

WELL, THAT'S MIGHTY THOUGHTY OF MARTY!

- HOW'S THAT?

WELL, ISN'T A DIAMOND-SHAPED
SIGN A WARNING OF SOMETHING
UNEXPECTED AHEAD?

NO
AWARD
14



01/03

THE FANZINE FOR WHICH YOU VOTED BEFORE IT EXISTED

A Fanzine by Marty Cantor

voted Fandom's Resident Curmudgeon
in a poll conducted in *Twink*

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE Fall/Winter 2003

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This fanzine is available for the fannish usual (which I tend to translate as my own whim, but I do honour trades, locs, artwork, written articles, and other contributions). If all else fails, send me US\$5.00 and I will send you a copy. *NO AWARD* is not pubbed on any regular schedule (even though I want to get it out at least twice a year). Mostly, issues will be put out when material and money decide to get together in a meaningful way.

LEGALESE

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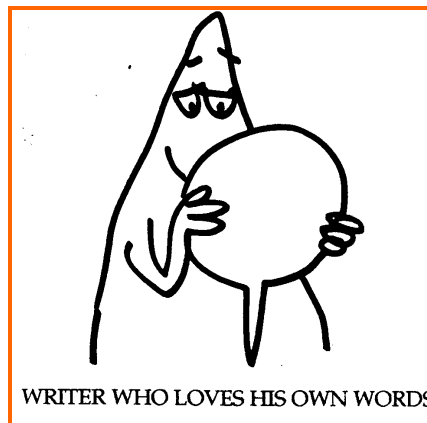
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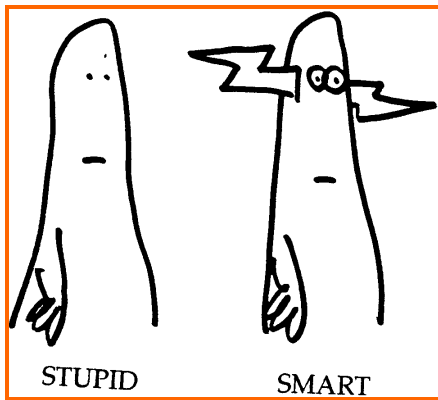
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NO
AWARD
14





by
MIT STEVENS

There are those theorists who suspect WWII was the result of a conspiracy of Hollywood movie-makers. Certainly, movie-makers have profited mightily from the war. The day will one day come when more people have been in movies about WWII than actually participated in the original war.

With war such a fertile field for movies, television, and books, it shouldn't be surprising that even fictional wars start having sequels. One example is, Sherlock Holmes's War of the Worlds by Manly Wade Wellman and Wade Wellman.

In the closing years of the nineteenth century, no one would have believed that humans were being scrutinized and studied, perhaps as narrowly as a man with a microscope might scrutinize the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. And this wasn't even for the Kinsey Report.

Meanwhile in London, Sherlock Holmes was looking for gift ideas. His natural curiosity brought him to a curiosity shop where he was reviewing the stock of curiosities. A mummified platypus? No. The pelt of the increasingly rare tree-dwelling gopher? No. The fangs from one of the killer ducks of the Amazon? No. At last, he comes upon something more unusual. A crystal egg. He immediately deduces this isn't the product of a crystal chicken. When Holmes holds the egg to the light there seems to be a bluish vapor inside which might suggest a further mystery within. He

immediately purchases the egg and returns to his flat. At his flat, he studies the egg more closely. As he stares into the egg, the vapor gradually clears, and he finds a multifaceted eye staring back at him. This didn't appear to be the CBS logo. Immediately, the eye disappeared only to be replaced with a scene of utter confusion as if a greased hog had been thrown into a pit filled with boa constrictors. Since this appeared to be a scientific mystery, Holmes decides to contact his old friend Professor George Edward Challenger. Challenger had become world famous when he claimed he knew where to find living dinosaurs. Local officials were not pleased when Challenger revealed they were in the London sewer system.

At Challenger's home, the two men eagerly begin their study of the egg. When they peered into the egg they seemed viewing a scene from a considerable height. It appeared they were looking at a vast and alien shopping mall. But where could this possibly be? The two men are mystified until Holmes notices the sign that reads "Welcome to Mars." If this is Mars, then the disgusting and unwholesome creatures who inhabit it must be Martians. Both men agree it is a reasonable surmise. The individual Martians resemble a very large Oscar Meier wiener with tentacles at both ends. They also have two multifaceted eyes and a triangular mouth. Challenger reasons these creatures may have evolved beyond sex, since they would have a really hard time getting a date. Holmes deduces this would mean they would have great difficulty telling dirty jokes. With these observations, the two men conclude their study for the day.

