



**No
Award**

Please

Just bring a

#3

*Fan to the cage
(the type that can
converse intelligently
without monologizing
at stultifying
length)*

*Spotto
97*

NO AWARD #3

THE FANZINE FOR WHICH YOU VOTED BEFORE IT EXISTED

A FANZINE
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Hoo Hah Publication No. 468

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In the colophon of *No Award #2* I wrote that it feels good to be fanzining again. With the production of *No Award #3* it not only still feels good, it feels better. I have not only enjoyed zine producing but I wish that I could be doing it on a full-time basis. Unfortunately, there is a real life out there, a real life which requires a bit of attention from me now and then. I hope to retire in a few years, and I also hope that I will have enough money so that I can fund this habit. Of course, I also hope that there are contributors out there when I need them. At the moment contributors seem to be rather thin on the ground – it has been this lack of contributors which has caused the delay in the production of this zine. Well, as with zines, these things come in waves and I expect that there are good writers out there who can be threatened persuaded to provide contributions.

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(George Flynn, Nicki Lynch, Harry Warner, Buzz Dixon, Lloyd Penney, Buck Coulson, Bill Bridget, Walt Willis, Joseph T. Major, F. M. Busby, C. S. F. Boston Baden, Terry Jeeves, Sheryl Birkhead, John Berry, Mel White, Murray Moore, William Breiding, & Bob Lee)
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Rotsler artwork lives

When Bruce Pelz, Bill Warren (a good friend of Rotsler who was also his last employer, producing a show for French TV), and Rotsler's family were cleaning out his house, many items of fannish interest were unearthed. After the terms of the will were met, there were many boxes with an untold number of cartoons and other Rotsler artwork leftover. This artwork is in the custody of Bill Warren and are available to fanzine fandom, with the only caveat being that first publication of any of this artwork be in a paper zine – you can use any of this artwork on-line only if it first sees the light of day in a paper fanzine. Any faned needing an envelope of Rotsler's artwork need only contact Bill Warren and he will forward this to you.

Contact Bill Warren at: BILLYBOND@AOL.COM

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IN THIS ISSUE:

We start with my editorial: fans of the status quo can skip this as I expatiate at some length on two drastic changes in my life. Again, as I wrote in NA #2, I hope that this is the end of these changes for a while.

Then we have Bruce Pelz starting what I hope will be a continuing column where he resurrects the writings of Bill Rotsler. He has promised introductory material in the future.

Ed Green is a long-time LASFS member who is known mostly locally – I do hope that his article is just the first of many for my zine. Ed has held many elected offices in LASFS – his droll sense of humour gets him re-elected to any office he wants. Ed has done some stand-up comedy and I feel that further writing will hone his comedic skills. In this contribution his humour is somewhat understated.

Joseph T. Major has agreed to become my fanzine reviewer and has also agreed to concentrate on just one zine per issue, thus showing off his analytical skills in depth.

Mike Glycer is, well, Mike Glycer. In this contribution he fulfills my goal of showing his writing skills by having him write in a field in which he is usually not found – in this case, a book review wherein he writes about chocolate covered warheads and forty-eight hours of strenuous axemurdering.

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 published on any regular schedule; mostly, copies will be put out when material and money decide to get together in a meaningful way.

ARTWORK

Ray Capella – pg. 1
Bill Rotsler – pgs. 6, 11, 13, 19, 23
Bill Rotsler & Alexis Gilliland – pg. 8
Alex Gilliland – pgs. 12, 22
Sheryl Birkhead's computer – pgs. 15, 16
Brad Foster – pgs. 27, 28

TRAVELLING TRAVELLING THROUGH MY PERSONAL TIME

an editorial by Marty Cantor

In a loc on NO AWARD #1 (printed in NA #2), Robert Lichtman wrote, "One of the more interesting aspects of NO AWARD" was the way it travelled through your personal time, relating the changes in your life the past few years as they occurred more than in retrospect." I wrote in reply, "I am still travelling through my personal time and relating changes in it. I sort of would like for these galloping changes to more or less cease (or at least to not be so momentous so that I do not feel constrained to report them)."

Yeah, well – I only wish that what I wished for had come true. Since I wrote those words two drastic changes in my life have come to pass. Maybe not so explosive to some of you, considering what I have written about these topics; but, since most of what I have written about these changes has been in LASFAPA (and not available to most of you) and I have been telling people about these changes as they were happening, I have been coming to terms with what has happened as they happened. So, I guess that I should let you all in on these changes. Besides, from what I wrote in NO AWARD 2, it is possible that what has happened could have been predicted.

The first of these changes was written up in LASFAPA #254 and was titled, simply, MARRIAGE. Part I of this editorial is an extended excerpt from that article.

PART 1

Or what is left of one. That about which I intend to write here is about the marriage 'twixt Robbie and me. It is dead, finished, kaput, over. Almost.

Actually, this marriage is ending in as civilised a manner as has been our separation. I still take Robbie to go to LASFS meetings, and we still go grocery shopping on Sunday mornings. Nothing about this impending divorce is really unexpected as we both stayed married mostly through inertia as there never seemed to be any good reason to get divorced – and claiming Robbie as a spouse filing jointly (do not ask – our tax return, based as it is on a tax treaty 'twixt Canada and the USA, gets complicated) helps lower my tax obligation. We have both felt for some time that, if any good reason to get divorced came along, we would do it then. A good reason has come along.

Robbie wants to move to England and feels it will be easier to get a work permit if she is not leaving behind a husband. That is a good enough reason for me – there is no necessity for a tantrum about this.

We never argued about the division of goods when we separated – Robbie took what she wanted, leaving some of her things (like most of the science fiction books) and taking a few of my things (like the iron, ironing board, some of the kitchen items). She took the computer – I got the automobile. We shall probably trade a few things in the next few months and I have a hunch that I may be given some things she does not want to schlep along to the sceptred isle.

We had been talking about divorce for a few weeks but neither of us did anything about it until mid-October. Robbie then got up enough energy to inquire about the cost of this procedure – she thought that the cost she was quoted was too high. I remembered seeing an ad (on television) from a paralegal firm, so I called them and found out their rates were much cheaper than the quote that she had found, so she agreed that we should use the firm that I had found. As Robbie was busier at that time than I was, I volunteered to do the legwork. In effect, with this scenario, as I am filing the paperwork, I am divorcing Robbie rather than the other way around. No matter – I filled



address in England, I will give her address to my 401(k) plan and my IRA provider and anybody else concerned with my meagre estate.

I have no regrets about my marriage to Robbie except that there is some sadness that it did not work out. The world would be a much better place if all marriages which had to end in divorce, ended in as civilised a manner as did ours.

<<<The above was written a few months ago and the all of the paperwork has been filed with the court and the two of us merely have to await the signature of the judge on the final pieces of paper. Life will be a little emptier for me, but it will be a little bit less hectic at LASFS (where Robbie has been treasurer and on the Board of Directors). After Robbie arrives in England, life for Britfandom may get a little more, er, interesting. Britfans should know that Robbie is a Conrunner, is an Organiser, and she Knows How Things Should Be Run. To quote what the OE of LASFAPA prints in part of the Official Organ, "If there is a mark in this space, not only will you not get the next disty mailed to you but I will send nasty people (or Robbie) in the middle of the night to deafen you with rock and roll music and then demand money from you." You have been warned. *snicker*>>>

PART 2

I mentioned in NA #2 that I had been dissatisfied enough with my original position at U-Haul that I had more or less demoted myself and moved from my staff position to a line position at one of our local rental centres. I also pointed out that this had decreased my income by about a third but that it had soothed many of my mental problems with the company, leading to less mental stress. Not alleviated them, mind you, but make my stress less. Well, that worked out fine for a while, until the General Manager of the centre was promoted and the General Manager of one of our smallest centres was promoted to the centre where I was working. To be very succinct about this, the new General Manager was used to running his small centre "out of his head" instead of following the procedures which I knew, from seven years of observing and learning company policies and procedures, would make running the centre not only easier for the employees but would also help the bottom line. I tried to get him to follow proper procedures; and, since he would not change his ways, I tried to get a transfer to another centre. I tried for a transfer several times during this past summer, but I was always turned down. (I found out later that the person who turned down my transfers turned them down because he thought that I was merely trying to get to a centre with a large storage component [the centre where I was working had relatively few storage units - I had picked that centre as the place I wanted to work because I got along so well with its General Manager] so that I could do only storage work there. Well, storage was my original focus (and job) with U-Haul, but I was only trying to get to another centre to get away from the intolerable situation developing at the centre where I was working. The GM was constantly trying to get me to work closings instead of openings. It was not just that I am a morning person (and not a late person), but I was the only person at the centre who was properly preparing the reservation log (which has to be completed before opening to make it work right during the rest of the day), so moving me to later in the day would have made more work for all of the employees.

Let me just give one example of the kind of argument into which we were constantly getting. When I left my staff job, my old boss told me that I should use my knowledge of company policies and procedures to make certain that things were being done right at the centre and to tell him if anything was not going right. Well, yes and no

to that. I mean, I knew the way things should be done and I was, naturally, going to use my knowledge to help the centre run better, but I was not going to "tattle" on other employees who might be doing things incorrectly. Far better to tell the other employees how the company expected them to do things.

For safety reasons the company requires employees who are pumping propane to don gloves and goggles before said pumping. A new General Manager training at our centre was not using gloves and goggles, so I mentioned that he should don these items for his safety. And I told him. And I told him. Many times over the summer I told him – and he continued to not use the safety gear. I told the General Manager about this, and the GM said that he would mention it to the trainee. Nothing changed, so I told the GM that I would complain to my former boss as he had told me to do so if things were not going right, and the GM exploded at me in a loud voice, "You are not on staff any more, so don't complain to.....and don't tell me how to do my job!" Things like this went on daily, for months.

I had told the General Manager many times over the summer that I had no interest in starting later in the day. With arguments between us becoming not only more acrimonious but also a daily occurrence, I eventually told him that, if he scheduled me for closing, I would quit. Well, on the Thursday before the Monday Labour Day holiday, I noticed that I had been scheduled to close on the holiday. I also knew, that if I allowed this to pass, he would use my acquiescence to continue to schedule me on late shift. So, when the GM came in just before opening that Thursday, I told him that, as I had told him that I would resign if he assigned me closing duties, since he had done so, I would do so, and that my last day would be Saturday.

