

THE FANZINE FOR WHICH YOU VOTED BEFORE IT EXISTED

NO AWARD

NUMBER TWELVE
in the series -
collect them all

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

**NORTHERN HEMISPHERE
FALL 2002**

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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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LOCCERS

- Lloyd Penney - pages 26, 27 & 30
- Jerry Kaufman - pages 26 & 30
 - Ross Chamberlain - page 26
- Darrell Schweitzer - pages 27, 28, & 30
 - Alexei Panshin - page 27
 - E.B. Frohvet - pages 27 & 30
 - Joseph Major - pages 27 & 30
 - Jeanne Mealy - page 28
 - Jukka Halme - page 28
 - Earl Kemp - page 28
 - Derek Pickles - page 28
 - Henry Welch - page 29
 - Terry Jeeves - page 29
 - Eric Lindsay - page 29
 - Dave Locke - page 29
 - Sheryl Birkhead - page 29
 - Bill Legate - page 30
 - Alexis Gilliland - page 30

ARTISTS

- Alan White - 1, 2, 15
- Kurt Erichsen - 4
- Joe Mayhew - 10, 11, 26
- Marc Schirmeister - 12
- ATom - 14, 31
- Alexis Gilliland & Bill Rotsler - 18
- Bill Rotsler - 19, 22, 25
- Ray Capella - 27
- Brad W. Foster - 30
- Taral - 32



REGRET LETTER (Jack Harness & Lee Gold)

My Dear _____,

Thank you for the kind and thoughtful invitation to your:

- ___ wedding
- ___ divorce party
- ___ fund-raising dinner
- ___ little darling's bar/t mitzvah
- ___ fugghead fondling contest
- ___ boar hunt
- ___ bash

As always, your:

- ___ computer-generated printout
- ___ distinguishedly calligraphed
- ___ delightfully witty
- ___ childish and illiterate
- ___ messily repro'd
- ___ sophomoric and blasphemous

announcement and the inaccurate and confusing map (if any) was:

- ___ eagerly waited for
- ___ received with pleasure
- ___ an unexpected honor
- ___ an expected honor
- ___ delivered by the postman

Ordinarily, not even the:

- ___ sinister mafia
- ___ Mexican mafia
- ___ Jewish mafia
- ___ Moral Majority
- ___ risks to my health

could keep me away, but as you:

- ___ may well realize
- ___ have possibly forgotten
- ___ could not be expected to know
- ___ should have remembered
- ___ sent out invites to everybody

this raises a most unforeseen scheduling conflict with:

- ___ my mother's funeral
- ___ the gala grand opening of my new dry cleaning establishment
- ___ other pressing matters

and it is with:

- ___ deep dismay
- ___ profound sadness
- ___ the agony of decision

- ___ true fannish aplomb
- ___ gut-churning, stomach-disquieting, soul-sickening despair
- ___ a sigh of relief

that I reply that I cannot now plan to attend.

Rest assured that should circumstances change, and:

- ___ the wind shift
- ___ the wine list improve drastically
- ___ the dry cleaners' local go on strike
- ___ my therapist go on vacation
- ___ you start showering more

I may be able to make a brief appearance after all.

Please do not think for a moment that I give any credence to the:

- ___ amusing
- ___ preposterous
- ___ disgusting
- ___ spine-tingling
- ___ DNQ
- ___ widely rumored
- ___ printed in *Locus*
- ___ mentioned in the newspaper radio, *Newsweek*, and TV

reports of your inability to:

- ___ hold
- ___ restrain
- ___ pick up after
- ___ get hold of
- ___ housebreak
- ___ make monthly payments on
- ___ stand upright without assistance from

your:

- ___ nosy neighbors
- ___ liquor
- ___ el cheapo munchies
- ___ garbage from previous soirees
- ___ Red Mountain
- ___ backed-up plumbing
- ___ funny-looking cigarettes
- ___ small herd of guard dogs
- ___ bootleg video cassettes
- ___ noisy card players
- ___ scratchy rock records

- ___ parakeet
- ___ religious zeal for Rev. Moon
- ___ Instant Message
- ___ support group

My best regards to your:

- ___ wife/husband
- ___ ex-wife/husband
- ___ new wife/husband
- ___ girlfriend/boyfriend
- ___ live-in maid
- ___ young child
- ___ inner child
- ___ pet

and her/his unfortunate:

- ___ fleas
- ___ fungus
- ___ small appliances
- ___ Medfly infestation
- ___ stupid puns
- ___ battle to avoid extradition
- ___ eating habits

As always, I remain:

- ___ Sincerely
- ___ Respectfully
- ___ Affectionately
- ___ Cordially
- ___ Truly
- ___ Devotedly
- ___ Faithfully
- ___ Putridly

Yours,

PS.:

- ___ Maybe we could make it next _____
- ___ Remember me for next time.
- ___ Could you move to a more accessible location?
- ___ Could you move farther away?
- ___ How about we schedule it again, say in late 2022?
- ___ Don't you owe me \$____?
- ___ Could you send some of the leftovers in a doggie bag?
- ___ Write it up in APA-L.
- ___ We gotta get together for drinks.
- ___ Fifi says hello.
- ___ Mom says hi.
- ___ Please take me off your mailing list.

A Day in the Life of Howard DeVore

The phone rang and the young lady said "I don't suppose you've ever heard of the Crowell/Colliers organization?" I said, "as a matter of fact, I have" and went on to tell her about how it was founded by two brothers in 1908 and that they proceeded to issue a family type magazine. In 1912 they started using a rotogravure section, then in 1918 they started using color in their illustrations. I went on listing improvements down through the years, discussing how they became a factor in national politics etc and continued until the early '60's. When I started running out of facts, I invented them.

I explained that in the mid '60's their subscriptions had fallen off badly and they discontinued the magazine, instead concentrating on publishing a rather fourth rate set of encyclopedias. I wound up by saying "Can I help you with any more information?"

The young lady had learned far more than she needed, most of it fictitious info but she thanked me and hung up.

Another time the phone rang; the lady asked if I would answer a few questions for a survey she was taking. I agreed and she asked about my marital status, then did I consider myself "middle class," etc Finally she asked if I had any children?

Ah, HAH, "Children's encyclopedias," so I replied that I had three daughters and she said "Oh, that's nice, how old are they?" I replied that Suzy was the baby and she was 43 years old! This so startled her that she missed the chance to sell me a set for the grandchildren -- thanked me and hung up.

In the late fifties George Young was unemployed and had a house full of kids, they sat there with the heads up, mouths open, chirping like a nest full of baby robins, so he took a job selling the Britannica encyclopedias. No, he wasn't "selling them", he was "placing them" in households.

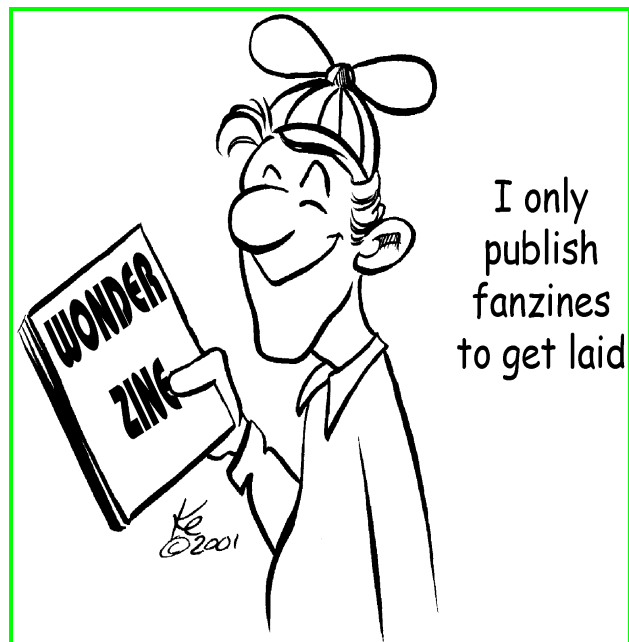
He and the route manager were out one evening; it was almost dark but they decided they'd do a couple of more blocks, then the manager would drop George off at a bus stop and they'd both go home. George went up the steps and knocked on a door, then he beat on it some more. Nobody answered it so he went on down the street. He didn't know that a teenaged baby sitter was calling the police reporting that someone was trying to break into the house.

George was down at the end of the block when a police car arrived! He explained that the route manager was on the next street. The route manager wasn't there; he'd quit and gone home, forgetting to take George to the bus stop. Anyone but George would have explained it and gone on his way. George never did have any luck! Instead, he got a free ride to 1300 Beaubien Street. The desk sergeant locked him up till Mary found someone with a car and she went down and claimed him.

He got home well after midnight.

Another time the LIFE magazine salesman came to my house, he explained what a wonderful magazine it was but I declined to subscribe. He said, "Is there some reason you don't like it?" and I explained, "Too many words, not enough pictures."

- - Big Hearted Howard



From Silicon Soapware #89

by
Thom Digby

It's nearing the end of Rainy Season in California, and somehow a mental cog slipped and the phrase came out as "Brainy Season".

So now I'm thinking of a world where whatever species eventually evolved intelligence had more of a need for it at certain times of year than at others. Maybe there were migratory predators around only at certain times, and maybe food was short then as well, while for much of the rest of the year there was plenty of stuff to eat and life was easy.

So Mating Season would come as the predators were migrating away, and after they had finished showing off and selecting mates for Mating Season intelligence would fade (to save wasting energy on brains) during the Easy Season, at least until the young were born. Then they would need to get smarter again to prepare their young for the next cycle.

Once they evolved sentience, they couldn't shut it down completely during Easy Season because those who maintained at least a little brainpower had an advantage over those who didn't. But their intelligence still waxed and waned to some degree. Hence, Brainy Season was when intelligence was at its maximum.

What would their culture be like? Would certain kinds of complex business deals be legal only during Brainy Season, when people would be best able to evaluate them? Would there still be enough brainpower active during the off-season to allow the schools to teach at least certain rote fundamentals then? Would different kinds of art and music arise for the different seasons? Would their medicine men eventually discover herbs and potions to turn their intellects up or down at will, overriding the seasons? During Brainy Season, would be it OK to tell jokes about how stupid they were during the off-season? Would people whose intelligence faded most during the off-season be protected by law from those who kept their intellects fairly sharp?

And if different parts of their world had Brainy Season at different times of year, how would the political systems cope with the differences of who was smart or stupid when, especially as technology began to make long journeys possible?

Finally, and perhaps of most interest to science fiction fans, what happens when they finally make contact with Earth?

ADDRESSES &/OR EDRESSES

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&
EDRESSES
OF
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information.**

The Author Declines to Turn the Crank

by Carrie Dougherty

London contains hundreds of fascinating museums, galleries, churches and stately homes, the vast majority of which I've never seen, and a few of which I've only seen once, briefly. So, naturally, I did what I always do in London and headed straight off to be at one with the machines in the Science Museum. The name, by the way, is somewhat of a misnomer, as the museum is principally one of historical technology and engineering. I headed straight upstairs to the difference Engine, where chatting with the two technicians elicited the information that they would be testing the Engine in the afternoon, after their lunch break. I promised to come back later.

So I spent an hour and a half or so wandering around, seeing maybe 1/100th of what's interesting in the museum, including the following:

- The Great Hall of engines (formally called East Hall), which has magnificent specimens of 18th century Newcomen engines as well as a beautiful gigantic Corliss engine which apparently runs now and then (although I don't believe I've ever seen it operating). One thing I learned this time was that the cycles of the old engines were very slow—maybe one or two revolutions per minute.
- The new Making of the Modern World gallery, which contains “iconic” artifacts from the history of science and technology, including a V2 rocket (I'd never realized how huge they were), the original Rocket locomotive, a Cooke and Wheatstone telegraph station that looks like an organ console, and a phrenology head (apparently on loan from the Phrenology Head Museum in Cornwall - -!)
- The King George III Gallery of 17th and 18th century instruments, mostly teaching tools and “parlor experiments” used for recreation during that era. It has the original orrery built for the 4th Earl of Orrery in the early 18th century (though there were actually earlier Chinese and Roman ones, apparently). The earliest orreries showed just the earth, moon, and sun—you can tell the age of more elaborate orreries by how many planets they show, unless they've been altered to show additional planets. And where else can you find anamorphic pictures (hah, spellchecker doesn't like that one, nor did it like “orrery”), sciopic balls, and cometaria?

Carrie is a civil engineer who lives in Oakland. Although, how civil can an engineer be who once

wrote, “I am a civil engineer, if it doesn't work, I hit it with a hammer.” She also wrote, “Who would have thought I'd be the proud owner of a motorcycle that thinks it's a duck.” Referring, of course, to the antique Royal Enfield J2 she bought and drove around England before she shipped it home to Oakland, California. Which has not stopped Carrie from going back to England several times and continuing her motorcycle tours of that country on a rented motorcycle, if necessary

You see, Carrie does not drive automobiles. But she is a member of LASFAPA and she very entertainingly writes of her various adventures. Her *very* inquisitive adventures as she does more than motor through the countryside. And continue to look for a job in England.

This article is excerpted from her August 2002 zine in LASFAPA #311. Carrie writes of her visit to the world's first computer, the 1832 Difference Engine invented by Charles Babbage, begun in 1822, suspended in 1842, and finally completed at the London Science Museum for Babbage's 200th birthday in 1991.”

- A model and the original mirror of the Great Rosse Telescope of Birr Castle, Ireland, I'd heard of it in conjunction with my visit to William and Catherine Herschel's house in Bath last year, but hadn't realized that this 72” telescope, the largest ever made when it was constructed in the 1840s, has been fully restored and is once again operational.
- The Phillips economic computer, a set of clear plastic sluices and adjustable valves (labeled “taxes,” “savings,” “consumer spending,” etc.) which mimics the actions of a national economy when you pour colored water through it.