The next time they look into the egg the scene has changed entirely. A large number of Martians are reclining inside some sort of a vehicle. That might mean they were going somewhere. Given the limited amount of desirable real estate in the solar system, that somewhere must be Earth. Since they seemed to be bringing the entire family, they might be planning on an extended stay. No sooner had Holmes and Challenger reached this conclusion than a newspaper boy passed outside shouting the news that astronomers had witnessed a series of massive explosions on Mars. Scientists believed this indicated a national holiday.

A week later, the first Martian cylinder landed in Walthams-

WAR AND SEQUELS

tow. Since this was a place noted for strange goings-on, no one might have noticed it if it hadn't obliterated the local IKEA. Soon the site was surrounded by crowds of scientists, militarists, journalists, bureaucrats, entrepreneurs, talent scouts, and miscellaneous gawkers. Holmes and Challenger were among the latter group.

As the crowd watched, one end of the cylinder began unscrewing as if it was the top of an interplanetary pop bottle. Then something resembling a little gray snake, about the thickness of a walking stick, coiled up out of the writhing middle and wriggled in the air. Later analysis would determine this was the Martian version of an obscene gesture. A moment later, the assembled crowd recoiled from the dreadful stench escaping from the cylinder. Not having arms, it was apparent the Martians had never developed underarm deodorant.

Government officials immediately determined it was necessary to make some peaceful gesture to the Martians. A delegation approached the cylinder holding a three-film movie contract in front of them. For a moment, nothing happened. Then the delegation burst into flames. It was guessed the Martians probably didn't like the options package. However, English citizens learned an important piece of health information from this encounter. Eating fried food is bad for your health. Becoming fried food is even worse.

The crowd around the landing site fled in all directions, and the Martians inside the crater busied themselves with diabolical energy. Remaining military observers noted the aliens appeared to be assembling some sort of eldritch war machines as well as some really tacky looking furniture combinations. The news of the invasion hit London like the aftermath of a soccer game. Soon the Martians would appear lowering property values as they went. Some may have realized there was an even more horrible prospect. War brides.

Sherlock Holmes returned to his flat. Holmes thought it best to record his observations and conclusions. After initial congestion, traffic conditions had improved markedly. The impact on short and near term tourism was likely to be negative. Costs for special education classes for Martian children would probably be significant. Since the Martians had as yet

not expressed any political preferences, their influence on future parliamentary elections was uncertain. Immigration was likely to be a hotly debated topic in parliament, presuming any members of parliament could ever be located again.

For the next several days, Holmes continued his observations of the Martian war machines which were clanking around London. Aside from microwaving a few of the remaining citizens, the Martians didn't really have much to do. In spare moments, Holmes wondered as to the fate of his colleague Professor Challenger. Then one morning, Challenger appeared at the door with a strange tale of his adventures since the beginning of the Martian invasion.

When the peace delegation had burst into flames Challenger realized this matter would need prolonged study and preferably at a much greater distance.

Fleeing on a stolen velocipede, he reached the coastal town of Flogbottom before remembering he didn't know how to swim.

However, while looting an abandoned farmhouse on a hill overlooking the town, he was able to observe a most astonishing battle. Two

of the war machines were attempting to cross the channel when they were intercepted by the battleship HMS Re-fulgent. A volley from the battleship's main battery

punctured their water wings, and they sank to the bottom like

rocks. This battle gave Challenger renewed hope. The Martians were not

truly invulnerable. For one thing, they couldn't swim. Perhaps a counter offensive was possible.

With renewed determination, Challenger had begun his walk back towards London. Along the way, he saw patrolling war machines only at long range. When at a great distance from each other the machines seemed to communicate with loud screeching sounds. Closer to the city, Challenger was able to see one of the machines much closer. It was progressing with a strange, spasmodic motion, and there were ominous grinding sounds coming from its interior. Suddenly, the machine stopped altogether and began vibrating all over. It then uttered a horrible shriek which sounded much like "Ohhhhhhhh-hhhhhhhshheeeeeeeet!!!!" It then collapsed into a pile of unrecognizable rubble.

