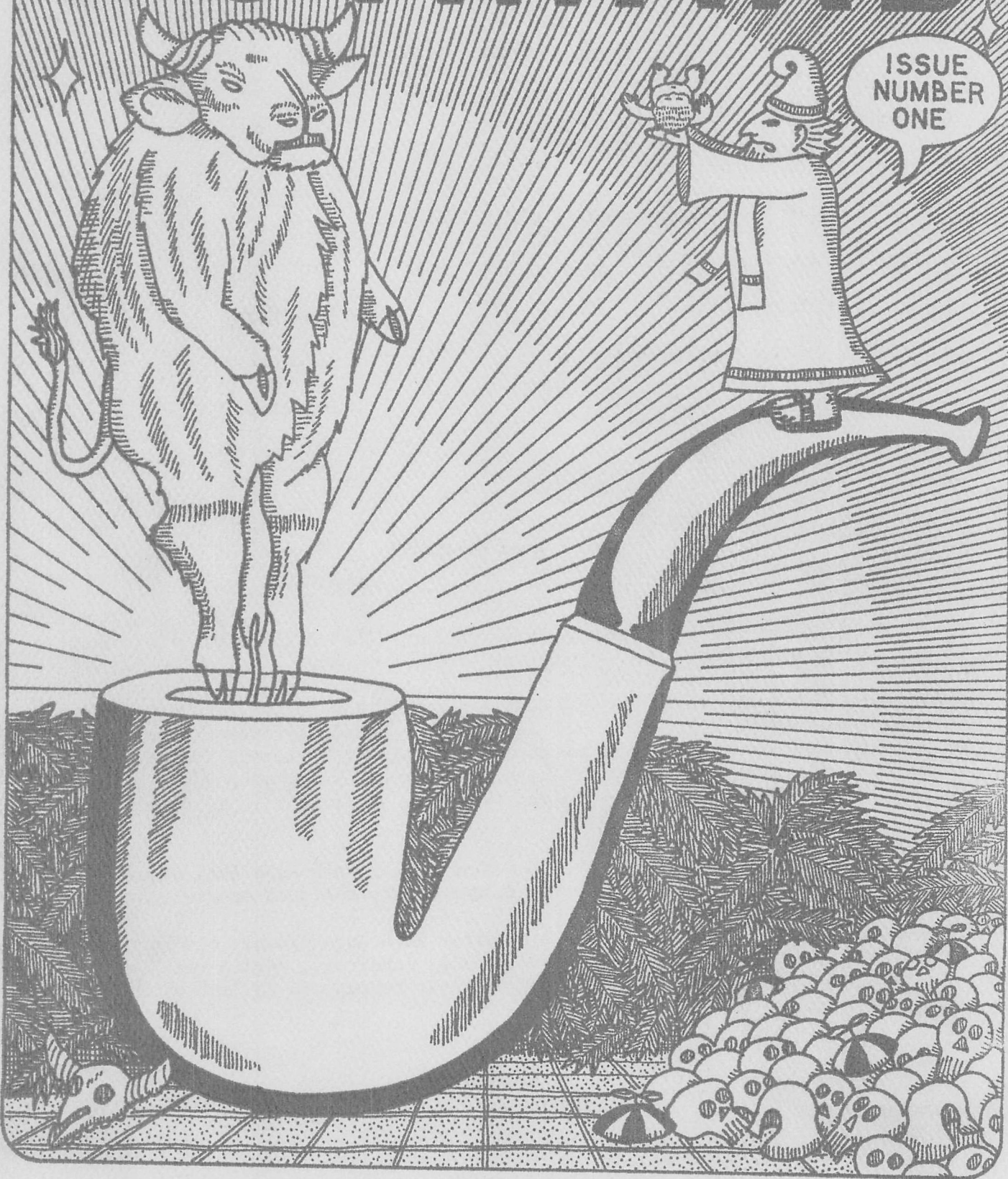


NO AWARD



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This is Hoo Hah Publication No. 365 and is a production of the Renegade Press. Published in Summer, 1991. NO AWARD is available *solely* by editorial whim (and my whim *may* have me preparing a few copies for sale at Worldcons /_at a price of \$5.00/ - I will give you a copy if I want to (regardless of *your* desires) - it is not available for trade (but I will not turn down zines sent in my direction).

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NO AWARD is a traditional fanzine - its editor is a curmudgeonly old phart who remains true to his nature of being Politically Incorrect, caring not a whit for current shibboleths. To perdition with whatever happens to be "in" at any given moment.

The only thing I ever exercise is my indignation.

The following untitled piece is, possibly, a previously unpublished article by Terry Carr.

Last year Bruce Pelz handed me a variety of cut-but-unprinted stencils which I later found out he had gotten from the Trimble (I suppose Bjo and John were sorting through their voluminous kipple before they moved to Texas and found these stencils, giving them to Bruce to do with as he saw fit). Several stencils were Minutes of the LASFS and I gave those to Mike Glycer, current secretary of the LASFS, to read at a LASFS meeting - these minutes were from the 1960's.

Amongst the stencils were those which follow (including the interlineations - all of those which immediately follow this article were on these stencils).

When I started putting together this issue of NO AWARD I took these stencils to a party at Pelz' house to ask him if he knew anything about them; what developed was a critique-session amongst the following fans: Bruce, Mike Glycer, Rick Sneary, Len & June Moffatt, and myself. Obvious from the body of the article was that the author either owned or had access to a large collection of fanzines - and had a good working knowledge of the fan-work of Bob Tucker. The style of the writing and the kinds (and placement) of the interlineations brought to mind the kind of fanzines put out by Terry Carr in the 1960's - it was the sense of the group that this article is, indeed, by Terry. None of us know, though, whether it has ever been previously published.

Clipped to several stencils are hand-printed notes (water-stained) in places where gaps were left for illos detailing what kind of illos were wanted there. (No illos are being used in this printing - the original stencils are decaying around the edges and are therefore being retyped.) The supposition is that the author sent the stencils to Bjo for illo'ing and Bjo misplaced them (anyone who ever saw Bjo's place will understand how this could easily happen).

The mailing list of this issue of NO AWARD is being slightly expanded to include some people who might be able to shed some light on whether or not Terry Carr was really the author of this article - commentary will be appreciated.

As 1939 was tiptoeing into a barrage of war scares, a rosy-cheeked and almost typical American boy was getting some healthy exercise in the great Midwest. His fingers and cerebrum got a better workout than the remainder of his body, because he was publishing the final issue of his fanzine, SCIENCE AND FANTASY ADVERTISER. The last of the four pages of this third and last issue was devoted to an explanation of how another fan would take over this fanzine (he never did) and to a description of other fanzine projects, now that S&FA was no longer taking up time. The last paragraph of the last page added:

"Golly, we almost forgot to mention; we also publish another 'thing.' LE ZOMBIE, which is a two or four page affair of Candid Comment distributed gratis to readers of FANTASY NEWS, D'JOURNAL and YEARBOOK. So, pip pip, Bob Tucker."

Tucker totally forgot to mention that he was also going to write a long series of successful novels, invent much of the lasting fan terminology and

legendry, sire a son with fannish instincts, win every available award except the ones for producing the best movies, and remain down through the decades exactly the same cheerfully sardonic personality that he was when the first issue of LeZ appeared at the end of 1938. The last issue probably hasn't been published yet, because they've been emerging at lengthening intervals ever since. But the bulk of them were published during World War Two, about sixty of them. They weren't large fanzines, they weren't lavishly illustrated, they cost only a nickel or so per issue, and they represent one of the most wonderful fanzines in history. Tucker as a humorist was more prolific, more rambunctious, and more unpredictable when he was publishing LeZ regularly than he has been while writing for other fanzines in recent years. Some of his humor in LeZ had dated a trifle because its targets have grown tattered and indistinct with the passing of years. But a sizeable collection of LeZ is something like a one-volume edition of Shakespeare: your blood congeals at the thought of losing even a few lines through some monstrous accident, no matter if this or that passage no longer means as much to the reader in 1972 because his environment and philosophy aren't those of the LeZ mailing list three decades ago.

