

A FEW TIDBITS FROM SOME E-LISTS

On-line there are several faanish e-lists. There are some fans who are members of just one or two of them. Others, like me, inhabit many. Every now and then, somebody writes something which I feel should be passed on to those fans who are either not on-line or are not on any of the lists in which this material occurs. This first item started on one list and ended in another, so I think that it is appropriate that the preliminary postings be included. Let me start off with:

NOT A TUCKER DEATH HOAX

From Earl Kemp in Memory Hole:

For a couple of months now, Bob Tucker has really been under the weather. At first, it started out as a bad cold that lingered and turned into influenza that lingered a bit longer. Then, probably not related, Bob had a heart attack. This involved hospitalization, treatment, etc. He is finally back at home, still firmly out of it, much weaker than he would want to be, and still recovering.

From Dave Locke in Trufen:

Over on Another List has surfaced a rumor about that Wilson Tucker guy. Appears he parlayed a cold or flu into a heart attack, necessitating a few days in a hospital which is of course a great place if you don't need sleep to keep your strength up. Home for a couple of weeks now, he has been posting about things like the NASA live cam site.

That'll teach him to tell anyone about this.

From Bob Tucker in Trufen:

'Tis true, I had a heart attack on November 11 and spent the next three days in the hospital -- which is, indeed, a riotous place. Your words cause me to suspect you have been there and done that. "Sleep" is a quaint word in hospitals but some old-timers claim to have seen it occur in their lifetimes.

Before midnight, nurses at their station swap stories of their latest dates and their various adventures on those dates. There is much laughter and exchanges of code words and code phrases -- what, for instance, is the meaning of this: "He's a cool dude with kissy fingers."? I know the meaning of "cool dude" but the kissy fingers elude me. If you know the meaning please send the answer in a plain brown wrapper.

After midnight the nurses and the cleaning crew organize a soccer game in the hallways and many a goal is recorded with banging wastebaskets, sloshing mops striking unknown objects which roll or skitter away,

chairs pushed across tile floors, and shouts to "Harvey -- do this or that." Oh, it was a merry time and each night I mentally followed that noisy crew on their appointed rounds, rejoicing in their victories.

Meanwhile the nurses play a game with the patients -- and they always win. After doling out the nightly sleeping pill they compete with one another on how many times they can wake their patient to attend this or that -- the hourly blood pressure check, the hourly temperature check, the hourly urine count ... Let me tell you Dave, hospital nights are more exciting than the all-night convention parties we used to attend. I know now that con suites are dull in comparison.

And I was in the Intensive Care unit. What was life like on the other floors where the peasants lay?

And then, there is Big Hearted Howard . . .

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF HOWARD DEVORE

And sometimes they don't.

Three years ago, I attended the 50th Midwestcon, it was quite a party, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. They had a big meeting hall, complete with bar etc. I sat around there for the afternoon speaking to people. In the hallway outside quite a few people were lining up at registration tables and I wondered about them. Many of them were wearing neckties so I knew they weren't fans. I looked their tables over and discovered that it was the annual convention of the Ohio Postal Supervisors. Many had brought their wives or perhaps someone else's wife. I got to thinking about this. It seemed to be rather dull and I thought maybe I could spice it up a little.

I went to my room and got out a T-shirt and changed. Some years ago, my kids had bought me a T-shirt that said "CRAZY ENOUGH FOR A POST OFFICE JOB." Donning the shirt, I then proceeded to sit in the common area around the swimming pool. Everyone that passed by got to admire my T-shirt. Except for fans, mostly I was ignored but I saw a few people pointing me out to their partners and one man with a sense of humor actually stopped and talked to me about it, he thought it was funny.

Shortly before 6 PM, I saw many of the P.O. people starting

to go into the banquet room. The men all wore suits & ties. The ladies were dressed in their fine evening dresses.

I thought of how exciting the Midwestcons used to be and how stodgy they had become. It had been many years since Jim Harmon broke down Harlan's door. Naked women no longer run down the halls while Randy Garrett battles the Beatley's pooolece. Nobody ever gives a first prize of sheep dip to one of our guests. Its just plain dull!

I decided I should do something about it; I discussed it with Pat Sims. She insisted that I take off my Midwestcon badge, so I handed her the badge and then crossed the common area. No one was taking tickets or checking the door at the banquet hall. I calmly walked into the room, and sat down at a table directly in front of the speakers' table.

I was sitting there looking at the crowd and about a hundred of them were staring at me. They were quite rude I wasn't doing anything, just sitting there in my shiny T shirt. They started whispering and I was sure they were talking about me! I told you they were rude!

Sipping my water I simply set there, eventually I noticed a group of them holding a conference, then three of them approached me. One came directly at me, the other two sort of flanked me as though they expected me to pull an Uzi from under my shirt and start blasting away and they might run and throw themselves on me.

Eventually the lead man asked me "Do you have a ticket?" I said, "No, I just stopped for a moment to visit." He said, "Then we want you to leave". I said, "Fine, I'm through anyway" and I got up and walked out of the room.

I went back to where the fun loving people live and had a wonderful evening. People will tell you that I actually glowed all evening. I made one mistake

I was sitting there the next morning wearing the same shirt when the motel manager spotted me. We had a discussion over the whole affair. We struck a deal, he wouldn't throw me out of the motel and I would take the shirt off and stay away from any Post Office people.

I really didn't want him to call the police to evict me and have them discover the \$400 worth of smuggled Kentucky cigarettes in my room.

I really wish that someone else would provide some excitement at Midwestcon, it's an awful load for me to carry all alone at my age.

HARRY WARNER R.I.P.

Harry Warner, Jr. died on February 17, 2003. He was 80 years old.

When I acquired the Rotsler illos I looked through them, discovering the one I am using on page fourteen of thish. Googling on "Harry Warner photo" I found the photograph I have put on page fifteen at a NESFA site. The caption, of course, is a bit of smartassery I added.

*Harry was a legend in fanzine fandom. In 1990 he estimated that he had locced 10,000 zines. And he kept loccing zines after this time. One of the first locs I received on **HOLIER THAN THOU #1** was a loc from Harry, and it was one of the locs which "told me" that I was on the right course in my genzining.*

The Rotsler illo immediately galvanized the mush I call a brain; so, after I found Harry's photograph and added the caption, I approached Mike Glycer to write an article about typos. Thus, years after his death, Bill Rotsler continues to inspire (as it were) fanac.

Harry was a long-time member of FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Association), joining it in 1940. It is believed that he had the second-longest membership in FAPA, being behind only charter member Jack Speer . . . but well ahead of third-longest member Robert Silverberg (who has been a member for only 54 years). I have been a member of FAPA at two separate times, the first for 10 years and the second for about 2 years.

When I first heard the news of Harry's death I thought of pulling the Rotsler illo and his photograph. With second thought I came to the conclusion that I would include this material in a small attempt to show Harry's influence on fandom. I then added the Rotsler illos as a bacover.

*In the 1950s Harry wrote (and had pubbed) about a half dozen sf short stories. He also wrote All Our Yesterdays (a history of fandom in the 1940s), Wealth of Fable (a history of fandom in the 1950s), and An Informal History of Science Fiction Fandom (which continued the account through that decade). He also wrote a column for my **HOLIER THAN THOU**, All My Yesterdays.*

CALIFANIA TALES

by
Len Moffatt

Part Four: The APA Fan's Tale

Herewith, the last installment of Len's current columns

I had dropped out of FAPA in 1951 after being a member for nearly nine years. I wanted more time for pro writing but nevertheless I spent a lot of my writing time on fan writing and publishing in the genzine area. As mentioned earlier, my pro writing soon became a major part of my "day job" in the packaging business, and paid better than writing magazine fiction.

Thirteen years would pass before I got back into FAPA but in the meantime I would find myself busy in other APAs in the Nineteen-Sixties. First there was IPSO...

John Berry of Northern Ireland and George Locke of England created The International Publishers Speculative Organization late in 1960. Membership would be limited to the first thirty who responded. By January of 1961 a "working constitution" (IPSO JURE) had been written and there were 28 members.

The basic idea was to publish a quarterly "symposium" in a combo-zine titled IPSO FACTO (what else?). Each member was required to write a minimum of four pages per mailing on a suggested or set subject. The topic for the first mailing was "fantasy APAs". Later, alternate subjects were given, so that one had a choice of two or three topics to discuss, such as Lunatic Fringe, time travel, Heinlein, sex in s-f, etc.

Dues were \$1.00 a year and after four mailings activity requirements were lightened in an effort to keep it going and gain more members. I don't remember dropping out of IPSO. I wrote about it in the June 1962 issue of SCIENCE FICTION PARADE (my old review title taken over by Stan Woolston) and mentioned that a fifth mailing was on its way. I don't recall how long it lasted after that, but it was an APA I enjoyed.

There were a few fans back then who were trying to be omni-APAns by joining every APA they could. I was not one of those hearty souls.

When Bruce Pelz started APA-L at LASFS later that decade, both Rick and I crogged at the idea of a *weekly* APA! I don't think Rick ever wrote for it and I don't recall getting involved until after June and I were married and she listed

both of our names as publishers of her Lzine. I did (and do) write for it occasionally but not all that often.

But, thanks to Rick Sneary I did become a charter member of a *monthly* APA, The Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance. Its monthly organ, FIVE BY FIVE, came into being in August of 1961 and is still going. It was Rick's idea to form an APA of five old friends. To qualify for membership one had to be an active fan in fifth fandom or earlier.

Art Rapp volunteered to be Ghod of the Month for the first mailing. Roy Tackett suggested the carboniferous name. Ed Cox and I were the other two members. Wives of those members who were married were Associate Members and there were times when the Associate Members did as much or more for a mailing than the regular members.

There were carbon reproduced fanzines and APAs before CAPA was created but are any of them still around? Of course we no longer use carbon paper but resort to xeroxing which means none of the members has to worry about getting that harder-to-read fifth carbon copy--not at our ages, with our old eyes!