Foolish? Yes, in some ways, but in other ways, no. I know that a boss has the right to employ his help as he needs them, but I also know that a good boss will not switch employees schedules if the switch moves employees to places where the non-performance of one employee (my replacement, who would not be filling out the reservation log as completely as is necessary to make it a useful tool) will disrupt the work-flow (and make one employee quit – especially when the employee threatening to quit was one of his two most experienced people). I could go on about this for dozens of pages, but I will spare you. Suffice it to say, my disgust with the company (and incompatibility with the General manager) led me to a decision I should have come to years ago. I guess that my fear of being without an income was finally overpowered by my abhorrence at being constantly subject to ridicule and being yelled at in front of other employees and customers.

From my verbosity you can all see that I still have pent-up resentment over my time at U-Haul.

So.

Four months it has taken me to find other employment. I could have found work earlier, but I was determined that any new employment would not be a minimum-wage way of just getting income. Also, at my "advanced" age, one of the few pleasures I have left in life is reading the Sunday paper on Sunday morning, so I ruled out looking at the retail field (even though I have decades of top-notch retail experience) after exploring many of the current retail job openings, most of which required "flexible" hours (which always translated as working Sundays). Fortunately, the unemployment insurance money I have been getting nicely supplemented the relatively large amount of money I have in my bank account, sustaining me during this job search without me having to draw down any of my retirement money.

I know that I have probably bored most of you to tears (or sleep) with the above account – I guess that I am still so upset at the corporate anorexia and the other problems endemic to U-Haul that I feel that I must expound upon them at length. Or at part length – I have written just a small amount about my frustration with my former employer. Anyway, cutting to the chase, I now have a job. Actually, when I first wrote this I did have a job, for all of seven days. For the first time in my life I got fired – and I am still so upset at the unfairness of what happened that I really do not want to discuss the situation. However, having been fired on a Friday, I utilized the weekend to again check the Sunday newspapers. It turns out, though, that this was not necessary. On the following Tuesday, I was called by a company to which I had applied a month earlier. After a short telephone conversation, I drove down to their main local office and was offered a job. I accepted. The pay is the same as I was making when I left U-Haul, so it is not the greater pay for which I was hoping. But it is a job, and I started training on the following Thursday. It has turned out to be a kind of fun job even though there is a complicated amount of stuff to learn.

The company is called Teletech (headquartered in Denver, it has offices in South Carolina, Tucson, Auckland, Sydney, London, and three in the San Fernando Valley – I work out of the Van Nuys office), and it is a call centre which allows employees to pick their shifts from those available. The company operates as call centres for other companies – the section in which I am working is one of several call centres used by Bell South as a place to explain products and features to its customers. A help centre, as it were. Learning all of the features, interactions, and other such things well enough to help customers is not too easy – I mean, Bell South has eight different Call Forwarding options, and part of my job is helping customers pick the correct option (or to help them use them if they do not understand what they have). And this from somebody who utilizes absolutely no features on his own telephone. Anyway, I spend eight hours a day talking to people in nine southeastern states. And it is fun, I am having many wonderful conversations. (All this may stop when the monitors tell me that I am having too much fun.) It is my understanding that Bell South is so happy with our performance that they may be closing their other similar operations and moving them to us. As it is, our company is training new groups of 20 people every seven business days. I also have heard that Teletech is going to have to waive their “no promotions for six months” rule and promote some new people to supervisory positions soon and I just may apply for one of these positions (I can use the extra money) if I can just convince myself that I will not mind working some shift that might be 3 pm to midnight and require working on weekends. My current shift (picked because I like it) is 6 am to 2:30 pm, Sundays and Mondays off.

Someday, maybe, I may write up all of the problems I had with U-Haul; but, if I do, I will not bore you with such a long report. I really doubt that I will ever get myself up to writing this, but if I do, I will send it to the president of the company.

In the meantime, I maintain my, er, tradition of holding jobs well outside of the fannish mainstream of such matters – true to my wont of being politically incorrect in just about everything, I guess.

YYY

There is a practical use for everything – the navel is a fine place to hold the salt when you're eating celery in bed.

I suppose that people keep going back to see the movie *Titanic* hoping that, one of these times, the ship won't sink.

Santa Claus is an anagram of Lee Harvey Oswald – if you add a few letters and take away a few others.



In a loc to NO AWARD 2, Wm. Breiding wrote, in part,

"I was sorry to see you mention that the only reading you enjoy is of a science fictional nature. That's fine but... There are many great works out there enclosed between book covers, both hard and soft, and they are just as wild and sensational including all of it at its best. A good case for my argument for wider reading is Mike Glycer's piece, and your good taste in publishing it. This was just a damned good essay and could have easily been published in a non-fan magazine. From this I get the indication that you like good writing. You will find more good writing outside the sf field than within, both in fiction and non-fiction. There is even a 'new' category forming in the last few years called "creative non-fiction" where Mike's piece would have fit perfectly. The next time you head out to a used book store check the non-fiction for a series called *Best American Essays*, which I believe is up to its fourth or fifth volume by now. I don't think you'll regret the few bucks you spent for it and you'll have a few evenings of fascinating reading."

Well, Wm., you certainly make a good point, and I must say that there is a lot of good writing out there. What I was pointing out, though, was a personal preference of mine of several decades standing (leading to the purchase of several thousand books). It is not that I do not have bookcases filled with hundreds of non-science-fictional books, a quick browse through the shelving showing me writings by Plato, Gide, Bertrand Russell, texts of essays, philosophy, history, sociology, economics, specific books like *The Portable Curmudgeon* by Jon Winokur and *The Leaky Establishment* by Dave Langford.

Your fine paragraph got me to thinking that I should re-invigorate my mind, I decided that I should peruse at least one of these fine tomes, and I decided to re-read the Langford book. After all, I had flown to England several years ago just to pick up a copy from the author. As a matter of small interest, he was on the train I got on at Gatwick Airport and we also shared a taxi at the end of the line as we went to our hotels near some small gathering being held in Brighton. Anyway, I think that I am only the sixth person in the world to read *The Leaky Establishment* (at least I assume that the book was read by Dave and his wife and also by Steve Green [who was mentioned all over the book]). The other two people I know who have read the book are the two people to whom I remember loaning it - Larry Niven and Mike Glycer. I am certain that anybody else who wants to read this book can visit Dave who is probably using boxes of them as barricades to hold off damp-rot or some such ailment to which British houses seem prone.

In the interest of being up-to-date in the desultory manner to which I am sometimes prone, I gave Glycer the book so that he could give it a spiffy review, after which I expect all one of you to begin pestering Dave for copies; all, of course, in the interests of reducing the size of the barricades so that the damp-rot will have a sporting chance of taking over his house. -- *Marty*

CRIMINAL MIND DARK COMEDY

by Mike Glycer

Marty Cantor greatly admires Dave Langford's satirical novel, *The Leaky Establishment*. It's a story spun from Dave's experiences working at a British nuclear research establishment in the 1970s, although his fictionalized coworkers are so comically exaggerated and the things they do are so improbable that only their lawyers will recognize them.

Marty bought a remaindered copy from Dave in 1987 at the Brighton Worldcon and enjoyed the story so much he wanted to help it gain a wider fannish readership. But Marty didn't want that so desperately that he immediately started publishing *No Award* and wrote the review himself. No, Marty's a patient man, willing to wait, like

those Tralfamadourians who started the human race in order to get a spare part to fix their spaceship. First, Marty waited ten years to start *No Award*. Then he assigned me to write the review. And I made sure he waited a lot more.

I admit the reason is that I was envious. Every time I'd sit down at the keyboard I'd ask myself, "After all, is Dave out there writing an article-length treatment about *my* pro sale?" And I'd work instead on something I found a little less emotionally-charged, like another editorial about TAFF, or an obituary.

I procrastinated so loudly and long that people began to suspect. An evening came when there was no more possibility of escaping. "How far have you gotten with Marty's article?" Diana asked. I answered, "If I write something, I will have begun." She pointed emphatically in the direction of the computer and ordered me to work.

Dave's novel, *The Leaky Establishment*, is a locked-room mystery in reverse. His character, Ray Tappen, borrows a filing cabinet from work to use at home and unknowingly also takes home a plutonium warhead. He spends the rest of the book trying to infiltrate the warhead back where it belongs without Security or his boss discovering it ever left the facility. The problem assumes such epic proportions that everyone becomes entangled, even the Queen.

It begins innocently. "Hi, Roy," said young Llewellyn, making yo-yo motions with the string bag dangling from one hand. Inside was a dull metal sphere, not as big as a football. Roy's not bothered when Llewellyn leaves this 200-kilogram maguffin in his wastebasket as he dashes to the loo: "When dull metal spheres not as big as footballs were forever passing across one's desk, in and out of labs, or being stowed under canteen tables during lunch, it was difficult to take them as seriously as some would prefer."

This glimpse of scientists as casually indifferent towards plutonium aims to shock us in a humorous way. It violates everything we know about nuclear safety – assuming, as is true of most fans, that all the science we know comes from Heinlein stories. Who can forget the image of John Ezra Dahlquist coming home from the long watch in a lead coffin? Or Rhysling, made a blind poet of the spaceways while dumping atomic fuel in a spaceship emergency?

For example, we know from Heinlein's "The Long Watch" that the fissionable material used in bombs is housed inside a casing made from a type of metal able to contain the most dangerous particles. The flow of neutrons that does pass through is theoretically only dangerous after prolonged exposure, which technicians avoid by monitoring a telltale strip of film worn on their wrist.

Well, if your knowledge of nuclear weapons hasn't progressed past whatever Manhattan Project research was declassified by the Truman administration you're likely to come away from *The Leaky Establishment* resentfully disbelieving that Dave Langford could tease about a serious health risk like plutonium poisoning. Fortunately, we get to eavesdrop as protagonist Roy Tappen explains the science to his skeptical wife:

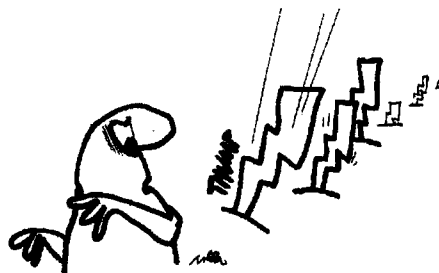
Tappen took the wheel and delivered a short, husbandly lecture on nuclear nasties as he drove: how the hollow plutonium core was safe as houses... and how the aluminium jacket kept the naughty parts as securely locked away as a nun's, the whole thing unable to do anything antisocial unless one inadvertently surrounded it with plastic explosive to collapse it and make it go, er, supercritical...