It was one of the first general circulation fanzines, that was largely a reflection of its editor. Lots of other fans contributed to it, but the bulk of the writing over the years was by Tucker and the reader paid about the same attention to the paragraphs by outside contributors that you give to the commercials during an interesting television program today. It was also one of the earliest examples of the faanish type fanzine. It wasn't the pioneer in this respect, but it persisted so long in its creation of legendry about fans and their doings that it must have had the greatest influence on the full flowering of the ultimate faanish era of the 1950's in Savannah, Belfast, and other farflung outposts.

It started as a single-sheeter that contained gossip, news and comment by Tucker. As early as the fourth issue, the gentle art of Moskowitz-baiting was being taught by old master Tucker: "Altho Tucker (yeh, me--) was not mentioned by Moskowitz in his SPACEWAYS 'old-timer' article, he lays a few claims to being one, anyway. Which leads to this: on April first, Tucker is publishing, free of charge to anyone who will send a stamp, a fan mag commemorating his tenth anniversary in science-fiction! The mag is called INVISIBLE STORIES. The mag is small size, mimeo'd, done in the lighter vein thru-out." As I recall, Tucker actually published it, and it fit his description perfectly.

And even before the first worldcon, site and committee quibbling was being pioneered: "As this is written, the Powers-That-Be in New Fandom are trying to decide whether or not they should take up the World's Fair's offer of a free convention hall inside the fairgrounds. Cease worrying this instant, boys, Tucker has decided for you! The big convention is not to be held in New York! Nope! It will now be held in San Francisco. And the convention hall will be Sally Rand's Nude Ranch! Sexology science addicts, please note! Miss Rand will be much more educational and instructing than a bunch of old fogey scientists, anyhow!..."

It took only a year or two for the Tucker humor to become less frantic. By 1941, he had invented the LeZ-ettes, a fannish art form that has lamentably died out by now. Here are some samples from the January 1942 issue:

chapter 1:	chapter 1:	chapter 1:	chapter 1:
Amoeba	Brain	Dog-Star	Yngvi
chapter 2:	chapter 2:	chapter 2:	chapter 2:
Vacation	Rain	Pole-Star	Dog-Star
chapter 3:	chapter 3:	chapter 3:	chapter 3:
Gone Fission	Hydrocephalic	Who's all wet?	Scratch!

In the same issue, Tucker described a less successful innovation, a new kind of chain letter "which was designed to produce material for LeZ. Each fan getting the letter was to dash off an article for us. We sent the letter first to Dick Wilson and damon knight. So what happened? Well, Doc Lowndes informs that the last he heard of the letter, it was shuttling back and forth between England and Australia. Some genius (?) apparently destroyed the original names and addresses (all in the U.S.) and substituted a list of fans in those two countries. Therefore our letter is now wearily plying back and forth across many thousands of miles of water...wet water, too...from England to Australia to England to Australia to England to Aus/////"

Fans were recycling things before the ecology movement began. Writing as Squire Pong, Tucker described how his elementary education in detective science had enabled him to figure out why the wrapping paper on some magazines received from England had seemed worn:

"July 16, Korshak departed from the 'Little Olde Hatte Shoppe,' Chicago, with a certain amount of brown wrapping paper. In this paper he wrapped three books of stfal nature, and sent them to Shroyer in Decatur, Ind. by parcel post. ** Upon reaching Shroyer's house they remained wrapped for nine days while a wet party was going on in the room where they had been tossed. Two nights in succession a cat slept on them. (I was unable to determine how the cat slept thru the noise.) July 25, Shroyer opened the bundle and discovered the covers were ruined by moisture; in anger and dismay he returned them to Korshak. He had a beer in his hand as he licked the stamps, the beer was Blatz, and it was flat.

"July 30, Korshak again mailed to Shroyer the books, new copies, and this time they were inner-wrapped in oilsilk. Korshak was grinning and drooling as he tied the string. ** August 9, Shroyer turned the paper inside out and addressed two old, ragged books to Joe Gilbert. Shroyer still had the same flat, Blatz beer in his hand. ** Gilbert received the books, wrapped up a condenser coil and three broken radio tubes in the paper, and carried the packet over to Harry Jenkins. ** Jenkins used the paper to mail a packet of old love letters to a friend (girl?) in NYC. The letters were written in green ink, were some years old. Jenkins smoked a briar pipe that hadn't been cleaned since May Day, 1936, as he licked the stamps.

"How the paper left the friend's (girl?) hands is not known. It next turned up at Julie Unger's place in Brooklyn, who used it to send three copies of Future Fiction and one Planet to John Millard in Jackson, Mich. Unger was eating peppermint drops when he mailed it, and just recovered from a cold. ** Millard made use of the wrapper immediately, sending two phonograph records to Walt Daugherty in L.A. One of the records was warped and beginning to crack at the edge. Millard smokes Camels. ** Daugherty carried the paper over to Ackerman, knowing the latter saves such. ** A few days later Ackerman mailed a bulky fan article (probably on the Chicon) to Eric Russell in Australia, still using the paper. He had again just finished a chocolate malt, but this one had a two-day-old egg in it. Morojo licked the stamps and stickers.

"The customs inspector (or censor?) who intercepted the package smoked cheap cigars, drank a very cheap grade of whiskey, had a glass eye and a missing thumb. He once failed a Boy Scout test; tied poor knots. **

Eric Russell kept the paper two weeks, once threw it away, retrieved it again, and finally used it to mail some western magazines to Ron Holmes in England. Russell lives in a two story frame house, crawling with red termites. ** Holmes received the package October 1. The inspector (censor?) who intercepted it this time had a scar on his right thumb, a minor criminal record, and was not a suspicious soul. He merely threw the package on the floor to see if it would explode, didn't open it. Holmes had just signed up for the army and was wearing his uniform and smelling of ale when the package arrived. Busy clearing up his collection in preparation for an expected long absence, he seized the paper to wrap the Unknowns and sent them off at once to America and me....

"Think of the thousands upon thousands of miles it has traveled, hands upon hands it has known, perhaps a foot or two."

Tucker also ran fake advertisements like those later made famous by Bill Danner. After Earl Singleton's hoax suicide, he gave a full-pager to the Oliver King Smith Company Fight-a-Feud Service. This gentleman was the Singleton roommate under whose name Singleton's passing had been reported. Smith's Assorted Services offered the client any line of attack he chose for conducting feuds, including: Ignorant (in fandom less than five years); Perverted (reads Amazing); Old-fashioned (likes science fiction); and Warmonger (thinks next convention should be in New York City). This was in October 1941, and things haven't changed a bit.

The June 1940 issue contained a more or less straight description of Tucker's den in a newly acquired home in the country. I think these are the first published references to two more fragments of fannish legend:

"Not so long ago I read somewhere of a chap who was a wallpaper maniac. It seems he had his heart set on a wallpaper that had pictured on it black octopuses, and he hunted for years until he found his beloved octopuses. I immediately wanted some of the same: the idea of sitting for hours staring at grinning octopi appealing to my Pongish nature. I didn't find any, but in my search thru perhaps two dozen stores, I found some of the damdest wallpaper! Once I found some dead black paper spattered with white horses and palm trees. That would have been on my wall if they hadn't wanted 75¢ a roll for it. The final choice was something more frugal, but: a cream background splattered and splashed with bright red fire engines, prancing horses and racing dogs! The fire engines are the old horse-drawn type, and now and then a surrey goes dashing by. It really slays the neighbors. I did my best.

"To round out...a sign over the door reading: OUR DAILY PRAYER: Please, Lord, help me to keep my damn nose out of other people's business."

