

NO AWARD

Marty Cantor



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 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-acquisition, a process which is quite costly in itself - in some emotional, if not economic, sense.

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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

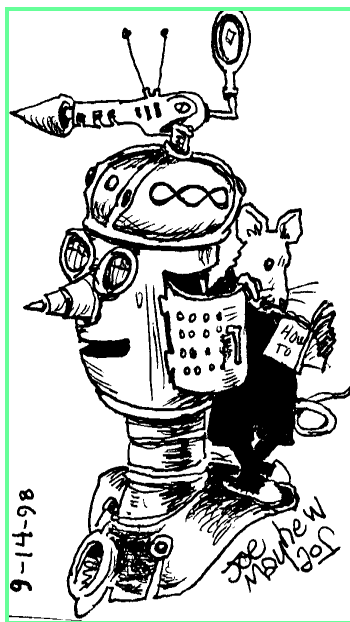
computer game SimLife. Earlier covers have featured the busy goddess Opuntia, pictures of cacti, or the good cactus fairy. In short, we have here an editor who sticks to his theme at the beginning. A fanzine that sticks to its theme (and here’s a theme that sticks) is a proud and lonely thing indeed.

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?"

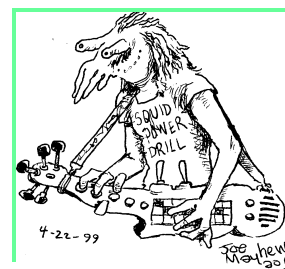
We all just nod at that and head back to the parking lot. Two more police cars slide into the lot, and several of us head out. More people to check. The coffee will help, but the night still looms long.

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?

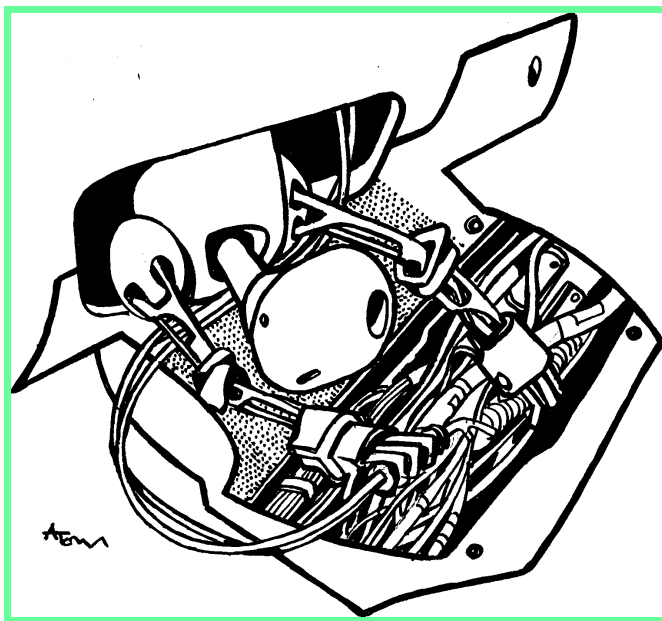
Next comes quickly. I manage to talk a local theater into showing the troops a free movie. It's called *SPLIT SECOND*. An SF film in the tradition of *BLADE RUNNER*, except that it's badly written, filmed, and directed. It does, however, star Rutger Hauer. And Mr. Hauer was so impressed that the National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

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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 (hurlks, 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