Wait – an aluminium jacket? They wrapped the plutonium with gold in "The Long Watch." Admittedly, Langford's preface warns us he's deliberately blurred the technology, and we all know that Admiral Heinlein, writing at the height of the Cold War, wouldn't have blabbed anything important. Maybe they both fibbed about the metal casing. For all we know the warheads are dipped in chocolate.

Once the serious scientific premise is established – that Tappen's warhead is no more dangerous than a lot of household items – Langford is free to treat the plutonium core like any of the other humorous icons whose appearance at the right moment in the story is good for a chuckle.

The scientists also seem harmless, preoccupied by everything but research. Joseph Nicholas may very well curse Langford's satire for dealing a cruel blow to world disarmament by convincing the readers that the nuke es-

tablishment is hopelessly incompetent and in no danger of enabling Britain to wage nuclear war. Yet Langford's inept scientists still shine like geniuses alongside anyone else: the characters from other professions are even sillier.



For example, Tuckerized journalist Steve Green makes the mistake of publishing the story he gets from Tappen and a co-worker at the local pub in return for a round of drinks. Tappen and Llewellyn down their pints and send him on his way with this perjury: "Actually, we have to drink beer for health reasons.... Well, as you know, we work in the middle of deadly neutron contamination, and these neutrons can build up in bodies, causing obesity and proctalga. Fortunately, they're soluble in alcohol...." "Twelve pints, I've already had today," said Llewellyn."

Tappen gets to enjoy few such moments of superiority. Most of the time he is more like Wooster with no Jeeves to save him, as *The Leaky Establishment* turns the nuclear research center into a goldmine of laughs. Jokes are set up and triggered in the deft Langford style, and, rather like *Ansible*, the pace runs a joke per paragraph. There is a risk of squandering the effect unless you force yourself to set the book down after a chapter. If you wouldn't devour a *Far Side* or *Dilbert* collection in one sitting, neither will you want to speed-read this novel.

Tappen is constantly revising his schemes for smuggling the warhead back into the research center, and a parade of distractions keeps him from accomplishing any of them. Security and clerical staffers interrupt him daily to account for equipment, documents and supplies. They disapprove of his laxness and offer stern advice, such as, "[That] bond paper with the Confidential heading should be treated as confidential and kept securely locked away even though it hadn't yet been written on."

The suggestion to lock away blank paper that merely says "Confidential" deserves Tappen's scorn. Of course, there was the time my grandmother gave me some blank paper to sketch on during our 1964 summer vacation in Delaware – at least, it was blank on one side, the logo of the War Department was imprinted on the other. (It had belonged to my late uncle, a civil engineer during World War II.) I happily resorted to the typewriter and began turning out official correspondence notifying my aunts, uncles and cousins in Delaware that their lawns were about to be dredged to allow passage of the battleship Iowa to the Philadelphia Navy Yards, or become gunnery ranges. My grandmother looked up the addresses I wanted and mailed the letters for me. Most of my relatives were too canny to be taken in, realizing that the War Department had been renamed the Defense Department when Eisenhower was president, and that hadn't been anytime recent, even then.

The Leaky Establishment is invested with all the delightful characteristics found in Dave's humorous fan-writing. He has the same flair for lucid prose found in a lot of UK writers, from Bob Shaw to C.S. Lewis; maybe it's the educational system. As a stylist, Dave ruthlessly trims away scaffolding words. (That leaves more for me, and I've tried to use them all in this article.) As a humorist, he engages in lots of sophisticated wordplay, and moves freely between the high-brow and low-brow.

At one point his description of "guard dogs of amazing ferocity and incontinence" fashions a parallel structure from two high-sounding but incompatible words, while providing something for the groundlings. Actually, there's surprisingly much for the groundlings in this book. Excreta, bad smells, farting, drunkenness are oft-revisited sources of humor. It's a little odd to find him, shall we say, applying a variety of off-colors not usually found on the *Ansible* palette.

Should we worry how closely the Tappen character resembles the author? No. We know better than to become snared in the naïve, fannish trap of automatically identifying the creator with his protagonist. For one thing, we can clearly tell Dave apart from his protagonist based on this early description of Roy Tappen's lab security pass, "...with a photo labeled R TAPPEN, SSO, but in fact showing an unshaven homicidal maniac with a crippling hangover and at least one glass eye, photographed after forty-eight hours of strenuous axe-murdering."

Dave also assures us in an Author's Note, "There is of course barely a grain of truth in this book. All the characters are quite fictitious, as are the Civil Service eccentricities and peccancies inserted for the sake of the plot... I state the obvious because it's been suggested to me that my fantasy research establishment could be taken as a portrait of the real one where I chased neutrons in my carefree youth. Perish the thought." And I say a wink is as

good as a nod to a blind man. We can depend that *The Leaky Establishment* contains no autobiographical bits. We should not be disturbed that Marty's copy of the book is autographed, "Best wishes from the seaside at Chernobyl. Wish you were here." It's purely coincidental how faithful Dave's completely made-up situations are to what we at the IRS laughingly refer to as our real lives.

One commentator about television comedies said humor flows from two main sources: jokes, the amusing by-play of ideas and images, and character, the exploration of human behavior and interaction. This axiom came to mind after I finished reading *The Leaky Establishment* focuses on jokes. The last 20% is driven by character development. The early text is dense with clever wordplay, and the main plotline advances slowly as Dave digresses into a number of situations that can be mined for more humor. This early narrative is warped by the extra gravity required to force the story to set up punchlines.

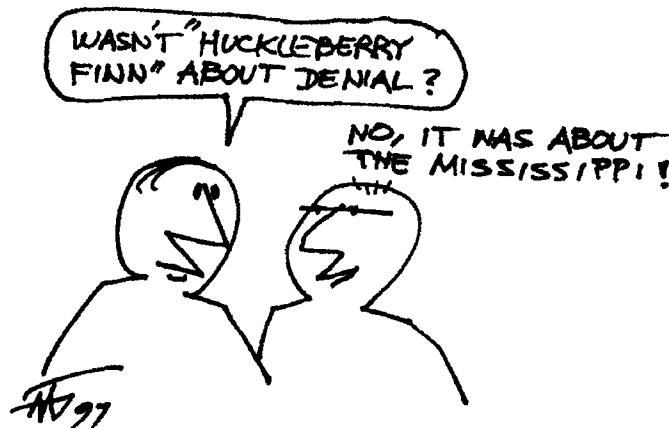
The last few chapters pick up the narrative pace. And as the story winds up, Dave widens his focus and gives us a really good look at someone besides his point-of-view character, Tappen. Dr. Roger Pell finally gets to breathe and wave his arms onstage as a character who matters. Until then, he's simply identified as a source of eccentric, jerry-rigged household gadgets. He ultimately turns into the book's most developed and lifelike character, a warped Dickensian type of scientist who towers over the landscape of other satirical caricatures.

Neither Tappen nor Pell have the personality we expect in scientists. what kind of personality is that? The answer is in yet another Heinlein short story, "It's Great to Be Back!", about a husband and wife who couldn't wait to get off the Moon discover they can't wait to move back. One of the things they realize is that Loonies are so much nicer. Why? Father Heinlein prods, "You know the answer: Intelligence. It costs a lot to send a man to the Moon and more to keep him there. To pay off, he has to be worth a lot. High I.Q., good compatibility index, superior education - everything that makes a person pleasant and easy and interesting to be around."

Dave Langford himself would seem to be the proof of the theory that the type of person selected to work at a highly classified research facility must have many sterling qualities. For if not to the Moon, I know people who will fly to Portland, Minneapolis or another place they wouldn't ordinarily feel the urge to visit if Dave will be present as fan GoH.

Instead, Dave's portrayals of his old co-workers at *The Leaky Establishment* warn us not to believe Heinlein about scientists' amiable personalities. They aren't making the kind of physicists Heinlein knew anymore. If anything, it's a favor to society that today's technocrats (who are simply loony in the original sense) are penned together on a reservation - at least during working hours.

YYY

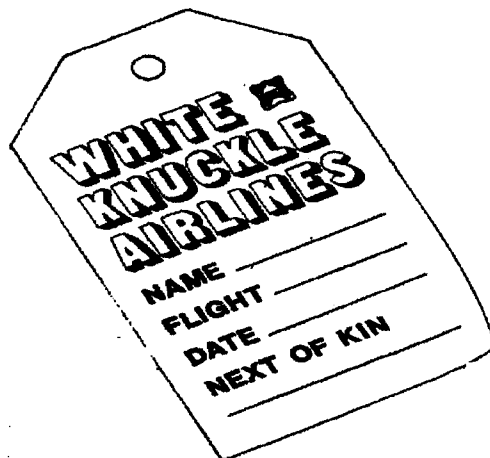


ROTSLER REPRINTS

by Bruce Pelz

from MASQUE combined with KTEIC, 1983

3 May 1983 John Trimble called today to see when I was going to Phoenix for Leprecon. Seems Bjo is afraid of flying. I said I'd put a tag on her blouse and be certain to get her to the hotel. Of course, within an hour I had created the tag over there to the right, when I will punch & add string and put on her luggage.



Naturally I told John that over 30,000 feet freckles fall off; suggested I scoop them up & we can spray glue her later and have her roll in 'em.

24 Nov 1982 There I was, sitting in the Imperial Terminal reading *Only in L.A.* by a new mystery writer I've found named Murray Sinclair. Neola Graef was due in from Maui and the Imperial Terminal is the Cheapo airline terminal across LAX from the main terminal. There was a large dog in a shipping crate who started to bark & growl. I paid no attention, as Sinclair had written a good book.

Shortly thereafter I find a large tan snarling dog on my crossed knee. There is a heavy duty $\frac{3}{4}$ " strap going from his collar to the straining hands of a tall, skinny woman. The strap is practically quivering with strain and the Hound of the Baskerville, which he strongly resembled, is going HATE/HATE/HATE at me.

Now some of you know or may remember that I seem to have this thing with dogs, this communication thing. I didn't move, I just looked at the dog. Rather, I looked at the dog. People on the row behind me sucked in air and there were a few "Er..." and "Uhs" around. I looked hard at the dog and never looked up at the woman.