Claude Degler's rise and fall coincided with LE ZOMBIE's youth. In November 1943 issue gave otherwise unpublished details on the time Claude lost his way in the Everglades while attempting to find his way to Raym Washington's Live Oak home and was treed by an alligator. After a while, an Indian wandered by.

"'Ugh,' the Indian is asserted to have asserted, peering up into the tree at the perched purveyor of cosmic clarions. And again: 'Ugh!'

"'Hullo,' was the nasal reply. 'I'm Claude Degler, nationwide organizer of the Cosmen. I'm searching for Raym Washington Jr of the Star-

flecked Cosmos, Ark of Firebug. Unfortunately, a monster has treed me. And I am without a weapon. See -- that crouching crocodile at your feet.'

"'Ugh,' the Indian is said to have said. With one thumping whack on the thick hide he sent the gator galloping. 'Ugh.'

"It is then related that dauntless Degler descended downward and in his own unique manner attempted to reward the lowly Indian. 'My brave Brave,' said Degler, 'take this -- one of my dearest possessions.' And he gave the Indian a copy of the COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR.

"'Ugh,' the now enlightened savage is supposed to have said. And he proceeded on his way, waving the paper in the air. 'Ugh.'

"And then there was the postcard broadside that hit the midwest a few weeks later. Like Paul Rever's famous warning flung into the night to the sleeping country-folk, came this postcard in the mails:

"'Flee!' it screamed. 'Flee for your lives! Degler left Washington this morning, heading west. He hit Hagerstown Friday the 13th; fortunately the entire family was down with beri-beri, so he couldn't stay. If we knew his exact route we could broadcast storm warnings. Flee!'

"The card was unsigned in a shaky hand."

By July 1946, LE ZOMBIE was appearing irregularly and Tucker was claiming editorially that "we no longer believe LeZ has it on the ball." You'd never guess it from this slender and totally inspired issue. For instance, it contained Tucker's answers to questions in a poll that Rick Sneary was taking. One question had been designed to find out if the polled person would "be willing to be the first person to land on the moon if you knew you would die there alone." Tucker answered: "Damn right he will, unless he can plant one foot on Earth and the other on Mars and die in three places at once." Rick asked what the individual would take to kill a person he had never met. It would depend on who paid for the transportation and the distance involved, Tucker answered, but he recommended "that you take at least two suits of clothes, three changes of underwear, and an umbrella." When Sneary asked with whom the individual would like to be lost on an asteroid, Tucker referred to "an amazing variety of answers, all immoral," then decided that such a life would become boring and therefore: "Take along a snapping turtle, preferably a talking one."

The biggest LE ZOMBIE that I can locate at the moment runs to just short of 50 pages, counting a variety of inserts. It's the January 1944 annish. Even today, when fanzines have more spectacular art than they ever possessed in the past, you won't find anything like the front cover, credited to Frank Robinson. It's done with airbrush and some since-lost secret of perfect registration in five colors that are as brilliant as if the ink were still wet. This issue contained a news flash about Degler, who was then using the name of Don Rogers: "Len Marlow informs us that Rogers has acquired several copies of INFINITE #2 (November 41), inserted new contents pages in them with himself as editor, and distributed the copies as new fanzines. Startling Stories last summer received such a copy and printed a review of it in their fanzine section."

For a long time, LeZ subtitled itself The Kept Korpse, because E. Everett Evans was angeling it. At least once, Tucker didn't even do the publishing work

on an issue. The April 1941 edition looks like a forgery, because it wasn't stenciled on Tucker's familiar old typewriter. While Bob was in Los Angeles, Walt Daugherty and Virginia O'Brien turned out an issue for Tucker. Most of it contained a reprint of a serious C. S. Youd article that deserves a new reprinting in full today, not just because its author became the professional John Christopher. It described his experiences in the fireblitz and it might cheer up some present-day fans who think nothing could be worse than what they've been enduring in this disintegrating world:

"Back up the High Street, avoiding leaning walls. Two policemen fell in with us for a time. 'On duty?' We assented. 'Watching for looters, I s'pose? Orders to shoot on sight?' We agreed importantly. 'Bloody good thing, too.' I attempted a discussion on the contrasting ethical values involved in picking up a chemise from a store supporting several millionaires, and the violation of small bombed-out houses but could see it was not going to be successful. The other policeman, young and well fed, spoke. 'I don't believe in Hell, but by Christ the people who started this will roast in torment.' I saw what he meant. Curiously I heard no talk of reprisals. All were too numbed and shattered to want anything but a respite.... The Forum was intact, but a thin pyre of smoke rose from the top. All along that block fires munched steadily, and, with walls leaning outwards all the way, Newman and I detoured round the back. We passed buses and trams scorched like living organisms. Newman is going to be a pilot. 'Swine!' he grunted."

By the time he published the July 1948 issue, Tucker was repeating himself, insisting: "The well of original humor has just about run dry." You can judge for yourself by these selections from Pong's Dictionary:

"Fan: absolutely indefinable. If the Greeks had a word for them, they took care never to speak the word in public.

"Time: an unseen but often felt something which fugits along in a straight line until a harrowed author needs a plot.

"Fan-mag: a stack of sloppy sheets stapled together, containing Rick Sneary-like spelling, horrible art work and excuses.

"Number one fan: biggest jerk."

After all this copying of old Tucker fanzines, I'm unhappy because I haven't even mentioned Poor Pong's Almanac, the wonderful Tucker comments in the letter sections, the incredible puns that swarmed through occasional Walt Leibscher contributions, the wild dancing savages that Roy Hunt drew for the LE ZOMBIE calender for 1942, the columns contributed by D. B. Thompson, and scores of other important aspects of LeZ. I don't know whether it would be easier to collect a complete set of that fanzine or to persuade Tucker to start publishing it again. In case of doubt, choose the latter alternative and make everybody happy.

Bob Silverberg is younger than Harlan Ellison.

Another remarkable magazine was the soon-to-be-dead Earl Singleton's all-poetry effort, NEPENTHE. It was beautifully hekto'ed and contained fifty or sixty pages. Its life-span was just two issues, after which Mr. Singleton probably grew weary of the burden, indeed, of supporting a free fanzine -- and shot himself. Shortly afterwards he moved to Washington D.C. and took a government job.

-- Bob Tucker, in CEPHEID #2, Spring 46

I found the time spent at the registration desk very enlightening. Len Moffatt demonstrated how easy it was to please a professional author. He would type "Dirty Ol' Pro" on their name tags. They would do a double-take, stare at it for a moment, then put it on and depart giggling happily to themselves.

-- Wally Weber, in SLUG #5, July 1963

All you people go out and buy some prozines, because actually prozines have made a certain contribution to Fandom even though they don't have any great merit, on the whole, but after all we have to go along and make these pros feel good, just out of the bigness of our souls. We have to encourage these pro writers and editors so that they don't get discouraged and drop out of the field altogether, because after all many pros have grown in stature and gone on to become fans if given sufficient encouragement, and we don't want to cut off the incubator of potential fans, do we? So that is why we condescend to review these fumbling amateurish prozines and tell them they stink and suchlike.

-- F.M. Busby, in CRY OF THE NAMELESS
#80, May 1955

I have an idea that the science fiction of today may very likely turn out to be the science fiction of yesterday.

-- Henry Morgan, in THE BIG O #3, 1951

H.C. KOENIG, WHERE ARE YOU NOW THAT WE NEED YOU DEPT.

"You," she said, hissing in tones that were more cat than woman and that made the single word a paragraph.

