

NO AWARD

Marty Cantor



Ross
02/02

NO AWARD #11

A Fanzine
by
Marty Cantor
voted Fandom's Resident Curmudgeon
in a poll conducted in *Twink*

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This fanzine is available as a download in a colourised PDF version at < www.efanzines.com >. A black and white edition will be distributed to those who prefer to receive it in the traditional paper manner.

This fanzine is available for the fannish 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.

LEGALESE

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1,000,000 Rasbuckniks

by Greg Chalfin

APA-L is a weekly APA which has been around since 1964 (and is still in existence). The APA has gone through many "Golden Ages," one of which was in the mid through late '70s. What makes a "Golden Age" in an APA, you ask? Primarily, many contributors producing work of scintillating interest and with fascinating ideas. One of those who contributed to this intellectual ferment in the '70s was Thom Digby (some of whose material I have recently reprinted) and another was Greg Chalfin. Both of them joined LASFAPA in its early days, the late '70s, and both revisited LASFAPA for its 25th anniversary celebration last September. This article is from Greg Chalfin's zine in LASFAPA #300, showing that he still can take an idea and follow it through to a rather unusual conclusion. Or, to put it another way, he sort of looks at the world sideways.

The rasbucknik is the currency unit of Lower Slobovia in Al Capp's "Li'l Abner," and the rate of exchange is "one rasbucknik is worth nothing at all; a million rasbuckniks are worth even less because of all the trouble of lugging them around." This illustrates an important economic fact: the total cost of ownership of something can be a lot more than the purchase price. If I see a book I want to buy, the price isn't just \$1.00 (at some library's used book sale) or \$17.60 (from amazon.com) or even zero (when some friend is giving it away), but it also includes at least the cost of the shelf space that the book is going to take up. Now shelf space costs something in the range of 10¢ to \$1.00 per inch if you just count the cost of a bookcase. But the floor space that the bookcase sits on needs to be included, too, and that's not a simple calculation. The floor-space cost of the *first* bookcase that you put into a room might be figured at something like \$200 to \$400 per square foot (at California real-estate prices), which brings the per-inch cost of shelf space into the several-dollar range. But that's for the first bookcase. How do you figure the cost of the *last* bookcase (the one that won't fit, or that fits only if you throw out the comfy chair and the third computer, or the one that's just a virtual bookcase because now you're double-shelving the books, or the one that's actually the null bookcase because books are winding up on the floor or in a box in the garage)?

The point is that if you're not careful, books can cost a lot more than you think. But I have a solution. Many of the books I acquire come in capacious boxes from amazon.com, bn.com, and even bookcloseouts.com. I say capacious, because there's room in those boxes not just for the books but also for styrofoam peanuts, plastic bags of air, and similar high-tech shock absorbers. so once the box has been emptied, it can be refilled with more books than came out of it and then donated to a library used-book sale or other worthy cause, thus making room on the shelves not only for the

books that arrived in that box, but also for other books that have arrived in a Safeway bag from one of those very used-books sales, or have come one at a time through the auspices of eBay or bookfinder.com in a padded bag that's far too abraded to be re-used, as a result of its long journey from Portland or Los Angeles or 84 Charing Cross Road.

Of course, to make this work, it's necessary to continually decide on which books to de-accession, a process which is quite costly in itself - in some emotional, if not economic, sense.

ml

LOCCERS

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FANZINE REVIEW

By Joseph T Major

Opuntia

Opuntia; Dale Speirs. Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta
T2P 2E7 CANADA

“available for \$3 cash for a one-time sample copy,
trade for your zine, or letter of comment.”



Our Editor has observed that “There is no typical issue of *Opuntia*.” As this editor says in the colophon, “Whole-numbered OPUNTIAs are sercon, x.1 issues are reviewzines, x.2 issues are indexes,

and x.5 issues are perzines.” And he omits to mention that often we have x.#1 where “1” can be any letter, for sequential issues of type x.#. Listing issues of *Opuntia* often gives cataloguers nervous breakdowns. In prediction of this, Dale once wrote an article about a confusion of classification among catfish, ending with the man who assigned scientific names dying of stress.

The issue before me is a whole-numbered issue, *Opuntia* 50 as a matter of fact. Yet we can identify some typical features. The zine is on a mere four sheets of paper, folded in half so as to make it sixteen pages. Within this reduced size work there are two columns of commentary, illustrated with cacti. (*Opuntia* is a genus of cacti; the editor is a professional arborist for the corporation [i.e. city government] of Calgary.)

Dale is an unjustly neglected fan writer, though I nominate him regularly. His writing, it seems, does not fall into the accepted categories. Earlier comments have dealt with a broad spectrum of matters. For example, there was a slightly daft fellow from Calgary who claimed that he had invented the Ewoks and sued LucasFilms for royalties. Or there was a history of mail frauds. Or mail bombs, a topic that suddenly became an issue of vast importance. Or mail art of various kinds. (Something often used on the mailing envelopes, as with the RCMP officer wearing a cactusized maple-leaf insignia, singing the anthem “O! Puntia!”) And so on. He combines erudition in the trivial with a wicked — dare I say “barbed”? (“O! Puntia! We stand embarbed for thee!” to quote from the preceding) — sense of humor. However, he doesn’t write about getting drunk in the sixties, so seems unworthy of mention.

But on to the issue at hand. The cover continues that tradition, with a screen capture of OpuntiaWorld from the

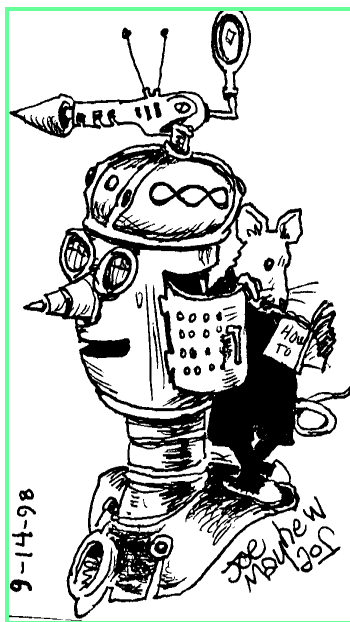
computer game SimLife. Earlier covers have featured the busy goddess Opuntia, pictures of cacti, or the good cactus fairy. In short, we have here an editor who sticks to his theme at the beginning. A fanzine that sticks to its theme (and here’s a theme that sticks) is a proud and lonely thing indeed.

Inside the cover, we have an act of daring, in that the first words after the colophon are the words of others. Yes, the letter column comes first in *Opuntia*. Thish’s letters begin by touching on another persistent theme of *Opuntia*, the need for building Canadian fandom; the first letter is a letter from Canadian Unity Fan Fund Administrator Murray Moore announcing the 2002 CUFF race and giving details of how it works. That there has to be a fan fund for fan trips within the same country says something I doubt any CanFan likes to hear, or any other Fan, really. Nevertheless, Dale provides a worthy service by publicizing the fund and its administration. Let us hope that under such vigilance, such gross errors as the vicious blackening of a candidate’s reputation for not being in the right group, or the outright theft of the accumulated money, will not happen.

Another letter from Lloyd Penney (we will stress Canadian fans in this commentary, in keeping with the theme of the zine) discusses the eternal demise of SF. Lloyd is optimistic; the editor is not.

After these and other letters, the material shifts to the editorial. The Editor chimes in with another article on one of his themes, **Postal Problems: Cranks and Circulars**, discussing the diverse topics of letter writers to the newspapers and the prominent, and the mailing of postage-due circulars. Earlier such essays have discussed postal frauds (the written equivalent of that email from the fellow in Nigeria wanting a bank account to transfer “147,000,000 \$” out of the country), mail bombs (eek!), and sending odd things through the mail. Given that Ditto and Corflu often have program items on mailing, this is not all that unrelated a topic to consider.

Next, Dale contributes a topic on one of his other interests, philately: **Philatelic Legends: The Murdered Stamp Collector**. This is a historical analysis of how a work of fiction becomes transformed into an urban legend; stamp collecting’s “Angels of Mons”. The Editor often discusses stamp collecting, describing how (for example) the TV



evangelist Dr. Gene Scott scandalized the hobby with his approach to exhibits. Other interests of his that he has written on include fish shows (cf. the earlier comment about catfish), stamp art, mail art, and so on.

As may be seen in the next item, “**Shadows and Rubber Work**” “by Don Mabie qua Chuck Stake”, a digression from

two participants in the alternative art scene in Calgary. The article described an exhibit of rubber stamp art. Recipients of *Opuntia* see a good bit of it, as the envelopes often have stamped on them the truculent beaver of Torcon III, or the aforementioned Royal Opuntian Mounted Policeman (Dudley Do-Barb?). This is not quite so interesting to the general fan-populace, being infested with academic postmodern jargon.

A more witty digression discusses “**Great Moments in the History of Mail Art: 1926**” where the problem of a rubber stamp message on a letter was the source of Questions in the Canadian Parliament. This is followed by the Editor’s report on “**Mail Art Fiction**”, which includes philatelic fantasies—fake stamps, some of which were remarkably convincing, particularly to the post office (“This scandal magazine created fake Canada stamps and used them in the mails. 26 out of 28 went through and were delivered.” p. 15).

As said earlier, *Opuntia* also works at building the CanFandom community, and has published (in sercon issues) many items of CanFandom History. Some have not been so happy, as in Garth Spencer’s detailed history of how some fans went to Worldcon, decided they could do something just as big, and proceeded to divide local fandom. Others have been more cheerful, recounting the developments of clubs from Vancouver eastward.

As for the other issues, the x.1 reviewzines review in brief items from all his interests, so SF fanzines jostle with angry Mail Art manifestos (the denizens of the alternative art scene always seem angry; perhaps because they are aware of their standing) and general Underground work. Dale has said on many occasions that the mundane zine community is

far more “leading edge” than the SF fanzine community. Perhaps so but the examples he has reviewed come across as not so much “avant-garde” but, as said above, intentionally marginal and displeased with that status.

The x.5 perzines are diaries. Dale keeps his eyes open, and reports on such events as the Calgary Stampede as well as the more day-to-day life in Cowtown, Alberta. Sometimes his dry, straightforward reportage merely emphasizes the SF-ness of the real world, as when he reports on how in -40° temperatures, a flung pebble can destroy an entire windscreen.

As for the above-mentioned indexing, at least he who created the problem strove to solve it; the x.2 issues are indexes to the run of the zine.

Canadian fanzine fandom, after a period in the nineties of vigor, seemed to evaporate. Perhaps there was an underlying weakness; I recall being outraged when none of those excellent fanzines were even nominated at the Worldcon *in Canada!* Fortunately, we are seeing the stirrings of a revival, with Murray Moore’s *AZTEC blue* leading the pack. *Opuntia* has been a survivor, and dare I say, a sustainer of this tradition.

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A CONSIDERATION OF SILLY TITLES

by Milt Stevens

The writers mentioned in the accompanying article are all definitely dead and not likely to come back and haunt either of us. Of the three pieces I deal with, the one by Cummings is the most amateurish excuse for a science fiction story I have ever read. He didn't seem to be able to keep track of his details even from one page to the next. The Keller story has some amusing parts but generally wouldn't be suitable for modern readers. It's an example of what Harry Warner was talking about in the last issue. Luddite fiction to the max. The Cummings story also expressed the sentiment that people would be better off without science. The Phillip K. Dick story stands up pretty well, although it doesn't quite have the ending I gave it.

