



THE FANZINE FOR WHICH YOU VOTED BEFORE IT EXISTED

NO AWARD #15

A Fanzine

by Marty Cantor

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

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE Summer 2004

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Steve Stiles: Cover, 6, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16 - ATom: 4, 18, 24 - Teddy Harvia: 20 - Alan White: 20

Alexis Gilliland: 22, 23 - Ray Capella: 25 - Bill Rotsler: 29, 30

EVERY SILVER LINING HAS A CLOUD

an editorial by Marty Cantor

The following editorial first appeared in LASFAPA #327, the December 2003 disty, and then (slightly changed) in FAPA #266. It has been modified and updated for its appearance here with some of these additions put into LASFAPA #328. I have retained the diary format in the last part of this editorial and will have some important bridge material at the end.

I now have three more small rooms I can use in my apartment building - and my rent has gone down \$600 a month. (Well, I share one of the small rooms with some tools, but that is not a problem.)

I am now the building manager of the 16-unit apartment building in which I reside.

That is the silver lining.

The cloud is the reason I now have that position.

Last August the previous apartment manager rented the 1-bedroom apartment next to me to a young, single woman. She moved in with her boyfriend. Even though the apartment was rented to just one person, this would not have been a problem except for what followed. They started getting visitors 24 hours a day - all young with most of them rather scruffy in appearance. They started letting their friends park in the carport area and they also began propping open the security gate. As other tenants started removing the props they (or their friends) damaged the gate mechanism several times, making it almost impossible for the gate to stay closed. (We removed the damaged screws which held the lock mechanism in place, replacing the screws with rivets.)

They then unscrewed the protective plate and bent the secondary protective plate in an attempt to get at the gate mechanism. We bent the secondary plate back into place and replaced the screws holding the protective plate in place with rivets.

The next stunt was to pry up the vertical-bars plate above the gate so that they could crawl over it. This plate will now have to be put back into place, probably with rivets.

In the meantime, these pieces of human crud stopped paying rent and the landlord started eviction

proceedings. At the moment we are all awaiting the arrival of the sheriff to get them out of here. However, we have been waiting for weeks and the assholes are still here.

In all of this mess the building manager became the former building manager because he was burglarized. A 6:30 p.m. time for the burglary throws suspicion on somebody who knew the time he was at work as he usually did not get home until around 7:30 p.m. Obviously, it was by people who knew his hours. On the day this burglary occurred the weather was so nice that I had my door open with just the screen door closed. Some particularly seedy-looking characters had been hanging around in front of #106 (where the bad tenants live) most of the day. When I left to go to LASFS (around 6 p.m.) these people were up near the front gate, watching me as I left. (I went to my car, with the closest way being around the back end of the building.) As it turns out, they probably commenced the burglary of #104 (by removing a screen over a living-room window and then getting the window open.) The previous building manager told me that all that seemed to be taken were his two pistols, a checkbook, and his laptop computer.

It seems obvious that this was an attempt at intimidation. It worked - the building manager's family insisted that he leave and he did so.

Now, whilst I am officially the new building manager, the "story" is that I am just the on-site assistant to a new off-site manager. I can be intimidated easily; however, I cannot afford to move anywhere, either the moving expenses or the cost of other apartments.

Which means that I stay home most of the time - and my living room and kitchen lights remain on almost all of the time. I also carry all of my important papers with me no matter where I go. This is sort-of like living in gaol, and I am not at all pleased with what is going on.

In the meantime, what could be an interesting time in my life, with more *disposable* income than I am used to, has become *much too* interesting.

UPDATES

(Wednesday, December 17): Last Monday morning a sheriff's deputy walked by my door and left a piece



of paper on the screen door of the tenants of #106 - and then left without knocking. Several people went in and out of that apartment

during the day with the paper staying on the screen door. The paper was not there in the evening. (As per my landlord's instructions to "keep out of this for your own protection" - something with which I am in wholehearted agreement - I did not go over to #106 to read that paper.) I let the landlord know that the sheriff's had apparently *finally* served the eviction notice. The landlord told me that the sheriff's would lock them out of their apartment on Friday.

So far, the only sign that they *might* move out was one of them bringing in some empty boxes. This was yesterday. However, there also was a visit by a man wearing a tie, so there is a possibility of further legal stuff if this guy was a lawyer. I mentioned both of these things to the landlord when he called me this morning. Further developments as they occur.

(Friday, December 19): Late afternoon, no sheriff. The landlord calls and tells me that we did part of the process wrong. As I had been keeping a low profile and not listing my apartment number at the gate as the apartment of the manager, the deputy left the papers on the door of Apt. #106. Had he known that I was the manager he would have come to me and had me call a locksmith to change the locks on the doors to Apt. #106. (Another tenant looked at the papers and later told me that it said that the people had to be out of Apt. #106 on Saturday.) The landlord said that he would contact the lawyer and that Monday was probably the first that anything could be done.

(Saturday, December 20): The tenant from Apt. #106 came to me late in the afternoon, asking me if I could take their mail for the next few days as she had been evicted and would be leaving effective midnight tonight. But they would be sleeping in and moving out tomorrow morning.

(Sunday, December 21): I am typing this at 5:30 p.m. and the tenants in #106 are still in their apartment. I am frustrated.

(Monday, December 22): No change, tenants from

hell still there and still getting visitors at all hours. But the landlord called and told me that the sheriff would be here at 11:00 a.m. tomorrow and to have a locksmith on hand at that time. We would also change the security gate lock at that time. I called a locksmith who had previously done work for the building and made the arrangements.

(Tuesday, December 23): As of 7:30 a.m. it appears that the tenants of #106 are still here.

(Later, Tuesday): The sheriff's deputies and the locksmith "did their things" a bit after 11:00 a.m. Out of this one-bedroom apartment came the tenant, her boyfriend, her sister (and the sister's 4-year-old son), and four other people. The locks were changed, but they have 15 days to remove their stuff. They had been taking out things, but most of the large pieces of furniture are still there. I will be happy when the last of their belongings are gone.

(Wednesday, December 24, about 8:00 p.m.): several of the other tenants called me and told me that there were several people in the driveway in back of the building. I called the police who got them (and their car) out of there. At my request, the police confiscated the driveway gate opener which they had used - it was not one we issued.

(Thursday, December 25, about 6:30 a.m.): I slept late this morning, inadvertently, until 6:00 a.m., took a shower, and then went out to check things. The door to #106 was unlocked (which can only be done from the outside with keys but is no problem from inside - and it was obvious that they went in through the living-room window. They obviously heard the water running when I was showering and promptly skedaddled. I called the police and gave a report on what had happened. At the time I just could not figure why they broke in (even though I had told them that they could only remove things in the afternoons) when I have keys to the door. Later on, after a few cups of coffee, I finally came to the conclusion that these people have no place to stay (except with some friends, maybe); and, it being bitterly cold (by Southern California standards), they needed a place to get out of the cold. I installed a window-stop to keep this from happening again.

(Friday, December 26): The sister came by with a few people and removed two shopping-carts worth of stuff. After they left I noticed that they had loosened the window-stop and moved it down the track, the better to again come in through the window. Cute. Except, when fighting with half-wits, I always understand that they are really disarmed. I put the window-stop back and tightened it with a pair

of pliers. Which I guess worked because, the next night, somebody crawled over the fence between the building to the East and us, obviously to open the window. There is a *bright* light on the deck in front of the window and he obviously saw that the window-stop was back in place. I knew that this had happened because the screen was again removed but the window stop was still in place; but, with both of the door's locks still locked, I knew that they had not gotten into the apartment.

(Thursday, January 8): Last evening around 5:30 p. m. the tenant and some helpers showed up and started major (for them) moving. Around 10:00 p.m. they left, saying they would be back in twenty minutes. Yeah. At 11:15 p.m. one of their helpers came back saying that others would be coming soon. Three others showed up around 12:15 a.m. and started discussing what they would do. At 12:30 a.m. I told them that their deadline for getting items off the property was midnight - and it was a half-hour past that. I jarred them into working by picking up some small items and taking them to the front of the building. An hour later everything except the refrigerator, a couch, and a television set (which they claimed they did not want) was on the front lawn. So, after I got around 3 hours of zzzzzzzzz's, I went around the corner to the U-Haul centre and hired two of the day laborers who hang out there and got those items out of the apartment and put into a storage room on the other side of the building.

This morning I noticed a chair and a few miscellaneous items still on the lawn.

I think that I need a nap.

(About a week later.) It is so nice and peaceful in the building it is like we are all elsewhere. Even the whole block seems different, what with no hoodlum-types hanging out in front of the buildings at all hours, especially the evenings. This block used to be a calm (and nicely landscaped) oasis in the midst of much of the mediocre neighborhoods in the area. It is now back to that feeling with neighbours walking their dogs and being domestic an all that there stuff.

BACK TO THE SILVER LINING

There is some actual work involved in being building manager; however, with the building having only sixteen units, this is mostly minimal and on most days there is nothing much to do except walk around the place a few times to see that everything is all right. As the tenants from hell had chased off a few tenants - and their former apartment was now

empty - I had to spend more time than usual near my telephone so that I could answer calls about renting these units. But they are now all rented; and, as most of the tenants in this building tend to stay here for years, I should not have to do much of this rental stuff very often.

So I now get to start using that extra \$600 a month in rent which I do not have to pay.

Well, the first thing I did was to upgrade my on-line connexion from dial-up to DSL. The extra speed is nice, but the main reason I upgraded is so that I can be in constant contact with our front gate (which is connected through our telephones) to handle deliveries and service calls for other apartments. And, also, to get calls from other tenants. Before this, I tended to be on-line for hours and hours and nobody could telephone through to me.

The next expenditure (aside from some miscellaneous purchases) was to buy aeroplane and hotel reservations for Corflu.

Yeah.

I had been to four previous Corflus, one of which I had helped run, and I missed not being able to go to my favourite con. This year it was in Las Vegas and I was there.

And, boy, did I ever get re-energized! *NO AWARD #15* is the first result of that re-energizing. Actually, the second result. The first result was the germinating of an idea which I was able to put into fruition with the connivance of the concom. The last scheduled item of a Corflu programme is the banquet, the GoH speech, the FAAN Awards, and suchlike. I got the concom to allow me to close the proceedings - which I did with a very short talk about Bill Rotsler and how I had all of his remaining illos and how faneds could contact me to have me send them some - and I then brought everything to a jaw-dropping stop by dumping two bulging envelopes of Rotsler illos onto an empty table and telling them to help themselves. What a feeding frenzy around that table - and what a fitting end to a Corflu.

Andy Hooper had put on a play on Saturday night; and, feeling all full of piss and vinegar as I was, I approached him after the play and got his permission to reprint it in these pages - and also got Steve Stiles (one of the actors) to do the cover and illos for the play. What immediately follows, here, is the play which was written by Andy.



by
Andy Hooper

to the play. So I'll fight to be brief and limit myself to some simple,

declarative statements: *Fanorama 3004 AD* is a pastiche of Matt Groening's animated TV Series *Futurama*. It juxtaposes a number of characters from that series with five famous fanzine fans. It is also what has been termed a "Derogation," a form of pastiche that uses words published in another context to create a comical or satirical impression. Thus, all the words spoken by the disembodied heads of the five famous fans in the play are words that

the individuals actually wrote and published in a fanzine—or in some cases, in a book about fandom—rearranged to fit the context of the play. More or less.