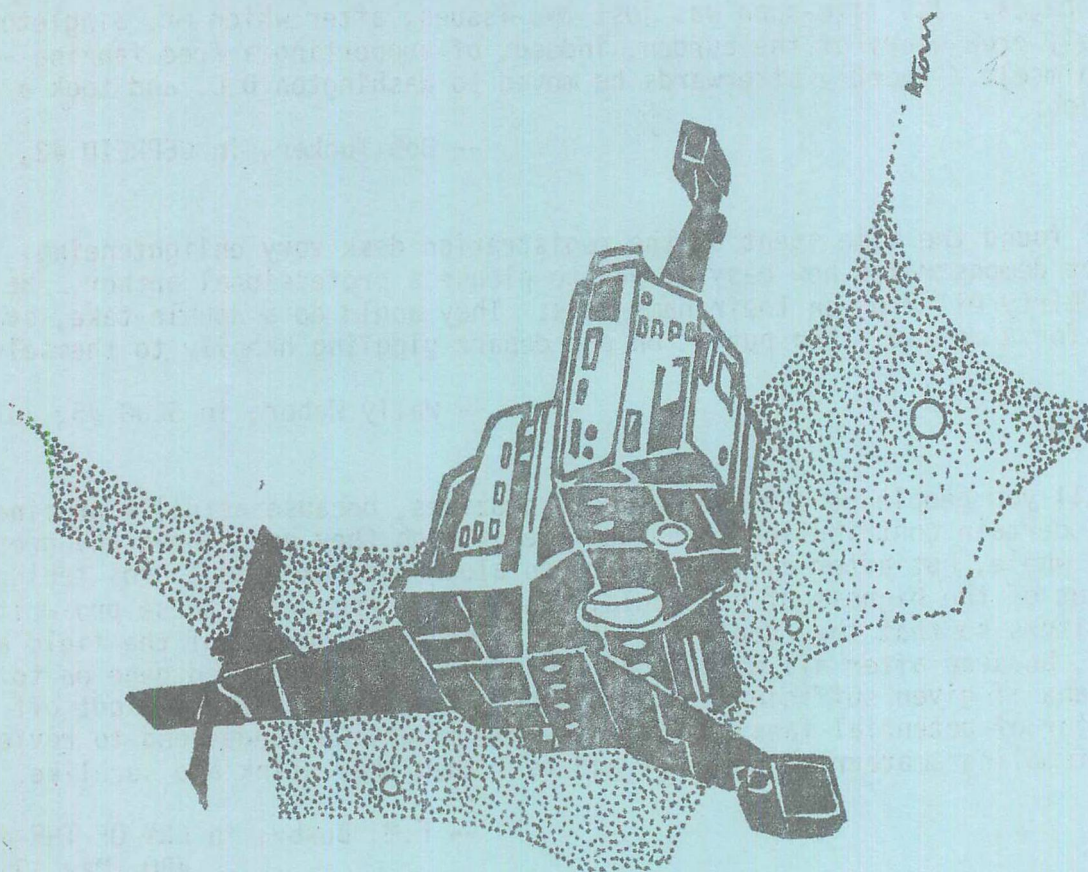
"It's my turn to say get out!" He bunched his fists, searching for something to strike out at, wondering all the while why he was so enraged.

"You're in my room. I want you out!"

"I don't give a damn," she hissed again..!

-- Dean R. Koontz, Star Quest

There you have it, everything from the old stencils transcribed to new ones. Let me know if you agree that this is Terry's work.



MY EARS ARE ALWAYS COLD

BY MARTY CANTOR

This is not at all the editorial which I was originally going to type; however, as the old saying goes, there were a few changes (mostly unplanned, I assure you) in my life; and, considering the very basic nature of the major change, I do believe that I had better expatiate upon it in this space. Later,

if there is room, I will touch upon a few of the things I originally thought would be clogging up this otherwise pristine page.

Upon reflection, I think that I had better leave you all hanging onto the proverbial edge of a hypothetical cliff and say a few words about what you are holding in your hands. Yes, it is a fanzine and, yes, it is by Marty Cantor - it is also not HOLIER THAN THOU. Not to be everlastingly cute with this, let me introduce to you the "new and improved fanzine product" from the Renegade Press, NO AWARD. (And just imagine all the fun we can have with THAT title after I have produced 4 issues. If you do not understand that reference you have just not been paying attention - or, sanely, you have not been moving in the ~~farfetched~~ hyper-faanish circles I prefer in fandom.)

NO AWARD is not intended to be an ensmallled version of HTT; whether or not it succeeds in that goal only time will tell. I can tell you this, though - this first issue, because of its necessary lack of letters, contains more original material than will be in later issues. And, whilst the page-count of NA may very well exceed that of many fanzines, it will be (by my usual standards) on the slim side.

NA is and shall remain a genzine. Other than that, I make no promises.

NA is available *only* by whim. Those who wish to send me their fanzines in trade may do so - if they want to consider it a trade, whom am I to try to dissuade them from that belief? Besides, I *like* to receive fanzines. Nevertheless, I will be sending NA only to those whom I wish to receive this zine and all trades will be (on my part) considered to be with HTT (which zine will appear when I am good and ready to again produce a monsterzine). Needless to say, the time for producing a large genzine is not now here - I started this issue over a year ago and I am only on page eleven.

This segues neatly into me telling you of some drastic changes in my life.

A TIME OF CHANGES

1989 may have been a vintage year for those who savour the growth of democratic government and the demise of barbaric despotism - I remain, continually amazed at the happenings in Eastern and Central Europe - but it was (mostly) a personal disaster of a your for me. Briefly:

In the November general election of 1988 the voters of California voted in Proposition 99 - it not only raised the price of cigarettes by 25¢ a pack but it introduced a tax increase on cigars and pipe tobaccos of 42%. At the same time a Federal tax increase of 25¢ per pound on pipe tobacco took effect. My boss gave me 4 weeks notice - I then knew how a politician feels when voted out of office. Twenty-seven years in the retail tobacco business (mostly spent managing small shops and more knowledgeable in that area than most) and I could not find a job in my lifetime (hah!) profession.

I did immediately get another position in a new, small company as a Person Friday (I was also supposed to set up their books). Three weeks after I started work there one of the partners bought out the other (for a *substantial* amount (as I was told by the partner who had been bought out - it was he who had hired me and who now told me that the newly restructured which imported and exported video arcade parts could no longer afford my services but he would be setting up a new company in a few months and, if I were available then, he would want me aboard)). He *did* contact me later in the year - but I was working at that time.

I underwent one and a half weeks of unemployment before finding another position as office manager of a small manufacturing plant just two and a half miles from home. This plant, a branch of a small multi-national company, manufactured anti-static materials which were on the leading edge of the technology in that field. Four weeks and one raise later I was again looking for another job as some byzantine office politics had the main office close this factory.

I was now without a job for three and a half weeks - very depressing weeks, at that.

