

HOLIER THAN THOU

~ XII ~



DARRELL SCHWEITZER
for Fanartist Hugo!!



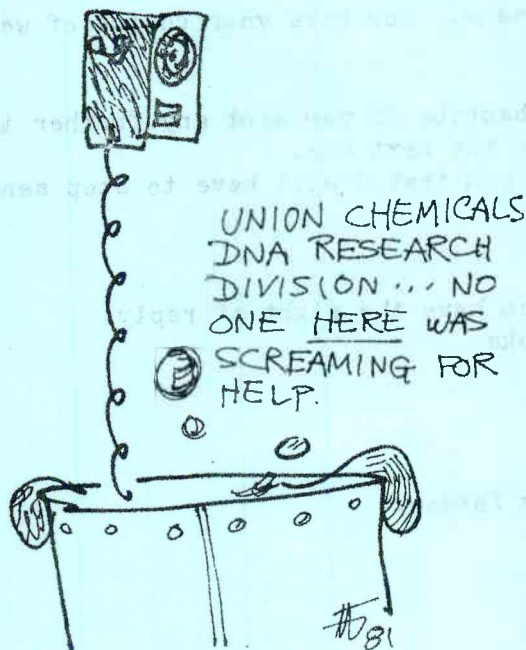
Taral, in DNQ 32, wrote a short review of HTT 11. One of the things that he wrote was, "Good artwork appears side by side with some of the worst published in fandom."

This page is dedicated to
Taral.



TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Cover	Penny Terry	Pg. 1
2. Schweitzer for Fanartist Hugo		Pg. 2
3. Table of Contents		Pg. 3
4. The Fanzine Hugo - an editorial	Marty Cantor	Pg. 5
5. Towards a Fannish Zodiac	Paul Skelton	Pg. 9
6. Some Reviews of HTT		Pg. 14
7. Cooking with Aunt Adrienne	Adrienne Fein	Pg. 15
8. The Standard Sexual Scale Test	Mike Farkash	Pg. 19
9. "Cats"		Pg. 21
10. The Legend of "Blitz" Knutson	John A. Purcell	Pg. 23
11. Mark O'Polo and the Secret of Chinese Cooking	Jack Harness	Pg. 25
12. The Life and Times of Morinda Moormist	Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 29
13. The Pied Typer	Mike Glyer	Pg. 32
14. War of the Waves		
A Letter from Joseph Nicholas	Joseph Nicholas	Pg. 37
A Letter from Darrell Schweitzer	Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 41
15. A Letter from John Hertz	John Hertz	Pg. 43
16. The Comet Column	Harry Andruschak	Pg. 45
17. The LoC Ness Monster		Pg. 48
	Jim Meadows	Pg. 48
	Steve Fox	Pg. 50
	Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 51
	Olivia Jasen	Pg. 51
	Don Franson	Pg. 52
	Thom Digby	Pg. 52
	Paul Skelton	Pg. 53
	Steve Tymon	Pg. 54
	Anders Bellis	Pg. 55
	George Flynn	Pg. 55
	Georges Giguere	Pg. 55
	Donna Miller	Pg. 56
	Leslie David	Pg. 56
	Mike Glicksohn	Pg. 56
	Barney Neufeld	Pg. 58
	Keith Williams	Pg. 58
	Sandra Miesel	Pg. 59
	Brian Earl Brown	Pg. 59
	Jan Brown	Pg. 61
	Harry Warner, Jr.	Pg. 61
	Ann Nichols	Pg. 62
	Bernadette Bosky	Pg. 62
	Bruce D. Arthurs	Pg. 62
	David Palter	Pg. 64
	Alexis Gilliland	Pg. 64
		Pg. 65
		Pg. 66
18. I Also Heard From	Marty Cantor	Pg. 68
19. Addresses	Stephanie Klein	Pg. 69
20. Some Closing Words	Mike McGann	Pg. 70
21. Inside Bacover		
22. Bacover		



ARTISTS

Penny Terry: Cover
Darrell Schweitzer: 2(2), 28, 29, 41, 42, 51
Steve Tymon: 5, 54
Skel: all 'twixt 9 & 13
John Alexander: 15
Richard Faulder: 18
Bruce Townley: 20, 24
Charlie Belov: 21
Stu Shiffman: 26
Allexis Gilliland: 3, 31, 65
Ray Capella: 35
Terry Jeeves: 37
Robert Whitaker: 39

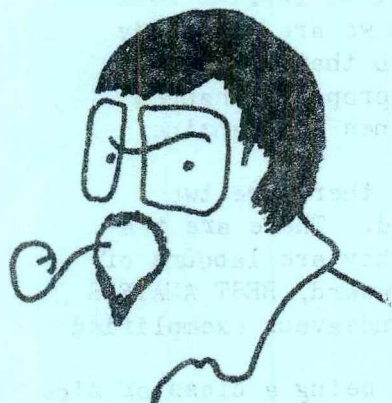
Olivia Jasen: 40
Bob Lee: 43
Linda Leach: 44
Wayne Brenner: 45
Buzz Dixon: 47
Mike McGann: 48, 70
Jeff Wilcox: 57
Steven Fox: 60
Mel. White: 63
Rob Gustaveson: 64
Mary Bohdnowicz: 8
Joan Hanke-Woods: 66, 67
Stephanie Klein: 69

WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS:

- ☐ We trade.
- ☐ Would you like to trade?
- ☐ You locced.
- ☐ You contributed.
- ☐ I would like for you to contribute.
- ☐ Again.
- ☐ Your contribution is being held for a further issue.
- ☐ Joseph Nicholas has mentioned you in this issue. You have your choice of weapons (and the right of reply).
- ☐ You subscribe.
- ☐ Your subscription has run out. Please resubscribe if you want any further issues.
- ☐ If you respond to this issue I will send you the next one.
- ☐ It has been so long since I have heard from you that I will have to stop sending HTT to you if you do not Do Something soon.
- ☐ You purchased this copy. I thank you.
- ☐ FIAWOL.
- ☐ Your fanzine was reviewed in this issue - you have the right of reply.
- ☐ You have co-authored one of my favourite books.
- ☐ I like that which you write.
- ☐ You worship at the Stannous Church.
- ☐ You are a SMOF.
- ☐ You are not a SMOF.
- ☐ You are a target in my campaign to putridify fandom.
- ☐ This fanzine may be of interest to me.
- ☐ You are of interest to me.
- ☒ Editorial whim/wher.
- ☒ Fill in the line of your choice.
- ☐ Hang by your thumbs.
- ☐ You are a member of Eagle Rock Fans Rejoicing Over Games (EARFROG).

This fanzine supports: Marty Cantor for DUFF in '85
Los Angeles in '84
Melbourne in '85
HTT thrice yearly

Our Editor



You were expecting
maybe Ben Bova?

HOLIER THAN THOU

TWELVE

Edited and Published by Marty Cantor
5263 Riverton Ave., Apt. #1
North Hollywood, CA 91601, U.S.A.
Tel. (213) YU LACK 1

Trades and anything larger than letter
size mail should be sent to: Marty
Cantor c/o The Smokers' Den, 117 W.
Wilson Ave., Glendale, CA 91203, U.S.A.

Hoo Hah Publication No. 290. A Production of the Foot-In-Mouth Press. Published in
January, 1981. Electro-stencilling by the LASFS Gestetner 455. HTT is pubbed thrice
yearly and is available for the usual or \$1.50 per issue (3/\$4.00).

the fanzine hugo -

an editorial

/*/ An expanded version of this editorial is appearing as an article in P*S*F*Q (Michael J. Ward, P.O. Box 1496, Cupertino, CA 95014, USA), approximately concurrently with the publication of HTT 12. I am also overrunning copies of this editorial, the extras to appear in LASFAPA and FAPA (the two APAs in which I currently maintain membership). Extra copies will also be available to those who express an interest in this topic (this last because I doubt that I can fully explicate this subject in LoCs to other fanzines, therefore I will be offering to send this to readers of those LoCs). /*/

Constant readers ~~know~~ of HTT know that I am amongst the many fanzine fans who are upset over the fact that the Fanzine Hugo cannot be won by the types of zines which it was established to honour. Controversy has raged around this award for quite some time.

An attempt to solve some of the causes of this controversy was made after SUNCON in 1977 - new wording for the category was adopted in 1978 and ratified in 1979. The amendment was successfully incorporated into the WSFS Constitution; however, it failed to eliminate the basic cause of the controversy. Fanzine fandom is still embroiled in war.

I personally met Mike Glicksohn for the first time at DENVENTION. Conversation between us led to what we believe is a method to solve the problems that fanzine fans find in the fanzine Hugo. We have been corresponding about this and we are now ready to offer some amendments to the WSFS Constitution. Let me lead up to that.

The problem with the Fanzine Hugo Award is that it has not properly changed in a manner which reflects changes that have been occurring in fanzines and fanzine fandom. Hence, the controversy.

The controversy that is raging has to do with the fact that there are two distinctly different groups of zines now contending for the same award. There are traditional fanzines that are amateur in the best sense of the word - they are labours of love produced by fans as hobby activity. The original title of the award, BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE, reflected the intention to award excellence in the hobby endeavour exemplified by these types of zines.

In the past (approx.) decade and a half there has come into being a class of zine that is nowadays called the semi-prozine. It could be said of these zines that they are fanzines that "got successful". At least monetarily. These zines pay contributors and/or staff in money (unlike the amateur fanzines which pay contributors in copies of the fanzines). These zines have print-runs much larger than the amateur fanzines, making it harder for traditional fanzines to compete with them in a Hugo-voting electorate wider than traditional fanzine fandom. In a modern fandom much larger than the fandom of several decades ago it is difficult for small circulation zines to get exposure amongst the large number of Hugo voters who are not hardcore fanzine fans.

The editor/publishers of these semi-professional magazines have also gotten away from the pure "communication" ethos of the traditional fanzine; they are rarely available for "the usual". Almost the only way that they can be acquired is through purchase/subscription. Simply put, these zines are intended by their editor/publishers to be money-making propositions.

Well, there is nothing wrong with that. As such.

Except that the Fanzine Hugo was set up to honour excellence in hobby activity, not success in making money off of a fanzine or generating enough money to be able to expand print-run in order to sell even more copies.

Other fields (such as sports) have long recognised the unfairness of having amateurs compete against professionals - it is time that we fully recognise that the current rules of the Fanzine Hugo category force both professionals (well, semi-professionals, which is (in this context) virtually the same thing) and amateurs to compete against one another. This has resulted in the virtual freeze-out of amateurs since the early 1970's. Not only have the semi-professional magazines won most of the Fanzine Hugo awards in the last decade, it is now rare for more than one traditional fanzine to even make it onto the final ballot.

In view of the preceding, the solution to the Fanzine Hugo controversy which most readily suggests itself is the one being proposed by Glicksohn and myself - splitting the category into two different awards. With two distinctly different types of zines competing for the same prize, it is only fair that they both have awards appropriate to each.

Incidentally, there is a body of opinion that holds that there are too many Hugo award categories. There is no magic number of award categories - as long as there is one award for each recognisably different type of endeavour, there are enough award categories. Each award category is most meaningful when the wording allows only like to compete against like and eliminates that which should compete in other categories.

Which brings us right down to the wording in the WSFS Constitution. Firstly, here is the current wording of Article II, section 9:

Best Fanzine: Any generally available fannish publication devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects, which has published four (4) or more issues, at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year. The words "fanzine" and "fannish" shall be defined only by the will of the membership, and the Convention Committee shall impose no additional criteria.

Now, here are the two amendments proposed by Glicksohn and myself.

MOVED, to amend Article II, section 9, of the WSFS Constitution by adding the word "Amateur" between the words "Best" and "Fanzine" in the title of the category. The following sentence will be inserted between the first and second sentences of the current description:

"Fanzines and similar publications which pay contributors and/or staff in other than copies of their publications are not eligible for this award."

MOVED, to amend Article II of the WSFS Constitution by adding a new Section 9. The present sections 9 through 17 shall each be renumbered one (1) number higher and the following new section 9 shall be added:

"Best Semi-Professional Publication: Any generally available fannish publication devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects, which has published four (4) or more issues, at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year. To qualify for this category the publisher/editor must pay his contributors and/or staffs in other than copies of the publication or must also derive a substantial portion of income from the sale of the publication and advertising therein. The words "fanzine" and "fannish" shall be defined only by the will of the membership and the Convention Committee shall impose no additional criteria."

"The intent of these motions is to re-create the Best Amateur Fanzine category in the mold of its original intent - to recognise excellence in a part-time fannish hobby activity and to recognise that those editors/publishers who make at least a substantial portion of their incomes from their fanzines deserve recognition for their efforts in a manner that removes them from unfair competition with amateurs. If both parts are adopted it is the intent of the wording that the "Best Semi-Professional Publication" category be placed ahead of the "Best Amateur Fanzine" category as a proper bridge between the preceding professional categories and the following fan categories."

I think that what Mike and I intend to propose (the above) at CHICON IV is self-explanatory; however, given previous attempts at change, I think that it is appropriate to comment on these other proposals and say why we feel that our proposal is the most practical.

It boils down to the fact that it is difficult (read that as "impossible") to verify compliance under these other proposals.

There have been proposals to have eligibility based on print-run. Well, the only person who can verify print-run is the editor/publisher of a zine, and an editor/publisher can wrongly claim that a given zine is under the cutoff point so as to qualify for the award (if the cutoff point is a high one). Given that Amateur zines can have print-runs 'twixt 100 and 2500, no matter what number is chosen will be unfair to amateur zines with a higher print-run. As I have tried to point out, professionalism vs. amateurism is the real crux of the problem, not print-run. FILE 770, with a print-run of 400 has made it to the final ballot this year (with its competition on the ballot being zines with print-runs in the thousands) whilst many zines with higher print-runs did not make that ballot. HOLIER THAN THOU has a print-run of 225 - it placed eleventh, 18 nominations short of making the final five. There are many zines with print-runs larger than that of HTT which did not place as high on the ballot.

There are hardcore fanzine fans out there who do nominate amateur fanzines, it is just that there are many more non-hardcore fanzine fans who nominate; and, with many fine amateur zines amongst which the hardcore fanzine fans divide their votes (in competition with a mere handful of more widely known semi-professional publications, each of which gathers a larger number of nominations from a fandom which is not fanzine oriented), it is difficult for any amateur fanzine to receive a nomination. No, length

of print-run is not the problem and a print-run cutoff point is not the solution.

Other proposals have tried to make ineligible the zines of those editors/publishers who make a living from their zines. These are not viable proposals due to the fact that verification is possible only through checking the properly inaccessible IRS records. However, Mike and I feel that our proposal is a viable method of control that is not too different from these ideas.

In an early wording of the new "Best Semi-Professional Publication" category that I sent to Mike for his consideration, I used the word "and" in one sentence - he proposed a change to the word "or" for some very good reasons. Let me quote from his letter:

"In the actual wording of the new category I'd change the "and" between "paying in other than contributor's copies and earning a substantial portion of income" to an "or" since it is possible that"...(one of the publishers in question)..."doesn't actually pay his contributors but he does earn his main income from it. With an "or", if either part is true or if both parts are true, we get what we want. I suspect this is going to be the hardest thing to get through since it's very hard to establish just what is a "substantial" part of one's income but without needing to go to IRS records I think we can argue that fans know whether or not their peers are working as well as publishing and"...(the three publishers)..."in question don't work at anything other than publishing."

At this point I have to admit that there probably is no perfect way of wording the WSFS Constitution to eliminate the problem of professionals and amateurs competing against each other in the fanzine category. (The written and verbal displeasure of fanzine fans has not moved the semi-pros from getting out and staying out of a category where they do not belong.) I do believe, however, that Mike and I have come up with wording that is about as close to solving the current problem in the category as it is possible to get.

Concerned fanzine fans should turn out in force at the WSFS business meeting at CHICON IV to help Mike and I return the Fanzine Hugo to the amateurs.

* * * * *

illos in this editorial by Steve Tymon (first page) and Mary Bohdanowicz (below)





.....by SKEL

Looking up into the night sky in England will merely get you an eyeful of rain. Alternatively you might catch a glimpse of the clouds as they catch their breath between downpours. Not so in ancient times around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. There you could look up of an evening and see things called 'stars' which are reputed to be tiny specks of light, the phetic droppings of other suns many light years away across the vastness of the heavenly firmament. Well, OK. I've got a cosmic mind. I can believe 'stars'. Look, if I can believe SFR is a fanzine, what's so difficult about 'stars', uh? Nope, the concept of 'stars' is easy in comparison. What I can't accept is the sedding constellations.

Put yourself in the position of an early Greek farmer. You roll out of the Euclid's Arms just on throwing-out time, smashed out of your skull. You collapse into the gutter, roll over onto your back and gaze vacuously at the stars. Naturally you see strange visions. Well, it's a Watney's pub, isn't it? You'd see strange visions even with your eyes open! What do you see? Later on you'll see how difficult it is to get the vomit off your best tunic. Now though, now, everything is still magic. Being a man you see women.....but in the condition you're in they might as well be virgins, 'cos that's how they're gonna stay. Being a farmer you see goats, rams and bulls.....and maybe the odd lion because you're far too drunk to keep your animals straight. If you were a fisherman you'd see fish and crabs. In the morning your throat will be scaled and you'll want someone to bring you a drink of water. When they do, because you're seeing double you'll think they're twins. You will have a head like a bucket of scorpions and your most fervent wish would be for a passing archer to shoot you and put you out of your misery. Well, if you will drink Watney's!

Nowadays though, where's the relevance? Who the hell's heard of a 'virgin' these days? They've all got the crabs. No, what we need are constellations more in keeping with today's world. Not the mundane world though. Being a fan (and therefore strange and lonely.....the latter probably having some connexion with the former) well, being a fan I think we should go for a fannish zodiac. Let the sports buffs lobby for a superjock's zodiac ('Athletico' - The Support). Here then, I proudly (yet humbly) present your very first fannish horoscope:-

AQUARIUS

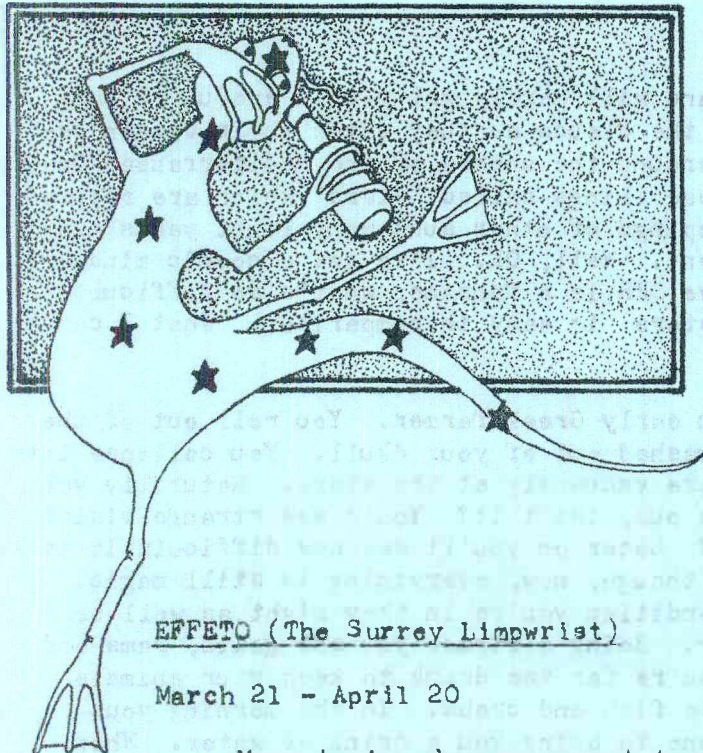
AQUARIUS (The Water Drinker)

January 20 - February 18

Forget it! There are none of these in fandom.