Holmes realized this must be the Achilles tentacle for the Martians. Their machines were operating under a limited



warranty. Having assembled their war machines from parts found at IKEA, they had overlooked the dire warning "Some Assembly Required." Holmes and Challenger resolved to leave the flat and spy further on Martian activities. It was the same everywhere. Piles of junk, which had once been Martian machines, were everywhere. As to the Martians themselves, they had undoubtedly slunk off to find a lawyer for their product liability suit.

So the Martian invasion had been repulsed. This seemed fitting, since they were pretty repulsive all along. However, we weren't going to let those pesky Martians get away with this. We were going to take action. This sentiment naturally led to...

Edison's Conquest Of Mars by Garrett P. Serviss

A year after the invasion, patterns of strange lights began appearing on the Martian surface. Many suspected this indicated preparations for a new invasion, although some thought it might be a clearance sale. With the world reeling under the shock of repeated Martian class action suits, morale was lower than a gopher with a jackhammer.

When things seemed darkest, a marvelous announcement was made. From his laboratory in New Jersey, Thomas A. Edison announced he had developed an electro-gravitational ship capable of spanning space itself. His first experimental trip had taken him to the Moon. This astonished the scientific world, since he had been trying to reach Pittsburgh at the time.

Not only had Edison invented the electro-gravitational ship, he had also invented a vibratory disintegrator suitable for expunging vast hordes of alien life. He invited some of the leading scientists to his laboratory for a demonstration of his new disintegrator. By adjusting the exact frequency of the new weapon, any substance in its path could be destroyed. From the roof of his laboratory, he chose a crow sitting on a nearby tree branch as the experimental target for his new device. Edison pulled the trigger and a vast surge of energy erupted from the weapon. The crow stared defiantly at the scientists as a building two blocks away vanished from the Earth. Edison realized he would have to check his settings a bit more. However, there was a greater obstacle than overcoming a few last technical problems. Building an

armada of 100 electro-gravitational ships suitable for conquering an alien planet would cost a great deal of money. For this, Edison had another revolutionary idea. War bonds.

In six months, the combined industrial capacity of the Earth had built the armada of electro-gravitational ships. A whole new vocabulary had been developed to accomplish this vast task. Phrases like defense sub-contractor and cost overrun became parts of everyday speech. At last, the armada was assembled and launched into the void. For weeks, the ships journeyed uneventfully though absolute nothingness.

As the armada approached Mars, the telescopes of the lead ship detected something unexpected. Directly in their path was a small planetoid not more than five miles in diameter. Since Edison realized this was probably a plot development, he ordered the fleet to approach.

The first ship to near the planetoid was immediately inundated in a barrage of beer bottles. Edison made a note to remember that low gravity objects create new possibilities for weaponry. From a safer distance, the telescopes of the armada revealed the planetoid was occupied by a garrison of Martians.

The Martians had detected the fleet and were reacting with snarling hatred. The casual reader may wonder how a tentacled sausage could manage to snarl. They practiced a lot. With such a warlike attitude on the part of the Martians, there was only one thing for the humans to do. They trained their vibratory disintegrators on the Martians and reduced them to a collection of unpleasant looking stains.

Naturally, the humans would decide to land on the surface of the planetoid. Judging by the large piles of beer bottles, the Martians had been here for some time. Aside from the beer bottles, the surface seemed to be entirely covered with a thick layer of dust. One of the crew members accidentally tripped and raised a huge cloud of the stuff. The accident revealed the layer of dust seemed to cover an even larger layer of a shiny metal. Quick calculations by the scientists determined the planetoid was composed almost entirely of gold. If this was the Martian equivalent of Fort Knox, its capture would have a grave impact on their entire fiscal structure. Besides, it would really piss them off.

As the exploration continued, another startling discovery is



made. Half buried by one of the piles of beer bottles was the thing all fearless space explorers most hope to find, a beautiful damsel in distress. Well, they reasoned she must be in distress, or she wouldn't have been half buried under a pile of beer bottles in the first place.

