



William Rotsler
contemplating
NO AWARD #16

THE FANZINE FOR WHICH YOU VOTED BEFORE IT EXISTED

NO AWARD #16

A Fanzine
by Marty Cantor
voted Fandom's Resident Curmudgeon
in a poll conducted in *Twink*

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE **Summer 2006**

11825 Gilmore Street #105
North Hollywood, CA 91606, USA
Telephone number: (818) 761-9401
Edress: hoohahpubs (at) earthlink (dot) net

Hoo Hah Publication No. ????

This fanzine is available as a download in a PDF format version at < www.efanzines.com >. A black and white edition will be distributed to those who prefer to receive it in the traditional paper manner.

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

LEGALESE

This fanzine is copyright © 2006 by Marty Cantor. One-time rights only have been acquired from signed contributors. Please consider that any other legal-type stuff is really here even though you cannot see it. So there.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover photo of Bill Rotsler provided by David Gerrold
Administrativia *by* Marty Cantor - page two
Editorial *by* Marty Cantor - page three
Addresses and Edresses - page three
History of the Fannish World *by* D Gary Grady - page four
Zines or Fanzines *by* Curt Phillips - page five
Do Sci Fi Fans Dream Like Electric Sheep? *by* rich brown - page six
Where Do You Start? *by* Peter Weston - page nine
A Post About Baseball and Cars *by* Rich Coad - page ten
A Christmas Newsletter *by* Graham Charnock - page twelve
The Way I Write *by* John DeChancie - page thirteen
Loc 'N Load (the letter column) - page fifteen
WAHF - page nineteen

LOCCERS

Rodney Leighton – 15
David L. Russell – 15
Ken Ozanne – 15

(Continued on page 3)

*A few thoughts
by Marty Cantor*

ditorial

In somewhat of a departure from my usual practice, the contributions in this issue first appeared on-line in various e-lists. So, why put out an issue of reprints? I consider that a good question which has a good answer.

There are many fannish e-lists (which are, to the uninitiated [such as those who are not yet on-line]), a conversation carried on in e-mail postings. Sort of like APAs. And, if the reader is not familiar with APAs, Amateur Press Associations, contact me and I will be more than happy to explicate this particular fannish pleasure - I run two of them.

There are fans who have joined just one e-list and there are fans who have joined many of them. Still, not all fans who participate in e-lists are members of all of them, so putting material from one e-list into *NO AWARD* will present this material to on-line fans who have not yet seen this material.

Many fans do not save their e-mail postings; so, here, in a more permanent form, is a method of preserving this material and more easily referring to it - or just rereading it for pleasure.

Then there are those few of my readers who do not access the net. For them, here are some gems that they would not otherwise see.

NO AWARD is available in both paper format and is presented to a wide audience at www.efanzines.com. Many of the paper copies will be around for decades, but an even wider audience will be able to access it on-line as efanzines.com is the major on-line source for the traditional fanzine and anybody interested in reading a wide variety of zines can get that experience at this site.

Therefore, in an effort to expose more fans to some fine writing previously available to relatively small audiences, this issue of *NO AWARD* is one of reprints from some e-lists.

Addresses and Edresses

FOR
PRIVACY/SECURITY
REASONS
THE
ON-LINE VERSION
OF
NO AWARD #16
WILL NOT SHOW
ADDRESSES & EDRESSES
OF
CONTRIBUTORS

Contact the editor
for this
information

(Continued from page 2)

Eric Mayer – 15
Brad W. Foster – 15
F.M. Busby – 16
Lloyd Penney – 16
Jan Stinson – 17
Mike Deckinger – 17
Tim Marion – 18

ARTISTS

Bill Rotsler – 5, 9, 17, 19
Joe Mayhew – 7
Joan Woods – 8
Darrell Schweitzer – 10, 14
Robert Whitaker Sirignano – 11
Alexis Gilliland - 18

From the Trufen e-list here is a posting from North Carolina fan, D Gary Grady.

history of the fannish world

by D Gary Grady

Something I find interesting is the fact that our own solar system is about 4.5 billion years old, hence almost exactly 1/3 the age of the universe. There's good reason to think that early on elements other than hydrogen and helium were extremely rare and didn't become available for planet formation until they had been produced in nova or supernova explosions. (The latter, I believe, are need to make elements heavier than iron.)

This suggests that the universe is relatively young and that ours may be one of the earlier civilizations, assuming that (a) there are other civilizations and (b) what we have can be called that with a straight face.

A fanzine article idea I've toyed with for a while is an outline of history, starting with the Big Bang, the Inflation, the formation of stars and galaxies and eventually solar systems with planets, the formation of our own solar system (which I gather happened fairly quickly once the process started), all leading up purposefully up to the culmination of all that had gone before, the invention of the fanzine.

Rough outline:

13.7 billion years ago: Big Bang

4.5 billion years ago: Sun and Solar System form

Around 4 billion years ago: Oldest life (which was probably wiped out more than once by meteor impacts and had to start over from scratch; fortunately, there was sufficient primordial scratch)

A little over 500 million years ago: Cambrian explosion, fairly rapid development of complex life, including pretty much all basic body plans now in existence and plenty more that never made it (such as the original Edsel)

(There ensues a series of geological periods with fancy Armenian-style names ending in -ian, pretty

much all of which end with a mass extinctions; this very quickly gets repetitive, like the destruction of the Enterprise in most Star Trek movies)

150 million years ago or so: Dinosaurs set up shop; early mammals (ancestors of modern fans) come along about the same time but barely hang on against the competition

65 million years ago: Dinosaurs forced into bankruptcy by big rock, causing them to dress up in feathers and go "tweet" to hide from creditors; opens way to the development of non-reptile-based fandom

6 million years ago or so: First humanoids appear; primitive tool use (ultimate basis of mimeography)

Time uncertain: First use of clothing (basis of costuming)

50,000 years ago or something like that: First modern humans come along (in appearance similar to modern fans, but thinner and more athletic)

30,000 years ago: Earliest cave paintings pave way for fan art

7,000 years ago or so: Earliest movements toward larger communities, basis for postal services and local clubs

6,000 years ago or so: Invention of writing, necessary for fan articles (earliest writing done with stylus on clay; basis for drawing and writing on stencils)

Etc., ultimately leading to the appearance of First Fandom

It's interesting to look at these numbers in relation to the literal beginning of time or the beginning of the Earth:

Almost 33% of history of the universe: Existence of the Earth

About 11% of the history of Earth: Existence of animals and plants above the microscopic level

About 1.4% of the history of Earth: Time since the extinction of the dinosaurs

0.00067% of the history of Earth: Existence of art

0.00013% of the history of Earth: Existence of writing

Also from the Trufen e-list, Curt Phillips ponders producing a fanzine ...

ines of Fanzines

by Curt Phillips

Randy Byers said unto us:

"So now I'm curious whether zine fans talk about the horrible crushing cost of pubbing their ish and how paper zines are dead, or do they avoid postage costs by not mailing their zines?"