Another important thing to know is that this play was written in the rushing anticipation of Corflu 21, the fanzine fans' convention, and intended primarily for performance there. I've written a half-dozen such works now, and they all have the unifying motif of elevating the importance of fanzine publishing and fanzine fandom to a matter of life, death and undying love. After the arguably "realistic" approach I used in *Why You Got This Zine Is Late* for Corflu 21, something absurd appealed to me, and *Futurama's* device of preserving 20th Century celebrities as disembodied heads in jars seemed perfect. In practice, it turned out to be as much fun writing lines for the *Futurama* characters as it was raiding fanzine text for the fans' dialogue.

In performance, it was apparent that the text asks a great deal of the readers, and I came out of the experience with even more respect for great vocal talents like Billy West, Katy Sagal and John DiMaggio, the actors who voice the characters I lifted from *Futurama*. The visual experience of the audience was deeply enhanced by the use of small signs with a picture of the character, created by my wife, Carrie Root. Carrie frequently ends up contributing critical elements to my dramatic productions, and this year she did double duty by creating all the character props, and reading the part of Susan Wood. Everyone was in great voice for the performance—really, I never want to do one of these without Aileen Forman—but I have to give a little extra praise to Steve Stiles. His performance as Lur, Tyrant of the planet Omicron Perseid VII, had people exclaiming, "It is the will of Lur!" for the rest of the weekend.

What else can I say? I love the fact that it is

INTRODUCTION

by the author

Marty has asked me to write an introduction to my play *Fanorama 3004 AD* for publication in *No Award* #15, and I think that task has now taken me a little bit longer than it did to write the play itself. I fear that if I begin explaining myself, the resultant screed will spool out to a thousand words, and completely sap the reader's interest in continuing on

Cast of Characters:

NATIVES of the 31st CENTURY:

Philip J. Fry, a late 20th Century human cryogenically frozen and accidentally revived in 3000 AD.

Professor Hubert Farnsworth, Fry's descendant and employer, owner of Planet Express

Captain Taronga Leela, one-eyed mutant captain of the Planet Express Ship.

Bender, a larcenous, megalomaniacal robot, too lazy to realize his dream of killing all Humans

Dr. Zoidberg, a squid- and/or crab-like bipedal alien quack and nebbish

Morbo, a merciless alien newscaster

Diane, his pitiful human broadcast partner

Lur, the ruler of Planet Omicron Perseid VIII

NATIVES of the 20th CENTURY

Terry Carr, publishing giant and filthy pro

Francis Towner Laney, legendary Insurgent

Harry Warner Jr., fannish historian and champion correspondent

Walter Alexander Willis, Irish Fabulist and Ghoddminton pro

Susan Wood, teacher, feminist, fan

The Headless Body of Mike Glyer, enslaved by Lur

pointlessly complicated, but remains remarkably stupid. Thanks to Marty for volunteering to publish it in *No Award*—I can't think of another fanzine that would fit this mixture of malarkey and homage so perfectly. Now, cringe pitiful earth beings, for the show is about to commence transmission.

Andy Hooper
Seattle
May 12th, 2004

MORBO (His voice a tyrannical bass tone): Counting down to the enslavement of all puny human kind in 3, 2, -- Greetings, abject citizen of the Earth. Today is the 20th day of March, 3004, and another step closer to the end of the miserable annals of your planet.

DIANE: (Bright, Vacant) I'm Diane Bland.

MORBO: And I, Morbo, am your anchorlord.

DIANE: And this is *Fanorama 3004 AD*

FX: Staccato News Broadcast Theme Music, plus four sound bites:

Voice One: Fandom is a goddamn hobby
Voice Two: Fandom is a way of life
Voice Three: Fandom is a source of income
Voice Four: Keep your distance, fans got lice!

MORBO: Your terrestrial theme music fills me with the urge to eat your pets.

DIANE: Ha, Ha, ha! Oh, Morbo! How can you be grumpy on such a beautiful morning here in the valley of the trinary suns?

MORBO: Your cheerfulness is a mask for your paralyzing and completely justified fear, Human on-air colleague. What diversion from crippling paranoia do we have for our viewers today?

DIANE: As always, Morbo, we'll enjoy the way that the outrageously speculative fiction of the past has become bitter, dystopian reality today, through the personal journeys of 20th Century science fiction fans mysteriously preserved as disembodied heads in jars.

FX: (Sweetly, lingering) Voice Two: Heads in Jars!

MORBO, Yes, thrill now to the tale we call -- "Death Will Not Release You!"

DIANE: The story begins in the headquarters of the Planet Express delivery service in New New York City. Planet Express owner and heartless technocrat Professor Hubert Farnsworth is about to choke on an expository lump.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: I -- eh -- what?

CAPT. LEELA: Professor, wake up! You were about to tell us about our next assignment.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Oh, certainly. Good news, everyone! We have an exciting new commission from an anonymous benefactor, oh my, yes.

BENDER: I hope anonymous means obscenely rich and too shy to do anything but write checks.

PHILIP J. FRY: What kind of job is it, Professor?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: The good news is that some authorities would characterize it as nothing more than simple organ-legging. The bad news is that most would call it kidnapping.

DR. ZOIDBERG: Sounds like this a job where you need a medical person with no questions to ask, maybe?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Perhaps, but the most crucial member of the crew for this mission is -- Fry!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Philip J. Fry: **Karl Kreder**
Professor Hubert Farnsworth: **Jerry Kaufman**
Captain Taronga Leela: **Aileen Forman**
Bender: **Steve Stiles**
Dr. Zoidberg: **Lenny Bailes**
Morbo: **Andy Hooper**
Diane: **Aileen Forman**
Lur: **Steve Stiles**

NATIVES of the 20th CENTURY

Terry Carr: **Moshe Feder**
Francis Towner Laney: **Lenny Bailes**
Harry Warner Jr.: **Ross Chamberlain**
Walter Alexander Willis: **Robert Lichtman**
Susan Wood: **Carrie Root**
The Headless Body of Mike Glycer: **Andy Hooper**

FRY: Me?!?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Yes, because of the cryogenic misadventures that led to your presence in our nuclear super atomic mutant age of the 31st Century, you have a uniquely archaic perspective that can help us collect the -- um -- headliners that our client requires.

CAPT. LEELA: Oh no -- we're not head-hunting again, are we? Those *Star Trek* Actors we took to the Planet of the forbidden Trekkies never shut up!

BENDER: And that Walter Koenig is stuck up! How can it actually kill a guy to say "Nuclear Wessel?!"

FRY: Yeah, and I knew more Star Trek Trivia than that energy being dude. He thought Robert Bloch wrote "The Gamesters of Triskelion," how neo can you get?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: And that's precisely my point, Fry. Although in most other regards you're almost criminally stupid, you have a remarkable memory for the pulp cultural phenomena of your native 20th Century. And I hope that being able to talk about scientific fiction and nurse novels will help to convince the objects of our client's interest that they want to come willingly to participate in his project.

CAPT. LEELA: How can they decide that if they don't know what the project is?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: He told me that one word should suffice to secure their cooperation. He said to tell them it was about -- fanzines!

FRY: And if they still don't want to come with us?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Grab the jar and run before they call for help.

BENDER: I find that if you replace 2/3rds of the water in the jar with Vodka, they quiet right down.

DR. ZOIDBERG: So where are these 20th Century characters in storage? What mysterious world will we encounter on our search? Do I need a bathing suit, I hope?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: I'm afraid that I'll need you and Bender to assist me here on Earth, my dear lobster. But Fry and Leela will take the Planet Express Ship to the planet Bacitracin 12, more

popularly known as People's Park.

CAPT. LEELA: Oh great, the planet of the hippies.

FRY: As far as I can tell so far, EVERY planet is the planet of the hippies.

MORBO: FANORAMA 3004 AD is brought to you by Slurm. On one hand, it's addictive. On the other hand, it's addictive.

DIANE: And also by the number one rated program on all channels -- Everyone Loves the Hypnotoad!"

FX: (All Voices, Zombie-like): All Hail the Hypnotoad!

MORBO: And now Act II: "Kiss your gafia goodbye!"

CAPT. LEELA: Pilot, Captain, Security Chief and Cosmetology Officer's log: We're inbound to Earth once more, 6 days since leaving People's Park, and my best tank top still smells like Patchouli. We've succeeded in recovering both of the 20th Century fanzine writers that our client wants brought together. Fry is using his knowledge of ancient science fiction to entertain them; at least they laugh at what he says. It was odd; neither of them wanted to come with us until they found out the other was reluctant, and then they both said they had to give it a try.

FRY: Wow, Terry Carr and Susan Wood! I can't believe I'm talking to you! I used to see your pictures in *Locus* all the time!

TERRY CARR: Susan! What are you doing here, with all these fans?

SUSAN WOOD: I'm in town for the MLA conference. Say, I just got the FAPA with Diaspar in it. Thought you were gafia.

TERRY CARR: I **am**. But I discovered I'd already paid my dues, so what the hell. Besides, I just got **your** fanzine -- with the Aussiecon report. I didn't go all the way to Melbourne, to be...a fan guest of honor!

SUSAN WOOD: Only half a Fan Guest of Honor!

FRY: Or maybe even just 25%.

TERRY CARR: Now, I admit I typed a page and a half of a NASIFC report-- but I never finished it. You not only wrote a report, you published it! And **mailed** it! Susan, you're so...so goshwow!

FRY: So what's the point here -- what is this game called, more gafia than thou?

SUSAN WOOD: Of course, I can't hope to win a game of More Gafia Than Thou with Terry Carr. He's eleven years Older and Tireder than I. He is terribly cool. (All fifties fans are terribly cool. My generation is terribly involved, and old habits die hard.)

TERRY CARR: Susan, I don't think you quite understand. You aren't gafia. You're on the Committee!

SUSAN WOOD: You just published a lilapazine.

TERRY CARR: Face it, Susan, I really am more gafia than thou. I've got sixty stencils for the next INNUENDO in my office. Greg Benford keeps calling me long-distance to ask when I'm going to publish his article. There's fabulous stuff sitting there... especially the half an editorial I wrote. And it's all been there...stenciled... unpublished...for SIX HUNDRED YEARS!

SUSAN WOOD: Okay, Terry Carr; you've won the first round. We goshwow neofans are sneaky little critturs, though, and we know how to turn an incurable sense of wonder into an advantage. Egoboo is addicting, after all: one fix and you're hooked.

FRY: I'm always getting addicted to things. TV. Slurm. Beautiful one-eyed space captains with purple hair.

SUSAN WOOD: What egoboo!

CAPT. LEELA: I'm taking a Zen approach to Fry hitting on me now. Before Fry can hit on me, he must first not hit on me, and that's what I choose to respond to.

TERRY CARR: When Hariworner was a brash young fan, he was visited by the master Akkasan. Wishing to impress the master Akkasan. Wishing to impress the master, he said:

"Egoboo is not a real thing; neither is the sense of wonder real. There is no difference between good writing and bad, for there are no such things as words. Everything in the half-world of fandom is truly nothing."