As it turned out, she was not injured at all. However, she was only able to speak some strange gibberish that didn't resemble any human language whatsoever. This must be the Martian language. Fortunately, their company included the renowned linguist Professor Immanuel Hoofenmouth. The professor had become world famous with his book *The Media is the Mustache*. Nobody really knew what that meant, but it sounded like it might be profound. Professor Hoofenmouth had continued with his studies of general semantics until by now he was barely able to talk at all. The professor immediately set to the task of communicating with the young damsel.

Her name was Aina, and she knew how to tap dance. The Martians valued their human slaves for their natural sense of rhythm, and they loved to watch tap dancing more than anything. The traditions of Aina's people said they had once lived on Earth in a land between two rivers. The Martians invaded as they had done most recently. To the humans, the Martians seemed like gods. The leader of the invading expedition was the Supreme Hot Dog Baaligerent IV. The humans called him Baal for short. Baal commanded that the humans be enslaved and set to building an immense communications tower for contacting the home world. The humans were told if they worked hard they would get to be Jewish and get more school holidays than the rest of the kids. The humans figured this meant they weren't going to be paid overtime. The humans slaved and the tower gradually rose to an immense height. A vast amount of assembly was required. One day, the nearly completed tower began vibrating. Then it collapsed into a pile of unrecognizable rubble. Humans later realized they should have probably hardened the mud bricks before using them as construction material. In the wake of this disaster, the Martians rounded-up their slaves and fled back to the home planet.

Aina provided much information regarding the Martians. The Martians were a savage and warlike people. They were so warlike they used flame throwers to fight the mold in

their shower stalls. Their leader was the Supreme Hot Dog Baaligerent XX. His palace was located in the city of Tantrum Magnus on the shores of the Bellicose Sea. Baaligerent enjoyed absolute power because he controlled the on/off switch to the entire planet. The casual reader may wonder why a planet would have an on/off switch. It was probably an energy saving device. However, Aina warned that the palace was impregnable, because it was defended by the dread Marching Crabgrass of Mars. The crabgrass was so fierce that it chased automobiles and occasionally assaulted postal carriers.

Edison was undeterred. He immediately ordered the armada to sail for Mars. Two days later, the vast Earth fleet was staring down at the Martian capital. Their first task would be to search for weapons of mass destruction.

When one of their ships disappeared in a cloud of vapor they realized they had come to the right place. A second bolt dealt a glancing blow to the flagship and only changed one crewmember into a frog. Edison ordered a withdrawal to a safer altitude. As the fleet moved back, something utterly strange began occurring on the surface of Mars. Fog began pouring out of thousands of fissures, and the planet was soon shrouded in an impenetrable blanket of clouds.

Edison was quick to realize a new possibility. He ordered the armada back to the Golden Planetoid. Scientists on Earth had long theorized that seeding clouds with minute particles of dust might cause rain. It undoubtedly hadn't rained on Mars in tens of thousands of years. In order to promote universal disaster on Mars, the humans would only have to collect the dust from the Golden Planetoid and dump it into the clouds. And so it was done.

A few days later, human telescopes studied the horrific scene through the diminishing clouds. The rain had caused the marching crabgrass to grow tremendously in both size and pugnacity. The Martians were quick to realize that there is nothing worse than crabgrass with an attitude. Although the Martians fled as fast as a sausage could sprint, everything in sight was soon overrun. Earth was saved, and the Martians would spend the next few centuries mostly involved with lawn care.



ℓ

by
Earl Kemp

They did it to me again! Thank God! And this time they did it better...either that or I'm getting so senile I like it.

Like last year, the reception I received at the Los Angeles Paperback Show and Sale on Sunday March 30, 2003 at the Mission Hills Inn was unbelievably flattering.

The show, sponsored by Tom Lesser and Black Ace Books, continues to be the biggest, most exciting, and most successful of a three-show circuit. This year was much better than last as far as I could determine, because there were many more people attending and it looked as if the exhibitors were doing more business than last year.

On the fanzine side, the show was awash in many superior fanzines...real old stuff in great condition all originating from the recently dispersed Forrest Ackerman collection. And, while on the topic of Forry, I'm sad to report that he did not make this show as scheduled or I have some missing data. I really looked for him and really wanted to see him again.

Similarly, Kelly and Laura Freas were scheduled to appear but, as far as I know, didn't; the story continues.

On the old fart science fiction fan side, the show was also awash in appropriate nostalgia. The first fans I encountered were Len and June Moffatt. Like last year, I especially looked forward to seeing both of them again...always...every time.