Bob Tucker:

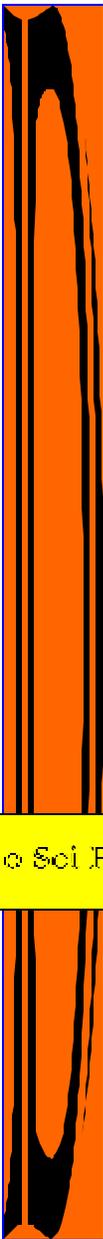
"And I keep telling you publishers about The Good Olde Days. I used to buy twill-tone mimeo paper for about \$1 a ream, yellow second sheets for less than a dollar per ream, and mailed my early fanzines for one and one-half cents per copy. I also gave the postmaster a freebie and he read it. It was a staggering blow when postage costs went up to 2 or 3 cents per copy."

I'll tell you fellows what; postage and printing prices have really limited my own fanzine production. I can bear up under the burden but I hate to think what it's costing you guys. Why, I had to cancel my gala 10th annish of my fanzine *ABSARKA* for those reasons, and boy-oh-boy, was it a great zine! 150 pages, full color printing, with a fan art portfolio featuring Steve Stiles, Dan Steffen, Brad Foster and several "lost" Earle Bergey nudes, and a fold-out centerfold of one of the loveliest ladies in all of fandom. I can't name her but **you** know who I mean! I had it all planned out in detail. **You** had a great article in there, Randy. You were going to blow the lid off the steaming cauldron of Seattle fannish politics and reveal how you and Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzales are even now planning to organize All of Fandom to rise up and take back the Worldcon. And **You** had a Big article in that issue too, Bob Tucker! You were going to write about how you and four carefully chosen confederates - Bloch, Korshak, Eschbach, and Evans - had once planned to organize All of Fandom

to rise up and take back the Worldcon. And there were articles by Earl Kemp, and Robert Silverberg, and Dave Locke and Harlan Ellison; and Ted White had an article on how he was planning to organize jazz musicians to rise up and take over All of Fandom. And Marty Cantor and Craig Miller would collaborate on a major article on how they were planning to surrender the Worldcon to the N3F and skip town with the profits, and I had part 1 of my 900-page short story on how the Worldcon had packed it's bags and gotten on the last bus out of town just ahead of All of Fandom. Oh, it was to be a glorious fanzine with sterling silver staples and illuminated WAHF listings, and a 3-D cover by some neofan in Porto Rice named "Bergerson" or something like that. It would certainly have won Hugo Awards for each and every one of us. We'd have all stood there together on the Hugo winners platform wearing our bright red Knights of St. Fantasy blazers with our modest but stylish Science Fiction League buttons in the lapels, and we'd have all raised high our gleaming golden Hugo rockets while the femmefans cheered and the flashbulbs flashed, while All of Fandom kneeled prostrate at our feet... But then they raised the price of postage stamps to 39 cents and I said to hell with it.

I keep busy these days by filling in the holes in my COSMIC STORIES OF HORSE OPERA pulp magazine collection, so I'm ok; but I still hate to think of what my decision cost all the rest of you. If I ever hear that any of you have quit fanwriting and taken up some lesser hobby - like writing **science fiction** - then I don't know how I'll ever deal with the guilt...





Here is another item from the Trufen e-list. A bit different in tone from the first, but just as interesting in its own way. It's author, rich brown (who never capitalized his names, unfortunately, recently passed away.

My problem with media SF, once I was older than 10, was that it met such low expectations. If you rate written SF on a scale of 1 to 100, most of it would fall into the 30 to 70 range, with the best and most memorable in the 80s and 90s (and a rare 100). If you apply the same scale to media (radio, TV, movies and comic books), most of it would fall into the 1 to 20 range, with STAR TREK at the high end of that, maybe a 25. Or worse than all but the worst written SF.

(The **best** media SF? Undoubtedly selected stories in the EC comics, WEIRD SCIENCE and WEIRD FANTASY and their successors, such as the Bradbury stories drawn by Wood or Williamson -- like, Frinstance, "There Will Come Soft Rains." Or Krigstein's version of "The Flying Machine" -- genuine art. And the radio adaptations of notable SF stories on DIMENSION X and associated shows of the early '50s. Come to think on it, media SF peaked in the early '50s....)

I've never understood why fans of good written SF didn't apply the same standards (internal logic, et al.) to media SF. Why give media SF a free pass, just because it's skiffy?

— Ted White

o Sci-Fi Fans Dream Like Electric Sheep?

by rich brown

Spot on.

I would add a bit about that "free pass," however. It's about understanding. Naturally, being me, rather than you, I have to go on about it at Some Length. Wander away from and then focus back on the central issue. So it's more than "a bit." Still.

In 1948, Redd Boggs wrote a piece of stfnal faanfction, "The Craters of the Moon," which appeared in DREAM QUEST, one of the better fanzines of the time. The story was much remarked upon because Boggs speculated that fans might turn away from science fiction when the commonly held dreams of the genre started to become reality -- specifically, the first landing on the moon. Fans brought discussion about Redd's piece back to the fore again not long after I entered fandom, some eight years later, because we were starting to send satellites into space with an eye toward putting a man on the moon -- and rather than leading to disinterest in written science

fiction, we were beginning to notice that we were in for one of the biggest magazine sf booms the genre had ever seen. Redd had seemingly missed the boat, fans were saying at the time.

And indeed, as far as "predictive" science fiction goes, his story didn't get the specifics right -- as can be said of **most** science fiction, when you come right down to it. But that's really okay, because the genre was never really intended to be in competition with Nostradamus anyway -- it's not trying to depict **precisely** what will happen in the future, it's just speculating on the kinds of things that **might** happen . . . and serving, sometimes, as a thoughtful warning of what effects those changes **might** have on the human condition.

While I think Boggs misidentified the genuine common dream of most of the fans I was searching for and indeed encountered when I got into fandom, what he said about dreams being tarnished by the tawdry brush of reality was profoundly true nonetheless.

Oh, we fans were certainly very nearly universally in favor of space exploration because it would show that **one** of science fiction's generally held propositions -- that space exploration was both necessary and inevitable -- was right on the money. But if the reality of space travel showed we were wrong about the specifics, it was nothing for sf fans to get disillusioned about -- for one thing, because science fiction, after all, wasn't "just" about space exploration.

I think the most common dream of sf fans -- spanning the time from when we first started to come together to form the microcosm up to, well, at least the 1960s, maybe even a decade or so later -- was the hope that sf might someday be appreciated and understood by the mundane world. We just had to laugh, albeit through tears at times, at the notion that sf was just That Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff. We knew better.

That's right. The largest single obstacle that **most** of us saw to the accomplishment of our common dream was . . . other-media science fiction. Illogical, ill-informed, downright stupid and badly done anti-science babble, the vast majority of it. The antithesis of the science fiction we all loved and knew existed but which was beyond the ken of those who never bothered to read it. But it's what **most** people thought science fiction was. We weren't so chicken hearted

as to relinquish our understanding of what the genre **really** was, despite the fact that "most" people, in their ignorance, didn't agree with us. We kept the faith. We persevered. We hoped and dreamed that, someday, the genre we loved would be genuinely understood and earn the acceptance we so clearly felt it deserved. We ignored the old admonition -- possibly because it mostly appeared in fantasy, in the matter of making deals with devils and genies -- that people literally need to be careful about what they wish for lest they actually get it.

