

TERRY JEEVES:

I loved those off beat comments by T.E. Digby and also the piece on new TV ideas. I wrote a letter on similar lines and sent it to the BBC, but they never replied. One suggestion to combine the craze for medical matters and competitions, was to have "Ready, Steady, Operate" in which two teams of the audience were handed textbooks, given an hour to bone up, then competed in performing an operation on some sucker.

Well, one can always pay no attention to the protests of an octopus. Based on what you have written, I am glad that I watch little network TV; as, from what I have heard, it appears that you have written most of them.

ERIC LINDSAY:

I notice that you didn't color the cover, despite the helpful hints from Taral. But does Topic A never go away?

Seriously (which does afflict me once in a while), Ted White and I (bitter opponents in Topic A) get along quite well on the fannish e-lists.

As for getting on-line sooner than some of the old pharts, even Terry Jeeves has an e-mail address now. Bob Tucker has a web page. Surely only Harry Warner, Jr. is still resisting. Given ever increasing postal rates and the inconvenience factor of snail mail vs. e-mail, I hardly ever send letters now. I also suspect that my days of doing paper zines are over, except those rare times when we visit someplace with a cheap copy place (and have the forethought to have done a master).

Well, there is a bit of convenience of e-mail over Post Office in the matter of locs. In my case, I prepare locs in one of my loc templates; then, if the recipient fanned has an e-mail address, I just attach the loc to an e-mail posting. If there is only a street address, I print it and then also print out an envelope. However, I still like paper zines and I doubt that I will abandon them anytime soon.

David L. Russell sure does some strange things. Nice to see his name appearing over the Pavlova of comment. But, surely someone makes Pavlova in the

USA?

E.B. FROHVET:

Perhaps you will forgive me if I admit that the item in *NO AWARD* #7 which first captured my attention

was Joseph Major's review of my fanzine, *TWINK*. In general, this is about what I expected, a fair critique. I agree with Joseph, and have said so often, that *TWINK* is not the most visually appealing fanzine; his description of its layout as

"adequate" is on target. And the substance, the text, is essentially the point of my zine, as Joseph states.

If there was one minor point in which the review disappointed me, it was that Joseph's vague reference to "the Great Reservoir of Fan Art" did not pay as much attention as I think is deserved to the numerous artists who have generously graced my zine; in particular, the several, as Sheryl, Steve Stiles, Sue Mason, Margaret B. Simon, etc., who have done covers for *TWINK*. I view the covers as one of the assets of the zine.

What's a "pavlova?" If you want to say "female dog," there's a perfectly good English word for that.

A pavlova is - Most - Definitely - NOT a female dog. A pavlova is the Ultimate Meringue. And it is now, probably, forever beyond my further enjoyment unless I can permanently reduce my cholesterol and triglycerides. *sigh*

JEANNE MEALY:

YIKES! Ann Green has outed fannish packrats! And NAMED NAMES! Gasp. Well, all packrats are not fans. I really wonder if you'll hear from fans who are not packrats, and can have it corroborated. (You won't hear a peep from THIS neck of the woods.)

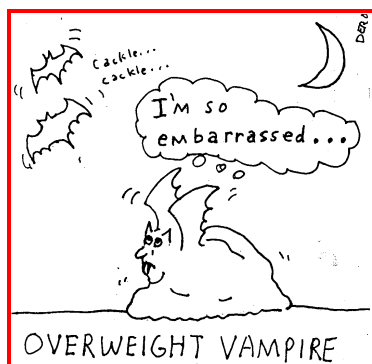
REAL good idea to suggest a truce with Joseph Nicholas. Or at least take the discussion(s) outside,

NED BROOKS:

Digby did have a strange mind! We are definitely approaching feasibility on the idea of issuing cloned slaves a con badges.

I hope this issue doesn't fall into the hands of a real TV executive - not that what's on TV could get that much worse if they used Milt Stevens' ideas, but I might feel compelled to watch the damn things.