PISCES



PISCES (The Newt)

February 19 - March 20

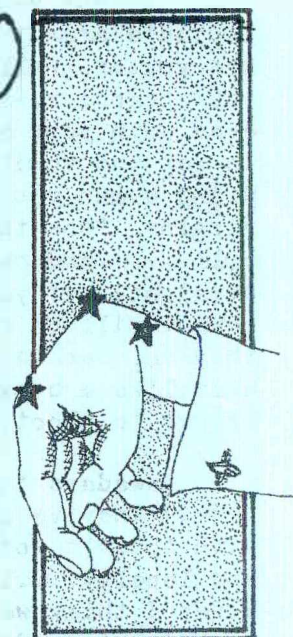
Most fans are Pisces. They imbibe large quantities of holy liquids and then call upon their deity "Comy Ed" immediately upon awakening. They also throw up more than somewhat. One is not advised to crash upon their floors at conventions.

EFFETO

EFFETO (The Surrey Limpwrist)

March 21 - April 20

Mars is in adverse aspect to Jupiter so friends could soon be introducing you to unfamiliar surroundings and new acquaintances. You will need to temper your normally abrasive outlook when meeting these new fans and also any kangaroos (the kangaroos will be the ones with the funny walk....hmmm, come to think of it.....) Under no circumstances should you consider falling asleep near drunken fen with felt-tip pens in their hands. Try to foster a more critical approach to other people's fanzines.

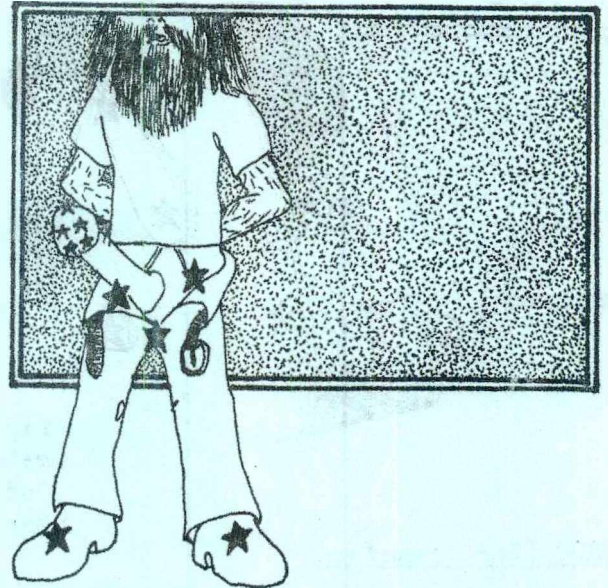


TAURUS (The Bull)

April 21 - May 20

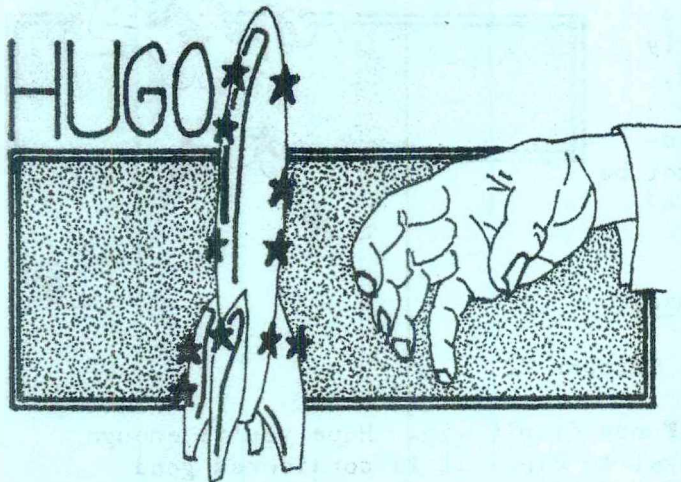
Taurans tend to resemble their birth sign, a person with a shaggy pelt (not to be confused with a LASFan which is a Pelz person with a SHAGGY). Today is a good day to catch up on some correspondence. Don't be tempted to put money at risk now - gambling will make you all the poorer. Also, avoid temptations to associate with members of the opposite sex and eschew all alcoholic beverages. In all other respects you may safely enjoy yourself provided that you don't travel too far from home. If you can't enjoy yourself at home, MOVE!

TAURUS



HUGO (The Prize)

May 21 - June 20



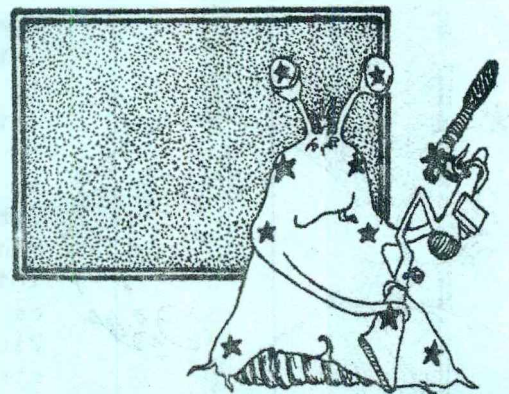
Sometimes mistakenly known as 'The Grail', but you have to be pure at heart to win that. Stick to every day routine today (crank, collate, staple, mail, etc.) With Mercury retrograde in Virgo there won't be much doing socially, so you will have more time to spare for your ~~job~~ hobby. Now is an excellent time to increase your print run. "nytime is an excellent time to increase your print run. Get above 3 million and you could have a chance at a Pulitzer too.

BUGEYE (The Monster)

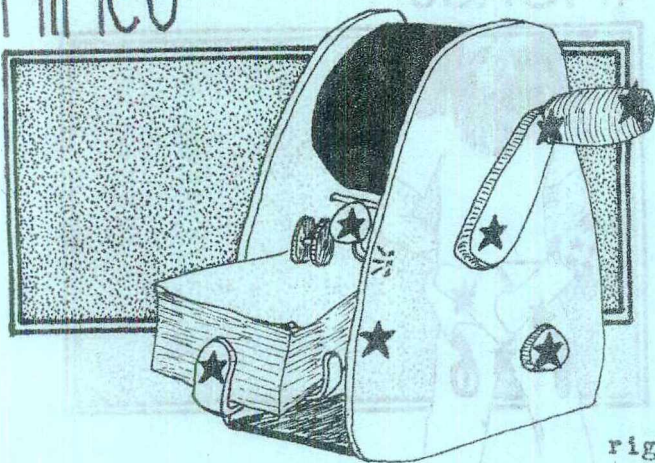
June 21 - July 21

Carefully laid plans tend to go astray today so some degree of rethinking is in order. Do not invade the Earth or abduct underdressed females with metal bras. Especially avoid steely-eyed earthmen who are accompanied by beautiful daughters of genius scientists. All round, a day for staying in bed. Watch out for bed-bugs. Who needs relatives visiting, today of all days?

BUGEYE



MIMEO



MIMEO (The Faned)

July 22 - August 21

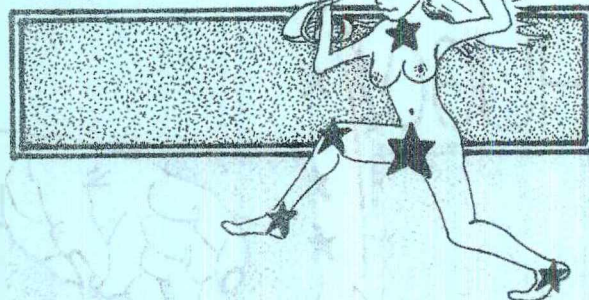
Your wife says "Hi". Remember her? Yes, that's right, she's the woman who complains that the dinner table needs setting when you're in the middle of your editorial. Finances are not so good this month. You must choose between shoes for the kids and postage for this. Memo.... buy economy-size jar of blister ointment. Today is a good day to divide your mailing list into two categories:- LoCers and Lousy Ingrates. If you have less than 85% Lousy Ingrates you must be doing something right. Less than 80% and you should buy some metal polish. A word of advice though. For God's sake stop writing all these articles for Marty and get back to your own damned fanzine.

VIRGO (The femmefan)

August 22 - September 21

If you're going to a con this month try to hang around with guys born in late October/early November. Otherwise keep your fingers crossed. Even better, keep your legs crossed. Particularly avoid Taurans and guys in caftans. Especially guys in caftans with a paunch...it may not be a paunch. Have you ever considered going GAFIA?

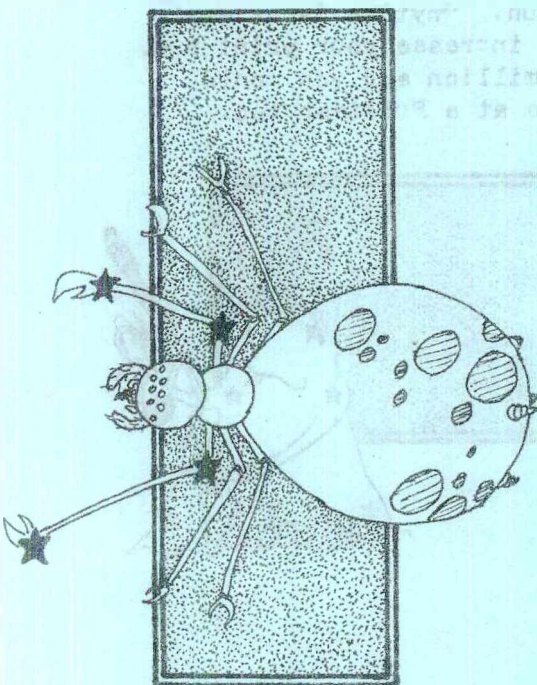
VIRGO



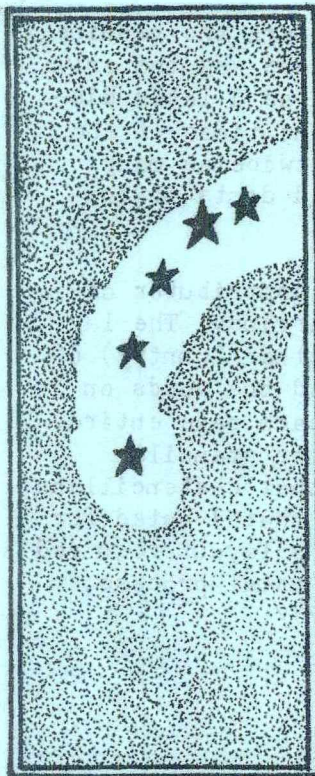
YNGVI

YNGVI (The Louse)

September 22 - October 22



Holdover Funds didn't win. Hope you've enough left for a ticket to Rio. It is considered good form to resign as Treasurer first. Before you go burn all those xeroxed Hugo ballots with SFR written into first place. Basically this is an ideal time to reappraise your fannish achievements:- Who watered down Bob's Beam's Choice? Who got his fanclub to block-vote for New Orleans in '79? Who super-glued Courtney's boat? Who helped form the S.F.W.A.? Who wrote a bad review of the WASH? Who saw Mummy kissing Santa Clause? Who put the indelible ink in the hekto jelly? Who swore an oath that it really was Eney's fault? Who gave Pickersgill and Kettle the idea for FOULER? Who steered the MaD group onto Owens Park? Who introduced Joseph Nicholas into fandom? Who told Capbell about Dianetics? Who told Malzberg about Science Fiction? Who introduced Jacquelin Lichtenberg's parents to each other? Who put the Boom...? Why quit now when you're just getting started?



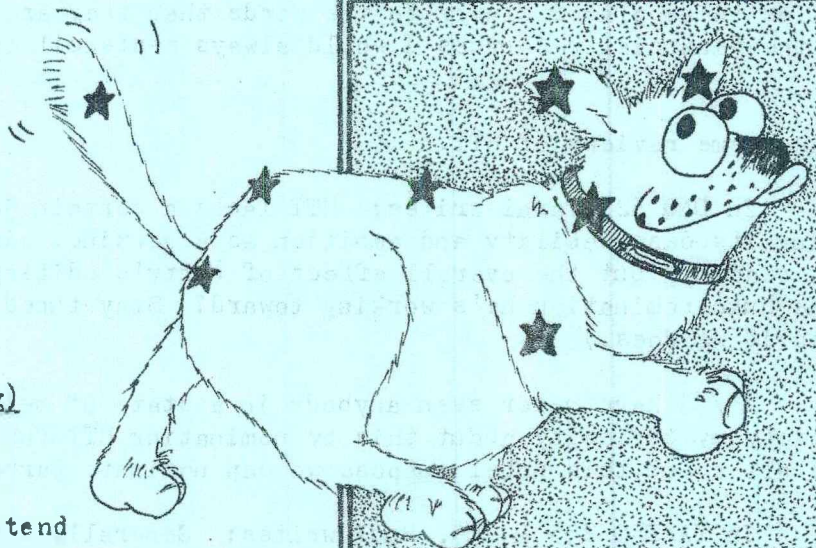
BOOZEDUP

BOOZEDUP (The Incapable)

October 23 - November 21

A good month to try standing up, mainly because you are low on booze. Gin is on special at Macey's, maybe they'll deliver. Don't just sit at home and miss what's on TV - go to a con and miss the programme. It's time you did something fannish. Try not to snore drunkenly during the GoH's speech. Remember how it bothered them in Boston.....even though you were still at the Metropole in Brighton. Take heart though. The Chinese say that 1982 will be the year of the Spayed Gerbil.

CANIS MINOR

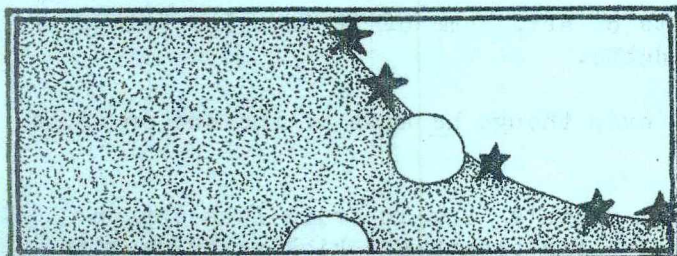


CANIS MINOR (Small Friendly Dog)

November 22 - December 20

Fans born under this sign tend to be witty, intelligent, charming, suave and debonair. Usually ace fanwriters, they can be relied upon to produce interesting fanzines of their own as well as providing boffo articles for discerning faneds who vie for their favours. Also, they are sometimes prone to exaggerate just the teensiest mite.

ASTRO



ASTRO (The Space Buff)

December 21 - January 19

The Sun is coming out of Uranus, but then you've always believed this anyway so why should you change now? Keep writing books with Larry Niven then nobody will know for sure just who to blame.

/*/ Accompanying the article was a covering letter. Skel wrote:

"I trust that you appreciate that the 12 constellations shown are the genuine zodiac constellations for those dates. Making the drawings fit the stars was the only tricky part of the whole article and even then I needn't have bothered as I later discovered that the constellations look considerably different at different times of the year and another book I borrowed from the library for research showed twice as many stars in some of the constellations. There are now several head-shaped dents in the wall by the typewriter."

He also wrote, "A bird in the hand.....shits on your wrist."

With this article Skel went far beyond the necessary for the contributor of an article. He sized it to American page standards and HTT's usual margins. The layout is Skel's. He sent me a Xerox (or whatever is available in the Mother Country) of the layout (with the original artwork under separate cover). I retyped the words on white paper, placed the artwork in proper position, and e-stencilled each page entire. Incidentally, this is not my usual procedure - I usually type on regular stencils, cutting and pasting e-stencilled illos where I want them. So I hope that e-stencilling entire pages works as Skel's article deserves good repro. The reason that I opted for this process (which is easier to do, but more expensive) is that Skel's layout required the illos to be placed closer to the words than they are placed in my usual process. Had I the financial resources I would always e-stencil entire pages. /*/

Here are some reviews of HTT.

In DNQ 32, Taral writes: HTT lacks a certain je ne sais quoi, but there's no doubting its dependability and ambition as a genzine. Among the persiflage is some very decent reading, but the overall effect of Marty's editing is a Mulligan stew. Will Marty get the Hugo nomination he's working toward? Stay tuned with HTT and see. (I'll be boggled if he does.)

/*/ I have never seen anybody in a state of being boggled. You can all help me satisfy my curiosity about this by nominating HTT for a fanzine Hugo. And whilst we are all about this nobel purpose we can nominate Darrell Schweitzer as best fanartist./*/

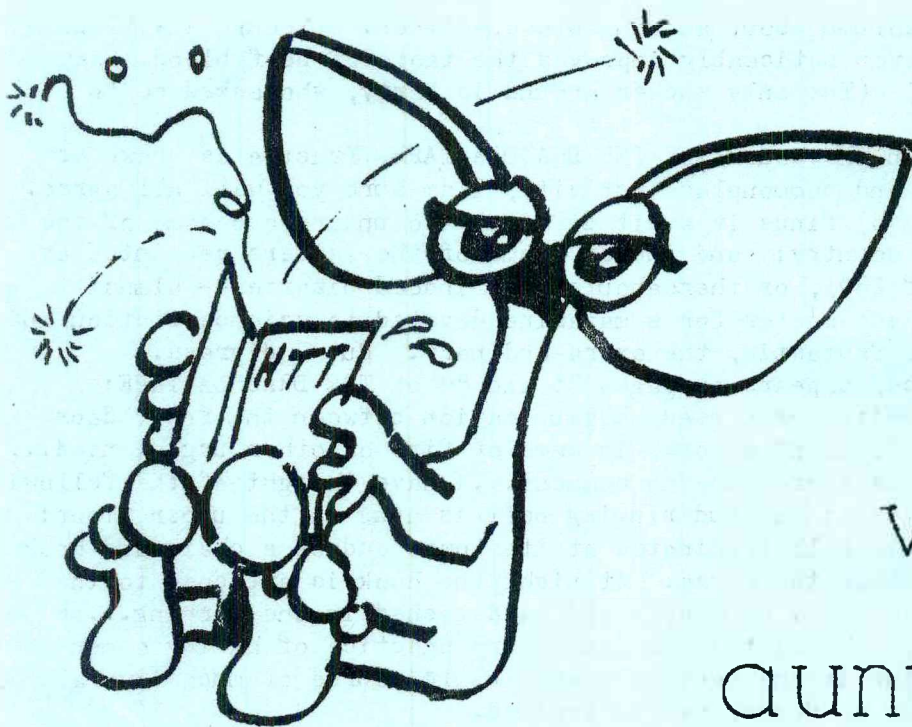
In YANDRO 253 & 254, Buck writes: Generally serious, with arguments over the fan Hugos and stf criticism (though I must admit the articles on pig-German and unicorns didn't strike me as unduly serious).

/*/ This was a review of HTT #10 - we have only recently begun trading. As those of you who have been receiving HTT from the beginning know, the main thrust of the zine has always been humour. At least, that was the original intent. Even though I have my buttons and crotchets. What HTT seems to have turned into has been a zine that covers many aspects of fannish interest - a true genzine in that sense. I hope that humour (putrid and otherwise) remains a major component of HTT. After all, I want to continue enjoying it. /*/

Steve George, in ZOSMA 18, writes: Lots of art, some of it in color (sic), and mostly drug conscious. A fried fanzine but readable.