As Ted pointed out, we saw occasional beacons of hope in **some** other-media sf. Those beautifully illustrated Bradbury stories in a few of the EC comics. Most of radio episodes of DIMENSION X and X MINUS ONE (because they were adaptations of stories which had first appeared in sf magazines) and some of the tv episodes of THE TWILIGHT ZONE and THE OUTER LIMITS (because some of them were adaptations of sf magazine stories or were written by writers known to sf readers).

And a very few movies also seemed to be made, at least mostly if not entirely, of the Right Stuff -- DESTINATION MOON, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, FORBIDDEN PLANET. That's one movie written and given guidance by Robert A. Heinlein, another based largely on a story which first appeared in ASTOUNDING, and the last with a plot swiped from William Shakespeare. But even there, we quibbled about them. On the scale Ted was talking about, they might legitimately rank a 30 or 35, still on the "low" end of the general range of written science fiction, but yet noticeably superior to most other offerings in the same (movie) medium.

And that's where the lowering of standards Ted was talking about began to gather impetus. We were **so** anxious to see these other media displaying **any** aspect of what we regarded as "real science fiction" for the general public to see, that we began to applaud when they showed us, not a beacon, but a mere glimmering of it. We became apologists for sf that pulled itself up from the abysmal to become almost mediocre because it had nifty special effects or it introduced some cliché of the written form for the first time to the viewing public. Sometimes we kept applauding because they'd once done something to make us genuinely appreciate their efforts even after they slowly slipped back into the slime of the bog -- as George Pal did when he went from the fairly good DESTINATION MOON to the fairly poor WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE to the so-so THE WAR OF

THE WORLDS to the abysmal THE CONQUEST OF SPACE ("But, gee, at least it had good special effects, a nice model of a space station where you couldn't detect the strings and astronomical art of Chesley Bonnestel!").

I admit I liked STAR TREK when it began. The first year, there were episodes by writers an sf reader would recognize -- Sturgeon, Bixby, Bloch, Ellison, others. True, they had to side-step a few absurdities of the basic premise (or at least not use them as important elements in their stories) to bring us episodes that were better than most when it came to approaching the kind of science fiction we liked to read. But somewhere along the line -- and I don't know if it was Roddenberry or someone else in the ST hierarchy -- the decision-making people found they couldn't really deal with sf writers, perhaps because the sf writers couldn't be convinced to accept those tv/movie stupidities and/or make them important elements of their stories. The people who produced the series loaded up on television hacks whose understanding of science fiction was based on having absorbed mostly bad other-media sf, who were capable of making the kind of compromises suggested by those who knew even less, were more than to willingly to make up the "science" as they went along to accommodate those moronic aims and attempt to cover them over with Treknobabble. I think I've seen every episode of the tv series but there are some I absolutely refuse to watch a second time, for fear I might not be able to resist the impulse to pick up a hammer and toss it through my television screen.





All this said, I don't believe STAR TREK -- in tv or movie form, even including its spin-offs -- was totally without merit. STAR WARS the same. Even though both went pretty steadily downhill from their inception. Head and shoulders above the earlier comparable other-media sf -- SPACE PATROL for ST and BUCK ROGERS for SW. They elevated the tastes of the general public -- the low-grade schlock of the '30s, '40s, '50s and even '60s has practically disappeared. Even we sf readers can appreciate them for what they are -- the middle range of written "space opera," still in the lower range of written sf, but kind of fun in a mindless way if you can turn off your mind, float downstream and dismiss the absurdities (with anything from a shrug to no more than a quick shudder). I daresay most of us can overlook their stupidities -- just not the fact that most people don't realize they have any. Including a lot of those now showing up at science fiction conventions.

The general public does not have the low opinion of science fiction it once did -- largely because of STAR TREK and STAR WARS. This is certainly a good thing. But this is **not** because we've finally achieved our common dream so that the mundane world now genuinely understands and appreciates sf for what it is. It's because they appreciate sci fi and don't understand that sci fi and science fiction are not the same things. And we're at least **partly** to blame because we didn't specify all that clearly what we wished for.

So now the World Science Fiction Convention which **we** started has been absorbed and replaced. What we used it for was to meet up with those we'd gotten into contact with from a distance on paper, as well as the sf professionals (writers, artists, editors) who cared to show up and talk to us like fellow human beans, in celebration of the genre we had in common and loved mutually. We know the present Worldcon is related to our old World Science Fiction Convention if only because they continue the numbering. But we also know ours has disappeared and in its place it is what we might as well call the World Sci Fi Convention -- where everything even remotely associated with sf in any form must (for egalitarian purposes) be

appealed to, no matter what the expense; where the professionals (actors, directors, producers) who are often comped to show up may deign to talk to us as long as we don't get too close and worship/genuflect to them from afar in recognition of the fact that they are far above we mere mortals, and where we will often be told that we really just **have to** climb down off our high ropes and accept that sci fi and science fiction **are** one and the same because, after all, That's What Most People Think.

Has to be true then.

You betchum, Red Ryder.

Any opposing beliefs are, well, gee, at the very least, undemocratic. Can we have a show of hands on that? You know, because I'd be likely to take it all back if it turned out I wasn't in the majority . . .

*From the *Wegenheim* e-list we have a slight change of pace from the *Fan Guest of Honour* at the last Boston Worldcon. He also wrote*

here Do You Start?

by Peter Weston

A few weeks ago I went along to the SF-reading group at Birmingham Central Library. This was originally started about five years ago by a librarian who has moved on, and the main motive power is now supplied by Mike Jones of the Brum Group (a long-time and very sound SF reader), who had invited me along. I wasn't sure what to expect; in the event it was a small meeting, with Mike and myself, William McCabe (also from the BSFG), an old lady, a youngish woman (20-22, something like that), a youngish chap (same age) and Paul, slightly older, and a friend of Mike's, who had been along to the Brum group meeting the previous week. The novel under discussion was *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, and a novelette, 'Omnilingual' by H.Beam Piper.

Discussion on the novel was quite interesting (I said it was the same story as '1984', but turned around, so the protagonist is the bad guy and the State is actually trying to do a good thing - redeem him - even though it uses a form of brainwashing) but where the wheel really came off was in the discussion of the Piper story.

The idea, you'll doubtless remember, was that archaeologists in the near future excavate the remains of a fairly-advanced humanoid Martian civilisation that died out 40,000 years ago, but cannot translate their writing. Then they realise that the periodic table is effectively a 'shared language', and because science is universal, this will provide them with a 'Rosetta stone' to start deciphering the extinct language.