Then there was the dynamic duo of Dwain Kaiser and Don Fitch, both MemoryHole buddies, who came to the show to see me, or at least they said they did. It made me feel good anyway. Dwain came loaded with Rotsler gifts that will, eventually, be shared with everyone through my ezine *eI* on <http://eFanzines.com/EK/index.html>.

Participating in the show itself among others were Stuart J. Byrne, David Gerrold, old Chicago fan Don Glut, Jim Harmon, George Clayton Johnson, Dick and Pat Lupoff, Richard C. Matheson, Bill Nolan, Charles Nuetzel, and Harry Turtledove.

Ray Bradbury had to cancel out at the last minute, much to

my disappointment and that of many others. He was the standout hit of last year's show.

This year that position was claimed by an almost outsider, Mickey Spillane. [Even though I remember from the 1950's what an impression he made upon Howard Browne and *Fantastic* ("The Veiled Woman," November-December 1952)].

#

When I was still young and dumb (hush! Don't you dare think it!) two writers did it to me. One was Harold Robbins and the other was Mickey Spillane. I always figured that they made me the dirty old man that I am today and, finally, I have been able to give both of them personal credit for that wonderful gift.

I met Harold Robbins in Nice, France, many years ago. He found out I was there and came to see me and to thank me for what I was doing at a point in time when I thought Robbins, and most other bookpeople, thought I was the depraved debauching sensualist the USA administrators insisted I was. Certainly they convinced me; "when you get the name you play the game...."

When I was initially informed that Spillane would be at this show, my foolish young horny Id skipped a beat and began pumping salacious adrenaline of erotic excitement like the kid I was about to get a look at my first really naked broad...the lusty, desirable Juno. I hoped I could at least get to meet Spillane and to thank him...and I did...and a great deal more.

Perhaps I can make sense of it all chronologically.

Robert Bonfils and I, working as a duo, represent all the numerous series book lines from Greenleaf Classics, Inc. Last year, due to the time fault that happens when lots of same-interest people get together and try to do lots of things, Bob and I were almost half an hour late getting from breakfast into our signing positions. This year we were determined to not let that happen again, only it did...just a little.

Bonfils and I were scheduled to sign books from 10:00 am until noon...two hours. Well before time I checked out our signing table only to discover it was occupied by Mickey Spillane who wasn't even scheduled to appear until 11:00 am. Nevertheless he was already there, holding court to a



DIRTY
OLD
MEN*

long line of waiting admirers, and signing everything in sight.

Pushy as I am, and considering he was occupying my seat at the time, I intruded long enough to tell him, "My God, man...you can't imagine how long I've wanted to meet you and thank you for having made me the dirty old man that I am."

Over many decades, I have known and worked with many writers, including certainly a handful of really good ones, so I feel that I understand them perhaps in a manner that most people don't. Even considering all of that, I was blown away by Spillane's warmth and generosity. He positively bubbled and chortled as he grinned his way through his waiting lines that went out of the display room and down the corridor and down the main hallway and outside into the parking lot.

Those Spillane fans, every one of them, were in a great party mood and I didn't want to miss a minute of it.

I ran and got Bonfils who was trailing perhaps ten minutes late, and rushed back to be with Mickey. I was enjoying him and being with him almost more than I was enjoying the (let's face it, very) few people waiting to meet me. Part of the problem is that almost no one knows that there is an editor behind most writers, or a boss telling them what to do... all they see is the finished product and the contents of it that they reflect upon it themselves.

So here we are, Bob and me, seated beside Mickey [basking in the residual glow] and facing our own frightening lines.

As an aside, Bob and I both had brought some Spillane books to get signed. The only problem was, sitting there beside him as occupied as we were, we couldn't get in line and neither of us had nerve enough to try to break into Mickey's line. The happy Spillane partiers would have clobbered us solidly.

The first hour passed rather quickly and every spare moment I had I devoted to absorbing Mickey, watching him work his fans, giving them minutes and memories they will never forget, posing with them for hundreds of photos, signing obscure and very tangentially related items for them, and leaving every one of them glowing and flushed with salacious, old-fashioned, sleazy, orgasmic satisfaction.

And, keep in mind he started doing this more than one hour ahead of schedule.

When it came Spillane's scheduled time, 11:00 am, another huge surprise was literally placed in my lap when Spillane's signing partner, Max Allan Collins, showed up.