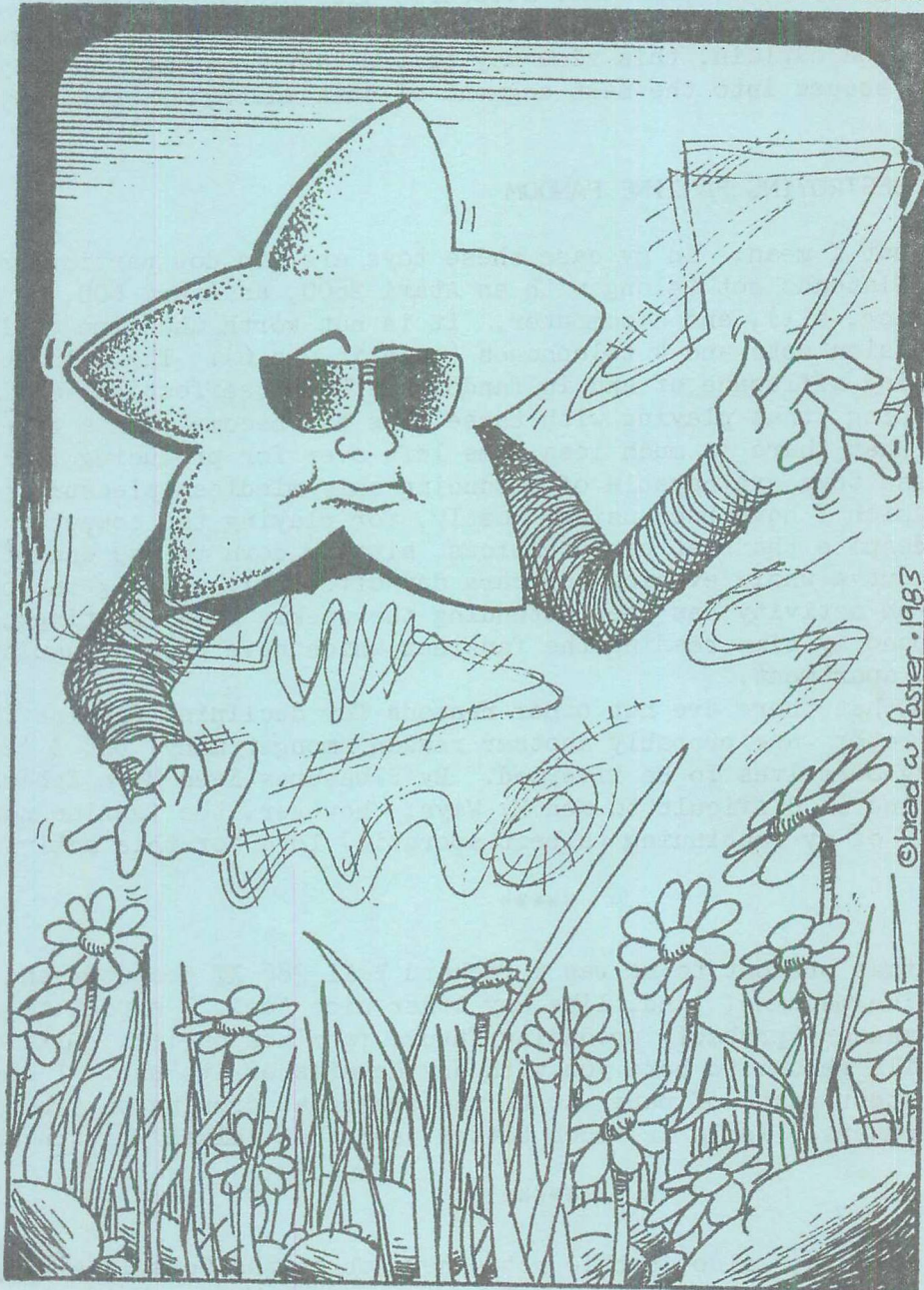
Cutting out a lot of excess verbiage I now move to my next (and current job which has lasted for over eight months and bids fair to be the career from which I will eventually retire. My position is with the U-Haul Company. For those of you who live in countries other than the USA and Canada (where we operate) let me explain that that U-Haul rents moving vans and trailers to those who need vehicles for do-it-yourself moving. The company also does other things.

As background for what I do I should explain that the main company is divided into about 90 regional marketing companies, each with a support staff assisting a number of company owned moving centers and any number of dealers (other businesses which rent out our vehicles). One of the main side-lines of the U-Haul Company is the maintaining of self-storage units at various of its centers (places where the general public can rent rooms for the storage of things for which they have no room at home). Our marketing company manages 15 centers and one vehicle repair center in two counties and part of a third - six of these centers have storage facilities (with storage managers to handle them) - I am the Storage Coordinator for our marketing company and much of my work requires to visit these centers at least once a week. To accomplish this I am provided with a vehicle (an old pickup truck on which is mounted a small moving van body - the vehicle has on it a few hundred thousand miles but it putters along). As long as I do not take this vehicle out of the company area I am allowed to use it as a personal vehicle and to take it to and from work - using company petrol - which is a rather nice fringe benefit whenever I have to carry something rather too large for my Hyundai (which mostly gets out of the carport for weekly trips to the LASFs, grocery shopping, and not too much else).

I am also assistant auditor for the marketing company; added to my above-mentioned position, this has provided me with a position with an incredible variety of different things I must do. As the company likes its employees to be cross-trained I often spend my Saturday half-days working at one or another of our centers (and I get to choose which centers I work on these days). My position gives me the responsibility I crave and a lot of freedom to accomplish my work. The only drawback, really, is that I am expected to put in between 50 and 60 hours per week - most weeks I work about 55 hours but this varies depending upon what needs to be done etc. Needless to say there is nothing said about taking time off to do necessary personal things like visiting the doctor or dentist and things like that. As long as put in what the company considers to be a reasonable number of hours and also accomplish the demands and requirements of my position I am free to come and go between our various centers. The only thing which would annoy my company president would be if I "spend too much time" at my desk as he wants my vehicle to be my office. There are days when I am at my home-base only to put petrol into the vehicle and to deliver documents. This is definitely not a position for a person who is not a self-starter.

As must be obvious from the above I am mostly happy with my new position (although what will forever be a problem for me are the long hours which interfere with my fanac). The job pays more (a bit) than what I have earned in past positions - and I expect that I will be getting a raise next month. Also, for the first time in my life, I use a computer at work.

...USING COMPLICATED HAND GESTURES, the
UNCANNY "STARHEAD" ATTEMPTS TO EXPLAIN
EUCLIDEAN GEOMETRY TO SEVERAL
INATTENTIVE PLANTS and STONES....



It is now several months since I typed the previous page; several times I started a "page 14" stencil only to have this typer break down (with me, each time, spending several hours fixing it, and, having spent so much time on typer repairs, losing all faanish energy and not continuing further). Finally, I took the typer in for proper repairs (my other Selectric also needs repairs, but, as this one is now working properly, I shall temporarily pass on having it fixed). Besides, as I will soon explain, this zine may be the last I produce on a typer. This thought neatly seques into the next segment of this editorial, one having to do with

THE TOYS WHICH ARE DESTROYING FANZINE FANDOM

You all know what I mean; in my case these toys are (in now particular order) cable tv, a Nintendo set (along with an Atari 2600, an Atari 600, and an Odyssey - vidoe gaming, all), and a computer. It is not worth the time explaining why we have 5 television sets and 4 telephones (once it was 6). The main point here is that the increasing affluence of and in fandom has had itseffect on fanzine fandom, with that being that playing with these toys has become such a time-consuming activity that there is much less time left over for producing fanzines. Granted, all of these toys are capable of producing only mindless pleasure (including the computer which I have been using, mostly, for playing the computer game SIMCITY); still, despite the best of intentions, sitting down to use one of these toys usually wipes out a whole evening (or rare day off work). During the past two years my main fannish activity has been attending the weekly LASFS meetings; and there, mostly, I spend my time reading the fanzines which have been accumulating in piles around the apartment.

I do not claim that there are not other reasons for declining fanzine fanac (increased postage rates are probably another reason amongst many) but I feel that We Are Allowing Ourselves To Be Diverted. By Pleasures Even More Ephemeral Than Fanzines. I find it difficult to Med My Ways; however, the fanzine now in your hands is proof of my continuing (albeit sporatic) love for this activity.

Robbie's Christmas present to me was a Packard Bell 286 XT computer and colour monitor. It is a nice machine; and, like any other nice tool, I expect to use it in the appropriate manner (probably producing future fanzines on it). Like any other fine tool I will refuse to bore you with any details of its use. I consider one of fandom's greatest waste of paper to be the continual droning on (in some fanzines) about computers. Tools are much better used than talked/written about.

My raise came through; also, Robbie got a new job at the Consulate (she is now their accountant) with a concomitant salary increase. We now bring home lots more money than I ever thought would flow into this household (almost four times as much money as I was making when I first met Robbie). It still falls far short of being able to buy a house in this market. And, no, before anybody mentions it, the purchase of the above-mentioned toys does not represent the expenditure of money significant enough to affect the purchase of a home. In that respect we are still

"poor". Not that we feel "poor", just deprived. Maybe, someday, there will be for us the chance to buy a house; however, coupling my age (55) along with what houses cost in this area (\$240,000 +) I doubt that I will live long enough to do so. Anyway, when I kick the proverbial bucket, Robbie will pull up stakes and move back to her beloved Canada so why should I worry about leaving her with a house to get rid of - she will have enough trouble doing something with our tonnes of 'stuff'.