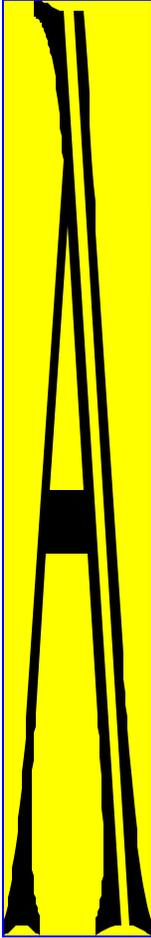
When I first read it, all those years ago, I thought this was a great story, pure SF, and a concept of blinding simplicity and obvious truth. Not so the reading group! They argued me into a corner; it wouldn't

work, they said. Just because we see the world in one way, it doesn't mean an alien culture would see things similarly. The young woman told me I was being anthropocentric, that another civilisation might express the periodic table quite differently. I said that the basis of modern understanding of the universe is that physical laws are constant, on Mars, on Pluto, in the Andromeda galaxy, but they wouldn't have it. Mike tried to support me, but couldn't move them. In the end I just said they obviously didn't have any understanding of science and had completely missed the point of Piper's story. Maybe this was unwise!

But it seemed to me then, and does now, that these were a bunch of people who claim to be interested in SF, but they're not, really. They have swallowed the bright shiny lure without taking the hook; they're actually fantasy fans, to whom the universe is a strange and mysterious place in which anything might happen. The painstaking working-out of *Mission of Gravity* would be lost on them, they probably wouldn't understand why the author had taken so much trouble to work-out the structural underpinning for his world, keeping it consistent with science-as-we-know it. They probably wouldn't be bothered if Barlennan had suddenly teleported to the pole, or invented an anti-gravity machine to make things easier.

What I think I'm saying is that although the new generation is more familiar with advanced technology than we were, it might not be altogether a good thing. They've been conditioned by media-SF to expect the impossible to happen; the cavalier disregard for accuracy and consistency exhibited by almost all films and TV presentations has become the expected norm, and to a youngster, our sort of painstaking, detailed, careful science fiction might just seem to be 'plodding' by comparison.





In the bar is a list with a lot of Britfans as members. However, there are several American fans who are members, with several of them living in the Barea. Here is a posting from Richmond, California.

Post About Baseball and Cars

by Rich Coad

Stacy and I traveled up to Infineon Raceway to see our first ever Carball match featuring the Winston-Salem "Chaws" versus the Hayward "Body Shops".

Carball, in case you don't know, is a fast-growing sport (rivaling the growth rate of Ultimate Fighting in the Dakotas and Arkansas) which combines two of America's favorite pastimes - baseball and stock car racing. The sport is the brain-child of former WBCO master-cruiserweight chess-boxing champion Dimitri "Dim Bub" Bubonovich, who emigrated from his native town of Smolensk to Flint, Michigan in 1997. While growing up in the bleak Russian heartland, Dim Bub had heard repeatedly about the land of opportunity that was the United States of America. He saw his chance to emigrate after his stunning upset of Andrei "Grandmaster Drei" Fyodorovich by an amazing combination of an aggressive rook in the ending and

a fierce left hook to the ribs. The dazed Fyodorovich left his king open to a bishop and his chin open to a right upper-cut.

Soon after Dim Bub moved to Flint where, instead of the land of dreams he'd envisaged, he found cheap boarding houses with ESPN. Nevertheless he was enthralled by the new land and its long, long, very long, games of baseball which consisted mostly (as he saw it) of deep strategy between momentary tactics. One day, flipping between ESPN and ESPN2, he had his "Eureka" moment. By flipping the channel after the pitch and swing he found he could watch colorful, high-powered cars (cars made in the USA by union labor, no less, and decorated with symbols of the culture) fly around a track at close to 200 miles per hour - Dimitri smiled when he realized it was miles per hour and not mere kilometers.

The first Carball meets were amateur events between Flint, Michigan; Gary, Indiana; Davenport, Iowa; and East Saint Louis, Illinois. These early meets used signal flags to alert the drivers rather than the modern radio-equipped helmets and, of course, there was no alligator pit to stop the ball-players from running onto the track.

But I may be getting ahead of myself. The rules of Carball are straight-forward. During those periods of the baseball game when the pitcher is looking to first base, scratching his balls, shaking off the catcher, rosining the ball, stepping off the mound, spitting into the dirt, rubbing the ball in his glove, checking the positions of the shortstop and second baseman, shaking off the catcher again, conferring with the third baseman, meeting with the pitching coach, and scratching his butt, the six racers on the track are free



to let her rip and jockey for position and try and get as far ahead of the pack as possible. Once the pitcher is into his windup, however, all drivers must **immediately** brake as hard as possible. Telemetry in the cars allows the umpires to determine who has failed in this, and, at their discretion, a driver might be called with a KLAB which immediately gives all other drivers a one lap advantage. Once the ball is out of play the drivers can start again. The infield fly rule was a point of contention for some time until the coasting rule came into effect - as soon as the umpire calls the infield fly, all drivers must shift to neutral and coast until the play is over.

So these were the rules for our first MLCB game. The Chaws, being the visiting team, took the field first. The cars lined up were an impressive array of Detroit Iron: Chargers, Camaros, Mustangs, Challengers, and a Hornet. We rooted for the Hornet.

Play was pretty dull until the third inning when, as "Stretch" Lombowski, the Body Shops' pitcher, was amiably scratching himself, Tony "Yeah Fuckin' Tony" Angeletti cut across too sharply in front of Jim "Skeeter" Simmons and both went ass over teakettle with tires bouncing every which-a-way and spinning around on their roofs as the cars caught on fire and both clambered out with an "Aw! Shucks!" grin and a wave to the crowd and one less Mustang and one less Camaro in the race.

By the seventh inning there was just a Charger, a Mustang, and, yes, ourHornet still in the race. The second Camaro had been disqualified after three KLABs. The game had the Body Shops over the Chaws by 3-2. The Chaws had a man on second and their big hitter, Oleg "Doofus" Rosenblatt up at the plate. "Stretch" wound up, brake squeals echoed

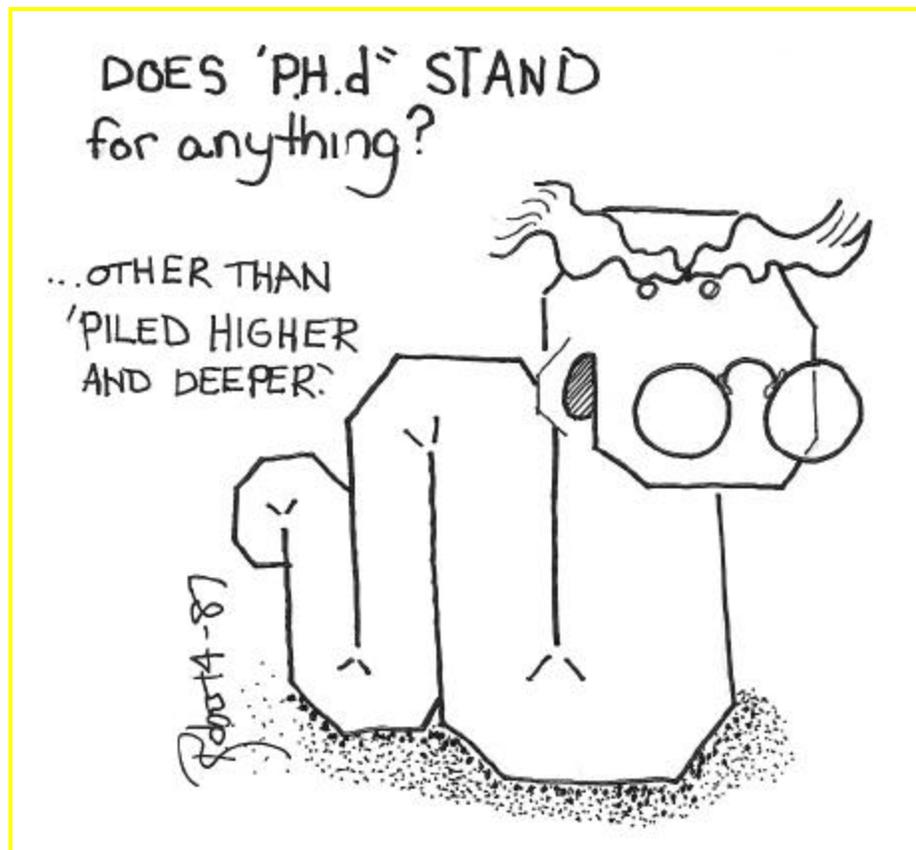
across the park, and served up the damnedest hanging slider I have ever seen. "Doofus" crunched it. The ball went screaming out of the infield over the shortstop by at least 6 feet and headed for left field. Back, back, back, went "Wingy" Bronson. Too far back. He'd forgotten the pit and fell in which is where Ol' Albert got into the game and had a nibble or two on "Wingy's" left leg. Mebbe we'll have to rename him "Gimpy" now, heh, heh. But seriously, the stretcher boys got there fast, and "Wingy" should be playing again in 6 to 8 weeks.