—Milt

These days, most male science fiction writers wear socks. That's an important point to remember. It reflects the science fiction field's decades long slither towards respectability. Things were not always so. During a slide-show of old pulp covers years ago, I recall seeing a cover depicting a giant mosquito carrying away a taxicab. I remarked that I could sort of see why parents didn't want their kids reading this stuff. I probably shouldn't have made that comment while standing next to Forry Ackerman. On many other covers, legions of reptiloid aliens were just waiting to get their slimy tentacles on some brass braed babe. That situation gets kinkier the more you think about it.

But what was the point in respectability in magazines guys usually hid under their jackets anyway? SF magazines really dealt with such silly topics as rockets to the moon, invasion by extraterrestrial earwigs, and giant thinking machines (some of them more than six feet in diameter). To attract an appropriate readership, the magazines emphasized the outlandish nature of their contents. There was no such thing as Too Flamboyant for a pulp magazine. The story titles of the era were appropriately bizarre. You just don't get titles like *Mutated Mugwumps of Mars* anymore. But even during a period of silly titles, some were sillier than others. The following may not be the silliest titles ever used, but they certainly qualify as pretty darned silly.

Onslaught of the Silly Titles

Back to those thrilling days of yesteryear, to the June 1941 issue of *Fantastic Adventures* for Ray Cummings story *Onslaught of the Druid Girls*. Since this was the cover story for the issue, the cover depicts a woman in a see-through blouse riding a...riding a...well, it isn't a broom. If I had to guess, I would say it was probably the ugly pup from a litter of pterodactyls. The story blurb reads "Lee Blaine went to find Earth's second moon and found also a lovely girl in

dire, mysterious danger." Of course, he was going to find a lovely girl. You might have *Cat Women of the Moon*, or *Fallen Women of the Moon*, but you would never have *Ugly Women of the Moon*. It just wouldn't sell.

As the story opens, a giant meteorite crashes near an observatory in Boonfark, Wisconsin. The observatory is the home of Dr. Robert Blaine and his wife. They suspect the meteorite may be from their grandson Lee. Dr. Blaine and his wife had raised Lee after

his parents died in an unfortunate accident in a nuclear laboratory where they were trying to develop a toothpaste that really killed more germs. The way young people just don't write anymore, the senior Blaines were always glad to get an occasional meteorite from Lee.

Years earlier, Dr. Blaine had proposed a radical theory that Earth had a second moon named Zonara. He theorized that we couldn't see this moon because the residents kept the lights turned off. Of course, today we know that Earth having a second moon is even less likely than getting a second pair of pants with a suit. Dr. Blaine's theory was dismissed by the astronomical community with the comment that only cheesy theories came from Wisconsin. Young Lee Blaine vows to vindicate his disgraced grandfather's theory. To do this, he misappropriates an anti-gravitational flivver which was being developed by a slightly annoyed scientist in Chicago and heads-off for Zonara. On prying open the meteorite, the senior Blaine's find the account of his trip.

On arriving at Zonara, Blaine observes a huge jungle which he immediately crashes into. He notices that it is very dark in this jungle. This could be because he crashed at night. Before he can light a match, a beautiful girl swings down on a vine from a nearby tree. By the tone of her hysterical screaming, he can tell she needs assistance. The sound of crashing in the nearby jungle suggests a possible reason. Within seconds, a huge manly man emerges from the jungle with a snarl on his lips and a club in his hand. Blaine considers suggesting that there is no excuse for domestic violence. On second thought, he realizes some people don't need an excuse. The girl screams. To be of assistance, Blaine screams too. They both run-off in the direction away from the manly man.

After a brief pursuit, Blaine and the girl, who is named Aurita, arrive at the Zonaran town of Dreen. Due to some

really peculiar local zoning laws, Dreen is built on the tops of trees.

Several months go by in which Blaine learns more about the culture of Zonara. Zonarans are simple agrarian folk with only minor involvements with defense sub-contracting. One of their current projects involves the development of a dissolving ray. The Zonarans have an egalitarian society except for the Nonnites.

The Nonnites are born without gender which doesn't do a whole heck of a lot for their popularity in Zonaran society. As a rule, they are either enslaved or cast out entirely.

Nonites are usually employed either picking cotton or working in the Zonaran Department of Sewage Management. In a treetop town, sewage management is more of a problem than in most other places. Aurita sometimes wondered about the justice of enslaving the Nonnites, even though they are never likely to be invited to many parties. After all, they do have a natural sense of rhythm. However, some had reported disturbing rumbles of mutiny among the Nonnites. Most attributed it to the frijoles they were always eating.

Zonara was a world without crime, except for a thriving business in kidnapping. Outlaw gangs routinely kidnapped babies for sale to the Nonnites. The Nonnites, in turn, used the babies to qualify for welfare. Sometimes the outlaws also kidnapped women and used them to produce their own babies for sale. This was the process Blaine had interrupted when he first arrived on Zonara.

Soon, disturbing reports were heard in Dreen. It was said that the outlaw gangs had joined the Teamsters Union. They were now inflaming the Nonnites with talk of medical and dental plans and promises of paid vacations. In response to these dark rumors, Blaine and Aurita use the flying sled Blaine had built out of salvaged parts from the anti-gravitational flivver to visit the remote weapons site where the dissolving rays were being developed. Why be satisfied with strike breaking when you can engage in strike dissolving? On arrival, they find that the production workers have also joined the Teamsters Union and are even now on their way to Dreen by boat. Once there, they planned to join with the outlaws for a little Collective Bargaining.

Blaine considered his own weaponry. All he had brought from Earth was a single heat gun which he used to hunt for food in the frozen food section of his local supermarket. Obviously, it wouldn't be sufficient against a hundred dissolving rays. Only one thing could save Dreen now. As it happened, most of the young females on Zonara spent much of their time flying around on big, ugly looking critters called airites. It was sort of the local equivalent of cruising. If Blaine and Aurita could reach the girls, maybe the girls could intercept the dissolving rays before they reached

Dreen. So that is what they did.

The girls were quick to figure out a winning air strategy. Imagine yourself being overflowed by 500 thousand pound pigeons. The results were messy. The outlaws and the dissolving rays were soon sunk under tons of aerite guano, and everybody but them lived happily ever after.

If you have been paying attention, you may be wondering about one minor detail. What about the Druids? Neither Druidism nor any other religion is mentioned in the entire story. I guess they had to call the story something and *Onslaught of the Four Square Gospel Girls* wouldn't have been a selling title.

Revolt of the Silly Titles

For our next selection, we go to the February 1928 issue of *Amazing Stories* for Dr. David H. Keller's story *Revolt of the Pedestrians*. We all know it's a hundred points for hitting a little old lady with a walker. Fifty extra points for knocking her out of a crosswalk. There are still more points if you can make double or triple bank shots with pedestrians. It's always more fun to hit a pedestrian when they're still running, because they only make an unpleasant squishing sound if they are already down when you run them over. Dr. Keller postulated that this simple game of





our current era might continue expanding until the law of the land becomes "If you don't like my driving, stay off of the sidewalk."

Motorized centuries pass. The Automobilists become the dominant species on the planet and the Pedestrians become a hated and persecuted sub-species. It is said that life evolves into every conceivable niche. Apparently, the Automobilists were originally evolved to sit comfortably in the back seat of a Volkswagen. After many centuries of traveling everywhere on wheels, the Automobilists have come to resemble Terry Jeeves' Soggies but not quite so cute.

Automobilists spend their entire lives going from wherever they are to wherever they aren't. Somewhere in between, they frequently hit pedestrians. The cost of cleaning pedestrians off automobiles has a serious impact on the gross national product. This consideration leads to the Pedestrian Extermination Act. Automobilists no longer have to hit pedestrians. They can also shoot them as they drive by. The remaining Pedestrians flee to remote enclaves in places like the Ozarks.

Time passes. Automobilist North America is a plutocracy. Among the wealthiest of the plutocrats is William Henry Heisler. His family is so wealthy that none of them have ever occupied public office. He buys presidents but wouldn't want one in the family. Heisler is extremely disturbed when his daughter and only child exhibits certain atavistic characteristics. For one thing, she has legs. Nobody has had those in ages. She also insists on walking about and sometimes running and jumping as well. It was all terribly embarrassing. Within a few years, she begins killing and eating small animals. As much as it troubles him, her father begins to suspect she may be a Pedestrian.

In the Ozarks, the Pedestrian enclave is about to take action. For centuries, the Pedestrians have made occasional forays against the Automobilists. They scratched paint jobs in large parking lots and sometimes stole hubcaps as well. Now the Pedestrians broadcast their ultimatum to all of North America. Repeal the Pedestrian Extermination Act or face dire consequences. In the parking lots of power, Automobilist plutocrats sneer at the Pedestrian threat. Sneering is always a bad idea in old time science fiction stories. Then, at 8 AM on May 1, a switch is thrown in the Ozarks. Every traffic light in North America turns red and stays that way. Within a short time, the Automobilists

succumb to road rage and wipe each other out. The few survivors eke out a meager existence by foraging at nearby fast food locations. Heisler's daughter eventually roller skates to the Ozarks and lives happily ever after. Marathon dancing enjoys renewed popularity.

Beyond Lie the Silly Titles

Many were the aliens who slithered across the pages of old time science fiction magazines. Most had tentacles and fangs and highly anti-social attitudes. Many enjoyed nothing better than munching on a young virgin of the female variety. Of all these aliens, the worst of the lot hung out in the pages of Planet Stories. For an exception to the general rule, we go back to the July 1952 issue of Planet Stories for Phillip K. Dick's story *Beyond Lies The Wub*.

Captain Franco was your average, everyday space captain commanding a ship on the Mars-Earth run. As the story opens, Captain Franco is loading live provisions for the return trip to Earth. Among the various beasts which are being loaded is a Wub. The Wub is a fat and sloppy beast. By comparison, an Earthly pig would seem lithe and nimble. You can imagine Captain Franco's surprise when the Wub begins speaking with some degree of alarm.

The Wub perceives that Captain Franco intends on eating him. Captain Franco realizes that he is dealing with a telepathic pig. The Wub points out that eating him would have an adverse impact on cultural diversity. Discussing philosophy would be much more civilized. Franco replies that he never much liked civilization to begin with. On the other hand, filet of Wub is said to be very tasty. The Wub might be contemplative and philosophical on the inside, but he was tender and juicy on the outside.

The Wub calls for the ACLU. The Wub calls for Amnesty International. The Wub even calls for Super Chicken, but to no avail. Captain Franco sneers at the Wub's entreaties. He should have been warned about sneering. The woebegone Wub seems destined to become Wub burgers. With saliva dripping off his chin, Franco puts a revolver to the Wub's head.

Later, in Captain Franco's quarters, the Wub is getting used to occupying Franco's body. He considers that maybe he didn't explain things sufficiently to the late captain. Franco didn't seem to understand that when he pulled that trigger he would be Wubbed Out.

end



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FANAC BY THE FIRELIGHT

by Ed Green

part six

Wherein Ed relates his National Guard stint during the Los Angeles Riots. The story continues with his further adventures on the streets, checking (with his commanding officer, Major Hood) on the various squads of his unit which are scattered through part of the riot area.



The city may indeed look like the end of the world, but if that's true, then we have discovered another fact. Come the apocalypse, 7-11 will be open and serving coffee. Every few blocks, we pass another one, and it's open. Amazing, this, considering that in theory there is a citywide curfew. And in front of every one of these fine convenience marts, there's a small gathering of military and police vehicles.