When I came back the technicians had opened the glass case that the Engine is kept in, and I settled down to observe the test. I would have been perfectly content to watch this incredible collection of wood, brass, and steel go through its paces, but pretty soon I was behind the velvet rope with the technicians, looking over their shoulders, inspecting the results, and making (no doubt helpful) suggestions. Richard soon left, and Reg graciously spent another couple of hours answering my questions and pointing out interesting features of the mechanism until we finally said goodbye just before the museum closed.

Some of the many things I learned that afternoon.

The printer now works, and almost all of the tweaking is

done. That afternoon Reg and Richard were testing the way the printer makes impressions into a heavy Plaster of Paris plate, which would have been used as a positive mold to create lead type plate to print mathematical tables. The numbers were now more even than they had been, but the impressions appeared to vary in depth. Richard said that this was a flaw not in the machine but in the plate—the plaster has to be both flush to the metal frame of the plate and completely flat. They had experimented with many mixtures of plaster and degrees of hardness, having received no direction from Babbage and with no idea how he would have done it. They were still working out the appropriate medium—when I suggested some kind of metal foil they pointed out the risk of disaster if something metallic attached itself to the number faces of the printer; plaster was easy to clean off. Many people, they said, had told them what not to do but no one had yet come up with a good answer.

The printer has two typefaces, large and small, connected with flexible metal strips that allow force to be conveyed to either typeface in an arrangement that Reg called “pure Babbage.”

When they built the printer they extended the main shaft that lifts the cams that drive the columns, but also added a feature that Babbage hadn’t thought to include, the ability to disengage the printer from the shaft and an additional crank on the printer that runs the printer only. The number columns themselves can’t be disengaged from the printer mechanism, but the printer can be run without the engine, and will just print zeros.

The printer can print results either in two columns or directly across the page. Though Reg can’t figure out why anyone would want to do that because it takes so much effort to push the frame back and forth inside the printer. Reg showed me where he installed an oil-filled piston to damp the momentum of the sliding frame to keep it from being propelled right off the edge of the printer (i.e. manual line break). He also showed me how a cylindrical weight drops out of a bracket when the printer reaches the end of the frame, releasing the tension in a wire that connects to the crank (i.e. manual page break). This weight was falling off too soon the afternoon I was there, and needed some kind of adjustment to stay on until the actual end of page.

As I watched, Richard and Reg spelled each other on the crank. It apparently takes a great deal of technique to turn the crank, and in fact I saw Richard jam it at one point by inadvertently slowing down before stopping. It’s necessary to turn the crank at the exact right speed, neither too slowly nor too quickly, and not to accelerate or decelerate. This is challenging because the load on the crank varies during the engine’s four beat cycle (the load increases when the

locking blades lift out of the number wheels). Given that, it seemed to me that the machine might run better if operated by a machine—but a machine wouldn’t have the ability to continuously monitor the workings of the engine by feel. The engine can be driven by one person, though it’s tiring; Reg altered Babbage’s design by installing a 4:1 differential gear at the crank which means the operator faces in the opposite direction from what Babbage had intended. It may be possible for someone to operate the engine with four times the force, but it would be more difficult to turn the crank at a steady rate during the variation on load. It was amusing to listen to the two of them discussing the machine as if it were some kind of ordinary gadget—“give it a few more turns, will you? Try taking it up to 35”—and to watch them tune, tighten, and adjust it, using flathead screwdrivers and a small crowbar, for all the world as if it were an old British motorcycle.

The differential gear is one of the many minor modifications to the original design that Reg made in the course of building the engine and the printer. He showed me a few others, mostly on the printer.

One thing Babbage seems to have neglected was leaving time for operations to complete themselves. There originally wasn’t any time in the cycle, for example, for the thin metal strips that maintain the locations of the number wheels to move in and out of position between the teeth of the wheels. Obviously, they need to move out, along a vertically inclined plane, to allow the wheels to turn, then need to slide into place once the calculation has been made (causing a characteristic crashing/clunking sound). In order to give the wheels time to turn, Reg had to cut some sharp notches into the wheels that turn the shafts that lift and lower the columns and locking strips. Babbage also didn’t include any counterbalances for the weight of the locking strips, though he had included springs to balance the weight of the columns; Reg had to figure out a way to add these himself.

One interesting and effective design feature of the Engine is that when any given piece isn’t moving it’s locked into place; which both prevents damage to the parts and prevents the machine from making errors—“either it gives the correct answer or it jams.” The only problem with this is that the carry hammers sometimes slam into locked number wheels and break off; Reg handed me a shoebox containing half a dozen or so of these. These are the only parts of the machine that are actually subject to breakage. It apparently wasn’t always the case that the machine always gave the correct answer, though; initially they had had a problem with the carry mechanism, and it was Reg’s task to try to determine which of the 200-odd warning levers for the carry hammers wasn’t turning.

Another place Babbage didn’t leave any time for things to

CAPTAIN FUTURE

by Milt Stevens

At the Goal Line

James Carthew, the president of the solar system, sat at his desk. Many complex and troubling matters demanded his attention. He needed an eleven-letter word for partisan political re-districting. There was also the matter of the Jovian colonists. They were complaining again. They said the heavy gravity was squishing them into an unpleasant looking reddish goo. Carthew felt little sympathy for them. They should have imagined there was some reason they were finally able to find affordable housing.

Suddenly, a vast form appeared in the doorway of the president's office. It was a giant, hunched creature, bizarrely hideous. "Hi George" the president said as his press secretary shambled into the office. George Brian, press secretary to the president of the solar system, brought more bad news. He didn't know an eleven-letter word for partisan political re-districting.

There was also the matter of an evil space emperor threatening to make monkeys out of all of us if he wasn't given complete control over Venus. "Evil space emperors" the president snorted. Ever since they had unionized with the Teamsters, they were always making demands. The last one had practiced space piracy on a colossal scale. As a result of his mad plan to become parking lot czar of the universe, the solar system was now ten miles less in diameter than it had been. The only good thing that could be said about evil space emperors was they usually had voluptuous daughters. He certainly remembered the last space emperor's daughter, Viagra. She had made him feel like a kid of 105 again.

In response to the current menace, President Carthew had sent a signal to Captain Future at his secret base on the Moon. Actually, that wasn't the first thing he had done, but Super Chicken and Mighty Mouse didn't seem to be returning his calls anymore. Still, Captain Future was a name known throughout the solar system. This was probably because of his billboard campaign, although his TV spots couldn't have hurt either.

Suddenly, a giant figure appeared on the balcony outside the president's office. A moment later, Captain Future strode into the office. Behind Captain Future, his three eldritch assistants entered the office. Captain Future knew that time was of the essence, since his spaceship was double parked on the street outside.

The first of Captain Future's assistants was a manlike figure, but one whose body was rubbery, boneless-looking, blank white in color. His long, slitted green eyes peered brightly out of an alien white face. He also had a list of

ingredients printed on his forehead. This was Otho, the inflatable android. In deflated mode, Otho could easily fit in the glove compartment of a car or be stowed as carry-on luggage on any spaceliner.

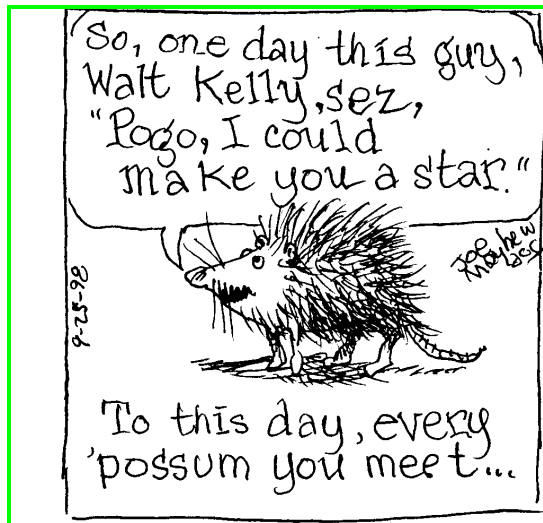
Next came a giant metal robot who strode across the balcony on padded feet. He towered seven feet tall. In his bulbous metal head gleamed a pair of photoelectric eyes. This was Grag, the robot. At the moment, Grag really needed a valve job, and his anti-smog device was considerably out of adjustment.

Last came the strangest of Captain Future's assistants. This was Simon Wright, the Brain.

The Brain had once been a great scientist and friend of Captain Future's parents. All that was left of the living Simon Wright was now housed in a metal box with two glass lens eyes mounted on flexible metal stalks at the front. The box was floating on three invisible beams of repulsive energy. This mode of propulsion was one of Captain Future's earliest inventions which he had developed when he grew tired of carrying the Brain around like a lunch bucket. The Brain had reached this unfortunate condition because of a really bad experience with an acne cream. However, on the plus side, he was no longer troubled by acne. On meeting the Brain, people were always impressed with his vast scientific knowledge and his amazing ability at doing card tricks.

Captain Future himself was one of the strangest stories in the solar system. Before their untimely deaths, his parents, Roger and Elaine Newton, had been two of the greatest scientists of the century. Unfortunately, they were both sucked into a multi-dimensional vortex created by a perverse tachyon flux resonance. This had come as a terrible shock, since they had been in the swimming pool at the time. Their will had left their secret laboratory on the Moon to baby Curt and named the Brain, Otho, and Grag as his guardians. The three had raised young Curt because they needed a fourth to enter barbershop quartet competitions, and there weren't many other prospects on the Moon.

President Carthew quickly explained the situation. An evil space emperor was creating apish atavisms on Venus. The Space Emperor had delivered an ultimatum that the government must either give him complete control of Venus or start shipping an awful lot of bananas. Captain Future's jaw tensed. He knew that alliterative menaces were always



the worst, and apish atavism was certainly alliterative. Captain Future knew that he and his Futuremen must leave for Venus at once before they got a ticket for double parking.

The trip to Venus was uneventful. In the asteroid belt, the Futuremen were attacked by ravening space pirates who chased them to Callisto where both ships crashed. On the surface of the Jovian moon, the Futuremen barely escaped from The Crawling Crystals of Callisto. The Crawling Crystals were a rock group of sorts, and they attacked all organic life in hopes of finding an agent. Unfortunately for them, most agents didn't qualify as organic life.

The attentive reader may have noticed that the asteroid belt and Callisto are not on the most direct route between Earth and Venus. Navigation had never been Captain Future's long suit. However, they did eventually make it to Venus where Captain Future landed his spaceship unobtrusively on the lawn of the governor's mansion. As was his custom, he entered the governor's office through the window. The three occupants of the office gasped in surprise.

"Who are you?" the governor stammered.

Captain Future held out his left hand. On his hand, he wore the Captain Future Secret Decoder Ring known to breakfast cereal eaters throughout the solar system. He then surveyed the office. Quentin Quale, Governor of Venus, sat at his desk. Joan Randall, distressed damsel of the spaceways, stood at one side. Seated across from the governor was Barton Snarkley, the inter-planetary fast food magnate. With his Snarkley's Super Sandwiches, he had carved out a greasy empire from the barbecues of Mercury to the frozen food section of Pluto. His new spicy crunchbird sandwiches were condemned by nutritionists everywhere. He had tried to appeal to animal rights activists by saying you didn't have to kill many crunchbirds to make an awful lot of

sandwiches. This was true, since crunchbirds were between 10 and 20 feet tall and could weigh several tons.

Just before Captain Future had entered, Joan Randall had been reporting on the worsening situation. The local hospital was already filled with the devolved victims, and discarded banana peels were making it dangerous for the staff to work. Barton Snarkley interrupted at this point to suggest that the time had come for panic. Only hysterical flight could save humans from a hairy end. Ever the optimist, Captain Future vowed to find a cure for this monstrous menace. Snarkley emitted a high-pitched giggle which caused every dog within half a mile to begin howling. Undeterred, Captain Future asked Joan Randall to take him to the hospital, so he could see the menace for himself.

On entering one of the closed atavism wards, Joan Randall explained that men turning into apes wasn't even the worst part of the devolutionary process. Some of them developed a morbid fascination with ice hockey, and a few of them had even become New York Mets fans. Suddenly, Captain Future's ultra sensitive hearing detected a menacing sound. The door behind them had just been locked. At the same instant, some of the apes became distracted from watching I Love Lucy re-runs and noticed their new visitors. A wave of angry snarling engulfed the ward. They really didn't like being interrupted while watching I Love Lucy re-runs. The monstrous beasts began advancing on Captain Future and Joan Randall. Saliva was dripping from their fangs, and their eyes glowed with bestial fury. There was only one chance left for Captain Future. He pulled a tube out of his utility belt and held it in front of the advancing creatures.

BURMA SHAVE!

The fury of the beastmen instantly changed to gibbering horror. They acked and they ooked as they fled in terror from the substance they knew meant an end for all hairy horrors. The principles of good grooming had triumphed once again.

After being released from the atavism ward, Captain Future consulted with the Brain on devising a cure for the atavistic menace. Captain Future knew that the pituitary gland was located somewhere in the human body, and it must do something-or-other. Since the casual reader probably didn't know what the pituitary gland did either, paralyzing the pituitary gland might cause atavistic devolution. The Brain crossed his eye-stalks in intellectual admiration. He would immediately start working on a cure which should be available within a matter of days.

Captain Future had another assignment for Otho. Aside from being an inflatable android, Otho was also the master of disguise. Captain Future told Otho to take the form of a Venusian native and find more information on the Space

Emperor. Governor Quale suspected there was unrest among the native population. The mortar round that had landed in the middle of his desk last week had made him suspicious.