My handlers, Robert Speray and Bruce Brenner, had told me

that Collins would be showing up. Both of them were excited about that and I acquired some of their joy second hand.

Our signing table was rearranged to accommodate Max, who sat beside Mickey to better facilitate their signing of double bylined books.

Collins, widely hailed as being a *literate* Stephen King replacement, is as much a standout in his own fashion as is Spillane.

Both of them exude warmth and consideration and can't suppress twinkling eyes and inerasable grins. They are huggable. Unfortunately I didn't have time enough to spend with either to see if I could move beyond all that initial good, nor do I want to move beyond it.

I have rarely seen people as happy as the ones waiting to see these two guys work their insure-the-fans routine. They should be mandatory at every possible signing event.

#

I am so bad about people's names, remembering them, remembering them correctly...forgive me whoever you are.

Numbers of fans spanning many decades stopped by to say hello to me. Some of them had copies of Advent books like *Proceedings* and *Eighth Stage of Fandom* for me to inscribe to them. Some of them had copies of the few sleaze books I wrote...that most people don't even know anything about. Some of them had copies of *Illustrated* to be signed...that most people don't even think about.

They came from South Carolina, Texas, Geneva, London, Azusa, and elsewhere, clutching their books all the way.

One fan walked up to me and said he wanted to thank me. I asked for what and he explained that, sometime during the late 1950s, he had been an accidental houseguest of mine in Chicago. I hope he understood that I meant no malice by not remembering. I do remember that, for a while early on in my fan career, I held open house for many unknown fans. It took me a while to learn that that wasn't such a good thing without adequate recommendations (and that has no relation to the man I met at this show).

#

There was one extremely outstanding encounter at this show that did my old heart much good.

I was standing, stretching, looking out over the line waiting to get to Bob Bonfils to sign his incredible cover paintings, waiting to get to Spillane and Collins to get their books signed, and blinking from the rush of photographers trying to

squeeze cameras through heads in the crowd to photograph the signing table. **[IF THERE IS ANYONE READING THIS WHO HAS PICTURES OF THAT EVENT PLEASE EMAIL ME A COPY. I DESPERATELY WANT A PICTURE OF ME AND MICKEY TOGETHER. THANK YOU. earlkemp@citlink.net]**

That's when I saw her. She was just standing there quietly, almost at the edge of a line as if she was tangentially offside for no real reason. Only she kept looking right at me, hard, trying to find something. I couldn't help but notice her watching me.

Finally she just walked right up in front of me, ignoring the other people standing around. She said, annoyed, "Earl Kemp! You have forgotten the best friend you have in the whole world!"

And I stared at her like *duuh?*
Oh God! Groan. What now? Who is this old broad?
[Word influence courtesy Mickey Spillane.]

And I stared at her some more. Finally she surrendered. "Noreen," she said, "Noreen Shaw."

Then, slowly like a PC morphing program taking away layers of time, her face evolved before me and all the old familiar features clicked into position.

We had some nice hugs and some wonderful catch-up. We re-exchanged numbers and promised to keep in contact.

And that was the best thing that happened to me in quite a long time because Noreen, also, told me she had made the trip just to see me.

[Aside: For a decade spanning the 1950s, Noreen Falasca was unquestioned leader of Cleveland fandom. She and her husband Nick Falasca also Chaired the 1955 Clevention, the Cleveland World Science Fiction Convention. In another lifetime, as Noreen (Mrs. Larry) Shaw, she and I have Evanston to remember... and Ajay Budrys and Harlan Ellison and Bill Hamling and acres of sleazy paperbacks.]

#

Noreen proceeded to tell me one of her favorite memories of me. It concerned an unscheduled breakdown in the Shaw automobile and a roadside rescue followed by a chili dinner at my house in Chicago.

Noreen's remembering that event inspired my personal best memory of her. There was a party at the Falasca home in Cleveland some time in the late 1950s. Those were

banner years for the Midwest Nomads, an unofficial group of science fiction fans who were almost always ready, at the drop of a hat or a phone call, to drive as far as 300 miles for a good fan gathering. Noreen was a notorious host magnet.

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Her invites brought droves of fans from miles around...they are the ones I remember, and my best memory of Noreen.

A large crowd of fans were out in the Falasca front yard, attempting to pose for a group photograph, and the antics of the crowd came into discussion.