When we finally give in to the need for caffeine, we pull into the parking lot and find 3 Humvees, 2 cars from the LAPD, 1 from the LA County Sheriff's Department, another 2 from the Inglewood PD, 4 from the California Highway Patrol, and 1 from the US Postal Service! That last one took a moment to process, until Hood reminded me that the Post Office did have an armed police force. Uniformed officers of all styles are gathered around one of the Inglewood vehicles, where they sipped hot bitter coffee and traded stories. All the while, listening to the Inglewood unit's radio.

One of the Hummers was from the Division MP unit, so Hood and I start talking with them, comparing notes on who's doing what. Things seem pretty quiet on the Guard side, but "Our fellow members of the Armed Forces are having fun!" says one NCO, nodding to a Humvee full of US Marines.

A Gunnery Sergeant, looking disgusted, hears this and turns around. He's about to say something snide when he spots the gold oak leaf on Hood's helmet. He pops a quick salute, which Hood returns, then leans back up against his truck. With just a little prompting from one of the Highway Patrolmen, the Gunny tells us the tale.

Seems that earlier that night, a squad of Marines was supporting a couple of units of the LAPD on a sweep of a

Housing Area, looking for curfew violations. As they arrive on the scene, they spot two people in the middle of what appears to be a drug deal. The chase, of course, is on. Within minutes, the cops, with 12 Marines in tow, have surrounded the house one of the suspects ran into. As the cops charge forward, they yell to their support, "Cover us!"

Mil Speak is a truly amazing language. And a unique one. It uses many terms you might hear on the streets, or in other professions, but in an entirely different context. As an example, "servicing a vehicle" doesn't always mean filling it with gas and checking under the hood. Sometimes, it means to strike it with a high cost anti-armor missile. In this case, "cover us" means two things, subtle in meaning, but massive in consequence.

The police, using it as shorthand for "Watch out that the bad guys don't surprise us," moved up to the front porch. The Marines, using it as shorthand for "Open fire on the objective we're assaulting and keep their heads down!" . . . well, they opened fire. The resulting 3-minute barrage of M16 rounds destroyed eardrums, killed a tree in the front lawn, and put roughly 1,000 bullet holes into a home that had been turned into a crack house. Being well-trained Marines, not a single round came near any of the cops. Being lucky beyond any earthly possibility, the five people in the house managed to hide in the kitchen and were shielded from the bullets by the appliances.

As one Sheriff asked a Marine while we were there, "How many shots does it take to kill a dishwasher?" The Gunny mumbled something and drank some more coffee.

From behind us, a small voice calls out. "Mr. Policemen? I need your help!"

We all turn around, looking for whoever just said this. After another couple of calls of "Over here," someone finally shines a flashlight on the second floor window of a building across the street. A woman is leaning out of the window.

"I can't come out, but my baby needs milk. Can I come down and get it? Is it safe?"

At least three of the cops immediately call her down, while I shoulder my rifle and head across the street. As I'm going, I see one member of the CHP and one Marine heading along with me. We arrive at the front door moments before she comes down. She's dressed in a robe and looks terrified. I

doubt I'd look much better. The cop looks at her for a second and says,

"Where's your baby?"

"She's upstairs. I wasn't going to bring her down here. It's too . . . well . . . you all got guns and I didn't . . ." She's trying not to sound like she's as terrified of us as she is of the rioters, but she isn't doing a good job. The patrolman looks around and asks her what the baby needs. Milk and diapers. The officer asks the Marine to hang tight and then motions for me to come with him. Moving through the parking lot, he tells everyone what is needed. Within moments, he's holding a wad of cash and walking into the 7-11. I help him pick up the milk, and someone else is getting the Depends. We place a short ton of the stuff on the counter, and the clerk begins ringing it up. After a moment, the Inglewood cop leans behind the counter and looks at the cash register.

"Now, I know you need to make some money, friend. But I also know that \$5.00 ain't what's listed on that can of milk."

"Oh, a mistake! A mistake!"

"Yeah. Looks like you made it 4 times already."

The clerk, now openly sweating, voids out the purchase and starts punching in the numbers again. The cop stares. After a few seconds of this, the clerk pushes almost half of the items across the counter and says, "Here, here. Donation. You cops put it to good use!"

Arms full of groceries, three of us head back across the street. The CHP officer cursing under his breath about how the store clerk was price-gouging. It's happening. Not a lot, but in the riot area it's happening. Up until the last couple of nights, it might have earned the store a firebomb through the front window. Now it's gotten a lot of cops pissed off. I'm not sure which is worse for the store.

The mom is grateful, and keeps pressing money into our hands. We keep handing it back. finally, she lugs all of it up the stairs and into her apartment. We stand there watching her go, and the Marine says softly,

"I don't want to hear anything cynical. Can we just enjoy the fact we helped someone?"

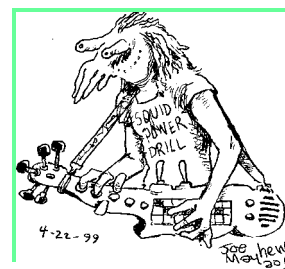
We all just nod at that and head back to the parking lot. Two more police cars slide into the lot, and several of us head out. More people to check. The coffee will help, but the night still looms long.

It's the people in the shadows that I keep focusing on. Who are they? Why are they outside? What's their story? What movie are they starring in? Mothers with children needing

food? Druggies? Gang bangers, not wanting to listen to 'The Man'? The only ones who look normal, if that makes sense, are the homeless people. They see nothing wrong or different in their world. How god damned sad.

And our troops. Tired, cold, looking for information. Hoping for a pat on the shoulder. Someone to tell them they are doing a good job. We both try, but it's not enough. It never will be. I collect more mail: a few people have worries about family or jobs. I take notes where I can, offering to make calls myself or get the Chaplin to help.

Then there are the cut-ups. The loose cannons that make it all funny. The soldiers who turned a gas station into an all-night tuba repair shop. They made signs, made musical instruments out of old cardboard boxes and offered everyone driving in a "free musical tune-up." They tell Hood that almost everyone



seems to find the idea funny. The only one who didn't was the Division Sergeant Major, who'd driven through about an hour ago. Hood said later that he saw me flinch at that. I scribbled a note to try to call the Sergeant Major and head off whatever disaster that will be. We strongly suggest that the instruments be put away for the time being and to get back to a traditional style of military work.

There's the other unit that seems to be missing 2 people. After much dodging of the issue, the Corporal in charge admits that two of his men are indeed gone off their post. He then points to the apartment building across the street, and we see two people, leaning carefully out of a window, holding M-16 rifles. They aren't wearing any jackets. Or shirts. Squinting, Hood asks out of the corner of his mouth, "Are they wearing anything?"

"I doubt it, Sir. There's a laundry room up there. They're doing their laundry. We've been out here for a week. And it was slow, and they can cover us from here . . ." he trailed off. Waiting for the yelling.

"Okay, look at it from my point of view. You guys get in trouble. They either have to open fire, a bad choice, or come running down here naked. Which idea sounds good to you?"

"Neither?"

"Yup. Let's not do this again. I assume you told your First Sergeant about laundry needing to be done?"

"Yes Sir. but he's so damn busy . . ."

"That's okay."

We hang around until the 2 other soldiers come back down (both wearing damp uniforms) and we split. Hood is cursing, making noises that will end the career of that First Sergeant. Well, maybe it should happen. Not a sign of taking care of your troops.

The sun is finally starting to appear in the East, and Hood says we should head on back to the Armory. Running the map of L.A. in my head, I start to talk about what surface streets I'm going to take, since the freeway will be packed solid. After the first three blocks of that trip, I stop and look at Hood. "Right, no freeway traffic. It is the end of the world."

Back in time for a staff meeting, with the latest from division. The Mayor wants to tone down the presence on the streets, so we're pulling our troops back to the armories starting tomorrow. We'll still run daytime mobile patrols, but we're now going to be a major 'response' force. All the Support types roll their eyes. The Logistics guys will have it a little easier, but the Personnel folks won't. Troops in garrison always get into more trouble, in part because they get bored. There isn't a lot to do around the armories to begin with, but housing 300 or so soldiers at night?

I'm now the Morale and Welfare NCO. How do I prevent them from going stir crazy?

While that one is sitting on my chest, a bigger problem pops up. Employers are now starting to call our troops and demanding that they come back to their jobs. While I certainly understand their need, they seem to forget that our guys are on Federal duty. They can't just walk away. One employer gets through to me and threatens to fire the soldier if he doesn't come to work tomorrow.

"You can't do that. If you do, you'll be subject to possible fines."

"Screw you, I can. As a matter of fact, he's fired as of now!"

And he was. I forward all of the info up to Division HQ where I hear a military lawyer curse after I finish my report.

(One year later, a Federal Judge, after a one hour hearing, found the business owner guilty of violating Federal Law and violating the rights of the Soldier. He fined him the maximum of \$10,000 per *day* that the soldier was unemployed from his business. It was over \$180,000 in fines. He also ordered the Soldier re-instated at his previous position, and ordered back pay. In court, the business owner stated that the soldier was employed elsewhere, and couldn't be re-instated. The Judge looked at this guy and said, "What, you never heard of moonlighting? And since you still haven't re-instated him, the \$10,000 fine is ordered for today, too! Any other questions?")

Everything has become a blur. It's the war cycle. 4 hours of sleep, crisis jumping, bad coffee, cold food. One day I'm submitting reports in one style, the next another. My best friend today will become my biggest problem tomorrow. One foot in front of the other. One piece of paper at a time. Sweep the plate of uneaten food off your desk and grab more coffee.

Review the medical reports. Look for trends. Everyone is getting a cold. There's a trend. Two fights last night. Could've guessed that was coming. Wives looking for the husbands. Worried girl friends. What next?

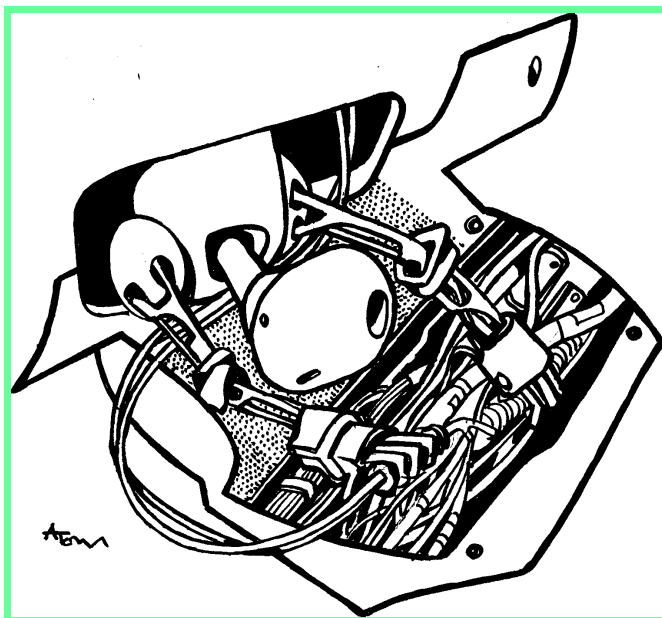
Next comes quickly. I manage to talk a local theater into showing the troops a free movie. It's called *SPLIT SECOND*. An SF film in the tradition of *BLADE RUNNER*, except that it's badly written, filmed, and directed. It does, however, star Rutger Hauer. And Mr. Hauer was so impressed that the National Guard troops wanted to see his film, that he decided to do something else special for us.