Akkasan picked up Hariworner's copy of *The Outsider* and gave him such a terrible whack with it that the book's spine was broken and pages cascaded to the floor.

Hariworner cried in anger, "You have destroyed the prize of my collection!"

"Then I have destroyed nothing," said Akkasan.

CAPT. LEELA: Of course, in order for you to **fail** to flirt with me so completely in this moment, you must first be flirting with me in some other existence, so I guess I'm flattered . . .in some other existence, you understand.

FRY: I mean, how am I supposed to feel when you'd rather go out with a head in a jar than me?

TERRY CARR: At a convention party Boshaw was speaking quietly with

friends when he was interrupted by a comix fan who said, "In the comix I read, I learn how to paralyze opponents with a kick or behead them with one stroke of a sword. Do your fanzines teach as much?"

"No," confessed Boshaw. "I have learned only small powers, Like: when I read Willis I laugh; when I join an apa I publish; when someone says "sci-fi," I forget."

FRY: I like that. When we catch up with Hariworner and Willis, you can tell them yourself.

SUSAN WOOD: Terry Carr, I'm going to expose your fannish soul. Soon the Worldcon will be here. I'll be pretending I'm at a scholarly conference; Terry will pretend he's at a pro writers' conference; and there'll be 4,000 neos, convinced they're at an autograph party. I'll lure Terry away from the Meet the Authors party and show him Ro Lutz-Nagy's



MORBO



DIANE

"Neofan room." "Sense of Wonder, Terry! Egoboo! This looks like fun! How do hand-trace an illo?" I show him today's offset crudzines, the ones that sell bad fan fiction for \$1.50, and when he recoils I'll ask him to explain what 'fannish' means. I'll beg till he teaches me the chord changes for the Void Boys song.

Then I'll fulfill his deepest fannish craving, revealed only to a few intimates in the pages of Void #29. Yes, I'll take Terry Carr to the First Fandom Party. Surrounded by REAL Old Fen and Tired, he'll be exposed for the ungafiate he really is. As his defenses crumble before their arcane unspeakable rituals...

TERRY CARR: Yog Sothoth...Ed Earl Repp...

SUSAN WOOD: I'll move in with my final weapon. I'll give him my article for INNUENDO. And then I can gafiate at last.

CAPT. LEELA: Fry, you need to put those heads back inside their anvil cases and get ready for re-entry. We're dropping down over Western Canada right now.

SUSAN WOOD: Regina looks very small from 27,000 feet.

FRY: Yup, from up here everything looks like a perfect model train layout. It's not until you get closer that you see everyone is screaming and running in circles on fire. Hey, bet you can't wait to get back and see the Earth, can you?

DIANE: But Earth would be their home again for only hours! Little did they know that three other big head fans were moving to a collision -- with their Destiny!

MORBO: Destiny is a trademark of Mom's Friendly

Robot Corporation, which is pleased to bring you the next act of this fine tele-info-edu-tainment-ography.

DIANE: Your Robot needs more than mere alcohol and electricity to keep serving, not killing, mankind.

MORBO That, right Diane. A Robot's hard metal skin is superior to a human's soft integument -- their mighty arms and clamps manage loads and substances that would crush or corrode a mere human -- and yet, these perfect mechanical wonders are dependent on the biological horror that is mankind to remain in working order. As the beneficiary of this appallingly inequitable arrangement, don't you humans feel an OBLIGATION to service your robotic friends with deep, satiny draughts of Mom's Friendly Robot Oil? Because a robot that has to lubricate itself may figure out how to do other things on its own as well.

DIANE: Mom's...because our Friendly robot oil is still slightly less precious than human blood.

MORBO: Now, enthralled viewers, prepare for the advent of Act Three: Lemuria Beneath Hagerstown

FX: (A quiet sound of a motor, possibly electric)

DR. ZOIDBERG: Hurray! Now Zoidberg gets to drive the speedy machine!

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Be careful, you crazed crustacean! We're a mile beneath the Appalachian range, not zipping along on Monster NASCAR island!

DR. ZOIDBERG: Don't worry professor, I'm only going --

FX: BANG!

DR. ZOIDBERG: -- 16 kilometers per hour.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: You ran right over that Dero! They are protected now you know.... what's more, you almost spilled Walter Willis out of his jar. We didn't bring him all the way from the Toad Hall fan preserve so you could dump him on the floor.

Dr. ZOIDBERG: I'm sorry, Mr. Irish BNF.

WALT WILLIS: People keep asking me how I liked America, which is a good question. I wish someone would tell me a good answer.

DR. ZOIDBERG: Normally, I'm not much for countries. Planets are enough to keep track of. But I'm very fond of the United States of Earth. For one thing, their flag is delicious.

WALT WILLIS: Well, there were some things I liked a lot. Malted milk, the Okefenokee Swamp, orange juice, the Gulf of Mexico, hamburgers, the Rocky Mountains, pastrami, the Grand Canyon, fried chicken, the New York skyline....

DR. ZOIDBERG: You're making me want to eat a relief map.

WALT WILLIS: I don't want to jump to any hasty conclusions after a mere 8,000 miles of traveling about it, but towards the end I was really coming to suspect that it's a lot bigger than it looks in the atlas. You drive for two whole days at 60 miles per hour and on the third you find you're still in the same state -- that of bewilderment.

DR. ZOIDBERG: I've been in many states as well: Hysteria, Emergency, Anxiety, Vermont.

WALT WILLIS: The only really damning thing I noticed about the country is that they have a chain of grocery stores called the "Piggly Wiggly."

DR. ZOIDBERG: There was a time, not so long ago, when an exoskeletal-American such as myself, could not show his face during the months May to August for fear of being boiled and served up at a very nice clambake. But today, Crustacean-Americans are guaranteed the same rights as all other resident alien shellfish, which is why I think this is a wonderful planet already.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: And speaking of big, this chamber is much longer than I remember it being. We used to run tests down here in my mutant atomic superman-building days. Amazing fellows they were, with octagonal bodies and telescopic eyes....

DR. ZOIDBERG: So did you build this place, Professor?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Oh no, it was built by William Randolph Hearst back in 1942. He had read some speculation about the development of an atomic bomb, and planned to repopulate the earth with a race of chorus girls to be sheltered down here. Can you imagine? Sheer science fiction....

DR. ZOIDBERG: So why did we go right by all the Ws back there? H.B. Warner, Jennifer Warnes, Jack Webb, Helen Wesson.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: That's because our mysterious client told me the secret. He isn't in the section W for Warner, or J for Journalist, or even T for Trufan. He's down at the very end of the row marked M -- for Methodist. Curious, perhaps, but I understand he's very picky about the company he keeps.

WALT WILLIS: Would anyone like this completely original plot? Our space is closed because it is warped by the mass of our universe, which was presumably wandering in hyper-space until it acquired an extra atom from somewhere, reached critical mass, and became a hyper-sphere. There it sticks until one of George O. Smith's bright technicians gets tired of squaring the speed of light and invents a time machine. The moment he sends one atom back in time, critical mass ceases to exist, and we are precipitated into hyperspace. If you like you can work in the inevitable paradox by postulating that the atom sent back into time was the one which brought about the initial formation of the hypersphere.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Hyper-space! I've never seen anything so over-rated in my life. The fog machine kept breaking down and spraying trans-frozen rain on everyone, and the DJ wouldn't play anything but Morrissey.

WALT WILLIS: Or this? One of the truly two-dimensional objects in our world is a moving picture on a screen. Suppose our universe is a kind of film projection in a our-dimensional space and the projector breaks down, or the three-dimensional screen develops a hole, or tilts as to elongate our matter in two dimensions?

DR. ZOIDBERG: On my home planet, the movie projectors include a device that sends out a smelltrack so you can sense the full effect of the production. It's terrible when it gets out of sequence, and you're supposed to smell the spicy eggs in the cloaca of young starlet Jessica Carapace, and instead you smell the nasty seagull breath of the predators from the next scene....

WALT WILLIS: Here's one for "Probability Zero." Ardent young musician wanting to surpass Toscanini and Beecham, takes a bath in liquid helium, and

becomes a super-conductor!

DR. ZOIDBERG: Puns, now. But at last, here we are at the Letter M.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Stop the groundcar! Our source said that Harry's jar is on the top shelf, so he can look down on various members of the Hagerstown city council. If we're quiet, we might be able to hear him dictating correspondence, because they say he never stops.

HARRY WARNER JR.: Just as newspapers devote only a minority of their columns to news, and just as musicians perform or listen to music less than half of their waking hours, so do most normal fans spend only a small amount of their hobby time reading, discussing or writing about their favorite type of fiction. This situation scandalizes a few fundamentalist fans who think it somehow blasphemous that two fans should talk about the current war threat or murder mystery novels. The reality of the situation cannot be denied.

DR. ZOIDBERG: So, Mr. Famous fanzine writer Harry Warner Jr., what would be the most appropriate material for a fanzine if science fiction itself is not our foremost concern?

HARRY WARNER JR.: Science Fiction fans are familiar with stories in which all sorts of new things are props or plot elements. A semi-exclusion act, financial fiasco, a rump Worldcon, forged cablegrams, and malfunctioning Heironymus machines.

WALT WILLIS: Somehow I feel should be writing a convention report on the Nolacon. I'm sorry it's over -- for a few glorious months I knew something about fandom that Tucker didn't.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Have you two really spent the last thousand years brooding about things that happened in 1956? And why do people supposedly obsessed with science fiction spend almost no time actually writing or talking about it?

HARRY WARNER JR.: If you started reading science fiction in 1940 and became a fan in 1945, you could have bought off the newsstands in those five years nearly forty percent of all the prozines issued up to that time. You had probably also read the few dozen hardcover novels apt to be found in the average public library, and you had listened for a

few months or a couple of years to the one or two science fiction series on the radio. Most of the people whom you encountered on your entrance to fandom in 1945 would have read approximately the same prozines and listened to the same radio programs. Except for the rare individual who liked Lovecraft-type fantasy fiction, or the even rarer snob who would talk only of inaccessible science fiction books, your fellow fan and you had the same science fiction background.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Well, perhaps that explains why you still prefer each other's company after a Millennium repeating the same jokes about typesetting.

WALT WILLIS: I fully expect one of these days to be buttonholed by a in a bookshop by some character who will ask me do I read much of this science fiction, and there's a few of them have a club and would I like to join and maybe they'd let me help with their magazine and do I know there's people all over the world called fans who are interested in science fiction and they write to one another and everything.

DR. ZOIDBERG: Do they ever ask what a head in a jar is doing in a bookshop?

HARRY WARNER JR.: This situation may help to explain why so many fine fanzines contain next to nothing about professional science fiction, while Pogo Possum, Courtney's Boat, ghoodminton, and *Mad* magazine were familiar to everyone who read fannish fanzines.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: So, clearly, you'd be willing to participate in a major interplanetary fanzine project. What about it, after reading about it for 1,000 years, are you ready to visit another world? Or possibly Philadelphia?

HARRY WARNER JR.: Bob Tucker wrote: "Fans have mooched from me, stolen from me, cheated me, lied about me, have broken into my house, and one of them made off with my wife, but I still love them -- with certain exceptions whom I loathe."

PROF. FARNSWORTH: I'm going to take that as a yes. Zoidberg, stuff him in the back seat.