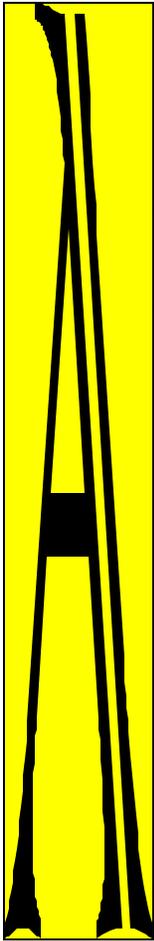
Meanwhile the Hornet, taking advantage of the "Death in the Pit" rule, moved ahead of the faster Mustang and Charger by three quarters of a lap. A distance they were not able to make up.

Unfortunately for the Body Shops, both the base-runner and "Doofus" scored while "Wingy" was being et by Ol' Albert.

Final score was mixed for the home team Chaws 4, Body Shops 3, and Hornet first.

Will I go again? You betcha!





One of the more prolific posters to Inthebar is Graham Charnock. In response to a posting about people whose only written contact with others appear to be Christmas Newsletters, Graham wrote ...

Christmas Newsletter

by Graham Charnock

Dear Doug and Family

Well, another year has passed us by since the last one. Which was three years ago. (I had a little accident on the building site and lost the memory of the years after the last one I remembered). Strange how that happens isn't it?

Most of my family have died in the interim, well only my fifth cousin twice removed called Norman, who emigrated to Australia after the Second World War, and made a fortune as a Builder & Decorator, but since he constituted most of my remaining family, I'll mention him constantly in an attempt to get sympathy. A number of my friends have died as well (see later, re. the barbecue incident).

My wife Mandy ran off with a Black Man, that is a white man wearing a black wet-suit, but it was for the London Marathon, and he'd painted it yellow to resemble a banana. So he was a kind of white, black and yellow banana man. She came 42,025th. He was 52,356th, or tenth banana, which sounds better since 142 bananas actually entered, and three didn't finish at all having apparently disappeared off the face of the Earth. Insurance loss-adjusters suspected some sort of scam.

In January I filed patents for my 'Feel Good' bicep flexing system. It's well known that extreme physical activity can release endorphins (otherwise known as 'nature's natural heroin') into the bloodstream. Whilst lying in the bath one day, I discovered that simply flexing one bicep several times could cause a more or less immediate hit. Flexing both of them for minutes on end compounded the effect. I released a work-out video, and launched a 'Feel Good Water Gym' franchise, but was forced to close it down

when I was hit by a hoard of class-action suits by people claiming their loved-one's had died in the bath by practicing my regimes.

In February (feeling the need for some sort of solace) we joined the Fourth Church of Jesus The Adventist Topiarist. I think it was the Fourth. Mandy says it was the Third, because He only did low privet hedges and not bushes or shrubs over four feet in height.

This was just after an overflow of slurry from a local landfill site had hit our farm in Tedfordshire, thus setting us back ten years, only three of which, of course, either of us could actually remember.

Mandy only survived apparently because she inflated her Mae West at the correct time, thus providing me and the rest of the firemen with an inflatable sex toy we could use to paddle to safety (but you saw all this on the Ten O'Clock News, surely?)

Did I tell you that our much-loved fifth cousin twice removed Norman died? It was something to with his liver, or possibly a liver he'd eaten, poisoned with swill from the nearest landfill site. I did warn him against emigrating to Australia.

And we've lost two cats. God knows where they've gone. Mandy thinks they've gone to the farm next door, where they're being fed anchovies with blinis, which we could never afford, certainly not after the collapse of the 'Feel Good' programme.

Well, what else? I've mentioned the cats, Norman, the Fourth Church of Jesus. Mandy, what happened in March? Oh, yes, I remember now. We got a new car in March, a Mitsubishi 4Wheel Drive Land Cruiser as it happens. Most of the brethren at the Fourth Church of Jesus (Mandy was wrong) said we were sinners for getting something so big and expensive on gas, which I understand, is what they now call petrol, since we all became American, after the invasion of Saudi Arabia, but I reminded them we did have twelve children, including Natyalie and Gwenda who are in special needs schools, i.e. learning the special skills required for getting into stage schools

Jennifer died in a boating accident in April, but since we didn't know anybody called Jennifer, we got through it, eventually, after Beverley had gone on to an Ashram for a three-week course in Universal Redemption. (We didn't know anyone called Beverley,

either).

To celebrate Easter, I went off for a weekend at a retreat, whilst Mandy went to a holiday resort in Spain. I spent my time studying the works of St Ignatius Loyola, most of which, to be frank, made me want to regurgitate my dinner. How could he do that to innocent badgers?

In June I invented and patented a substance called 'Bikini Bite' which enabled body-builders and beauty queens to actually glue their skimpy costumes to themselves to prevent embarrassing ride-up or flop-out. Unfortunately I found somebody had already invented and patented it earlier.

The year got worse, and then better, and then worse again, when my collection of rare Gilbert & Ellis Islands stamps was devalued by the revelation in the National Enquirer, that the Gilbert & Ellis Islands had never actually existed.

Later in a rare upbeat moment after learning we had won \$15,000,000 dollars on a Guatemalan Lottery where the winning ticket had been linked with our email address, we bought the horse for Ariadne, and the goat for Desmond, but of course they were soon repossessed when the truth about these heartless scams came out. I can only think myself lucky we hadn't already signed the deeds on the chateau in France, the Luxury Motor Cruiser and the chain of Pizzarias in Indonesia.