Thom did have a strange mind? It still is strange, but its output is all on-line.



where it won't waste pages.

As you will see from his loc later in the zine, my suggestion did not "take."

ROBERT LICHTMAN:

Well, I certainly agree with you in hoping that your using Taral's "Bergeron" drawing of Avedon on the cover of *NO AWARD NO. 7* doesn't re-ignite any of the old Topic A Wounds from the '80s. Now that we've put a century between us and all that, it ought to be enjoyed for the brilliant pastiche it is. In one of the many piles of fan-related material around here, I have an envelope from Bergeron received during the early days of the youknowwhat in which he sent me a bunch of attractive two-inch square color silk screen illos of the sort he used to run in (dare I name it?) *WIZ* before all hell broke loose in its pages. Someday, when I have access to affordable color printing, I'd like to run them in a fanzine. No matter what one thinks of what Bergeron devolved into - and, as you'll recall, I was *not* on his side of All That - he was still a fine artist.

I am most happy to write that many of the major players of That Mess are co-mingling quite positively on various elists. Were Bergeron to re-emerge in fandom, I do not know what would eventuate. At the moment, though, on-line discussion of his art is nothing short of positive, even amongst those who were On The Other Side.

I continue to enjoy Len Moffatt's *Califania Tales*, despite groaning slightly at the title. Len refers to LASFS as "this world's oldest s-f club;" which, of course, made me wonder if there were/are older ones on some other world. Later, he writes, regarding the numbering system of Shangri-LA, that after Burbee left, "... somehow, it was decided that the club would go back to the original magazine title of *Shangri-LA*. Don't ask me if we continued the old numbering or started over with No. 1 as I can't recall." Well, according to the Pavlat/Evans/Swisher Fanzine Index, the numbering was continued. The third issue of *Shangri-LA* appeared in July 1941, and the fourth in January 1948. *Shangri-L'Affaires* began in December 1941 and continued through its 38th issue in November 1947 when Burbee was fired. The

title resumed with the 39th issue in November 1958 under the editorship of Djinn Faine. And this is probably more than you wanted to know about this subject.

Nope. And I hope that many of my readers share my interest in fanhistory.

Joseph Major's review of *TWINK* seems somehow more, well, capable than the review he did of Tom Sadler's *THE RELUCTANT FAMULOUS* that I objected to in my letter that appeared in your last issue. Taking the point you made in your comments to me there, I agree that at least here Joseph "is" doing a review rather than an extended letter of comment, and it works better than the earlier review. His take on *CHALLENGER* in *NO AWARD #6* is also quite adequate. Maybe he's warmed up to his task and/or takes the comments he's received to heart?

Thanks for the Rotsler variations. I ought to do this myself, sometime; I certainly have quite a few "coupled" series of his drawings in my art file.

I am glad that you like the concept and the execution. As you have seen, I am also doing the same thing in *DE PROFUNDIS* as I have many Rotsler illos on hand - and an e-mail to Bill Warren elicited the information that he has lots more Rotsler illos to distribute.

LLOYD PENNEY:

Thom Digby sounds like he's an adherent to a Smack Upside the Head, (i.e. sideways language). I'm sure I could come up with some items like these, but I'd have to catch up on my sleep first, which should take about three years or so ...

Every once in a while, after reading some Probably Somethings, I create a few of them for my APA-Lzine. Nobody ever accused me of having my head screwed on straight.

Ah, the Pavlova. I remember how much you enjoyed the Pavlova David Russell sent to you (which I wrote about in the Trufen e-list - ed.) Now that you've had to cut out Pavlovas and coffee-flavoured sugar from your diet, has the doctor noticed any changes in your health? If ever I fall out of your good graces, I shall try to find less fattening ways of getting back into them.

