have "Ready, Steady, Operate" in which two teams of the audience were handed textbooks, given an hour to bone up, then competed in performing an operation on some sucker.

Well, one can always pay no attention to the protests of an octopus. Based on what you have written, I am glad that I watch little network TV; as, from what I have heard, it appears that you have written most of them.

**ERIC LINDSAY:**

I notice that you didn't color the cover, despite the helpful hints from Taral. But does Topic A never go away?

Seriously (which does afflict me once in a while), Ted White and I (bitter opponents in Topic A) get along quite well on the fannish e-lists.

As for getting on-line sooner than some of the old pharts, even Terry Jeeves has an e-mail address now. Bob Tucker has a web page. Surely only Harry Warner, Jr. is still resisting. Given ever increasing postal rates and the inconvenience factor of snail mail vs. e-mail, I hardly ever send letters now. I also suspect that my days of doing paper zines are over, except those rare times when we visit someplace with a cheap copy place (and have the forethought to have done a master).

Well, there is a bit of convenience of e-mail over Post Office in the matter of locs. In my case, I prepare locs in one of my loc templates; then, if the recipient fanned has an e-mail address, I just attach the loc to an e-mail posting. If there is only a street address, I print it and then also print out an envelope. However, I still like paper zines and I doubt that I will abandon them anytime soon.

David L. Russell sure does some strange things. Nice to see his name appearing over the Pavlova of comment. But, surely someone makes Pavlova in the

USA?

**E.B. FROHVET:**

Perhaps you will forgive me if I admit that the item in *NO AWARD #7* which first captured my attention was Joseph Major's review of my fanzine, *TWINK*. In general, this is about what I expected, a fair critique. I agree with Joseph, and have said so often, that *TWINK* is not the most visually appealing fanzine; his description of its layout as

**NED BROOKS:**

Digby did have a strange mind! We are definitely approaching feasibility on the idea of issuing cloned slaves a con badges.

I hope this issue doesn't fall into the hands of a real TV executive - not that what's on TV could get that much worse if they used Milt Stevens' ideas, but I might feel compelled to watch the damn things.

Thom did have a strange mind? It still is strange, but its output is all on-line.

"adequate" is on target. And the substance, the text, is essentially the point of my zine, as Joseph states.

If there was one minor point in which the review disappointed me, it was that Joseph's vague reference to "the Great Reservoir of Fan Art" did not pay as much attention as I think is deserved to the numerous artists who have generously graced my zine; in particular, the several, as Sheryl, Steve Stiles, Sue Mason, Margaret B. Simon, etc., who have done covers for *TWINK*. I view the covers as one of the assets of the zine.

What's a "pavlova?" If you want to say "female dog," there's a perfectly good English word for that.

A pavlova is - Most - Definitely - NOT a female dog. A pavlova is the Ultimate Meringue. And it is now, probably, forever beyond my further enjoyment unless I can permanently reduce my cholesterol and triglycerides. \*sigh\*

**JEANNE MEALY:**

YIKES! Ann Green has outed fannish packrats! And NAMED NAMES! Gasp. Well, all packrats are not fans. I really wonder if you'll hear from fans who are not packrats, and can have it corroborated. (You won't hear a peep from THIS neck of the woods.)

REAL good idea to suggest a truce with Joseph Nicholas. Or at least take the discussion(s) outside,



where it won't waste pages.

As you will see from his loc later in the zine, my suggestion did not "take."

**ROBERT LICHTMAN:**

Well, I certainly agree with you in hoping that your using Taral's "Bergeron" drawing of Avedon on the cover of *NO AWARD NO. 7* doesn't re-ignite any of the old Topic A Wounds from the '80s. Now that we've put a century between us and all that, it ought to be enjoyed for the brilliant pastiche it is. In one of the many piles of fan-related material around here, I have an envelope from Bergeron received during the early days of the youknowwhat in which he sent me a bunch of attractive two-inch square color silk screen illos of the sort he used to run in (dare I name it?) *WIZ* before all hell broke loose in its pages. Someday, when I have access to affordable color printing, I'd like to run them in a fanzine. No matter what one thinks of what Bergeron devolved into - and, as you'll recall, I was \*not\* on his side of All That - he was still a fine artist.