/*/ At least he said that he likes it, even though he must be the one on drugs. Consider what he wrote of HTT #11. /*/

"My favourite piece in the zine is Kevin Smith's 'How To Write Like Joseph Nicholas', which really and honestly had me gasping for breath and kicking my desk in spasmodic bursts of laughter. Good stuff." /*/ For that, heartfelt thanks. /*/



cooking with aunt adrienne

/*/ This is the first of what I hope will be many columns by Adrienne Fein. After all, every magazine should have a cooking column, should it not? In future columns maybe she will even print some recipes (although, in advance, HTT abjurs any responsibility for the results when any adventurous reader actually tries any recipes. Remember, HTT was the magazine that pubbed a recipe for cooked rat (several issues ago). Read on. /*/

"Now All I have To Do Is Remember
Butter, Pickles, and Doughnuts."

A funny thing happened (even though I wasn't on my way to the Forum). I was just explaining to Arthur why I had told Marty in LASFAPA that I had no time to write a cooking column for HOLIER THAN THOU. No time at all. My grandmother moved this summer; I helped her; I've been sick; IRS and I had a little misunderstanding (holy paperwork!); I have to re-pot the plants my grandmother gave me; I was sick (again); I had to move all my furniture (or Bear did) in order to make room for the filing cabinet and the glass cabinet my grandmother gave me; Bear was staying here for a while so I was partially responsible for the care and feeding of a Bear, a cat (Boris the Little Purr-vert), and a hamster (named Avarra). The hamster tries to eat Bear's moustache.

Boris kept trying to get into the hamster's cage. Especially when we weren't looking. He may have wanted ohly to play with Avarra, but I have a Horrid Feeling he saw her as Lunch.

Not a nice recipe to give "arty.

I'm a little afraid I won't be able to do this counn properly, because Bear very very very kindly helped me clean up, with the predictable result (same as when I do it myself) that I remember exactly where everything used to be. And right in the middle of telling Arthur I had no ideas I had one -- but it requires reference.

I found it! (Even though this isn't a bumper sticker.)

Saberhagen, Fred. THE DRACULA TAPE. Warner Paperback Library, New York, 1975.

Well, no, this isn't a column about sucking blood, either. (Though I will point out that heating in a microwave oven noticeably improves the taste of beef blood. However, it tends to coagulate.....) (The only sucker around is Marty, who asked me to write recipes.....) Where was I?

Well, it's like this. In the course of THE DRACULA TAPE, Dracula is shown as reading the newspaper; a homely and commonplace activity, I am sure you will all agree. However, Vlad (if I may call him so) finds it a bit difficult to understand some of the customs and mores of his adopted country; and indeed, some of the letters reprinted as being from the Times of London of 1891, or thereabouts, are indeed bizarre -- almost enough so, to be appropriate subject matter for a magazine devoted to science fiction and fantasy, and thus in general, the fantastic, the extra-ordinary. But I digress.

This letter, for instance, appears on pages 83 and 84 of THE DRACULA TAPE:

Sir--The necessity for a ready communication between the front door and the upper floor of a house in case of fire or other urgent need... is so obvious as to require no comment...I have thought of the following simple contrivance: A loud-ringing bell is hung in the upper floor; the wire of this bell terminates at its lower end on a chain and hook in the basement of the house. At night the hook is attached to the crank of the ordinary housebell and is detached in the morning...by this means also the filthy and insanitary practice of having a manservant sleeping in the pantry, that fertile source of much immorality, both in and out of doors, may be avoided.

Yours, & C.H.

Poor Vlad, as mentioned above, found this most bewildering. Why, he wondered, was his condition so "filthy and insanitary"? Had he his feet resting on the bacon, or was his foul breath contaminating bags of sugar? And where exactly in the "fertile source" did the noxious weeds of "immorality" sprout? Was I to read into the letter dark implications of the deadly sin of gluttony?

I am afraid my thoughts were other. There is, of course, the butler in THE RULING CLASS, who claimed to have taken his subtle revenge upon the English gentility by urinating in the soup tureen, but this was not what sprung first to my mind.

No. Heavily influenced, I am afraid, at a tender age, by Betty Dodson's talks on self-pleasure, my first thought was that the manservant was masturbating into the butter.

(My second thought was that that suggestion might be enough to gross out Vlad Dracula.)

Or, as Arthur suggested when I mentioned that I had a germ of an idea for a column, perhaps the manservant in the pantry was plaining with the pickles and doughnuts. (Aha, I thought, there's the rest of my column.)

But, I pointed out to Arthur, I was not sure doughnuts were in existence in Dracula's London days -- they were a pretty recent invention. Arthur said he knew that.

I said I didn't mean to imply that he had meant that cavepeople used to munch on them with their sabre-tooth tiger steaks ((recipe next time, if you're real lucky)); I meant that they had been invented, I thought, within the last 100 years or it might even have been 50 or less.

Actually, I haven't the foggiest idea when doughnuts were invented. I dimly recall two stories about their origins from my childhood:

The first is that a baker got so disgusted when his cakes didn't bake through and he got undone centers, that he poked all the centers out -- and his customers decided they liked little cakes that way.

The second story I heard (or perhaps read in a children's book) is that doughnuts were invented by a sea captain. He liked to snack at night while he was steering his ship, but he needed his hands free..... so he bought a bunch of little cakes, and stuck one on each spoke of the ship's wheel.....

However, I digress again. It had occurred to me to wonder whether masturbation into the butter would affect the recipe, if the butter was subsequently used for cooking. (I've heard of male and female brownies, but.....)

Betty Dodson once told a nice old gentleman who asked her, in the supermarket, for advice on cooking the squash she was buying, since he was contemplating purchasing a similar item. She said, "I'm going to take them home and make love to them first." (She also pointed out in her talk that cucumbers should be peeled when used for purposes of self-pleasure.)

Which brings me to another point: Why are bananas, of all things, considered so suggestive? They are much more curved, and not at all stiff -- and in fact, I think they'd squash.

Although I am working on a recipe based on a dessert I had in a Chinese restaurant: it was banana, covered with a thin pasty-like coating, dipped in honey, then dunked in ice water. (This surprised me considerably. Usually I order things flaming, not ice watered. In fact, some of you may recall the incident at Noreascon, when I ordered a flaming chicken with rum sauce at the Chinese spaghetti factory, and, as Arthur described it in his con report, experienced some difficulty in extinguishing my dinner. I put the lid on, and that didn't stop the flames. I tried to beat them out with a green pepper..... Finally, I blew them out.....)

The cold caused the honey to thicken and crystalize, until it was rather like Turkish taffy. (You know, the kind of thing you pick your last 5 fillings out of, the week your dentist leaves on vacation?) But it was awfully good. Perhaps the heated banana could be coated in a chocolate that would harden, and then honey? This would make a nice present to go with the chocolate covered cherries that Arthur and I give our friends for wedding gifts.

But I was talking about vegetables. ("Although not, in all probability, as Andrew Marvell had in mind when he wrote, "...our vegetable love shall grow/vaster than empires, and more slow.")

I guess, actually, that the worst story I heard about masturbation and food was more animal than vegetable. It was in a college dorm session: someone was telling us about a female who supposedly used a hotdog to masturbate -- which is a reasonable size, shape, texture: however, she supposedly mistakenly grabbed one with mustard on it.....

(Or perhaps a hotdog would be a little thin?.....Perhaps I should specify that I mean "frankfurter": all this has nothing to do with the microwave puppy song; that is an entirely different kind of hot dog.)

I am afraid that leaves me no room to run a couple of recipes corrected for the presence of semen or vaginal lubrication. Sorry.

(But I bet you're not.)

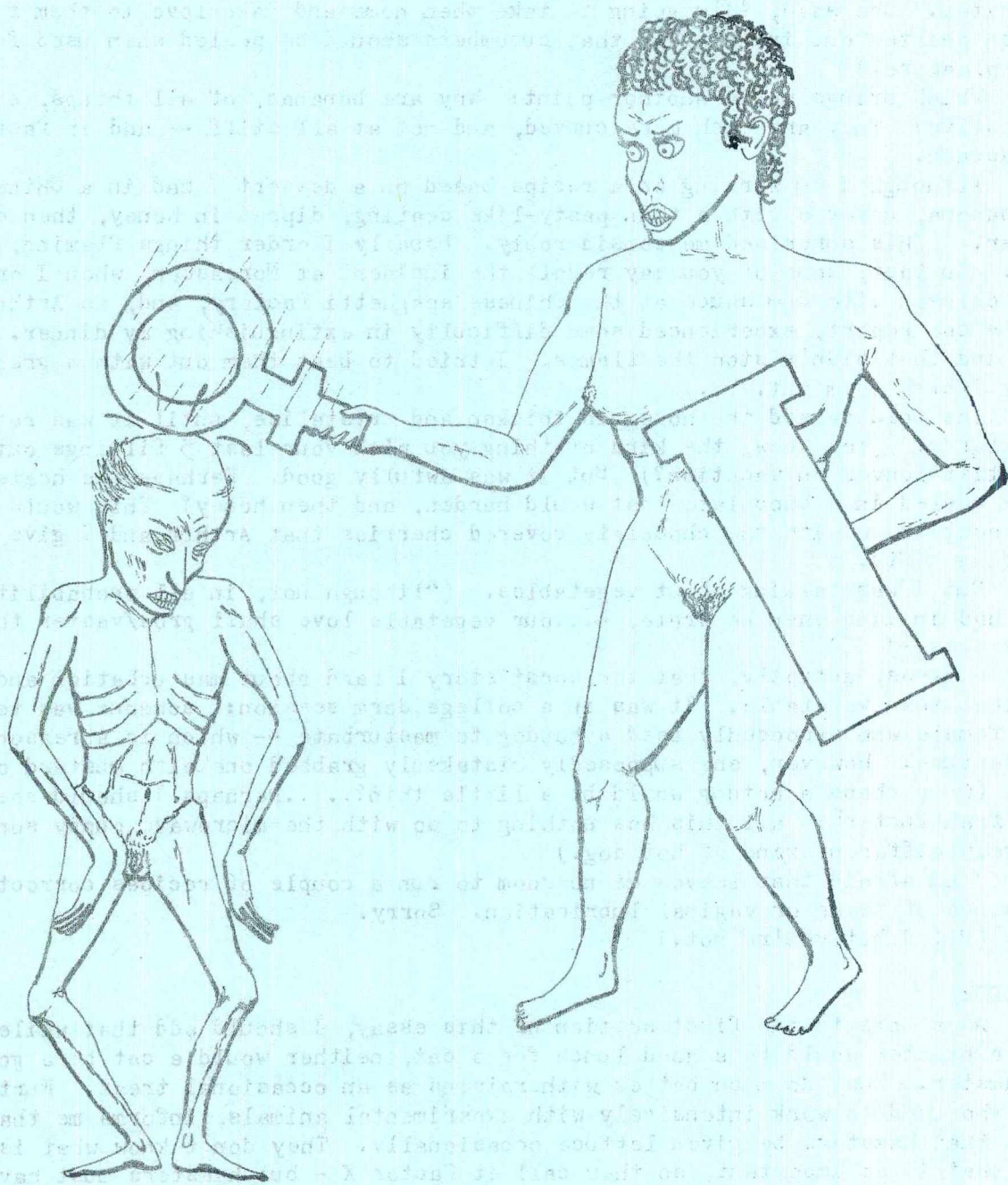
AFTERWORDS:

As a note to the first section of this essay, I should add that while I do not believe a hamster would be a good lunch for a cat, neither would a cat be a good lunch for a hamster. They do much better with raisins as an occasional treat. Furthermore my shrink, who used to work intensively with experimental animals, informs me that it is critical that hamsters be given lettuce occasionally. They don't know what is in the lettuce that is so important, so they call it Factor X -- but hamsters must have it once a month. I still don't think hamster should eat cats. Or vice versa. But one never knows. I just saw a bumper sticker that said, SAVE A MOUSSIE * EAT A PUSSY.

When I read parts of this essay to Arthur on the phone, he ~~said the phone was not comfortable to sit on~~ was kind enough to say it was gruesome enough to gross out Cthulhu. I think he was flattering me; it isn't that good. However, he had been absorbing unto himself certain substances, so perhaps his judgement was affected...

The worst of it is, I typed a clean copy of this essay instead of eating dinner, and now I'm hungry.....

/*/ Well, Adrienne, there is this recipe for cooked rat...../*/



the standard sexual scale test (farkash-binet) by mike farkash

This is an exhaustive--and we hope, comprehensive--examination of peculiarities in sexual imagery and actuality. The Standard Sexual Scale Test (SST) is geared only to Anglo-Saxon Protestants, Christians, Jews, and should not be used as an unlimited scale.

Part I. Choose any of the following you've employed. Score five points for each device or fantasy image.

- A. Missionary position
- B. Cannibal position
- C. Woman on Top
- D. Both on top/both on bottom
- E. Stranger on top in another room
- F. Stranger spinning on top in another room (score 10 extra here)
- G. Inanimate object on top
- H. Inanimate object in middle
- I. Inanimate object anywhere else
- J. Out of body experience in sex
- K. Out of body experience in sex in Detroit

We lied. Now that you've circled the positions or experiences involved, score as follows: (A,B,C,E, 5 points) (D, E, F, 10 points) (G,H, 10 points) (I, 15 points) (J, 20 points) (K, 100 points)

Part II. Contraception.

- A. Commercial contraceptives (5)
- B. Use of rhythm method, prayer or withdrawal (10)
- C. Use of Hefty bag or stopped-up cookie funnel (30)
- D. Catcher's mitt or Elmer's Glue-All (50)
- E. Hand puppets (1,000)

Tally your points and go on to the next section. Do not go back. If you finish this section before the time is up, please check your answers or play with yourself

PART III. Endearments and reactions.

- A. Impassioned, nearly articulate endearments, moans or cries for help.
- B. Screams and threats of death.
- C. Liberal use of your own name at moments of passion.

- E. Invoking the names of foreign deities, punk rock band members or deceased military figures.
- F. Invoking the names of comic book characters.
- G. Invoking the names of funny animal comic book characters.

Score this section as follows: (A,B, 5 points) (C, 10 points) (D, there is no "D" and don't even think about it) (E, 15 points) (F, 20 points) (G, 1000 points)

Part IV. Fantasy images.

- A. Other lovers, husband, wife, movie stars.
- B. Bedsheets and old clothes.
- C. Stars exploding, surf pounding, parents, oil derricks, wells, pistons, rotary engines.
- D. Political figures, characters in "Gone With the Wind" or "Lord of the Rings".
- E. Reptiles and amphibians. Fish. Dolphins.
- F. Appliances.
- G. Wholesale appliances.
- H. Imaging one's partner as the Lord, a sliver service for eight or any popular crepes dish.

Score as follows: (A,C,D, 5 points) (B, 10 points) (E, 50 points) (F, 40 points) (G, no points) (H, 1000 points)

Ready, now score. If you got between 0 (no sex) and 20 points, you're pretty conventional. Or dead.

If you scored between 20 and 50, you lead an extraordinary life. Good show.

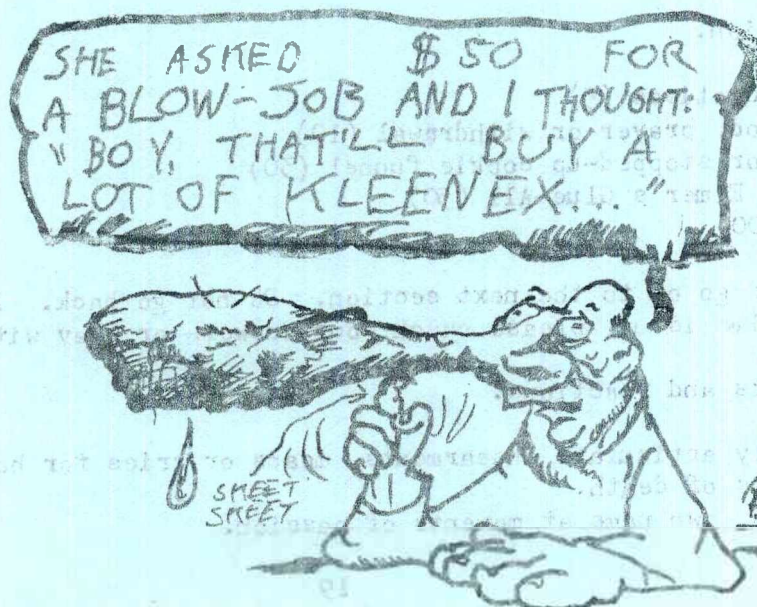
Those scoring above 50 and below 100 may be in need of counseling by a popular newspaper columnist.

Anyone who received a score of 1000 to 1500 is definitely a potential danger to society and ought to be made to wear a flea collar.

Above 3000 points; chain yourself to the bedpost and ask people not to let you loose when the moon is full and bright.

-----copyright warning:

The SST should only be administered and interpreted by a professional. Amateurs, don't attempt this at home.



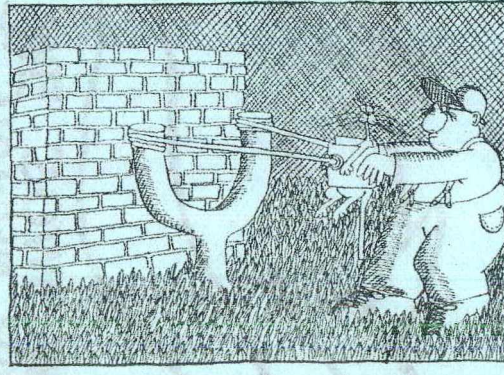
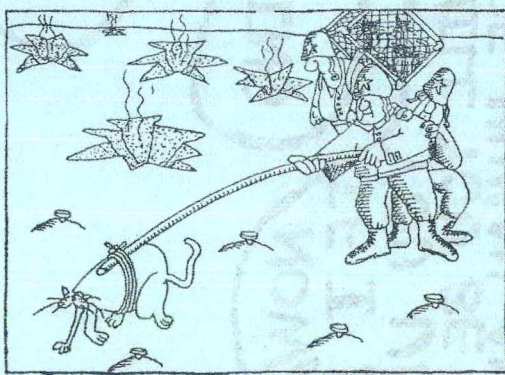
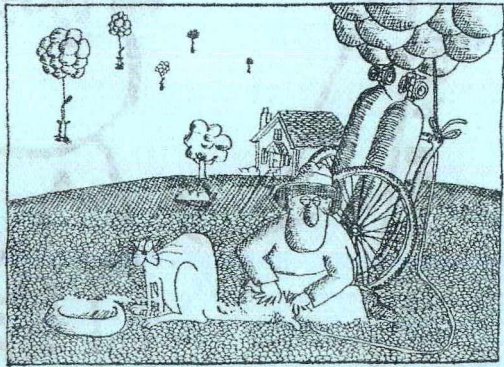
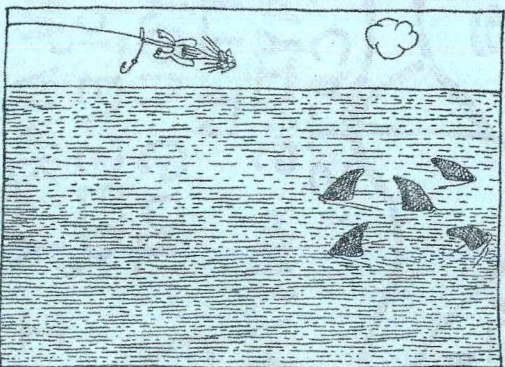
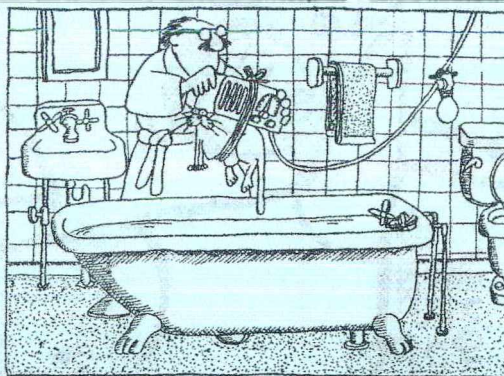
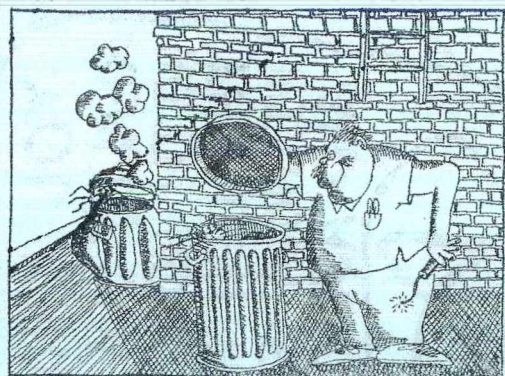
YOU KNOW, MARTY, I
REALLY AM PLEASED
WITH HOW YOU GOT
THROUGH HTT 11
WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING
BAD ABOUT CATS.