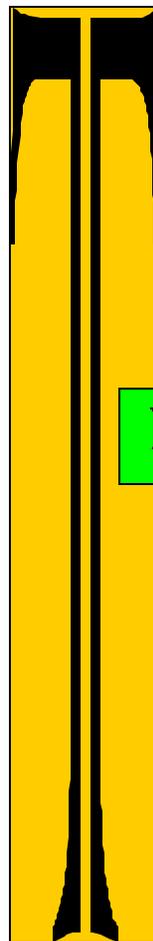
Things went from bad to worse with the incident involving the Japanese Ceremonial Sword at our annual barbeque, which I'm sure you've all read about in the National Press.

I can only say I've found Jesus a vast comfort as I languish here in my prison cell, with Mandy in the cell next door to me. When this ugly series of incidents is over I will go on to try and find God yet again, and write yet another open letter to tell you all about it.

Oh, yes I also got some new software enabling me to produce newsletters and church bulletins with a so-called 'professional' edge, and the prison warden has agreed to let me use it, providing I vet my productions with him first.

Your Brother in Jesus

Graham C.



There is another area of written fanac which rarely gets wider distribution than its original pubbing. So, for those who are getting NO AWARD via efanazines.com, let me present something written for an APA (Amateur Press Association). By their very nature, APAs receive little exposure outside of those who contribute to them as only enough copies of the distributions are printed to get one copy to each member.

The Way I Write

by John DeChancie

Lots of you are curious as to my professional writing methods. (You in the back, pay attention! Time enough to sleep when I get into the lecture proper.) Permit me to bring out a few salient points on the subject.

First, let me state that I write every day that I am writing. Without fail. The days that I am not writing, true, are many and lingering, but when I write, by gum, I write every day that I write. I defy anyone to point out to me a day that I write in which I fail to write. So, let's set that as a parameter of something. Write every day you write.

What time of day? I get up every morning on a day I am writing at 6 AM sharp. At 7 AM, after a nourishing breakfast, I am sitting at the computer, opening up a new file. I type my name in the upper left-hand corner of the screen, then my address and contact information, including my agent's name and contact information. Then I type the word "The..." I wait. If nothing follows, I close the file, and go back to bed; I usually regain consciousness again at approximately 12 Noon.

I then go out to lunch. Lunch is from one to four PM, whereupon I take a long walk on the beach. I get back home in time to either fix dinner or go out with friends to a restaurant. In the evenings, I read. At 11 o'clock, I reopen the file and stare at the "The..." If nothing comes, I type "...hell with it" and close the file.

If this pattern persists for more than a week, I employ one of my patented methods for overcoming writer's block. One such is writing the word *the* several more times, a couple of thousand times for a novel, a few hundred for a short. You will have to



write them eventually; might as well get them out of the way. The same goes for punctuation. Hitting the period and comma keys a couple of thousand times is guaranteed to give you a head start on a composition. The average word processing file for a novel is around 400k. With this method, you have between 40-75 of those Ks locked in and done with.

Now all you need do is fill in, and presto, your novel's all but written itself. This procedure can be followed for *he said*, *she said*, and any variations thereof. More Ks. Still more are prearranged when you lay in a few dozen *howevers*, *therefores*, and a brace of *moreovers*, just for good measure. In point of fact, one can browse the dictionary for likely useful words, using the genre of the work as a general guide.

For instance, a mystery would quite clearly call for at least a dozen or so uses of the word *murder*. The same goes for *Inspector*, *clue*, *fingerprints*, *gun*, *conservatory*, and *lead pipe*. What else can be assumed to be needed? Well, paragraph indents, of course. Lay them in, by all means! A few per page, easy as pie.

We have already covered punctuation, but blocks of dialogue are a special case. Space for these in the manuscript can be set aside and seeded with flurries of quotation marks, from which stirring,

terse, dramatic dialogue is sure to grow. Be sure to set aside enough *he saids* (add a *tersely* or two).

For other genres, simply follow your inclinations. *Rocketship*, *planet*, *Martian*, *horse*, *six-gun*, *tin star*—you be the judge of what you will need. Type in as many as you think will come in handy, plus a good safety margin. You can always delete any oversupply.

By the time you get all this done, it will surely be time for bed, and you can start the whole process over again the next day. Eventually, what is produced is a template. All you need then is a few character names, and a plot element or two or three. From there on in, it's a paint-by-numbers sort of procedure.

I realize that letting the professional cat out of the bag this way takes some of the glamour out of the writer's *mystique*. But trade secrets cannot be kept forever. Millions of people are finding out how easy it is to write fiction. Their works are getting published every day on the

Internet, in non-paper form mostly, granted, but this is merely the march of technology. The age of the mute, inglorious Milton is over, the Muse be thanked. Today, every man and woman can be an unmuted Milton, an all-stops-pulled-out Shakespeare, an uncollared Collins (Jackie), an unbe-nighted Brown (Dan), and there is glory enough to go around.

However, there is a hitch. These new Browns and such will have their Art as their only reward, as well it should be; for the same new technology that has put them into print them will deny them compensation for their craft.

Copyright is going the way of the dodo, and no one can guarantee that anyone will ever get paid for writing again, unless it's a stipend or salary of some kind. Straighten that livery, Maestro. Your table is reserved for you in the kitchen with the rest of the staff.

Stick with it, never say die, and all that, and you'll succeed. And lay out your book or story in detail before you write, so that the actual writing part will be as painless as possible.

These days, letter columns are not as large as in previous years. But then, neither are many of the fanzines. Still, loccers send interesting information. Here is some of it ... starting with some pure praise.

OC 'N LOAD

RODNEY LEIGHTON: Read Milt Stevens' piece. I don't like that sort of fiction but he is so damned funny that I was entertained and delighted. Man should be a pro writer.

I do not think that it is any great secret that I consider Milt one of current fandom's premier writers. Because of the theme of this, I did not ask him for a contribution. I hope to have something from him in my next ish.

DAVID L. RUSSELL: I haven't been drawing much since August as a broken ankle made a mess of my usual routine.

You draw with your feet?

And now, a question about why I produce the on-line zine the way I do.

KEN OZANNE: Why is the fanzine in two bits? I read the first part yesterday, the second today, having forgotten yesterday that there was a second part.

I have been asked this question before, so I will answer it here.

When I started uploading NO AWARD to efanzines.com, my on-line connexion was dial-up. This meant that uploading and downloading just about anything took quite some time. (I now use DSL and no longer have that particular problem.) Knowing that others would have the same problem - exacerbated if they were paying for access by-the-minute - I made the decision to split the zine into sections so that others could download each section at their convenience. NO AWARD #16 is smaller than previous issues, so I will probably upload it in one section.

ERIC MAYER: Your tale of the neighbors from hell was harrowing. I sympathize since I've coped with some bad neighbors over the years, though none

as bad as yours. I recall a couple guys who rented a house behind mine. They created a din, day and night. Not just boom boxes and parties. They had a barking dog which, rather than walk, they let out a second floor window to do its business on a porch roof. The roof got cleaned when it rained but there were long periods without rain. There was a ruined hulk of a car in their yard. They managed to set it ablaze more than once bringing out a whole circus of fire crews, ambulances and police. There was the time one of the guys came to my door. He lifted weights and looked exactly like Bluto. He said, "I want to ask you a favor. If we make a lot of noise or something please don't call the cops. My brother violated his parole and he's hiding out with me." Turned out this fellow drew comics. His superheros had more believable physiques than he did. I introduced him to small press comics fandom, so unlike your neighbors, he had redeeming qualities.