In the meantime, Joan Randall had discovered a clue. Outside the atavism ward, she had discovered a matchbook from the Quantum Hole, one of the most notorious dives in all of Venusport. Since it was undoubtedly the Space Emperor who had locked them in the ward, this might be a clue to his whereabouts. Captain Future agreed with her reasoning and departed for the Quantum Hole immediately.

Captain Future knew the Quantum Hole was located on the Street of Loathsome Diseases in the slimiest part of Venusport. Just as a precaution, he decided to take Grag with him. On entering the Quantum Hole, he saw the bar was lined with grizzled spacers. They were all busily drinking xeno, the beverage preferred by nine out of ten space sots. At the end of the bar stood a menacing figure in a billowing black suit. It was a zoot suit with the drape shape and the reet pleat. Captain Future suspected he might be dealing with an illegal alien. The figure's head was covered by a helmet that revealed only two glaring eyes.

"Well, if it isn't Captain Future," the Space Emperor growled, "I've seen your TV spots."

Captain Future went into action instantly. He took a flying leap at the menacing figure. However, rather than colliding with the Space Emperor, he passed entirely through the Space Emperor and hit the bar with a resounding crash. The Space Emperor emitted a high-pitched giggle which shattered the mirror behind the bar and caused one spacer to exhale xeno through his nose. After that, the Space Emperor calmly floated through the nearest wall and disappeared.

After taking two aspirins, Captain Future considered the situation. From his vast scientific knowledge, he knew that if a person could transubstantiate their flim and flam emissions they could create a plot hole through solid matter. The Space Emperor must have discovered a way of doing just that.

Captain Future had a hunch. For some reason, he was becoming suspicious of Barton Snarkley and his fast food operation. He wanted to investigate one of Snarkley's Super Sandwich Shops, but he didn't want to be observed. So he borrowed a flier from Governor Quale and landed in the jungle near one of Snarkley's sites. Walking through the jungle, he observed Venusian dingbats ricocheting from tree to tree in their haphazard approximation of flight. Somewhere to his left, he heard trees being smashed into kindling by what could only be a flock of wandering crunchbirds. When he looked down, he saw a slithering glorp was trying to eat his left boot. Captain Future had never really been fond of jungles on backward planets. Or

any other stinkin' jungles for that matter.

Finally, he reached the clearing surrounding the sandwich shop. He stood motionless for several hours observing the operation. At change of shift, he watched the Venusian workers leave by the back door. As each of them left, they were handed automatic weapons and incendiary grenades. Nothing unusual about that on a backward planet. However, he also observed something much more sinister. Each worker was also given one of the Forbidden Chili Dogs of Mars. Captain Future knew that ancient Martian warriors had consumed these Chili Dogs to give themselves a maniacal bloodlust. The heartburn would do that to even the most peaceful people.

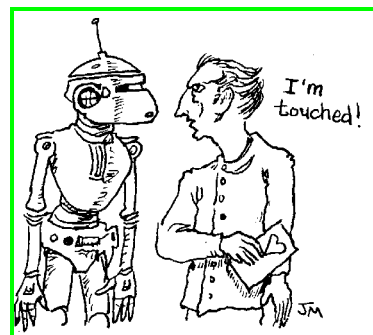
Returning from the sandwich shop, he told the Brain and Grag what he had observed. After listening to his account, the Brain announced some good news. He had discovered a cure for the devolutionary disability. It consisted of one part tabasco, one part clam juice, and one part xeno. One shot of the cure would turn Earthmen back into their normal form. The Brain had tried the substance on some of the corpses at the morgue, and it also revived them if they hadn't been dead for more than three days.

"And my valves don't clatter anymore either" Grag added quietly.

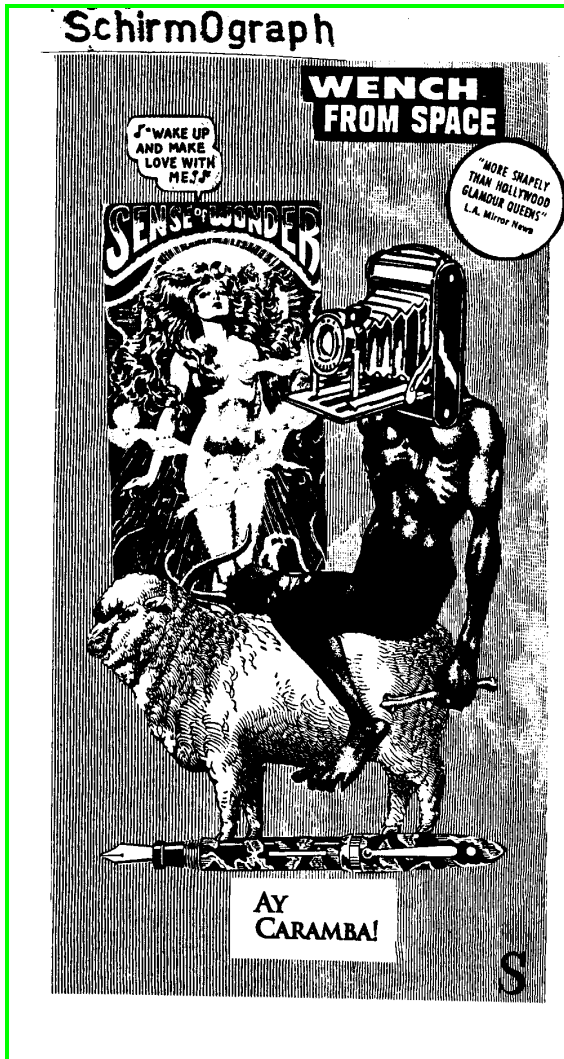
At that moment, a Venusian burst into their meeting. Captain Future immediately recognized it was Otho returned from his mission. Otho explained he had fallen in with two Venusian homeboys named Chuy and Lil Loco. Otho had accepted their offer to drive around in their Tchevyar and smoke ookookweed. Three days later, it had occurred to Otho he should probably ask about the Space Emperor. Chuy and Lil Loco knew of him as the Living Ancient One. As Lil Loco had put it, "Who else but an Ancient One would wear a zoot suit?"

The Ancient Ones were a long vanished Venusian civilization. Earth scientists believed the Ancient Ones had developed a high order of civilization with mutual funds, leveraged buy-outs, and deficit financing. Centuries ago, the Ancient Ones had been forced into chapter 29 bankruptcy which required the liquidation of the entire species.

Lil Loco had provided more information. As he put it, "There's going to be beeg doings out at Deadsville tonight. There's going to be displays of the latest Tchevyars, three live



SchirmOgraph



bands, and for a finale the Living Ancient One is going to turn a beautiful Earthwoman into an atavistic horror for our entertainment. After that, we're all going to go crazy and keel all the Earthmen. We aren't going to keel all the Earthwomen. Chust the ugly ones."

There was no time to lose. The sun was setting, and tonight was the night the Space Emperor's vile plot would come to fruition. Deadsville was a ruined city of the Ancient Ones located twenty miles outside Venusport. The Futuremen rushed to their spaceship and were soon in flight towards Deadsville.

They landed just outside a clearing where ten thousand Venusians were wildly partying. Approaching the clearing, they could see the Space Emperor standing on a platform in front of the multitude. In front of the platform, there was a giant bubbling cauldron filled with an evil looking green substance.

"Wholly guacamole." Captain Future observed. That was it.

Guacamole was an essential ingredient of the spicy crunchbird sandwich. Space Emperor Snarkley had been using the guacamole to transmit the apish atavism. However, there was one more thing to be observed. Joan Randall was wrapped in a giant tortilla and suspended over the cauldron of molten goo. There was only one thing to do. The Futuremen advanced.

"Ah, you have arrived just in time to see Miss Randall dipped," the Space Emperor taunted.

In response, Captain Future pulled a small plastic object out of his utility belt.

"You're threatening me with a duck call?" the Space Emperor sneered.

Without a moment's hesitation, Captain Future let loose with a resounding honk. For several seconds, nothing happened. Then a distant rumbling began to grow. Soon, the very ground itself was shaking.

"CRUNCHBIRDS!!!" the Venusians screamed in unison. Within a matter of seconds, ten thousand Venusians had piled into one thousand Tchevy cars and fled into the night. While the Futuremen continued to advance towards the Space Emperor, they began to harmonize. As they hit the correct harmonic, Captain Future's flim and flam emissions were transubstantiated, and he was able to enter the plot hole where the Space Emperor had been hiding. The Space Emperor was only barely able to slip out the other end of the plot hole before being grabbed by Captain Future. At that point, he was teetering at the edge of the platform. With a dreadful shriek, he plunged head first into the cauldron of molten guacamole. Now, it was only a minor matter to rescue Joan Randall. Of course, Captain Future was too much of a gentleman to remove the tortilla immediately.

While he hated to mention it, the Brain thought he should point out there was still a herd of stampeding crunchbirds converging on their location.

"Not to worry," Captain Future stated casually.

As the crunchbirds entered the clearing, they slowed their pace to a slow walk. They began sniffing the air suspiciously. Then with a chorus of wild squawking, they stampeded back in the opposite direction.

"Crunchbirds are violently allergic to guacamole," Captain Future observed.

In the aftermath of these events, Governor Quale took complete responsibility for defeating the Space Emperor and restoring peace on Venus. However, he did award the Futuremen a lifetime supply of guacamole. Soon, the Futuremen were on their way back to the Moon with only a couple of stops for barbershop quartet gigs.

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

by Len Moffatt

The third issue of Science Fiction Parade, dated November-December 1956, announced the South Gate in '58 Planning Committee. Listed were: Anna Sinclair Moffatt--Chairlady, Lew Kovner--Corresponding Secretary, Forry Ackerman--Pro Public Relations, George W. Fields--Fan Public Relations, Rick Sneary--Treasurer, Len Moffatt--Recording Secretary, Art Thomson--British Public Relations, and Walt Willis--Irish Public Relations.

The fourth issue of SFP, dated First Quarter 1957, indicated that Stan Woolston, Honey Wood and Rog Graham, Steve Tolliver, Ted Johnstone, Jessie Wilt, Ron Ellik, and John Berry had been added to the planning committee.

The final committee consisted primarily of Anna as chair, Rick as treasurer, and me as both corresponding and recording secretary. We all came up with program items and I found myself becoming spokesman for the committee in person, as well as on paper. Speakers and program ideas were also provided by Forry Ackerman, Bob Bloch, Bjo Trimble, Karen & Poul Anderson, and others.

Stan Woolston used his letterpress to print membership cards, color-coded souvenir menus for the banquet (we had three choices of entree), and he also printed repro proofs from a cut I had made by one of my employer's printing plate makers. The cut was the SoLaCon sun symbol and the proofs were used by Jimmy Wilson (an ex-director of LASFS) in laying out the Program Book, which was lithographed.

Rog Graham would become our Program Director whose chief function was to introduce speakers, as well as help in getting them to their programs on time. His wife, Honey, was of great help in registration and helping Rick with the bookkeeping.

Our first choice for Guest of Honor was

Henry Kuttner. But 1958 was a Year of the Jackpot and he was among those who died that year. Perhaps we should have asked both him and his helpmeet, C. L. Moore, but we knew that she was a very private person who avoided public appearances. Many years later she did consent to be interviewed by Dave Hulan at a Westercon, I think, but back in the Fifties, the Kuttners were pros you did not really expect to see at conventions.

We asked Isaac Asimov, who was sorry he couldn't accept because his busy schedule (teaching and writing) prevented him from having enough time to come out from New York via car, bus or train and--like Bradbury--he refused to travel by plane.

So we decided to honor someone newer to the field. Richard Matheson was a popular local writer with books, TV plays, and at least one movie to his credit.

There were others we could have asked, one of them being Anthony Boucher, but he had already agreed to be our toastmaster and our parliamentarian, and as it turned out, that was a very good thing indeed.

The tenth Westercon was held at the Knickerbocker Hotel in Hollywood July 4 - 7, 1957. Chaired by Lew Kovner with help from LASFS and the Chesley Donovan Society, it proved to be a bit too expensive for many fans because of the fancier-than-usual con hotel. Not that most of us didn't have a good time and enjoy the program items as well as one another's company but even a gent like me with a steady, well-paying job found it costlier than we were accustomed to at s-f cons. My con report was titled "Backward Glances Through Bloodshot Eyes."

Marilyn and Paul Tulley, who had done such a good job of chairing the 1956 Westercon in Oakland, were prepared to bid for the 1958 Westercon. They had also said earlier that they planned to bid for the 1958 WorldCon and we had encouraged them to do so. They were new to fandom but had shown they could organize well and work hard to put on a good convention. It would be a friendly competition.

We also bid for the 1958 Westercon--the idea being that if we didn't win the WorldCon bid we would still have the Westercon as our South Gate in '58 convention. Someone (not us) somehow convinced the Tulleys not to bid for the '58 Westercon. They withdrew their bid in favor of South Gate. Apparently they didn't bother to bid for the '58 WorldCon either, as ours was the only bid presented at the 1957 WorldCon business meeting in London, and the vote was recorded as unanimous for South Gate in '58!

The fourteenth World Science Fiction Convention was held



at the Biltmore Hotel in New York City over the 1956 Labor Day Weekend. Ron Ellik's report in the second issue of Science Fiction Parade, as well as what he heard from others who attended, indicated that the convention suffered a lot of problems including financial ones, amounting to \$1,500. A hat was passed at the end of the con to collect donations to help pay the debt, or as they say in Old Blighty, they had a whip-around.

Speaking of England, the London bid won the WorldCon for 1957, further insuring that the 1958 WorldCon would be in the western U.S.A. We assumed that the London committee did not receive pass-on money from New York. Shortly after the London WorldCon they sent some pass-on money to us. We had heard that they had received an unexpected bill from their hotel or something like that, so we returned the money to them, with thanks, as we felt they probably needed it more than we did.