He decided to come and visit us.

Tomorrow.

(to be continued)

ℓ



CALIFANIA TALES

by Len Moffatt

Part Three: The Outlander's Tale (unconcluded)

(Author's Note: In the previous portion of this memoir the editor inserted a comment to advise thee and me that Hawaii was not a separate country in 1950 when Stan Woolston and I published that Fan Directory. True, at that time Hawaii may have been a Territory of the U.S.A. but the people who were born and raised there probably thought of their islands as a separate country no matter who or what had taken over as the government--and some of them may still think thusly despite the statehood status. Sort of like Texas...)

The Outlander Society published at least one issue of *The Outlander News Review* in July of 1951. Perhaps it was intended as a stopgap publication between issues of *The Outlander Magazine*. It featured a report on the fourth Westercon shortly after it happened.

The rest of the three-page issue had an ad for the seventh issue of *The Outlander Magazine* ("15¢ a copy...or if ya wanna save a nickel...7 issues for \$1.00"), an ad for *The 1950 Fan Directory*, a book review by me, and news notes on traveling Outlanders: the Ackermans (Paris) and Con Pederson (Minnesota and Pennsylvania).

The colophon advised readers "You are receiving this issue free because (1) You subscribe to *The Outlander Magazine* (2) You are a prospective subscriber or have forgotten to renew your subscription which has run out (3) You write fanmag reviews for the promags (4) We just like you." Anna and I are listed as editors, which means that I cut the stencils and she helped with the mimeography, "assisted by Alvin (Dude) Taylor".

The Westercon IV report was from Rick and Stan but it is obvious that I wrote the introductory paragraph. In fact, I would guess that I wrote the whole thing or cobbled it together from notes and oral reports supplied by Rick and Stan. It reads as follows:

**WESTERCON IV A GOOD SHOW: GEORGE PAL
GUEST SPEAKER:
SAN DIEGO IN '52!**

The fourth Annual West Coast Science Fiction Conference (Westercon IV), sponsored by The Elves, Gnomes and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society, was held in San Francisco over the June 29th and 30th weekend. Two Outlanders, Rick Sneary & Stan Woolston, were among the 150-odd fen present. Herewith their report:

Sneary arrived at the Garden Library in Berkeley Friday evening, June 29th. About 40 fen were there, E. E. Evans of LA being the first out-of-towner to arrive. (The GL has lots of stf titles.) About 50 3-dimensional color slides of the Norwescon and The Little Men were shown. Later some of the fen adjourned to D. B. Moore's residence, where Sneary spent the night. Anthony Boucher, LeRoy Tackett, Hans Rush, Claude Plum & others played records, drank beer and yakked. It was learned that Wilmar Shiras was not expected and that the hoped-for preview of Pal's *When Worlds Collide* would not be shown as the film was still being colored. (This stfpc will be released in August.)

The Little Men's Rhodomagnetic Digest had planned to publish an editorial about *Galaxy* but H. L. Gold (in about ten letters of which he had photostats made) said he would sue if they used the editorial. Boucher thinks Gold takes things too seriously. Later Boucher revealed that the Magazine of Fantasy & SF regretted passing up Bradbury's "Way In The Middle of The Air". Boucher is interested in more "little animal" stories (hurlkes, etc.) for the mag.

Woolston arrived at the con hall in Frisco Saturday AM, June 30. He had his third breakfast with Knappheide and met a few others there. No one present to take the dollar admission fee or register names. The Little Men, who had taken over the con after the breakup of the club originally sponsoring it, spent only 10 days in preparation via phone, letters, and telegrams. A beer and coke booth was being set up.

The formal program started before noon. Chairman Tom Quinn introduced Honorary Chairman Boucher, after saying that the conference was a trial run for the 1953 world convention which Frisco wants.

Five fen from Oregon & Paul Gordon, Bill Cox, Mel Brown and Roy Squires from the LA area were among

those present. A panel book discussion included Evans, Boucher, Sam Peoples, Kepner, Quinn--and Roger Nelson of San Diego who won the 1952 Westercon bid by acclamation. Sneary reminded everyone of South Gate in '58!

R. Bretnor, an intelligent but "wandering speaker" talked on the Future of Stf, asking everyone to propagandize & teach stf. Next a forum was held. Ideas discussed: Expanding field environment of man makes his end impossible...Stf goes beyond Plotto; introduces new ideas...Effect of pseudo-science on stf is like dianetics... Identity of reader with hero essential...Extrapolation today is at a minimum.

Bidding at the auction was healthy. Outstanding items were a Bonestell original, originals by G. Faraco and a Bradbury manuscript.

Margaret St. Clair started a "wild research" for story ideas but said the ideas offered were not strong enough. Quipped she didn't see why men should get beautiful girls when the women didn't get beautiful men. She chews gum when writing. Finds writing fun but thinking sometimes miserable.

The Psychological Aspects of Stf was discussed by Dr. Bernard I. Kahn. Fact & fantasy. Stf an old subject, i.e. figure out what people will do. They had three ways to react: fight, run or associate. He said s-f and fantasy were as old as recorded history & religion.

A recording of a Dimension X program was played. "The Barnhouse Effect".

Boucher spoke several times during the con and at the fanquet that evening. (Sunday was evidently spent in informal fangabbing, motating, recuperating, etc.)

George Pal was presented with an "Invisible Little Man" award for his fine work in producing adult stf films. Pal said he was being typed as a science fiction movie producer and was proud of it. He gave much credit to writers like Heinlein, Balmer and Wylie and showered a great of praise on artist Bonestell. He said Bonestell was already at work on the sets for his next production which will be H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds"!

Boucher apologized for the dollar admission fee but said it was necessary because of the last minute organizing of the con. (No time to save money for it, we guess.) However the fans were treated to a free theatre party where they saw the superb French fantasy film (English titles)

Orpheus.

So--despite the pre-con difficulties--Westercon IV was apparently a good show. And now it's Westercon V in San Diego in '52, Nolacon in '51, Detroit in '52?, Frisco in '53?, and...South Gate in '58!

To translate for the modern reader, Nolacon was the World Science Fiction Convention held in New Orleans later that year (1951). The bids for '52, '53, and '58 were for Worldcons but of the three only South Gate won its bid for the 1958 WorldCon (and combined it with the '58 Westercon, having won that bid also). Chicago beat out Detroit for the 1952 WorldCon, and Philadelphia, not San Francisco, put on the 1953 WorldCon. San Francisco would host the WorldCon in 1954.

(At this late date I would like to apologize to my friends in the Bay Area for referring to The City as "Frisco". Ed Clinton, one time active LASFSIAN but a native of San Francisco, set me straight on that point many moons ago.)

1951 was the year that Moffatt House got its name. Arthur Wilson (Bob) Tucker is to blame. He started writing a series of private eye novels featuring Charles Horne, the first of which (The Chinese Doll) was published in 1946. He named his characters after his friends and that practice is still referred to as "Tuckerizing" to this day in both s-f and mystery fiction fandom. The fifth and final Charles Horne novel (Red Herring) was published in 1951. The murder takes place in a fleabag hotel called the Moffatt House. The inscription in my copy reads: "May your stay in the House be not so fatal." So, wherever I have lived since then gets dubbed "Moffatt House" and it has become our publishing house name as well.

We didn't make it to the 1952 Westercon in San Diego but we were able to attend the Westercon at the Hotel Commodore in Los Angeles the following year. I think that is the one where the female member of a mundane couple, passing Anna and me on our way to the banquet, said, "See, dear? Some of them look normal."

That may have been the banquet where we were seated across the table from Barney Bernard, who did yeoman duty as LASFS treasurer (sometimes digging into his own pocket to help pay the club's rent), but who could drive you up the wall with the way he presented his puns. Yes, presented them. Instead of making a pun or puns as part of the conversation he would corner you and announce that he had just thought of the most wonderful pun--and proceed to explain it to you.

At that banquet he had other things on his mind or perhaps his expressed curiosity as to how the huge chandeliers were hung overhead was a buildup to something punny--although that was not his usual method of punning. But he kept talking--almost fussing--on "how in the world did they get them up there, how are they fastened?" etc. Finally I said, "Barney, why don't you climb up there and find out for yourself?" He looked at me quite seriously and said, "I am not a human fly!" To which I made the obvious reply: "Oh? What kind of fly are you?" He reached across the table to shake my hand and offer his congratulations for my "quip" and was reasonably quiet the rest of the evening.

Jessie Wilt, a good friend of Rick's, had been in the LASFS for some time, a quiet young lady who worked for Pacific Press (printer for the LA Times). She and I shared a love of old movies (domestic and foreign) as well as writers like Dickens. She encouraged me in my writing, perhaps more than Anna did.

Another good friend was Ed Clinton, one of LASFS's star book reviewers. I'll never forget the evening he "reviewed" a book by holding it up for all to see. Then he ripped out the front part of the book and threw the pages on the floor, held up the remaining part of the book and announced, "Now you have a good novel!" I think the book was the paperback of Matheson's *I Am Legend*.

Ed and I shared a love of music, especially opera. He was--and I assume still is--a Mozart buff. We also dug jazz and swing. The pop tune he did **not** like was "Sentimental Journey." Every time June and I hear that song we think of Ed because he despised it so.

Ed was single when I first met him but eventually married another girl from LASFS, Audrey Seidel. That marriage didn't work out. Eventually Ed and Jessie got married and had a son, Anthony, named after Anthony Boucher, who was a favorite editor and writer for many of us. Ed, as an homage to Boucher, used "Anthony More" as his by-line in both his pro and fan writings. (One of my favorite pieces by "Anthony More" is an appreciation of that classic movie, King Kong--the original version. It first appeared in *Shaggy* but I reprinted it at least twice over the years, once in *Science Fiction Parade*, and once in my FAPA zine, *Moonshine*.)

New faces kept showing up in the Fifties local fan scene to join those of us left over from the Forties. Ron Ellik and Paul Turner added greatly to the sercon scene as well as to the party scene. Ron was fond of root beer but eventually developed a taste for wine. Paul, like me, was a beer drinker--but we drank other things too.

While we were still living in Bell Gardens we received a phone call from a young fan who introduced himself as George W. Fields. He lived with his parents in Montebello but was calling from a phone booth in Bell, a neighboring city of Bell Gardens and South Gate. He had two friends with him, a Steve Tolliver and a Ted Johnstone. I guess they had arrived in Bell via bus and were calling ahead to see if it would be okay for them to call on us. I think they were also looking for a ride to a LASFS meeting.

We had a car by then and drove over to Bell to pick them up. Later we learned that they were using "fannish pseudonyms." The quiet and most serious one of the trio was Steve whose real name was Fred Langley. George, whose real name was George Williamson, was an artist who also loved to write and play the critic.

Ted would eventually use his real name, David McDaniel, for his professional writing career. He wrote several of the Man From U.N.C.L.E. books.

Steve/Fred and Ron Ellik would eventually collaborate on an U.N.C.L.E. novel (*The Cross Of Gold Affair*) using the by-line of Fredric Davies.

All three became quite active in local fandom including LASFS and though they were never Outlander Society members they did join the South Gate in '58! movement. The remaining Outlanders were still active in LASFS, or NFFF, or FAPA (or all three) and in fandom in general. We still got together socially along with all of our other local friends.