Job-hunting is something I approach with as much attention and energy as I do to a job I actually hold. It (job-hunting) is a full-time job in itself. One's appearance is as important in finding a job as are the particular job skills one possesses. Therefore, as a consequence of moving out of my "life career" my beard, er, bit the dust (as it were) and my locks were shorn and now reside in a plastic bag next to those of Robbie. And there you have the title of this editorial.

Certainly, nature isn't tidy. Which is why Joseph disapproves of nature and insists on exterminating any scrap of it which manages to crawl into our living space. "Stop beating up the ecology, dear," I tell him. But he is determined to keep nature in tis place - outside the house.

--Judith Hanna
TRAP DOOR 9

That reminds me of Arthur Hlavaty's comment about being a fan of The Great Indoors.



"EXTRA INNINGS"

BY MIKE GLYER

"Rotisserie League Baseball," I whispered to Andy Hooper at Corflu. His eyes brightened with interest.

Think of it as D&D or Coventry for guys who spend their weekends shouting at ESPN or who buy USA Today on Tuesdays and Thursdays just to read the baseball stats. Find 12 of them and form a baseball league, on paper. Have each one pick a different team of 24 pitchers and batters from the American and National League. Add up the real players' weekly pitching and batting numbers (hits, runs, strikeouts, etc.) and see how productive the fantasy teams have been, ranking them accordingly.

"Can this game be played for money?" comes the echo of Dave Locke's voice from another year and game. The answer is "Yes." We paid \$150 to join the league, to be divided by the winners at the end of the season.

I told Hooper enthusiastically about our fantasy baseball league -- then just six weeks old. After six weeks our whole league was already buzzing about year-round rotisserie sports: football, basketball, hockey -- any league for which Computer Sports World maintained statistics.

"We could even have a Rotisserie Fanwriter League," I told Andy.

The rotisserie baseball draft has two parts: (1) a sealed bid, allocating a \$100 salary budget among the 24 desired players and (2) an auction to break ties and bid for other players to fill the empty roster spaces.

I knew nothing about rotisserie league baseball in the beginning. Not even that the title "Rotisserie" came from the restaurant which hosted the first league, rather than a significant circular motion associated with the game. Considerably greater surprise came as I discovered how little I really knew about individual players. Being a male American tv sports-watcher did not endow me with any Jungian racial memory, so far as pro ballplayers were concerned. I decided to borrow a 13-year-old Little Leaguer for my advisor on the theory he could only know current stars, while I was likely to associate somebody's name with his glorious play six years ago.

All craft was in vain: in the end, even the computer nerds who had shown up at the draft with printouts of 400 players' stats lost their money to two old farts who picked names out of a sports magazine.

But that came later: when I spoke to Hooper those guys who spent days massaging dBase III+ looked like they *really* knew, and I was avaricious to profit by their example.

"Fan writers I know," I told him. Yes, I drafted Fernando Valenzuela on name value alone, clueless that are problems threatened to end his career. I would learn from that mistake: let others draft Bloch and Burbee, and wonder why I took D. West!

Hooper and I thought there were natural categories for our league: writers' articles and letters of comment, to begin with. Count them, say, by the column-inch. Next, count the egoboo each writer generated in reviews and letters: use word-count, here. Add a category for artists: covers and illos. We'd be compiling

a staff for our own genzine, without going to the trouble of actually publishing one, which most fanzine fans never do anyway . . .

It was nearly midnight on a Thursday in January 1989 when the draft auction of the First Rotisserie Fanwriter League ended. I had my head in the refrigerator seeing if Moshe left any Coke. Dennis Virzi and Spike were still at the table haggling over a trade: Spike nixed dealing Harry Warner for A.P. McQuiddy, but kept talking in hope Dennis would seeten the deal with Greg Pickersgill.

Bruce Pelz and Joe Siclari bid Walt Willis up to \$15, but I got D. West for a buck. Rick Katze complained, "I paid \$5 to draft Bergeron then found out he was on the Disabled List!" Hooper agreed, knowingly, "Yeah, rotator cuff. He'll never be any good."

Elst Weinstein broke his piggy bank to get Dave Langford for \$17.50, then looked around the room for an explanation when Milt Stevens snickered, "Did you read the rules? Material published in computer fanzines doesn't count."

Milt's team looked like the table of contents of Trapdoor. He figured his computer knowledge of crime statistics had an application to fanzine fandom besides being a source of material. He'd collected the 1988 fanzines from his living room floor and made a spreadsheet. Milt winked and said, "I'll really enjoy *reading* the two articles Dave will have in fanzines this year, but not as much as I'll enjoy *counting* a lot more articles by Like McGuff!"

We all made up team names. Eventually Dennis Virzi and Spike shook hands on a deal which saw Harry Warner in a new Duncanville Pirates uniform, while Bruce Gillespie and Joseph T. "Readsalot" Major joined the Madison Cubists.

Bruce Pelz thought aloud, "We could franchise this idea to all the Oldpharts who don't publish anymore." He rolled his eyes for a moment while he calculated the license fee. He was right. Who wants to actually publish and have to deal with the prohibitive cost of postage, the inky mess of stencils, or all of those damned hours wasted learning how to make boxes with Ventura Publishing? Thinking of The Smof Game I said "Let's get Steve Jackson to make it a computer game!" I immediately wished I hadn't, hearing nothing but stunned silence from all the people who used to trade for Texas SF Inquirer.

I had to know: "Who drafted me for their team?" Hooper blinked his eyes, then asked Elst to explain it to me. "Mike, you write for File 770. That's not a 'real' fanzine. Nobody would get a score for it." Sarcasm welled up, "Who made *that* rule?" Elst said, "The Commissioner." You know, I'd meant to ask Andy who he got to be the Commissioner. "Ted White," he said.

Mike Glycer

At the pace this fanzine is being produced it might just as well join Mike's Rotisserie League; however, assuming that you are actually holding it in your hot little hands, what follows is something to keep Milt Stevens happily counting - an article by Luke McGuff.

MY LIFE IN THE BUSH OF ZINES

BY LUKE MCGUFF

The first fanzine I can remember holding in my hands was The Witch and the Chameleon.

Bored and disgusted with sf magazines, not yet aware of fandom, I stormed boldly into Barbara's Bookstore one early Spring afternoon, and demanded to examine the little magazines with fiction. "Just fiction?" asked the woman behind the counter. "Yes, I don't want any of that poetry stuff," I said.

We walked to the little magazines, which were in the back of the store. All different sizes and shapes, they ranged from nearly-fanzine to superslick review status. I didn't really care for cover date or quality; poetry or the lack thereof was the major criterion.

We had started selecting quite a pile when I pulled off the shelves a magazine that was different from the rest. 8½x11 and stapled at the edges, as opposed to digest sized or perfect bound. "How about this one?" I asked. "Well, that has some poetry in it," she replied.

It was, of course, TWatCh. I can remember scanning down the table of contents. Jennifer and Amanda Bankier, of course, and some other names which I didn't recognize at the time. Then further, the whammies: Joanna Russ. Ursula K. LeGuin. Samuel Delany. Jessica Amanda Salmonson. "How much for this?" I asked. "Even though it has poetry? Oh, about a dollar," the clerk said.

I went home to write the goshwowinest loc imaginable, accompanied by a \$9 check drawn on an American bank, the exact balance of my checking account at that time (NB: TWatCh was published in Toronto, Ontario).