Our basic funding for the SoLaCon (the official nickname for the sixteenth WorldCon c/w the eleventh Westercon) came from what the Outlanders had managed to save over the years and from our own pockets. We determined to run the convention on a really tight budget, find a hotel the fans could afford, and spend little or no money on frills of any kind. Once the con started Rick, our treasurer, and his assistant Honey Wood Graham, realized that we were in the black and likely to stay there.

So we didn't have money worries which was just as well as we had other worries because of what had happened two years previously in New York, the creation of the World Science Fiction Society, Inc.

Now that particular corporation should not be confused with the World SF Society that heads up the WorldCons today, although its purpose was presumably the same. It could have worked, too, had it not been for the problems engendered when its Board of Directors began feuding among themselves. Accusations were hurled back and forth; at least one lawsuit (and maybe counter-suit) was threatened. As a result, all of fandom was plunged into a bloodless war.

There were those who felt that the WSFS, Inc. was a wonderful thing. As a non-profit corporation it should act as an "umbrella" protecting Worldcon committees from having to pay convention debts out of their own pockets, being able to declare bankruptcy, etc. I doubt if it would have been that simple but it sounded good.

There were those who felt that the WSFS, Inc. was a farce because of the people presumably running it not being able to get along with each other. Out here on the West Coast, we heard and read a lot of pro and con arguments from friends in the east and in fanzines from the various participants and cynical observers.

Nevertheless, the SoLaCon Committee was perfectly willing to go along with the WSFS, Inc.'s rules and regs as most of them had to do with the continuity of the WorldCon, putting what was being done traditionally into some kind of legalese.

We hired our own lawyer to help us and he informed us that an organization incorporated in the state of New York or any other state would not be recognized by the state of California--unless it was registered in Sacramento. So we had him write to the proper Sacramento office and was told that they would need copies of the NY corporation papers. We asked for them to be sent to us and eventually they were.

Now all of this took quite a bit of time, with the convention date fast approaching. I for one was somewhat pissed-off because no one on the WSFS Board of Directors knew enough to send us copies of the papers back when we first won the bid.

Then the papers that they did send were so badly reproduced that the Sacramento office said they were unusable and would we please send readable copies.

By this time the convention date (Labor Day weekend) was upon us and we said to hell with it and went into the con without the alleged protection of a corporation.

I don't remember now who suggested that we check out the old Alexandria Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. It had been a fine and famous hotel in the past with guests like John Barrymore and other famous folks staying there. It was still in fair shape in 1958 but obviously wasn't as posh as the Knickerbocker and other hotels in the nicer parts of town.

We met the Carlin Brothers, whose first names I have forgotten, though we did get on a first-name basis. One of them was the hotel manager, the other was the convention manager, and they looked enough alike to be twins so that when we talked to one of them without the other present we were never sure which brother it was. Not that it mattered, for if one agreed to something, the other one seemed to get the word fast enough.

I was elected do the negotiating and the first thing I did was explain to them as simply as possible what a science-fiction convention was all about. It wasn't as difficult as I thought it would be, perhaps because I stressed the fact that the fans and even some of the pros, ranged in age from early teens to folks in their seventies or older, and that we weren't likely to be as rowdy as lodge members who liked to cut loose when they came to the big city.

I don't recall the details of the deal we made but I made sure that we had it in writing. The only thing I couldn't get them to agree to was to put a portable cash bar on the mezzanine level where most of the con activity would occur, thus saving our adult drinkers from having to go down to the street level bar during the programs. I continued to nag them about this the first day of the con and finally they gave in and set up the bar the next day. At the end of the con they thanked me and said they wished that they had done as I asked to start with as the upstairs cash bar made more money during the day than the one on street level.

Rick, Anna, and I made an appointment with the Honorable Leland R. Weaver, Mayor of South Gate. Once again, I was the spokesman as I told the Mayor the story of the young fan who dreamed of having a science fiction convention in his own home town. The tough part was telling the Mayor in a diplomatic manner that South Gate didn't have a hotel or other facility to house the WorldCon.

Mayor Weaver turned out to be sharper than we expected for a small town politico. His appearance was that of a kindly and friendly man and I rather expect that he was. He latched on to our idea immediately and got in touch with the Mayor of Los Angeles to work things out. The result was a

proclamation from the Los Angeles Mayor's office declaring that the Alexandria Hotel was within the South Gate city limits for the duration of the SoLaCon.

Mayor Weaver read this at the opening of the convention--to wild applause--and added a few remarks of his own, appropriate to an s-f and fantasy con. He said that he once stayed in a hotel similar to the old Alexandria except that it had no bathrooms. It was, he said, uncanny... Some groans and more wild applause.

We tried to get the WSFS Directors together during the con and there was a kind of meeting, engineered I think by Ev Evans, but nothing much was resolved. George Nims Raybin, a New York fan and lawyer, who introduced himself to people by saying "I'm a bastard--but I'm a *likeable* bastard!" resigned from his office as the WSFS legal officer, but I don't think that was as a result of the meeting.

During the first two days of the con (Friday and Saturday)





people kept nagging us about WSFS, some for, and some against. I'm surprised I held my temper as well as I did because it seemed to me that my closest friend's convention dreams were being marred by the WSFS Hassle. Actually, I did reach a point that if anyone else came up to me or to Rick to tell us what we should do to or for or with WSFS, I would have slugged whoever it was,

man, woman or child. As for Rick, at one point he was heard to say, "A curse on both your houses!"

The WorldCon business meeting was scheduled for Sunday. Anna, Rick, Tony Boucher, and I got together in our room. We were afraid that the business meeting would become a battlefield. We had already received a petition signed by a number of fans requesting that the con committee and/or the board of directors dissolve the WSFS, Inc. and return the charter to the state of New York.

We also knew that some fans (including more than one board member) were claiming that the WSFS business meeting held in London was somehow illegal and therefore the SoLaCon could not conduct a proper WSFS business meeting.

George Nims Raybin had requested that he be permitted to announce his resignation as the WSFS legal officer at our business meeting. We saw no problem with that but what about the confusion caused by the battling directors and the other fans feuding over whether or not the WSFS Inc. had a right to control WorldCons?

Tony listened to us for awhile and finally interrupted to advise us of the powers of the chair. This resulted in deciding that we would run the business meeting the way we wanted to do it and that the main item of business would be voting for the 1959 WorldCon site. There were two bidders, Chicago fandom and Detroit fandom, both of whom threw fine bidding parties, I might add, as an old party fan.

We would let George make his announcement, which was cheered by many, and we had Bill Donaho read the petition. However, as a con committee we could not act on the petition but referred it to the board of directors who in turn could present it to WSFS members for consideration or voting. As it turned out, the WSFS, Inc. lost its charter because someone didn't bother to do whatever was necessary to keep it renewed. When someone tried to start a discussion at the business meeting regarding whether or not the Loncon business meeting had been "legal", Anna (as instructed by Tony) pounded the gavel and announced that this was the business meeting of a world science fiction convention being held in the state of California. Period.

There was a split second of silence and then a roar from the crowd. A roar followed by joyful shouting and applauding.

After things quieted down we proceeded to hold the election for the 1959 WorldCon site, and Detroit won.

After the SoLaCon there were several reports on the con in general and the business meeting in particular. Some of them were confused or totally inaccurate. We did *not* dissolve the WSFS, Inc. at that business meeting. All we did was throw the problems of the WSFS Hassle back to the people who had created them. All we wanted to do was put on an international convention of s-f fans and that is exactly what we did.

Although the Willises were unable to make it we did have Ron Bennett, the TAFF winner from England, as well as George Locke, Bob Shaw and James White. And of course Mike Hinge from New Zealand.

We had a tea-drinking contest (popular at British cons at the time) for which the hotel could only supply tea bags, which were despised by some Britishers as well as by our New Zealander. They proceeded to rip open the bags and boil the tea in something supplied by the hotel. I had made friends with the catering manager who helped us in many ways, not all of them connected with his job, and the Carlins didn't mind at all! I think Djinn Faine won the contest by being the last one sitting after the other contestants finally found it necessary to rush to the nearest rest room.

Having avoided a riot at the business meeting, we almost had a similar threat after the Masquerade Ball, thanks to nearly seven-foot tall Jon Lackey showing up in a really weird wizard costume. I think he wore platform shoes to make himself even taller than seven feet. His robe and horrific make-up, combined with the gibberish he was spouting, while carrying a staff in one hand and a smoking brazier in the other, earned him the nickname of "Old Smudgepot".

After his presentation in a cloud of smoke, he left the hotel, along with his acolytes, and marched to Pershing Square, close by the Alexandra. Pershing Square was usually populated with bums, political speakers, winos, and all sorts of riffraff. Jon preached to them in his gibberish tongue and they began to surround him and his friends. He hurriedly marched back to the hotel followed by a shouting crowd. Some of them managed to get into the hotel after him. Eventually the front doors were secured but the crowd remained outside, pressing against them.

We tried to get the hotel detective, a young Korean who was having a ball talking with the fans (no busted parties at the SoLaCon!), but he smiled and shrugged, and went back to his conversation. Someone called the police who arrived, broke up the mob, and came inside to track down the ones who had got in before the doors were locked.

I was in the ballroom at the time and when they asked who was in charge, I told them that I was on the committee and that our people would probably be wearing convention badges and not dressed in ragged or dirty clothes. I noticed that the cops were smiling and obviously trying to keep from laughing while I expressed my desire for them to get the bums out of there.

Then I realized that I was still in costume as Pike Pickens, the Tramp Clown of the Spaceways, with red nose, blackened, unshaven beard, patched vest and pants, etc. I don't think I was wearing my badge either but they took my word that I was the convention secretary and let me help them find and remove the interlopers.

While the crowd was still outside someone got out on one of the window balconies and we could hear the mob shouting, "Jump! Jump! Jump!" Jon claims it wasn't him as he and his cohorts had changed into civvies and left the hotel by the basement garage entrance.

Jon's costume and his entrance plus the unwanted excitement that followed tended to make one forget just how many really good costumes there were. Karen Anderson tried out her bat wings (made from wire hangers and cloth, cleverly assembled) for the first time, and there was a well-wrapped Mummy based on the old Karloff film.

Speaking of films, we could have had THE BLOB as a premier at the SoLaCon but we turned it down. Most of us were so unhappy with the so-called s-f films of the Fifties, the ones with giant insects or giant lizards or whatever. THE BLOB sounded like yet another monster movie. Many years later I saw it on TV and thought it a pretty good suspense movie so maybe the fans at the con wouldn't have panned it, but who knows?

What we did have was the showing of a Ghost Story TV pilot from Arch Oboler, Peabody Award winning writer and director for radio, movies and television. He arrived with his film and his son while the Auction Bloch was still going on.

Bob Bloch had suggested that we get pros to volunteer to donate an hour of their time to whoever made the highest bid. Naturally we called it the Auction Bloch and the other pros present joined in the fun, and the money earned went to TAFF.

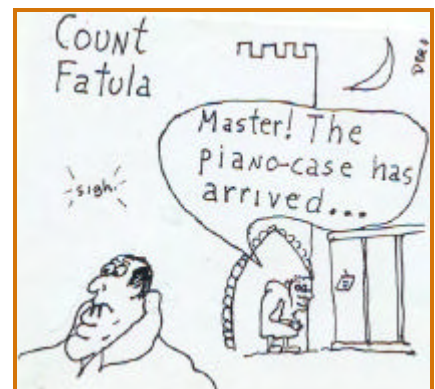
Apparently John Campbell had not volunteered which was lucky for us as he came along while I was explaining to Mr. Oboler that we would set him up in the auditorium as soon as the auction ended. I asked John if he knew Arch Oboler and he said no, but he would love to meet him. It turned out that Oboler was a big fan of John's and when it came time to take Oboler into the meeting hall I was reluctant to interrupt their conversation but they both understood and I assumed got together later.

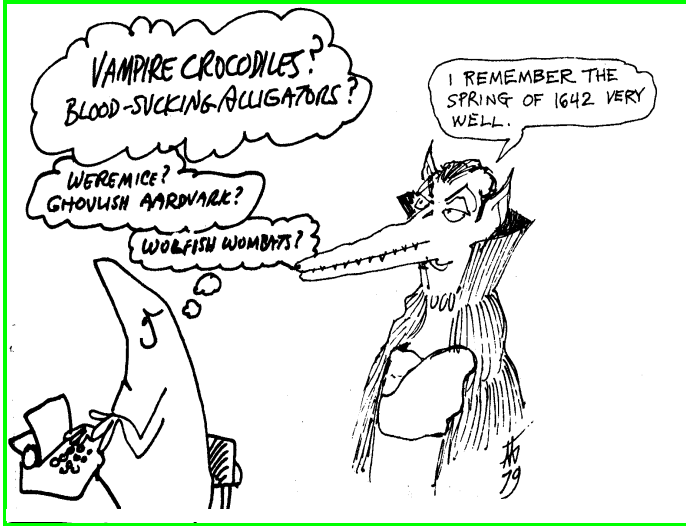
Arch Oboler's TV pilot was the first in a ghost stories series and it--along with his talk--went over well with the audience, even if it wasn't science-fiction.

Shortly after John and Peg Campbell arrived at the convention, Anna and I, accompanied by Thelma Evans who asked if she could tag along, went up to their suite to welcome them. Peg was feeling a little ill from the plane flight and excused herself to the bedroom. We started to leave, not wishing to be a disturbance but John insisted that we stay, saying that Peg would be hurt if we cut our visit short.

He had twisted a coat hanger into the shape of a divining rod and demonstrated how it could "find" the water pipes in the hotel plumbing. We also discussed such things as whether or not Cortez was a superman and other matters, all of which was a "warm up" for the speech he gave that evening.