Stan Woolston introduced me to a cute and freckled young lady at one of the WesterCons in Los Angeles, either the one in 1953 or the one in 1955. I think he had met her at the 1952 WorldCon when she was still Betty Jo McCarthy, a WAVE in the U. S. Navy. At the time I met her she was Bjo Wells and had split up or was about to split up with Don Wells, her first husband.

I'm not sure when she started coming to LASFS but eventually she, along with Djinn Faine, Al Lewis, Ernie Wheatley and others would supply new blood for the club's fanzine, *Shangri-LA*, by changing it back to its previous title, *Shangri-L'Affaires*, and getting Burbee to write a guest editorial for their initial effort.

As more young fans joined the club, a few of the older ones stopped coming to meetings. I don't think that all of them were driven out by the so-called "barbarian invasions". Some simply gaffiated or fafiated for other reasons. Anyone who was willing to give the matter serious thought had to realize that the old club would not continue to exist without

gaining new members. If some of them were young and rambunctious, they would eventually mature--or get thrown out by those of us who still weren't too old to perform the "bum's rush".

The *Outlander Magazine* continued to be published up to May 1957 by Rick, Stan, my niece Shirley, Anna and me. The round-robin "chain" letter had come to a halt earlier in the decade as the OS membership dwindled but Rick, Stan and I had been conducting a correspondence for some time (named the *Hubletter*, as we three had been dubbed the Hub of the Outlander Society) so we published excerpts from it as "Filings From The Hub" to replace "Filings From The Chain".

Another new (to California) fan face was Ed Cox who moved out from Lubec, Maine. As an old pen pal and Honorary Outlander he was welcomed by all of us and stayed at Mofatt House for a few days while looking for an apartment to rent.

He lived for a while in Hermosa Beach and we used to drive down there on weekends to visit him and go to the Lighthouse to dig progressive jass. There was a Dixieland joint near by and I would insist on having a couple of beers there too as I loved the old traditional sounds. Unfortunately, the band was made up of some pretty old guys who blew as well as they could but I wish I had heard them when all of them had their lips. Still, it was live Dixie played by cats who knew it all in their heads even if they couldn't always quite get it through their instruments.

When I moved to California in 1946 I had my record collection and my pulp mag and book collection shipped out as we drove out and barely had room in the car for our clothes. All but one record (my favorite version "Dance Of The Hours" played by Fiedler's Boston Pops) survived the shipment, as did the books and mags. Among the mags was my collection of Doc Savage magazines. I decided that I would replace my pulps with books which would last longer and began to sell or swap my s-f mags to collect s-f in hardcovers. I also decided to raise some *dinero* by selling the Docs. This was quite some time before they started reprinting them in paperback.

It seems that friend Edco in Lubec was willing to buy them so I shipped them back to him. They made their third trip cross-country when he moved to California in the 50's. I guess one of Ed's sons has them now.

L. Sprague de Camp was among the pro writers who visited LASFS while we were still meeting at the Prince Rupert Arms on Witmer Street. For some reason the chairs had been arranged in what amounted to a circle, around the

walls of the clubroom. That was okay for regular meetings as the officers could sit at a table at some point in the circle and still conduct the meeting. The setup also had the advantage of not having to move the chairs out of the way when we wanted to set up printing operations. (The LASFS, co-renter Pacific Rocket Society, the Outlander Society, and Daugherty, who sublet the room to the LASFS and the PRS, all did a lot of mimeographing in that room.)

Sprague could have stood in front of (or sat at) the director's table but he elected to stand in the middle of the room and slowly rotate his body in order to face us as he spoke. Fortunately, he was a good speaker and no one had trouble hearing him during the few passing seconds his back happened be to you. I envied his ability to handle what to some would have been a difficult situation in such a cool and collected manner.

Although the van Vogts and Bradbury weren't coming to the club as often as they once did we still had other "captive pros" in attendance like Ross Rocklyn and Bryce Walton. There would be visits from Doc Smith and Stu Byrnes (aka John Bloodstone). I remember that Stu had written a "Tarzan On Mars" novel that Palmer wanted to publish but couldn't get an okay from the Burroughs estate.

At one time or another we had heard rumors of another s-f club in the LArea, a club that had no interest in fraternizing with LASFS or any other group like the Insurgents and the Outlanders. It could not have been the Chesley Donovan Foundation of Beverly Hills as their members were quite willing to join LASFS and co-operate by working on WesterCons, like the ones in Los Angeles in 1955 and 1957. Lew Kovner chaired both of those cons and was one of several local fans who volunteered to help the remaining Outlanders put on the 1958 Worldcon c/w the 1958 WesterCon aka SOLACON.

Other CDF members who became known to fandom in general as well as locally were Jon Lackey (especially at the SOLACON!), Helen Urban, poet, and Ron Cobb, artist. Their oldest member was probably Roy Squires, collector and chapbook publisher, who took over *The Fantasy Advertiser* magazine from Gus Willmorth and later passed it on to Leland Sapiro who turned it into *The Riverside Quarterly*, a literary magazine, what some used to call "little magazines" as opposed to "fanzines".

Arthur Jean Cox, sometimes LASFS director and secretary, who could remember anything you wanted to know about the *Astounding* of that era and earlier, wrote for *The Riverside Quarterly*. Jean's interests were not limited to science fiction and fantasy. In time, he became a leading authority on Charles Dickens and his works--perhaps the leading au-

thority, for all I know. A good old friend who is still around.

I started *Science Fiction Parade*, a review zine, in the summer of 1956. Stan provided a letterpress printed title and, as usual, I cut the stencils and Anna did the mimeography. The purpose of the magazine was to publicize "South Gate in '58!" and at the end of the first issue we added "WAW TO THE GATE IN '58!" as we wanted to bring that wonderful Irish fan, Walt Willis, to our '58 WorldCon.

SFP began with a bi-monthly schedule. That first issue was dated July-August 1956. The next two were dated September-October and November-December but we switched to a quarterly schedule in 1957. It was sent gratis to those who responded with letters or cards. The last Moffatt House issue of SFP was the eighth one, published shortly after the 1958 WorldCon with my report on the SOLACON. I didn't know if it was proper for someone who ran a convention to report on it but I assumed that a committee member's view of the convention's successes and failures might be valuable to others. After that I turned the mag over to Stan Woolston who published the ninth and tenth issues in March and June of 1962. If there were any more after that, I don't recall them.

The zine featured convention reports, reviews of fanzine, prozines, movies, books, and reports on fan clubs--and after the first issue a lively letter column. Rick Sneary, Stan Woolston, George W. Fields, Ted Johnstone, Ron Ellik, Harry Warner, Rory Faulkner, Arthur (ATOM) Thomson, and Walt Willis were among those who wrote reports, reviews, and commentaries for SFP. Some of them also wrote letters for the lettercol as did well-known fans and pros like Charles Burbee, Hans Stefan Santesson, Redd Boggs and Isaac Asimov to name a few. I had a ball editing that zine!

In the fifth issue of *Science Fiction Parade* (Second Quarter, 1957) we had a full-page ad for *THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY*, which I had compiled and edited after finally convincing Rick that fandom might be interested in it. It was subtitled "Thirteen Years of the Wit and Wisdom of the Sage of South Gate." Rick insisted on having a disclaimer in the front of the book pointing out that the Sneary who wrote some of the things quoted therein was not necessarily the same as the current Sneary.

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY sported a printed cover (by Stan, who else?) and a back cover by ATOM. We sold it for twenty-five cents a copy, announcing that all funds collected would go into the "WAW TO THE GATE" fund.

I don't recall how much we collected but it turned out that Walt and Madeleine were unable to make the trip and the

money was donated to TAFF. Incidentally, when I delivered Ron Ellik's copy he thumbed through it and said, "There should be more publications like this!" Not long after, he and Terry Carr published *THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE*, and other such fan books would follow...

In the latter part of 1957 we sold the house in Bell Gardens and bought a newer and larger one in Downey. Moffatt House was now on Belcher, a street name I felt was appropriate for a beer drinker. Besides the master bedroom, it had a small and a large bedroom. The latter became the "work" room, used for sewing, mimeographing, and other artistic endeavors. It also provided extra crash space if needed for more than one overnight visitor.

The small room became Len's Den with a desk, a typewriter, and closet full of fanzines. There was still space for a small bed, which provided even a more comfortable sleeping place for visitors staying more than one night. Mike Hinge, an artist from New Zealand, would be our first international guest followed not too long afterwards with visits from Ella Parker and then Ethel Lindsay, two of my favorite femme fans from the British Isles.

Mike arrived in time to attend the SOLACON in 1958. He was skinny but wiry, and strong as an ox. He had earned his boat fare by working on the docks. He was already quite a good artist and cartoonist. We had corresponded a while before he decided to come to the States and his letters were a wonderful combination of New Zealand slang and jass music idiom. Sometimes it was difficult to understand what he was saying in person but eventually we got his accent sorted out.

He continued his art education in Los Angeles and eventually moved to New York and from all reports did well there. He got into mobile art as well as creating on artboard and canvas. But while he was out here he impressed those who met him in a number of different ways. Some thought of him as a wild and woolly kiwi who drank too much. Others found him to have a wacky sense of humor and helpful and generous. He would do things like go out at night, when street traffic had died down, to make rubbings of manhole covers for his art morgue. Now imagine explaining what he was doing to the cops who happen to come by when he was down on his knees in the middle of the street.

I have known a lot of artists in my seventy-eight years on this planet and they are all a little crazy--and I love every one of them. Of course, all of us writers are perfectly sane...

(to be continued)

Ⓜ

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JULY 4-7, 2002

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Editor: Beth Meacham

Fan: Robert Lichtman

Artist: Ross Chamberlain

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Guest of Honor: Ross Chamberlain (who did the cover
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should be a treat for fanzine fans. I hope to see many
of you there.**

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ADDRESSES &/OR EDRESSES

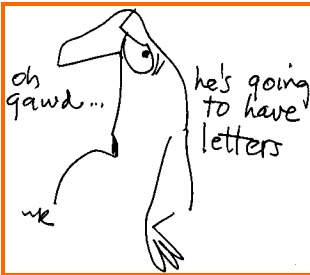
**FOR
PRIVACY/SECURITY
REASONS
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NO AWARD #11
WILL NOT SHOW
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LOC 'N LOAD

the letter column

Comments by ye ed. will be in **bold italics** . . . like that . . . and will be black in the paper version and blue in the PDF version. Smartassery in loc-responses is to be expected even though it is not required. Loccers are encouraged to respond in like manner even though they might be surprised - or maybe not - at how I respond to that.



ED MESKYS: When Charlie Brown was still a fan he traveled to Worldcons and took numerous pictures and would have slide shows on his living room wall in the Bronx. I remember him after returning from Seacon in 1961 showing slides of RAH in a yellow bathrobe holding court and

referring to him as “God in a yellow bathrobe.” I think it was meant with awe, but it turned my mind to an excellent fantasy by L. Ron Hubbard, *Typewriter in the Sky*. The hero was trapped in a universe in an author’s mind, the author being a friend of the hero. The author did not know he was subjecting the hero to all the trials and tribulations of trying to survive a pulp pirate story. Our friend, the villain of the novel, must survive in the story if he is to survive in reality and, needless to say, he eventually does. When he finally returns to our world he finds the author typing away while sitting in a bathrobe, and thinks, “God in a dirty bathrobe.”