I am most happy to write that many of the major players of That Mess are co-mingling quite positively on various elists. Were Bergeron to re-emerge in fandom, I do not know what would eventuate. At the moment, though, on-line discussion of his art is nothing short of positive, even amongst those who were On The Other Side.

I continue to enjoy Len Moffatt's *Califania Tales*, despite groaning slightly at the title. Len refers to LASFS as "this world's oldest s-f club;" which, of course, made me wonder if there were/are older ones on some other world. Later, he writes, regarding the numbering system of Shangri-LA, that after Burbee left, ". . . somehow, it was decided that the club would go back to the original magazine title of *Shangri-LA*. Don't ask me if we continued the old numbering or started over with No. 1 as I can't recall." Well, according to the Pavlat/Evans/Swisher Fanzine Index, the numbering was continued. The third issue of *Shangri-LA* appeared in July 1941, and the fourth in January 1948. *Shangri-L'Affaires* began in December 1941 and continued through its 38<sup>th</sup> issue in November 1947 when Burbee was fired. The

title resumed with the 39<sup>th</sup> issue in November 1958 under the editorship of Djinn Faine. And this is probably more than you wanted to know about this subject.

Nope. And I hope that many of my readers share my interest in fanhistory.

Joseph Major's review of *TWINK* seems somehow more, well, capable than the review he did of Tom Sadler's *THE RELUCTANT FAMULOUS* that I objected to in my letter that appeared in your last issue. Taking the point you made in your comments to me there, I agree that at least here Joseph "is" doing a review rather than an extended letter of comment, and it works better than the earlier review. His take on *CHALLENGER* in *NO AWARD #6* is also quite adequate. Maybe he's warmed up to his task and/or takes the comments he's received to heart?

Thanks for the Rotsler variations. I ought to do this myself, sometime; I certainly have quite a few "coupled" series of his drawings in my art file.

I am glad that you like the concept and the execution. As you have seen, I am also doing the same thing in *DE PROFUNDIS* as I have many Rotsler illos on hand - and an e-mail to Bill Warren elicited the information that he has lots more Rotsler illos to distribute.

**LLOYD PENNEY:**

Thom Digby sounds like he's an adherent to a Smack Upside the Head, (i.e. sideways language). I'm sure I could come up with some items like these, but I'd have to catch up on my sleep first, which should take about three years or so . . .

Every once in a while, after reading some Probably Somethings, I create a few of them for my APA-Lzine. Nobody ever accused me of having my head screwed on straight.

Ah, the Pavlova. I remember how much you enjoyed the Pavlova David Russell sent to you (which I wrote about in the Trufen e-list - ed.) Now that you've had to cut out Pavlovas and coffee-flavoured sugar from your diet, has the doctor noticed any changes in your health? If ever I fall out of your good graces, I shall try to find less fattening ways of getting back into them.

Sucralose has quite nicely taken the place of sugar

in coffee, but my low-fat, no-sugar diet remains. As my progress has not been as good as I would have liked (and an increase in exercise is not doable because I have lost as much weight as I should), I am now going on a niacin-megadose regimen. In the meantime I must continue on my cardboard diet.

I shall never commit the deadly sin of imagining that I could write like Milt Stevens. The "Snuffmouse" concept is already in employ . . . in the form of the Itchy and Scratchy cartoon Bart Simpson watches. Actually, I think most people have downgraded the average deadly sin to a "serious no-no," and at least make a half-hearted effort to try to avoid these things. I think imagining yourself to be Dave Langford is at least socially deadly.

Len Moffatt's *Califania Tales* continue to entertain . . . he's lucky that he had been able to make a career of writing for one internal publication or another.

Yes, his stomach has its own mimeo machine.

Ann Green's article is great! To paraphrase Robert Burns, it is indeed a wondrous gift to see ourselves as others see us. Our own apartment is described as a cozy clutter, but it is the envy of at least a few fans who would love to have a home that looks as snaf and fannish as ours. Where does this packrat mania come from? I remember at the edges of my fannish memory being told that I wasn't a good fan unless I'd read gazillions of books, and owned EVERY ONE OF THEM. Owning the book was proof you'd read it. Otherwise, who'd believe you? Good fans were collectors of books/toys/comics/glittery things/fanzines/magazines/pulps/CDs/movies/stuffed toys/moreandmoreandmore . . .

