

**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.

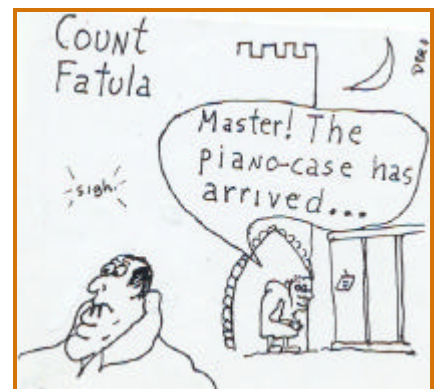
Apparently John Campbell had not volunteered which was lucky for us as he came along while I was explaining to Mr. Oboler that we would set him up in the auditorium as soon as the auction ended. I asked John if he knew Arch Oboler and he said no, but he would love to meet him. It turned out that Oboler 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.

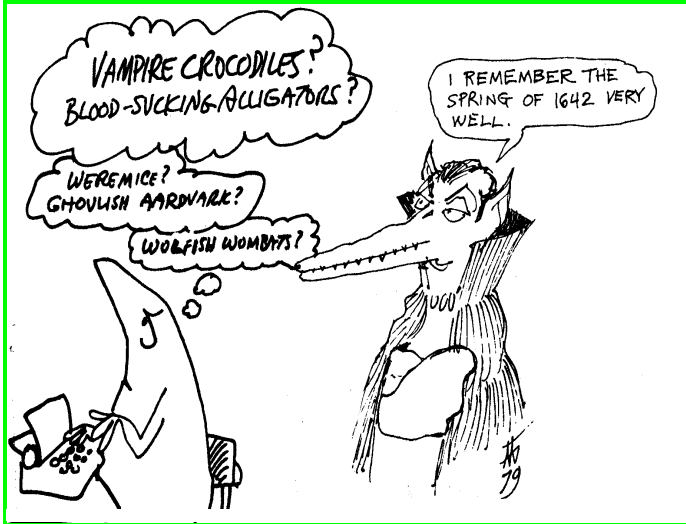
Arch Oboler's TV pilot was the first in a ghost stories series and it--along with his talk--went over well with the audience, even if it wasn't science-fiction.

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;<sup>1</sup> 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*,<sup>2</sup> 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)<sup>3</sup> 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.<sup>4</sup> 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.

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The convention, ChiCon II,<sup>5</sup> 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 faaanish 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 Society<sup>6</sup> 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.

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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!")<sup>7</sup> Over the next few years, we visited each other a few times, and we saw each other at many of the monthly PSFA meetings.

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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!

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(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.)

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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 1300<sup>th</sup> 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.

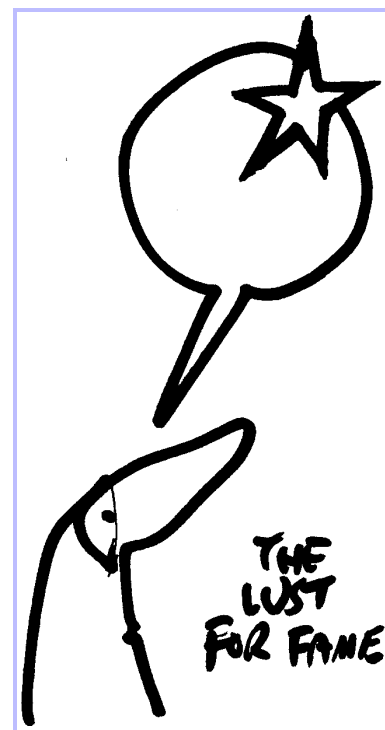
Earlier this year a fan named John Teehan started posting on the Timebinders and Memory Hole e-lists. Many of his postings were interesting, but nobody on those lists knew him. He gradually introduced himself to us and we found out that he was interested in fanzines. John asked perceptive questions about 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.

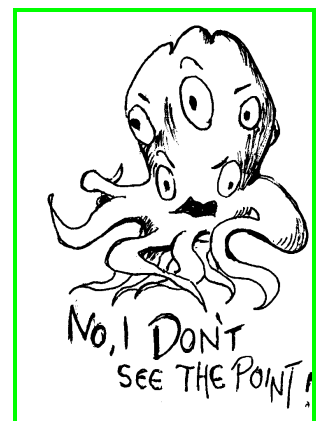
*Your web site seems like the appropriate place to continue the discussion which has been going on in NO AWARD.*

**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](http://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.

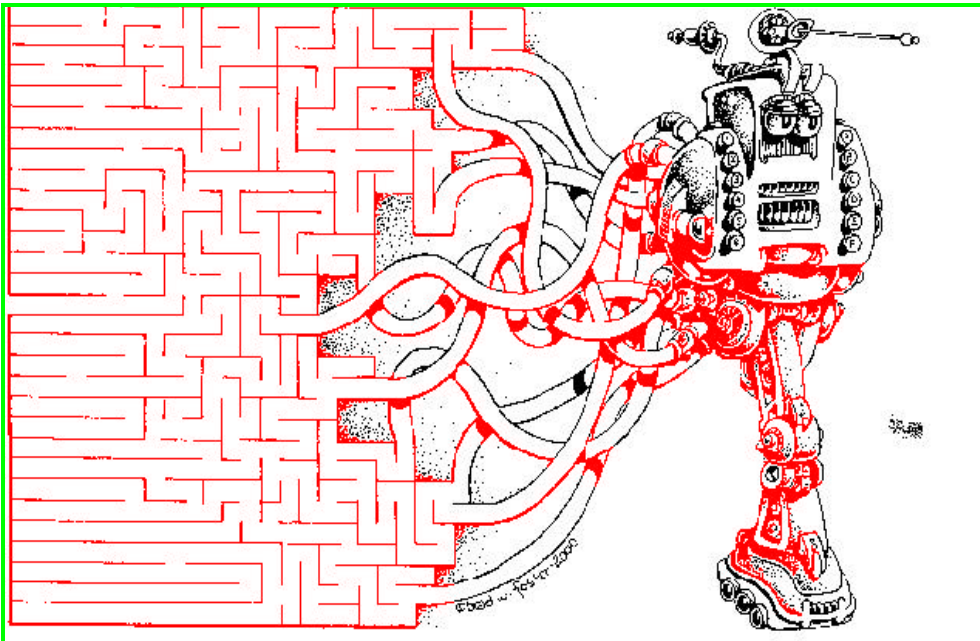
*I quite agree with you, Terry. Which is why the pdf version of NO AWARD which one finds at [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com) has not been single-column optimized for web viewing. You download it and then run it through your printer. Presto: Instant Paper Fanzine. Just add water. Or, maybe,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