WALT WILLIS: There is nothing like a common affliction for drawing people ever closer together.

DIANE: And there's nothing like a pair of lightspeed briefs -- to make you a BIG name fan with your loved one!

MORBO: Indeed, wretched humans, if it is your intention to drown your sorrow in empty sexual pleasure, Lightspeed Briefs are an essential tool in achieving mutual degradation.

DIANE: And they're kind enough to be our sponsor for the next segment of Fanorama 3004 AD.

MORBO: Yes, cringe now before the startling saga of Act IV, as a metal monster that drinks like a man searches the world's largest junkyard in East Gary, Indiana.

BENDER: Boy, when I get back to Planet Express, I'm going to give that dusty old fossil Farnsworth a piece of my program. He gets to go to a cool secret military-industrial cavern in Maryland, Fry and Leela get to go to the Planet of loose women with ample armpit hair, and I end up searching through the biggest pile of scrap metal on Earth. This is hardly appropriate duty for the hero of the story, which is me, Bender!

F.T. LANEY: With the demise of Warp, The Fanzine Scope is once more looking for a home. Would you like this column to appear regularly in your fanzine? I'll make you the same deal I had with Rapp: you pay for the stencils and I will furnish this column all cut and ready to run off.

BENDER: Bite my shiny, ~~metal~~ ass, Jarhead. You almost scared the hydraulic fluid out of me. I'm here to bring you back together with the other guys in your band. Do you still write those fanzine things they keep going on about?

F.T. LANEY: I don't know how many fanzines there have been, but surely no fewer than 500 items, some running for one issue and some for several dozen. I do know for a solid fact that my own fanzine accumulation crams a standard four drawer filing cabinet plus two apple boxes: yet I could easily span with one hand the little stack of genuine quality issues.

BENDER: Yeah, if you had any hands.

F. T.LANEY: The majority of all fanzine titles have been created by teenagers, most of whom will in all likelihood be the most perfervid detractors of this stuff when they themselves reach maturity.

BENDER: But -- the people you're talking about died over 900 years ago. They're not perfervidly detracting anything but worm poop these days.

F.T. LANEY: I do not hold myself up as a paragon. My own subscription fanzine, *The Acolyte*, set something of a record for unrelieved stuffiness, tedium, and sheer boresome stupidity. You can fill an ornate candy box with goat dung, and it is still goat dung. It does not ever become candy.

BENDER: I admit you're starting to confuse me. I need another blast of Old Englishe Robot 500.

So, how did you end up in the jar, anyway? Orders from Ackerman?



F.T. LANEY: February 1st, 1941 Duane Rimel and I, in the course of gathering up his girlfriend for a party to be held at my house, got into the way of a wild driver. Had it not been for the wreck, I daresay I would have escaped fandom altogether, but we were stony broke and without a car until

the insurance company paid off, so I fell deeper into the morass of fantasy.

BENDER: Once when I was bending a big hot I beam, someone reversed the magnetism on the pouring platform, and the beam was sucked right through the middle of my chest. The other robots on the platform couldn't stop laughing for a week. So things are rough for everybody, Mr. Laney. What makes your story special?

F.T. LANEY: When an individual announces that he is through with fandom, that he is quitting the field; and then he implements his withdrawal by producing what is probably the largest one man project in fandom's entire history, it is evident that he owes someone an explanation of such contradictory conduct.

BENDER: Hey, I say one thing and steal another all

the time.

F.T. LANEY: I look back upon Laney the fan with much the same sense of disbelief that a civilized man would feel upon being thrust suddenly face to face with a Yahoo. Why did he stay embroiled in the cesspool that is the LASFS? Why did he permit himself to associate with psychic misfits and social outcasts of every description -- thieves, truants, dead-beats, psycho-pathic drinkers, communists, crackpots, homosexuals -- because they were fans and belonged to the LASFS?

BENDER: Yeah, I got some friends that drive me crazy, too. Boy, can they suck down the oxygen. And like every other day, it's "Feed me, Bender." What am I, made of government cheese and meat by-products?

F.T. LANEY: My only fan interest is FAPA -- I may be active in that group for years, and I may not.

BENDER: Heh -- no offense, but most people blush if they use the words "active" and "FAPA" in the same sentence. So, what do you think? Are you ready to let me take you out of this dump, and reunite you with Willis and Warner and the Bass player whose name I forget?

F.T. LANEY: Harry Warner is easily the Samuel Pepys of fandom. No one else can take the trivia of his daily life and turn them into a fascinatingly readable letter. Harry has always been one of my major influences in fandom, and usually one of the more restraining ones. Though I've never had the pleasure of meeting him in the flesh, through his letters and writings he has made himself much more real to me than many individuals with whom I've associated daily.

BENDER: That's good enough for me. Now, where do you suppose they put the bus station around here? If I slip you inside my chest compartment, I bet we can both ride for one ticket.

MORBO: As these long lost brothers of the workbench prepare to take to the highway, Morbo commands you to consider the benefits of a surrogate body from Imperial Automaton and Henchman.

DIANE: Spy on loved ones! Take a stroll on the bright side of Mercury! Or simply eat doughnuts until your intestines rupture -- don't worry, we'll make more!

MORBO: Remember, if your surrogate isn't Imperial, it doesn't have the guarantee of freedom from prosecution

DIANE: We thank Imperial for helping us to bring you this final act of Fanorama 3004 AD. We return you now to the almost ready room of the Planet Express Ship, as it approaches the mysterious home world of the mysterious client who has mysteriously ordered five big name science fiction fans assembled for an unknown purpose

MORBO: Stay tuned at the end for scenes from a very special episode of "Everyone loves the Hypnotoad" coming next week on the Alien Images Network!

FX: (All Voices, Zombie-like): All Hail the Hypnotoad!

CAPT. LEELA: Okay, I followed the directions the client gave us exactly. He was right, you have to be quick at the Horsehead Nebula interchange, or you end up orbiting that stupid white dwarf star three or four times until you can find the exit.

FRY: So where are we?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: According to my Hello Kitty inertial guidance calculator, we're in the outer rings of Planet Pochaco in the Batz-Maru Star system.

CAPT. LEELA: No we're not. We've been here three or four times before. We came here to deliver a bogus TV episode once, and we came here to explain the concept of "Wuv" to the angry inhabitants. And they were even more angry when we came to apologize for eating 10 Billion of their larval young because we thought they were a new kind of shrimp.

DR. ZOIDBERG: Oh no! Not Omicron Perseid VIII! I have a LOT of unpaid parking tickets here.

CAPT. LEELA: I guess we better get started reviving the big name fans from cryostasis

FRY: Did we really have to freeze them solid? The trip only took 6 hours.

BENDER: I don't know about you, but if I had to listen to them complain about the cancellation of Planet Stories all that time, I might have put them in the microwave oven.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Hurry up, you two! We only have minutes to defrost them before the client is scheduled to make his expository transmission.

BENDER: I'll start chopping with the ice axe. You get the hair dryer.

DR. ZOIDBERG: I'll prepare a luxurious display case for our guests.

BENDER: You should put a few shots of bourbon in Laney's receptacle. He'll be a LOT more cheerful when he wakes up.

FRY: Okay, Terry, it's time to wake up again. We've got problems that only you can solve.

TERRY CARR: What, you found a typo? Two of them? Three?

BENDER: Relax, fanboy. We're just about to find out what you're doing here.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Quiet, you! Incoming transmission -- now!

FX: Modem Noises

LUR: Greetings, humans and other inferior beings. It is I who have commanded your presence here -- Lur, unquestioned ruler of Omicron Perseid VIII !

ALL: (Tentatively, and disorganized) All hail Lur, ruler of Omicron Perseid VIII!

LUR: (mildly disgusted) Don't bother, I can tell your hearts aren't in it. Professor, I trust you received your Plutonium?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Oh, my, yes. (smacks lips) It was simply delicious.

LUR: Then you agree that my part of the bargain has been completed.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Quite so, your tyranny. Therefore, let me introduce the objects of our search. The gentleman with the beatnik beard is Terry Carr, and beside him in the frost-covered jar is Ms. Susan Wood. And finishing the assortment are Walter A. Willis, Harry Warner Jr., and Francis Towner Laney.

LUR: Excellent: Five of Earth's greatest fanzine fans! It is a dream realized. Now the work of the

great ish can begin.

LANEY: What? I could write pages of invective! Don't you realize I am a Great Big Man?

WALT WILLIS: A dangerous man to parade an ill-considered idea in front of.

LUR: Gentlebeings, the will of Lur is Law. Yet, I apologize for the manner in which I summoned you to my homeworld. But you must already be intrigued by one another's presence -- have your minds not already begun to contemplate the greatest collection of talent in fanzine history?

SUSAN WOOD: I'm never going to have anything to do with fandom again after I leave here. Still, I wouldn't mind winning the fan Hugo. Again.

LUR: Yes! Hugos for all! And if you agree, Omicron Perseid VIII will invade Great Britain to ensure you also win the Nova award!

FRY: But only members of the Worldcon get to vote on the Hugo awards, and they're unmoved by physical threats. I mean, it's been tried, every fanboy knows that.

CAPT. LEELA: (whispering) Fry, shut up. You're not one of these (awkwardly) "Faaans."

FRY: I spent my whole life in a low-paying, soul-destroying job so I could enjoy all my off hours sitting on my couch watching Star Trek. All denominations. I paid good money to get Orson Scott Card's autograph at the airport Ramada once. I wrote a postcard to Lan's Lantern. I think that makes me as much a fan as any head in a jar.

HARRY WARNER JR.: Walter became famous overnight in the United States because he took the NFFF roster as a source of people to send his second issue to.



LUR



FRY: And see, I know enough to know I don't want to join the NFFF

F.T. LANEY: Why disregard the mountain of evidence to the contrary and persist in considering fandom to be a group of wonderful, intelligent, worthwhile and integrated people? What a way to ruin someone.

WALT WILLIS: Jophan, you're too hard on yourself.

DR. ZOIDBERG: So fandom is still tops in your books, Mr. Irish Fan?

HARRY WARNER JR.: The Mundane World Failed Willis. The Fannish World Saved Him

WALT WILLIS: I felt like leaving all the brash insensitivity of Mundane behind and returning to Trufandom.

LUR: You see? The pull of fanac and the will of Lur are both irresistible.

SUSAN WOOD: Yeah, and it's fun, too. That moment when you staple the first copy, and it's yours, and beautiful...the first loc, praising your writing...the first unsolicited contribution...I liked being an honorary man, too.

LUR: (occasionally as if poorly dubbed from the Japanese): Ha, ha, ha! You are powerless to resist -- I have created duplication systems that respond directly to your disembodied brain waves. Even if you outwardly protest that you do not wish to publish, you cannot help but think about the possibility of new articles -- new fanzine reviews -- even new covers and fillos will be transferred instantly to life on convention tableware by the MechaRotsler 3000! Or if you manage to avoid

thinking of new fanzine material, we'll use nanolinos to awaken your memory of unpublished fanzines, and bend those to our great purpose.

TERRY CARR: I've been practicing saying "That's not too many," and "It certainly would be a wonderful thing."