Sucralose has quite nicely taken the place of sugar

in coffee, but my low-fat, no-sugar diet remains. As my progress has not been as good as I would have liked (and an increase in exercise is not doable because I have lost as much weight as I should), I am now going on a niacin-megadose regimen. In the meantime I must continue on my cardboard diet.

I shall never commit the deadly sin of imagining that I could write like Milt Stevens. The "Snuffmouse" concept is already in employ . . . in the form of the Itchy and Scratchy cartoon Bart Simpson watches. Actually, I think most people have downgraded the average deadly sin to a "serious no-no," and at least make a half-hearted effort to try to avoid these things. I think imagining yourself to be Dave Langford is at least socially deadly.

Len Moffatt's *Califania Tales* continue to entertain . . . he's lucky that he had been able to make a career of writing for one internal publication or another.

Yes, his stomach has its own mimeo machine.

Ann Green's article is great! To paraphrase Robert Burns, it is indeed a wondrous gift to see ourselves as others see us. Our own apartment is described as a cozy clutter, but it is the envy of at least a few fans who would love to have a home that looks as snafu and fannish as ours. Where does this packrat mania come from? I remember at the edges of my fannish memory being told that I wasn't a good fan unless I'd read gazillions of books, and owned EVERY ONE OF THEM. Owning the book was proof you'd read it. Otherwise, who'd believe you? Good fans were collectors of books/toys/comics/glittery things/fanzines/magazines/pulps/CDs/movies/stuffed toys/moreandmoreandmore . . .

Alex Bouchard is right about *CHALLENGER* when it comes to passion. We all know Guy more than the average faned because he puts so much of himself on paper. (Saves on ink, that way. - ed.) His Hugo nomination this year was a thrill for him, he plans a big party at Chicon to celebrate that fact, and he's a happy Guy, whether he wins the rocket or not.

JOSEPH T. MAJOR:

Fanac by the Fire Light, Part Three: This is, as you said, a rather "dark" topic for a light-hearted fanzine. It is interesting, nevertheless, to see Ed continuing to remain stable as all sorts of disasters get thrown at him.

Loc 'n Load: Your income has been fixed so it won't spawn any little incomes. That is why computer stores will sell all the motherboards you can take (and more) but never any fatherboards. Fatherboards are stored in the vaults of Intel, and only taken out during breeding season.

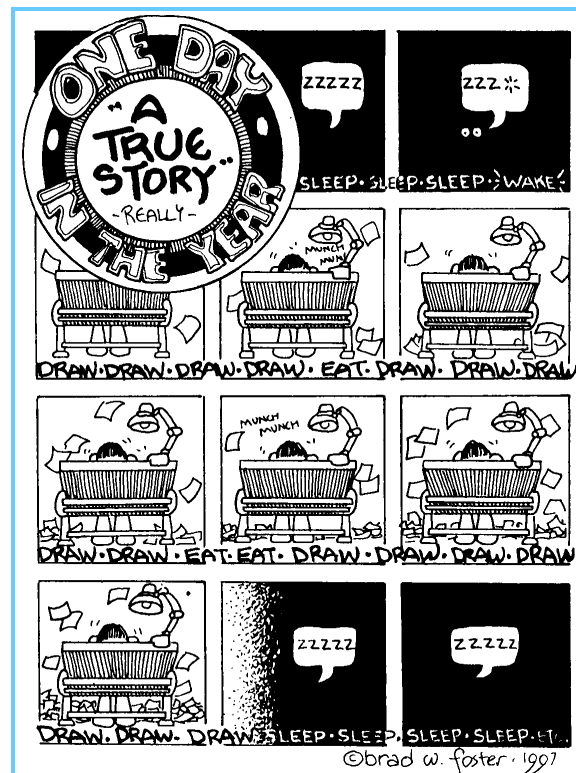
Your smartassery is almost good enough to make you a fanwriter.

BRAD W. FOSTER:

Beyond that, I am blushing at all the locs that trouble to mention liking my cover last time out. It seems like one shouldn't have both the pleasure of drawing along with the egoboo of such comments, almost too much to handle. (ALMOST . . . no need for anyone to stop!)