"Take that dog away," I said, "Or I will kill it." (Sucking in of air by bystanders coordinated with noticeably moving away). The dog stopped snarling and barking and we looked at each other. As the saying goes, we were eyeball to eyeball and he blinked. He allowed himself to be moved away. I continued to read, being the Mr. Cool I am. (Besides, I've never gotten the shakes afterwards. The danger is over, isn't it?)

from his Westercon report

One day, in the coffee shop, we had a waitress, rather pretty in a stocky way, who had laryngitis or something. The next day she took my breakfast order and I started kidding around with her. When she delivered the breakfast she said something to me in French. I answered, "Merci beau coup, mamzelle." When she started to really talk French, I stopped her.

"I have not exhausted my lexicon of French," I said, "except to ask you to go to bed with me...and I won't! So you've got to stop pestering me about it! I'm just not going to do it!"

She took it in good spirits and when she came back I told her, "Now see here!" You've got to control yourself! I am not going to bed with you."

Soon after the Trimbles joined me and without knowing what had gone before, saw her come back with coffee. "All right," I grumbled. "All right, I will go to bed with you, but you've got to promise a few things." I had her attention, also a slightly open-mouthed Bjo. "You've got to promise not to speak French; you've got to promise not to be too noisy; and you've got to promise to be grateful." The waitress looked pensive. "I dunno about the grateful part," she said. "Oh, how silly of me," I said. "Of course, there would be no need for that!"

The waitress asked what our (the Trimbles & I) relationship was. At once Bjo said of me, "He's my father." And I said John was her illegitimate son. The waitress said she was a psychology student and had been taking notes. She must have a closetful, we thought.

But the best line, I think, came from our GoH, Phil Klass (William Tenn), who stomped up to Terry Carr, sitting in the nice spacious lobby bar with the Ace editor & myself. He threw down a check in front of Terry and growled, "Now tell your goons to lay off!"

from KTEIC, 1976

TELL ME A STOREE After a long delay I've started telling Sharman bedtime stories again. Some of you will remember the tales of Princess Sharman, Bruce Brucè (the 6" fairy) and Horus the horse, who is really an enchanted prince who returns to his true form when he gets knocked out. For the sake of my "new" readers I might say that their wanderings are great, through time and space, with kings, evil queens, witches, warlocks, cats, dinosaurs, fat ladies, eunuchs, flying carpets, submarines (the Nautilus, in fact), spear carriers, mysterious castles, iron maidens – and iron mares for Horus, trolls and fairies, starships, illusions, wonders, aliens, and always – cliff hangers. In addition to the above mentioned, we have:

Princess Ondine, a 6" fairy princess.

Mitch the Witch, who has in his moat Brock the Crock (but, it turns out Brock is mechanical, controlled by 008, inside, who "tries harder").

Baron and Baroness Mordo, who I wrote in before I found out they had an alternate existence in Marvel Comics.

Captain Nemo, Ali Baba, Jr., and Uk the Barbarian.

There is Herbert the spider who longs to be A*R*A*C*T*U*S!

Two of my favorites were/are (since like Marvel Comics, no one ever completely disappears!) Sister Eric Marie the Leather Nun with the heart of gold, and Tex Tetrzini, the Cowboy Pope.

A new character is Galumph Morble, the Self-Styled King of the Trolls, who lurks under a musical bridge.

Then there was the time Princess Sharman was magically shrunk to 6" and started to get it on with tiny Bruce Brucè, overcoming his fairyhood with her great sensuality...only at the improper moment she began to resume her natural size and he slipped out...

Or...

Oh, well, you get the idea.

YYY

I applied for a visa, so the government gave me a MasterCard.

UNDER THE HOOD

by Ed Green

Almost two years ago, the Hyundai sedan I owned tossed a piston rod, trying for an Olympic record and succeeding merely in killing itself. I started shopping around for a new car, and bought, of all things, a 1996 Nissan pick-up truck. Well, it's called a pick-up truck, but it's small enough and light enough that it's more of a station wagon that's missing its back seat and part of its roof. It was what I could afford at the time, and considering how much stuff I end up hauling about, it fit in with my needs, but it's an odd car to own out here in L.A. fandom. Most of the cars owned by fans fall into two broad categories, neither of which includes trucks.

First is the shitty, 20 year plus old models. These may not be 20 years old, but we wear them out pretty fast. Fans have this wonderful way of marking their vehicles. It usually requires layers of road dirt on the outside of them, or layers of stuff on the inside of them. Especially impressive are the aging fast food bags that drift up on the passenger's seat.

I dread the words, "It's in my back seat!"

That's when I find myself involved in an archeological dig. Not searching for the Ark of the Covenant, but discovering more about the feeding habits of the car's owner than I ever wished to know. There's always that magic moment when I move something to one side, and I see a green paw, covered with purple fur, quickly reach up from the depths and move the item back. If someone is around when it happens, I'll count my fingers quickly and step away from the car. If no one is around, I'll try to stun it into stillness with a metal flashlight I keep handy.

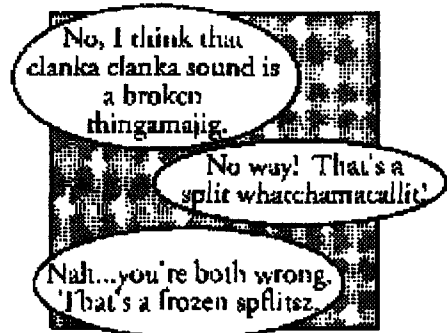
If you ever hear a far away cry of, "Hey, my car isn't starting!", run away. Maybe on TV, the chief engineer just looks at the warp engine and with a kick, a curse, or a shot of alcohol, the engine burps to life. The chief saves the day, and gives the show a decent recovery out of a commercial.

In real life, you get a gaggle of fans trying to crowd under the hood. Every one of them knows what the problem is. Every one of them will tell you how to fix it. No two solutions involve the same part of the engine block. Sometimes they don't even involve the same end of the car. And none of the solutions are correct.

It's kinda fun to watch the process. A sick kind of fun, perhaps indicating deeper emotional problems, but fun. If it is your car, leave the keys with someone and go to a movie. Or a used car lot. Don't hang around. Crying just upsets everyone. And the tears won't replace that magneto coil.

There's always two or three fans who can actually use the tools to fix the car, or would if they could get all the tools and all the parts at the same place at the same time. I love my fannish friends. I just wish that they would learn the phrase, "I don't know."

The other general type of fannish car owner has a brand new car, usually a sedan. Fans don't indulge in the mundane game of comparing sizes of anything in a car, something I am grateful for. It's a filthy game I overhear regularly at my office. The fan usually just shows the damn thing off for five minutes and walks away looking happy. The rest of us are amazed that anyone trusts such a creature





with that much of a long term loan.

Most frightening are the owners of new Saturns.

When someone you know announces they've bought a Saturn, it's like watching one of your friends get taken over by some weird far Eastern religion. When they first get the car, they bring you over to the vehicle, and they stand by the doors. With arms raised up in near prayer, you can hear the little moans of joy. You get the feeling they are trying to levitate the thing. What the hell kind of air freshener are they spraying inside the car when they leave the dealer's room?

And then comes "the mantra". The Service Contract. The Maintenance Schedule. The Tire Rotation. All administered by someone of almost divine power called "The Mechanic."

How do they learn the rituals so quickly?

What happens in those small rooms with the sales consultants? Is the coffee doped? Does someone drag the limp bodies into the bays in the back between vehicle services? I picture them being strapped to the hydraulic lifts and raised up. Once they're at chest level, smiling service reps pop the top of their skulls open. Practiced hands attach the jumper cables to the brain stem and fire up some dark machine in the corner. Gray matter is fried, to be replaced by micro versions of the sales brochures. A quick touch to the sides of the skull with the air gun, and the new cult members are sent forth, to spread the word.

Perhaps it's nothing so hi-tech. Could it be just a quick prick of a finger, and a blood mark on a leathery parchment?

I don't care who or what people worship, but this is weird. Saturn owners get routine maintenance performed as often as some people go to church. I keep looking inside Saturns, searching for a clue. For the rings of melted wax on the dash boards, the ash of burnt incense, some proof of the rituals that are performed by the drivers. There must be something done to keep the demons under the hood content. I've seen three sets of friends go down this road. They need serious help. Soon, when I have the courage (and a M14 rifle), I'm going to sneak into the garage of a Saturn owner and find out the truth.

The truth is out there. It's covered in the extended maintenance contract.

~~YYY~~

I am a Saturn owner and I say that I do not need no steenkin' badges extended maintenance contract.. -Monty

The lion's mane is a sign of virility designed to attract the female of the species – not unlike the human equivalent, the toupee.

How do you stop a rhino from charging? Take away its credit card.

The right whale was so named because it turned right at the East Coast and avoided beaching itself, unlike the extinct left whale

Loc 'n Lead

this is the letter column

GEORGE FLYNN: P.O. Box 1069,
Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge, MA 12142,
USA

Thanks for *No Award* #2 (which I have been remiss in not loccing 'till now). Good to hear from you again (there are few enough active fans who are older than I am).

By the way, your title has been brought to the attention of the committee currently cleaning up the language of the Hugo rules. The pithiest comment I've seen so far is that "No Award" (with quotes) would be a nomination, while No Award (no quotes) wouldn't.

Well, pith on you, too. So you are maintaining that other fans can tell me how I am required to title my zine? Is this somehow related to the presumption that Boston rules fandom? Hah! Everybody knows that LASFS rules fandom. I will have you know, sir, that I will call my zine NO AWARD and I will eschew the using of quotation marks on either side of the name. So there.

Mike's report was interesting, and Skel's piece whetted my appetite. Fortunately, I've just been to Ditto/Octocon in Cincinnati, where I ate well.

Also fortunately, you apparently did not use your appetite on Mike as he is still around.

NICKI LYNCH: P.O. Box 3120,
Gaithersburg, MD 20885, USA

I don't know if you saw the tribute Murray Moore did for Harry Warner, Jr. (I think it was in FAPA and distributed to a few others), but it's good that people are being honored while they are still around to appreciate it. I still can't believe that Bill Rotsler is gone. It was so sudden. The real surprise was Ross Pavlac. Less than a year and he was gone. I was worried we'd lose Ian Gunn, but he seems to be getting through his bout with cancer. This coming *Mimosa* has a number of tributes to departed fans and it has me a bit worried. One loccer expressed concern about what will happen to fandom when the last of the fannish founders have died. I think we're seeing it start to happen.