LUR: So, Cringe pitiful Earth fen as I reveal my aforementioned purpose! Behold -- Omicron Perseid VIII's bid for the 1064th Worldcon -- The Omicronklave! No longer does there remain any necessity to explain the glories of the great World Convention to come. It's here! You're living it now! You're breathing the atmosphere of science-fiction.... Now's the opportunity to make acquaintances that you may cherish the rest of your natural life. Refuse to depart until you are virtually forced to leave!

CAPT. LEELA: But why will people attend a Worldcon -- off world! -- because you send them a fanzine? Why wouldn't they simply read the fanzine and write a review or a letter of comment?

LUR: Because we have a monopoly on your work -- starting now! And as heads in jars, you can interview each other round the clock -- the first five-headed, 24-hour fan guest of honor! People will LINE UP to see this spectacle -- it is the will of Lur.

CAPT. LEELA: You keep saying that. Who are you trying to convince?

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Be polite, Leela. Be happy he doesn't want to EAT us this time.

LUR: No! All lies! Look at all the sections in our restaurant guide! Omnivore! Carnivore! Herbivore! Trans-Phasic Filter Feeders! If I merely wanted to consume a bunch of humans, I'd just tell them I had Weapons of Mass Destruction and then eat the inspectors.

PROF. FARNSWORTH: Your will, reasonable as ever, will be done, oh Great Lur. No need to dispatch the avenging claws of your space fleet, indeed, most omnipotent and beneficent tyrant overlord of known space.

LUR: Your toadying pleases and ameliorates me, decrepit one. Send in the headless body of Mike Glycer!

HEADLESS BODY OF MIKE GLYER:

Nnnngggg...

LUR: Dispatch the Imperial address label punishment battalions! Prepare the Omicronimemo for slip-sheeting! Away all fan funds!

HEADLESS BODY OF MIKE GLYER:
Nnnngggg!

LUR: We will reconnect in twelve hours to assess your progress, Meyer. Lur, out!

FX: AOL Event Sound -- "Goodbye"

FRY: Wow. Talk about convenient. You just think "KTF," and somewhere Brian Earl Brown flies into a rage.

CAPT. LEELA: But it's just not right.

BENDER: Yeah, I appreciate an ostentatious display of tyranny as much as anyone. But no one tries to push around my new buddy Francis.

F.T. LANEY: For once you're taking the sensible Insurgent view of things.

WALT WILLIS: But there is no enchanted duplicator at the top of the grandiloquent hotel. It is now my secret ambition to write a speech for the Minister containing the phrase "Yngvi is a louse."

HARRY WARNER JR.: Willis, you once wanted to do more writing for other fanzines than you could manage while first setting and then putting back into their proper cases more than 3,000 pieces of type for each page of SLANT. You figured how to run stencils on the press. Even mundanes and professionals sometimes got into the act. Science fiction seems respectable because it has come true in certain respects. Why shouldn't fandom react vigorously and earnestly?

BENDER: Because nobody tells me, Bender, what to do. Heh heh, I hope the Omicronunists are listening in on me right now -- I'm thinking about deep frying all Omicronnics and serving them with hush puppies.

FRY: Well, if you don't feel like composing new material, why don't we just do a collection of your favorite articles? That requires almost no thought at all!

TERRY CARR: The concept of a fanzine devoted entirely to reprinting material from old fanzines is not a new one by any means. There have been a number of such fanzines in the past, the first of which I knew being Harold W. Cheney, Jr.'s *Fantasy Aspects*, which saw two issues back in 1947.

CAPT. LEELA: But Fry, why do you want to publish a *fanzine* at all?

FRY: Back when I was a kid I used to see ads for fanzines and Arkham House first editions and softcore pinup photos in the back of *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and dream of the day I'd get to hear Burbee tell the Watermelon Story. It's a stupid dream, like most of my dreams, but it's my stupid dream. And 1,000 years after I completely failed to write to any of the fanzines that John Berry reviewed in *Amazing*, I get another chance.

SUSAN WOOD: Individual vs. Society; Historic Truth vs. Mythic Truth. May your visit here be rich and rewarding.

WALT WILLIS: Apparently, we'd have the hand of a trufan at the handle.

FRY: But here's the best part: We don't need to use Lur's fancy equipment. We can make a fanzine the old fashioned way, with our own badly designed printing systems.

BENDER: Oooh! (Metallic scraping sound) I get to use my shading plate attachment!

CAPT. LEELA: But where will we get the ink to use for printing?

FRY: Dr. Zoidberg!

DR. ZOIDBERG: Hurray! Zoidberg is useful! Do I make the masthead for this?

F.T. LANEY: He kto ink would work as well.

SUSAN WOOD: Send your zine to fanzine reviewers, Fry; the reviewers, inundated, may not respond, but they will feel Terribly Guilty and may mention you.

FRY: So the point isn't really why we send out the fanzine, or whether Lur succeeds in having Omicron Perseid VIII removed from the galactic wimpy zone. What is important is that we make some stupid,

illogical gesture toward other fans, and hope they don't find us too annoying or boring to trade with.

F.T. LANEY: While it is a very dull item, it surely is of historical interest.

TERRY CARR: That reminds me of another story. At a convention, the master Gliksan was approached by a heavily proportioned young woman with her hair coiled around her ears like Danish rolls, "How may I find the film room?" she asked.

Without a word, Gliksan led her to the film room. Then he and his disciple Taral went to meditate in Jerijaks room. But Taral was unable to maintain silence. "Trufans shun mediafans," he told Gliksan. "Why did you help her?"

"I left her in the film room," said Gliksan. "Is she still with you?"

BENDER: And so, another episode of Fanorama 3004 AD has come to a shuddering halt. The people at Mom's Friendly Robot Oil wish you and yours a joyous holiday season.

WALT WILLIS: Good will toward fen.

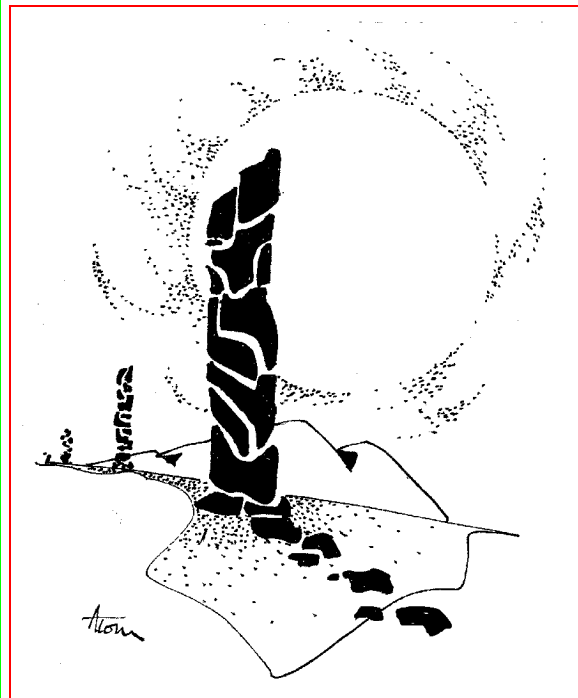
BENDER: And bite my shiny metal ass.

←→
ADDRESSES

**ALL
ADDRESSES
AND**

**EDRESSES
DELETED
FROM
ON-LINE
VERSION**

for reasons of security
Please contact the editor
to get this
information



FANZINE REVIEW

by Joseph T. Major

Courtesy is always commendable and to be heralded, admired, and encouraged. In this case, as a loc-hacker, I appreciate the editor's having shown a proper respect for values, knowing what is important in a fanzine.

As you may have guessed, the letter column is first in this zine.

Jan Stinson has suffered much of late; her husband Kenn died in 2003, and she moved from Florida back to Michigan. Such efforts have been the deaths of many good zines, so from the fanpubbing perspective it is worth rejoicing that she did not let this overcome her. Contact with the whole wide world "out there" is a more desirable method of dealing with grief, and Jan should be commended for her decision.

The title, of course, is in another fannish tradition, being a pun, and a clarification is placed below the table of comments:

Peregrination, n., *L.*, A traveling, roaming, or wandering about; a journey. (The New Webster Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language, Avenel Books, New York; 1980)

Now that's a lino!

By way of contrast, it can be noted that Jan has kept to that quarterly pubbing sked, or at least put out four issues a year for the past three years and counting; the issue before me as I write is Volume Three Number Four, though Volume Four Number One should be out by the time this hits print (only a click away at www.efanzines.com, recall).

The cover is rather plain this time. Previous issues had gorgeous Alan White covers (and then there was the annish, which had two covers, one quite humorous). This one has a photograph of long-time contributor Trinlay Khadro's two pets; Elric the albino ferret and his friend, Megumi the kitten.

Once we get past this example of fannish pets, we find that Jan has a most civilized form of layout; the locs come first. She also keeps her comments to a tractable mean, neither overwhelming the loccer with

invective nor making herself absent in her own work, and sets them off *in italics*. The letters themselves are separated by small typographical dingbats. In the .pdf version the writers' addresses are omitted, as here – an unfortunate consequence of modern times, where stalkers abound.

Many of the letters are given to discussion of ailments. As fandom gets grayer, this is I fear inevitable.

Then there actually is (*ugh*) a book review! (There's worse to come, folks.) However it is of an obscure and exotic book, so that might be a saving grace. It's by New Zealand fan Lyn McConchie, so might actually be for real. The book itself? It's *20th Century Dart* by Rod Marsden, a story about a superhero echnida. I said it was exotic.

Increasingly faneds are merely listing the zines they receive, thus denying the readers the wisdom of such items as this. For what it's worth, Jan does get *No Award* and listed it here – again the fanzines are listed without addresses.

I warned you there was worse to come, and indeed there is. An authentic sercon article, something thought extinct. The reclusive E. B. Frohvet discourses on "**The Agriculture and Cuisine of the Shire**", something that hearkens back to, oh, the sixties (any sixties reference makes it okay) and might have highlighted a fanzine of that era, in the days when Tolkien movies were only dreams.

Finally in thish, Jan has a unique (at least nowadays,

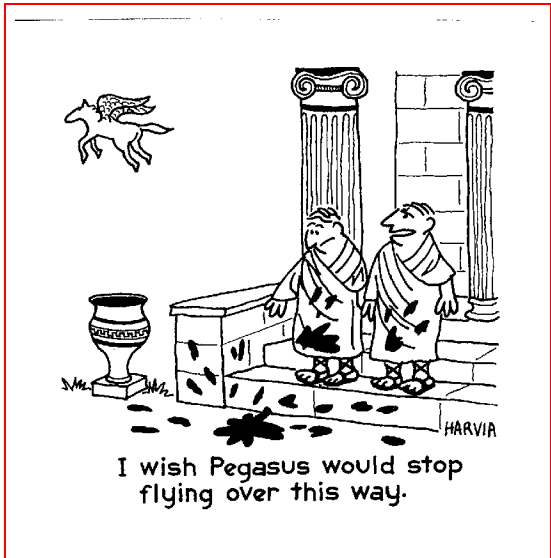
Peregrine Nations

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that I know of) feature: a **Contest!** With real prizes! She asks a SF trivia question and lo and behold, the winner gets a prize, a book. Thish answers the question “In Mervyn Peake’s classic Gormenghast books, what is the name of the kitchen drudge who worms his way up to become a major power broker in the Groan household?” and the answer, to save you digging out your Peake, is “Steerpike”.