When Rick died we decided not to make CAPA a tontine and asked Stew Metchette to join, which he did. When Eco died, Ben Singer came on board. But with Nan Rapp's death and Art's inability to participate we may or may not look for another member.

The early CAPA Mailings could be considered examples of fannish "folk art" in that we fancied them up with hand-made covers, paste-in photos or other items like the beer labels Art put in when he was still in the Army and living in Italy with his family in 1963. Then there was the copy of a JAPANESE s-f prozine included by Marine Sergeant Roy Tackett who was stationed in JAPAN in 1961. He even included several pages of English translation.

I started writing my fan memoirs, "Partial Recall" for CAPA and published the first installment in the fifth mailing, December 1961. Treating those installments as first drafts (which they surely were!) I re-wrote them later on when I got back into FAPA.

No one asked me to write my fan memoirs and hindsight tells me I started to write them to escape to happier times. Friends who came to parties, non-cons, or whatever at the Moffatt House on Belcher Avenue presumably had no idea of how unhappy the host and hostess were in their private lives. Rick was one of the few who had a clue.

When our troubles were resolved by my divorcing Anna I found that I had trouble keeping on with the memoir writing, despite kind comments from various fans and Bruce Pelz's gentle nagging. I no longer needed to "escape" from an unhappy home life. The last installment I wrote of "Partial Recall" was primarily about the 1958 SOLACON and was published in the May 1989 issue of MOONSHINE for FAPA.

Nine years later Marty Cantor asked me to write about the early days of fandom in California. I told him that I couldn't write about the really early days out here as I was performing my crifanac in western Pennsylvania in the Nineteen-Thirties and early Nineteen-Forties, which is why this batch of tales began in the late Nineteen-Forties, except for my brief visit to Bixel Street during World War II.

There are still many actifans alive who remember the Nineteen Sixties and after as well as--or even better than--I do. I'm sure many of them feel as I do that the Sixties and after are not in the era of early fandom. What we need now is for some one like Forry Ackerman to write about Califania in the Nineteen-Thirties and early Nineteen-Forties.

In the meantime I feel that I have accomplished my chore for Marty. Not that it wasn't a pleasant chore and I did not write this current batch of memoirs to escape from the problems of a marriage gone sour. It's Cantor's fault.

Having parties at home or attending them elsewhere, going to LASFS with Rick, or attending WesterCons when they were local or no farther away than the Bay Area also helped me to "escape".

Ella Parker, popular British fan from London (but a true Scot, mind you!) stayed at Moffatt House as a stopover on her way to the 1961 WorldCon in Seattle. We (Anna, Rick and I) took her touring to visit local fans, LASFS, the Ackermansion, and the beach --so she could wade in the Pacific Ocean.

During one of the "tours" through the area with Rick and me, she would sometimes spot a building or something and ask what it was. As a native of the area, Rick was more likely to have the answers to her questions but when he didn't I would fill in by coming up with some sort of cock-and-bull story as to the history of the edifice or what arcane use it was put to. Ella, as I well knew, was not gullible enough to fall for my tall tales but both she and Rick seemed to enjoy them.

We stopped at a Mexican restaurant as Ella was curious about the cuisine. I knew that she was a dainty eater, having seen her dismantle what we would consider a simple sand-

wich and cut up just half of it to eat, saving the rest for "later". She told us that her stomach was still "shrunken" from the rationing she had experienced as a young person in England during World War II. So when the waiter brought the corn chips and the salsa dip, she inquired about the latter. I warned her that the dip it might be too hot or spicy for her and suggested that she take just a wee bit on the edge of a chip to see if she found it palatable.

"Oh, Len Moffatt!" she said. "You've been having me on all afternoon!" Whereupon she took a spoonful of the salsa and ingested it before Rick or I could stop her. Seeing her red face and teary eyes, and watching her gulp great quantities of ice water (not that it does any good in the long run) made me feel like the boy who had cried "Wolf!" once too often. More than a decade later, she and Ethel Lindsay would take June and me to a restaurant in London called "El Sombrero" and asked us to taste-test the sauces for them. June and I doubted that the place has any real Mexican chefs. The enchiladas were more like blintzes and the food was not at all spicy. Perhaps we should have sought out the other "Mexican" restaurant in London that we had heard about. But it was called--so help me!-- La Cucuracha, not exactly an appetizing name for any eatery and we decided not to go there.

Ethel Lindsay, another fine Scot lassie from Old Blighty, came west after attending the 1962 WorldCon in Chicago and made Moffatt House her home from the short time she was here. She had come over on TAFF. We had an open house party for her at which Bruce Pelz handed her a jar of money to use at Disneyland the next day. The money was the LASFS's pun fine collection from Foo knows how many weekly meetings and the club had voted to donate the money to the TAFF winner. I conned the personnel manager at my office into giving me a discount Disneyland card for Ethel, as I had for Ella.

I have only been on the Mad Tea Cup ride once and that was with Ethel and Ron Ellik. He and I kept the center wheel spinning at a terrific speed but it didn't faze Ethel in the least, or she was too tough a trained nurse to show it. Ron and I did our best to disguise our own dizziness once we got off the thing.

Bob Lichtman, as well as Rick and Anna, played chauffeur and tour guide for Ethel, during her whirlwind visit.

Shortly after that, two more refugees from Chicon III arrived in Los Angeles, Walt and Madeline Willis. They also had a whirlwind tour of the area--or it must have seemed so to them after all those long hours cross-country via Greyhound bus. As I recall, their "home base" out here was the Ackermansion but they did get in a visit to the Moffatt

House, accompanied by Forry.

We took them to lunch at the Silver Saddle, a Las Vegas type brunch place that used to be in the Downey area. They were given the royal treatment by everyone, including Bob Bloch, the Burbees, the Trimbles, the LASFS and even Sam Umbrage.

Parties at our place varied from small dinner parties with rarely more than six persons (including the host and hostess) to LASFS parties (such as the one for Ethel, or for Hal-lowe'en or whatever) to party parties for no reason other than to have fun.

However, at one of these party parties I found myself, for the second time in my fannish life, having to get someone to give up a knife. I was not in the living room when the fight broke out between two young men. I was told later that it was over one of the femme fans present but I didn't see the beginning of it, only the end. Someone came running to the back room where I was at the time to advise me that X and Y were fighting and that X was wielding a knife. I hurried to the front room and found the two combatants rolling around on the floor. X was indeed holding a knife and Y was holding X's wrist. At one point they stopped rolling and lay there panting at each other, holding each other's wrists grimly. I dropped to my knees, grabbed X's ankle and advised him to drop the knife or I would break his leg.

I don't know where Ron Ellik had been up to this point but he was there to pick up the knife when X dropped it. I think Y had actually released X's wrist when he saw me and spent the rest of the evening acting rather ashamed of himself. Ironically, X had sustained a small cut in his leg during the fracas. Ron and I doctored it with iodine and tape, gave X back his knife, and he departed the premises.

Fortunately, violence at our parties was not the order of the day. Unless you count events such as the one where a guest, finding the Mexican tequila ritual tedious, chug-a-lugged a large glass of tequila into which he had squeezed a lemon and poured a quantity of salt. Shortly after imbibing this potion he was lying out in our back yard being very sick and digging up sods of grass from the lawn. Eventually he came back inside and asked what was for dinner. Anna showed him a lobster and he was back outside digging up the lawn again.

The years 1961- 1964 saw me attending three WesterCons (Oakland, Los Angeles, and Burlingame) and a WesterCon combined with a WorldCon (Pacificon II) also in Oakland. I don't feel like writing convention reports at this time but they too served as an escape from troubles at home.

I got back into FAPA in 1964. While on the waiting list I published MOONSHADE for the Shadow Mailings of that period. Copies went to the FAPA membership and the waiting-listers.

Actually, my original FAPazine, MOONSHINE, continued in FAPA during my absence, thanks to Rick and Stan, and I sometimes wrote stuff for it.

When I didn't have access to a mimeo (having stored mine in Rick's garage after splitting with Anna) I used the ditto-graph in my office for my fan publishing. I came up with a title for a zine to cover the situation. I called it SPIANE (which I pronounced spee-on-ee) and asked readers to guess what it stood for. Nobody did and I don't think I revealed what it was until some time later for the benefit of fanzine-collector and historian Bruce Pelz. It simply stood for Sometimes Purple Is A Necessary Evil. I don't recall whether it lasted more than one or two issues before I got back into publishing MOONSHINE again.

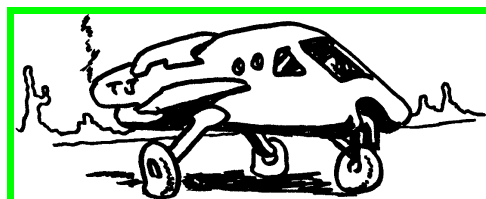
This time--with June's help--I stayed in FAPA for almost twenty-six years. There was yet another APA in our lives by then, other than CAPA and APA-L. Stan Burns, a fellow s-f and mystery fiction fan nagged us into joining DAPA-EM, mystery fiction fandom's APA. Mailings are six times a year and we have published more than one hundred issues of A FLASH OF BLUE for this thirty-year old APA.

I haven't had an unhappy home life since 1964. After the divorce was final I celebrated by having an "apartment warming" party. Good friends Ed and Jessie Clinton suggested that I invite June Konigsberg, who was also recently divorced.

During the course of the party, Redd Boggs, who was there with his beloved Gretchen, came to the conclusion that June and I were lovers, or so he told me afterwards. Well, we had not been before the party, but we did start dating, all of which led to a wonderful future.

June and I went together for two years, got married in 1966, and have lived happily ever after.