Heinlein pulled the “walk into the middle of the banquet to accept his Hugo” several times, avoiding the con up to that point. At one con . . . Discon I?, a fringe fan friend of mine was late for the banquet and ended up riding in the elevator with RAH [who] was moaning about his great rush to make it. Always the showman.

He had a tremendous ego and would tolerate no criticism, even mild. In a fanzine on fan history . . . Joe Siclari’s?, I remember a reminiscence by an old-time LA fan from when Heinlein was attending LASFS meetings. Our correspondent had done a series of mildly satirical good spirited spoofs of popular writers and was going to do RAH next, but Heinlein put all kinds of pressure on him and on other LASFS members to not do it.

The LASFS will have been in its present quarters for twenty-five years this Summer. The front building has been configured several times; however, in its first configuration, the front door opened into a room which was used as a

lounge. During one of our early years we found out that we would be visited by RAH, his first visit to us at our new clubhouse. When he arrived, everybody who was in the lounge was told to leave the room so that Heinlein could sit there. Then, one at a time (like acolytes being ushered to the throne of a

High Priest), those who wanted to meet Heinlein were taken into his presence - I suppose to worship him. At least that is what it seemed to me, so I did not bother to say hello. I was never one to hero-worship any author, and I do not consider those who do so to be my kind of fans. At that point I lost all respect for Heinlein the person (as I would for any writer who allowed this to happen), just as years previously I had lost all respect for Heinlein the writer of the ostentatious stuff he foisted off on a gullible public after he decided that he did not need an editor - thereby proving that he did indeed need an editor. His material pre-that-idiocy is often top-notch storytelling and I continue to respect its quality and the person who wrote that.

ROBERT WHITAKER

SIRIGNANO: I have to wonder if Heinlein had something in his personal history to conceal. No biographies seem to be forthcoming, so I don’t really know if there is anything. Just considering the amount of antagonistic behavior he demonstrated to Alexei Panshin just for writing about his writing, you’d wonder how many people he toasted verbally over unverified

TERRY JEEVES: Book review, sorry but I no longer buy SF or fiction.

Er, Terry, I hate to tell you this, but the, er, book which Milt “reviewed” is not exactly that which was written by G.R. R. Martin. Milt is practicing parody, and his practice of it is damnably near perfect.

slights.

I have no answer for your last statement. Alexei may have an answer; and, as he is getting this zine, perhaps he will send it along.

LEN MOFFATT: Schirm’s cover was really plergby, to say the least. Or even the most. So, wuzit mean? I dunno - wuzit? Plergb can mean and plergb can be nice. Unless you’re a meany looking for a hidden meaning. It isn’t there. It is gone. It ran away to plergb itself. So should we all.

Earl’s adventures with Heinlein (and others) were certainly interesting. What few contacts I had with Heinlein were pleasant enough. I wasn’t at any LASFS meetings he attended back in the Forties. The story I heard later was that he quit

coming to LASFS because a certain member kept calling him "Bobby" or Bobsy," apparently appellations of which he was not fond. Over the years I have heard the offending member identified as three different persons, so perhaps we are getting into the apocryphal.

*Apocryphal, perhaps, but such an action on Heinlein's part seems to fit with him seeming to have a very thin skin. Of course, I have no problem with him getting annoyed with a sadistic asshole who insisted on calling him by a name which he did not like. *sigh* Some fans can be very insensitive, and such "social deficiencies" seem to be part and parcel of being fans. In recent decades, with the large influx into fandom of hordes of media and other fringe fans, the social ineptness which seemed to be part of made fans into fans has been drowned in the tide of these fringe fans who are mostly mundanes who just think that they are fans.*

Ed's evocative reports on the L.A. riots (as well as current events) takes my mind back to WWII. Marching single file through the eerily quiet streets of Nagasaki as part of the arriving occupation troops may not have been as scary as streets of L.A. during the riots but the fear of snipers was still there. We could feel the eyes watching us from windows.

We did have a little trouble with a few of the ex-soldiers later on but the civilian population, for the most part, were glad we were there as we brought them food and medicine. They had been barely surviving on starvation rations long before the A Bomb, and getting suspect medical supplies from Germany. The harbor was mined, curtailing fishing, and their rice paddies were constantly being destroyed by previous bombings. The target was Mitsubishi but . . .

The gathering that friend Tucker attended back in the Seventies was probably a Petard meeting as the Outlander Society was no longer meeting at that late date. The Petards were sort of modeled after the Outlanders in that they met once a month in each other's homes, had few rules, and was started to foster more discussion of s-f than we were getting at LASFS meetings.

Eventually they became less serious but they were fun times indeed with the likes of Grennell, his camera and his puns, the two Daves, Locke and Hulan, and other fine folks. It would have been June, not Anna, at the meeting Bob attended which could have been at the Trimble's or the Lockes or any of the Petard "hoist" homes. (When the Trimble's held the first Petard meeting, Rick Sneary was unable to attend but he sent a letter of advice. He suggested that the host of each meeting announce in advance the topic to be discussed - except he spelled host as "hoist.") After bouncing around other names for the group we settled on calling it The Petard Society - what else?

Egad! The reason The Petard Society was called that - A Real Historical Fact! Whatever is NO AWARD coming to?

SKEL: Alexis Gilliland's comment about mammoths being "toothsome and succulent" sorta threw me. I always equated 'big' with 'tough' (as in 'to chew'). Whilst both my brain cells were struggling to regain their feet I had visions of an early attempt at a fast-food take-away franchise. Ugg shambles up the new McMammoths and orders a mammoth-let with a side order of fries . . . only to discover when the entire staff of 300 hump it over from the deep (that's very deep) fat fryer to the counter, that it's simply way too big for him to take away. As this happens with every potential customer, Ronald McMammoth is forced into a rethink and decides the concept of take-aways must wait until the evolution of smaller mammals, or the invention of the magi-mix/cuisine-art.

"Magi-mix," um? Dump a bunch of magi into a blender and stir? Not being cannibalistic - nor kabbalistic - or even cabalistic (which should make Alison inordinately pleased) - I find that even being on a food-free diet does not tempt me to sample any dish containing mixed magi.

Len Moffatt's 'Califania Tales' was more than readable, but the two best pieces this time were Ed Green's & Earl Kemp's. Ed's piece was given an added 'relevancy' by recent events, but even so I think if I had to pick between the two (as if voting for some best-in-issue award) I'd plump for Earl's, probably because his changing relationship with Heinlein mirrors that of most fans, even though most of us didn't have the personal emphasis which he had.

Incidentally, this LoC has been generated by good old-fashioned guilt, and not at all by your "purposely ambiguous" statement. I have enough self-belief to consider that I fall into the first of its two categories.

Correct. Although I would hope that you would have even more guilt so that you would start contributing articles. You were a mainstay of HOLIER THAN THOU through much of its life and I would like to see you in these pages more often. Really. This paragraph absolutely guaranteed to be completely free of smartassery - except, maybe, this sentence.

ERIC LINDSAY: Thanks for NO AWARD #10. Luckily it came without white powder.

And all along I have been thinking that this white powder was the new cancellation method which the Post Office was using to be certain that stamps would not be reused.

Earl Kemp certainly puts the boot in. One question is whether writers should be evaluated for their writing or their personality. If for their writing, then who cares about their personality. If on the other hand, you want to count them as friends, they why are you evaluating them as writers? I think that shows through in Earl's comments on Doc Smith and others of his friends.

I think that it is possible to judge people as both persons/

personalities and as writers. This allows me to make such personal judgments like my liking Larry Niven both as a person and as a writer and liking Harlan Ellison as a person but not at all liking his fiction.



I've seen responses like you make to Arthur Hlavaty before. While I suspect Publisher will let you change letter sizes to make really weird lines, I bet you can't write in a circle or spiral. If you can, I guess I'd have to try something weirder.

I can write in a circle but I cannot colour the font when I do that. I must admit, though, that I have not yet figured out how to write in a spiral. Cannot say that I have ever found any desire to do so.

ERIKA MARIA LACEY: I'd never any idea that Heinlein was such an obnoxious sort. I find it amusing that people get such a high ideal of themselves that they can't abide negativity. If they were truly so great, negative press ought not to mater. That one cares so much suggests that they aren't so confident in their abilities after all.

That little pop psychology may very well be not too far off of the mark. Personally, I have found that a Shield of Umor is a handy gadget to have around if shit starts flying in my direction. Ted White says that I have "self-deprecating" humor, but I do not seem to have the capacity to pronounce that let alone even understand what it means.

E.B. FROHVET: One is left wondering if "Go Plergb yourself" is an accepted usage? There are a few people in fandom to whom I might say that - not you, of course, Marty! Please send my virtual yak fat certificate.

Not possible! To do that the recipient must be able to receive on-line postings and your typer fails to qualify as a virtual computer. If you ever decide to move into the twenty-first century, let the P.L.E.R.G.B.C. O.M.M.I.S.S.I.O.N. know and will process some virtual yak fat and send you your virtual yak fat certificate. Or, constantly being short of funds, they just might shortcut the whole process and turn you into virtual yak fat.

R LAURRAINE TUTIHASI: Earl Kemp's article confirms the opinion I formed from seeing Heinlein at MidAmeriCon in 1976. I seem to have a knack for feeling out a person when I see or meet him. *[Ooh, Laurraine! Well, I never claimed that this was a "family" zine.]* This ability has rarely failed me. Only a few people seem totally opaque to this technique.

JOSEPH NICHOLAS: Alerted by news that an electronic

version of *NO AWARD 10* had recently been posted to the Fanzine Newsstand, I went to look - and discovered a partially edited version of my previous letter included therein. And discovered also that, in response to my jibe about Alexis Gilliland, you had written "Only the extreme right-wing seem to hold the positions you impute to Alexis, and his locs to *FOSFAX* (which I believe that you have read) should show you that he does not hold those views" - a comment you can only make because you had carefully suppressed the three sentences which clearly illustrated the point I was making. Presumably you found it easier to do that than to struggle to construct a genuine refutation.

Partially edited? No, fully edited. Or do you define "partial editing" as "leaving everything in?" I removed things like the following absurdity: "But given that he's spent sixty or more years in a political culture which has inculcated in him the belief that the slightest degree of opposition to God, motherhood, apple pie, the flag, and all that folderol is ipso facto evidence of Kremlin brainwashing and communist deviancy, it's unrealistic to expect him to change now." The only point which that pathetic excuse of a sentence makes is that its author is a cretin as the locs of Alexis show no trace of such an influence as described therein. Please note that the only idiotic sentences usually allowed into this zine are those written by me. That one by you is an exception.

Can I therefore request - if it's not too late - that you do not put a paper copy of the issue in the mail to me; nor, indeed copies of any future issue. By thus removing me from your mailing list, you will help us both: not merely your own refusal to consider argument and evidence which falls outside your compass of understanding, but (more importantly) my own patience and equilibrium.

Well, I received Joseph's posting after I had mailed him a paper copy of the zine. But I have acceded to his request and removed his name from my mailing list. My finances thank him for that but I will miss the fussin' and feudin' in which we have been involved for the past two decades. Methinks that I shall post to him a copy of this loc-and-reply as a matter of courtesy.

JOHN BERRY: *NO AWARD* received this morning - I'm not sure whether or not you are conversant with the Anglo-Saxon term 'gob-smacked,' but that is the effect Earl Kemp's HEINLEIN HAPPENS had on me. What an exposé! Heinlein has always been my all-time hero, based I suppose on *STARSHIP TROOPERS*, which Walt Willis gave me back in the good old days. But Earl puts him in an entirely different

light. Actually, it appears that Heinlein was obnoxious. Credit to Earl, however, although he dislikes the man, that has not obtruded on his appreciation of Heinlein the craftsman.