The letter I received in reply was tersely patient, and referred me to Spider Robinson's column in Amazing. Soon I was getting Granfalloon, SpanInq and Wild Fennel (my personal favorite), all of whom received nearly incoherent locs in reply.

Thus I discovered fanzine fandom, and for the most part really liked it.

But even then I sensed something was missing. Like when you leave the basil out of the spaghetti sauce, and keep smacking your lips, what is it, what is it? Fandom and fanzines didn't quite live up to its own self-billing. For one thing, fanzines seemed so graphically stodgy. This was long before I discovered mail art, and shortly before punk rock fanzines came into existence. But I had subscribed to Print and other graphics communication magazines, so I had some sense of design potential, though no idea of the limitations of mimeo. (IE, it was my fault for not understanding the medium, not any fault inherent in the medium itself.)

I also disliked, and still do, and likely will forever, the terms "neo" and "mundane."

"Neo" to me means the new, the unapproved. And I've always like the new and unapproved, the unproven. Part of why I like sf is because the nuns wanted us to read other stuff. Captain's Courageous just didn't have the same kick of Starman

Jones. In art, writing, zines, music, I've always like the new, the unapproved, the challenging.

"Neo," the way it is used in fandom, seemed to me to reject the possibility of learning from the mistakes and enthusiasm of new fans. Sure, a lot of crud comes pouring out, but there's always the possibility of some startling new combination. What if Susan Wood had decided it would be too neo to publish a sercon zine discussing women in science fiction? The Feminist Insurgence was the first legitimate, unnumbered fandom, and the last great positive focus of faanish fanzine fans.

"Mundane might be a good label to apply to some people, but I've never liked the "we are fans, you are mundanes" meaning of the word. For me, the antonym of mundane would be creative, which eliminates quite a few fans, and includes a good number of others.

The next fanzine I can remember encountering was Sydney Suppey's Quarterly/Confused Pet Monthly. I picked it up at a General Technics berserker (parts swap/weekend cookout; GT was a group of wild and wooly guys and gals who built computers and lasers and robots in their basements and living rooms; now they get paid to do that; the techie version of fan-to-pro) and can remember holding it in my hands with the same stunned sense of total revelation with which I had held TWatCh a ciuple of years before. (I've heard it said that alcoholics remember their first drink; it is this sense to which I appeal when I describe remembering the first encounter with TWatCh and then SSQ/CPM.)

Idiosyncratic, as enamored of Ohio rock music (DEVO, Pere Ubu) as the novels of Phillip K. Dick, with a style and panache undictated by any reference to any accepted form of fanzine publishing, SSQ/CPM was definitely IT, the missing basil, for me. Helas, I'm almost embarassed to admit how much I like it, because my reaction was SO rabid and SO enthusiastic, that it was more off-putting than stimulating.

With these two prominent exceptions, I don't recall how I got my first copies of zines, although I remember some quite fondly: Wild Fennel, The Wretch Takes to Writing, Fast and Loose, Groggy Tales, and a few others.

Most of the early fanzines I got, including some that I would like to have back, were purged before I moved to Minneapolis (so were many books and records). My reactions to zines were either enthusiastic or condemning, and not very intelligible either way. I was like an overpowdered bottle rocket that shot up way too high and gave off only a little pop at the end. I would like to publicly thank (and in some cases apologize to) all of the faneds who received locs from me in the late 70s and did not immediately lop off my head.

In the very early 80s, there was an explosion of publications of may different types. Mail art magazines had already been around for some time, their first appearance was the mid and early 70s. Punk rock fanzines were flowering, gathering momentum through the early 80s, supporting and being supported by the flourishing independent labels of the time. Sfandom saw a number of attempts at the small, frequent genzine, some or all of which were pretty successful.

New to the 80s were the litzine and the minicomic. The "litzine" is not a little magazine, but a fanzine of writing, living and writing. This form was pioneered by Inside Joke, as far as I know. I don't recall the first time I saw IJ the way I remember TWatCh and SSQ/CPM, but I do remember a by-now-typical enthusiasm. Through 1986, I supported IJ with cash donations, subscriptions, stamps, postcards, letters, writing, and new contact addresses, as much as possible. Often I pointed it out as a zine to emulate to sf fanzine editors.

Helas, IJ is the zine about which my opinion has changed most radically.

If tomorrow my mailbox contained a zine that I would have found exciting in 1982, I might or might not find it exciting. But a zine that has been published for seven years and still looks and reads the same as it did then is basically wasting my time. I feel kind of sad saying that. In 1982, IJ was an incredible innovation. In 1989, it has not kept pace with the changes it helped initiate.

The minicomic was a single sheet of 8½x11 paper, folded in quarters and trimmed, to make an eight page booklet. One of the greatest promoters of the minicomic is Matt Feazell, who continually promotes it as a democratic folk art. The minicomic experienced the single most explosive growth of publishing through the 80s.

In 1981 and 1982 I was the fanzine reviewer for the Rune Boys Rune. My judgements were often snap and unfair, whether I liked a zine or not. I praised apples and ridiculed oranges, so to speak. It might have been nice to have an intelligent, internetwork fanzine commentator, using the forum of a large, frequent national genzine. But I shore weren't it.

I have, over the years, had some consistent internal criteria for evaluating fanzines, but was unable to articulate them until very recently. Being able to articulate these criteria has allowed me to develop more leeway in deciding what types of zines I like and don't like, and has in fact helped me to accept sci-fi faanish fanzines for what they are. Good writing.

Fred Pohl's article "For FAPA at Fifty" in Trapdoor helped me to appreciate faanish fanzine fandom more than anything else. I realized the pioneering aspect of fanzine fandom, that even though the later social/correspondance networks are in some sense a new breed, still they will never be the pioneers that those first hand-cranked zines of the 30s were.

So what are these criteria anyway?

Well, when I look at a zine, does it look like the people doing it had fun? Is there a sense of life to it? Fun means different things to different people, and a few years ago, I confused sloppiness with fun.

Does the zine do what's necessary or what's required? I place the greater value on what's necessary. Necessary in the sense that the person doing the zine has something to say, and will use the means at hand to say it best, whatever the overall context. "Required" would be fulfilling the needs of the mediu. Just about every type of zine I've mentioned has been around long enough for archetypes and prototypes.

Jeanne Gomoll quite eloquently and movingly explained in her Toastmaster speech at Corflu 6 that publishing Janus/Aurora led her to develop a vast set of skills that have become second nature to her over the years. I've seen participants in other networks talk about similar things. This is what I mean about doing what's necessary: You tend to develop a wider set of skills than "just" doing a zine.

Doing what's necessary requires mountain climbing; doing what's required means settling down on the plateau.

These are personal criteria that have changed how I look at zines. Everyone would of course think they are doing what's necessary; and everyone would bristle at the charge of doing what's required. I don't think these criteria can be used well for objective criticism.

Different networks have different values. The "necessary/required" and "was it fun for you too?" criteria allow one to look at the different networks and accept or reject what one finds most valuable in each.

The primary value of sfzines is the active letter column. Mail art zines, like El Djarida (Norway) and Photostatic (Iowa) have the best graphics, and the most international contributions. Litazines have some very warm, personal writing,

by the likes of Randy Russell, Sean Wolf Hill, and Denise Dee. Rockzines like Bitch have an infectious and raw enthusiasm.

What I see happening right now in fanzine fandom is that a number of new publishers are emerging, and a number of older ones are returning to publication, or rededicating themselves to it. I welcome this whole-heartedly, and look forward to the 90s to see what they will bring (theme music under and out).

Fat chance getting a loc from me, though.

--Luke McGuff



NOTES FROM THE OUTSIDE

BY ERIC HAYER

"For two years I travelled in Tibet."