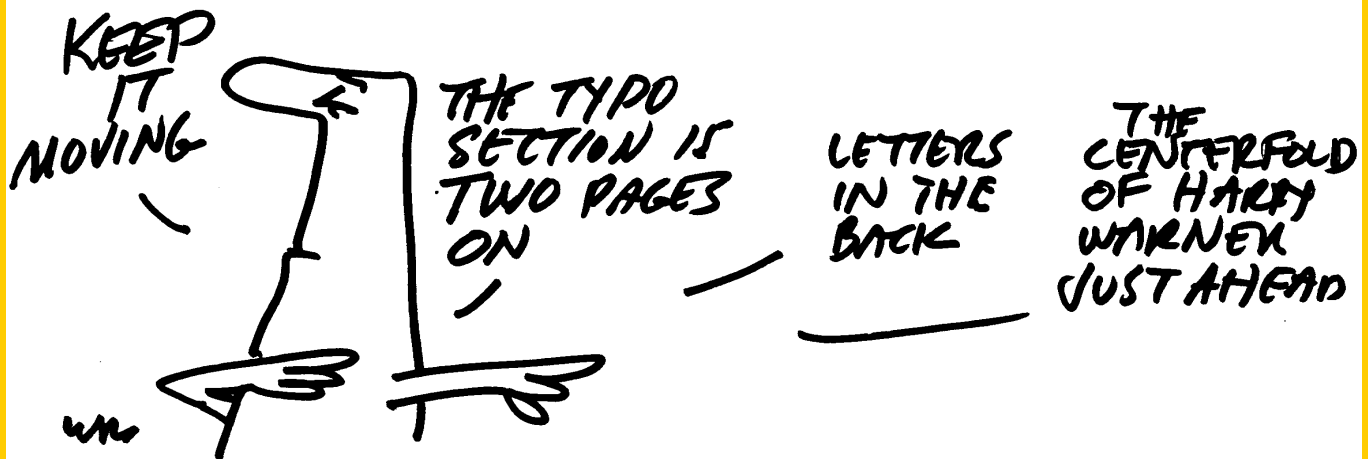
Thus endeth these Califania Tales. Foo, Ghu and Roscoe bless us everyone!

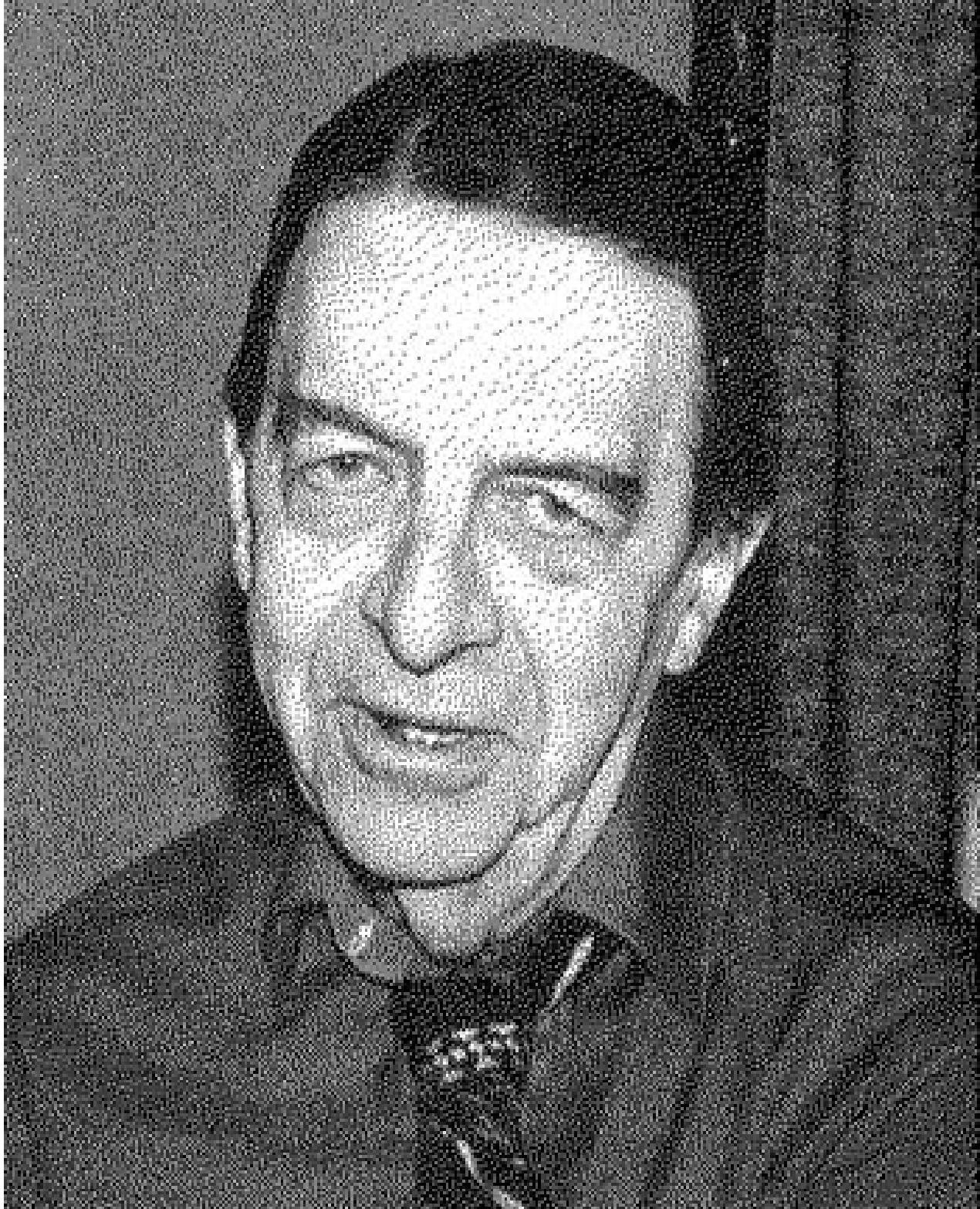


ADDRESSES & EDRESSES

FOR
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REASONS
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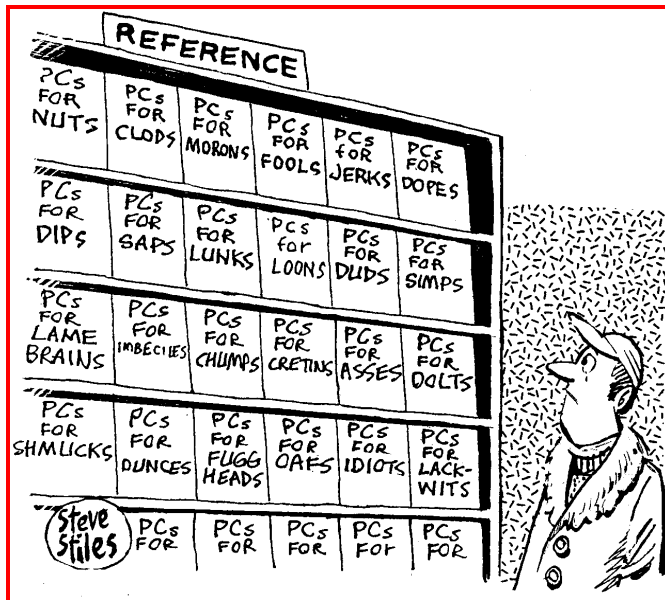




Harry Warner not typing a loc

TYPOS

by Mike Glycer



No title in fanzine history has made a promise more certain of being kept than “Typos by Mike Glycer.”

This article is really about fandom’s great and infamous typos, but after I put the word at the top of my draft as a placeholder I realized the letterhacks will be circling my own mistakes like sharks. Just let it be said no attempt is being made to dishonestly inflate the count with deliberate mistakes. I’ve shied away from that sort of humor since an embarrassing experience in high school.

I used to write a daily journal in a spiral notebook that I carried in my shirt pocket. Another student, Lee Pierson, thought something so secret must be worth knowing. He grabbed my notebook and ran off to read it. Lee was probably the smartest kid in school -- he graduated as a National Merit Scholar – which may help explain why he thought the teasing would be even more delicious if he copyedited every page of the journal before he gave it back. Having no comeback for his critique of my grammar, I weakly countered another point, saying “Some of those misspellings are intentional!” This merely invited Lee to have the last word: “Intentional misspellings are meaningless when true errors abound.”

I’ve taken Lee’s axiom to heart, filing it alongside other famous rules of writing like those given by Mark Twain in “Fenimore Cooper’s Literary Offenses.” Whether or not I decide to obey any of the other rules in this piece – would you notice if I *did* “eschew surplusage”? – every typo in this article will be genuine.

Also, every one will be mine, a rarity in my experience with *No Award*. Marty Cantor will actually cut-and-paste the article from the word processing file. Before now, it’s been his inexplicable habit to print a copy and retype my entire contribution from scratch. I shudder to think about those past experiences. But can you imagine anything more difficult to decipher than my own proofread text filtered through Marty’s typing? Not even all 10 million monkeys with keyboards trying to produce Shakespeare can randomly equal that mess.

Fortunately, (and here we finally arrive at the original topic; surplusage definitely has not been eschewed!) Marty and I publish our work in the fanzine medium, where readers tolerate a certain number of typos.

What is that number? I don’t know. You should ask the scientist who tells the FDA how many bug particles are allowed in a hot dog. Today scientists can be trusted to make these kinds of measurements. On the other hand, America’s 19th century men of science could not. David Peck, lecturer on the medical aspects of the Lewis and Clark expedition, says Captain William Clark spelled *mosquito* three different ways in his journal, never once getting it right. Clark’s guesses were *musquetors*, *misquitoes*, and *musquitor*. Of course, such mistakes are completely overshadowed by his great accomplishments and all the hardships he endured. If Marty Cantor routinely killed and ate grizzly bears for dinner nobody would say a word about the typos in *No Award*, either. Or much of anything besides “Yes, sir! How high, sir?”