"How do your neighbors feel about your parties, Noreen?" I asked.

"Oh, they ignore them completely," Noreen said, "I told all of them that you're just my church group. They wouldn't dare get close."

Indeed Nick and Noreen chaired Clevention, the 1955 Worldcon, and the first SF convention of any kind for me. I missed the first several days of my senior year in high school on account of that convention, which I drove to and from with John Magnus.

A few years later, after she'd moved to NYC and married Larry Shaw, Noreen and I became really good friends. She's one of those people who stays on my mailing list when I (ahahaha) do a fanzine.

---Ted White, MemoryHole, April 1, 2003

#

Another old friend that Noreen and I share is Bob Briney. When I told him about encountering Noreen in Los Angeles, he recalled his favorite Noreen story:

I first met Noreen Shaw (then Noreen Falasca) in the second-floor dining room of a Chinese restaurant, where a group of convention goers had adjourned in search of food. As I recall, Noreen was disappointed because she couldn't order a hamburger. This was either at the 1953 World Science Fiction Convention in Philadelphia or at the 1955 Convention in Cleveland. I haven't been able to verify which year, but I lean toward 1953---if only because in 1955, Noreen was probably too busy chairing that year's convention to have time for food expeditions. Noreen had been one of the founders of the Cleveland science fiction group, the Terrans, who had been the successful bidders for that year's Worldcon.

Among the events of the latter convention was a cocktail-and autograph party hosted by the University of Chicago Science Fiction Club, of which Earl Kemp and I were both members. (Like the two of us, most members were not UofC students, but general Chicago-area fans.) Thanks to Noreen's arrangements, the party was held in a prime location and drew a large crowd. All that it lacked were chairs.

That was the reason for Randall Garrett kneeling on all fours on the floor to sign autographs. Isaac Asimov decided to use him as a chair, drawing Randy's instant response, "Get your Asimov off me!"

*Four years later, Noreen had divorced, remarried, and relocated to New York City with her new husband, long-time magazine and book editor and sometime sf writer Larry T. Shaw. In New York, Noreen and Larry were among the founders of *The Fanoclasts*, and published a widely circulated sf/fan newsletter called *AXE*. In the 1960s they moved to Evanston, Illinois, where their friendly hospitality was again in evidence. (After spending six years in Cambridge, Massachusetts, I had moved back to Indiana, and regularly commuted up to the Chicago area for booking expeditions, parties, and conventions.) Later in that decade they moved to the West Coast and settled in the Los Angeles area. They cut back on sf-related activities in favor of other pursuits, such as raising two sons. But the call of fan activities, and the persuasiveness of friends such as Len and June Moffatt, were too strong, and Noreen ended up as the Chair of another convention, the 10th Annual Anthony Boucher Mystery Convention (Bouchercon) in North Hollywood in 1979, another friendly, comfortable, and vastly enjoyable gathering.*

In the early 1980s Larry was diagnosed with cancer, from which he died in 1985.

Early in 1988, Noreen joined DAPA-EM, the only amateur press association devoted to crime/mystery fiction (still going strong after 170 mailings). In her APA contribution, "The Body in the Library," she regularly reported on the latest mysterious and horrific doings at the Hollywood Branch of the Los Angeles Public Library, where she worked. And since dropping out of DAPA-EM in 1995, she has continued to be a regular and much-valued source of newsy letters and interesting clippings from the LA Times on mysterious and sf/fantasy people and events. Who knew, back in that Chinese restaurant, that we could look back on fifty years (or is it forty-eight?) of friendship?

--- Bob Briney, Salem, Massachusetts, 8 April 03

#

Yet another old friend, one who has known Noreen even longer than I have, remembered a favorite trip he took with the Falascas to visit me in Chicago:

For a good time, call Noreen (or Noreen loved a party): Sometime in the mid-1950's, Earl Kemp sent out invitations to a party he was throwing in Chicago, and I was disappointed that I couldn't afford to go. A day or so later, Noreen Falasca called me from Cleveland and asked if I was going. On hearing how broke I was, she suggested that I call Bill

Rickhart, who owned a VW, and talk him into driving to Chicago. Nick and Noreen were broke too, but had enough gas to get to Detroit, and then we would all pile into Rickhart's VW and, for a couple bucks each, we could all go to Chicago.