Thus, in "The Mystery of the Empty Room", Sherlock Holmes recounts to a flabbergasted Doctor Watson his adventures following his apparant death at the hands of the villainous Professor Moriarity. The scene has stuck in my memory ever since I read it twenty years ago. It would be a fine thing, not so much to escape from the awful abyss at the Reichenback Falls, as to be able to reveal that I had been in Tibet. What pleasure it would give me to return, after such a journey, to my high school or, after a suitable absence, to Lawyers Cooperative where I work. My former acquaintances, who were just where I had left them, would beg to know what I had been up to and I would tell them, simply, "For two years I travelled in tibet."

Sitting down to write this article, more than two years since I last wrote an article for a sf fanzine, I can indulge my whim. I have travelled in fandom's equivalent of Tibet. I have seen lands where the zines were 4 1/4 X 5 1/2 inches, and produced more than a small number myself. In another place the magazines had unfamiliar names like NANCY'S MAGAZINE, THE SWEET RIDE, CLOSEST PENGUINS and TIME-MORR. In the distance I heard the rumble of great herds of publications devoted to thrash music and radical politics. Those I carefully avoided. Once, I passed through a place where names like Hecate and Odin were dropped, rather than Willis or Carr and some of the publishers were more straightforward than certain sf fans in claiming access to the Gods and proclaiming themselves high priests of their own invented religions. Though I had to admire their honesty, I didn't stay there long.

Now I find myself, for this one column, back in the vicinity of sf fandom, in an area, safely removed -- I hope -- from that fannish fanzine fandom that seems caught in a decaying orbit around a black hole called TAFF, happy to have gotten out before being swept inside the Schwarzschild radius myself.

It isn't the first time this year I've found myself a stranger in my own past. We moved during the year - Kathy, Fleur, Tristan and me. We bought our own home. Only a mile or so down the road from the place we rented, physically, but psychically a continent removed from that grim country of landlords, the drug dealer on the other side of the kitchen wall, the spotlights from Dodgetown blazing into our living room at dusk.

But we came back, more than once, to the house we'd rented. First to dig spring flowering bulbs we'd been unable to bring with us during the frantic move in May. We'd planted the bulbs years before, when we first moved into the house on Ridge Road East, when we'd still thought we could make a home out of a place that wasn't ours. Laboriously, digging blindly in the hard, dry ground, we brought the bulbs up, disappointed hopes to be planted anew in more fertile soil.

Later in the summer Kathy realised we'd left behind a ceremonial sword, given to my parents by a distant cousin. Or at any rate it hadn't turned up at the new house. Although we'd been out of the place for four months we could suddenly make

out every corner with photographic clarity. Wasn't that the sword, glinting there, behind the basement door, where we'd left the pile of paper bags.

The landlady no longer had the key. The property had passed into the possession of the developer who'd bought it, along with a streetful of other homes, to build a mall. But we knew that the door to the sunporch would n't lock and that the basement window, inside the sunporch, was broken, and so one afternoon we did what we had always feared someone else would do and broke into the house. Once inside the sunporch it was easy enough to pull the loose, scotchtaped glass out of the windowframe, reach in to undo the latch and shimmy through the opened window onto the basement stairs. I had never committed burglary before. It was exhilarating.

It was strange being there because we thought we had left for good, but then you never leave a place for good -- or at least it never leaves you. The abandoned mimeograph I'd never used still sat against the wall at the foot of the stairs. A cataract of fanzines still spilled out of the wall closet, exactly where I'd left them. The sword wasn't behind the door after all, though the paper bags were.

Upstairs, in the living room, the panelling had been stripped off the walls. Gone was the panel, by the window, where you could make out the head of a devil in the wood grain -- sometimes in profile, sometimes looking straight at you. The tattered couch was still there. Fleur and Tristan found a GI Joe figure under a torn cushion. Sunlight poured in through the curtainless windows, reflected brightly off the bare floors. It was hard to remember how much like a prison the place had felt.

We went upstairs. One time we had had had two cribs in those empty rooms. How many bed time stories had we read up there? The big window in Tristan's old room had framed innumerable scenes - the lights of Ridge Road on summer nights, snow drifts, spring flowers. It hadn't all been bad. We'd just stayed too long.

The sword wasn't upstairs either. We left by the back door.

"Are you sure it's locked," Kathy asked, automatically. Just as automatically I gave the knob an experimental turn and confirmed that it was.

When I was a child one of my favorite books was a Little Golden Book called SCUPPERS THE SAILOR DOG. There was something magical in the way it ended, when Scuppers, after many wanderings, found himself at his own place, and hung his hat on the hook for the hat and his coat on the hook for the coat.

Don't we all long for that place of our own, where everything is in its proper place? As kids we sought out our own places - throwing blankets over the dining room table on a rainy day, crawling under my grandparents porch with a flashlight and a picture book, climbing up into the big maple tree on the front yard to sit in the dry, ant-frequented space where the trunk branched three ways. Every autumn my grandfather would build my brother and me a corn hut by tying shocks of corn to a wooden frame. We liked to sit there, in the dusk, in the sweet smelling dry darkness, sunk down in the soft pine needles covering the ground, watching our luminous breath in the cold air, thinking we were war m just because we were inside, in our familiar place where we wanted to be.

A home is a place you feel comfortable in. It has to match you. You can't, I think, rent a home because a landlord's desire to make a profit off of his property is fundamentally different, and often at odds with, a tenant's need to live his own life in it. The simple fact that the property is controlled by the landlord makes it impossible to serve as a home. Unless you know that you can put the hook for the coat where you think the hook for the coat ought to go, you don't have a home and you can waste all your energy pretending otherwise.

This is as true of "places" that comprise more than physical space. You can come to realise, for instance, that your job, or your circle of friends have hooks in the wrong places. Every time you go to hang up your hat it ends up on the floor. This can turn out to be true of hobbies - even hobbies some people characterize as ways of life. How anyone reacts is up to the individual. Maybe you learn to hang your hat where you're told and like it. Maybe you find a new place. I don't know why some people seem to find that so hard to understand.

Writing this column, I feel a little like I felt standing in those bare, sunny rooms in the house we used to rent. The surroundings are familiar, almost painfully so, but it was never my place and I have no desire to move back. The house, they claim, will be demolished soon. We won't be able to return. An advantage of places that show up in your mailbox is that it is easy enough to steal back into them from time to time.

Strange things have happened since we've moved. I've been paid for fanzine articles. I wrote a comic book, and then wrote about writing a comic book for a magazine for High School students. I hadn't even realised comic books were written. A cartoon character I invented during a fifth grade arithmetic class showed up on a carton label in an issue of TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES. Penguin Books published the first sentence of my science fiction novel.

You accomplish more when you aren't obliged to spend all your energy battling your environment, be it physical or psychic. You can't get anything done when you waste half your time picking your hat up off the floor. One of the more fascinating projects I've taken on is editing the newsletter for the Seneca Park Zoo Docents. I agreed to it because Kathy is studying to be a docent - a volunteer educator - at the zoo which is a twenty minute walk from our new home.

A nice thing about docenting is that, in addition to allowing docents to indulge their own interests, it also does some good for a world which needs all the conservation efforts it can get. Kathy's last hurdle is to give her animal presentation. The luck of the draw gave her the domestic yak so in the past two days I have heard as much about yaks as I used to hear in two days about TAFF candidates. And wouldn't you know it -- the yak is a native of Tibet.

- Eric Mayer

It's a good thing that being a child was never my career objective. It would have taken me 30 or 40 years to develop the necessary skills to even do an adequate job at being a child.

Milt Stevens, ALPHABET SOUP 3, July 26, 1987 (FAPA 200)

Outside of a dog, a book is man's best friend. And inside a dog, it's too dark to read.

Groucho Marx, quoted by A. Langley Searles, THE ANNEX #8 (FAPA 212)

It has taken me over two years to get this done - too damnable bloody long, if you ask me. It is slightly less than two months until Worldcon in Chicago - with any luck (~~all of it bad~~) this will be ready to be distributed by then.

- Marty Cantor