NOW,
IF I LET
YOU UP,
WILL YOU BE A
NICE HUMAN AND
GET ME SOME MILK
?



©1981,
1982 Charles A. Belov
/Dr.Orbit

A Cat Tells Marty Its
Opinion of HTT #11
In Hopes of Getting #12



SCAT!

Personally, we're getting sick and tired of seeing cute little cats embroidered on everything from pot holders to toilet paper. Contrary to popular belief, cats do not sit around staring off into the distance because they're thinking. The reason they sit around staring off into the distance is simply because they are stupid. They *cannot* think.

For a long time we have been waiting for a "counter-cat" figure to emerge in this country. We're happy to say that humorist Skip Morrow fits the bill ideally. He has written *The Official I Hate Cats Book* (\$3.95, Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017), which provides a magnificent array of wish-fulfilling suggestions for both confirmed and closet cat-haters.

Morrow's illustrations include cats being drowned, cats being used as skeet targets and cats being sucked into the engines of DC-10 jetliners. His blatant hatred of fuzzy-brained felines is enough to send shivers up Sylvester's spine.

So, up against the wall, Morris! □

the legend of blitz knutson

by john a purcell

Back when I was a freshman at Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota, I was witness to the end of an era and the beginning of a legend. From the school that produced the only notable football player in its history -- Gary Larsen of the Minnesota Vikings -- came yet another great player. His full name was William Christopher Knutson, grand-nephew of Concordia's then president Dr. Joseph Knutson. But his true fame at dear old Cobberland was earned on the gridiron, and the name he will be remembered by will always echo in the confines of Jake Christianson Stadium --- "Blitz" Knutson.

Blitz was one helluva nice guy. A tall, burly young man who weighed 230 pounds, for a human mountain he was handsome and cornered the market on cheerleaders at the college. To this day he holds the school record for most-cheerleaders-as-girl-friends in a four year career. On top of his numerous football records, this achievement stands on its own. Blitz was truly a remarkable individual.

Blitz was a senior when I was a freshman. At the very first home game I attended, he scored the first touchdown of the season as a result of the fumble caused the the defensive play that was his favourite -- the blitz. As the defensive quarterback (he was the middle linebacker), he called the blitz every other play. Hence the nickname. Of such stuff are legends born.

Problem was, even though opposing teams knew the Cobbers were blitzing on every other play, they could not tell exactly when the linebackers, safeties and waterboy would come charging through. Twelve huge men (the waterboy was no slouch, either) running pell-mell through the offensive line left no-one in the deep secondary. If a quarterback could unload the ball quickly enough he could burn the Cobbers blind. But six or eight men cannot block twelve -- let alone eleven. No time for the quarterbacks. Especially when Blitz would call the blitz whilst the offensive team was still in the huddle. How do you defense against that kind of an onslaught? Or be offensive when you're running for your lives? Never before has a college defensive team scored more points than its offense. The 1972 Concordia Cobbers did just that; 19 td's for the offense on the season, 44 by the defense. Of the latter, Blitz carried 20 of them across the line. By the end of the season, the Cobbers were ranked in the Top Ten of the NCAA's Division III.

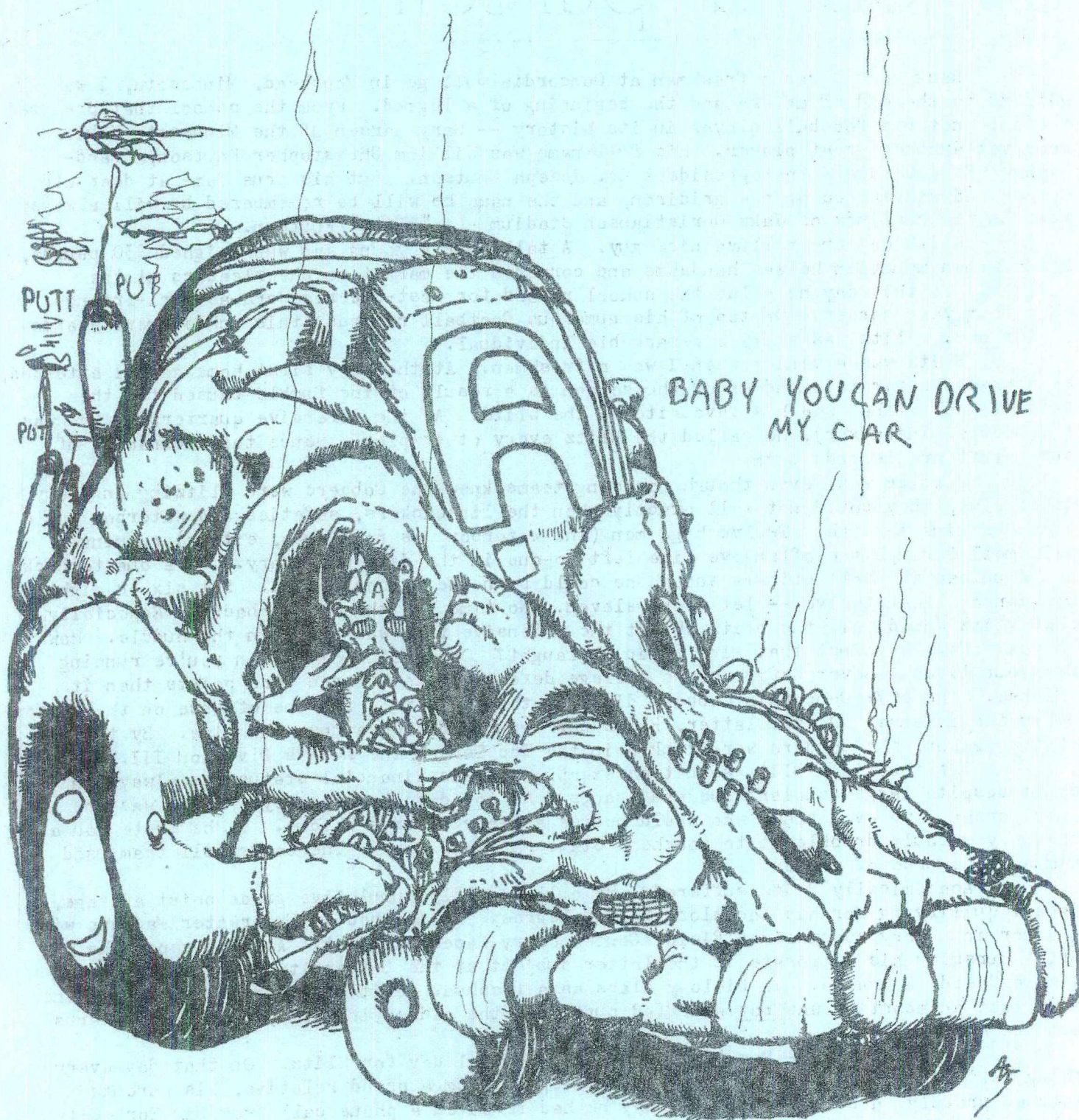
Off the field Blitz wasn't as exemplary. His financial status was always in doubt despite large scholarships and grants. He loved to spend money. Blitz was the only person I've ever known who could bounce a Ready Reserve cheque. If he wrote you a cheque you could dribble it to Moorhead State National Bank. The basketball team used him as a source of rubber.

Academically Blitz suffered. He pulled a 2.13 cumulative grade point average, barely qualifying for his Bachelor of Arts Degree. He majored in Underwater Macrame with a minor in a very specialised field, Contemporary Paper Clip Art. At last report he was still pursuing his Doctorate in the latter subject at the University of Pyrotechnics at Resume Speed, Nebraska. In biology class as a freshman, Blitz learned much, such as the fact that an abortion was not a muffed punt. As the old saying goes, one really learns outside the classroom.

Graduation Day - May 4, 1973 - was a magical day for Blitz. On that day everything went right for him. He received his degree from a proud relative, his parents watched proudly, and earlier in the day he had received a phone call from New York City telling him that he had been draughted on the eighth round by the World Football League's

Birmingham Bulls. Yes, it was a beautiful day for Blitz. Accepting his degree with a handsome smile and a light wave of his massive hand, he fulfilled his college career in the inimitable Blitz Knutson fashion.

He sacked the Board of Regents.



mark o'polo and the secret of chinese cooking — a tale of the devonian regency period by jack harness

/*/ In HTT #9 Jack Harness presented us with "The Outhouse on the Borderland". In HTT #10 he regaled us with "The Baloney Stone". These tales of the Devonian Regency were re-printed from APA-L. In this issue Jack, one of LASFS' resident loonies, continues his historical research into this quaint period and country long overlooked by historians. This particular article was written specifically for HTT and continues (after a fashion) HTT's fascination with the subject matter of Chinese food. /*/

Once upon a time, Devonian was in its Regency period and went to war with Lichtenstein, and lost. A terrible Regent was forced upon the country by Lichtenstein and there were many foreign tax-collectors abroad. Consequently, all of Devonian had to conduct its affairs in secrecy, under the very noses of the tax collectors.

And it happened that in Pigoink, which was a tiny hamlet in Lower Devonian, a young boy was born. Actually, he was only a baby when he was born, but that does not matter here. His parents gave him the name of Miglyer Wein-von-Stein, which was an usual name. Miglyer and Wein-von-Stein were common names in Devonian, but the family name was actually Martikantor, and that was why his name was unusual. His peasant parents were so used to doing things in secret under the very noses of the tax collectors that they gave him the wrong family name. And when this boy grew into manhood, he acquired the lucky name of Mark O'Polo, and travelled to China and brought back many wonderful things and he revolutionised the cooking habits of Devonian, which were pretty revolting to begin with.

He acquired his name by a lucky accident, whilst playing Polo, which is the national pastime of Devonian.

Now, Polo in Devonian is a game played with ponies, wooden balls, and long sticks which are called poles, from which came the game's name, Polo. The game took place on a cleared field where wild ponies were stampeded across from one end to another, and each player would stand on a large wooden ball and swing his pole to knock down ponies, as many as he could. He who knocked down the most ponies before he fell from his wooden ball was the winner and received much fame, a large souvenir pole with a notch on it



for each pony, and was sometimes allowed to eat some of the stuff that did not get to its feet again after the game.

From which comes the expression, "I wouldn't touch im with a ten foot pole", although in Devonia it means something different from what it does in English. Or maybe not.

Sometimes a pony inflicted a kick at one of the players, and a player who received such a hoofprint on his forehead was considered lucky indeed. Especially if he survived. A player with such a mark was often called Mark O'Polo thereafter, and he often adopted it as his legal name, especially if he could not remember his original name when he woke up in the hospital after the game.

News of the exotic customs of Lichtenstein, and the cuisine of Lichtenstein, spread throughout the kingdom. Previously, the most exotic country that Devonians had gone to and returned alive from (of possibly been expelled from) was Scotland. Mark O'Zorro, who had returned from the prisons of Scotland that will not be gone into here except that the prison rats had gone on strike soon after Mark O'Zorro had entered it, made a notable contribution to Devonian culture by introducing the haggis. The haggis became so popular that soon there was a shortage of hags in Devonia to eat.

Scotland was also revered for its musical instrument par excellence, the bagpipe. Previously there had been few musical instruments in all of Devonia, due to the depressed, and depressing, economy. But the bagpipe proved inexpensive and soon all available beanshooters and whoopie cushions were remodeled into this most entrancing of musical instruments. No one who has heard Johan Sebastian Bach's Tostado and Fugue performed by the Royal Devonian Sympathy on their bags-that-hum has failed to cry, "Bach! Hum-bag!" after the performance. The Royal Devonians are called a Sympathy rather than Symphony for reasons that will not be gone into here, except that most foreigners express sympathy for the players --- at least, until they have heard them play.

One of the most terrible things that the hated Lichtenstein invaders did was forbid Devonians to cook with herbs. Herbs were the sole flavouring ingredient in Devonian cuisine, and every peasant village had at least one person named Herb to be cut up in small pieces for spice; for, as it has been said, Herb was the sole flavouring ingredient. And because Herb usually had his finger in everything that was cooking, he was called truly a man for all seasons.

Another of the terrible things that the tax collectors did was to openly doubt their reports of the farmers as to how poor they were, and to spy on everyone to find out what they could tax. Often, Lichtenstein spies would go to taverns and claim to be pitiful sailors who could not go to sea because their boat's sails were all ravelled and tattered. Even today, Devonians will spot a foreigner and tell them some terrible story about the ravelling sailman and the farmer's doubter.

The village elders of Pigoink decided one day that possibly if a Devonian travelled abroad and returned with some new culture that the Devonians might regain some of their national pride. So they approached young Mark O'Polo and said that because he was so lucky, he should go to some foreign land and come back with some new cooking ideas, and possibly some new musical instruments. To this our hero replied with his famous remark, "I should be so lucky as to leave Devonian, yes." And it was agreed and he was smuggled out of Devonian in a maure truck, under the very noses of the tax collectors.

Many tales are told about Mark O'Polo's adventures. One such tale is about his meeting the old man with a lantern. The old man explained that he had travelled far, looking for an honest man. Mark O'Polo replied that the old man had come to the end of his quest.

The ancient person was overjoyed, and burst into tears. "To be so close to an honest man at last!" he cried.

"Yes," said Mark O'Polo, humbly. "I met an honest man only a few minutes ago, and left him bound and gagged in yonder bushes, after I robbed him." And when the old man stooped to see where the honest man was, Mark O'Polo hit him on the head and robbed and bound and gagged him also, and continued on his way.

It is said that in his wanderings, Mark O'Polo went to the South Pole, but that is something which historians have not understood correctly, because Mark O'Polo went to the South of Poland, not the South Pole. The People of Poland told him to get lost, whereupon the young Devonian astonished them by confiding that he was already lost. "How can this be," they wondered, that so young a youth has already accomplished what we have spent so long in deciding to say? And our hero showed them his Devonian compass,¹ which had only the directions North, South, and West on it; he explained that the economy in Devonian was too poor for people to have compasses with more than three directions on it. And the people of Poland wondered aloud again, for they felt that a compass with no East on it would make one dis-Oriented. And they decided that Mark O'Polo must go to China, to prove to all of Devonian that there was indeed an East direction. Our hero agreed.

One of the places Mark O'Polo visited in his wanderings was the Russian province of the Ook-kraine, where he committed so many acts of vandalism, arson, and theft that everyone there thought it was an era of crime; even today, that portion of the world is called the Crimea.

And so eventually, Mark O'Polo came to the land where people have yellow skins all the time instead of when just not bathing for several months, which is the custom in Devonian. It was an outer region of Mongolia, where for centuries the country had been overrun by foreign dogs and everyone was a hybrid and were called Mongrels. Our hero asked where he could find a cafe, and they thought he said "Cathay," and directed him onward to China.

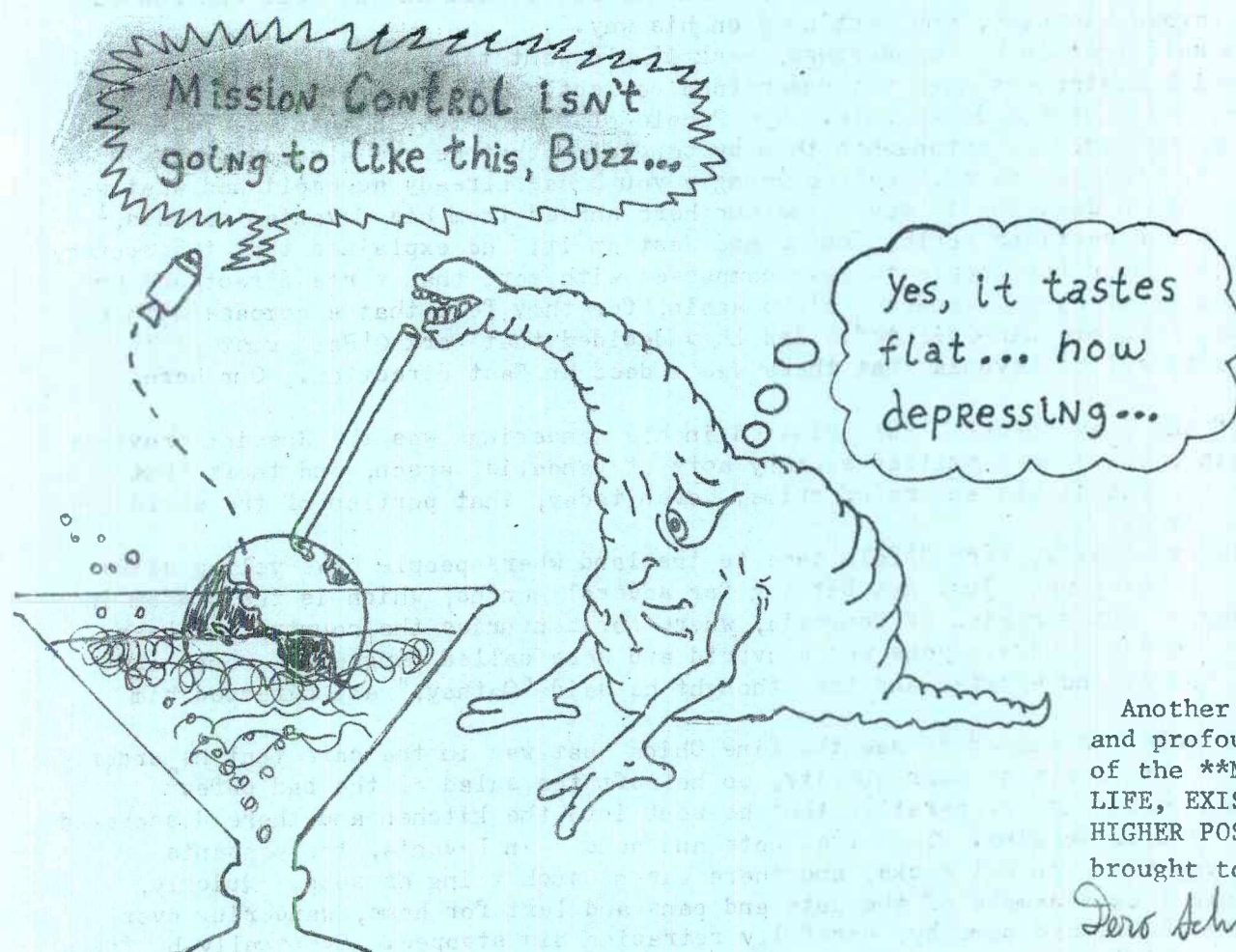
Mark O'Polo was amazed to see the fine China that was in the cafe that he ordered a salad to eat. But it was of poor quality, so he left the salad of the bad cafe.² He was so curious about its preparation that he went into the kitchen and there discovered the secrets of Chinese Cooking. They used pots and pans! In Devonian, the peasants simply cooked everything on hot rocks, and there was no such thing as soup. Quickly, young Mark O'Polo took a sample of the pots and pans and left for home, wandering over the flatland regions he had come by, carefully retracing his steppes. Eventually he found a boat which was going to the principal seaport of Devonian, Putri Reeko, and so returned to his native hamlet, where he became famous and wealthy by teaching the secrets of Chinese cooking and by his stories of exotic lands and for the new musical art of chopsticks, performed on a piano.