I was sorry to see the grand old editor of science-fiction losing popularity with many of the fans because of weird idea and beliefs. He had encouraged me in my writing some dozen years before and over





the years impressed me as a real gentleman of intellectual integrity. I might disagree with his preachments and stubbornness but he brought us the science-fiction we enjoyed and was indeed the founder of a golden age.

Someone told me that John was quite upset at the banquet when The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction won the Hugo that year. Our toastmaster, Tony Boucher, was editor of the winning prozine, and I'm not quite sure how we handled that. Anna, Rick, and I knew the winners in advance of course, as did Rog Phillips, who manufactured the Hugo trophies for '58, and we wondered how we could have Tony on both sides of the table when it came time for the prozine award. Most likely one of us took the card from him to read and then handed him the rocket. There was a moment of silence--from Tony, and a roar of applause from the audience.

One day of the con was Westercon Day, during which Bjo and company presented a futuristic fashion show (the first one at any con) which was emceed by the superb Robert Bloch.

San Diego fandom and Seattle fandom were bidding for the 1959 Westercon. Seattle won handily and the Westercon got out of California for the first time. Co-incidentally it was at the Outlander-sponsored third Westercon that it got out of Los Angeles and went to San Francisco for the fourth one. We called it the "Outlander Effect"...

Too bad we didn't have Bjo in charge of the art show we attempted to have. We did have art to display (other than what we had in the auction) but the only place we could keep it was in a room that locked--so it would be safe overnight, or whenever George W. Fields, who was in charge of the show, was out of the room which was often

enough that many attendees never saw the show. I guess we assumed that George would get help so that he could get to some of the program items while someone else sat in the art room, but apparently he elected to lock it up whenever he felt like it.

SoLaCon was a con of many highlights. Here are a few more:

Christine Moskowitz's color slides of s-f cover art and Sam's commentary on same.

Sam and Walt Daugherty's auctioneering at the Auction Bloch. (Later in the con they auctioned off each other!)

Walt following our instructions by running a "controlled" auction of donated artwork, books, etc. We knew we were in the black so we told him to make it easy for the kids who didn't have much money to buy an item before the bidding got too high for them. That was *then*. More recent auctions have shown me that sometimes the young kids have more money to bid with than some of us adults...

The comic play by Karen Anderson & Company with Doc Smith and Campbell and others participating. It had to do with a promag called FISTPOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and how the writers tried to get the editor to change his ways...without success.

So many of our friends in the fannish world helped us. Some have been mentioned and I hesitate to make a list lest I inadvertently leave someone out.

After the con, we settled up with the hotel, not that there was that much to settle, and got the managers to write us a letter stating that we owed them nothing. This letter, which also expressed how much they enjoyed having the convention there, was printed in our Final Report, along with a complete financial report, and a copy of Richard Matheson's banquet speech.

I don't have a copy handy but I do know that we passed on money to the 1959 WorldCon and the 1959 Westercon and donated money to TAFF, NFFF and LASFS.

At the end of the con, Rick marched across the stage carrying a sign that read "South Gate Again in 2010!" He told me that he put it that far in the future because then he wouldn't be around and have to work on it. He was right, damn it!

Thus endeth this old Outlander's Tale.



The Leighton Look

The Leighton Look; Rodney Leighton, R. R. #3, Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia, B0K 1V0
CANADA

“Available in return for interesting items received by Rodney Leighton”

by *Joseph Major*

The Leighton Look will never win any awards for art or even for layout. It evokes an elder time, an era when fanzines were bashed by hand into crude stone tablets and hauled on the backs of patient donkeys across the land from fanned to fanned. Well, maybe not that bad.

One doesn't read this for layout anyhow. The personality of Rodney is dominating, if not overpowering. He has opinions, very firm ones, and no reticence about imparting them to the reader or any helpless individual within range.

Some years ago, Rodney heard (somehow, and I expect he'll tell us all soon, probably for the umpty-umpth time no less) of fandom, and of this unusual custom called “the Usual”. He wrote to various and sundry faneds asking for their publications. Some sent copies, others didn't. He became perhaps a trifle jaundiced about this lack of adherence to an ideal.

The Leighton Look is, then, his look at the publications he receives, interspersed with comments on his health (poor), his work (horrid), and his life (it's better in small doses). The reader speedily forms the portrait of a man in a struggle with life.

Oh yes, publications. It's not just our little corner of the world that he hears from. The most notable item among this is pro wrestling fandom. Consider it an exotic art form; the reader learns about the exotic and outré people who make up the field. There are also fringe political zines, porn video fanzines, and other exotic publications from the remote reaches of the world of thought.

Let's pick, entirely at random, one such review:

*NO AWARD #11 follows its standard format of intriguing cover, opening piece of silliness beyond description and ending with a short, highly interactive loccol. In between, Milt Stevens contributes another hilarious essay, this time on really silly sci fi; an old fan remembers his early years and Ed Green contributes part 6 of his experiences during the L.A. riots, which, probably unwittingly, follows a theme I am seeing a lot of these days, that being how afraid of their police citizens of the U.S. are. Marty Cantor, 11825 Gilmore St. #105, North Hollywood, CA., USA, 91606
hoohahpubs@earthlink.net*

Notice here we have a straightforward description of the zine, highlighted by observations on pertinent items. (Well, except for one.) It looks like he's got this fanzine's number! (11? Oh never mind.)

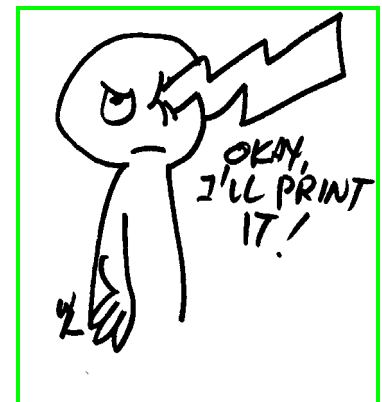
In other reviews he discusses such matters as reading *Opuntia 51.1B* and finding himself “in a dangerous situation with some dude named Pierre”. This he found unexpectedly humorous since he has used the pseudonym “Pierre Nord”; Rodney reflects on the synchronicity of it all.

What are these other fandoms mentioned? The latest issue reviews such other zines as *The Die*, which Rodney sums up as being “all about zines” (and zines in the way the ordinary press means “zines”, not as say this zine would mean zines), *Brain Food*, a zine of social-comment comics, *JND Pseudo Zine*, a perzine done by a B-movie fan named James N. Dawson, and a porno video review zine titled *Batteries Not Included* which does include a review by Rodney himself. He gets around.

The principal one, however, is professional wrestling. Comments about Chynna and the Lovely Miss Elizabeth and their sort are common. However, he does dislike WWE (the late WWF), for what that's worth.

The personal matters are a different sort. Unlike the usual descriptions of being drunk (indeed, Rodney is himself offended by this sort of behavior) that are apparently customary in such writing, we have lucid and occasionally painful commentary about the toil and travail of being a silviculturalist in Nova Scotia. He cuts down trees for a living, in other words, and often complains about the difficulties of his employment. This isn't your ordinary sort of Fan job, that is.

Rodney can be hard to put up with. He is honest. Perhaps we need a little more of that in fandom these days.



WHO KNOWS WHAT ETHER LURKS IN THE MINDS OF FEN?

by Phil Castora

Continuing my interest in how individual fans interact with the fans around them . . . thereby illuminating local parts of fan history . . . I present the first part of the fannish autobiography of Los Angeles fan Phil Castora (who started his fannish career in Pittsburgh). A slightly different version of this was run through LASFAPA.

1: In the Beginning I Created . . .

I was born at a very early age in the quiet, pleasant, and virtually unknown town of Salem, Ohio, almost exactly halfway between Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Cleveland, Ohio. My parents had moved there from Pittsburgh a little earlier and, when I was five, moved back - taking me along, for which I am still grateful. For some reason, they didn't order a local newspaper delivered for several months; my father would bring a copy of *The Pittsburgh Press* home every day after work six days a week;¹ we usually got the Sunday edition after church.

The comics fascinated me, even though I was too young to understand what the hell most of the characters were doing or keep track of the plots in the ones with plots. But my father quickly got tired of being greeted every afternoon with "Read me the funnies, Daddy!" So one day he told me he wasn't going to do it anymore - he'd do it that day, but from then on if I wanted to know what the funnies said, I'd have to read them myself. I made what I thought was a perfectly reasonable objection: "But I can't read." Well, he was a step ahead of me - "I'll teach you."

And he did. Having been brought up on the McGuffey Readers, he knew how to do that . . . I'd had a set of alphabet blocks for two or three years, and my mother had taught me the alphabet some time earlier . . . and the next thing I was plowing my way through the absurdities of the exceptions to English spelling rules.

To encourage me, he started bringing home the occasional comic book, mostly a fairly new one . . . actually, in 1939, there weren't any very old ones . . . named *Action Comics*, which ran a feature called "Superman." That might have been called a fantasy, and certainly the last feature in the book, "Zatara, Master Magician" was. But then one Saturday evening, Daddy went out after supper, a little after six, to get a copy of the bulldog edition of the *Sunday Press*,² and my mother promised I could stay up 'till he came back - well, he was going to stop by the local American Legion post for a minute, and my bedtime was seven o'clock.

I think he got into a poker game. Anyway, it was after nine when he finally reappeared - my mother, refusing to go back on her word, had been trying to talk me into going to bed voluntarily; and, at that age, I was having trouble keeping my eyes open two hours after bedtime, but I always hated having to stop what I was doing and retire. But I got a good look at the paper before I climbed upstairs.

Next morning, I couldn't be sure I hadn't dreamed what I'd seen the night before - sure enough, that beautiful Burne Hogarth "Tarzan" artwork on the first page of the comic section had been squeezed down to the bottom half of the page to make room for the adventures of Superman - it hadn't, either, all been a dream! And that first Sunday strip was devoted to Superman's origin, his trip as a baby from the planet Krypton. That was my first exposure to science fiction.

There was little science fiction in comics in the Good Old Days, though a few comic book writers (besides Superman's creators Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster)³ used it to account for the superhuman powers of most of the rather few Heroes that had superhuman powers.

Then, around 1950, waiting for a train, I found the current issues of *Amazing Stories* and *Amazing Stories Quarterly*. (The latter consisted of three back issues, returned as unsold, with covers removed, stapled together with a new cover, and selling for only twice the price of a new issue.) Well, they weren't great, but they were very readable, and certainly far better than just sitting there on the train, twiddling my thumbs and watching the cows go by.

In the late summer of 1951, I discovered *Astounding Science Fiction*, *Galaxy Magazine*, *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, and *Other Worlds Science Stories*. The first three were really good; I have no idea to this day what I saw in *Other Worlds*, but I've always had a soft spot in my head for it. Of course, it's hard to dislike a magazine that ran the first of Poul Anderson and Gordon Dickson's "Hoka" stories.⁴ But I also discovered PSFA, the Pittsburgh Science Fiction Association about that time. Most of us were young, but we had two middle-aged members, a gentleman named P. Schuyler Miller and a lady named Dirce Archer. (In more recent years, the club has been reorganized with a new name at least once.)

Sky Miller was one hell of a nice guy. He'd written stories for *Astounding* (and, I'm sure, other magazines) and was now its book reviewer - and damned good at it!) He never

gave away the ending, but whether he liked a book or not (he was an admitted sucker for space opera) you finished its review knowing whether *you'd* like it or not.

Dirce was one hell of a nice gal. She had some mundane office job and had the peculiar habit of smoking Kool cigarettes, which were made of cheap tobacco whose flavor and irritation potential were overpowered by a heavy dose of menthol. (She explained that she'd had to switch from Camels when she came down with a bad cold one time, and noticed that her boss stopped bumming butts from her; by the time she got over the cold she'd gotten used to them and stuck with them.)

But it was another member, a college student then who's asked me not to use his name, who gave me my first taste of Trufandom. One day early in September of 1952, I squeezed into his '47 Oldsmobile with him, his sister, two other local fen, Baltimore actifan Dick Clarkson (who'd die of I forget what all too few years later), and somebody or other from Cleveland named Harlan Ellison. (In fact, Harlan was already well known in fandom as publisher of one of the better genzines.) To this day I am totally unable to understand how Harlan was able to survive the trip; he sharpened his tongue on most of us the whole trip - nearly five hundred miles and no Interstates (gentlemanly, he left the young lady alone), and Don alone weighed about double what Harlan did.

The convention, ChiCon II,⁵ was less of a surprise to me than to most of the other attendees; I had *no* idea what to expect. One thing no one expected was the attendance - about three hundred were anticipated and the actual figure was nearly triple that. There weren't any Hugos to pass out in those days, but there was one, fellow name of Gernsback, to accept the title of "Father of Science Fiction;" Ray Palmer, former editor of *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Adventures* and now of *Other Worlds* and *Fate*, was named "Son of Science Fiction." I don't remember much of the faaaanish activities, but because it took up so much time I do recall the politicking. The Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society⁶ had arrived in force from San Francisco, determined to win the bidding for the '53 convention, and had a hospitality room open every day well into the evening (no, not twenty-four hours, but his seems to have been the first one). You have to understand that in those days, airplane travel wasn't cheap nor nearly as fast as today, so mounting this campaign in Chicago was a major effort on that score alone, never mind trying to persuade all these mid-Westerners and Easterners to trek all the way out to the West Coast and back.

But the Easterners were, rightly, worried they might win the bidding. I was taken into the Smoke-Filled Room . . . and it

was! - any thicker and you could have sliced up the air and used it for window blinds . . . where were gathered the heads of most of the larger Eastern clubs - Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Baltimore and I think - but don't quote me - one of the perpetually feuding New York clubs, and maybe one or two others. They came up with a plan: Each one would put in a bid, then each would withdraw "in favor of Philadelphia" - well, except Philadelphia, of course.