Fanzine readers don’t merely tolerate typos. They actively exploit them as if they were the cultural equivalent to chromosomal mutations. The right typo can lead to immortality. Fans always sang parody lyrics to well-known tunes, but America’s resurgent interest in folk music during the 1950s opened the way for Lee Jacobs to make the typo that fans have embraced as the name of the activity. He submitted a manuscript titled “The Influence of Science Fiction on Modern American Filk Music” to SAPS. Official editor Wrai Ballard declared it unmailable, triggering a controversy that helped make this typo a permanent part of the fannish lexicon.

Lee Hoffman's typo "poctsarcd" also earned enduring fame, as Harry Warner explained in *A Wealth of Fable*:

"While [Walt Willis] was corresponding at a great rate with Lee Hoffman, brief messages were crossing the Atlantic almost daily on postcards. For some reason Lee failed to mail any postcards for several days. Walter concernedly sent her one with the query, 'What, no poctsarcds?' Lee explained to him that she had been unable to find any 'poctsarcds,' after looking for them in every store in Savannah. Willis, publishing fanzines by a printing press at this time, immediately produced an ample stock of poctsarcds, clearly identified as such in the imprint, kept some for himself and sent the rest to her."

Filk has become the common label for a popular fan activity, while *poctsarcds* keeps its place in the lexicon as one of the passwords fans use to show they are initiated into a deeper level of fannish knowledge. Besides dropping references to fanhistorical typos, fans demonstrate their great knowledge by being able to answer questions like "Who sawed Courtney's boat?" and avoiding the convention hotel where the Association of Narcotics Agents has started moving in.

Fandom's occasional transformation of typos into hallmarks of sophistication is a contrast with the mundane world, though it only extends so far. The typos that are adopted into the regular fannish vocabulary are as rare as lottery winners. And Lee Pierson's comment that intentional typos are devalued by too many ordinary typos, a writer's equivalent of Gresham's Law, helps explain why very few fanwriters are clever enough to profit from deliberately using them. Though the possibility that it occasionally works is implied in a passage from *The Enchanted Duplicator* by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw:

"Horrible?" laughed Kerles. 'Everyone fights shy of me on account of these Typos, but actually they are quite agreeable fellows. Look, they will even do tricks for me.' So saying, he stretched out his Shield of Umor, which was large and brilliantly polished, and gave a word of command. Instantly several of the Typos jumped neatly over the Shield, performing somersaults and such other odd antics that Jophan burst out laughing."

Mostly, typos just make the writer look dumb. If he happens to be writing something that annoys anyone, critics will quickly find a way to point that out because we are trained to interpret sloppiness as evi-

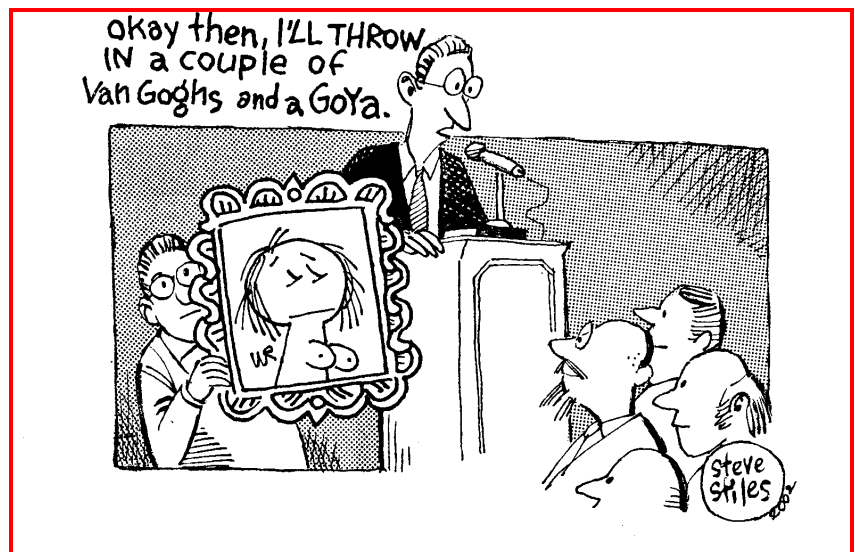
dence of sloppy thinking, even when it's only sloppy typing.

It's never wise for me to post my first reaction to a hot topic on an e-mail listserv anyway, and less so because I inevitably sabotage the effort by overlooking typos or the presence of extra words that ought to have been erased when a line was rewritten. I should stay out of arguments with fans who are also professional editors because in no time at all they make me sound sillier than monkey #10,000 on the Shakespeare project.

Typos routinely turn into comic relief for readers on the sidelines of these arguments. LA fans who devoted thousands of words feuding with Charles Korbas, the white supremacist contributor to APA-L, weren't above noticing the time he missed the comma and hit the next key over, giving himself a Korbasm.

It doesn't require an argument or feud for mistakes to come under the magnifying glass, a friendly rivalry will work just as well, like the one between LASFS and NESFA. One year the LASFS voted the Forrest J Ackerman Award for Lifetime Achievement (the "Forry Award") to Hal Clement. When the plaque arrived in Boston they noticed it actually said "Lifetime Achievement," tarnishing the effect, though it was a science-fictional sounding typo. Then a fanzine reporting on Hal's win got another part of the name wrong, referring to it as the "Folly Award." After that both coasts had a lot to say about the Folly Award for Lifetime Achievement.

Typos committed by corporations, even the LASFS, are always regarded as blemishes on their image. Fans are even sensitive to mistakes of English usage by those for whom it is a second language. When fans read Japanese *animé* subtitles they dread examples of "fortune cookie" English. On



this very point, Fred Patten reported in his *Apa-L-zine ;Rábanos Radioactivos!* this ironic fact: “Pioneer [Entertainment] has a minor public image problem due to a unique situation regarding its horror TV series *Hellsing*. Several characters’ names are deliberately spelled in ways that look like clumsy mistranslations.... Of course *Hellsing* itself looks like a misspelled reference to vampire hunter Abraham Van Helsing in *Dracula*. This is at the insistence of Japanese author Kouta Hirano, who also does not want it revealed that the apparent misspellings are a requirement. No explanation; he just wants it that way.”

It’s impossible to think about typos without recalling my most humbling fanpublishing experience: editing the 1998 Mythcon progress reports. The committee was full of scholars, research librarians, and plain old perfectionists, every one of them an infinitely better copyeditor than me. I might have graciously admitted that from the start and appreciated the extra help. But I seemed to be having trouble navigating my zeppelin-sized head through doorways at the time. Each time I e-mailed a draft progress report to the committee I cringed to see the huge e-mails full of corrections coming back. Of course, the bottom-line improvement was well worth it.

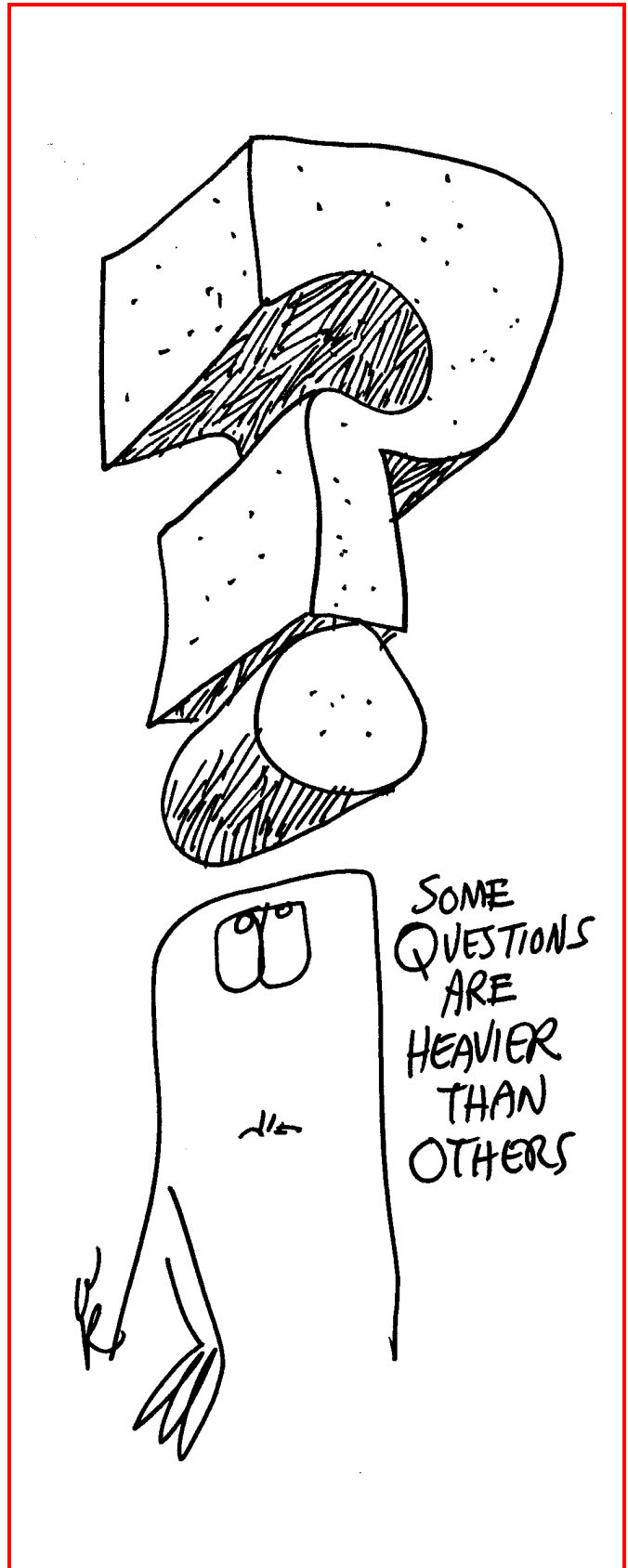
Far beyond any copyediting I endured, though, is what John Hertz righteously committed on behalf of the late Rick Sneary.