When he returned, the hated Regent from Lichtenstein had either been deposed or had left in disgust (as is related in the Devonian legend of the Baloney Stone). And no longer did the poor family of Wein-von-Stein have to live in the poor wash below Pigoink which is called the Hog Wash. Now they could move to higher ground and indeed they lived high on the Hog due to the exploits of their son. And even today, a traveller to Devonian

may listen to the peasants playing chopsticks on a piano; first they chop it into little sticks with an axe, and then they use the sticks to eat with. For Mark O'Polo had brought back also recipes for cutting dough into thin strips and this is surprising indeed and a fitting end to this story, of the young Devonian who used his noodle.

FOOTNOTES: 1 - It was a Bates brand compass, and he who has a Bates is lost.

2 - The "Salad of the Bad Cafe" is attributed to Dan Goodman.



Another sensitive
and profound exploration
of the ****MEANING OF
LIFE, EXISTENCE, AND
HIGHER POSTAL RATES****
brought to you by:

Pero Schwartz

the life and
times of
morinda
moormist
by darrell
schweitzer



I've applied
for a new one...

I might as well
use the space
in the meantime.

For
Schweitzer

/*/ I will let Darrell provide his own introduction to this.

"You use a lot of reprints from obscure sources, so I hope you won't mind that this has been published (in slightly different form) in my fanzine, PROCRASTINATION 14, copyright 1979 by me.

"I doubt you or many of your readers have seen it. Right?

"The piece was not written for a fanzine, but for Starship Nurse, an anthology edited by Scott Edelstein, which was never published. (A T.K. Graphics book. Need I say more?) The cover of the thing was to mimic the Laser Books design, only it would be a "Loser Book." The first story in the book was about a nurse on a starship. The next was about a starship nurse in the Old West. ("Starship Nurse At the Pecos"). Next, "Starship Nurse at the Pecos & the Locked Room Murders". Fourth, all of the preceding, in a gothic castle. The fourth story (by John Kessel) was eventually published in F&SF. General weirdness filled out the book, including my infamous supernatural horror tale about a homosexual teddybear. "Morinda Moormist" was part of the author biographies section at the back. I just wrote a bunch of these (this is longer than all the rest put together) and Edelstein decided to insert real contributors' names into them. Thus Dave Bischoff was one of three hunchbacks registered with the U.S. government as a weapon, etc. Morinda Moormist was to become Rachel Cosgrove Payes, which is remarkably appropriate, since she writes bodice-rippers. In fact I think she was the one who added that very technical publishing term to my vocabulary. After I had published the thing I went to my first Nebula banquet, and who should I find myself sitting across from, but Rachel Cosgrove Payes. (She also writes SF, and even wrote a couple of Oz books.) I mentioned this, ah, thing, and later sent a copy to her. Her response was, "I sure led an eventful life, didn't I?"

"Which only goes to show that life imitates art. (Perhaps I use both terms loosely.)" /*/

Morinda Moormist, archetypal heroine, is known to us through accounts of her contemporaries, but mostly from her famous Diary. She was born in 1721 to a fairly wealthy family of English highwaymen, but orphaned at an early age when both her parents were hanged for a parking violation. Shortly thereafter she was sold to a white slaver who specialised in providing very young and innocent girls to an exclusive clientele of midgets, including most of the crowned heads of Europe. She dwelt thus in bondage until she reached puberty, and it was only then that the full horror of her predicament dawned on her. In a dramatic entry into her Diary she wrote: "When His Shortness, The Grand Low Duke of Pullovia, my master, came into the bedchamber one night, and I saw the watery squint in his eyes, his hairy, sweaty, stinking palms quivering with unspeakable lust, I understood at last the full and soul-shattering implications of his vile exploratory caresses, and, unable to bear the sheer terror of it anymore, I swooned... Some while later I awoke, only to find myself chained to a damp, nitre-covered wall in the deepest dungeon of the Duke's castle. Before me in the shadows I discerned my master, and his chief torturer (whose name was Pustule) leaning over a fire into which they were holding some arcane medieval instrument. They cadkled back and forth, and again I swooned... In my semi-consciousness I was aware of being carried by clammy hands, then dropped ungently on the cold ground. The last thing I heard, before the darkness overwhelmed me utterly, was the Duke's high-pitched voice squealing, "Aw! She's no fun anymore!"... When at last I regained my senses I knew that I was doomed, for the fiends had left me, barefoot and helpless, high amongst the merciless snows of the Alps. The sun was rapidly going down behind the mountains, the peaks casting long shadows over me. I heard the sound of wolves howling, not far away..."

Fortunately Morinda was rescued by a wandering vacuum cleaner salesman who nursed her back to health in his mountain cottage and, with the help of the yellow pages, put her in touch with her long lost Uncle Thump, who lived in a crumbling castle in Dumb-foundlingshire, Scotland, and with whom she went to live. This also is told in her Diary:

"The most remarkable thing about Uncle Thump was that he remained long lost even after I arrived at the castle. True, I found certain severed human limbs in the cabinets, at the foot of the stairs, and under my pillow, and there was a decayed head in the cookie jar, but none of these were ever positively identified as belonging to my dear uncle. However, there was unquestionably someone dwelling with me at the castle, for every night a light would burn in the uppermost window of the North Tower until an hour before dawn, and in that last hour a strange dark man would be seen walking along the battlements. Often I went out in my long flowing white nightgown, candle in hand, hoping to meet the stranger or at least find my way to the North Tower, the base of which I had never managed to locate in the daytime. But I never did because, alas, the candles I found in my room were unbelievably cheap, and all of them burned down to nothing in a matter of minutes. So there I would be, out on the cold stones of the courtyard, the footsteps of the dark man tap, tap, tapping above me, and pfift! the lights would go out and I'd find myself holding a glob of half-melted wax..."

One night, whilst stumbling around in the dark, Morinda was kidnapped by pirates, who took her off to the West Indies. There, it was alleged, she joined the pirate crew and led them in a ruthless campaign of plunder and pillage which lasted nearly a week before she stumbled over the mayor's pajamas in Port-Au-Prince and was captured. She steadfastly maintained her innocence, declaring at her trial, "I didn't do it. Ya gotta believe me, Your Honour. It's all a load a' crap. No, I can't explain why the ship had his and hers poopdecks..."

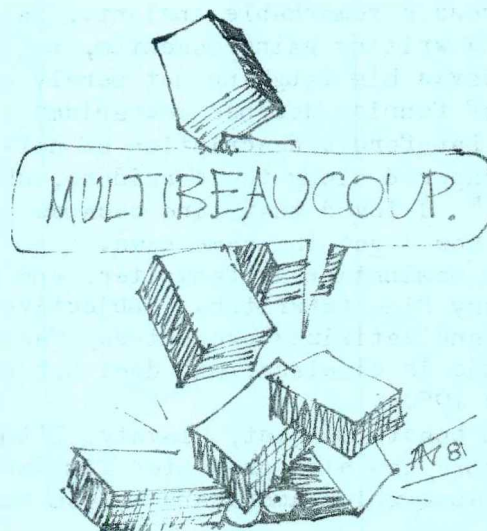
She was sentenced to life plus six months, but in 1745 was ransomed by Rhett Scuttleher, a wealthy planter and part-time dentist from the Carolinas. About this phase of her career she wrote:

"I was his indentured servant for a while, but later he discovered a way to grow his teeth back, so he didn't need anybody to mind his dentures anymore and he married me. Our life together was happy but not easy. I worked long hours as a night nurse in the dentistry clinic he set up on the plantation for the darkies, and he laboured longer hours trying to find a way to apply his marvellous teeth-regeneration method to other people.

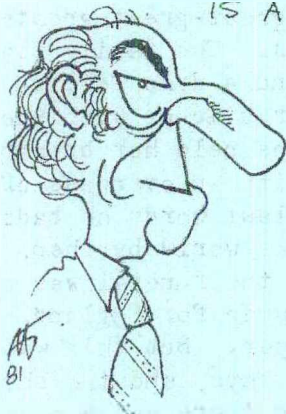
His metabolism was unique, you see, and his teeth had suddenly grown back after he began to consume decayed sponges by the cartload. Some thought him mad, but not I. I knew he would make a great contribution to science. I knew it - but it was not to be, for the family collapsed into shame and ruin when it was discovered that his great-great-great-great maiden aunt's houseboy had had unnatural relations with hamsters. The family blood was tainted (the boy had once pricked his finger on a kitchen knife and a drop fell in the sponge soup, which was served the aunt, thus mixing his foul, putrid ichor with the rarified fluid which flowed blue through her veins -- especially as she held her breath for more than two hours at a stretch.), and Rhett committed suicide with an overdose of novacaine soaked up with a sponge. He died in my arms, and with his last words he bade me keep the plantation in the family always. But I was hardened to the world by then, and with my beloved dead, I did a terrible thing. Five minutes after the funeral was over I went to a real estate agent and sold the mansion. I took the next ship for England, where I hoped to settle down into genteel retirement as a brothel-Keeper. But this was not to be! For the retribution of the Almighty pursued me in my evil ways, and the ship had barely left port when a dark cloud gathered over the mainmast, and there was a peal of thunder. Suddenly a lightning bolt shot down the main hatch, through three storerooms filled with explosives without setting them off, down a winding corridor, through the back wall of the ladies' room, and into my cabin. I felt a strange tingling as it struck me, and I felt myself floating up, up, away from this mortal coil altogether. Oh, how my mind raced, how I repented my wicked deeds, how I longed for my beloved Rhett as I floated through the reaches of the firmament, in the darkness with the stars all around me! It was like a dream, and suddenly I awoke in a new world. Two moons hung in the sky overhead, and I looked out of the mouth of a cave onto a barren landscape, like the bottom of a dried out ocean. Near me was a huge green man, with four arms and immense tusks growing out of his lower jaw which made speech difficult for him. He mumbled something about my being a princess of this world... I looked down on my slender, tanned limbs and saw that I had received a new, young body..."

Morinda Moormist was completely incinerated by the blast of lightning, although nothing else in the cabin was touched. Her notebook containing her account of her remarkable life was found in the middle of the floor, beneath a heap of clothing and an old sponge. The Diary of Morinda Moormist is being adapted by various authors into a series of paperback novels, including Morinda Moormist Night Nurse, Morinda In Barbary, The Perils of Morinda Moormist, Morinda Moormist Meets The Space Ranger, Morinda Moormist And The Eldritch Dread of The Pk'nosed Manuscripts, and several others.

Movie rights have already been optioned by an independent company in Moldavia for 7.9 million pazoozas, or, about thirty-five cents.



BEING A NOSEOLOGIST
IS A SNOTTY JOB.



the pied typer

by mike glyer

/*/ The predatory HTT fanzine review column strikes again. More than trenchant reviews - he cuts to the heart of the British vs. American fanzine controversy whilst providing another example of why he gets nominated for Best Fanwriter Hugos./*/

Even as John Sutter and Commodore Stockton discovered in the 1840's, West Coast fanzine fans know that it takes a long time for the mail to get here. Especially sea mail from Britain.

Commonly, fanzines sent sea mail (probably aboard the Golden Hind) will reach California thirty to sixty days later than they reach the East Coast. It is typical for fans in the West to learn of controversies raised in a British fanzine through DNQ, PONG, or someone's Fapa-zine long before we see the original text, and have the chance to form an independent and knowledgeable opinion.

The one factor that prevents West Coast fanzine fans from being completely left behind by the passing parade is the lingering and repetitive -- even festering -- nature of the controversies. The other factor is, of course, that articles by Dave Langford, Kev Smith, Paul Skelton, Bob Shaw, et al, retain all their nuances and qualities despite being transmitted to Los Angeles in a Conestoga wagon. Both factors are evidenced in the first fanzine discussed this installment:

NABU 11: Ian Maule (5 Beaconsfield Rd., New Malden, Surrey KT3 3HY, England.)

Ian Maule, king mimeographer of Surrey Limpwrist fandom, edits an excellent fanzine, although he only feels compelled to do so about once a year. This issue's three principal parts are an installment of Dave Langford's TAFF trip report (1980), a letter column uniting some of the most provocative British and American fans, and nine pages of Joseph Nicholas baying at the moon like some 1920s pulp villain about how the world doesn't comprehend his genius.

Dave Langford clearly revels in the absurdity of science fiction fandom and prodrom, and in each line of his report on his trip to America as winner of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) compresses remarkable insights, satiric thrusts, and multiple-meaning references. Langford's writing gains momentum, until at some point he overcomes the reader's threshold and leaves him laughing not merely at a particular line, but at himself, and at the enormity of fannish defense mechanisms. In this report, the line that put me on the floor came from Langford's description of hall parties at the Boston worldcon: "Daemoniac figures capered along the corridors, shrieking 'Chicago's won the 82 bid but it's DNQ for now!!'" I loved that line because it extremely exaggerated the form, but not the content, of how I got the same news.

Langford had one Hugo nomination as fanwriter, and probably deserves one every year. Objectively, he is a very fine fanwriter. Subjectively, I consider him very valuable to fandom because he analyzes and satirizes present-day fandom -- living proof that the potential for high-quality fanac is timeless, and does not rely on constant reference to mimeographed scriptures of the 1950s.

Maule's letter column boasts D. West, Hlavaty, D'Amassa, and Milt Stevens writing particularly well. Maule has also presented Tim Marion, Gary Deindorfer and Jim Meadows in a style and for a cause which Americans seldom see, as they offer expository

answers to criticisms of American fandom and fanzines made by Joseph Nicholas in NABU 10. All three demonstrate that they have the tools for fine fanwriting. At least in the cases of Deindorfer and Marion, their critical comments in past fanzines were marred by emotional responses to some issues which upstaged the constructive things they actually tried to say. This time their writing is much more controlled, possibly because they feel that when taking on Joseph Nicholas, it is a poor time to fall prey to sloppy writing. ("What is your favourite colour?" "Uh, I don't --- aaaaagh!" As it were.) Only their tendency to concede in general a substantial edge to British writing and fanpublishing grates on me. Knowing, in all honesty, of plenty of American fanpublishing efforts that reek, they seem to lose heart for appreciating any of it -- and Deindorfer in particular throws in some little confessions that I, for one, find staggering:

"This thing about the baring of souls in Gil Gaier's Phosphene is well observed, though. It is a phenomenon that has begun to annoy me more than a little, because there is an underlying hypocritical superstructure I have sensed about it. There is also the sense I get of Gaier baring his soul with a lot of psychobabble thrown in in the hopes that he can get his readers to really spew out their innermost secrets. I imagine him poring over these letters and snickering evilly as he thinks about all the things he has on these clowns now."

The idea of Deindorfer, who obviously knows nothing about Gil Gaier, indicting the man's honesty and integrity, and equating his readers with mere gnats snared in Gaier's web of deceit, before an audience unlikely to have any independent knowledge of Gaier, is pretty raw. HTT readers quite likely already know Gaier as a person of tremendous warmth and candor. It is also an item of curiosity that PHOSPHENE, and Fran Skene's LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO AWRY, viewed by Deindorfer and some Brits like Nicholas as unwholesome 'soulbaring' zines which pander to California-think, are well-accepted by any number of Australian fans. I personally reject hierarchical thinking which treats satirical essays more sympathetically than objective discussions of feelings and relationships. After all -- people do not enter fandom for the purpose of becoming the cliches which British fans explode so enthusiastically. Many fans seek friends, lovers, and in general a more satisfying emotional life. (Why they expect to find these things in the sf community is a subject often discussed in fanzines.) When well-done, explorations of problem-handling, and emotions result in fascinating human insights. Writing which contributes to self-understanding -- like Gaier, Skene, and their letterhacks -- can hardly be less valuable than witty speeches and killer fanzine reviews.

Having declared my bias in favour of Gaier and Skene's writing, let me add, I don't believe that British fans' conversations consist entirely of arch comments and clever but brutal insults. Therefore, knowing that they, too, think about their relationships, history, literature and culture -- why are they lacking in an equivalent to PHOSPHENE, or even MYTHOLOGIES and WARHOON? Joseph Nicholas, not to mention Den Steffan, have focused Americans' attention on our dearth of small fanzines containing clever, fannish articles -- at a time when Britain abounds with quality examples. But this is a rather narrow concept of what constitutes a good fanzine, or exemplifies quality fanwriting. Normally, I could think of no constructive purpose in harping on what fanzines Americans excel at producing with which the British fail to compete, but in this context it may help relieve the tunnel vision plaguing some of the fans who seem to be leading the discussion. I have already observed that the British lack a letterzine forum for cultural discussion such as MYTHOLOGIES, or even DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP. They have no emotional breakthrough zines such as PHOSPHENE or AWRY. Although the British have had SPECULATION, ARENA and any number of serious zines with an academic taste to them, a reader-oriented zines like SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW that brings pros and fans together in a forum for commercial science fiction topics, where vigorous, interesting, and timely discussions are held, has yet to appear in the Isles.

When it comes to newzines, zines with academic discussions of sf, or punkzines, America and Britain are equally saturated. But having mentioned at least seven varieties of fannish publishing -- and barely scratched the surface -- let it suffice to prove that

no variety can or should be allowed to dominate, nor does Britain have any sort of monopoly on quality fanzines which would justify the views of Nicholas, the apologies of Deindorfer, or the comments of Steffan (except as they constitute a personal opinion).

Devolving on the views of Joseph Nicholas, which ¹ said formed the third segment of NABU 11, I will preface my remarks by pointing out that I have never previously devoted space in a fanzine to answering the content of his reviews because I consider him intellectually dishonest. He creates polemics so that he may enjoy the attention and frantic efforts of fans to react to his vitriolic criticism. He does not initiate discussions in the sense of expressing his views then fairly listening to a reply. Consequently it is a waste of time to reply to him. This is precisely the sort of mind one finds in cartoons, and is characterised by his answer to the rage he most recently provoked: "they all walked very neatly into the trap I'd laid for them." (Calling Philo Vance!) Nicholas is a person whose capacity to cause a flurry of controversy should not be confused with an ability to make significant new insights.

Over the past couple of years a number of fans, including Darrell Schweitzer, have hazarded the abusive verbiage of Nicholas' reviews to attack the intellectual conceits that underlie them. Invariably Nicholas' tactic is to move away from a discussion of the issue, and attempt to make the respondent's intellect (or lack of it) the issue. This trick cannot sustain him very long, since I doubt that the simplest explanation which accounts for all known facts is that Joseph Nicholas is the only intelligent person in fandom.