Yeah. Except that you still had to live with the results of his non-redeeming qualities - like all of that horrible noise.

Like you I'm always on line and my phone is useless. I like that. The second I'm offline AT&T calls to sell me something, or else I hear from a drugstore customer. The store's number differs from mine by a single digit. Sometimes morning drugstore calls wake me up. I'm tempted to say "Congratulations. As our early bird caller, you're entitled to a free basket of merchandise. Just fill up your basket and walk out. No need to check in. We'll know who you are."

You have pinpointed the major drawback to DSL. I acquired DSL not just for all of the admitted advantages of broadband but also because the gate alarm system of my building is run through a land-line telephone system. As manager of my building, I have to be able to let in meter readers and others with business in the building - and other tenants have to be able to access me via my telephone. I am on-line much of the day so I have to have DSL to keep my telephone line open.

What's Brad Foster on about not being able to recall the past? That's what I like about writing about my past. Since I remember nothing I can just make it all up.

But one can still make up all of one's past even if one remembers all of it.

BRAD W. FOSTER: Amazing story of the renters from hell. Certainly puts my own problems the past

couple of months of dealing with work around the house in perspective, at least the end result here is something constructive! I remember back in my apartment-dwelling days talking with the manager about how difficult it was for them to be able to actually evict someone, with a million bits of paperwork to file, and a series of deadlines that had to be announced and allowed, while in the meantime the jerk in the apartment was making life miserable for everyone around them. but, does seem like a happy ending at last, and even some extra bucks for you!

The Tenants From Hell not only scared many of the other tenants; but, in the 4½ months they occupied the premises they did an expensive lot of damage to their unit.

But the extra bucks (in the form of me now paying token rent) has been very instrumental in allowing me to replace my 15-year-old automobile with a brand, new 2006 Scion xB (which I call the ugliest car in the world, a breadbox with wheels, and a vehicle which looks like what a small child draws when you ask him/her/it to draw a car). And paid in full. (Well, at my age, I do not want to assume monthly automobile payments as I have enough other monthly payments as it is.)

Wow, fan-fiction! Actually, a fan-fic-play! Well, maybe fan-fic-media-play! Oh, this multi- cross genre stuff can get so confusing. Guess I should just enjoy the show and leave the categorization (such a word?) to the historians.

Andy Hooper has been putting on his original plays at Corflu each year for some time and I was pleased that he let me pub this one on my zine. Items like this, originally produced for a limited audience, deserve wider dissemination.

As far as proving I'm not dead, well...hmmm, an interesting question. I looked in the mirror and when I blinked, I saw that face blink too, and I don't think you can do that when you are dead. Or, if you can, that's just too creepy to think about any longer.

But blinking whilst looking in the mirror is no proof that you are not dead. (Even writing a loc is no proof that you are not dead.) After all, it is possible that it was the person in the mirror who was blinking and you were just ...

F.M. BUSBY: I really appreciate your keeping me on the list despite spotty response record. You will earn points in heaven, if they keep score around

there.

I think that Buz is earning lots of points in heaven, having died (February, 2005) a bit after sending me this loc. I exchanged correspondence with Buz over the years as he was a sporadic loccer of my zines. However, to the best of my cast iron sieve of a memory, we only met in person at the first Seattle Corflu, and I found Buz to be a very pleasant fellow.

Sheest, what a lousy situation to get stuck with, the Hoodlum Community just next door. And I bet you are a peaceful citizen who does not have a reassuring hand cannon around the premises. Anyway, congratulations on seeing the last of that mob.

The previous building manager had a pistol, and either the Tenants From Hell or some of their friends broke into his apartment and stole it. (In my 17 years in this building, that is the only burglary this building has seen. Well, there have been some car break-ins, but most of that was stopped when the building was gated in 1991.

And Corflu reads like a great way to shake loose and enjoy. I wish I'd been there to see Andy's play. Having both seen and read some plays shown at Cons (and acting in one, waaay back), I know that nothing beats Being There. This one does read well, though. Kudos to Andy.

Andy is a fine writer and deserves the egoboo he receives. And probably does not get enough of it.

Realizing that even a true smartass fanzine has its limits, I withhold comment on the Republican convention.

NO AWARD does have its limits - political ones, that is - insofar as I eschew political commentary, mostly because I am an intensely political animal and I find it close to impossible to keep my political discussions, er, light. I write a lot of political commentary in my zines in APA-L and LASFAPA. However, to keep from annoying the other contributors/members of those APAs, when I find myself getting so hot and heavy with political commentary that it bothers some of the other members/contributors, I create political zines (separate from my regular zines) and have two zines in the disties so those who find my politics too, er, heavy, can just read my regular zines.

LLOYD PENNEY: The layout of your zine is

yours, and there always seems to be someone who will not just dislike it, but disparage you for even designing it. I got a lot of that for the last fanzine I worked on, and I was just the local editor.

Some criticisms of some of the zine layouts I have used have been constructive but I have rarely applied them to future zines because I usually change layouts for each issue. Not just for NO AWARD, but also for my zines for the weekly APA-L and the monthly LASFAPA. Playing with layouts is one of the pleasures I get in zining.

However, given that there is going to be criticism of my layouts in NO AWARD, no matter what I do, I just do what I want. Well, that is a prerogative of faneds, is it not? At least, each of my layouts has pleased some readers.

I very much agree with Joseph Major on Jan Stinson's zine. It's interesting to read, it shows that there are a myriad of ways to overcome the tragedies of life, and fanzines are one of the better ways to stay busy and communicate with your peers. I always look forward to it when it's available. One thing I like about it...it's positive in tone.

Speaking of Jan Stinson, here she is ...

JAN STINSON: Joe Major's review of my fanzine was a surprise (and a pleasant one). I should note, however, that I live in a village called Eastlake, not Eastland. Also, the superhero in Rod Marsden's book is an echidna, not an echnida. It's so thoughtful of Joe and Marty to leave these typos in; we English majors and proofreaders live for them, you know.

Without typos - and infelicitous phraseology, too - we smartasses would have little about which to comment and practice our craft.

My editorial about the Tenants From Hell got a lot of commentary, and here is some by a person who was also a building manager.

MIKE DECKINGER: I was offered the position of building manager when I first moved to San Francisco in 1972, with an \$80.00 a month rent reduction (rental costs were a lot cheaper then). After a day of indecision I accepted the position, relinquishing it 7 months later when I bought a house (house costs were MUCH less expensive then). I have no tales of raging unpleasantness to match yours, thankfully. It was a small apartment building in SF with

11 other tenants, most of whom had lived there for a minimum of 10 years, and several considerably longer.

They were quiet, well-mannered, not prone to partying or loud music. The most stressful thing I had to do was repair a bath shower fixture, which I learned, on the spot, to do. No one ever called after 6:00 PM, and rarely on weekends.

Would I have continued in that role had I not moved? In a moment. It was one of the easiest ways I've ever managed to reduce my rent. For the most part the tenants did not wish contact with me, or anyone else, and would only call out of desperation, when their isolation was threatened by unmentionable conditions within. But that was decades ago and I doubt anyone could land an effortless job like that today.