Sneary’s idiosyncratic spelling was a fannish legend. As Harry Warner gently wrote, “Illness in childhood prevented him from suffering the subjection to old, tired ways of spelling words that afflicts most of us. As a result, he frequently improvised novel spellings that often cast a new light on a word or entire phrase.”

Whether Rick wanted his text kept intact or not, most faneditors could not help cherishing the opportunity to participate in his legend by laboriously transcribing every word as he had typed it. Actually, Rick’s close friend Len Moffatt is quite certain that Rick hoped the editors would clean up the mistakes.

When John Hertz was working on the memorial collection of Sneary’s writing, *Button-Tack*, Mark Manning forwarded the text of a letter where he had painstakingly reproduced all of Sneary’s misspellings. Obedient to Sneary’s preference, John Hertz copyedited all of them away.

We should all have such a friend. In fact, I do!



WHO KNOWS WHAT ETHER LURKS IN THE MINDS OF FEN?

by
PHIL CASTORA

Herewith, part 2 of Phil's
fannish memoirs

2: Home on the Derange

Getting into the LASFS so quickly eased my transition in the Los Angeles way of life. In this town, if you don't have some sort of obvious peculiarity or eccentricity, people look at you funny! And so the only thing that's really blown me away was once, after I'd been here a couple of years, walking down the street I passed two men in cowboy boots, jeans, belts with fancy silver buckles, and yoked shirts - holding hands! I raised *both* eyebrows at that, and might have raised three or four if I'd had that many.

The LASFS meetings were rather less formal than, say, a United Nations General Assembly session, and far more poorly attended. I recall twice when we had to wait 'till nearly nine o'clock for the fifteenth paid-up member to show and complete a quorum before we could transact some piece of business - and it would have been oftener if we'd had much business to transact. In fact, only the first and third Thursdays of the month were true business meetings, though we went through the usual rituals of minutes and treasurer's report each week.

For a while, the treasurer's report was the highlight of the meeting. Well, we had this Treasurer . . . One of Ed Baker's many monomania's was Esperanto, *la lingvo internacia*; he was good at it - spoke it like a native! But he wasn't fanatical about it; when someone told him Esperanto sounded like Spanish spoken by a drunken Czechoslovakian, he thought for a second and then just nodded. He discovered that the international Esperanto movement (I disremember its exact name) had deposited a rather large sum of money in a Dutch bank and was issuing coins against it. Dues back in those days were thirty-five cents per meeting;¹ one *stelo* was worth seven and a half cents; a five-*steloj* was worth thirty-seven and a half cents (try not to get too far ahead of me, folks), and he'd sell them two for seventy-five and take one in payment of dues, the LASFS keeping the odd half-nickel. This meant that we now had treasury reports that ended in ". . . and a half cents." Well, sometimes two half-cents would cancel out, but not often. I suspect he paid his own dues last and chose the method that would prevent all the half-cents from canceling.

Never one to let well enough alone, LASFSians got carried away (not literally - something that's surprised me for forty years, now) and started donating other sorts of furrin money

to the treasury. Some of it was readily convertible into genuine American currency, but too much of it (including at least one coin whose country of origin no one could figure out) wouldn't have been worth what the bank would have charged to make the exchange. At one point we passed a motion restricting the Treasurer to a maximum of three currencies and three languages in any one report.

Finally, about the time someone contributed a hundred-dollar bill (yes, from a Monopoly game of course), Director Paul Turner² called a halt and ordered the Treasurer to remove from the Treasury all purported funds that weren't, or couldn't be readily converted into, United States legal tender. Next meeting, Ed obediently reported the amount in the main treasury in dollars and cents, the amount in the Pun Fund (you got socked a nickel per pun, unless you got a laugh - or applause, as Bruce Pelz [who else?] got once) - and then the Nut Fund. Paul had ordered all that stuff removed from the Treasury; it hadn't occurred to him to say anything about disposing of it. "However," lamented Ed, holding up the container, "the Nut Fund is in trouble."

Well, it turned out that someone had contributed a few real pennies to the Nut Fund. Suddenly, Paul lunged for it, and Ed jerked it away; when Paul rose, Ed got up, looked around, and threw the offending financial travesty to someone sympathetic (Owen Hannifen?), who threw it to someone else . . . until Paul returned to his chair, defeated. It was one of our more vigorous meetings - but Ed retired the Nut Fund.

I can't remember who all came to the meetings in those days. Many who did didn't come every week. Bruce was a regular, and I think Fred Patten, Ted Johnstone, Jack Harness, and Ed Baker. Of course the members elected as officers rarely if ever missed - and generally it was the regulars who got elected. Forry Ackerman came infrequently. Ernie Wheatley and Ron Ellik, who I'd like to have gotten to know better, came but I don't know how often. Lee Jacobs, Dave Fox, and Lee Sapiro are three others that came seldom, frequently, or somewhere in the middle. John and Bjo Trimble came once in a great while, as did Bill and Jane Ellern.³

The park threw us out at ten o'clock, but not everyone had to get up early in the morning - or, in some cases, didn't worry about it. Little by little everyone who didn't rush off home got into gathering at Kal's, a coffee shop on Vermont north of the gas station at Third St. This had originally been an Al's; Al (I've seen his last name but don't recall it) had begun with a place on Sixth St., near Rampart not far from

downtown which he kept 'till he died.⁴ He seems to have made most of his money opening more Al'ses, getting them running well, then selling them; sometimes he'd buy one back, get it running well again, and resell it; in fact, that would happen to this one eventually.

Anyway, we quickly settled on a long booth in the back, where we only slightly harassed a waitress named Phyllis every Thursday night and, apparently, amused her. She even joined the club, though she never attended a meeting. Ed Baker would put on an act. Once he put six or seven spoonfuls of sugar in his coffee; asked why he didn't stir it, he replied, "I don't like it too sweet." Another time, he was going on and on about something or other with an untouched pineapple malt in front of him; Owen Hannifen, sitting next to him, handed him the pepper shaker saying, "Here's the pepper, Ed." Without a break in his monolog, Ed took the pepper shaker and started shaking it into his milkshake, stopped, looked at what he'd been doing, and gave Owen a dirty look. He was forever saying something in a way that had an obvious double meaning; and, when it was brought to his attention, blushing! I've known people who could act - Ed had us all convinced - but never anyone else who could blush on cue.

Kal's hadn't been everyone's first choice for the after-meeting caucus, but slowly it came to be - and slowly the attendance at the meetings began rising as the amount of socializing was now making it worthwhile for more members to go to the trouble of abandoning their television sets and going out.

Oh, the Ted Johnstone mentioned back a ways, who served from time to time as Director and Secretary (now called President and Scribe) was a little unusual in an unusual way: He would later write books⁵ under his real name (David McDaniel), while he conducted his social life under a pen name. Well, unlike most of us, he occasionally exhibited a trace of good sense; when he was twelve, I think he said, he started answering interesting-sounding ads. They weren't generally quite as interesting in certain ways as so many are today, but the proportion of conmen and whatnot among the general population was about the same, so he decided to use a different name with each one just to be on the safe side. And one of our members was running an ad for the club in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, and the name Dave used to answer it was "Ted Johnstone," so that was his name when he joined. (He was also known as Tedron, but that is a story of which I know little and few are willing to speak, none at length.⁶

Ted was the Best Secretary/Scribe we've had, in my limited knowledge. Bruce had been publishing *Menace of the LASFS* (I don't know when the minutes began being called

Menace, but I'd bet more than pocket change that it started with Bruce's title) every two weeks and then monthly, with a cover illustration by Dian. I recall reading an issue while Ted was Secretary, marveling at how realistically he'd captured the scene just exactly as I remembered it, enabling me to see and hear the meeting again in my mind - I was more than half-way through the fourth set of minutes before it occurred to me that I'd missing that meeting!

I decided to involve myself in the club at some point. We had five offices; they still exist, but the titles that go with them have all changed. Director, Senior Committeeman, Secretary, Treasurer, and Junior Committeeman are now President, Vice-President, Scribe, Treasurer, and Registrar. The title of Secretary had to be given to the recording functionary among the Directors when we incorporated, to simplify any correspondence with the State Department of Corporations which expects that title; the title Scribe honors (?) Jack Harness, who held that position so often - it was, in fact, his nickname among us because of some calligraphical work he'd produced - and of course because he sometimes signed himself "Scribe J.H.," kidding the Rosicrucian Society.⁷ But Jack never learned to drive a car, and public transportation from his apartment to the meeting place was rather less than convenient (no more than three miles, it required riding three buses, and the third one ran only every half-hour evenings); he began showing up late and, infrequently, not at all. I volunteered to fill in one night.

Well, first I took adequate notes during the meeting. Then I sweat blood over the final wording to make sure they came out as humorous as possible; I had a large pair of shoes to fill in that respect. Of course I had only my own sense of humor to guide me. I must have done a good job - at least as far as I was concerned. I was so worried about making the minutes traditionally humorous that I wasn't able to relax and enjoy them. 'Till I got to the meeting. Reading them to the assembled throng, I got about half-way through the third paragraph before I collapsed helplessly in laughter, sliding off the folding chair onto the floor. Director Dian Girard looked down at me, banged the gavel, and called for the Treasurer's Report.

Maybe it was reading my minutes in *Menace* that inspired some Director to try me again; maybe it was just a lack of any other volunteers. I know I was filling in for Jack one Thursday when a motion was passed to impeach him for "quasi-feasance." He was voted out of office, the result being announced just as he finally arrived. Bruce rose, nickel fine in hand, and walked to the officers' table announcing, "The LASFS has often been called 'indecible'; we have just proved that it *is* in fact de-Scribe-able." He didn't have to pay. Our rules required us to immediately elect a succes-

sor; the winner by a landslide was Jack, a result I noted in the minutes as “almost as astonishing as the fact that that it gets dark after sunset.”

Then Jack and Owen Hannifen made a change in their lives that would change the LASFS forever.