As far as I can tell from a look about the house, I would be a Reluctant Anally Retentive Eclectic Packrat. Is that good?

It depends upon how much shit you want to retain. Then again, just where do you store your eclectics? In my case, the garbage does tend to get thrown out quite often, but not much of anything else. I can use that other stuff, some day. Yeah.



RODNEY LEIGHTON:

I perhaps should point out that I was not writing specifically about Joseph Nicholas [in my last loc]. I suspect he hates having me call him Joey but he hasn't killed me yet. I once promised to stop teasing him but it's too much fun. I like Joseph and agree with what you say about him. Although I don't know about this business of arguing about one topic for nineteen years. Good God Above. Joseph wanted to argue with me one time. That didn't last 19 days, much less 19 years. I always say I won the argument. But I suspect he decided to let me think so.

It was not a straight 19 years as I was gafia for 5 or so of those years.

JOSEPH NICHOLAS:

NO AWARD 7 arrived here sometime last week, but we were in Milan.

Your fanzine has therefore received only a cursory glance - too much to do, too little time to do it in - but I did laugh immoderately as your assertion that sub-texts are things writers put in for academics to find: a piece of muddle-headed nonsense which merely confirms that you have absolutely no idea of what you're talking about. (A possible reason why the novels of Anderson, Niven, *et al* are so shallow and tedious could be that their sub-texts have been deliberately removed to avoid taxing their readers' brains; but I doubt that even Anderson and Niven would claim that they had no other agenda than the telling of a story.) The statement that science fiction is "about how the characters in a story navigate themselves out of difficulties" is so general that it could be - and indeed is - applied to every other form of fiction, up to and including Helen Fielding's *Bridget Jones Diary*; which brings you no closer to a definition or a statement of purpose. But on the other hand, why should I continue to pursue these points with you? It is apparent to me that you are functionally incapable of understanding a critical argument, and therefore that writing to you on such topics is a waste of my valuable time.

You have such a "civilised" manner of discourse, Joseph. And it is interesting that you wasted your valuable time (and postage money) telling me that as your time is obviously too valuable to do that. I notice that you had the time to read that portion of

my response to your loc about this one topic but not another portion of my reply to your loc wherein I offer you a "truce." Personally, I am also tired of this continual arguing 'twixt the two of us.

D.M. SHERWOOD:

Basically, Marty, you've got one theory of what Fiction is all about & Joe's got another [and] they don't overlap enough for useful communication. Me, I like Joe's theory as an explanation of how I read, but interpreted through a framework of ideas that means that in practice I like most of the same books you do.

Here is another way of looking at it. To me, Joseph seems to be reading SF through a litcrit lens whereas I am reading SF as the wonderful story-telling it is. (I admit, this is space-limited simplification, here.) It

appears to Joe that I have such a skewed viewpoint about SF that I might just as well be reading the label on a bottle of ketchup for all of the SF experience I am getting from my SF reading. We have been arguing this, off and on, for 19 years, and neither of us are ever going to convince the other. Why do we continue? This is a fanzine, and that question is just as silly as all other questions.

GARY DEINDORFER:

I have been swamped in fanzines lately; they've been pouring in. Is fanzine fandom at the beginning of, dare I say it, a fannish renaissance? It seems like it at times. Are people getting tired of electronic fanac, that they are publishing all of these paper fanzines recently? I dunno; but I do know that I'm way behind on loccing fanzines, and I try to loc nearly every fanzine I receive. This is why it is only at this late date that I am getting around to writing you a letter on the new NO AWARD, which I like, even if Alison Scott doesn't. But what does she know, anyway?

She probably knows a lot. Which is not to say that all of what she knows is correct. But, as one of the Plokta Cabal, a crew putting out one of the most vibrantly alive of the current crop of fanzines, I dare say that the trades she is getting