*Another year of the jackpot, I guess. And, as fandom gets older, we shall be seeing more of it. As for the Murray Moore contribution, I knew that it was in the works as Murray had contacted me about the contributions which originally appeared in *Holier Than Thou*. Naturally, I wrote Murray that I had only used original rights and that the original authors of the three articles would have to give their permission for reprint.*

As for fans being honored whilst they are still around, I do believe that fandom does a better job of that than does the rest of the world (except for all of the hoopla lavished on media celebrities — and in fandom's case, our egoboo is mostly more sincere). It is not just the Hugo awards to which I am referring, but there is the egoboo which is to be found in fanzine review columns and other mentions in zines which show fans that they are appreciated. Compilations of works and histories and such are also ways that fans are honored.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: 423 Summit
Av., Hagerstown, MD 21740, USA

I'm very glad to find you publishing a fanzine again, and I'm even gladder that I locced your last fanzine before this issue. It would be a terrible thing to know I hadn't responded to the first issue of *No Award* six years after receiving it.

Harry, as it is as impossible to conceive of a fanzine without a Warner loc as it is to conceive of a fanzine without a Rotsler illo, this is your ticket to immortality. After all, Rotsler made the mistake of leaving hundreds of years of illos behind so he did not have to stay around, but you have not done the same with your locs, so you will just have to stay here to produce your required quota of locs.

You are wise to have done as you narrate in the editorial, hang onto a job even though it's not as good a job as it might be. Time after time I was on the verge of quitting when I was in my fifties and the newspaper job went sourer and sourer, somehow I endured it.

As you can see from my editorial, after eight years at U-Haul, I just could not take it any more. My thoughts on my employment situation are contained in the editorial, and I hope that I can remain employed until I have the financial wherewithal to retire.

Mike Glyer makes the Sierra Madre parade seem almost fannish in general atmosphere and execution. It's hard to be sure from faint memories of boyhood, but I believe Hagerstown's Halloween parade used to be a fun thing and mostly informal, too, when I was growing up.

Harry, you are only slightly older than I, so what you were probably viewing was Piltdown Man on parade.

Skel's article proves how fandom has changed. There was a time, around the middle of the century, when peanut butter on bread was the utmost in gourmet experiences for many fans. Now it's rarely mentioned among fine dining experiences, and it's often slighted, as it is here. I remember once planning a fanzine story based on the Nero Wolfe books in which several New York City fans asked the great one to discover what had caused their Worldcon bid to be lost. In my story, Archie would get so interested in fandom that he would get into trouble by writing fanzine articles in his notebook while he was supposed to record the conversations, Theodore would quit his orchid room duties in terror after one fan told him the plots of several old prozine stories in which mutated orchids poisoned, strangled and hypnotized their keepers, and the culminating catastrophe would come when the fans were invited to one of Fritz's finest dinners and said they would rather have peanut butter sandwiches.

The only thing that bothers me about the misidentification of the author of the item in your first No Award is the possibility that some revisionist fan historian may seize upon this matter decades in the future and use it as the starting point for his revelation that I wrote everything published under Terry Carr's byline in fanzines so he would have enough time to do his professional editing and fiction writing. If Laney and Burbee could turn Al Ashley into a non-existent slob, it could happen to me.

No way, Harry, we all know that you are an existent slob. (Damn - I sure wish that one of the 214 fonts in this programme automatically denoted humour.)

BUZZ DIXON: 11502 N. Poema Pl.
#201, Chatsworth, CA 91311, USA

Sorry 'bout taking this long to reply to *No Award #2*, but as I told you at Rotsler's memorial service at LASFS (geeze, Bill Rotsler is dead and Joe Straczynski is still drawing breath. IS THERE NO JUSTICE?) we've been moving.

The whole fanzine field seems to have come to an abrupt halt now that people have discovered web pages. I used to participate quite heavily back in

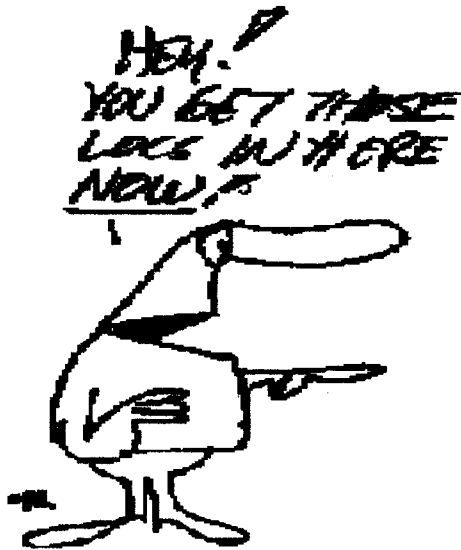
the days of local BBSes, but I've learned that I just do not play well on the Internet since I tend to be rather argumentative and quick on the trigger. In the old days of fandom, when fanzines came out irregularly (if at all), it put the brakes on a lot of what would have become heated discussions simply by allowing time to pass. Now everybody goes for the nukes on the first pass.

A nice theory, Buzz, but I believe that it needs some modification. I mean, fandom would not have had all of those neat feuds if fans had understood that the gap between issues of a fanzine were useful for thinking and other constructive purposes (such as making the rational decision to not feud).

We are up here listening to cougar reports. The last major sighting was just a few blocks up the street from where we live. Soon-ok had been walking in the evening wearing a grey sweat suit but I told her to cut that out as I did not want the mountain lion to mistake her for a large mouse. I don't know what's driven them down from the hills but I hope they find what they're looking for and go home without devouring anymore house pets (or people).

I have not bought any cigars since moving in about a month and a half ago and consumed my last two Montecristos just before the move (genuine Havanas, smuggled in by way of Spain courtesy of my youngest daughter's boyfriend. Does the lad know how to curry favor or what?) I see Cohibas on the market now but know they must be a knockoff brand from somewhere in Central America. H. Upmann's and Macanudo maduros are my favorites, but there's a surprisingly good Te-Amo room clearer (I think they call it a Torpedo) that's as black as ebony and often cheaper than four bucks, it has the best taste of any inexpensive cigar I've smoked but its appearance has a devastating psychological effect on non-smokers. Set fire to one of those babies, even outdoors, and they'll give you fifty yards of privacy.

Ah, the cigar-smoking days when you worked for me at The Smokers' Den in Glendale. I did continue to smoke cigars after I changed jobs and became manager of John's Pipe Shop in Hollywood; however, after leaving the field, I find that I cannot afford the cigars which I enjoy. The only cigar purchases which I have made have been the rare treat for Robbie; however, at \$12.50 each for Monte Cruz Individuales (her favourite), I rarely buy them. Like myself, Robbie is also a pipe smoker, even though she has rarely smoked her pipes in recent years and most of her pipe collection is still in my apartment.



LLOYD PENNEY: 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ONT, Canada M9C 2B2

It sounds like Sierra Madre is a parade all on its own, and it's Mike's turn to parade next year. For a small town, though, it sounds lively and interesting. I grew up in a small town, Orillia, Ontario, home of folkie Gordon Lightfoot, and the city that was Mariposa is Stephen Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*. I have few fond memories, and fancy that when Simon and Garfunkle sang about *My Little Town*, the lyrics describe Orillia perfectly.

I've never eaten with Paul Skelton, but the next time he decides to chance a trip to Toronto, I might join him, and even invite him home for a real French-Canadian meal, prepared by my French-Canadian wife. (You've probably had the odd paté chinois or Tourtiere, Marty...) I've had real tourtiere, and I've never eaten it with ketchup. It should be tasty enough on its own without red stuff, and it sounds like Skel can attest to that. Tortiere, for the uninitiated, is a great meat pie, with the meat consisting of ground beef, veal and pork, mixed together, with spices, and a light pastry crust.

Yes, Robbie has tortured me. Personally, I prefer two other Canadian delicacies prepared by my French-Canadian wife, Maple Sugar Pie and Sugar Pie. This should tell you what is my favourite of the two major food group (with said major food groups being, obviously, Sugar, and Everything Else).

BUCK COULSON: 2677 W. 500 N., Hartford City, IN 47348-9575, USA

Skel's article, "...fans and friends who we wee far too infrequently." It provides a vision of an

entirely new social custom.... I'm not entirely sure I'd like for it to catch on, though.

Ah, yes, the dubious pleasures of not properly proof-reading. It seems, when I put out my first computer genzine (NA #2), I forgot that properly spelled incorrect words would not be caught by the spellchecker. It made for an interesting typo, though.

I seem to have a couple of painful medical problems these days. One was simply a pain in the ass, and was apparently caused by my losing too much weight last year; 130 pounds is pretty skinny for a 6'0" height. Now that I'm gaining back some weight, the pain is decreasing. The other is sciatica in my left hip and down the leg. It might be improving a little, but not so's I can notice. sitting in one position, even in a well-padded seat, can get painful after awhile, which is why I'm not driving these days.

Yeah, I think that we should all go back for some kind of re-design and retro-fit - I believe that our original plans incorporate too many defects. So far, I seem to have been spared defects other than needing glasses and having asthma.

Whilst thinking about re-designing humans, I am wondering about what can be done about these defective days with which we are currently being issued - they are not only getting to be more expensive than they used to be, but they are also getting shorter.

BILL BRIDGET: 4126 Mountain Creek Rd. #6, Chattanooga,, TN 37415, USA

First off, my wife and I were sorry to hear that you and Robbie broke things off. And I am disturbed to think that you might have been reduced to just about one loyal friend, namely Glycer.

Er, Bill, that is not quite right. Mike Glycer can accurately be described as probably my best friend in Fandom, but he is not my only friend in fandom. And I do have other friends who happen to not be in fandom.

That isn't possible, Marty. In the first place, even though you and I disagreed violently at times over things that were going on, I never stop caring about people that I wasn't able to get along with without fighting. I have been a husband and a father for eighteen and a half years, and they do not stop being my daughters every time they get angry at me and say, "I hate you, Daddy." And I stuck to the parenting thing anyway. That's what makes it a family, if you don't hang in there even when they hate you, the they are just acquaintances.

Your afterthoughts on page 16 reminded me that one of my own favorite things to do is to drink a coffee using scoops of chocolate ice cream in place of creams and sugars.

But Bill, there is no substitute for sugar.

WALT WILLIS: 9 Alexandra Rd., Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 0QD

Mike Glyer's piece was fun. It must be nice to live in a place where parades are universally popular. Here, as you probably know, they are based on historical battles or confrontations and regarded as political claims or statements.