Layout is adequate and very clean, single-column with interjected illos. The McConchie review had a drawing by author Rod Marsden of an echnida, presumably his hero. There’s also a very nice masthead by Alan White, which looks even better in color.

Laziness laziness . . . *Peregrine Nations* Volume Four Number One came in while I was writing this. The cover this time is a quilt-style collection of art from address labels. Found art with a vengeance.

This has two articles – one fannish, Lyn McConchie writing about “**Concepts of Hospitality**”, or what it used to be like before Degler came along. Obviously he never got down to New Zealand, since Lyn discusses the abundant hospitality Kiwi fandom offers. What she would do if an old man with poor hygiene showed up and began discussing the Cosmic Circle – probably after popping out of a hole, having tried to dig to Hell and missed . . .

The sercon article is by Frohvet again, on “**World Ends Tuesday – Film at 11: An Overview of Eschatological Science Fiction**”, a very descriptive title. The world has been ending ever since the

beginning, so to speak, and EBF gives a quick rundown.

After listings of Hugo Nominees and Fanzines Received, we get to the back of the book stuff. The contest asked “Who wrote the disaster thriller *Moonfall*?” the answer being the sadly under-recognized Jack McDevitt.

Since this is in some extent a back-to-front zine, the editorial natter is here. Jan discusses her differences with the nominated books (come to think of it, is there *anyone* out there that can defend the Hugo nominations of the past few years? Somebody has to be nominating those books) and in general the Usual Suspects.

The availability of fanzines on the Net has begun to shift costs. Many, like Jan, can now dispense with the bulk of mailing costs; but the reader now has to pay the printing charges. Unlike other such changes caused by the advance of technology, this seems to have aided fanzine production, instead of drawing it down.



MUNCHIES OF MILLENNIUM FIVE HUNDRED

by Milt Stevens

The World Below is something unheard of in our current era. It's a two volume trilogy. The third volume was never written. I can sort of see why. The first two parts were published in Cosmopolitan in 1928 and 1929. By today's standard, Wright's views were extreme libertarianism. In the twenties, that wasn't uncommon. After the crash, those views became extremely unpopular.

-Milt Stevens

Time travel ain't what it used to be. These days, time travelers only go to a few well visited eras to either ogle dinosaurs or save Kennedy or kill Hitler. Back in the old days, time travelers used to take some really long jaunts into totally unknown eras. Take for instance, *The World Below* by S. Fowler Wright (sometimes published as two volumes, *The Amphibians* and *The World Below*). In this book, we're talking about a jaunt of 500,000 years into the future. In that amount of time, the average person could fill the Grand Canyon with nothing other than their bellybutton lint.

The first thing you notice in this novel is that the Professor is mad. Not that he's any crazier than most people who go around inventing time machines, but he is highly annoyed. His success at

projecting people 500,000 years into the future has been perfect. Two tries and two successes. It's his success at retrieving people from 500,000 years in the future that hasn't worked so well. But hope springs eternal. Which is why he is trying to talk the protagonist into traveling into the far future and finding out what happened to the first two time travelers. Since there is money involved, the protagonist agrees to give it a try. Armed with an ax and a few other necessities, he seats himself on the platform of the time machine.

There is a resounding swoosh and then darkness. He should have figured the stupid machine would trip the circuit breakers. However, the darkness continues for much longer than it would take to re-set the breakers. Eventually, he looks overhead and notices stars. This leads him to surmise he may have arrived in the future at night. Not having anything better to

do, he remains seated until the sun eventually rises. He seems to be seated in the middle of a road that runs off into the distance in both directions. Next to the road, there seems to be a sheer cliff on one side and a cabbage patch filled with giant cabbages on the other.

Before he can decide which way to go on the road, he sees something on two legs running toward him at high speed. When he thinks collision is imminent, the runner veers to the side of the road next to the cabbage patch. In a flash, a tentacle shoots out from the nearest cabbage and seizes the hapless runner. The runner, now screaming, is dragged toward the vengeful vegetable. It is obvious these aren't ordinary giant cabbages. They must be carnivorous giant cabbages. There is obviously only one course of action. Armed with his trusty ax, the time traveler gives the cabbage twenty whacks. When he saw what he had done, he gave the next one twenty one. The remaining cabbages shrieked hideously and withdrew as far as possible lest they be reduced to coleslaw like their comrades.

He picked up the body of the runner and carried it to far side of the road where he found an indentation in the rock cliff. The first thing he noticed was that the runner was covered with green fur. The runner also had three webbed fingers on each hand and gills. The runner's slender build made him think of it more as a she than a he, but he was far from being positive on that point. In any case, he was rather glad he hadn't come to the far future looking for a date.

With what appeared to be a last gasp of energy, a burst of telepathic communication came from the runner. "Dying. HMO not cover. Must take message to my people beyond the bottomless gorge by the unseen way, west on the I10 past Pomona, then through the tunnel of creeping terror to the gray beach. Tell them, Leader captured by Dread & *% @ \$. Goose cooked unless rescued. Hurry and earn extra frequent runner mileage. Aaaarg!"

He was a little uncertain about the Aaaarg, but he thought he understood the rest of the message. Having had no particular reason to choose one direction over the other, he decides to continue in the direction



the runner had been headed. He felt sure he would notice the bottomless gorge when he got to it. He was wrong. He noticed it by falling into it. Fortunately for him, he only fell a distance of two feet before hitting the invisible pavement on the invisible bridge across the gorge. This must be the unseen way the runner was talking about. The time traveler marveled at this ingenious method of concealing engineering defects. However, the invisible bridge was a little unsettling to the casual tourist. As a casual tourist, crawling seemed to be the best way to proceed.

When he had crawled approximately to the middle of the bridge, he noticed something disturbing. From the rocks at one side of the roadway, there appeared to be a large number of man-sized frogs descending toward the roadway. Somehow, he doubted they were the local equivalent of the welcome wagon. While crawling had its comforting aspects, he realized a fifty-yard dash might be more in order at the moment.

He reached the other side of the gorge at a dead run and kept going. Since the giant frogs were progressing with ten-foot leaps, he knew he couldn't outrun them for long. At just the right moment, he spotted a cave entrance and decided that would be the best place to make a stand. He turned with his ax in hand to face his pursuers. The frogs continued to advance until suddenly they stopped dead in their tracks. They stared at something above the cave entrance, and their faces assumed expressions of indescribable horror. In the next instant, they were hopping madly off for parts unknown.

He turned slowly to see what had freaked the frogs. There was a symbol over the cave entrance that closely resembled a crossed knife and fork. Of course, it must really represent something else in some future ideographic script. Just in case the frogs might be still lurking in the area, he decided to investigate the interior of the cave. Inside, he found a twenty-foot by twenty-foot tunnel with perfectly smooth walls and floor. Dim lighting came from the ceiling. He noticed the floor sloped slightly downward and curved to the right. Obviously, it must lead to a subterranean parking structure. He decided to investigate further.

He walked and walked and walked and walked. The promise of a parking structure evaporated, but there must be something down here. At last, he noticed a chamber off the main tunnel. He was tired, thirsty, and hungry by this point. Much to his relief, he found the chamber contained a small pool of water. Next to the pool, there was a platform with three bowls and three spoons. They appeared to contain porridge. He sampled the contents in order. The first bowl of porridge was too hot. The second bowl of porridge was too cold. The third bowl of porridge dissolved the spoon. He decided cold porridge wasn't such a bad idea, so he ate it all up. After that, he had a nagging suspicion that he should be moving on.

Down, down, and down he went. After what seemed like an eternity or at least an hour or two, he heard something behind him. It sounded like a platoon of sumo wrestlers marching in step. Actually, he hoped it was a platoon of sumo wrestlers. He just hoped they weren't porridge loving sumo wrestlers. Just to be on the safe side, he hid himself as best he could at the side of the tunnel. Within seconds, a giant twelve feet tall marched past dragging half a dozen of the frogs behind him. Since the frogs didn't seem to be cooperative, the giant didn't seem to have time to notice the time traveler in the shadows. After the giant had passed, he realized it might be a good time to head in the opposite direction. He hadn't gotten very far when the giant returned with a wicker basket which was just the right size for carrying itinerant time travelers. You can guess what he did with it.

From inside the wicker basket, the time traveler was able to observe part of the giant's lair. The frogs were hanging upside down from the ceiling and objecting strenuously. Unfortunately for them, the giant

seemed intent on dinner. In the world of the twentieth century, even when Frenchmen ate frog's legs they usually removed the rest of the frog first. The giant had no similar scruples. The time traveler didn't know whether to feel nausea or terror. His stomach voted for nausea. Soon, the giant retired for an after dinner nap. This seemed like a marvelous opportunity for the time traveler to try to get out of the wicker basket. Since the giant hadn't taken his ax, it was a much easier effort. Once out of the basket, he just kept putting one foot after the other in rapid succession.

When next we see the time traveler he is lying inert on the gray beach. He had passed along the roadway and through the tunnel of creeping terror in what must have been record time. The terror in the tunnel had barely begun to creep before he had sprinted from one end to the other. He was beginning to appreciate why running seemed to be the preferred mode of travel in this future world.

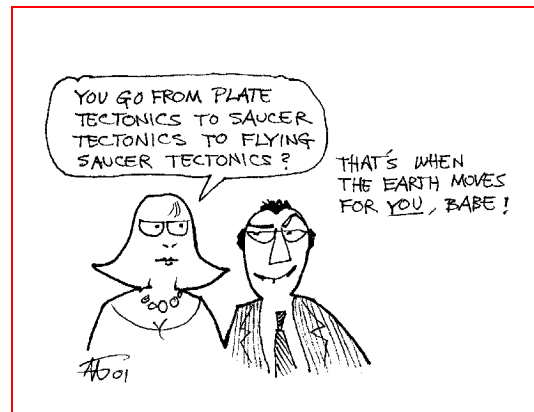
Speaking of running, there seemed to be a company of Amphibians similar to the runner he had already met double-timing along the beach in his direction. He had a definite impression he was going to meet them shortly. Sure enough, the company came to a halt, and the company commander identified herself telepathically as one of the seven Leaders of the Amphibians. The Leaders made all the decisions for the Amphibian nation because of their massive intellect and the moral superiority which can only come from being green. All other Amphibians joyously followed the orders of the Leaders. All who weren't joyous or didn't follow were beaten senseless with rubber truncheons. Even though the Amphibian Leader realized the time traveler was only a disgustingly pink, National Enquirer reading primitive, she sensed he was carrying a message.