And that's the way it happened. Almost. Oh, it worked all right, but the head of the Indianapolis club, Ray Beam (yes, Ray Beam!), didn't withdraw, and on the first ballot neither San Francisco nor Philadelphia had a majority. There being no other candidates that hadn't withdrawn, Indianapolis was dropped from the second ballot, over Beam's strenuous, though not disruptive, objection, and Philadelphia won by not much more than a vote and a half. (I understand that Frisko the City by the Bay won the next year, with some help from sympathy and guilt, and of course the Rotation Plan for moving the convention site to different parts of the country came out of all this.)

I should - well, at least I will - mention something that *didn't* happen at ChiCon II. My anonymous chauffeur wanted to put on a musical he'd written entitled "The Demolished Null-A; or, Now You Don't," which would have featured Harlan as the Games Machine (he would have popped out of a box on demand). I don't remember what the problem was . . . probably scheduling . . . it took me five minutes of concentration just to recall the title . . . and I wish at least a copy of it still existed, though I don't remember anything else about it a half-century later, except the line, "Fission, opposition, and sedition have begun - RIP!" and can't say if it was good, bad, or indifferent.

Harlan wasn't coming back to Pittsburgh with us, so we had nearly enough room for someone else. Sedans were larger then than many are today - you got in them; you didn't put them on - but they weren't the size of railroad cars! We returned to Pittsburgh with Jack Harness taking Harlan's place - physically, neither of the two could take the other's place in any other way. And I found out that Jack lived only a mile away. Well, a mile away is as the crow flies; closer to twice that if the crow has a sore wing and has to take a taxi. (I recall many years later finding a copy of a map of Pittsburgh and showing it to a friend; replying to a remark I'd made some time earlier, he said in astonishment, "You're right! It *does* look like a map of a plate of spaghetti!")⁷ Over the next few years, we visited each other a few times, and we saw each other at many of the monthly PSFA meetings.



Finally, Jack packed up and moved to Washington, D.C., then the location of the headquarters of the Scientology organization. Whatever you (or I, or anyone else) may think of Scientology, its founder L. Ron Hubbard, and the people who administer its techniques, it certainly did Jack some good! Earlier,

it was like pulling teeth . . . hippopotamus teeth . . . to carry on a conversation with him; now he was bright, cheerful, and talkative. And writative, too - he joined FAPA and SAPS, and with Ted White was about to revive the Cult which had been essentially dead for some eight or ten months.

I followed him, without giving him advance warning. One day I just walked up the steps to the Elmwood Guest House, a large boarding house run by two very nice people. Jack was standing by the inside staircase newel post and nearly broke his jaw on the floor when I walked in. (I've never made a grand entrance in my life, but over the decades I've made a couple of great ones.)

Jack and I ended up sharing a large room. And Jack introduced me to WSFA, the Washington Science Fiction Association, who counted some very fine people among its members, including Dick Eney and Ted White, both of whom lived in Virginia suburbs. Other members I remember (with pleasure) were Bill Evans, Bob Pavlat, and Bob Madle, though I never had the opportunity to get to know these - or others I no longer recall - as well as I would have liked.

For the benefit of those of you who know about the great Eney-White feud, which has been going on and off for over forty years, I have to say I can't shed any light on it. I wasn't in Washington very long, and the last I heard, in the mid-1950s, their sole disagreement I knew about was over a column in a genzine published by Dick; Ted had been doing the column under a pseudonym, and then Dick ran an article under that name written by someone else, telling Ted it was a house name, not his own pen name. Ted had apparently not understood this - I have no idea why not - and wasn't happy, but his reaction was more disappointment than anger, not the stuff of which feuds are made. I got to know Ted rather better than Dick: I find it impossible to believe the subsequent feud was Ted's fault - but, from what little I

personally have known of Dick and what great amount I've heard of him over the years since, I find it about equally hard to believe it was Dick's fault. If you have positive proof, *either* way, I don't want to hear it!

(Oh, yes, I was introduced to Lafayette Ronald Hubbard. Some people have what is called "presence" - that word was totally inadequate in Hubbard's case. To illustrate: I'd gotten a job as a clerk in a local drugstore. One afternoon, someone walked in. Okay, people were walking in and out occasionally all day. This time my attention was elsewhere, but suddenly I knew **SOMEONE HAD JUST ENTERED**. He passed my counter and went to the back of the store. Shortly he left - and the store suddenly felt empty, as though a crowd had exited simultaneously. In a much earlier age, he could have passed for at least a demi-god. But, a smoker myself, somehow I found it hard to be awed by anyone who smoked Kools, even the new, longer ones with filters.)



Jack got me into SAPS and the resuscitated Cult. (I might have gotten into FAPA if the waiting list had been less than a quarter-mile long - I think there were between forty and fifty names on it!). I especially enjoyed SAPS because it was sillier to the point of being called, for a while, "the slap-happy apa." Ted wrote a regular column for Jack's SAPSzine titled, "Why I Won't Join SAPS," but Jack himself and Wally Weber and occasionally others wrote some truly inspired silliness - and Jack contributed cartoons as well. For the Cult he drew delightfully mad "Cultoons," in which members were dressed in cowled robes.

Before The Feud, Ted once picked up Jack and me in his car and drove us over to Eney's house in Alexandria, where we participated in a FAPA AssemblyCon - Dick was the Official Editor of FAPA and was putting together a quarterly mailing. He also provided refreshments, including Nuclear Fizzes. The recipe given by Karen Anderson in APA-L recently varies only slightly; we were told that it consists of a jigger of gin, a jigger of lemon juice, a jigger of Cointreau (an orange-based liqueur), and cracked ice and soda water to fill an eight-ounce glass. These were a little



smaller, since Eney had for use only six-ounce glasses. (If you substitute vodka for gin, the result is called a Nuclear Fuse.)

In the immortal words of Red Skelton, "Smoooooooooooooooooooooth!" I drank mine slowly; it tasted pleasant, and its effects sneaked up so gradually I didn't realize I wasn't still perfectly sober until more than an hour later, about halfway through my second one, when I suddenly realized that my head had come loose and was floating around the ceiling.

There was another fan living at the Elmwood named Bob Burlson, but he never became active; he didn't even go to the WSFA meetings with us. But he and Jack and I, and occasionally Ted, who'd drive in from Falls Church, would play cards together on weekends; I taught them a game called Five Hundred. (No, not Five Hundred Rummy; it was invented about a century ago at the behest of the United States Playing Card Company, and is a cross between Auction Bridge and Euchre, if you happen to know *those* games).

I recall reading a SAPazine, *Retromingent*, from F.M. Busby, then just another lunatic Seattle fan, in which he was going on about the activities of the local club, The Nameless Ones. Hugo Gernsback had begun publishing another prozine, *Science Fiction Plus*, and contributed a couple of stories to it himself. They weren't very good, but they were remarkable for the names of the characters, most of which were anagrams of his own, like "Greno Gashbuck." The Nameless Ones decided to give him a hand by devising some more, and Busby listed them, ending with "Cube H. Rankeggs" and "Norah B. Eggsuck." I thought that was funny. But in the next paragraph he referred to one of Wally Weber's regular reports on something or other, certainly hilarious, which Busby then, tongue-in-cheek, wrote "galvanized the entire meeting." And I thought of the other meaning of "galvanize": to plate with zinc. That did it; I fell off my chair convulsed with laughter.

I looked up, after a couple of minutes, to see Ted at the open door with an expression on his face as though he was trying to figure out what, if anything, needed to be or could be done for me - I went off again. Finally, I recovered and decided I needed a drink of water. Ted followed me to the staircase and down to the water fountain at its foot - where I saw three or four other denizens; it occurred to me that they must have heard me and not known what the hell was going on, and I did it again.

But after a year of so of this sort of nonsense, my father died

and I returned to Pittsburgh; what with one thing and another, I just dropped out of fandom. Except that in 1960, Sky and Dirce put on PittCon, and I could hardly miss that since it was only a thirty-five cent bus ride away.

PittCon was a lot of fun; the highlight was probably when The Good doctor (Isaac Asimov, of course, though I'm not sure he'd gotten that title yet) was handing out Hugos and hilariously grumbling about never having gotten one himself, and finally got around to a special one for something like lifetime achievement; he opened the envelope, looked at the name, stopped in his verbal tracks, then turned to the committee to complain loudly, "You blew it! You blew my whole shtick!" - followed, of course, by thunderous applause.

The lasting effect of PittCon on my life was my meeting with a few LASFS members who'd traveled twenty-five hundred miles to be there, including Ed Baker, Ron Ellik, Ted Johnstone, and Bruce Pelz. And Jack, who'd moved to Los Angeles some time earlier, and who introduced me. I could hardly be said to have "gotten to know" them, but they seemed like nice enough guys. Then, two years later, as I was getting ready to leave work, a fellow employee I hardly knew, asked if I knew anyone who wanted to Go West; he was leaving for Los Angeles in three days, and wanted someone to come along and share traveling expenses. I thought this over for nearly a second before saying "I'll come." And thought of the LASFS never occurred to me. Well, not then.

After arriving, I had to get used to my Aunt Ann, my mother's older sister, with whom and whose husband and son I stayed not quite briefly enough. Aunt Ann must have once been acquainted with whoever it was whose remark got quoted in *The Reader's Digest's* "Towards More Picturesque Speech" column: "She had a whim of iron." (Her genuine good-heartedness did make up for an enormous amount, if not quite all. (Many years earlier, when she was living in Pittsburgh, she was the one person my father would not have in our house.) One day, I took the plunge and headed off by bus and streetcar for the address I had for the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. I got there just in time - they met at a house called the Fan Hilton where lived several fans, and the fans were in the process of moving out. I walked up the steps, in the door, and over to the staircase newel post and said something like "Hello" to Jack. (It wasn't hard to blow Jack away, but it could be very expensive and time-consuming.)

Jack wasn't moving far, and he gave me his phone number, and so I found out where the LASFS meetings were now being held - at the Silverlake Playground at the corner of Silverlake Blvd. and Van Pelt St. You may recall that Van

Pelt is the surname of Lucy and Linus in the *Peanuts* comic strip - funny how these things sometimes work out. So one Thursday night I showed up at the meeting place in the recreation building. The meeting started a little after eight, after we'd dragged out a dozen or two folding chairs from a small room off the large room where we met, an area that had a stage at one end and a basketball backboard and hoop at the other end.

It was a couple of months before it was convenient for me to return, but the first time had been the 1300th meeting; I was told I was entitled to three free meetings before being required to join and pay dues, but with those numbers I decided not to fight it. I paid my initiation fee on the spot and thirty-five cents dues - and there've been very few times I've begrudged the extra cents my rashness cost me, even figuring that in today's money that would be four or five dollars!

Next ish, Chapter 2: Home on the Derange . . .

Footnotes:

1. A white collar worker, he didn't have a union to fix his time at five eight-hour days a week, and had to work a half-day on Saturdays into the early or mid forties. (He was not happy about this!)
2. I have no idea why the edition that comes out the night before is called the "bulldog" edition. Neither does my dictionary.
3. Beginning in 1930, Siegel and Schuster, still in high school, began publishing a fanzine with the title *Science Fiction* - the first use of that phrase in the title of any zine, fan or pro.
4. I later found that it had been the only magazine willing to publish Ray Bradbury's "Way in de Middle of de Air," one of what would be called the Martian Chronicles - about African-Americans. I understand it didn't make it into all editions of the book.
5. For some inscrutable Mid-Western reason, the fans in charge of ChiCon II preferred to refer to it as TASFic - Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention. (This was in the days when the World Science Fiction Convention was the only annual one.)
6. Name inspired by the Elves', Leprechauns', Gnomes', and Little Men's Chowder and Marching Society often referred to by Mr. O'Malley, fairy godfather to the title character of the comic strip *Barnaby*.
7. Between the rivers and the hills, the terrain of Pittsburgh is so irregular that Venice, Italy, is the only city on this planet that has more bridges. (And Pittsburgh has two automobile tunnels each more than a mile long!)

A BIT OF EDITORIAL PRESENCE

I have long been a political animal. However, except for occasional brief swipes at the current Republican assholes in national politics, I have not used *NO AWARD* as a vehicle for political discourse. And I do not intend to start now and I will keep my political commentary in my various APazines. But I *do* intend to write a bit about politics here . . . local, non-partisan politics.

Before I discovered fandom I held appointed office in three small cities in the San Gabriel Valley . . . which is the valley just to the east of the San Fernando Valley part of Los Angeles where I now live. Moving to the City of Los Angeles, I found the size of the city daunting . . . insofar as my participating, politically, in something that large.

I have always felt that in a democracy people should participate in their own governance, at the least, casting their votes in elections. So, when I discovered fandom, I took on a mind-set that I had already "done my part" and just continued voting as my participation.

But then, two years ago, Los Angeles decided to set up a "closer to the voters" part of city government, Neighborhood Councils. So, for some time now, I have been participating in the Formation Committee - as an official appointee of LASFS - in setting up the Mid-Town North Hollywood Neighborhood Council. (Amongst other things, I rewrote the by-laws after the City Attorney expressed displeasure with the originals - in which I had had no input.)

A few weeks ago our Neighborhood Council . . . with a population area of about 69,000 people . . . was certified by the City. The election to fill our Board will probably be held in January of 2003.

And I am thinking of possibly . . . for the first time in my life . . . running for public office, running for the Board of this Neighborhood Council.

As of this writing I am not certain if I will run for one of the seats in my geographic section of North Hollywood . . . or running for one of the Community/non-profit seats . . . as a representative of LASFS. And that last is a giggle.