I doubt if parades are universally popular around here – they probably are not universally popular in Sierra Madre, a town with a population of about 13,000 people. But enough people in Sierra Madre like their Fourth of July parade that it has been a yearly tradition which predates my residency in that town.

Skel's article was fun, too. He astonished me about muffins. Here they are commonly known as 'muffin cookies' and we get half a dozen delivered by the bakers van every week. I had one at the post con celebratory meal after Tropicon in 1951, and very good it was. Skel also rings a bell with his description of an out of body experience when he was unable, through tiredness, to take part in the conversation. I felt like this most of the time I was at Magicon, and it made me resolve not to go to a convention again.

Robert Lichtman's story was well worth reprinting.

Walt also inquired about the headers I was using (even whilst stating that he was not considering publishing again). I sent him a letter giving him the details. If anybody is interesting, my headers are created in WordArt, an icon in the toolbar accessed in the Drawing icon in Word 7.0.

JOSEPH T. MAJOR: 1409 Christy Ave., Louisville, KY 40204-2040, USA

Well, I read about the little problem the U-Haul founders had. All feuds are bitter but the ones within families are the worst. Anyhow you seem to have got out of the tobacco business not a moment too soon. I suppose it is ironic that the people busy persecuting tobacco smoking out of existence themselves smoked extensively... but not, of course, tobacco.

And now, as you see, I am also out of U-Haul.

My grandfather occasionally grew tobacco. Some of those of my relatives who are still farming have grown tobacco. A note in today's paper pointed out that Kentucky made \$768.1 million growing tobacco last year. Were you not so obviously rooted in California, it might have not have been such a bad idea to move to a more smokeshop-friendly state.

In that climate? Thank you but no thank you. It gets too cold around here sometimes during the winter, but it is usually sort-of tolerable. I have no desire to live any farther North than the San Gabriel Mountains just a few miles North of me. More than 30 or so miles East will put me too far from the moderating influence of the Pacific Ocean so the winter coldness there makes that more or less my Eastern boundary for permanent residency. About 150 miles to the South and I will have to learn another language. (Hell, at times it seems that I should be speaking that language around here.) To the West? Well, I cannot afford a boat, so I am somewhat constrained about how far West I can go. Besides, the moderating influence of the Pacific Ocean becomes an over-moderation when one gets near the beach – I never have the urge to even visit those environs. For the most part, I have most of what I need in Los Angeles. If only it did not get so cold here in the Winter, the anti-smokers would leave California (hell, they should leave the planet), and all of you would move here, life would be perfect.

Some interlineations have no luck. Usually UPS is one of the benefits of living here. The way two-day service works is that it takes one day to ship the package to the hub and sort it, and on the second day it goes out on a flight to the local office for the recipient, where they put it on a brown truck and off it goes. Well, here they do not need that second flight. I always got my computers from Gateway 2000 the day after they were shipped. But the Teamsters strike made things interesting...

Let me in return contribute one:

Louisville International Airport, where you can go anywhere in the world – provided you are a package.

Here is one for you – a headline reported on CNBC:

TYPHOON RIPS THROUGH CEMETARY:
HUNDREDS DEAD

F. M. BUSBY: 2852 14th Ave. West,
Seattle, WA 98119, USA

Skel's digest (oops) of fannish dining brings up a couple of incidents. 1963, a somewhat woozy morning after, Miriam Knight prepares eggs for several of us survivors and it seems a long time between servings. Turns out she is doing the job one egg at a time. (Good, though.)

Switch to 1969. Given a gummint business trip to Falls Church, VA, I've finagled it to straddle Discon weekend. (Actually, I put my intent upfront to my immediate boss, who said Okay as expected.) Sunday afternoon Bob and Peggy Pavlat navigate the car (also carrying Dick Eney, the Evanses, and me) to a DC restaurant address that doesn't appear to exist. Mainly because we're in the wrong quadrant. But finally we arrive, and sit to partake of the house specialties, green turtle soup and green turtle steak. Quite rewarding. The steak takes a little getting used to – but if DC weren't so far to go for dinner, I'd like to try.

I haven't read enough Wm. Burroughs to judge, but I'd like to see anything more that Robt. Lichtman may have done in the same vein as his brief piece here.

C. S. F. BOSTON BADEN: P.O. Box
17522, Anaheim, CA 92817-7522, USA

Another Martyzine! Will wonders never cease. Welcome back, again, to the mailboxes of fandom.

Nah, wonders will never cease. This dinosaur is using a computer.

I see you're learning the joys of desktop publishing. Remarkably few bobbles, too – a line was missing on page 7 of my copy, and I think the heavy bold script typeface introduces a jarring note when you use it for your parenthetical editorial comments. But hey, my first computer-assisted publication was worse! Keep up the good work, and keep at it!

Yeah, I recognize the errors I made lastish – I hope that any errors I make thisish are different ones. One of the errors I made was somehow losing some lines whilst inserting illos from the scanner. I re-jiggered things around until I thought that I had gotten everything back into the proper order; obviously, I did not do a perfect job and a line or two slipped into computer limbo. Well, I still have things to learn about this tool.

TERRY JEEVES: 55 Red Scar Drive,
Scarborough, YO12 5RQ, United Kingdom

I note that you mention 4-hole stencils needing to be re-typed to fit a 9-hole machine. Why not just stick on a new header. I used to do that to make Gestetner stencils fit on my Roneo.

To make a 4-hole Gestetner stencil fit onto a 9-hole Gestetner mimeo is a little different from what you describe – I know, as I have done it many times. No new header is needed as you just punch the appropriate holes into the existing header. The major conversion which is necessary is to tape paper onto both sides of the 4-hole stencil as the drum of a 9-hole machine is wider than the drum of a 4-hole machine. There were two reasons why I did not do this for the 4-hole stencils in question. Firstly, the format of the 4-hole stencils did not fit the format I was using in NO AWARD #1. Secondly, the stencils were obviously quite old and fragile and they did not look like they would survive the printing experience.

Enjoyed Glycer's piece, but Skel's made me hungry. Val and I had tacos in Farmer's Market (*that would be in Los Angeles – Marty*) and enjoyed 'em. Funny Skel has never met muffins in England as most bread & cake shops sell 'em.

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: 23629 Wood-
field Rd., Gaithersburg, MD 20882, USA

How ironic – I'm still reeling from the news of Rotsler's death and trying to respond to some zines... I re-open your envelope and find I'm staring at Rotsler's 10 Commandments... then turn the zine over and... Just can't believe...

I have had tons of Rotsler material on hand for what seems like ages, not passed on because I was always on the verge of pubbing. In the midst of the kipple I discovered Rotsler's 10 commandments. When I went over to his house last summer I showed him the 10 commandments – it turns out that he had forgotten about them. Anyway, as you can see from what I wrote in the ToC/colophon section, there are figuratively tonnes of unpubbed Rotsler illos available to fandom.

JOHN BERRY: 4 Chilterns, S. Hatfield,
Herts. AL10 8JU, UK

It was a very pleasant surprise to receive *No Award* this morning; proving, of course, that it is impossible to keep a trufan down! I really hope that the acquisition of your new computer will now cause a relentless flow of fanzines, making up for lost time.

There are but two things which will probably keep zines from pouring from this computer – finances, and the dearth of material for the zine. Maybe, I have just not reached the right people, and maybe it is that the people who are getting this zine are producing their material for other zines, or putting their stuff on-line – or maybe they are just not interested in contributing to this zine

MEL WHITE: 5338 Heather Glen, Garland, TX 75043, USA

It was so delightful to get your note and copies of *No Award* #2. Over the past few years I had dropped out of fandom, and had lost contact with many friends. So it was a pleasant surprise to see your fanzine in the mail, rather like seeing an old and dear friend standing at my door. Inside its covers were many of my dear old hand dear friends like Mike Glyer and Skel.

I hope that I can continue to bring you your old friends.

I found I experienced a strange longing as I read through the pages. It reminded me how much I had missed fanzines of this type. Much of the information I come into contact with, whether from media sources or from the notorious World Wide Web, seems trivial and banal. It was refreshing to find something of this quality in my mail box once more.

So, instead of trivial and banal, we have trivial and interesting?

MURRAY MOORE: 377 Manley Street, Midland, ONT L4R 3E2, Canada

Hang on to your mouldering mimeos. When you retire, you might choose to print your fanzine again, in a situation of more time than money

Most likely I will have more time than money when I retire, but I doubt that I will return to the old technology. Look. I can produce a better zine on this computer than I can produce on my IBM Selectric, a zine better in all the production values you can name. Therefore, as my inkjet printer cannot cut a stencil, to keep using this computer to produce a zine, I would then have to electrostencil the resulting sheets of paper. This is what I am doing now, on the new LASFS Gestetner – which then, immediately, prints the stencil on the same machine which produced them, and with no hand-cranking or other messy irritations. I see no reason to change my current method of zine reproduction – No Award remains a mimeo'd zine.

I would not have used all of the fonts you used, i.e. the script on page 16, or the screen on the first page of the letter column. I understand that you are experimenting. It must be difficult, given so much choice, to restrain yourself.

You are correct on all point except one. I felt that using a shaded text box was a good way to present a summary of what was in No Award #2. Perhaps there was a better way of doing this, but I like the result of what I did. I am trying to keep my use of all of these wonderful fonts to a minimum. In fact, I am using only what the programme calls Times New Roman for all of the text in this issue and reserving the other fonts for titles and headers and suchlike.

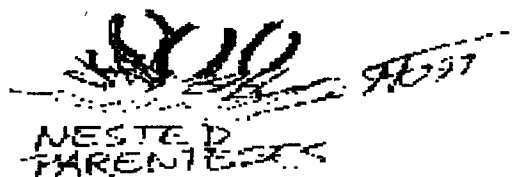
Mike Glyer is in the wrong business, based on his account of the Sierra Madre July 4 parade, if he wrote it from memory, without the aid of notes. Regardless, the result was amusing, and informative about an aspect of California in the late 1990s that I would not read elsewhere.

The parade was going on in Sierra Madre when I lived there (about the early 70s or so, if I am remembering correctly).

From what I have read by Skel, in *No Award* #2 and elsewhere, he certainly enjoyed his visits to North America. I was reminded, while reading of his relation of some of his embarrassing food-related moments, of my first meal with a group of fans.

During Torcon 2 in 1973 I was a member of a group which walked North on Yonge Street from the Royal York Hotel, stopping in a Chinese restaurant. I had never eaten Chinese food. The menu was, um, Greek to me. My quiet consternation was apparent. Another member of our party was concerned enough by the look on my face to ask me if I was okay.