My rent savings is more than what you mention, considering the huge run-up in rental costs in the Los Angeles area - not as much as in the Barea, but close. Indeed, with my rent being only \$100 a month, adding to that amount what I get in dividend payments from the stock I own, this is not only a nice supplement to my Social Security and IRA payments is what enabled me to purchase, outright, my new automobile. Well, I also sold some stock, but that sale would have occurred at that time because of the situation of the housing market - I sold my two weakest REITs (Real Estate Investment Trusts).

For the most part, most of my tenants are like yours. Not only have they lived here for a long time - and I have lived in my apartment for 17 years, with two other tenants having lived in the building since 1979 and most of the others at least 8-10 years - but only a few of them are kvetches. I have learned (on the job) how to repair dripping faucets and other minor things.

HE CALLS THAT
A GOOD JOB?



Do I want to be building manager? Well, financially I need to have this job. And, very honestly, there are no other current tenants whom I think could handle being building manager. Or would probably



want to. So, considering that I plan on living here for a long time - assuming, that is, that I live for a long time - I will probably manage this building for some time to come.

Given my druthers, I would prefer to just be retired so I could devote my time to my faanish pursuits.

I've never seen FUTURAMA, I appreciate the wit and cleverness of Hooper's play, without being able to forge any linkages with the program he is basing it on.

Since you have all the Rotsler illos, why not set up a web site for on-line distribution?

Even though you wrote the above some time ago, at the time I put out NO AWARD #16, most of the Rotsler illos which I designated for distribution have been sent out. (Two large envelopes of them were dumped on a table as the last part of the Las Vegas Corflu, effectively bringing the ceremonies to an end as a ravening horde of faneds descended upon that table to gobble up those illos.) I have, however, saved a large number of those illos for my own use as many of them form parts of the many covers I need for the weekly APA-L and the monthly LASFAPA. After use I follow Rotsler's wishes and send them for re-use, mostly to Earl Kemp for his e-zine, eL.

TIM MARION: I'm so glad you've decided to include an editorial...as most of the rest of the contents had no appeal to me whatsoever. Your story, altho you didn't really put that much emotion into it, had me on the edge of my seat wondering what was going to happen next.

There was more than enough emotion when I was

living next to the Tenants From Hell - and the other tenants in the building who were here when they were understood whom I mean when I refer to them as the Tenants From Hell. The person who rented the apartment and her boyfriend appeared nice enough on the surface, but many of their friends/visitors looked like they were figures right out of Central Casting when somebody calls for gang members. I guess, when it was all over, I (along with the other building tenants) were so relieve that what emotion was left to us was relief. The tenants in our building are either working or middle class people, with two of us being retired people who were never part of the gang world.

It sure is hard to understand what goes thru some people's minds... I guess some people think they're supposed to get everything they have just by stealing it from someone else. I can understand how much better you (and your neighbors) feel now that unsavory types are no longer hanging around.

Amen to that (as the saying goes).

I strongly get the impression that the forced fannishness of "Fanorama 3004 AD" was much more fun to perform in than to watch. I have no problem with the subject matter (fandom and Futurama), however, nor Andy Hooper's writing. As they say, I guess you had to have been there...or perhaps I'm just feeling too disassociated with fandom to appreciate this bit of fannish silliness.

FORCED fannishness? Maybe one had to be there (at the performance), but I find nothing forced about this.

Likewise Milt Stevens can normally have me in stitches with some of his unexpected liners, but, as with his previous novel description, he seems to be trying too hard to be funny.

Loved the artwork by Gilliland and Stiles and ATom (and Rotsler!). Also the Teddy Harvia cartoon about Pegasus.

Fanartists never get enough egoboo, so I always put in comments like this.

AJHOF

Terry Jeeves *had an opinion about problem tenants*, "I enjoyed reading your editorial although it was a horrendous bit of public non-relations and showed how the law seems powerless against those who just ignore it or twist the loopholes. I hope you can avoid such tenants in future." *I understand the law in this matter as tenants need protection from unscrupulous landlords. The problem is, of course, the unscrupulous tenants who, not minding moving every three to six months, getting most of their rent free as they pay just for one month (plus a deposit) and then just stay and stay, paying no further rent. When they also damage the apartment and also rattle the other tenants, the situation is worse than just not paying rent.*

Terry continues, "Sad to say I've finished ERG because of health." *Sad, indeed, for both the demise of a long-running zine AND the ill-health. I send my best wishes to Terry and hope that his health deteriorates no further.*

Steve Green *sent some technical information about English place names. As this probably interests only Phil Castora (who inquired about them), I have printed Steve's loc and handed it to Phil.*

Henry L. Welch *opines*, "Thanks for the latest No Award. You really ought to try to publish more often so that you can build some continuity." *To which I can only reply that NO AWARD has always been pubbed on a schedule of money and material meeting in a meaningful way. Unfortunately, as my money situation has gotten better the written contribution situation has deteriorated. Granted, I have taken my dividend payments, rent reduction due to my "job" of managing the building in which I reside, and the sale of some stock to purchase a breadbox with wheels in replacement of the 1991 Saturn I sold to a friend. (This is another topic, one rich with smartassery, but it amounts to my purchasing a Scion xB, a Toyota-built automobile.) Anyway, as opposed to my previous situation of often having material I could not pub because of a*

lack of funds, I am now in a situation where I can pub issues as soon as energy and material get together in a meaningful way, and I seem to be lacking in both of them. (And lack of energy is still another topic, something some other 71-year-olds may understand.

LESLIE DAVID *sent this comment*, "How goes the food-free diet? Just wanted to let you know I've stolen that phrase from you." *Feel free to steal the diet, too. Indeed, I would be quite willing to switch my food-free diet for a free-FOOD diet.*

LLOYD PENNEY *wrote, before his previous loc*, "Hi, Marty...just downloaded issue 15, and many thanks. Just wanted to check...did you get my loc for issue 14? I didn't even make the WAHF column." *I responded to his posting with the following (and I consider the first sentence a masterful statement of, well, something-or-other,*

"Oops! Um, er . . . ahem.

Sorry.

What with now getting locs via both the Post Office and the internet, I tried a new system of keeping track of the e-locs. And blew it. This system involved copy/pasting all e-locs to a Word document and deleting material from it as I used it in the new loc section. Unfortunately, I forgot to check it to see what locs were remaining which I had not used, putting the, er, leftovers into the loc section. I just went by my old system of looking at the regular-mail locs on which I had written "WAHF" when putting in those items."

So I now have still another system of how to handle e-locs: after I copy/paste the parts of the contents of a loc which I want in an issue, I move the entire loc to a different folder (which I will keep for reference in case something crashes, deleting the folder after an issue is complete, the paper copies mailed, and the .pdf version uploaded to www.efanzines.com .

SHERYL BIRKHEAD *hand-wrote what I think are some nice words which I found hard to decipher. *poot* Plus 3 cartoons (which are around here, somewhere).*



WHERE OLD PUNCTUATION GOES TO DIE

NO AWARD

16