MY FIRST FANZINE AND HOW IT HAPPENED

by John Teehan

And I almost hate to say, but creating issue one of *Sleight of Hand* was easier than I thought it would be. But I also admit very readily -- I got lucky. Very lucky.

The ball actually got rolling when I had asked on Mike Resnick's listserve what the deal was with the Shaver Mystery. The long answer I got back just set off bells in my head that said "This could be your first fanzine contribution... grab it!" I asked Mike, he said, "Sure, in fact, I'll go you several better and write some more. Stay tuned." And every few days Mike would have another section written. When he was done, he pulled them all together, edited them, and sent them on to me. This became the somewhat controversial "Tales of the Prozines" article.

As for the name, *Sleight of Hand*, I'm not sure I remember the actual piece that sparked the title, but it was a picture of two hands doing a card trick. (It may have been some clipart books I was going through for another job.) *Sleight of Hand* just popped into my mind and I knew it was going to be my fanzine's title. I wish I had a more clever story than that, but alas... no.

Janis Ian had e-mailed me at some point asking me to help her get an e-mail list started. I met Janis at Mike's listserve party, and she knows I run several yahoogroups lists. I got her started, then went and checked out her web page. Hey... a Worldcon report was there! I asked Janis if I could lift it for issue one of *Sleight of Hand* and she said, "Sure. Do your edits, then send it to me for an okay." Done.

I announced my intentions for creating a new fanzine at the Timebinders and Memory Hole e-lists and received much welcoming support. This led to a discussion on first fanzines in general which, in turn, led to the pieces in my LoC section. I started to receive e-mails from folks offering contributions. Anne Murphy gave me the short piece on the Science Fiction Oral History Association. rich brown gave me a fun piece on how he possibly discovered Avenger's star Diana Rigg's true hair color. Dave Langford surprised me by offering me the chance to reprint a speech he gave at Microcon at my *alma mater*, Exeter University, in 1999.

A damned good lineup.

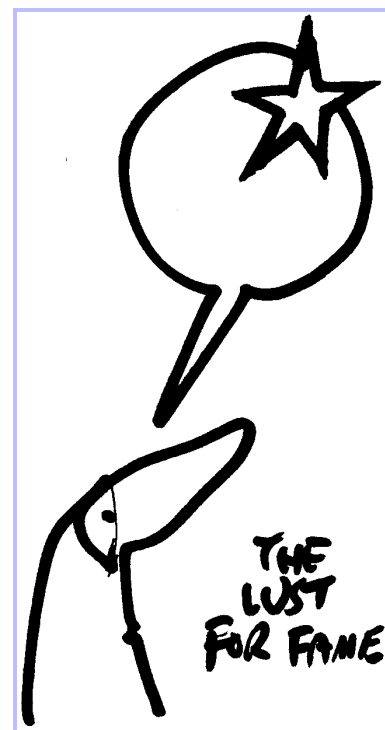
Earlier this year a fan named John Teehan started posting on the Timebinders and Memory Hole e-lists. Many of his postings were interesting, but nobody on those lists knew him. He gradually introduced himself to us and we found out that he was interested in fanzines. John asked perceptive questions about fanzining; and, before we knew it, he announced that his very first issue was ready to be sent out. Many of us who received copies of his first ish say that this is an impressive fanzine, probably one of the better "first issues" to have seen the light of day in a long time. Too long a time. Many of us who have read John's Sleight of Hand #1 believe that he has a good future producing zines . . . provided, of course, that he continues to do so.

I wanted *SoH* to have a sort of running theme, and I think I may have one if my plans for issue #2 work as well as I am thinking they will. It's introducing new fans to fanzines by getting contributions from them and putting them beside veteran fans in the same fanzine. I had Janis Ian, but who else? I made some noise at the Rhode Island Science Fiction Club and got some interest, but no contributions. I then pestered my friend Chris Pierson into giving me something. He didn't need much arm-twisting as I had been lending him some fanzines and he was definitely getting interested. He provided a short piece on desktop backgrounds on his new iMac along with some art.

Good stuff 'nuff for now.

Originally, I had twenty short-short reviews of things ranging from books to movies to video games. By the time of layout, however, I was running short of room. I decided to just do the books, which were nine at the time, added a tenth (the book on calendars I had just finished) and named it Ten-Second Reviews. On page one, I introduced myself and where I was coming from and why I was here.

As for the me-



chanical end of producing *SoH #1*, that was probably the easiest part. I do this sort of thing for a living.. The art was taken mostly from clipart collections. I mined a couple of web pages for some pulp covers and Diana Rigg. The bulk of the pulp covers were actually scanned in by Mike Resnick who had been sharing them with the listserv each day. I picked a layout which I thought would be both readable (even for those with poor eyesight) and aesthetically pleasing. I tried to rein in my more creative impulses as they do very little towards contributing to a page's readability.

A 68-year old retiree named Hank proofed my first draft. Hank is a typesetter from the Old School and he's incredibly picky, (he's also my proofer at work) but he knows his stuff and I follow his advice 98% of the time. He also got quite a kick out of the articles and he has since read through my copies of *Non-Stop Fun*, *Challenger*, *Mimosa*, and my Dave Langford collection.

I admit here and now that if I didn't already work for a printing company, this would have been a lot harder to produce.

As for the mailing... that was probably the trickiest part. I started harvesting addresses out of past e-mails and fanzines I had received. Made labels, found envelopes, and stuffed 'em. Picked up a few more addresses here and there and sent them out as my budget allowed. I still have a stack that needs to go out.

I created PDFs in both screen and print resolution and uploaded them to my web page (<http://www.sff.net/people/jdteehan/downld.html>).

I'm pleased.

The responses were very heartening. I don't think a negative reaction to my first 'zine would have killed my enthusiasm, but it might have dampened it a little. But such not being the case, issue #2 is in the works and it looks good. It should have articles from folks like Bob Eggleton and Ralph Roberts as well as pieces by Terry Carr and Ted White. The LoC section will be nicely brimming, and there will (hopefully) be a collection of Con Jose reports written by first-timers. I've got some artwork. I've got more addresses.

I've got more enthusiasm.

Thanks, everybody. This is a wild ride.



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.

One of the problems I have with sercon material as articles in this zine is that sometimes I wind up with a lettercol which is too sercon for my taste . . . as has been the case with the responses to the Heinlein material put in by Earl Kemp in NO AWARD #10. Therefore, as more of these responses have come in, many as commentary on the Heinlein-related locs in NA #11, I am segmenting the loccol this time . . . with the Heinlein-related material near the front and the rest after that. Except, of course, for the beginning loc which treat with dealing with sercon material in lettercols in smartassery zines.

But that is after I start with locs leading up to Ross Chamberlain giving the key to the characters on the cover to NO AWARD #11.

NOTICE: there will be no more Heinlein-related material pubbed in NO AWARD after thish.

LLOYD PENNEY: I downloaded *NO AWARD #11* off the efanazines site, and it's sat and sat while other things kept me away from catching up with a large stack of zines. Now it's time to see what's behind that great Ross Chamberlain cover.

JERRY KAUFMAN: Thanks for the mysterious *NO AWARD*. What, for instance, is the meaning of the cover by Ross Chamberlain, with its trucking fantasy characters and fly-away Potter? (I believe I recognize Death from *The Seventh Seal*, Fu Manchu, the Tin Woodsman, Gandalf and Frodo, and Grumpy from *Snow White*.)

ROSS CHAMBERLAIN: I had some direct commentary from Jeanne Mealy inquiring about who all the characters are. In case you've had similar inquiries, here is what I told here . . . slightly edited, as she had had some guesses.

. . . that's supposed to be Grumpy, then Frodo, with Gandalf and the Tin Woodman. The next character is supposed to be a sort of generic character from Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon (but it doesn't have to be - any of the Mortal Combat movies might do), and the last one is the killer from Scary Movie. I did have Harry Potter in mind for the flyer. There is really one more character in there, between the robed killer and Grumpy - Darien Fawkes (Invisible Man) - you just can't see him.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER: The Heinlein article (or anything of this nature) offers more comment hooks and will thus generate more LoCs than the usual stuff. One can offer appreciation of wit and humor, but it is ideas that people actually comment on at length. I'd say go with the flow and let the zine evolve. Nothing wrong with meaty, idea-filled articles as long as they're at least a tad irreverent or unconventional.

Far be it from me to shy away from things "at least a tad irreverent or unconventional." Or more than a tad. But NO AWARD is a journal of smartassery . . . sort of . . . and I really do not want to confine my smartassery to my APazines. Zippy replies to locs are my stock in trade . . . as it were . . . and sercon responses to sercon subjects are not a fertile field from which to reap smartassery. Most of the time. I include these serious locs, of course, because of the fine writing and good ideas contained in them. But I much prefer locs on the less serious material I pub as I do not want to feel that I am wearing a straight-jacket in my own zine. (Wearing one in real life is another fettle of kish.)

ALEXEI PANSHIN: I'm aware of several cases other than *Heinlein in Dimension* where Heinlein discouraged writing about his work and himself. It's a puzzle to me to this day why he felt the need to do it.

Here we have a case of a man who preached a gospel of hardnosedness but who himself was extraordinarily thin-skinned and self-sensitive. Heinlein was capable of declaring in his 1961 Worldcon Guest of Honor speech in Seattle: "I don't like suppression of the truth for any reason," but after saying this, he could also attempt to kill *Heinlein in Dimension* prior to publication.

Did Heinlein have skeletons in his closet that he didn't want revealed? Did Heinlein identify with his own writing to the point that any criticism of a story could only be taken as a personal criticism of him? As a gentleman by act of Congress, but not otherwise, did he feel something of a poseur who might be found out and exposed at any time? Was he so strongly spoken and so intolerant of all disagreement because he was secretly unsure of himself? I really don't know. But we may find out. There are at least three Heinlein biographies in the works. When we see them, it's going to be very interesting to discover in what ways they agree, and

how they differ.

By the way, for anyone who is interested, I'm in the process now of posting all of the writing I've done about Heinlein over the past forty years, along with new essays, on my web site, Alexei Panshin's *The Abyss of Wonder* at <http://www.panshin.com> under the heading *The Critics Lounge*. There's also a *Critics Lounge Annex* with material like Tom Perry's account of Heinlein's early radical political career and Earl Kemp's "Heinlein Happens." Also posted there is an essay by me called "Oh, Them Crazy Monkeys!" which is a commentary on the events that Earl discusses.

Your web site seems like the appropriate place to continue the discussion which has been going on in NO AWARD.

E.B. FROHVET: I wonder if anyone has thought of taking the information about Heinlein to a therapist and asking for a professional diagnosis of whether his behavior was pathological? Although he was clearly sane in the legal sense (e. g., not psychotic or delusional, able to conform his behavior to legal standards), RAH was clearly weird. I can separate my views of Heinlein and his odd social opinions from my continued enjoyment of some of his work.

Whilst you . . . or someone . . . is paying a therapist for this, you (or someone) might also have that therapist also diagnose libertarians and Randists . . . two ideological positions totally divorced from reality . . . to see if anything can be done to get them to rejoin the human race. Um - sorry about that . . . I usually keep my political commentaries out of NO AWARD, relegating them (in varying degrees) to the several APAs to which I contribute.

LLOYD PENNEY: All the comments about Robert Heinlein make me wonder about just what kind of ego he really had. All that ego he exhibited, his treatment of others, and that thin skin, made me wonder if there was a deep-rooted insecurity he kept hidden. Did he realize he was a big frog in a small pond? did he realize his limitations, and seek out readers who would massage his ego the way he wanted, and see him as that big frog?

JOSEPH MAJOR: I note the tenor (also the base and baritone) of the locs discussing Heinlein. Given the lack of response from Gifford, Patterson, Ogden Johnson III, et al (whoever he is), I note a certain one-sidedness. Which side is left as an exercise for the reader. Anyway, it seems that no one has any counter-examples of how nice the man was. Except Philip K.





Dick and Theodore Sturgeon, both of whom were still dead last time I looked. Do you think there could be something there?

Nah, nothing there . . . except several dead bodies. I should point out to those who are "not in

the know" that the Gifford, Patterson, and Johnson III "inhabit" a newsgroup known as alt.fan.madman - er - alt.fan.heinlein. That e-list was made aware . . . but not by me . . . of Earl's Heinlein Happens article in NO AWARD #10, and several of them posted that they had looked at the article and mentioned it rather negatively. Well, that e-list is filled with Heinlein worshippers. Anyway, nobody from that list sent me locs or other responses.

Heinlein wrote better when he was under some sort of external review. Notice that when he ran into an editor he couldn't bully, Stuart Rose at the *Saturday Evening Post*, when he quit he didn't get asked back. Thus cutting himself off from a huge market. Not one of his brighter ideas.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER: I would guess that there isn't going to be a biography of Heinlein as long as his widow is alive, and even then it may have to be done without access to his papers. That he was a private man was his own business, but he also seems to have been an overly-sensitive one, who, indeed, demanded worship.

Your guess about no biography may be wrong if Panshin is correct that there are three in the works. My impression is that Heinlein's widow may be an impediment to any biography which is less than completely laudatory.

As for deep, dark secrets, the only one I can think of is his political past. Heinlein used to hint that he once did political work and even ran for office. He would not discuss it further. I am sure he would have been utterly enraged if he had lived to see that article in the 3rd issue of Damon Knight's *MONAD* which revealed all: that Heinlein had been a part

of Upton Sinclair's Socialist run in California in the '30s. By the '50s this could have gotten Heinlein branded a "red" and his juveniles banned from libraries, so some reticence is understandable. But even much later in life he never had the courage or honesty to say, "These were my views then. They seemed right at the time, but I have changed my opinion since."