I think that most fans have embarrassing moments when with other fans. One of the nice things about fandom is one of the things which keeps many of us here, and it all comes from the time when all fans seemed to be social misfits. We have tolerance of the social bobbles of others. Usually.


NESTED PARENTHESES

WILLIAM BREIDING: 103 n. 6TH St.,
Fairfield, IA 52556-2840, USA

Your contributors were of exceptionally high quality. Mike Glycer's piece on Sierra Madre had a shimmering prose equal to anything I've recently read in the *New Yorker*. The fact that he was able to pull off this immensely enjoyable bit by just describing a 4th of July parade puts me as firmly as you in his fan club as a writer. By the end of his piece I was ready to pack up and move there. Who knows, I might just yet.

Skel's piece was great fun. I was particularly amused by the peanut butter sandwiches at Bowers' place. I never thought of Bill as being a Wonder bread kind of guy! As far as burritos go – wait until Skel & Cas try some in California – along with all the other great cuisine they have out there. What was most fascinating was Skel's deep respect for the chain or corporate restaurants such as Denny's, HoJo's and Cracker Barrel, which, while being thoroughly professional in their food service, are so very bland. But as he says, "great friends, great times," and I suspect that's really what it was all about. Those bacon muffins sound great, though.

Robert Lichtman's faanish piece was great fun, too, and came at a very opportune time. I have just been finishing up Harry Warner's *A Wealth Of Fable* and so many of these fannish utterings were fresh in my mind and actually made sense, since I knew their reference points. Thanks for reprinting this.

BOB LEE: 1720 Burgundy Rd., Encinitas, CA 92024, USA
Stop WAHFing me.

O.K., anything to keep the troops happy. Er, considering the troops in question, let me modify that. Anything "reasonable" to keep the troops happy. And I get to define "reasonable".

I ALSO HEARD FROM -

Firstly, I heard from a fan (who used to be on my HTT mailing list); he spent two pages (of large type) detailing various errors found in *NA#2*, concluding that he has been gafia for some years, wanting to be removed from my mailing list, and concluding that the entire letter was DNP. Since his name was part of the letter, I will not print it here.

Joseph Nicholas wrote a mostly temperate letter (in not very scintillating prose) complaining about my clunky writing. He also complained about

a few other things in the zine, and I cannot say that I completely disagree with what he wrote. He also wrote a bit of his travels before he settled down to buy a house. Perhaps he should write up some of his travels as has done John Berry. I would consider them for *NA* were he to do so.

Bill Bowers sent me a card which mentioned his *gap* in publishing (he has since produced another *Outworlds*) and a few other things.

Teddy Harvia sent me a card from his temporary posting in Canada. Teddy produced the cover for the first *No Award*. I think that we shall see another cover from him on a future issue of this zine.

Sheryl Birkhead sent another card, asking about needs for illos. I think that those of you who remember her illos in *HTT* will be glad to see her again in these pages.

And, Arthur D. Hlavaty, dear Arthur, a person with whom until recent years traded with me rather putrid Christmas presents, sent me a brochure titled, "When Medicines Cause Constipation," along with a note which said, "This appealed to my sick, twisted mind and might appeal to yours." As I remember it, my last present to him included a can of creamed 'possum and a box of road kill helper. He has sent me such things as a roll of "Toilet Paper Anatomy Game" and "Mad Scientist Alien Blood Compound." I do not know who has won this particular game, but it was great fun.

YYY



What?
You call
this a
LETTERCOOL?

FANZINE REVIEW

A FANZINE REVIEW COLUMN

an in-depth review of one fanzine

PROBE

PROBE: SFSA Clubzine, Post Office Box 781401, Sandton, 2146, SOUTH AFRICA
Available for The Usual or membership (R40/R70; overseas \$20/year surface mail, \$30 airmail)
Review by Joseph T Major

Now and again, SF Fans have wondered if "Is there another fandom out there?" If, by some exotic overlook, yet another subculture of enthusiasts are exchanging their stories, the tales of their enthusiasms, their new books just read and old things done back then, all beyond our horizon, hidden from our sight.

If there is some strange other fandom out there we may never find it. For now, we can approach it in the openings up of fandoms over the world. The efflorescence of fandom in the former Soviet Bloc offered a too-brief recapitulation of fannish history, from the thirties to the nineties, as the Eastern fans went from small, unified communities where everyone knew everyone and everyone had read all the same things, to parity with our current fragmented state, where no fan has anything in common with any other fan, a thousand shards of fannishness too Net-drawn and media-absorbed to produce any fanzines.

But not all the new world was in the Eurasian Heartland. Far far to the south, east of Mae Strelkov and west of *Ethel the Aardvark*, lies the curious land of South Africa. First explored for fandom by the redoubtable Robert Heinlein himself in 1955, this country lay under a veil of mystery and censorship until comparatively recently. Or so it seems.

Yet, from this mere evidence one can assume that Science Fiction in South Africa has a not insubstantial career; holding *Probe* #103 implies that there have been over a hundred more of them. (Recalling the story of Ron Bennett's *PLOY*, the fanzine that began its run with Issue #2 for the purpose of frustrating completists, saying "there have been a hundred and two others" is only a statement of a probability, not a certainty.)

And this is in some ways a very different fannish world indeed. To jump ahead slightly, there is no letter from Harry Warner in the letter column, inconceivable as it may seem. And in fact all the contributors to this issue are exotic, not seen in other fanzines. (Issue #102 did have letters from familiar names; Harry Andruschak and Lloyd Penney.)

Though they are not unambitious, either, as Issue #100 floated a daring (if not insane) suggestion that SFSA (Science Fiction South Africa) "Hold the WorldCon in SA by the year 2000." [*op. cit.* p. 3] Sometime *Probe* editor Tex Cooper may perhaps be forgiven for his lack of knowledge of the voting plan; from the date of that issue (August 1996) he essentially had one year in which to assemble a bid, so it could be voted on in San Antonio in September of 1997. As you know, Chicago won the bid unopposed. However, there is a SFSA group coming to Baltimore for *Bucconeer* so perhaps I may have to answer for this myself.

But as for the Issue at Hand: *Probe* #103 is dated July 1997, a saddle-stapled and printed (!) zine of some 64 pages plus wraparound cover. The editor is Cedric Abrahams, assisted by a variety of active local fans. (Sandton is a suburb of Johannesburg; the history of SFSA in Issue #100 refers to a chapter in Durban which seems to have dissolved and another in Cape Town which has become self-sustaining.)

Cedric's editorial "**Deepthought**" is sadly familiar to club officers the world over. He bewails the dropping-off in club attendance, due to their inability to find a reliable place to meet. (Why they could not use someone's basement, as fan groups from the initial Science Fiction League chapter #1 to our own FOSFA have done, may have reasons other than the usual for us.) Also familiar is the announcement of an increase in membership rates (given above; these do not include a fee of five rand for attending a meeting, ten rand for nonmembers).

As well, this is where he reports on the progress of these pilgrims to *Bucconeer*; they are up to eleven going. Well, there should be a large and interesting group to welcome them to this end of the world. Perhaps they can even set up a Fan Fund.

This is followed by surprisingly brief, in my jaded view, letter column under the certainly descriptive title of "**Esoteric Banter**". This contains five locs of which one is from a member in the U.S., one from a couple in Canada, and one from a fan in Brazil. The leadoff letter, though, contains a salutation that is certain to endear its

author **Gerhard Hope** to faneds the world over: "The Supreme Being". Gerhard is rather annoyed that some people seem to think that SF is no better than *Independence Day*. He also buys into the theory of the erotic vampire. On a somewhat different tack, Gerhard comments on contributor **Deidre Byrne**'s article on the inadmissability of SF to the Literary Canon, and feels somewhat slighted by Dr. Byrne's dismissal of the field.

Deidre has the next letter, which contains a rebuttal of Gerhard's arguments. She argues that works of the Literary Canon are "universal", "complex", and "elite" and therefore above most writing. Since SF makes no pretensions to be any of these, it cannot be Literature with a capital "L". She seems rather behind the trend in official litcrit. And other things: "Does everyone know that Nicola Griffith's novel, *Slow River*, won the Hugo for Best Novel this year?" she says. That's the oddest spelling of "Nebula" I've seen in a while.

These two are the only South African-resident loccers this issue. Expatriates **David Barry & Pia Smets** write from Vancouver with the observation that "Vancouver is quite a good place for sf," as I am sure Graeme Cameron and the rest of the fans in BCSFA would agree. It is quite charming to encounter a fan who proudly observes "Pia and I have read lots of sf these past two years!" And if you thought that *that* name was, well, run into elsewhere, **James Dean** (checking his loc in Issue #100 reveals that he lives in Birmingham, Alabama) will really get your goat. As opposed to his loc, which briefly expresses sentiments that will be music to the ears of any faned: "Probe is better than ever". Finally, from across the sea, **Roberto Schima** of São Paulo, Brazil, has sent a cover letter with his art.

The column ends with a plea familiar to all faneds:

If your LoC was not published then either "Blame the postal service." or
WRITE ONE!!

Probe #103, p. 7

There is presently quite a dichotomy in fanzines these days. The part which publishes fiction is substantial, and seemingly thinks itself original. When you note that the attendance at the annual fanfictionzine convention is larger than all the Corflus and Dittos **put together**, and never mind that that would mean something like twenty Dick and Leah Smiths, that says something about the differing popularity of fanfiction and fannish fanzines.

But in its fiction, *Probe* harks back to an earlier tradition. *New Worlds* the prozine began as *Novae Terrae* the fan publication, and so, apparently lacking any prozine or even semiprozine locally, SA fandom has to resort to its fanzine. Which itself harks back to the old idea of there being a pro in every fan. SFSA holds an annual fiction competition and thish contains four of the top ten stories from the 1996 competition. As Knight observed Kornbluth's stories written to order for the Futurian-edited prozines, these come across more as outlines for larger stories, novels indeed. The first story, "A Township Metamorphosis" by **Nick Wood** deals with the commonplaces of a South African life where apparently you can get really effective plastic surgery. However, this seems tossed in to the main plot, the protagonist's unrealized desires on a neighbor.

This is followed by a humor bit on the temperature of Hell, taken (it is credited) from the **Oracle Service Humor Mailing List**. It has to do with the rate of volumetric expansion vis-a-vis the damned population explosion. If the latter wins out, then "pressure in hell will increase until all hell breaks loose" while if the former overcomes, then "the temperature and pressure will drop until hell freezes over." The devil you say!