Nicholas, according to Nicholas, is often misrepresented by people who haven't read his material (like those who review his fanzines!), and generally misunderstood by people insufficiently literate to penetrate his writing. "You're no doubt thinking that because the above misreadings arise from stuff that I myself have written then it's really all my fault for not expressing myself properly in the first place," he writes. In fact, that's the explanation best supported by the facts. Nicholas proceeds to dismiss the possibility that his writing should be blamed for the breakdown in communication. However, after carefully reading his article in NABU 11, I concluded that (1) Nicholas is unable to edit himself, (2) he does not know how to construct a paragraph -- the purpose of a paragraph defined as statements organised to develop and support a main idea. Consider the following quote from his article -- bearing in mind that it is a single sentence.

"Yes indeed -- proudly though we may point to certain pieces of writing that have been rescued from oblivion and reprinted for the edification of future generations (although how much of this is the product of their actual worth and how much due to a false nostalgia for vanished glories is a moot point; certainly, the standard human tendency is always to view the past in a rosier light than the present and the future) we must if we have any critical integrity at all at the same time admit that this material constitutes no more than the top 1 percent, if that, of the total and that the remaining 99 percent -- the convention reports, the book reviews, the transcripts, the polemical editorials and the anecdotes and the jokes -- will a year or so after its first appearance be as dead and forgotten as any other piece of modern late twentieth century journalism."

Small wonder Nicholas claims that he is habitually misunderstood. (A door prize will go to the first fan to identify the predicate of this sentence.) Nicholas shows complete contempt for the tools of language, with a writing style self-indulgent to the point of incoherence. That any meaningful ideas can be salvaged from the ruin of Nicholas' grammar must be a tribute to the reader's dedication, for English composition teachers equate muddy writing with muddy thinking.

We have all been exposed, in the clinical setting of high school English, to very long, but correct, literary sentences. Nicholas has not produced such a one. Whilst treating a punctuating period as if it were a rare gem, he squanders and, ifs and thoughts, producing an arguable run-on sentence. Four distinct thoughts are tackled, which all merit an independent clause: (1) quality fanzine reprints, (2) inherent versus nostalgic quality, (3) Sturgeon's Law -- not credited as such, (4) the transitory nature of fanzine



material. Nicholas' style does less to communicate his subject matter than to communicate his fear that the average reader will not accept his opinions if they are phrased in a less obscure thought structure.

Conclusive proof that Nicholas is a lousy writer may be found in his word selection. "Reprinted for the edification of future generations", grossly exaggerates the physical life of the fanzines he refers to. "False nostalgia for vanished glories" implicitly contradicts itself -- perhaps Nicholas can distinguish between true and false nostalgia, although given actual vanished glories, how could a person's nostalgia for such a past be false? "Standard human tendency" is redundant. "Modern late twentieth century journalism" suggests that somewhere "ancient" journalism continues to be practiced. Further, in many fields, including sports and art, modern is synonymous with Twentieth Century. Therefore, Nicholas has employed four modifiers when one would do the job.

Nicholas thereby proves to be wanting both in sincerity, and in competence to judge the writing of others. Someone who claims to challenge his reader with deliberate barriers to the acceptance of his work cannot expect to succeed when so many true defects exist in his writing. Indeed, the very idea is bizarre.

FANTASY ARTIST v.3 n. 1: Edited by Kathy Hammel, for Fantasy Artists Network. (P.O. Box 5157, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. Cost \$2.50.)

There are a number of well-thought articles, but they are not the first thing which attracts (or repels) the eye in this 44-page letter-sized offset fanzine with a full-colour cover. FANTASY ARTIST is the showcase magazine of a society of fanartists (mostly from California) -- and as such, makes the inept layout all the more shocking.

Page after page has been laid out without regard for its visual impact on any other page. Filler illustrations are inserted in places where they utterly upstage main article headings. Art on opposing pages clashes because the page design does not lead the eye from space to space -- rather, each piece of art has been dramatised on its individual page, resulting for the reader in a graphic migraine. Articles where the creative artist appears to have controlled the design (such as C.R. Balton's "The Anatomy of Folds") are islands of professionalism in a magazine otherwise riddled with designs typical of beginning faneditors. Even the typeset (or compositor-typed) text exhibits some strange glitches, such as wide gaps in lines to achieve left and right justification, or the placement of a black dot at random points in quotations.

The written material manages to rise above the shoddy production values of the magazine. An interview with fantasy artist John Hilkert traces his interesting career from pulp illustrating through a stint with the Psychological Warfare branch of SHAEF, the aerospace industry and educational TV. John Alexander contributes art and text attempting to solve the mystery of the fall of the dinosaurs. Balton's article, mentioned above, serves as a practical workshop for the amateur in drawing draped clothing on figures. Ken Macklin's art is featured in black-and-white halftones as the center spread. The letter column, and Kipy Poyser's convention reports delineate some current issues important to fan artists.

Overall, it's a mystery to me how someone willing to invest this much capital in an offset fanzine has not taken the further step of learning how to make it look good.

EPSILON 7: Rob Hansen (9A Greenleaf Rd., East Ham, London E6 1DX England. Available for trade, letter of comment, or 30 pence in postage stamps -- for those of us who happen to have lots of uncanceled British postage stamps around the house.)

Oh, go on, Glycer, go ahead and review a couple of British fanzines -- as if anyone will remember what was in the issue by the time the comments see print, or the editor will still be in fandom for that matter...

Hansen makes light of his fifth address change in five years, not to mention that the zine's letter column had been on stencil for nearly two years at publishing time. One concludes that he has just sort of dropped back into fandom, although nothing in the zine betrays that he's really been away. Maybe fandom is that static. Or else certain anecdotes have a timeless air -- even Hansen's semi-serious truth-in-jest view of attempts to politicise fandom, which jumps off from Ellison's ERA stance at Iguanacon, to "Dupers for Poland" (to send mimeos to Solidarity; is my leg being yanked out at the hip?), to more local items. EPSILON is a pleasure to read, consisting of half a dozen brief, personal, humorous episodes drawn from the mind of Rob Hansen, and concluded with a letter column.

WEBER'S WOMAN'S WREVENGE 2,3: Jean Weber (13 Myall Street, O'Connor ACT 2601, Australia. Available for 75¢ US, trade, contribution or letter of comments.)

Whenever I get this fanzine, I'm certain that it's fallen through a probability warp, and is really meant for somebody else.

Characteristically, issue 3's two lead articles are: "In Defence of the Bourgeoisie" by Judith Hanna, and "Myths and Mutilation" By John Alderson. Hanna's article is not ironic. Alderson, notorious throughout fandom for acting as if he were our reply to Toynbee, this time combines his misunderstanding of anthropology with his ignorance of the motives of feminists.

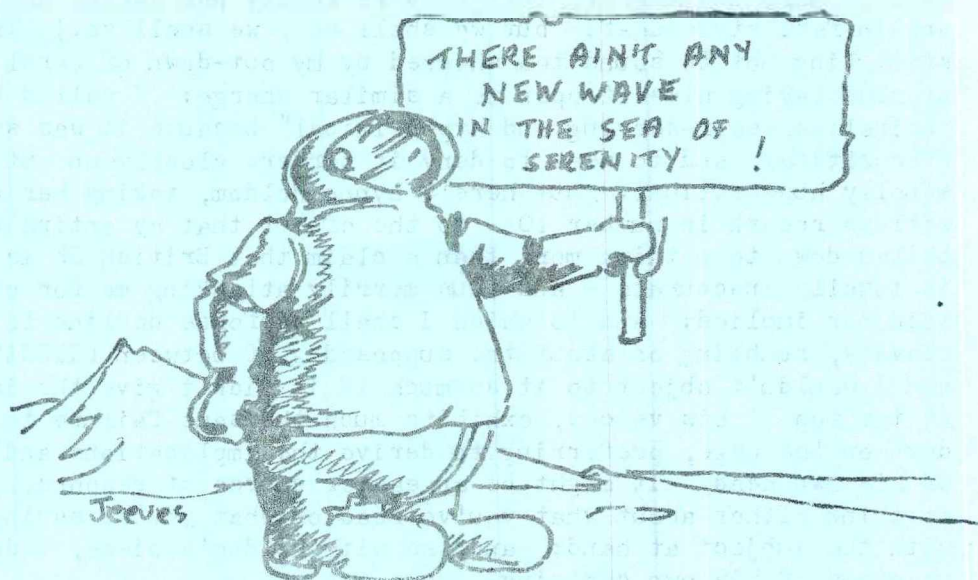
Perhaps my reaction is -- whilst I don't feel in need of a feminist science fiction fanzine, I certainly don't need one that's done badly. Australian women seem to be getting along quite well without this one, for sure, considering that of twelve locs printed in #3, two are written by Australian women and eight are written by men.

Issue 3 is not altogether a loss -- it's intriguing to see author Debbie Killop retrace how she translated her life into a message of story. Issue 2 was, overall, a more orthodox fanzine. The cover, says artist Richard Raulder, was diverted from HOLIER THAN THOU to WWW due to its feminist appeal, but I'd concede that the art was bad enough to have appeared in HTT regardless of politics. Jean Weber describes her trip to North America in 1980, complete with diagram of the convention level of the Hyatt Regency in Chicago (art is where you find it). Weber's editorial is far more compelling -- describing ANZAC Day (a commemoration of Australian and New Zealander troops landing at Gallipoli in WWI) and the efforts of Women Against Rape attempting to join the Returned Services League ceremonial march in order "to lay wreaths in commemoration of women raped in war." Readers are left to figure out the answer to "Raped by who?" -- like, maybe, raped by ANZACs? Litigation ensued over the women's right to march, and a number were arrested when they tried to march at the rear of the RSL procession, meanwhile singing countless verses of "We shall Overcome." Weber's editorial was definitely a high point in a fanzine otherwise chronically undersupplied with humour.

Fanzines meant for review, or even more innocent purposes, should be directed to Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401 USA.

/*/ Those who have had their fanzines reviewed in HTT have the right of reply. Joseph Nicholas is included in that group. * And an apology in advance -- those who know my proclivities for putridity will have already guessed that the next article is by Joseph. I complete the sandwich with an article by Darrell Schweitzer. Sorry, Joseph./*/

WAR OF THE W A V E S



a letter from

joseph nicholas

/*/ This is a LoC on HTT#11; however, as Joseph concerns himself with certain major themes which have been rattling around these pages for the past several issues (issues in which he has been participating as a lead character (as it were)) I have decided that this LoC should really be an article. Especially as Joseph, himself, is one of the major topics in these pages. Whilst I cannot resist the putrid temptation to place Joseph's article 'twixt those of two of his major antagonists, one should not impute to me any motives other than that of putridity. I think that I may bid fair to claim that I may be one of the few Americans who understands what he is doing (even though I prefer to let Joseph explain himself - and I will give him ample opportunity for doing same). I will say, though, that a sense of humour and an appreciation of the grand absurdity of all things is necessary to an understanding of Joseph. And I will also say this: Joseph is one of the important fanwriters of this timeperiod of fandom - and I disagree most forcefully with many of his expressed ideas. /*/

Might as well deal with the minor points first before tackling the main ones. And first up is your own remark that, despite everything, you do rather like my style. Yes, but which one -- that parodied by Kev Smith, which was abandoned over two years ago (a fact with which he won't agree, since it would reduce his piece to no more than a pointless page-filler), or the calmer, more restrained one I use now? (Apropos of nothing at all, I'll bet that your reprinting of the parody will inspire many more of your letter-writers to leap in with observations about my supposed style, thus demonstrating

as does Gary Deindorfer, that they're really not paying the slightest attention to it and are in fact style-deaf; but we shall see, we shall see.) Then there's David Palter, struggling not to sound too shocked by my put-down of Carol Kennedy in number 10 but in the process laying himself open to a similar charge: I called her defence of her reviews "spineless, self-serving and hypocritical" because it was spineless, self-serving and hypocritical, and to seek to deny it borders closely on outright dishonesty - thus being equally hypocritical. But here's Lynne Holdom, taking her cue from Bruce Arthurs' rather witless remark in number 10 - to the effect that my entire contribution in number 9 boiled down to nothing more than a claim that British SF is better than American SF, which is totally inaccurate - and thus merrily attacking me for all sorts of things I neither said nor implied; and to which I shall perforce decline to reply. Come to that, Arthur Hlavaty, rumbling on about the supposed gulf between LITERATURE and STORY (emphasis his, and I wouldn't object to it so much if it didn't give the impression that he was shouting at the top of his voice), exhibits much the same failure to read what's actually written down on the page, preferring to derive the implications and interpretations from the inside of his own head. It might be an easier course of response, because it saves you having to think either about what you've read or what you're saying, but it has nothing to do with the subject at hand; and, as with Holdom's piece, I decline to grapple with these phantoms of his own devising.

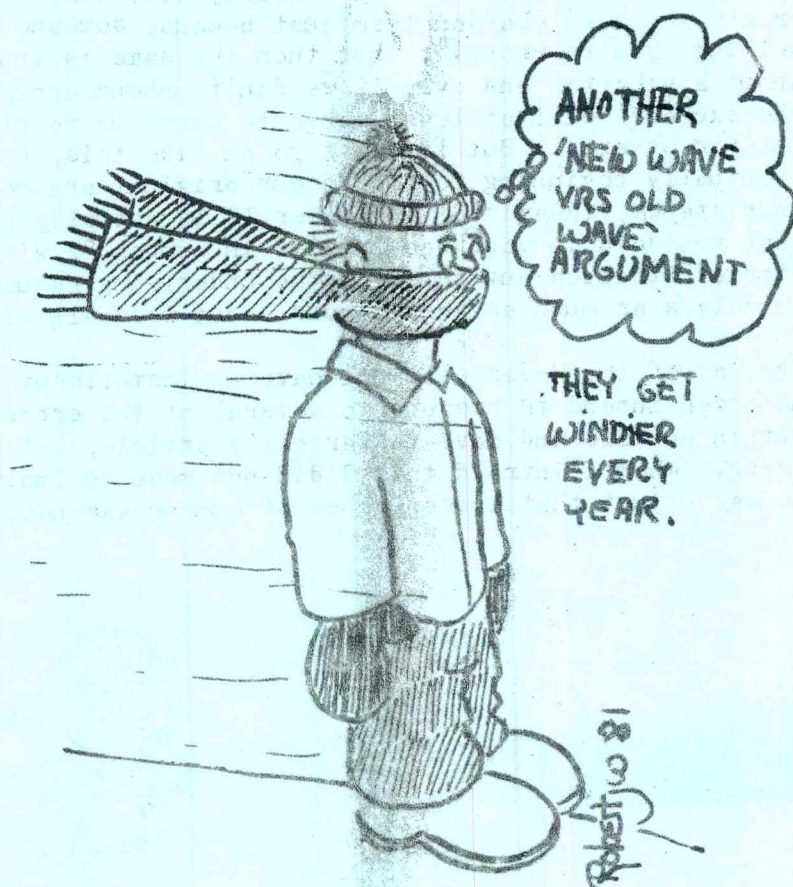
More interesting than the above are the people who seek to deny the existence of any differences between British and American SF (and thus, by extension, the differences between the SF of all other countries), apparently on the grounds that because it's SF it should be able to transcend all cultural barriers and adopt an idiom common to the whole world; which is a notion too silly for words. Do these people really imagine that SF writers, inculcated since birth with the value-judgements and world-views of their society (just like every other member of that society), are able to throw off this cultural conditioning the moment they sit down at their typewriters? They must be living in a dream-world. Yet Darrell Schweitzer claims to detect more differences between the two British writers White and Moorcock than -- well, actually (quiet grin), Schweitzer couldn't have chosen two worse examples to make his point, since Moorcock at his best (the "Jerry Cornelius" stories, Gloriana, Byzantium Endures) writes out of a specifically and recognisably British idiom whilst White writes in that curious mid-Atlantic pseudo-American manner so common to those who constituted the bulk of John Carnell's New Worlds/New Writings In SF stable -- all of which rather bears out one of the points I was originally making.

What's most interesting about these claims, however, is the element of suppressed fear and paranoia that seems to underlie them. It's as though, American magazine SF and the traditions and tropes thereof having (as we all, albeit grudgingly in some cases, acknowledge) dominated the genre for so long, they're now running scared of having that dominance overthrown by the emergence of various "revolutionary" or "nationalist" movements in other countries. Or even, just to push this right to the extreme, that their SF will in turn come to be dominated by the traditions and tropes of the SF of other countries. But why? What is there to be scared of? If you really believe in democracy, freedom of speech, the rights of others and all the other stuff that these days seems to be honoured more in the breach than the observance, then you can hardly deny British, Canadian, Australia, French, et al SF their respective quests for "self-determination" and (to use a Californian jargon-phrase) "self-realisation". But that, it would appear, is just what you're trying to do. You, Marty, in your response to Robert Runte, write of such a thing as "the mainstream of science fiction", quite clearly referring to the American pulp tradition and all that has stemmed from it, and again stating that such is the only "true" form of SF; but, as I said back in number 9, whilst this tradition may be America's, it is by no means common to the rest of the world. The British "SF mainstream", for example, would include such writers as Wells, Huxley, Orwell, Wyndham, Aldiss and Priest -- none of whom, although they might have been reprinted therein, have ever written specifically for the American magazines - and mention the American magazines hardly at all. Similar "lineages", again mentioning the American magazines only as a marginal, or tributary, phenomenon, could probably be constructed for other countries; but you, it would appear,

would condemn them out of hand as inaccurate and illegitimate, thus seeking to belittle and override the cultural impulses which had given rise to such literary traditions and tropes in the first place. "Cultural imperialism", in other words, and defensible it is not, by virtue of its purblind arrogance and inbuilt assumption that there is but One True Way to think and act, inherently superior to all other possible Ways. (Your claim that it doesn't exist, and that other countries simply take what they want from the culture of another, is nonsense. What you're referring to is "cultural diffusion", which, because it involves movements not imposed by force from without, is another matter entirely.) Yet, as Robert Runte pointed out in his letter in number 10, a claim to be different is not in any sense equivalent to a claim to be superior. So, to repeat my earlier question, why do you feel so threatened by these moves for "independence," and are in consequence so vehement in their condemnation?

Can't put it off any longer, however; so here we go with Darrell Schweitzer and New Worlds and all that jazz.....

In the first place, I never claimed that all "New Wave" stories (or non-stories, as the case may be) were ipso facto brilliant examples of (Arthur Hlavaty-type shout coming up) AVANT-GARDE LITERATURE: my basic point about New Worlds, as voiced in number 8, was that it served to free British SF from the tyranny of the pulp-derived American model, encouraging its writers to pursue their own themes in their own ways and find their own voices in which to articulate their own concerns. And, inspired by this encouragement, there subsequently rose to prominence such indisputably British authors as Chris Priest and Richard Cowper whom, I think it's fair to say, would have had great difficulty finding a market and an audience for their material (at least in the UK) had Moorcock and his crusading cohorts not succeeded in their aim of liberalising the publishing climate beforehand. Such liberalisation was already under way by the time the large-format issues, numbered 173-201, appeared, and his contention that these are the "most important" issues is hence completely off-target. The magazine did, as he correctly states, then proclaim itself to be no longer a science fiction magazine, because it was seeking to tap into the pre-existing IT/Oz/Frendz underground market and, desirous of widening its appeal to that audience, began de-emphasising its fiction content in favour of non-fiction about graphics and other areas of the then-contemporary underground art scene; and, regardless of what these issues actually published, the inspiration and encouragement provided by the earlier, paperback-format issues, remained. But Schweitzer, it would appear, treats the large-format issues as those most typical of the magazine, and hence seeks to condemn the British wing of the so-called "New Wave" as a whole; perhaps because he feels, as did many people at the time, that the magazine had thus "betrayed" the Holy Name of science



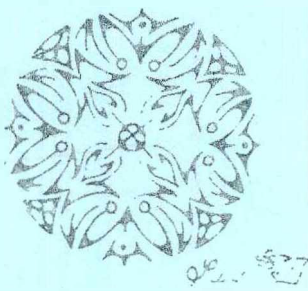
fiction. (At least, that's the implication I derive from the rather hurt tone in which his remarks are cast.)