Next ish, 3: Which Way to the Egress?

Footnotes:

1. Traditionally, weekly dues are the price of a science fiction magazine.
2. Today he'd be called President; we wouldn't incorporate for several years.
3. Bill and Jane later divorced and Jane resumed her maiden name of Gallion.
4. After Al died, his base of operations was sold and became a Chinese restaurant - a *Western* Chinese restaurant, I guess: the Panda Rosa.
5. Mostly six paperback novels in *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* series based on the television series. His were by far the best, though one or two others were pretty good. But he also sold ace Books *Arsenal Out of Time*; the plot and characters were refugees from *Planet Stories*, but the writing and characterizations were first-rate. And he sold at least one shorter story to John Campbell for *Analog*.
6. Ted and several others involved themselves in *Coven-try*. They took alternate identities in a fantasy environment and wrote stories about their characters. Apparently there was no rule forbidding anyone from writing less than complimentarily about the others . . . It seems to have gotten ugly before they all quit.
7. But according to one of our Standing Rules, it's now to be pronounced “Chancellor of the Exchequer” - of course, the next Standing Rule reads “No, it isn't.”
8. Their ads always instructed readers to write to Scribe X.Y.Z. or Q.E.D. or whatever, probably their code for that issue of that publication.

At this point I am going to put in material from a Ted White loc, responding to material in Phil's first installment.

TED WHITE: Reading through NA #12 I was delighted to read Phil Castora's piece. It's solidly written and I was glad to find out some of Phil's “prehistory” - what he'd been doing in fandom before I met him.

I met him when he moved to DC, of course. Jack Harness

introduced us and I liked Phil immediately. The three of us (four, with Bob Burleson) hung out together almost constantly. I spend much of my weekends at the Elmwood (known affectionately as the Wormwood) and usually several weekday evenings each week as well. (And this was while I was a senior in high school.) Often John Magnus and John Hitchcock would drive over from Baltimore to join us.

We played a lot of cards - ranging from poker to Hearts (we invented the Jack of Diamonds Variation - and sometime made the deuce of Spades a “screw you” bad card as well), as well as 500 (which required a special deck with 11s, 12s, and 13s in each suit). (Many years later, when I was in Alice Springs, Australia, I found 500 decks for sale and bought several.) 500 had a no-tricks bid called “null-O” (not unlike the “mellow” bid in Spades) from which we built our own card game based on multiple partnerships (sometimes six people were playing) with bids to avoid taking tricks being the core of the game.

Phil tries to describe “the great Eney-White feud,” but gets it backwards. It was my genzine, *STELLAR*, to which Eney had contributed some fanzine reviews as “Franklin Ford.” When I took over the column I changed the byline to “Franklin Hudson Ford,” but Eney was outraged that I'd “stolen” his pseudonym, claiming that everyone knew *he* was “Ford” and my reviews reflected badly on him.

But that wasn't the cause of our feud, only a result of it. Eney had broken with *STELLAR*, forcing me to take over the reviews.

The cause? Eney had been ragging on Jack Harness, condemning him (in his fanzines) as a fool for becoming a Scientologist and pissing on everything Jack said in fanzine print (mostly FAPAZines, SAPSZines, and CULTZines). Eney hung out with us in the Dupont Circle area (where the Elmwood was located) before WSFA meetings, but said relatively little when he was with us. But once back at his typewriter he'd remark sarcastically on something Jack had said, usually making fun of Jack's semi-articulateness and often twisting what he'd actually said to make him seem more foolish, something Eney was always good at.

And I defended Jack, corrected what Eney said about him (in my own APAZines) and generally got up Eney's nose. Soon Eney had transferred his attention to me and was misquoting me to make me seem foolish. At some point I had enough of this and took back the typewriter I'd loaned Eney and removed him from the masthead of *STELLAR*. Eney never forgave me that - and as far as I know, still hasn't.

And I hope that this ends commentary on the Eney-White feud. At least in NO AWARD.

FANZINE REVIEW

by
Joseph Major

Idea

Idea; c/o Geri Sullivan, Toad Hall, 3444 Blaisdell Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315 USA, idea@toad-hall.com

"Available for the usual" or at <http://www.efanzines.com>

I once read of a club of Jewish comedians. People like George Burns, George Gobel, Milton Berle, Jack Benny, and so on would get together at a Los Angeles club and have a good time sharing old stories and older quips. Oh, to be a fly on that wall. Part of the gag, as it were, was that one of the rules of the organization was that a new member had to receive fifteen votes to be elected. There were only twelve members. This rule was, as I said, part of the joke, but it was part of a society that, by nature as well as by will, was destined to fade and be gone even if someone else was willing and able to be a part of it.

One of the fanzine panels at MilPhilCon recommended *IDEA* as the sort of fanzine that new faneds should read. It is available, provided you have the superfluous technology needed to download a 5.5 MB (fairly substantial for a document, for those unaccustomed to the arcana of computers and the Internet) Adobe Acrobat file and then print it out. (By way of comparison, Issue 12 of *NO AWARD* was two files, one of 635 kB and one of 925 kB; still a lot but nowhere near that huge.) It works out to seventy-eight pages of text, a substantial chunk of fanac.

The current issue is also an Issue No. 12, dated November 2000; by the standards of the panel, current and fresh. What do we have to consider?

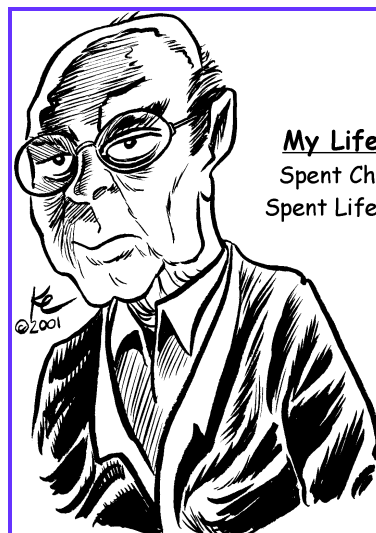
On the cover and the inside cover we are confronted with the Editor and her friends at a variety of venues, in bright, colorful pictures of bright people in colorful outfits. A good bunch of close friends having a good time.

Past this enjoyable scene we encounter the Editorial. Geri discusses food (always a topic of discussion among this cheery bunch), partying, and the production of the issue. She is devoted albeit harassed by circumstances and the burden of efforts.

We segue to Geri's POSSLQ Jeff Schalles's continuing saga, *We Jump Off the No-Time Express and Return to Brigadoon: Adventures in the Wimpy Zone Part Eight*. Jeff gads about the Midwest (for those whose memories don't go back that far, the old Worldcon rotation plan generated a Central US Zone that was styled ironically by the fans living therein "The Wimpy Zone") and then on to Baltimore for dinner with Ted White in Baltimore. Oh yes, there was a Worldcon going on then. After dinner at the bar & grill across the street from the convention center, he drove home again, and had more trouble and encounters along the way.

Visiting is Ulrika O'Brien, recounting the *Adventures of an Unqualified TAFFgirl*. Westcon 50 had a lot of trouble setting up and TAFF had had some trouble too. Behold, here comes Ulrika, commissioned to save the day. She writes movingly and vigorously of the intricate networking among close associates needed to secure the nomination. "Gary [Farber] held firmly that getting the right ticket of nominations was vitally important to the success of a TAFF campaign," she observes [p. 19] and the communications required in this day of the Net required effort. And, glossing over the grisly details (publication credit charges, for example), she recounts her glorious victory. Presumably, *IDEA 13* will have the trip report.

One of Ulrika's eagerly-sought and much-valued nominators was Dave Langford, repeat winner of the Langford Award, and he describes a trip to foreign parts in *Minicon Diary*. He describes the grueling flight (this was in the halcyon days of 1998 when it was possible for a mild-appearing person of apparent European ancestry to board a plane without being strip-searched), the charms of Toad Hall, the joy of miniature golf, the hotel, the hotel bar, the wonders of downtown Minneapolis, the agonizing (or agonizing) flight back, and the happy return. He had an enjoyable time among friends.



My Life, Executive Summary.
Spent Childhood preparing for Life.
Spent Life recovering from Childhood.



Interleaved with this trip report is a witty commentary by Martin Hoare on The Art of Roundsmanship, or how to trick people into buying you drinks. I believe it assumes you never drink with the same bunch twice, or in the same place twice, which makes the methodology charming but to my mind not entirely practical.

To deal with something in Langford's culture, we have presented for our singing pleasure, The Guy Fawkes Songbook, by John M. Ford and Elise Matthesen, which gives us songs from an opera based on the Gunpowder Treason. This should broaden your knowledge of culture.

Finally in the article line, Rob Hansen describes a Once in a Lifetime experience when he reports on the 1999 total solar eclipse, and his reactions thereto. He laments the demise of his father, who had enjoyed something with him thirty years ago. (Is this Rob's usual demeanor?)

After the articles comes the commentary, or the letter column, Park & LoC It. The group of old and close friends exchanges reports on their lives and doings in cheery coordination. (There is a certain "Sixth Sense" feeling to be noted.) There's also a well-populated WAHF section.

The technical skill with which this issue is assembled is noteworthy. Geri throughout laments the problems of her reproductive material, but the Adobe format made such matters nugatory. She possesses and displays great skill at layout and art selection, not to mention fonts. This is a brilliant work of presentation, recounting the doings of a group whose tight relationship will be a wonder for ages to come.

I do note that there is no fanzine review or even fanzines received listing. Indeed, one might well get the impression that this bunch have such an active and vigorous social life that they never have the time to read anything at all.



Above is a photograph of a rather manic Bill Rotsler. Not at all a normal pose for the usually laid-back Bill Rotsler. This photograph was handed to me at the latest LOSCON by David Gerrold . . . for whatever reason, I do not know.

Bill Rotsler was one of fandom's premier fan-artists. (He also had other creative talents, too, but this is about his fanart.) He was also *extremely* generous with his illos, sending out envelopes of them to any faned who asked for them.