Alex Bouchard is right about *CHALLENGER* when it comes to passion. We all know Guy more than the average faned because he puts so much of himself on paper. (Saves on ink, that way. - ed.) His Hugo nomination this year was a thrill for him, he plans a big party at Chicon to celebrate that fact, and he's a happy Guy, whether he wins the rocket or not.

#### **JOSEPH T. MAJOR:**

*Fanac by the Fire Light, Part Three:* This is, as you said, a rather "dark" topic for a light-hearted fanzine. It is interesting, nevertheless, to see Ed continuing to remain stable as all sorts of disasters get thrown at him.

*Loc 'n Load:* Your income has been fixed so it won't spawn any little incomes. That is why computer stores will sell all the motherboards you can take (and more) but never any fatherboards. Fatherboards are stored in the vaults of Intel, and only taken out during breeding season.

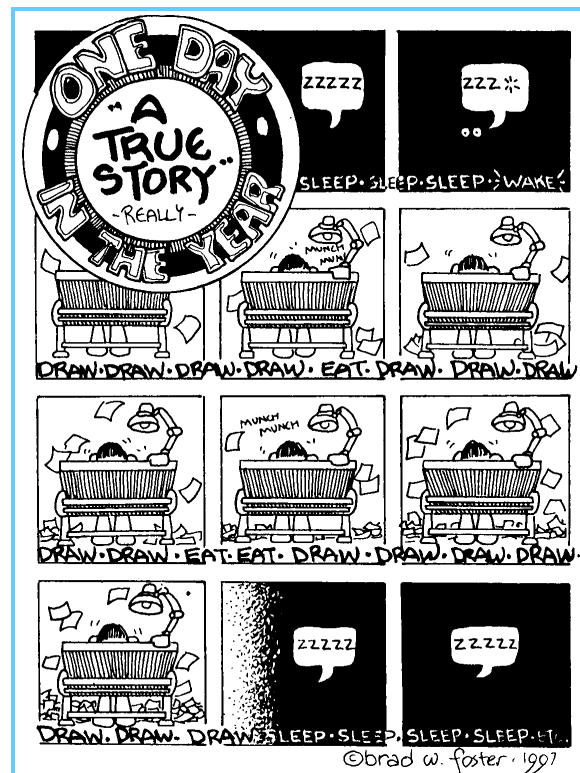
Your smartassery is almost good enough to make you a fanwriter.

#### **BRAD W. FOSTER:**

Beyond that, I am blushing at all the locs that trouble to mention liking my cover last time out. It seems like one shouldn't have both the pleasure of drawing along with the egoboo of such comments, almost too much to handle. (ALMOST . . . no need for anyone to stop!)

As far as I can tell from a look about the house, I would be a Reluctant Anally Retentive Eclectic Packrat. Is that good?

It depends upon how much shit you want to retain. Then again, just where do you store your eclectics? In my case, the garbage does tend to get thrown out quite often, but not much of anything else. I can use that other stuff, some day. Yeah.



**RODNEY LEIGHTON:**

I perhaps should point out that I was not writing specifically about Joseph Nicholas [in my last loc]. I suspect he hates having me call him Joey but he hasn't killed me yet. I once promised to stop teasing him but it's too much fun. I like Joseph and agree with what you say about him. Although I don't know about this business of arguing about one topic for nineteen years. Good God Above. Joseph wanted to argue with me one time. That didn't last 19 days, much less 19 years. I always say I won the argument. But I suspect he decided to let me think so.

It was not a straight 19 years as I was gafia for 5 or so of those years.

**JOSEPH NICHOLAS:**

NO AWARD 7 arrived here sometime last week, but we were in Milan.

Your fanzine has therefore received only a cursory glance - too much to do, too little time to do it in - but I did laugh immoderately as your assertion that sub-texts are things writers put in for academics to find: a piece of middle-headed nonsense which merely confirms that you have absolutely no idea of what you're talking about. (A possible reason why the novels of Anderson, Niven, *et al* are so shallow and tedious could be that their sub-texts have been deliberately removed to avoid taxing their readers' brains; but I doubt that even Anderson and Niven would claim that they had no other agenda than the telling of a story.) The statement that science fiction is "about how the characters in a story navigate themselves out of difficulties" is so general that it could be - and indeed is - applied to every other form of fiction, up to and including Helen Fielding's *Bridget Jones Diary*; which brings you no closer to a definition or a statement of purpose. But on the other hand, why should I continue to pursue these points with you? It is apparent to me that you are functionally incapable of understanding a critical argument, and therefore that writing to you on such topics is a waste of my valuable time.