Just as, he claims, Ballard betrayed himself by writing condensed novels rather than stories with plots and linear narratives, thus failing to speak to the reader. Nonsense. The "stories" speak to the reader precisely because they have dispensed with the traditional story-telling baggage in order that the images may stand alone and unencumbered, allowing the reader to analyse them for himself and make what connexions between them as he may choose. I repeat (in paraphrase) the question voiced in number 10: is Schweitzer unwilling to make the effort to interpret them for himself, and would rather that everything was served up to him on a plate (as Don D'Amassa correctly alleges fans prefer)?

Well, that's certainly the case with Isaac Asimov's, and it is, if not dishonest, then at least disingenuous to claim that those who write for it are not doing so according to a pre-set editorial formula. He knows perfectly well that the "manuscript requirements" it sends out to its prospective contributors include a description of the "type" of stories for which it's looking: ones with strong, ultimately triumphant central characters and positive, upbeat endings - the sort of things, really, that don't occur in real life (or real fiction: suppose Joseph Conrad had been forced to write with such criteria in mind - what sort of novels would Lord Jim and Heart of Darkness have been then? Not to mention the works of Poe, Crane, Dostoevsky, Hardy, Orwell, and hundreds of others) and the occurrence of which in the stories published by Isaac Asimov's instantly mark them and the magazine out as escapist lowest-common-denominator crowd-pleasing rubbish. Yes, Delany, Aldiss, Wilhelm, Watson and others may appear within its pages, but I suspect that's because their stories weren't good enough to be accepted elsewhere and because the magazine has a circulation way above that of others, thus offsetting their unease at appearing in such inauspicious surroundings by giving them a larger audience for their work.

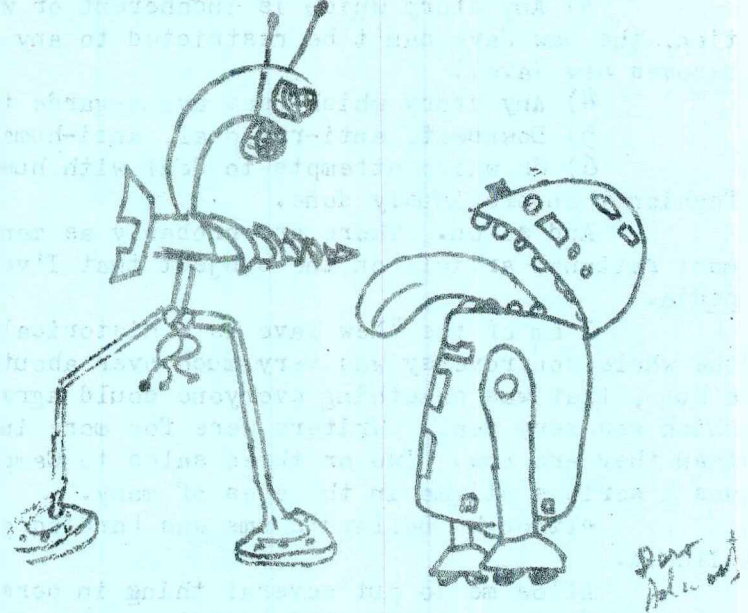
On the other hand...well, on the other hand, the most sensible thing about all this was the comment by Jim Meadows that we aren't getting anywhere with it. He's quite right, inasmuch as we all have fairly well-defined positions from which to operate and aren't about to abandon them just because someone else starts jumping up and down and yelling "you're wrong!"; but then the same is true of the participants in any argument about anything; and even if we don't unbend enough to partially agree with our opponents the exchange will at least serve to force us to clarify our positions (for ourselves if not for others). But it can't go on like this, because it will simply result in our eventually beginning to repeat our original arguments (as your putative "redefinition" of your stance vis-avis SF in number 10 is actually no more than a generalised version of what you said in your book review in number 8, with all the specific comments about the stories stripped out to allow the underlying assumptions to become more visible), boring ourselves as much as the readers. But we shall see, we shall see....

/*/ War of the Waves will not have an installment by me this time around. In fact, I do not even intend to respond to several of the errors that Joseph wrote above. So, before I put in an illo and move to Darrell's article, let me correct an impression that may be wrong. When I intro'd this I did not mean to imply that Joseph did not have serious things to say - just that a deep sense of humour was necessary in his readers. /*/



a letter from darrell schweitzer

*BEEP... BEEP...
OH MISS LOVELACE!
GP RATINGS ARE SUCH
A BORE...



The whole story vs. literature dichotomy is a false one, and it has nothing to do with anything I've had to say so far. I am firmly on the literature side. I've never said that a story should be all instant gratification and all this literary stuff gets in the way.

A Ballard condensed novel doesn't contain any of that literary stuff. Certainly nothing by way of theme, character, any sort of subtle understructure, or anything like that. To borrow an example from James White (who said it in an interview I did), much of the New Wave writing was like driving a rusty nail into a piece of wood, labelling the result "The Revolt of the Masses", and putting it in an art museum with a \$50,000 price tag.

P.T. Barnum had a comment about that. And the population has increased since then. But the principle works better in the art world where there is only one buyer, as opposed to the print media where there must be many. NEW WORLDS failed because there weren't enough.

I'm not insisting that Ballard began to fail as science fiction when he stopped telling stories. No, he began to fail as literature, as narrative art, as thought communicated from the artist to the audience. Science fiction is a publisher's term. Something can "fail as science fiction" without being diminished to its audience at all. The Worm Ouroboros, for example, is miserable science fiction, but still it lives and is able to move generations of readers. I don't think John W. Campbell would have bought it.

The issue is also not one of Art For Art's Sake. Whoever said this is a little fuzzy on what the term actually means. Art For Art's Sake is a credo concocted (consciously at least) by 19th Century romantics. Poe was an Art-For-Art's-Saker. So were Oscar Wilde and Lord Dunsany. The idea here is that art should exist solely because it is beautiful, or moving, or amusing, or whatever. The opposite is what I call the Protestant Work Ethic of Literature, which holds that art must raise your social consciousness, or provide moral instruction, or lead the masses to revolt, or whatever. Medieval literature was supposed to be instructive and properly moral. The idea of art for its own sake would have been alien.

Since much of the New Wave which had any content at all was designed to raise the social awareness of the reader, this puts it very far from the Art For Art's Sake camp. You can find some wonderfully quaint stories and essays along these lines in the old Clarion anthologies.

None of this covers all bases. I used to collect definitions of the New Wave. Here are a few of the more common ones:

- 1) An attempt to throw off the stale and illiterate conventions of pulp sf.
- 2) SF pastiches of old time avant-garde mainstream.
- 3) Any story which is incoherent or without content. (According to this definition, the New Wave can't be restricted to any period. Any story badly enough written becomes New Wave.)
- 4) Any story which uses avant-garde techniques to hide the fact there is no story.
- 5) Downbeat, anti-rational, anti-humanistic SF.
- 6) SF which attempts to deal with human existence in a more intense and realistic fashion than previously done.

And so on. There are probably as many definitions as there are definers. The most rational article on the subject that I've seen is the one in the Nichols SF Encyclopedia.

I am of the "New Wave as a Historical Phenomenon" school myself. As I remember, the whole controversy was very much over about 1970. When The Left Hand of Darkness won a Hugo, that was something everyone could agree on, and it did much to heal the breach, which was very real. Writers were for more in danger of being typed in the late 1960's than they are now. Two or three sales to Campbell and one was "an ANALOG writer", which was a serious stigma in the eyes of many.

Although Ballard's name was bandied about a lot, he actually had little to do with it.

Allow me to put several things in perspective.

I admire a lot of Ballard's work. I would recommend his collection Chronopolis very highly. The Best Short Stories of J.G. Ballard is also very good, though the last 10% consists of non-functional word patterns of various sorts.

I've never read any of his novels so I leave them out of this. Of his more recent ones, The Unlimited Dream Company and Hello America are apparently SF or fantasy, and coherent. However, since he went through his incoherent phase, the marketability of Ballard's work has fallen off so sharply that his books are hard to come by.

Do not be surprised if the above two never get paperbacked.

Hello America has only been published in England.

The Concrete Island also sounds interesting, but I've never seen it. As I said, Ballard isn't exactly a hot property these days. In fact his last original collection (as opposed to a collection made up of stories from other collections) to contain a significant amount of coherent fiction, Low Flying Aircraft, has never been published in this country.

As you've probably guessed, I would divide Ballard's work up into two categories, the coherent fiction, and the incoherent (or opaque) material. Some of the coherent fiction is extremely good, and it will live, I think, long after the gibberish

Leave me alone.
I got a lotta'
thinkin' to do...



has been forgotten. The book of the condensed novels, Love and Nepal: Export USA (the English title is far more appropriate: The Atrocity Exhibition) will probably never be reprinted, and more than, say, Alan Burns' Babel will be. (Babel was a "novel about the breakdown of communication in the modern world". It consisted of unconnected paragraphs, some of which were printed in NEW WORLDS. Sure as a rusty nail being palmed off as great art, this thing was published in hardcover, where it was remaindered immediately. It lingered for years, the price going as low as a wuarter in some places. Burns probably came as close to approximating the incoherent Ballard as anyone.)

But some of the coherent stories have a marvellous, dreamlike intensity. They will not date, and will continue to move readers for a long time. "The Drowned Giant" and "Now Wakes the Sea" for instance. These are stories. They have content. They are about something. Not surprisingly, these are the ones which people still want to read. Yes, Ballard was a surrealist. He had (and perhaps still has, though he seldom uses) a wonderful sense of image, just like Dali did. One of the most interesting things about his career is that he did virtually all his good work for editors like Cele Goldsmith and John Carnell. In other words, his career as a short story writer was virtually over before Michael Moorcock took over. It is hard to tell if Moorcock wrecked Ballard, or if he merely encouraged him on his course to disaster. If, when Ballard started turning in "condensed novels" some editor, or several editors had rejected them with notes of "what is this shit?" his career might have turned out differently. He might have returned to writing coherent fiction. We might have more of his good stuff, which is still of interest.

Remember that it was Carnell who published "The Terminal Beach", which is one of the most important Ballard stories. PLAYBOY published "The Drowned Giant." If you read the Moorcock NEW WORLDS you can see Ballard's talent withering. There are only a couple of coherent stories, and those are pretty weak ones. There are a lot of computer readouts, incoherent lumps of words, condensed novels, and other things no one reads anymore.

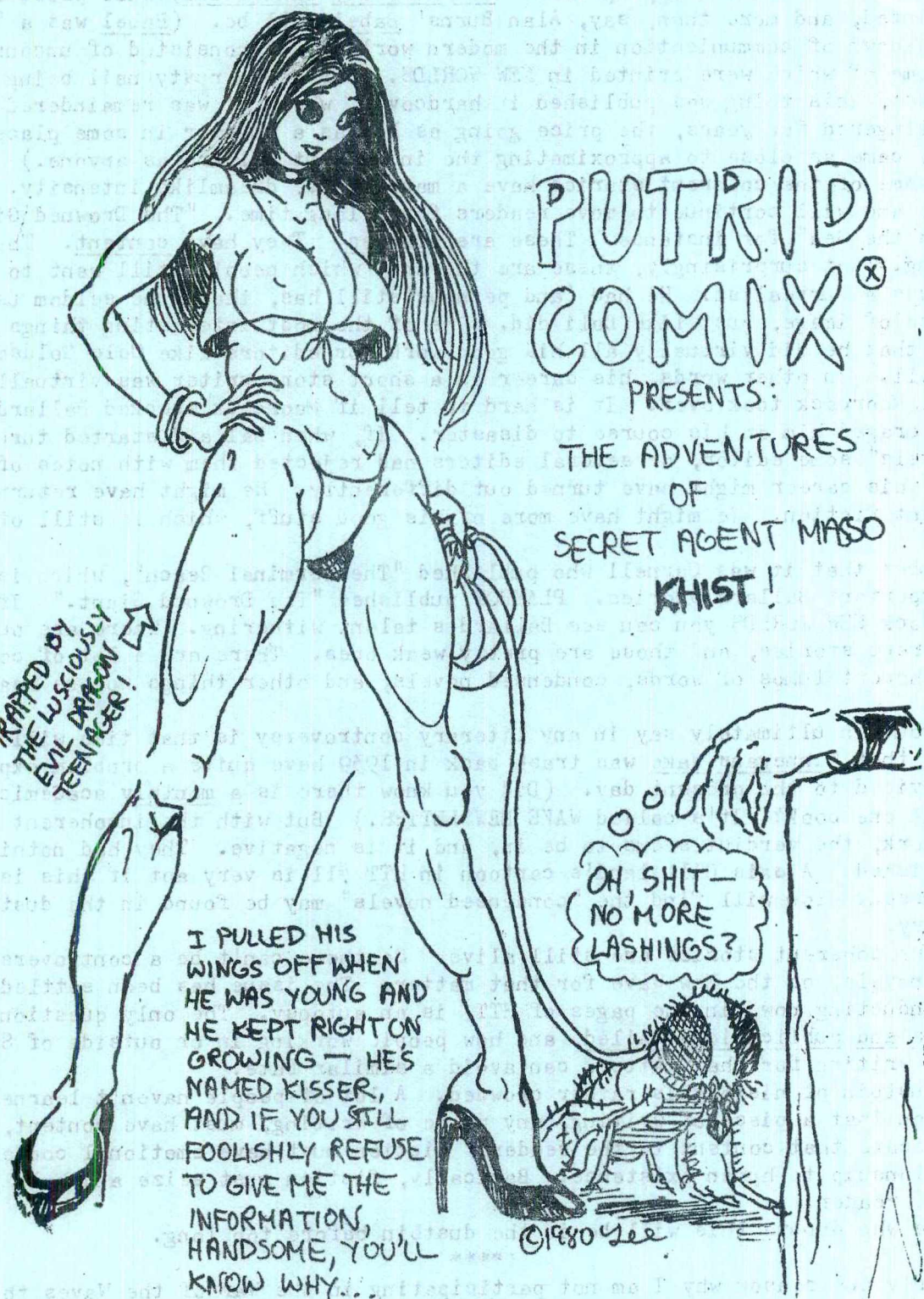
All you can ultimately say in any literary controversy is that time will tell. Those who said that Finnegans Wake was trash back in 1939 have quite a problem explaining why it has survived to the present day. (Did you know there is a monthly academic fanzine devoted to that one book? It's called WAKE NEWSLETTER.) But with the incoherent part of Ballard's work, the verdict seems to be in, and it is negative. They had nothing to offer, and perished. Alexis Gilliland's cartoon in HTT #11 is very apt if this is what is being discussed. You will find the "condensed novels" may be found in the dustbin of literary history.

But the coherent stories are still alive. So there can't be a controversy over the condensed novels, or the New Wave for that matter. The issue has been settled by time. What we are conducting now, in the pages of HTT, is an autopsy. The only question is why these works and publications failed, and how people working in or outside of SF today, in any area of writing for that matter, can avoid a similar fate.

The dustbin of history is rather crowded. A lot of people haven't learned the essential lesson that a piece of writing, any piece of writing, must have content, and it must communicate that content to the reader. Fiction must have emotional content, and some relationship to human existence. Basically, fiction must seize and hold the interest of the reader.

Anyone who doubts this will be in the dustbin before too long.

/*/ There is only one reason why I am not participating in the War of the Waves this time around - time. Preparing the shop for the Christmas season was the roughest that I have ever experienced in my twenty years in the retail tobacco business. The major problem was with wholesalers sending merchandise late, sending the wrong merchandise, or not sending anything at all. My boss is fortunate in that he does not concern himself in the day-to-day running of the store. I am used to all of this - it is just that it was worse this year. The Christmas rush was a whole 'nother problem - I had fewer clerks to assist me with the mess. Well, I survived - but I had no time to write for the War of the Waves./*/



PUTRID COMIX[®]

PRESENTS:

THE ADVENTURES
OF
SECRET AGENT MASSO
KHIST!

TRAPPED BY
THE LUSCIOUSLY
EVIL DRAGON
TEENAGER!

I PULLED HIS
WINGS OFF WHEN
HE WAS YOUNG AND
HE KEPT RIGHT ON
GROWING — HE'S
NAMED KISSER,
AND IF YOU STILL
FOOLISHLY REFUSE
TO GIVE ME THE
INFORMATION,
HANDSOME, YOU'LL
KNOW WHY...

OH, SHIT—
NO MORE
LASHINGS?

©1980 Yee

For some very strange reason (probably because I worked on this issue in fits and starts) I wound up with two page 42's. Ergo, pg. 42½ plus this 42 interpolation. Above illo by Bob Lee.

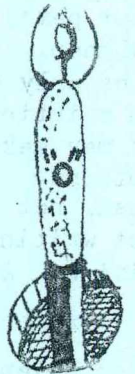
a letter from

john hertz

/*/ This LoC on HTT #10 is more like a small article than the usual sort of LoC. So, as I mentioned in HTT #11, I am printing in in this issue. * John likes "hole jokes" - I hope that he appreciates the one on the right. For the edification of those who might have come in late, "hole jokes" started as a reaction to the title of this zine. /*/

Having just read Delaney's criticism of THE DISPOSSESSED ("To Read THE DISPOSSESSED", in THE JEWEL-HINGED JAW, Berley, 1977), and then Gordon Dickson's TIME STORM, I wonder if anyone reads anything anymore. Though I don't share all of Delaney's values, my opinion of THE DISPOSSESSED has always been essentially his: that (as I take him) not only does the novel suffer from clumsy integration of didacts into the foreground, but also it is seriously weakened by omissions and contrasts in the painting that jar the reader and are almost impossible to take otherwise than as manifestations of failures of analysis, of questions not asked. I have never brought myself to decide whether science fiction is idea fiction (surely there is a lot of s-f writing, especially since the Sixties, that is about ideas); but it seems to me that if a writer is going to argue his ideas in a fictive medium he has to think through his ideas, carry them out into details of the thought and conduct of the characters he creates to embody them, and, mindful of the reader who will have to follow the process backwards from the characters to what they appear to embody, he has to keep an eye on the results. And yet here is TIME STORM, the product of one of our more visionary minds, but clumsy, badly integrated, and jarring with analytical lapses.