When Bill died several years ago, thousands of illos were found in his house. Bill Warren collected these illos and made them available to any faned who needed them. At the last LOSCON, Bill Warren handed over to me the remaining stock of illos to distribute to any faned who wanted them.

And now I am offering them to you.

If any reader is not familiar with Rotsler's illos, please note that there are several of them in this. Rotsler also drew small illos with serious import, and I have many of those, too.

I am offering them to any faned who wants them with the same proviso that Rotsler had and passed along to Bill Warren: any illo must first appear in a paper fanzine before it goes on-line. Pass on any that you do not want to use . . . and pass on those which you do use so that these illos can keep circulating *forever*.

One caveat: I am retired and on a fixed income, so I am requesting reimbursement for any envelope of illos with over one dollar in postage. Thank you.

This offer to faneds, only. If you think that I will not know you, please give me a fannish reference which I can check.

LOC 'N LOAD

the
Letter Column

*Editor's comments are in italics and
will be printed in blue in the pdf version*

ROSS CHAMBERLAIN: Cool to get those nice comments from Sheryl Birkhead and artists Alexis Gilliland and Brad Foster! I could cavil re. the typo “here” for “her” in the quote from my note, but, nah . . . Jerry Kaufman referred to the characters as trucking, but perhaps I should have noted in my original comments that although I deliberately went for that look, even to the point of using a style reminiscent of Crumb’s, what I really trying to do there was a bit of a take-off on the much-imitated special effect from “The Matrix” in which characters avoiding attack lean back into this gravity-defying posture, avoiding slow-motion air-swirls from passing missiles. The attack, in this case, being from swooping Harry Potter on his broomstick. Jeanne Mealy, incidentally, had pointed out in an e-mail to me about it, that Harry Potter never wore short pants. My error. Although by the time I drew it I’d seen the (first) movie, I just associated English school-age kids with short pants, probably from old movies.

*I have always “treated my artists well,” starting when I was pubbing **HOLIER THAN THOU**. Ignorant of the technicalities of art as I am, I have had to depend upon comments of others to give the needed egoboo. And comments from the general run of fans are traditionally sparse in the matter of fanart other than “I like it,” so I appreciate this commentary on his own cover from the artist who drew it . . . not that, you should know, I understand any of it.*

But commenting on his own artwork is not the only thing upon which Ross has opinions:

I enjoyed everything in the zine, but have to admit Carrie Dougherty’s tale of her visit to the Difference Engine works immediately caught my attention and reading time. There is something about the topic that always does pull me toward it, though I have never really developed an understanding of the math behind its process, but her evocative depiction of the folks working on its reconstruction, along with attempts to get its contemporary printer working, was both amusing and absorbing. Fun Stuff.

*Indeed. This is why I thought it worth reprinting from **LASFAPA**. Which brings up the third paragraph of the following loc (after some more art commentary):*

E.B. FROHVET: Yet another amazing cover by Alan White. Very *Buffy*, creepy and erotic at the same time.

Someone should give this artist an award of some sort Real Soon Now. Also a fine back cover by Taral Wayne. I have a Taral cover lined up for my #29 [**TWINK**] but not until Spring (in the Northern Hemisphere).

Arguably one could say that Carrie Dougherty’s article suggests intelligence is not linear, as Babbage was apparently unable to make the machine work in his time, but he was trying to do something beyond the available technology; and in the interim before accumulated technology caught up with the idea, we found other ways to perform the function. Leonardo likewise invented ideas his technology would not allow him to build. If you showed Leonardo a jet airliner, he would be fascinated - but not surprised.

How did we get talking about real things in the journal of smartassery?

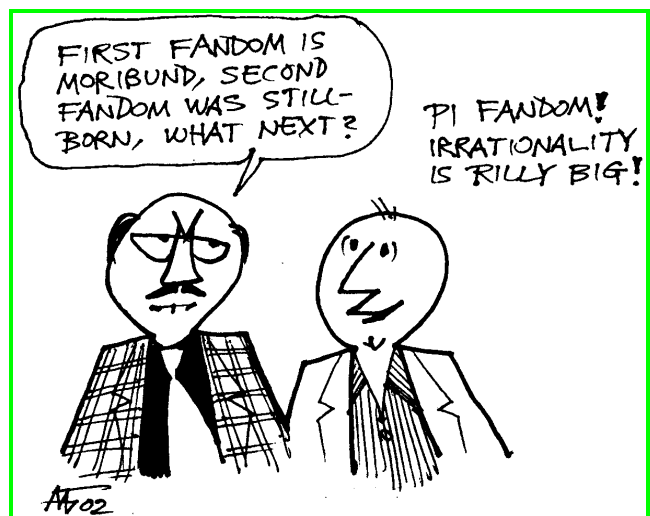
Beats me . . . but not to a pulp. It should be noticed that my smartassery is, mostly, confined to the letter column. So, as I get little smartassery contributed as articles, I have to attempt to wring some of this ghodd stuff out of the comments on the sercon material. Sometimes I succeed.

Bravo and good luck to John Teehan. I’m sure he is getting advice from far more experienced faneds than myself so I will refrain from saying things like “Set deadlines and stick to them” and so forth.

You set a good example of not giving any advice.

Well, O Curmudgeon, if you’re going to diagnose every belief system which conflicts with reality (including psychotherapeutic theory), you’re going to have a long exercise ahead of you.

I will not have to go out of my way for this, I will just chop them up as they present themselves. As they always do.



JOSEPH T. MAJOR: The meteoroid zips through the wastes of interplanetary space, untroubled save by the Space Emperor, Captain Future, and the Hong Kong Noodle Company. Then, it blunders into the atmosphere of Earth, due no doubt to careless navigation caused by ingestion of too much swill. (In other fannish regions it may be blog, but in Southern Fandom it's swill, brewed by Khen Moore.) Finding it has a hot time in the upper atmosphere it becomes a meteor. After this illuminating career, the remnants thump to earth, the way one does after ingesting too much swill, where they are known as meteorites. I found they end up in museums, where the liquor laws forbid the ingestion of swill and the Space Emperor's membership expired 5,000 light years ago. Is that clear? (Clear as swill, no doubt.)\

Joseph, have you ever thought about writing fiction?

EARL KEMP: Len Moffatt's "Califania Tales" continue to amuse and inform me, and I hate the thought that this is the conclusion of The Outlander's Tale. Please prevail upon Len to continue whatever he's doing.

What Len is doing which he obviously intends to continue doing is being married to June. Oh . . . the Califania Tales in this ish is the last of them. Until he is convinced to write something else.

This installment particularly pleased me, or as you said, my "Fannish Narcissism in its full flower . . ." Getting to Southgate in '58 was a fantastic trip for me, as was that convention itself. It was my first ever trip to Los Angeles, among other things, and one of the conventions that I most enjoyed. Even though Len neglected my "Fannish Narcissism" he did remember that Chicago "threw fine bidding parties, I might add, as an old party fan." And he brought back to mind all that noise about WSFS, Inc. and the fantastic business meeting with all the noise and shouting. That and some wonderful dear old friends, many now departed. Len makes my day . . . he can't stop writing these things.

Len makes your day with his writing? What, with a 44 Magnum computer?

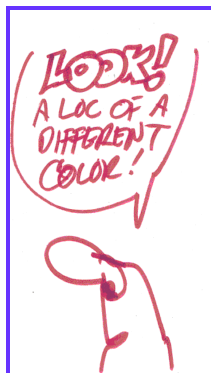
Phil Castora's "Who Knows" continues in the same manner and continues to excite my memory. Here we have an entirely different group of wonderful dear old friends, many now departed. And I also get ChiCon II and Pittsburgh and Dirce. I hope Phil continues with this series.

Chapter two is in thish . . . and I already have on hand chapter three.

TERRY JEEVES: The two lots of Convention memories were both instructive and entertaining, but for me the out and out best item in the issue was Carrie Dougherty's article on the Babbage Difference Engine, this

really was instructive and educational even if the original machine needed modifications when they actually built one.

Seriously . . . and I do attain to seriousness once in a while . . . Carrie's article drew the most commentary in NA #12.



As for the Howard DeVore piece, it almost had me believing it at first. Nice one, must try it on the next cold caller to ring me.

Howard presents this kind of stuff every once in a while on the e-lists he infests. Whether or not any of it is true is entirely beside the point . . . it is always entertaining.

JERRY KAUFMAN: I've finally finished preparing *Littlebrook* for the efanzone site - I sent it to Bill Burns just yesterday. A question for you and your readership: should a zine on efanzones differ from its paper version in the matter of correction of mistakes? *Littlebrook* had a couple. For instance, I left out our zip code. And Moshe Feder misattributed the authorship of "The Mimeo Man." (There were others.) From a fanhistorical point of view, am I distorting the historical record here?

I always put the pdf version of NO AWARD on-line before I go to LASFS and print the paper version, with the paper version going out about a week . . . or a bit less . . . from when it goes on-line. I make a few purposeful changes on the web version . . . adjusting my edress and blanking the address/edress section . . . but, with the on-line version being uploaded before I print the paper version . . . with the masters for the black-and-white version being run through my inkjet printer the same day as I upload the pdf version . . . only those changes I just indicated are the differences in the two versions. And, of course, with the on-line version being in colour and the paper version being black-and-white. So I am going to leave it to the readers to weigh in on this one.

LLOYD PENNEY: Marty, you mention something that has bothered me about media SF for a long time now, and that is the Cult of Celebrity. I do attend some of the local media SF conventions in the Toronto area, mostly because friends run them or work on them. Most of the attendees of these conventions are in utter awe of the actors who are paid to attend, and I am not. Sure, I've seen them on television, they have a high visibility level, and sometimes I get to meet them, and I'm as polite as I am to anyone else I might meet for the first time. I am not a slobbering mess of embarrassing fumbling, trying to say something to these people, and

in some ways, they'd rather deal with someone like me. Because I am not overly impressed with the actor GoHs these cons might have, I have been asked to work the conventions in the past, sometimes as actor GoH liaison. I did that once, and have no desire to expose myself to overweening egos such as theirs again. Besides, I'm trying to get out of this convention running stuff, anyway.