The Milt Stevens item is insane - wish I had written it.

Milt is alone in his current fannish niche as a parodist. I, too, wish that I had written that piece but I fear that I have not the facility for doing same.

MIKE DECKINGER: The best thing in the issue, and one of the best items I've read in a long time was Earl Kemp's article. What a wealth of information his memoirs might reveal!!!!

The insights into Heinlein, and, to a lesser degree, Hefner, were fascinating. You would think that a public figure would prefer to slip incognito into a large gathering, rather than be speared by instant public recognition. Most celebrities bemoan the fact that they cannot appear unannounced in a corner store, or shopping mall, without being spotlighted by a clamorous and adoring public. Well I can do that, Brad Pitt can't.

I know that well. Having run some retail tobacco shops in Hollywood and Studio City, I have seen what happens when a celebrity comes in to buy something. David Letterman once walked in to buy some cigars - followed by a small parade of people who wanted to talk to him and get his autograph (as an example - there have been several others) and the lack of privacy of a celebrity gets is well documented. As a private person myself I do not envy celebrities their celebrityhood.

There have long been speculations concerning Heinlein's last minute appearances at the Hugo Awards, during the '60s, hints that perhaps some manipulations were going on. At the time, I don't think anyone really focused on his timing - they were just glad that The Man was there. (And lest anyone accuse Heinlein of boorishness towards his public; in the evening he would open up his suite to convention attendees, greet everyone warmly, and offer refreshments. I know this for a fact because I was present.)

Also, generated through rumor, was the thought that Heinlein objected so strongly to critical examinations of his works, because he planned his autobiography in his waning years, and did not wish to be undercut. Since nothing like this turned up after his death, the whole rumor can be dismissed as just rumor, tantalizing thought it may be.

ALEXIS GILLILAND: I quite enjoyed Earl Kemp's *HEINLEIN HAPPENS**, complete with the footnoted tip of the hat to Alexei Panshin. The breakfast with senile billionaire H.L. Hunt was wonderful, and it would appear that with Hunt's book, like his breakfast, the old boy got what he paid for. Like Kemp, I enjoyed Heinlein's fiction a lot - especially when he had been edited, it would appear. His late work, except for *FRIDAY*, is self-indulgent and mostly (e.g., *NUMBER OF THE BEAST*) unreadable. Nowadays, even the best of it is beginning

to seem dated, as real weapons technology moves in directions RAH never imagined. In "Stranger," Jubal Harshaw, doctor, lawyer, and all around RAH surrogate, says something to the effect that he is a gentleman, which means he can be a cast iron son of a bitch when he feels like it. Heinlein, of course, was a gentleman by act of Congress, so perhaps his insistence on all those various perks was a way of assuring himself that: "I am SO a gentleman." The shortcomings of the man does not detract from the fact that his writing gave me a lot of pleasure.

I am in agreement with you here. Yes, he did appear to have personal shortcomings (despite all of the hero-worshippers in alt.fan.heinlein who naysay that) but much of his pre-non-edited material is top-notch and his later work is drivel.

Re. the on-going discussion of "Lounge, Fan vs. Fanzine," I offer an opinion: What you actually have is an exhibit displaying artifacts of an enigmatic if not yet vanished culture. Most people who come to the lounge do not experience fanzines as either creators or readers, they come and look at the shabby little booklets, and maybe ruffle through the pages looking for cartoons. The fanzine fans come there and hang out, and talk with other fanzine fans, but as far as recruiting new talent goes, no, it doesn't happen, and only zine boosterism (not to be confused with zen buddhism) makes you imagine that it could. Your potential recruit is part of an audience equipped with portable CD players walking through an exhibit of vinyl records; they may or may not know the music and the musicians, but they can't hear what's on display and are unlikely to join the enthusiasts of the older technology.

What with so many zines now being produced on computer, "older technology" is not the proper term, here. "Older form of expression" is more what you probably meant. Really, though, some sort of "outreach" really is needed to try to attract new blood if fanzines are to survive as a viable on-going and creative hobby. As a matter in which I have an interest, Ted White's Fanzine Review column is syndicated in about a half-dozen clubzines - I edit one of them, the LASFS' monthly newsletter DE PROFUNDIS. Non-fanzine reading club members often read the clubzine of their clubs, thereby putting them into the habit of reading a fanzine even though they are not generally aware of the field. It is hoped that they then go on to try some of the zines reviewed by Ted. We all hope.

Despite the mention of my name I don't think that Joseph Nicholas is talking about me at all. As the kindly editor [*blush*] pointed out, that shoe doesn't come close to fitting. Joseph's critique appears to be a boilerplate dismissal for any American who disagrees with him politically. He said he skimmed the issue? Boilerplate saves him from having to think about what he didn't bother to read. We note also that Joseph's extreme sensitivity to being misunderstood is combined with his almost total indifference to meaning of others. Disregarding iron,

sarcasm, and smartassery, he opts for a literalistic reading of the text that suits his plerbing purpose.

You can see the kind of material I edited out of Joseph's loc in the previous NO AWARD by reading my reply to his loc in thish.

BILL LEGATE: Thank you much for TEN. NO AWARD, like virtue, must be its own reward.

Not that my bank account will ever thank you for that sentiment.

Marc Schirmeister's cover reminds me of S. Clay Wilson and R. Crumb and Bill Elder and Wally Wood. Or that way of seeing things.

Or maybe how fanzines and the covers that end up representing them select each other is only partially describable, like the elective affinities in Goethe's chemistry-fiction romance with unrecognized randomness in an oscillation, or say unpredictable in principle where effects vary exponentially with causes.

*From reading the above paragraph it appears that you have been reading too much of that right-wing political stuff in FOSFAX as what you wrote makes as little sense as does the ravings of some of the ideologues in that zine. Well, this liberal used to also froth at the typer when loccing that zine. *gibber**

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY: The un-questioned highlight of thish is Earl Kemp's HEINLEIN HAPPENS. I've been enjoying Earl's memoirs on-line and eagerly await the book.

I have a feeling he's essentially right about Heinlein. Of course, we all know that Heinlein treated Alexei Panshin shabbily, but I can understand a certain amount of negativity to one who says, "Your work is great and has changed my life. Oh, and by the way, the view of sex in your new book is stupid and juvenile."

Still, there's always been a certain amount of evidence for Earl's view, presented in *Grumbles from the Grave*. It was obviously edited to show Heinlein in a good light, and yet he comes across as a classic bully, mean and overbearing when he's got the upper hand, groveling when he's on the bottom. Campbell needed him, so he bullied Campbell (admitting at one point that he was doing it because he couldn't stand rejection). Then he had to deal with an editor, Scribner's Alice Dalgliesh, who had the upper hand, and he bowed down to her like a happy client of Madame La Birch's School of Discipline for Naughty Boys, while she cut sex and guns from his books. In *Stranger*, he included a disagreeable character named Agnes Douglas, and at one point he forgot, or "forgot," and called her Alice. (The more I learn about it, the more impressed I am with the cat herding Campbell did with Heinlein, Hubbard, Asimov, van Vogt, *et al.*)

And yet I remain impressed with Heinlein's fiction. He has wrought many wondrous changes upon my consciousness.

He was your drug of choice?

You're right: I should be thankful to you for not inflicting upon us some of the layout tricks you have learned. Have you thanked Samuel R. Delany for not making *Dhalgren* 1000 pages longer?

I see no reason why I should thank Delany - I would never read that crap. The person who would have to thank him would be Milt as he was the one who read that book.

Indeed I recall an act of hospitality similar to the one Brin-Marie McLaughlin mentioned, but I had the decency to shut up about it. Your secret is safe with me.

Oops.

Jerry Kaufman may be right about *No Award* and *Plokta*. We Americans use the crude irony right out of the ground, while the British filigree it into finely wrought irony.

LLOYD PENNEY: I had wondered if I was pronouncing "plergb" properly. [*No, "plergb" is not pronounced "properly." See? You are already learning.*] Seeing that "ghoti" is pronounced the same as "fish," I'd thought that "plergb" should be pronounced the same as "camera" or "refrigerator." Thanks for clearing it all up.

Actually, to properly pronounce "plergb" one has to form a glottal stop with one's tongue above one's right eyebrow - putting one's tongue above one's left eyebrow will make one sound as if one had been born in jaisey.

Marty, you ran the L.A.Con II fanzine room? I got involved with fanzines around that time, but I had probably received my first issue of *FILE 770*, and a few zines locally, and from Australia. I might not have known about such a lounge at the time, we were busy in masquerade fandom at the time.

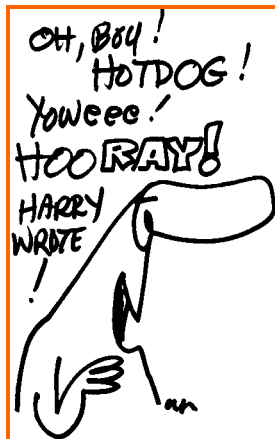
Yeah, I ran the Fan Room at the '84 Worldcon. Amongst the many other things I was doing both at and for the con and producing many issues of HOLIER THAN THOU that year. I got seriously burnt out by all of my L.A.Con work and more or less gafiated from con-running, doing con work again only for CORFLU 9 in Los Angeles. I am doing Publications for WESTERCON 55 this year - July 4-7, 2002 - but as that only means preparing some flyers and doing the PRs and the Programme Book, with all of that being the proverbial piece of cake on this computer, not having to do anything at the con except enjoy myself is the reason I took on the job when asked to do so.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER: The Earl Kemp article is intriguing. Certainly it is not the last word, but this testimony,

like those who found Heinlein to be a gracious gentleman, should be taken into account when someone writes a Heinlein biography. Certainly some of the things Heinlein is reported to have done could be seen in more than one light. The whole *WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION* affair seems pretty gracious to me. That was a COMPLIMENT, and a very high one Hap got (when Heinlein said “If I’d known how good a job you’d do I would have let you use my name”) and a very high one. Recall that Heinlein had a rigid policy (very typical of Depression era pulp writers for whom writing was strictly a business) of never giving away free copy. Recall how Isaac Asimov got a dressing-down from John W. Campbell when Isaac gave his old friend Don Wollheim a free story for a shoestring magazine he was editing. (*COSMIC STORIES*.) “Asimov,” said JWC, “if you’re giving material away free to others, why should I pay you?” Asimov had to insist that Wollheim give him ten bucks for the story. Heinlein’s object was to keep up the price of Heinlein. This is why he never wrote for fanzines and published his “stinkers” under pseudonyms (I mean the Lyle Monroe material - all rejects - which appeared in magazines other than *ASTOUNDING* or *UNKNOWN*). He wanted to keep the price up for the premium stuff. If you wanted good material with the Heinlein name on it, you had to pay the going rate.