You have such a "civilised" manner of discourse, Joseph. And it is interesting that you wasted your valuable time (and postage money) telling me that as your time is obviously too valuable to do that. I notice that you had the time to read that portion of

my response to your loc about this one topic but not another portion of my reply to your loc wherein I offer you a "truce." Personally, I am also tired of this continual arguing 'twixt the two of us.

**D.M. SHERWOOD:**

Basically, Marty, you've got one theory of what Fiction is all about & Joe's got another [and] they don't overlap enough for useful communication. Me, I like Joe's theory as an explanation of how I read, but interpreted through a framework of ideas that means that in practice I like most of the same books you do.

Here is another way of looking at it. To me, Joseph seems to be reading SF through a litcrit lens whereas I am reading SF as the wonderful story-telling it is. (I admit, this is space-limited simplification, here.) It

appears to Joe that I have such a skewed viewpoint about SF that I might just as well be reading the label on a bottle of ketchup for all of the SF experience I am getting from my SF reading. We have been arguing this, off and on, for 19 years, and neither of us are ever going to convince the other. Why do we continue? This is a fanzine, and that question is just as silly as all other questions.

**GARY DEINDORFER:**

I have been swamped in fanzines lately; they've been pouring in. Is fanzine fandom at the beginning of, dare I say it, a fannish renaissance? It seems like it at times. Are people getting tired of electronic fanac, that they are publishing all of these paper fanzines recently? I dunno; but I do know that I'm way behind on loccing fanzines, and I try to loc nearly every fanzine I receive. This is why it is only at this late date that I am getting around to writing you a letter on the new *NO AWARD*, which I like, even if Alison Scott doesn't. But what does she know, anyway?

She probably knows a lot. Which is not to say that all of what she knows is correct. But, as one of the Plokta Cabal, a crew putting out one of the most vibrantly alive of the current crop of fanzines, I dare say that the trades she is getting

is at least giving her a glimpse of what is available in zinedom. As is her right, she is drawing conclusions of varying congruence to reality. Sez one whose zine is not one of her favourites.

Tom Digby has an ingenious mind, to be sure. An original way of looking at things, yet I think on the evidence of the bits assembled in your zine that as often as not he strains the envelope when coming up with these nutty ideas. Still, it is nice that there is someone like Tom around to light a fire under complacent people's rear ends once in a while. I would like to more of these Digby idea tidbits in the next issue.

Alison Scott would not like to see more of these Digby idea tidbits in this zine. If you look back some pages, you will see who won this argument. I must say, though, that putting this Digby material into this zine I am spreading his material around a bit as it was originally available only in APAs with circulations even more limited than this zine.

Milt Stevens' look at television is pretty funny, though very darkly cynical. But then, thinking about TV would tend to make one that way. Some of his ideas are clever and not too far removed from what is already on the Tube. By the way, Steve Stiles' illo on page 9 is kind of an "instant classic," I think.

Ed Green turns out the most fascinating installment of his national guardsman reminiscences to date, mainly because of the light he casts on the behind-the-scenes politicking involved in the deal. He really ought to try to get this article published, professionally, in its entirety.

I keep telling him that; however, currently, he is not interested.

Rodney Leighton's loc is more thoughtful than what I am used to seeing from him. He makes some good points about Appearance vs. Reality in a fan's makeup, and all that that entails.

### **SHERYL BIRKHEAD:**

Thank you for the *TWINK* review. That zine has come a long way very rapidly and I *always* enjoy an issue when it arrives.

Does San Jose count as an LACon? I've been so far out of the convention scene that I don't even have any idea who the concom is.

Los Angeles may be large, but it is not large enough to encompass San Jose. San Jose, not the one in Costa Rica, is in the Bay Area about 350 miles to the north of where I live. I will be able to attend the 2002 Westercon by taking the subway (which ends 2 miles from where I live), transferring to 2 surface rail lines, and take a free shuttle bus to the con hotel each day. About 1 1/2 hours of travel time one-way and a 65¢ senior fare. No wear and tear on my automobile, and no hotel-room expenses. The above is not practicable for going to Con Jose.