The next story is "Scandlewood Mass" by **Bernard Mathey**. It seems curiously refreshing to read a story about a new, pandemic, disease and not have the story be a maudlin, politically correct, allegory on AIDS. The disease in question is a venereal disease that can be transmitted by nonsexual contact, which I would think would be a contradiction in terms. The protagonist has to deal with various factors of the social changes wrought by this deadly plague.

This is followed by "Wormhole", a competition of the type familiar to readers of *F&SF*, *New York Magazine*, or *The Spectator*. The competition this time was to write a story of 99 words or less containing the phrase "the green stars sang". One entry ends: "The Greens' tars' A.N.G." which is a excruciatingly punny use of the phrase.

After this comes a familiar section, an errata box apologizing for the misattribution of a story. It must be painful, for both editor who erred and writer who found his share of glory stolen from him. Ah well . . .

The next story is "Answers" by **Craig Hash**. The story is a diary of a madman, the SF is the problem Asimov discussed in "The Dead Past", the crisis of being able to photograph the past.

After this the media column **Virtually Reel** by Gerhard Hope comes as a welcome change of pace. Media SF in South Africa has a foreshortened perspective, since television did not start there until 1977 and the first SF show broadcast there was *Battlestar Galactica* in 1979. In spite of this most unpropitious beginning Gerhard, at

least, has developed a remarkably insightful and perceptive point of view regarding some matters which, to us, are old hat. Observing a cable TV STAR TREK™ movie marathon, he came to the somehow unsurprising yet fresh conclusion that "It has become so . . . wimpish is the only word that springs to mind." [p. 32] and he proceeds to defend this conclusion with insightful and scathing comments on the creeping unadventurousness of the movies and TV shows. There is, he finds, a growing lack of dramatic tension in the shows and movies. Not to mention some real silliness: "My main objection to ST:TNG is that, especially with the movies, the cutsey-poo antics of Data have become the *raison d'être* for the entire show." [p. 33]

His tossed-off ideas for what might be done offer amusing and interesting alternatives. "I can imagine Terry Gilliam making a *Star Trek* movie: the crew, caught in the labyrinthine, Brazil-like bureaucracy of Starfleet HQ, have to hunt down a missing piece of paperwork before they can be issued with a new ship." [*loc. cit.*] Now that would be an exciting new perspective. Alas, his other proposal, for a TREK film directed by George Lucas, would but founder on the shoals of competing franchises.

Gerard finds similar unadventurousness and stagnation in that other current obsession of mediafen, *The X-Files*. "Chris Carter doggedly strings episodes together like pearls on string (often before a swine of an audience) in pursuit of an overarching conspiracy theory scraping together everything from the Nazis to the Japanese and US governments, and an alien foetus or two." [p. 35]

This incisive commentary alone makes *Probe* worth looking into. I wish some of these people would start striking out into other fanzines.

The last of the stories is "Magic Reborn" by H C Smit. For a change (here anyhow), it is fantasy; a brief sketch of how a mage went dragon hunting and found that his quest itself had changed by the time he achieved it.

Dr. Byrne returns with an article, "Where No Woman Would Want to Go: Colonial and Gender Agendas in *Star Trek: Voyager*" (the desperate editor listed it in the table of contents as "The title is too long to fit" □ way to go, Cedric!) which analyzes *ST: V* in literary terms instead of social ones; i.e., Captain Janeway's decision to avoid sexual liaisons is presented in terms of its relationship to the psychodynamics of women's liberation and sexual politics. The stress on such a community from its leader having a favorite is another matter (and the conflict between such a personal relationship need and a group relationship requirement), it seems.

After this it is a relief to turn to their book review section, "Hard Copy". Gerhard Hope writes a number of them (*Pasquale's Angel* by Paul J. McAuley; *Desperation* by Stephen King; *Endymon* by Dan Simmons; *Engines of God* by Jack McDevitt) but other reviewers are present, too. It should be noted that Gerhard is both unsparing and honest, willing (for example) to present *Desperation* as a lost opportunity, a work not up to its potential, instead of merely attacking King because he is such a big name. Similarly, his scathing criticism of interminable sequelitis, as reflected in *Endymon*, does not prevent him from pointing out that it is a well-written, interest-keeping book in and of itself.

Finally, Dr. Diedre Byrne returns with "Zines". Apparently *Probe* has reviews of all the fanzines it gets. Nine different titles over a period of some four months. There seem to be a lot of faneds out there missing an opportunity for an interesting overseas trade, hint, hint.

To speak of something whereof I have personal knowledge, there is a review of *FOSFAX*, Issues #182 and #185. (Deidre asks "(what happened to #183 and #184, anyway?)". Consulting *Probe* #102 uncovers a review of *FOSFAX* #183 and #184 by . . . Deidre Byrne. The archivist needs a good talking-to.) She seems to be somewhat missing the point about the Arthurian legend being a mainstay of fantasy, saying "As though to demonstrate American's curious disposition to regard members of other nations as aliens, there is an article entitled "Musings on the Matter of Britain" which deals with Arthurian legend." [p. 62] And I had had to tell Martha Berry (though she lives here in Louisville I don't see her hardly enough) about Deidre's rather odd take on Rubbermaid™ containers: "containers called Rubbermaid which can be used to dry flooded homes" instead of keeping things dry in flooded basements as Martha found out during our great rain of last March.

Other fanzines reviewed are *Bardic Runes*, *Ichthyoelectroanalgesia*, *The Mentor*, *Opuntia*, *Proper Boskonian*, *Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin*, *The Space Cadet Gazette*, and *Warp*. They have the beginnings of a good trade list, but surely more faneds would profit by the trade.

It similarly sounds odd to imagine a fanzine with no Rotslers, but this one is sadly lacking. Surely in the vast legacy left by this towering figure there must be enough for these fine people. Besides the ubiquitous Ian Gunn, the principal artist here is Roberto Schima, though some local □ I assume they are local □ artists are also featured. Roberto might also want to try branching out; on the other hand, an arts credit listing referencing the artists by page might also be helpful. I will be so presumptuous to say that the artists would likely appreciate it.

For a fan community separated by physical and metaphysical barriers from the rest of fandom, SFSFA turns out to be remarkably enthusiastic and vigorous, if perhaps a trifle seriously serconnish. Their fanzine is a neat package, being, I think, A4 sheets folded in half within a colored-stock cover.

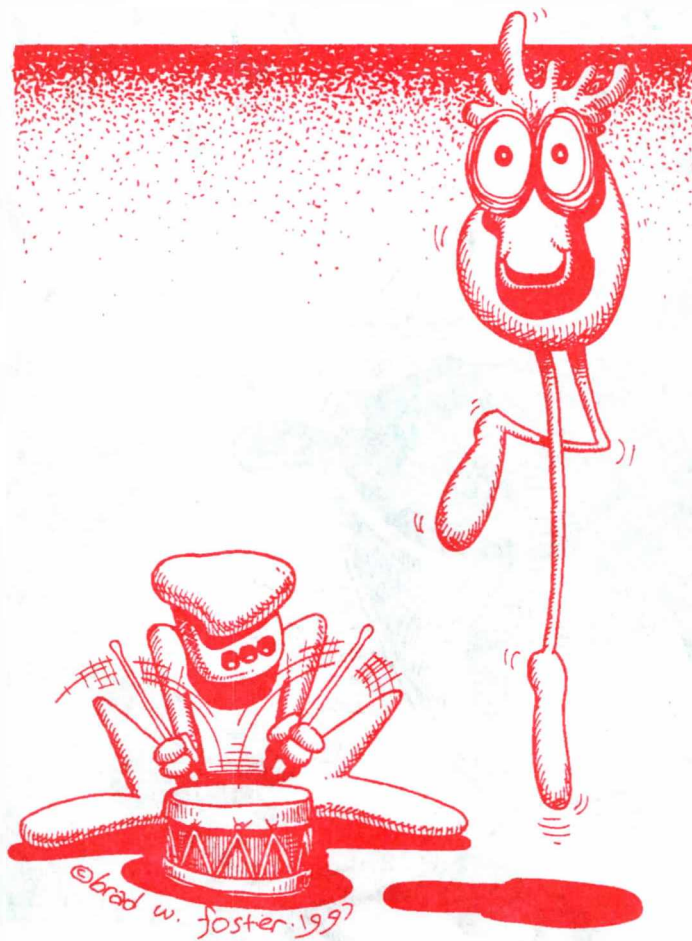
Besides at the snailmail address given above, one can loc *Probe* through its secretary Al du Pisani's email address (gosh that sounds familiar) andriesp@absa.co.za (as one can loc *FOSFAX* through its secretary's email address jtmajor@iglou.com or for that matter comment to me on this review).

Best wishes to Cedric, Gerhard, Diedre, Roberto, and the rest of the SFSA bunch, and I hope that their Close Encounter of the Fifth Kind at Bucconeer in August turns out to be a hearty and happy one.

YYY

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MISTER JITTERS

SPZ:

"COME ON,
JUST"

"ONE
MORE?"



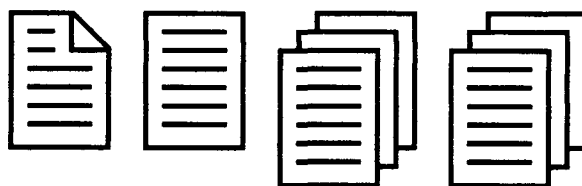
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1997

LASFAPA

wants



YOU



LASFAPA is one of the APAs which was quite large and very successful in the late 1970s and early 1980s. A very interactive APA based in Los Angeles, we were comment oriented and our topics ranged over just about everything. We even held our own con in the early 80s. In the early days we had members in many countries; however, like most APAs, we have had our membership drop over the years but we still produce our mailings monthly. Currently, our membership is divided about equally between members in Northern and Southern California. However small we may currently be, we are still a closely-knit group – but we would like to invite in new people. Heck – if you are a former member, we would enjoy having you back.

Minac is simple – just two pages every other disty for domestic members and two pages every third disty for overseas members.

Anybody interested in joining (or just getting information or a sample mailing) please contact:

Michael Mason – 11109 Otsego St. #209 North Hollywood, CA 91607 USA

Or, you can contact me (Marty Cantor – see address in colophon of *No Award*) and I will pass on your request.

I thank you for your interest.