JEANNE MEALY: I was rather disgusted by Earl Kemp's stories of Heinlein's poor behavior. That is, I was disgusted by hearing about Heinlein's antics. Why is it that we expect our favorite author/artist/actor/etc. to be as good in person as we think their work is? Childish wishful thinking?

Part of it may be the "Cult of Celebrity" which I find to be one of the more depressing parts of our culture. It depresses me even more when it obtrudes upon fandom. (I think that fandom's infection has come from its almost-takeover by the hordes of media fen and their non-fannish values.) Naturally, being the curious monkeys we happen to be, we are always a bit interested in the lives of those who write the stories we love. In the case of those monkeys known as fans, this is usually an attempt to find out what the author really meant when he wrote his stories . . . whereas, in the media-fan universe, it is just another form of going goo-gah over that worshipped author/actor/etc shitty cetera. In any case, the result of such investigations is to find "our idol" to have feet of clay. The media fan usually does not look down that far and misses those disintegrating feet. The fannish fan, though, rarely looks up from those feet and tends to miss what good things there might be farther up. If anything, of course. It is when the author is of such stature . . . based on his solid writing accomplishments . . . like Heinlein . . . that much of the criticism starts with sadness . . . and turns to fury when the uncritical praise of the worshippers refuses to see any crumbling clay.

JUKKA HALME: I have been reading Earl Kemp's e-prints from the efanazines.com web site. More of the same goodness as with the Heinlein piece. He is quickly becoming one of my favourite fanwriters.

And with that praise for Earl, let us turn to the man, himself, to close out this segment of the letter column.

EARL KEMP: While I enjoyed the issue throughout, my personal obsessiveness forced me to concentrate on comments related to my "Heinlein Happens" piece in the previous issue.

Faanish Narcissism in its full flower . . . usually called "egoscanning," m'dear.

Actually, I approached the subject with a great deal of caution and dread. Earlier, Marty and I had made a joke about

the worst possible kind of letters responding to the piece. I was very relieved to find that not to be the case. The letters of comment, commenting either on my article or Heinlein's actions, were across the board supportive. If anything, much new data has now appeared. Had I known some of it earlier, I would have certainly included it within my article to help bolster the position I had taken in it.

I thank everyone who spoke up with their own Heinlein impressions because I really hate feeling like I'm the only one noticing what's going on. It's a terribly uncomfortable place to be in and every one of those comments in that letter column eased some of my discomfort.

NO AWARD as a psychoanalyst's couch is a gigglesome concept. Well, whatever rocks your boat.

Before we were so rudely interrupted by serconnish material, we had a regular fanzine going on. Herewith, we turn to a more usual lettercol. Or what passes for usual around here.

DEREK PICKLES: Great letter column but I'm afraid my brain had seized up, as Sir John Mortimer (an author/playwright) says, "I don't find writing difficult, but I find thinking of what to write incredibly difficult."

Those are exactly my sediments on that matter. Once I find a topic . . . or topics . . . and actually start putting words on my computer screen, I often have trouble stopping the flow. Indeed, I often used to write locs to zines which went on and on and on, sometimes 5000 to 7000 word bellyaches at a time. Nowadays, being busier in my retirement than I ever was when I was working full time, I often cannot even think of loccing the many zines which arrive here. Or, I start writing a loc in my head; and, before I can get to putting the words on paper, three or four dozen other things intrude and I remain locless. (Yes, I am the locless monster.)

HENRY WELCH: My fanzine, *The Knarley Knews*, received one or two hits from Ted White's review column. I am not able to fully judge whether these people are new to fanzine fandom, but I suspect that Ted's review column will not be a significant source of new fanzine fans.

Ted's Fanzine Review column is syndicated in the LASFS'

monthly newsletter, DE PROFUNDIS, which I edit, and is syndicated in several other clubzines. His column is also up-loaded each month to www.efanzines.com. Ted tailor's his column to the non-fanzine fan. It may . . . or may not . . . be wildly successful; however, if it only attracts a few fans to fanzine fandom, I am one of those who will consider it a success as almost nothing else is bringing fans to fanzine fandom. There are still lots of fanzine fans . . . albeit gradually graduating into Old Phartdom . . . and there are many fanzines still being produced. However, unless we find some way to bring in new blood sooner rather than later, I doubt that a future with only 80-year-olds and 90-year-olds inhabiting our ecological fannish niche will attract many youngsters.

ERIC LINDSAY: Jean returned triumphant to Australia with the very neat coloured version of *NO AWARD*.

I am glad that she made it back; however, the construction of that sentence makes me envision her mounting my zine on the wall next to the elk head. Of course, if you are vegetarian, instead of the head of an elk you have mounted a head of lettuce.

TERRY JEEVES: Re. putting NA on the net, I'm old fashioned, I much prefer a paper fanzine which I can read by the fireside without gazing at a PC screen for ages.

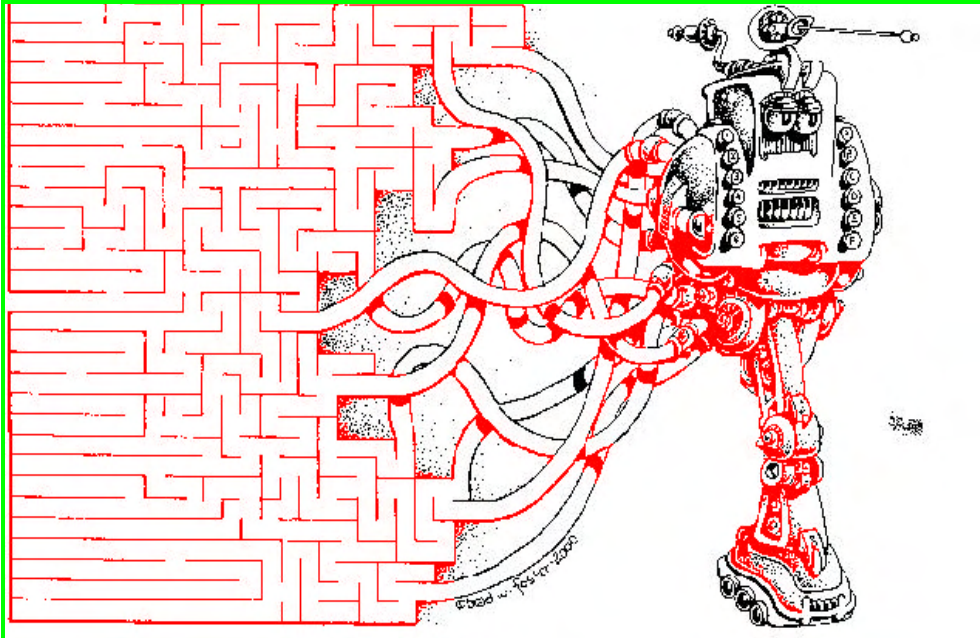
I quite agree with you, Terry. Which is why the pdf version of NO AWARD which one finds at www.efanzines.com has not been single-column optimized for web viewing. You download it and then run it through your printer. Presto: Instant Paper Fanzine. Just add water. Or, maybe, Instant Paper Jam. Which you put on Instant Toasted Paper.

I was very taken by Greg Chalfin's "1,000,000 Rasbuckniks" article, because we had to go through exactly that evaluation when we moved from houses to an apartment. A small apartment. We each have a single room into which to put bookcases (and books), and so bookcases come at a cost. In my case, I managed to fit 37 bookcases into this room. This I did by taking eleven larger bookcases, and rearranging their size.

By dehydrating them? So, when you want to look at the books in a dehydrated bookcase, you just add water.

DAVE LOCKE: You wrote, "If anything, I get a proportionally higher response rate from the *NO AWARDS* I post at efanzines.com than I do from the paper version." Great! What I've heard up to this point has been just the opposite, which I found disappointing as an indicator for the future.

I find myself a bit supprezed by this, but I really do get a bit more response from those on my PDF Notification List than I get from those who receive the paper version. Of course, there are those who get the paper version but respond to that with e-mail postings rather than paper letters. Either way, though, I am getting responses and that



BILL LEGATE: Milt Stevens on the DRUID GIRLS reminds me I've been told which is the meteor, which is the meteorite, only eight or ten times.

Then there are the stalags . . . not the German POW camps . . . and I can never remember which one is tiny and which one is the tight one. Fortunately, I never go caving, so this does not often come up in conversation.

A conversation is built up of originally independent clusters of words formed when pre-conceptual symmetry is broken by condensation of meaning. Because the clusters freeze out at different orientations, infinitives split along the fault lines marking where they join.

"Condensation of meaning" means that what you have just written is all wet. And I do not split my infinitives because I use a good brand of glue.

ALEXIS GILLILAND: The Ross cover is fine, a mixture of new-fangled computer graphics and old-fashioned pen and ink from the look of it.

Go to Ross' web site . . . <http://www.rossworx.homestead.com/files/GalleryF.htm> . . . and you will be rewarded with a gallery of fine fanzine covers.

Chalfin on books reminds me of Congress discussing some of their least favorite appropriations. True, but a strange take on the subject. If you are a book person, you endure the cost of your habit, and don't make the Phillistine calculation that since bookcases occupy 10 percent of the volume of your house, those bookcases *really* cost you *ghasp* 10 percent of your house price! Hey, what's a house for? Junk accumulates, and if you wind up with read books instead of empty beer bottles that only shows you are better about recycling beer bottles.

And then there is the filing system known as "The Heap."

JERRY KAUFMAN: Thanks to your exchange with Joseph Nicholas in the letter column, I finally looked at efanzines.com. What a boon to fankind! When I start publishing again, I'll be sure to make my fanzines available through this useful site.

Does this mean that somebody has finally found something useful in Joseph Nicholas' writing? Probably not.

E.B. FROHVET: Skel: The gentleman is of course being

shows that our hobby is not dead. Yet.

And I am gratified that putting a PDF version on-line - without having to reformat it for on-line or screen viewing - is successful. Saves me printing and postage costs - and it also allows me to control the layout of the final product - just like the paper version. I consider content to be both words and illos . . . and how it is presented through layout. A fanzine is a total package and all parts of it are important.

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: Wow - a Ross Chamberlain cover!! . . . and art by . . . well, a host of masters! You sure do rate.

Not hardly. But NO AWARD is a market for fanart. Not as large as HOLIER THAN THOU . . . where I used dozens of illos in each ish . . . and I always like to "do right" by the fanartists who send me their work. This was Ross' first contribution to my zine; however, as I had convinced him to do the wrap-around colour cover for the Westercon 55 Programme Book . . . where he was the Artist Guest of Honour . . . I took the opportunity to also ask him to produce the cover for NO AWARD #11. He agreed to do the cover for my zine and it has drawn much favourable commentary.

Ed Green - I'd ask for more - but I see it is continued, so there *will* be more - great fan reading.

Ed had many commitments near my deadline . . . mostly for ConJose . . . so I hope that I will not have to get a riot started before my next deadline to remind him that he should get another chapter to me.

humorous. However, it seems reasonable that humans started eating meat by scavenging carrion, moved on to small game, and worked up. Paleolithic cultures used stone tools to kill and dismember larger animals.

And when they started eating Tyrannosaurus Rexes, dinosaurs were doomed! I think that the extinction of the dinosaurs was caused by a sudden influx of time-traveling hungry humans from a time when Earth is so overpopulated that the newly-discovered time travel machine was used to acquire food from those lumbering meat markets known as dinosaurs. Well, they were going to die out anyway.

LLOYD PENNEY: *Opuntia* is one of many fanzines I enjoy. It comes fairly frequently, and it displays Dale Speirs' well-thought-out writing and personal journalism, which is always an interesting read. I have nominated Dale for Hugos, Auroras, and FAAns, but I've learned these awards mean nothing to him, and he does not participate in nominating or voting on any award. I've always liked the stamp art used on the envelopes, especially the tongue-in-cheek Mountie standing on guard for a flag with a cactus instead of a maple leaf. This Mountie was drawn by the late Ian Gunn.

JOSEPH MAJOR: *Califania Tales*: Ooo. Sneary. Boucher. Bretnor. St. Clair. Pal. Wish I could have been there. Of course, one small problem was that I hadn't been born then, but why should I have let that stop me?

I am certain that if you ever get born you will let us know.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER: It's typical but a little disappointing that Joseph Nicholas took his marbles and went

home. His rants could be entertaining, but I imagine he's particularly down on reactionary running-dog lackeys of Wall Street imperialism just now, what with the U.S. deciding to defend itself after September 11th and all.

Also typical is the fact that he did send a loc to me; however, as I was not entertained by it, whatever I use of it will show up in the WAHF section.

Speaking of which . . .

WAHF

Karin Pender-Gunn *lets me know that she has changed her first name to KRin.* **Arthur D. Hlavaty** *writes*, "Let me explain: 'Self-deprecating' humor means that you laugh so hard you poop in your pants. Oh, wait, that's self-defecating." *Oh, shit . . . leave it to Arthur to send me that residue.* **Lennart Uhlin** **Ned Brooks.** **Brad W. Foster** *gives kudos to fellow fanartist Ross Chamberlain*, "I loved the Chamberlain cover this issue . . . though not sure I'm interpreting all of the characters there correctly. Still, the intent is obvious, and a wonderful design!" **Jack Calvert.** **Ben Indick.** **Joseph Nicholas** *points out a brain-fart I had.* *Speaking of brain-farts, did he forget that he seemed to not want any further contact with me or my zine? Consistency, thy name is Joseph Nicholas. Not.* **Lennart Uhlin** *sent me a loc . . . predating the previously mentioned one by one day . . . apologising for not sending locs on the previous two issues, and writing*, "This is not really a LoC either . . ." *And Jack Caughran* *sent me a late loc on NO AWARD #10.*