### **ALEXIS GILLILAND:**

Maybe you expected a letter of comment on *NO AWARD #7?* Faneds, lowly faneds, they takes what the mailman delivers.

It is not true that faneds consider everything which arrives in the mail to be a loc; however, this 2-page letter (of which only the above quotation is even slightly loccish) shows that our loc-sifting nets have very small holes.

### **SEÁN RUSSELL FRIEND**

The *Twink* "review" is, er, "interesting" . . . As it happens, I'm quite used to this sort of rip-and-slash excuse for an article in Pagan cyrkles (we call it "bitchcraft"), and it's apparently integral to poetry groups too, and SF fans have oft dragged me into their childish likkle disputes - three types of people who should be mature enough to know better!

Now then, I'm certainly not scared of controversy, but I'm definitely not going to take sides here, mainly becoz my own public persona has so far got along rather well with E.

### **JOHN BERRY:**

I no longer am an old phart - well, I'm old, but I've now got an iMAC, but find it terribly difficult to operate [and] am awaiting 12-year-old grandson from County Down to teach me.

I wonder if Harry Warner will now cast you out of Old Phart Phandom.

Bhlog? What bhlog,  
I don't see any bhlog....



B.'s public persona . . . and I've got far too many enemies anyhow!

Sadly, it seems that for a "person" to survive in fandom these days, they have to learn to accept (or even **love**) the bitching and curmudgeonry.

You must have read an alternate universe version of my zine. Not only did no other loccers consider the review of *TWINK* in as negative light as did you, but E.B. himself was satisfied with it. And, as for "childish likkle disputes", most of them are part of what makes fandom fun as we like "testing" our intellectual prowess in this matter. Now, when you start denigrating curmudgeons, you are hitting too close to home.

### STEVE GREEN

For what it's worth, I thought Taral's cover was rather amusing - and anyone who still wants to rake over the ashes of "Topic A" needs a kick up the arse.

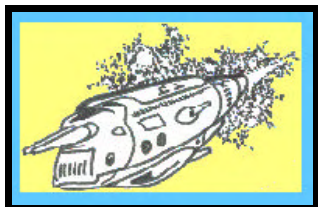
Too right.

Thom Digby's bizarre meanderings reminded me slightly of the notebooks in which Alfred Bester used to jot random storylines . It's a crime Thom's name isn't better known outside LA, or that no one has yet chained him to a desk and demanded a wide-circulation fanzine as ransom.

I consider Thom's mind an asset to fandom, and getting him better known was one of the reasons I am reprinting some of his "ideas."

Lest I be accused of bias in praising your decision to reprint Ann's packrat article from the first (and currently sole) issue of our *Thunderbox*, it should be noted in defence that *To Know Oneself* is an undisguised spleen-vent aimed primarily at yours truly. I'd have stormed off in a huff the moment I read the first draught, only I've nowhere to relocate all my stuff to.

This inhabitant of *Kipple Central* is understanding of your position. However, storming off in a huff is a decidedly unusual reaction - I have never heard of that brand of automobile.



## WAHIE

**Geoff Barker, Wm. Breiding, Robert Whitaker Sirignano, Roy Tackett, and Teddy Harvia** Both Wm. and The Harvia sent changes of address.

## A FEW LAST THOUGHTS

It was Ed Green's computer which has crashed, so his essay on the Los Angeles riots will continue in the next issue.

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This issue of *NO AWARD* marks a major change in its production. It is available in two versions. Those who receive it in the traditional method via the Post Office will see it in its usual black-and-white printing. Those who are on-line and want to get it via this method (it will be sent as an on-line attachment) will get a colour-enhanced PDF file which can be either read on their computers (and stored on their hard disk if they wish) or run through their printers (preferably double-sided) with all of the colour-enhancements.

Sending the zine via the net will save me printing and postage costs - and this retiree really will like this. My finances will like it even better.

However, this transfers some costs to those who print the zine on their own printer. To make this worthwhile (if, indeed, it is worthwhile for them) there is the trade-off in seeing it in colour, probable clarity of printing, and speed of getting the zine (especially to those out of country).

Of course, this is going to upset some completists. \*snicker\* Well, any completist who is on-line can request a black-and-white copy to be sent to them via the Post Office. Such request requires a \$5 asking fee. \*more snickers\*

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