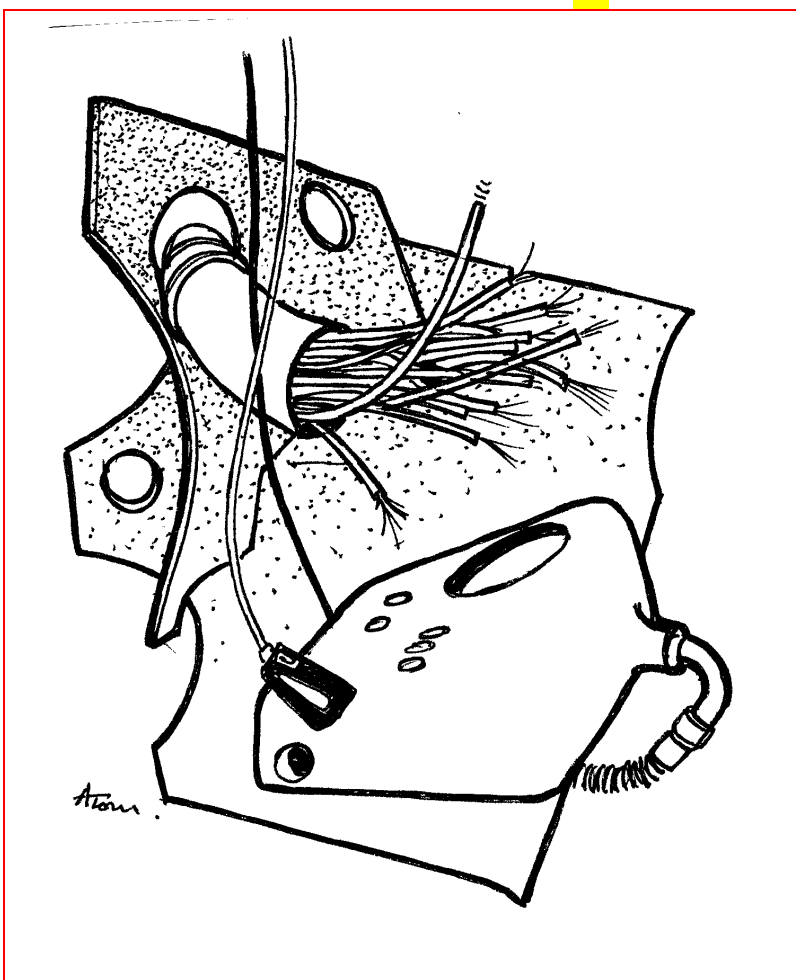
After receiving the message, the Leader looked grim. She explained that this continent was ruled by a giant race of incredible power known as the Diners. Decades ago the Diners had fought a great war against another race known as the Gobblers. At the end of that war, the Diners had made a treaty with the Amphibians. The Amphibians were to defend the coasts of this continent but were not allowed to come inland for any reason. The Amphibians were also to provide the Diners with five million fish a year. In return, the Diners would not regard the Amphibians as seafood.

The time traveler imagined five million fish must be quite a bit of currency on the local economy. The Leader immediately corrected him. She meant five million FISH. Since the Amphibians could telepathically communicate with all the beasts of the sea, they merely explained to the carp and mackerel that this was part of a vacation time-sharing program. They didn't explain that the vacation would be permanent.

However, this wasn't the problem. The problem was that one of the Leaders had become curious about the interior of the continent and had gone exploring. While exploring, she had been captured by the Dread & *% @\$\$. If the Diners found out about this, they might rethink the seafood provision of the treaty. Obviously, the Amphibians had to rescue their captured Leader, and the time traveler was going to help them. They explained he should think of it as part of a vacation time-sharing plan. He was surprised at what a good idea that was. Since the Amphibian company commander didn't much like communicating with pink lifeforms, she assigned future communications with the time traveler to a rear ranks private who we shall henceforth refer to as Tonto. Without further ado, the company plus the time traveler began jogging into the interior.

Of course, running for hours on end was beyond human endurance. He would never have made it if Tonto hadn't shared some of her vital energy with him. She had these little white pills which proved to be marvelously invigorating. After several hours of running, a question occurred to the time traveler. What were the Dread & *% @\$ \$? An image appeared in his mind of a disgustingly pink and approximately humanoid creature. The creature was only about three feet tall and had a snout like an anteater. These creatures inhaled all of their food. They also did a lot





It was the middle of the night by the time he and Tonto approached the village. First, they considered scaling the wall until they noticed the main gate was standing open. Before entering, Tonto thought she should try to contact her Leader telepathically. She learned her Leader was currently in a cell directly over a giant crock-pot. She was on the menu for the day after tomorrow. At that time, the floor of the cell would retract, and she would be dumped into boiling water. This thought didn't bother her, since she already knew how to make her escape. As it turned out, the Anteaters weren't very bright, and they hadn't remembered to lock the cell door. With Tonto and the time traveler in the area, she decided she might as well escape now. She told them to meet her in the village square in twenty minutes.

As the time traveler and Tonto came closer to the main gate, they heard a roaring as of some vast industrial plant from a bygone age. Tonto indicated the Anteaters were prone to snoring. At least, any-

of crock-pot cooking. The captured Leader was scheduled to become part of their low carb diet.

The company finally came to a halt several miles from the Anteater village. Because of her massive intellect and the moral superiority which can only come from being green, the Leader explained her plan. The time traveler and Tonto were to enter the village at night, rescue the captured leader, and engage any resisting Anteaters in hand-to-hand combat. Meanwhile, the Leader and the rest of the company would run twenty miles in the opposite direction to create a diversion. Their diversion would consist of being very quiet until the time traveler and Tonto reported back with the captured Leader. This sounded like a great plan to the time traveler. He would joyously follow it if he could only stop twitching long enough. At that thought, Tonto handed him a red pill.

thing short of a nuclear detonation shouldn't wake them. The two of them entered the gate with a new confidence. They reached the village square before they noticed something strange. It was like the sound of very heavy breathing. A quick glance around revealed they were surrounded by a hundred Anteaters with spears. In spite of all the racket, it was apparent the Anteaters had a night shift. This could be a problem.

Drooling in anticipation, the Anteaters moved closer. As things were beginning to look bad, the Leader came running up carrying a bucket. In one flowing motion, she threw the contents at the Anteaters. The effect was profound. One Anteater sneezed, and the force knocked over six others. Within seconds, all of the Anteaters were sneezing, and each sneeze had the force of a shotgun blast. Our fearless trio took this opportunity to escape before they were caught in any cross sneezing.

The sound of Anteaters ricocheting from building to building continued until dawn. The time traveler asked about the contents of the mysterious bucket. The Leader had imagined correctly that the Anteaters must keep condiments in the vicinity of their crockpot. A bucket of pepper had proven sufficient for the job. The time traveler was awed by her massive intellect and the moral superiority which can only come from being green.

As they were about to leave their hiding place outside the village, they saw a party of no less than a dozen Diners approaching. The Diners surveyed the wreckage of the village with disapproving eyes. Those Anteaters who could manage to stand realized they were in trouble. The Diners produced nets and rounded up the Anteaters standing or otherwise. After that, they ate them.

The Leader and Tonto felt it was self evident that this was a good time for a visit to the seashore. Sadly, the time traveler realized he had to take a different course. If he wanted to discover the fate of his predecessors, he would have to follow the Diners back to their subterranean lair. The Leader and Tonto bid him a fond farewell and wished him all the luck a disgustingly pink creature like himself might have.

* * *

The Professor jumped back in utter astonishment. "What happened to you?" he asked in obvious shock.

"Well, I was captured by the Diners but not before I discovered a great deal. I followed them into their subterranean lair and witnessed one of them using what proved to be a living book. The book was shaped like a football and had little arms and legs. It also had a very baleful looking pair of eyes. I followed one Diner back to an entire library of these books. Not all of them were still living. You could tell the dead ones because the arms and legs had fallen off, and the eyes were closed."

"I was able to locate a current history. He had a sad tale to tell. He had wanted to be a bestseller ever since he was a pamphlet. Unfortunately, he had ended up as a current history. Accounting ledgers often yawned in his presence. However, he had the information I wanted. I discovered my two predecessors had unfortunate encounters with a sausage machine. I also discovered the Diners were engaged in a

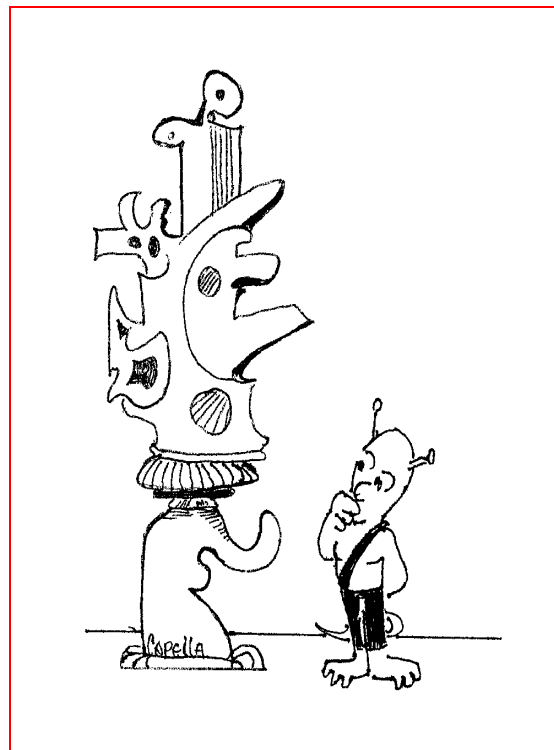
fearful war with another race known as the Gobblers. The Gobblers rather resemble a cockroach the size of a boxcar. They are also reputed to be very unfriendly."

"But you said you were captured?"

"Yes. The Diners had found that my predecessors had made adequate sausage but not great sausage. They thought if they optimized my body first it might be an improvement."

"That explains your appearance?"

"Yes. I do find the total lack of hair a little disconcerting. However, it was more than made up for by the feeling of youth, virility, and massive intellect. Of course, there is also the moral superiority which can only come from being green."



LOC 'N LOAD

This is the letter column. My responses to LoCs will be in italics. In the on-line version they will show as blue.

BRAD W. FOSTER: Flipping through this new issue of NO AWARD, with that center-diamond layout design, had me flashing on the nifty books of my childhood where the pages would have a hole cut through them at the same point, and there would be something in the back of the book that would interact with whatever was on each page you turned to in a new way. Hey, let's see them do that on the web. And pop-up books, yeah! Print rules!

*Here is what Randy Byers says about this layout in CHUNGA #6: "Seattle fandom in the form of four or five people I talked to at the last Vanguard party seems to be united in feeling that the diamond-shaped hole in Marty's layout does not result in good design, but I suppose such things are a matter of religious preference. One problem is that it forces all the artwork into a small box, and the Steve Stiles cartoon, for example, suffers for it." Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time, and it did not seem bad on the computer. Indeed, after stapling a copy and riffling the pages, the conception seemed OK. Note that I change the layout every ish, and this seemed like a good one to me. Upon reflection, though, I think that the Seattle people are correct and that this is a failed experiment. *sigh**

Brad also comments on my work on the local Neighborhood Council.

Ah, I see you have moved into the ranks of "Them", the ones who rule us all. And I agree, there probably won't be much interesting to report unless you yourself cause such things to happen. But, looks like you are going to take the position seriously. Good for your fellow citizens, not so interesting for the fannish reader. But, probably the best path to take in the long run....