Personally, I find the mind-set of those who go ga-ga over actors/celebrities to be antithetical to the mind-set of fans. Not that fans cannot appreciate non-print media and those who create and perform in them. But it goes to something even more elemental. For the average person to go to a commercial media con, they have to buy a ticket to attend and go in and "consume" the product being offered. Fan-run cons, though, sell memberships; and, after you go in to the con, it is hoped that many of the attendees actually participate in the festivities . . . in many capacities . . . for which the payment may be in such things as refund of membership monies or a T-shirt or something like that. Plus the good inner feeling of helping put on a good con. What bothers me . . . a lot . . . is the large influx of people (whom I find it difficult to consider my kind of fan) who want to make over my kind of participative and creative fandom into their (what I consider) mindless, non-fannish type of interest.

I am reminded of the lady who built a modern-type house in a canyon filled with rustic-type housing which the people who lived there liked . . . and then went on a campaign to change the nature of the housing in that canyon by creating problems for these other people with various city departments. (I lived in that canyon at that time, so this is a first-hand remembrance.) My problem with what she was trying to do was that she should have built her house in an area which was more to her liking than to build it in an inappropriate place and then attempt to force all of her neighbors to conform to her idea of what the neighborhood should be.

The point, here, is that those who like to go ga-ga over actors and such should constrain it to their version of fandom and stop attempting to make over our fandom in their image.

So we get to the problem. By tradition, fans are welcoming of anybody who finds us. Add to this the fact that fans

have wide interests, with many even having the erroneous opinion that the visual garbage which passes as science fiction actually is science fiction, thereby allowing into our hobby those for whom the visual media are the main . . . and sometimes the only . . . expressions of science fiction.

Ergo, the conceptions that fanzines are mostly interested in either movies and/or television shows, fanzines are not real fanzines unless they contain mostly "fan"-written fiction, fanzines can be obtained only by purchase, club meetings where 99% of all items reviewed are movies and/or television shows (with books being reviewed maybe once every few months) . . . and other things which show (in the words of Arthur D. Hlavaty when he heard that a Harry Potter book had won the Best Novel Hugo), "The gargoyles have taken over the cathedral."

Our fandom is no longer ours. Or so it seems.

BRAD W. FOSTER: Thom's thoughts on what a "Brainy Season" might entail brought up a thought of my own: we actually DO live in a culture with a brainy season, though the only way you would be aware of it is that it is apparently only of a very short duration, and is mostly turned off during the Mating Season - which, of course, seems to go on 99% of the time. I think the Brainy Season occurs in spurts, usually at night when we are asleep.

I thought that spurts only occurred during the Mating Season.

TIM MARION: I loved the first chapter of Phil Castora's fannish memoirs, and was amazed at how, despite the span of years between us, there were so many parallels between his fannish development and mine . . . at least at the beginning. Of course, Phil didn't grow up with the enchanting medium of TV staring him in the face, but otherwise - the discoveries of reading, comic books, and pulps seems very similar to mine, and in the same order of development. I very much look

forward to future installments of this.

My fannish beginnings were quite different from either yours or Phil's. I apprenticed mixing the clay to make the bricks in which Harry Warner incised his locs. And, what is television?

Likewise enjoyed Len Moffatt's retrospective on the big conventions of the late 1950s, and in particular was amused by the anecdote of seven-foot-tall Jon Lackey stirring up the local bums 'till they followed him into the convention hotel. That really should become a famous fannish story but I have not encountered it before this. Wonderful stuff! My only complaint about Len Moffatt's piece is that he didn't explain his relation to the chairlady, Anna Sinclare Moffatt, for those of us who don't know him very well. All I know about Len Moffatt is that he and June were running for TAFF in the early '70s, soon after I got into fandom, and that June's name was "Konigsberg" before they got mar-

ried . . . and the latter I only recently discovered from reading a 1965 FAPA mailing. So the uninformed reader, such as myself, will see the last name "Moffatt" and wonder if Anna Sinclare was Len's previous wife or if she was his mother (making him a second generation fan). No big deal, but facts like those are important from an historical perspective.

Anna Sinclare Moffatt was Len's first wife. Len has never said whether or not she was also his mother, so fandom will have to wait until he clarifies this - or until I can find some other smartassery and get myself out of this box.

ERIC LINDSAY: Regret letters such as you published would make more sense as an interactive program with a little bit of AI. Thus the electronic version overtakes the paper. Given some personalities on the internet, I suspect some are not human. They sure wouldn't pass a Turing test.

On the other hand, I'm not sure we are all ready to run our fanzines on compact little Babbage machines, given that detailed description. Fans are cranky enough, without having to get the timing right.

ROBERT LICHTMAN: My favorite items in the issue were Len's reminiscences of Solacon and Howard's day. I've read many accounts of South Gate in '58 but not, that I can recall anyway, from someone so intimately involved.

It was interesting to read Phil Castora's personal recollections, and especially to learn just when it was that he began turning up at LASFS meetings. My own interactions with him date back to that time, since I was coming to all meetings from late 1958 on for a number of years. It was disappointing, however, that he had no light to cast on the Eney-White feud.

Please note Ted White's take on the feud in his loc which I have (mis)placed right after Chapter two of Phil's memoirs thish.

R LAURRAINE TUTIHASI: What I really wanted to write about was your political activity. I think it is laudable that you want to become involved in your Neighborhood Council. I was just wondering whether it depends on whether the secession movement succeeds. I am assuming North Hollywood is included in the Valley Secession. Will the Neighborhood Council go away if the Valley secedes?

For non-Angelenos, the San Fernando Valley part of the City of Los Angeles recently voted down an attempt from

some of its citizens to secede from Los Angeles. Anyway, given the bad economics of the proposed new city, and the agendas of the movers and shakers of secession, the chances of the new city keeping Neighborhood Councils, had the new city come into existence, was nil. And, yes, North Hollywood was part of this proposed new city.

Anyway, the election was held yesterday, and the preliminary results show that I did not win a seat on the Board. Tomorrow, after a recount in one of the races, the totals will be announced. In the meantime, I have been in contact with the chair of the formation committee (who may very well get elected as President of the Board, given her effective work on the formation committee) with some ideas about early work of the Board . . . and I have told her that I will continue to be active.

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: *Because I am technologically challenged - if you, on a PC, create a zine and put it on the internet, CAN I (with a Mac) download and print it?*

I convert NO AWARD to what are called PDF files before they are uploaded. Yes, you can download any PDF file with your Mac. Providing, of course, you have Acrobat Reader on your machine. Acrobat Reader is free and most new computers come with that programme loaded into their hard drives. After you download it you can either read it on your screen or print it on your printer.

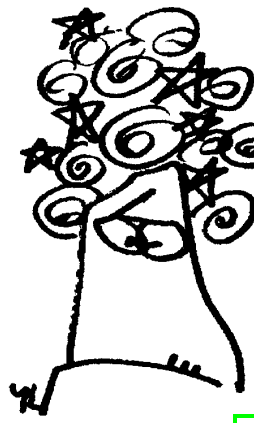
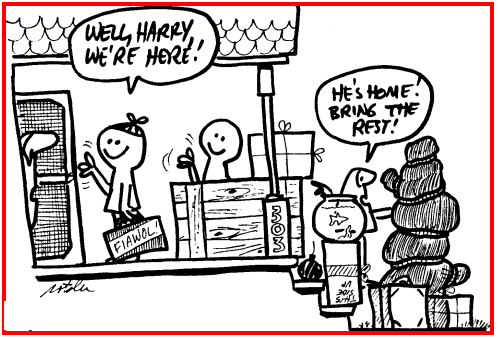

JUKKA HALME: Captain Future was an absolute delight. Milt Stevens shows again what a great writer he is. Although as both an ice hockey AND Mets fan, I must protest the typesetting of them as apes.

I agree. This typesetting is a gross insult to apes.

W A H F

Alexis Gilliland *writes about the Alan White cover on lastish, which he liked, ". . . though perhaps it would have been improved by moving the speech balloon over the skeleton in the background. A little ambiguity to go with the cognitive dissonance."* **Frank Denton** *inadvertently sealed his doom when he decided to take NO AWARD #12 with him when he flew to Boucheron, "I intend to take it with me on the plane and read it there. They won't find anything inflammatory and stop me at security, will they?" I think that smartassery is going to be made a hanging offense in Patriot Act III.* **Ben Indick** *contributes hot air when he writes about lastish, "It's a good, breezy zine. . ."* **Derek Pickles and Henry Welch** *contribute locs but I was not moved to generate smartass responses to what they wrote. Sorry.*

YOU MEAN, HARRY
HASN'T WRITTEN?
How can we go
on?




HARRY...
HARRY
WARNER
DIDNT
WRITE

where did
we go?
Wrong?

Diagonal strip of illos originally appeared in NO AWARD #4, whilst the others have been in various APazines.

**BILL ROTSLER VIEWS
HARRY WARNER**

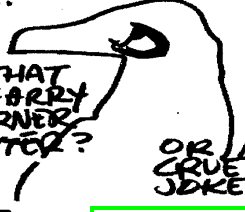
OH, BOY!
HOTDOG!
Yowee!
HOO RAY!
HARRY
WRITE!




HARRY
DIDNT
WRITE
?

We're doomed!

IS...
IS THAT
A HARRY
WARNER
LETTER?
OR A
CRUEL
JOKER?



oh, yeah, sure
and I suppose
Harry Warner



actually writes
all those letters
himself!

LOOK!
LOOK!
LOOK!



HARRY
WRITE!

hot!
dog.