I protested that I didn't have the money for food, but Noreen assured me, "We'll all stay at Earl's house, and Nancy (his wife) won't let us starve, she's a good cook." So I called Bill Rickhart who was agreeable, and then called Noreen back. Early Saturday morning the four of us crammed ourselves into that tiny VW bug [Ed note: the image of Howard crammed into a VW nowadays with three other people would make German engineers cry in their beer] and headed for Chicago.

We kicked in \$2 each, and the \$8 was sufficient to fill the tank. We arrived in Chicago, and by looking hungry, persuaded Nancy to offer us lunch and dinner. It was a great party, and the next morning we got up and all sat at the kitchen table until Nancy took the hint again. We got back into the bug and headed back to Detroit. Noreen liked parties so much that she always managed to find a way to get there... thanks, Noreen!

Long after she divorced Nick and married Larry Shaw, Noreen learned to drive... just think of the adventures, including driving from Detroit to LA on \$20! Must have been a party out there.

-- Howard DeVore (with Chad being his typist, but not sitting on his lap)

Max Collins will forgive me for this, I hope, but I have to say the line waiting to meet him ended before Bob's and mine did, and there is no way I could even fantasize such a phenomenon. It could be that we were unconsciously trying to wait until Spillane's line finished before calling it quits. That way we could still hope to get him to sign our books for us.

Finally, just before 1:00 pm [keep in mind he started signing well before 10:00 am], control called a halt to Spillane's line and it slowly finished. Then the insider after-line took over and Mickey signed our copies of his ratty old paperbacks for us. There was only one other person standing in that line after me, waiting to get to Spillane...honorably neofan William F. Nolan, who went on to please many fans of his own with his autograph and his classy line drawings.

Finally the whole reason for us being there was over...we had signed all we were going to sign for that day at least [ignoring the fact that we had actually been autographing things since we first arrived at the hotel]. We said thanks to Mickey again, and to Max.

Then we grabbed the patiently waiting Dwain Kaiser and rushed off to the closest good spot for a much needed lunch. It was very nice just to kick back and relax and bask in the glow of what I keep trying to convince myself is deserved recognition.

And then it was off to the train station to make sure Robert Bonfils didn't miss his ride back home.

#

It always embarrasses me somehow, at least inwardly, whenever some strange person walks up to me and says, "My God, man...you can't imagine how long I've wanted to meet you and thank you for having made me the dirty old man that I am."

Someday I hope I have a chance to ask Mickey how he feels about it. And, maybe I'll ask the follow up question that results from... "I couldn't have gotten through those tormenting teenage years without my hand inspired by your books."

Sort of like a *Man Show* beat-off and beer break. Ziggy Zaggy Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!

#

Completely by accident, later that afternoon, Mickey and I met in the lobby again and we picked up exactly where we had left off before lunch. Two jolts of Spillane in one day are wonderful; I recommend them whenever possible and not prohibited by law.

The subject changed just a bit, away from the crowd and the fans, into ageing and appreciation for rare old things drifting off into the inevitable fragrance-filled breezes.

#

Monday morning after breakfast, the leftovers and exhausted gathered randomly to say their good-byes before long treks home. Dick and Pat Lupoff with hugs and kisses. Max Collins who couldn't possibly cut-off the good-guy routine, making a special point of shaking hands. My own crowd (Robert Speray and Bruce and Debbie Brenner) reluctant to call it quits and get on the road, only we had to do it....

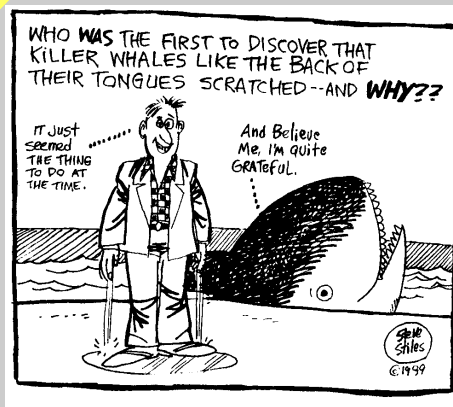
Swearing, seriously, to do it much better next year.

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*For double M&Ms...Mickey, Max, Mike, and mucking around; thank you forever. [Special thanks for corrections from Bill Bowers, Lynn Munroe, Robert Speray, and Ted White.] Dated April 1, 2003.

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