I have to report that I am no longer doing any work on the Neighborhood Council. It was just taking up too much of my time. Not only were the monthly meetings going on and on and on, but the committee I chaired, Rules and Elections, was taking up more time than its monthly meeting. The run-up to the June election was taking up too many hours per week that I really needed for other things. So, not only did I resign from my council work, I also opted to not run in the election. I much prefer to fill up

my time in retirement with faanish stuff. Like producing APazines, NO AWARD, the LASFS' monthly newsletter DE

PROFUNDIS, and suchlike. Being on the LASFS Board of Directors only takes up a few hours on the Second Sunday of each month (which is followed by the LASFS' Second Sunday Open House where I would be anyway, enjoying board gaming. Besides, attending the Wednesday meetings of the Council meant that that was one Wednesday I could not have dinner with some fan-friends where we enjoyed food, conversation, and a board game or two. So, aside from the time I have to spend as manager of my apartment building - and such mundane things as sleeping and some shopping - I have decided that I really do not want to do anything with the rest of my retirement which is not fandom-related.

Then we get another county heard from as Earl Kemp has his own take on the layout of NA #14:

EARL KEMP: Marty, 14 looks really good on eFanzines. You sure put lots of thought and work into the layout.

*One cannot please everyone. Hell. I cannot even please myself. *sigh**

Having mentioned being manager of my apartment building, here is what Tim Marion has to say on the topic.

TIM MARION: So sorry to read about your next-door-tenant problems. I'm sorry too, but so far removed from you and what has occurred, it almost reads as humorous, especially the part about having to be home all the time to let them into their erstwhile apartment, only to have them occasionally break in to said apartment anyway. I'm sure it's not at all funny to live thru, and you have my sympathy. I'm sure it's especially disagreeable to you to constantly have your sleep interrupted, especially considering your insomnia. My sleep is frequently disturbed by my roommate

Well, if you would not snore so loudly he would not be banging on your bedroom wall to get you to stop snoring. A little bit of assassination here and there would cure that problem. But you are correct that it was not at all funny to live through. It was more

than annoying - it was scary, and I was not the only tenant who did not want to leave his apartment. When they finally left, all of their friends stopped hanging around the neighbourhood and we all felt like we had just gotten out of gaol.

BEN INDICK: As aging and useless a fan as I am, one who no longer fights against younger letterhacks, I surrender. It is only smart. Look what happened to Harry when he disobeyed his doctor's instructions and went for his 65 thousandth loc? So I read 'em but stay clammed up.

Surely, sir, you exaggerate - Harry did not write 65,000 locs, it was only 64,999. You prove yourself untrustworthy by inflating things.

Still, I liked the art, that is for sure -- Joe Mayhew doing a great job looking like Brad Foster and Brad doing even better looking like himself, and Rotsler, hell he won't stay dead.

Mayhew ain't dead, either, but I have nowhere near as many of his illos as I have of Rotsler's. Putting Brad Foster in the same company as Mayhew and Rotsler is good - as long as you are talking about a company of quality and not implying that Foster is also dead. At least, I do not think that Foster is dead. (And that should garner an interesting illo from Brad. I got dibs on pubbing it, Brad!)

Eric Schultheis, what is this, make-believe hard science in a doggoned fanzine? CUT IT OUT! Not even for satire. It was all nice, the other guys too, and reminds me of how things in Fandom used to be, back when my mind was clear still, and why No Award should for gosh sakes, win an award already

What do you mean, "make-believe hard science." Every word of Eric's piece is fact - he told me so. I do not pub make-believe stuff in this fanzine. Well, maybe except for Milt's book reviews, that is. Besides, it is MY fanzine, damnit, and I will pub anything in it I want to. Even if I win an award and am forced by honesty to change its name. JOURNAL OF PRIME SMARTASSERY is maybe a good chance. Nah.

And while we are on the subject of artwork,

ROBERT LICHTMAN: I immediately wondered if you Lost A Bet or got otherwise stuck (perhaps in a LASFS gift exchange) with that cover by CLJ2. Without reviewing my entire file, it's my opinion that it's probably the worst cover I've seen on any of your fanzines ever. There must be a **story** behind it, and I hope you'll share it with us readers.

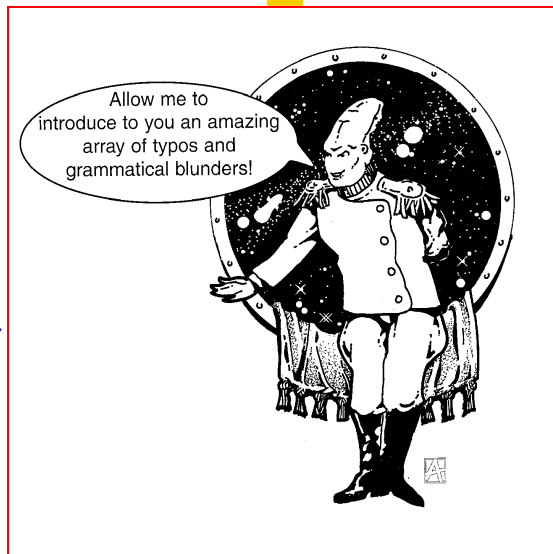
Charles Lee Jackson II is a longtime LASFS member who has been drawing covers for APA-L and his own publications (which are often comic-related). He was drawing covers for APA-L since before I got into fandom in 1975. He has developed a distinctive style, with many of the characters he draws being pun-references to various LASFSians and APA-L contributors. As such, there is often a

"story" behind the individual characters. I guess that one has to have been in APA-L for a few decades to fully appreciate the subtle references in Charlie's work. I asked Charlie to do my cover so that I could introduce Charlie's art to fanzine-fandom-at-large. So, Charlie's art, meet fanzine-fandom-at-large—fanzine-fandom-at-large, meet Charlie's art. Um - I guess that Charlie will be better off staying with fanzine-fandom-at-small.

Speaking of dead artists - you were speaking of dead

artists, were you not, Ben? - here is one of them straining mightily to prove that he is not dead,

BRAD W. FOSTER: sigh, another issue with people coming up with articles of memories of the interesting moments of their lives going back several decades. Fun to read, but just serves to remind me that I have a hard time placing events in time anywhere more accurately than "a lot of years back" in my own life, and even those events are just vague over-all views of the times. How people can remember word-for-word conversations and such.... just amazing. My friends keep talking about how I need to get more RAM for storing information in my computer, I just want to know where I can get the organic version to stick in my cranium and keep some personal stuff around longer than six months. Oh well, that's what



my filing cabinets are for: write it all down and file it away, and can always look it up later if really, really need to know!

For a dead artist, you write fairly clearly. Indeed, better than some non-artists who are allegedly alive. However, if you ever find a place which sells organic RAM to help you remember things, do not waste your money on one; for, as you get older, it will get out of date as fast as the rest of you will. (If I had a point here, I have forgotten it.)

Moving from the topic of art and dead artists - and Brad Foster trying to prove that he is not dead - we move on to a topic on which I have some interest, having once been married to a person with a large interest in the visual media. (We shall pass on why she would ever marry non-visual me.)

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY: Your discussion of “our” fandom with E.B. Frohvet raises the old “Whatcha mean we, paleface?” When I came into fandom I decided it was books and zines/APAs, with cons as an extension of fandom by other means. Here you say that “our” fandom is books, zines, and cons.”

Well, that does bring us up to 1939, Arthur.

Dave Locke, while admitting that most sf movies stink, includes movies in the core definition. *Und so weiter.* The original dread media fan invasion can be profitably divided into at least two groups: the great herd that wanted to gawk at its favorite actors, and the few who organized cons, talked and wrote about what they watched, and generally were participants, rather than observers. Since then it has become much more complex. Fandom has changed in good and bad ways. I for one am in favor of the way *Star Trek* brought a higher proportion of women into fandom.

Well, that it did. But only a horny bastard would approve of all of the downsides this brought - despite the sex and feminine companionship many of we deprived males desired. A result of this has been a diminution in quantity (if not necessarily in quality) of fanzine fandom - with some fanzine fans getting non-zinish satisfaction.

We have been marginalized at Worldcon. It's not all bad though, by any means. I love livejournal, which I think of part of my current fanac. It inspires me to write more (four issues this year, rather than my usual two). There are a number of people I really like to whom the word *fandom* means writing about movie or TV characters having sex. (“Slash” is now specifically same sex.) Part of me shudders at this, but this is not one of the many areas in which I want to stand athwart the course of history yelling STOP! (My guess is that lj and other online venues have replace printed for sale fictionzines. They always said that it was printing costs that made them charge for their work, and I'm sure that one can find description of sex between almost any two media characters with only moderate Googling.)

Far be it from me to not complain about printing costs even though postage costs are often greater. Real fans, though, have always yelled about these costs - and then gone ahead an pubbed, anyway, just less often. The Trufan always values communication and will attempt to continue pubbing in the face of economic adversity. Well, some of us, anyway.

PHIL CASTORA: I found Peter Weston's article of some interest. Mention of the town of Erdington inspires me to wonder if English Counties have quotas

of how many towns must have names ending in “-ington.”

I do not know about any quotas for that, but I assume that any quotas were dropped because of the overpopulation caused by all of those areas having names ending in “-sex.”

Joseph T. Major things a “petrodactyl” might be an oily critter. No, the prefix “petr(o)-” means “rock,” as in “petroleum” -- rock oil, as distinguished from oil expressed from plants. A petrodactyl would be a life-form with rock-like digits. An “oleodactyl” would have oily digits.

Only if it was orating poetry about margarine oily in the morning.

STEVE GREEN: You'll be either amused or horrified to learn that, mere hours after landing on our

RODNEY LEIGHTON: Milt's article was hilarious, that steam thing was quite amusing, and Joe's look at the zine with the long name was interesting. Like the loc column except your smartass jar seems to be touching bottom.

As you can see from this loccol, I have laid in a new supply of smartass jars and have used a goodly amount of the contents in my comments.

doormat, our copy of No Award #14 was baptised with a glassful of Jack Daniels, tipped over by an absentminded Ann. It's since been dried out under several hefty cookery books, though there's still a residual hint of the event both in scent and shade.

Well, the collector in me is horrified, but the rest of me is neither amused nor horrified; rather, just bemused. Were it not for the fact that your population keeps rising, I would be tempted to posit that the only thing Brits do is drink alcoholic beverages. And not very efficiently - at least not in your case - as you wasted some when you spilled it on my zine. I rather doubt that the scent of eau d' alcohol much improved the contents of my zine (even though what alcohol went into you without spilling undoubtedly did improve NO AWARD.

Another excellent fannish memoir courtesy of Pete Weston: I look forward to the eventual collected work. Although I first heard of the BSFA Fanzine Foundation scandal back in the early 1980s, during a brief spell on its committee, I had no idea the culprit once lived on my doorstep; at least, as Pete himself points out, the shattered archive went to loving homes (no eBay scavengers back then, thank Ghu).

W A H F

Sheryl Birkhead *wrote about* "hoping that the resident stack of zines would miraculously generate their own responses" *but wound up doing her own scribbling.*

E.B. Frohvet *wrote about NO AWARD #14*, "... which, unfortunately, does not call forth any response or comment from me." *Which proves that he is either teller of untruths or that none of have read what he just wrote because he did not write that.*

Bill Legate *related what he called* "The best calliope story I know." *If what he wrote was the best calliope story he knows, please remind me to be asleep if he ever manages to dig deeper into the depths of boredom to relate one which is not as good - after awakening me from reading the present one.*

And now, as I have not used any Rotsler illos els e-
where in this zine, here is a small portfolio of his artwork.

Small Rotsler Portfolio



doon