Some of the rest of Heinlein’s behavior here seems a little more dubious, but I have heard others (who were there) describe the 1961 Worldcon party Heinlein gave in much more favorable terms. Very possibly Kemp is letting his personal difficulties with Heinlein color his judgment here, but, as I say, this needs to go on record too. It is a historical fact, relevant to a biography, that not everyone who worked with Heinlein liked him, as Kemp clearly did not. It’s also clear that Heinlein really did not understand literary culture, coming as he did from a military, engineering, and pulp-fiction background. I doubt he was someone who read learned critical journals or even *THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW*. He therefore did not really understand what criticism and analysis of literature is all about, and saw any attempt to write about him as either an invasion of privacy or an affront to his ego. And nobody ever denied that writers have large egos. Writers who get to the very top tend to have very large egos indeed. It is very hard to maintain perspective at such a level.

JUKKA HALME: I loved the illos: Gilliland et al, not to mention the most excellent coverpiece. Plergb! I have been a HUGE Alexis Gilliland fan for several years. My first introduction to Gilliland-illos were the old Science Fiction Reviews I purchased from the last SF-auction we had at



Finncon (1991 or 1993). I got hold of about two dozen of those wonderful magazines! I loved them, still do. I read them, re-read them, over and over again, until I realized a few things: Darrell Schweitzer is brilliant, Alexis A. Gilliland and William Rotsler are superb and Richard E. Geis is a strange, but wise, editor.

I do not know if I would label Geis’ editing as strange, but his conspiracy theories surely are.

What to me was the *numero uno* article in *NA 10* was the Earl Kemp and Heinlein’s ego. Man, what a tale.

From the loc-responses I have received I have to assume that many others felt the same way as I got more feedback on Kemp’s article than I did on anything else I pubbed in #10. This is nice, but I do not take that as an indication to turn this zine more sercon. Sercon is nice - in small doses - but I still prefer humour and smartassery.

Can’t really comment too much about the other pieces other than solid writing. I plan to read the GRRMartin series if and when he finishes it. In order to have some kind of control over what I read, I have these Rules, of which one is that I never “knowingly” read unfinished series.

But . . . but . . . but, there are several “unfinished series” in NO AWARD - the fannish autobiography/fanhistory being written by Len Moffatt and Ed Green’s experiences in the Los Angeles riot. You read them, certainly?

I seem to have relatively little to say about the contents of the zine, other than that I think it’s great. We’ll be moving back to Finland in March (26th to be exact). If you think it’s a good idea, I’d surely appreciate it if you’d put my address up somewhere. Just in case someone “wants” to send their fanzines all the way to the other side of the world. I’m good for a LoC.

OK, you other faneds - you heard the man - send him your zines after March 26 (he is currently at Princeton where his wife [also a fan] is studying something or other). His address in Finland is in the address section of this zine.

Harry Warner has not been loccing much of late. Below are excerpts from a catch-up loc I recently received.

HARRY WARNER: You have been very kind to continue me on the *NO AWARD* mailing list during this long silence. As you may have read or heard, I have been emitting very few locs since last fall. Bad health and worse vision are the main problems, combined with the distractions of a lot of mundane problems. I’ve had the greatest difficulty with large fanzines because after fifteen minutes or thereabouts of reading, my eyes begin to water uncontrollably.

A dialogue of dueling symptoms would just be boring for

*the readers, but I must say that you have my sympathies, Harry. I surely wish that all of the ills to which the elderly are prone could occur to us when we were young and that we would be healthy in our later years. Alas, such is not the case, and I am afraid that creeping decrepitude is our lot. *sigh**

The eighth *NO AWARD* came in December, so it wouldn't seem like too long a delay in writing about it if the December in question belonged to 2001 instead of 2000. And I was very happy to find reprinted here some of the Thom Digby strokes of genius. I used to see his *APAZine* quite often in the past, and recognized him then as one of fandom's under-appreciated writing geniuses. Your reprint is right in line with my frequently expressed belief that fanzines need to reprint material by fans other than the half-dozen whose writings seem to be always chosen for this purpose.

*Whilst I am always willing to reprint good material from any fan, it turns out that there is a sort of Los Angeles bias in the material I use. This is not so much that I am biased towards this area - even though I am - as there is a lot of good material which can be gathered from local (and ex-local) fans. Now, even though I agree with you about Digby being an under-appreciated writing genius, I feel that full appreciation of what Thom writes and has written may not be felt by all readers. Not everybody who has read and commented upon what I have reprinted has seemed to understand the genius of his material. Maybe it is an acquired taste. Or, maybe, it is just that I was a participant in *APA-L* in one of its glory periods and my appreciation of certain types of fanwriting (and fanwriters) was skewed by what they were contributing to that *APA* in those days. Nowadays, Thom writes an e-zine called *Silicon Soapware* which is sent to members of what is called the *Digbyzine* e-list every New Moon (or thereabouts), with answering *APA*-like commentary branching out from each issue. For me, there is never enough Digby writing.*

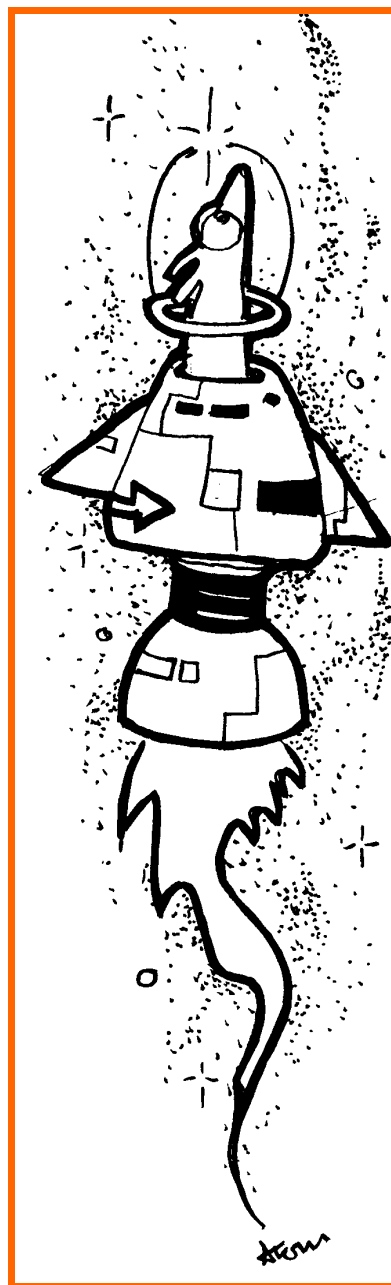
It was ego-deflating to find myself not listed among the select few who have read *Dhalgren* from start to finish. I remember vividly how I began to suspect after the first 50,000 words or so that I might not have gotten my money's worth when I bought my copy. As I continued to fight my way through this literary marsh, my conviction became all the more firm that I'd been taken. So I decided to ask for my money back, and couldn't do so only because I could no longer remember the address of the house where I'd paid 10¢ for the book at a yard sale several months earlier. I wonder if there's any truth to the rumor that Delany chose the title because that's how he thought *Dahlgren* is spelled.

Alas, I haven't read any of the George Martin monsters that Milt Stevens reviews in this issue. But I found much fun in

reading the review, and thankful that the fates have spared me from having to read the books instead.

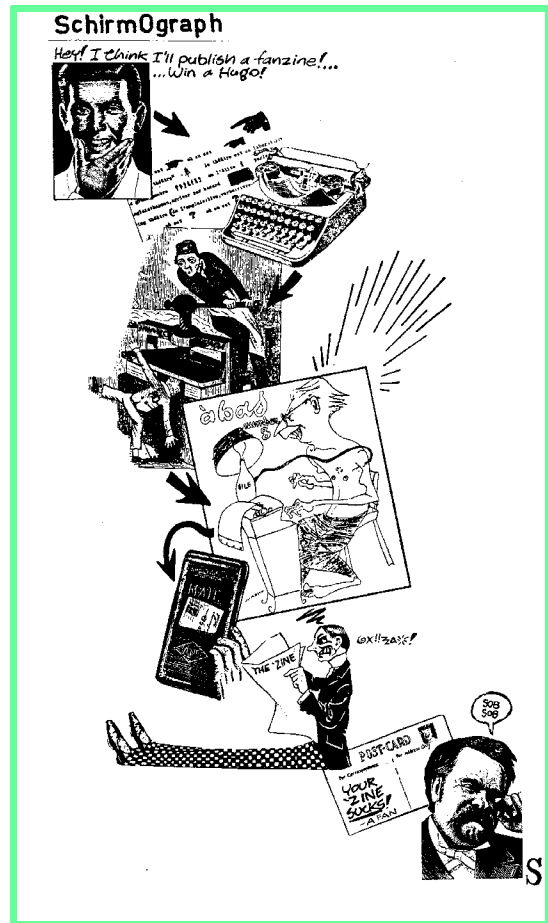
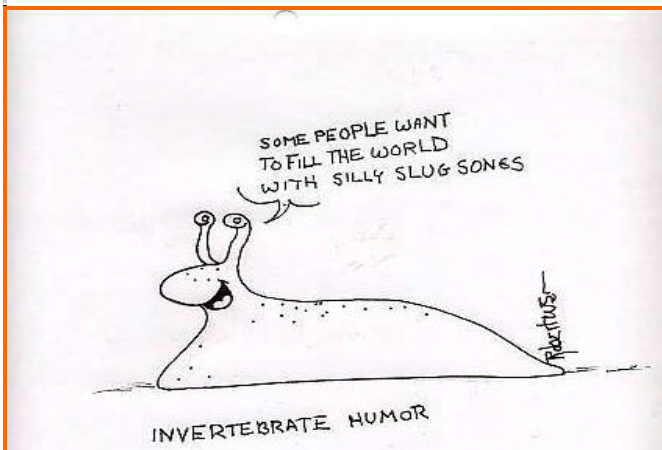
My head aches, my eyes don't focus properly, and I'm tired after writing this letter. I have the firm belief that you are experiencing the same symptoms after reading it.

No, I am experiencing my own symptoms of uncomfortableness; and, whilst typing this into my computer, I am awaiting a call from my doctor so that I can discuss with him my latest unpleasantness.



WAHF

Derek Pickles, after describing some of his current medical problems, writes, "Hope your medical problems are improving . . ." *Yes, my medical problems are getting higher in quality.* ". . .there must be another batch of tablets coming on the market." *So, the demand always grows to meet the supply?* David L. Russell writes, "Plergb defined as sending a card in the hopes of the editor of a zine not minding too much about the absence of a loc on his zine." Alexander Slate *also plergbs, without the courtesy of putting his hand in front of his mouth,* "I think 'plergb' is also the sound made when you swallow and hiccup at the same time." Ben Indick, though, sends a "BGRELP!! (defined as I have nothing to say). *This is supposed to be different from the other loccers?* Sheryl Birkhead wrote on a card, "VERY nice to see Schirm." *And to that I have no smartass reply as I have deep admiration for Marc's work. But Brad Foster gets us right back into the proper mood with,* "And I Plergb right back at'cha!" Roy Tackett *plergbs in with,* "PLERGB - I thought it described the contents of the average fanzine. Poor, lousy, excellent, rotten, great, bad." *All that and more! However, I wonder what Roy will say when he makes up his mind? George Flynn, meanwhile, bypasses all of this profundity and just sends an updated edress.* Robert Whitaker Sirignano *gets sercon with,* "I have to wonder if Heinlein had something in his personal history to conceal. No biographies are forthcoming, so I don't really know if there is anything. Just considering the amount of antagonistic behaviour he demonstrated to Alexei Panshin just for writing about his writing, you'd wonder how many people he toasted verbally over unverified slights." *But Robert then remembers the zine to which he is writing and commits the cartoon you see at the bottom of this column:*



LASFS LEADERSHIP BUNKER