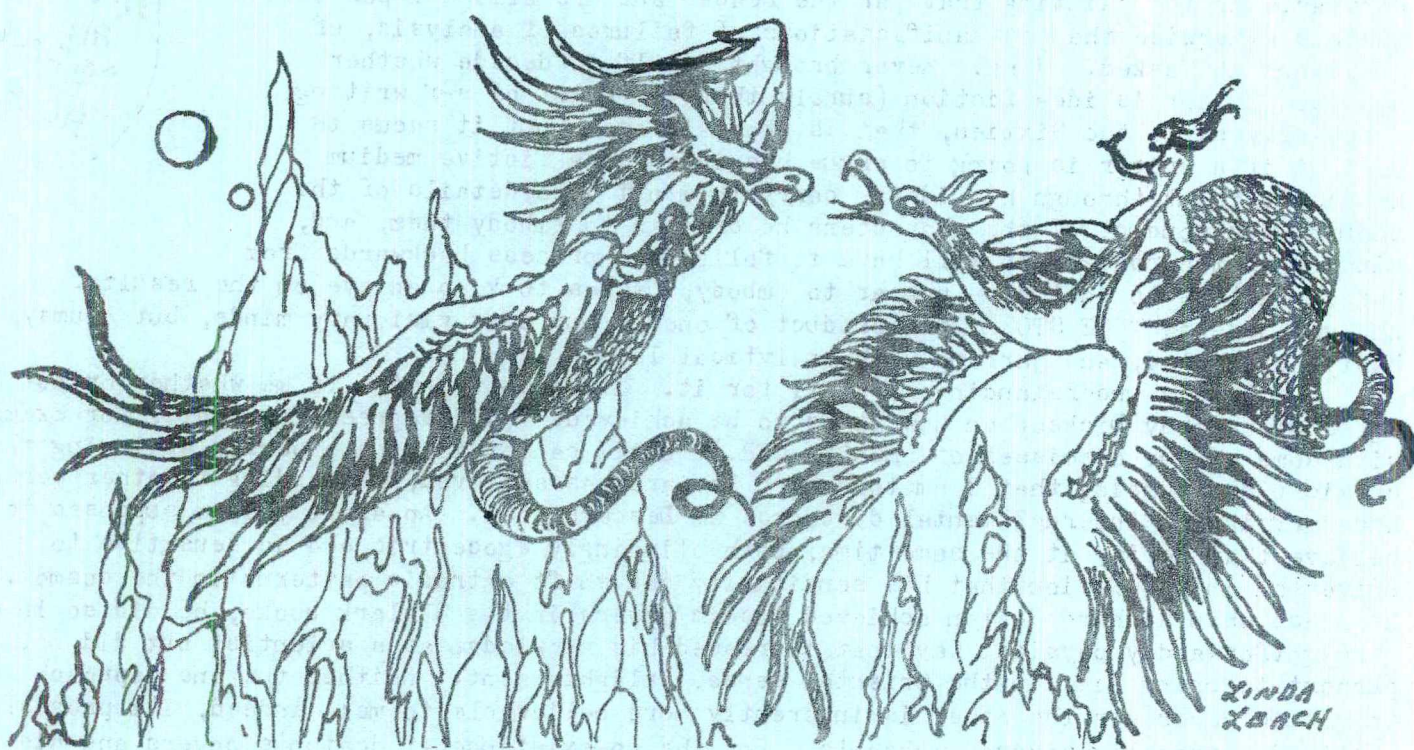
Cosmic understanding, I'm all for it. It doesn't matter to me whether or not I agree with Gordy Dickson on how it is to be achieved. (I disagree profoundly, for example, with some of the premisses of NECROMANCER.) But I cannot imagine a person achieving the cosmic understanding that I am told Marc Despard has achieved, responding to other persons and carrying on internal mental discourse as Despard does. Apparently I am supposed to believe that he is, at the same time, both blindly egocentric and so sensitive to universal interrelation that his sensitivity can shift entropic patterns in the cosmos. At least when Richard Seaton achieved cosmic powers in the Skylark books, he did so in a straightforwardly physical way that increased his knowledge as a scientist but did not purport to bring him, in the Oriental sense, enlightenment. Neither the one approach to cosmic power nor the other is inherently more believable to me; indeed, I'm probably inclined personally toward Dickson's. But the co-existence of Seaton's powers and his blocky, compartmented personality is far more believable on Doc Smith's premisses than such co-existence on Dickson's premisses in TIME STORM. Maybe the problem isn't that Dickson doesn't read Delaney's essays, or that Dickson's editors don't read Dickson. Maybe I'm not reading. Is this the way TIME STORM was received when it came out?



I think I may not be as aesthetically offended by "New Wave"-style s-f as Marty is; and even though I've just been graduated from law school (and cum laude, *pat pat*) I continue to credit a good deal of the supposedly antithetical work of McLuhan. I greatly esteem NOVA (so, incidentally, does Larry Niven), STAND ON ZANZIBAR (the only successful McLuhanistic s-f work I've seen), and LORD OF LIGHT -- and I insist on pointing to them even though they're no longer temporally in the vanguard, moldy though it may make me appear, because I think they're unequalled by later works of their own authors. But the striking thing to me about Delaney's review is that he calls LeGuin to task, not for her professions of radicalism, not for her mongering of images, but for not writing well enough -- or perhaps for not thinking well enough -- to execute her own vision. Are you there, Mr. Dickson?

From Brian Earl Brown's review of HTT's 10 and 11 in WoFan 21: The biggest and most frequent ganzine this side of RUNE, and much more interesting. There is a lot of artwork, some like the Steve Fox cover for #10 is very good; others, like Marty's taste in humour, is an acquired taste.

/*/ I like the way that Brian has stated that last sentence. I might even go so far as to posit that HTT, itself, is an acquired taste. /*/



the comet column by harry andruschak



Part 2: The I.S.P.M. Debacle

Back in 1978, JPL tried to get the money for a Halley Comet Rendezvous Mission. To be launched in 1982, it would approach the comet late in 1985 and stay with it as it rounded the sun. This involved high technology...the Solar Electric Power system, SEP, sometimes called the Ion-Drive. At \$550 Million, it was an expensive idea at a time when President Carter was having Budget problems.

"No new frontiers" were Carter's actual words to NASA. JPL did get the Jupiter Orbiter and Probe, renamed GALILEO, for a 1982 launch. As such, it would take up the slack when the Voyager Missions to Saturn were over. To help finance it, West Germany agreed to build the retropropulsion module (RPM) that would insert the spacecraft into orbit. In fact, a lot of international projects were under way.

1978 saw the launch of the International Ultraviolet Explorer, IUE. NASA teamed up with the Netherlands and Great Britain for a project called Infra-Red Astronomical Observatory, IRAS. And the ESA was looking for Deep Space Projects in co-operation with other countries. ESA. European Space Agency. Unlike NASA, it had stable funding, if scanty. It always knew what its budget for the next 5 or so years would be and could plan around it. In this respect it was quite unlike NASA and its yearly reviews and ups and downs.

Deep Space Projects are expensive. The spacecraft have to be more elaborate, larger launch vehicles are needed, command and control is more expensive, and you need an elaborate tracking network. The Jet Propulsion Laboratory ran the Deep Space Network, the greatest tracking system of all time. Over a 20 year period, it had allowed scientists from other countries to have experiments on its spacecraft and work with the science teams. It had all tracking responsibility for West Germany's HELIOS sun-orbiters. We had many friendly contacts with the ESA and were highly regarded in the AEROSPACE industry.

For many years JPL and other NASA centres had studied a mission to send a spacecraft out of the ecliptical plane, using Jupiter's gravity well, essentially the same spacecraft mission you will find in Robert L. Forward's novel DRAGON'S EGG. JPL refined the mission so that if launched in 1983 it could arrive over the pole of the sun in 1986/1987. Now the sun has an 11 year cycle. The sun has been active in 1981, and will be again in 1992. But in 1986 it will be relatively quiet, making it ideal to look down at the poles, which cannot be seen or measured from Earth or Earth orbit.

If one spacecraft good, two spacecraft better. Send both out to Jupiter, then one North and one South. Arrive at sun (about one Astronomical Unit away from the sun, to prevent spacecraft heating problems) and go over both poles. And the ESA loved it. A contract was signed. ESA to provide a spin-stabilised craft at \$40 Million, the USA to provide a spin-stabilised craft with a despun section. Also to provide launch and tracking. Good old DSN! It was proudly called the InterNational Solar Polar Mission. ISPM. The ESA spacecraft would have some JPL instruments on it, just as the JPL spacecraft would have ESA instruments. Instrumentation was not identical. A few experiments were duplicated, some supplemented each other. Each spacecraft would provide about one third of the data to be returned. The last third was by integrating the information received from the pair. It was jam, it was perfect, and by God we actually got the funding. It was the most ambitious international space project conceived. JPL waxed proud. Very Proud. This was 1979.

What has this to do with a comet column? Patience. The second JPL/ESA project was a proposal for a fly-by of Halley's comet with a JPL built ion drive spacecraft. The ESA would provide a probe to be dropped into the comet as near the nucleus as possible, after which the JPL spacecraft would fly on the meet comet Temple Two. It had a 1980 fiscal start. We were going to go to Halley's comet again!

ESA went to work, spending a lot of money on preliminary designs. Then the 1980 budget came out for NASA. No comet mission. Galileo to be delayed from 1982 to 1984, and launched as two separate spacecraft. West Germany had to spend money to redesign the RPM. And ISPM was delayed until 1985, also involving separate launches, more expenses for the ESA to redesign its spacecraft, and loss of science data since arrival in 1988/1989 would see the sun getting active again.

The ESA was angry, but stuck. Plans for a third JPL/ESA project were shitcanned. It was called Polar Orbiting Lunar Observatory, or POLO, and was essentially a rework of JPL's Lunar Polar Orbiter, or LPO, that never got funding in the late 1970's.

As for the work on the Halley's Comet Probe that was to be carried by the JPL spacecraft, that was turned into a separately launched probe. It was called GIOTTO. The call went out for scientists to propose experiments. Well, only ESA scientists need apply.

1981 was a nightmare for JPL. Yes, the Ray Gun Budget. He wanted, at first, to cancel all deep space projects, including Galileo and ISPM. The ESA pointed out they had a treaty with the USA. Reagan was quacking that the NATO countries should live up to their commitments. There were shuttle problems. It all ended up with Galileo being delayed to 1985, launched from the shuttle by a centaur. West Germany had to spend yet more money to once again redesign the RPM. The Solar Polar was delayed to 1986, also back to a single launch, involving yet another redesign of the ESA spacecraft, and possible cancellation of the USA spacecraft.

That was the last straw for ESA. And from it all came the design and specifications of GIOTTO. NASA/JPL were frantic that the USA might have no part in investigations of Halley's comet, and tried to get the ESA to agree to a joint mission, JPL to design the spacecraft along the well proved Mariner Class of three axis stabilised spacecraft. NO, said the ESA, and so GIOTTO became a spinning spacecraft. The USA offered to launch it with an uprated Delta Rocket, in return for having a share in the scientific experiments. NO, and GIOTTO was limited to 750 Kilograms, the best the ARIANE rocket could do. No USA experiments, all ESA. And take your DSN and shove it, we have our own tracking stations. Go away.

JPL tried desperately to get a comet mission out of Congress. It was helped by a fannish letter-writing campaign called SPACE WRITE NOW, and for a short moment hope flickered anew. But early in October, Reagan announced another 12% across the board budget cut. It was all over. Bruce Murray wrote a letter to all JPL rocketeers on October 12, and here it is:

"The most recent budget reduction announcements by the Federal government have generated increased speculation regarding the future of the Laboratory, its programs, and its relationships with NASA. I am using this Director's Letter to communicate directly

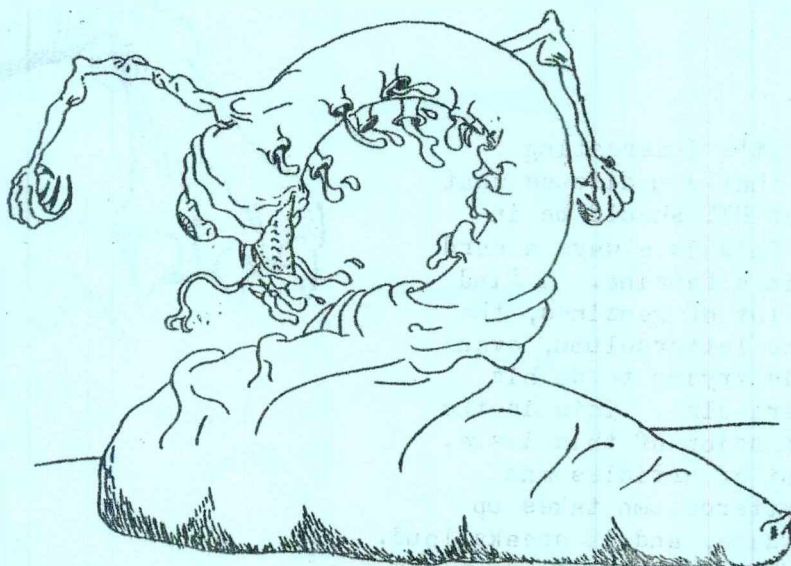
to all JPL personnel what we know about the current situation and what we are doing about it.

"The facts are these. Cancellation of the U.S. Solar Polar spacecraft has been confirmed and there will be no U.S. mission to explore Halley's Comet. NASA has sent us official notification terminating both these efforts as of the first of October, 1981. Galileo at this time is still on track for a 1985 launch and we are preparing Voyager 2 for a Uranus encounter in 1986."

Reagan's cancellation of the USA spacecraft for the ISPM leaves it a crippled mission, and the ESA is seriously wondering if it should write off the \$100 Million spacecraft and development costs and forget the whole idea. In the meantime, no further joint missions with JPL are contemplated. Likewise, nobody else is interested either. Not Japan or India or Brazil or any European country. It took only two years to utterly destroy 20 years of reputation. All we have left is the crippled VOYAGE R TWO spacecraft that might arrive at Uranus in 1986, rated at 60% probability. We might launch Galileo in 1985, and then again we may not. Massive layoffs are happening all over the lab.

Frankly, I see no hope for JPL. Further budget cuts are a certainty. The Deep Space Program of the USA has come to an end. The lights are going out all over JPL and we will not see them lit again in our lifetimes.

/*/ It all boils down to selfishness - all that is good in scientific progress and the general cultural ethos of the country is being sacrificed to the greed of the many rich people of this country. Reagan and the Republican BASTARDS have managed to bamboozle the middle class of this country, in the process of which they have thrown a few pennies to the middle class, knocked the props out of many of the programs that help support the poor, AND ARE SHOVING GREAT GOBS OF MONEY INTO THE POCKETS OF THOSE ALREADY RICH. It would not help to shoot the bastards as too many of those being robbed are labouring under the misapprehension that this is all for their good. The Reagan Programme is nothing more than the internal destruction of the USA. Enough. The main thrust of HTT is supposed to be humour. When I dwell on current politics it puts me into a black humour. /*/



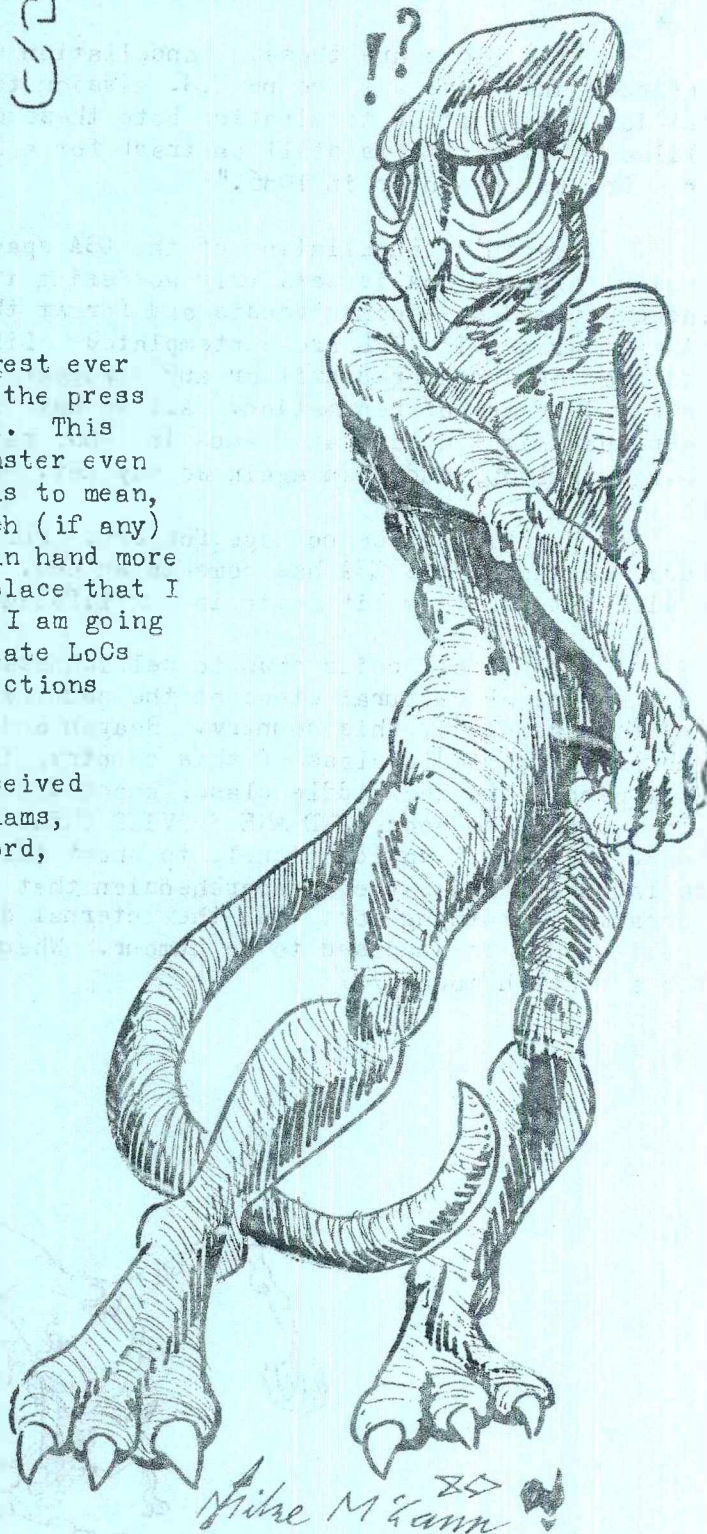
DIXON 81

THE LOC NESS MONSTER

/*/ This issue bids fair to becoming the largest ever issue of HTT. I am also running late due to the press of severe work-related hassles this past fall. This means that I will be editing the LoC Ness Monster even more drastically than usual. Do not take this to mean, though, that the LoC Ness Monster will be much (if any) shorter than its usual long length - I have in hand more interesting letters than I usually do. One place that I will save both some time and space is here - I am going to just list the names of those who sent in late LoCs on HTT #10 rather than excerpt interesting sections from them as I often do. Sorry.

/*/ Interesting (and otherwise) LoCs were received from Anders Bellis, Eric Lindsay, Keith Williams, Seth Goldberg, Janis Johnson, K. Adrian Bedford, Jack R. Herman, Richard Faulder, and Jean Webber. Hmm. Seth, Janis and Keith are Americans, Anders is Swedish - the other five LoCs are from Australians. There are many fine letterhacks and faneds in Australia. I have met several of them (as they peregrinated through America) - nice people, all of those whom I have met. I would like to meet more of them. So I intend to stand for DUFF in 1985. /*/

* JIM MEADOWS * It's interesting
***** that you discuss what
the main thrust of HTT should be in
your editorial. This is always a hard
thing to manage in a fanzine. I find
that in an awful lot of genzines, the
main thrust is the lettercolumn, even
when the editor is trying to do his
thrusting somewhere else. This is the
case with my impression of this issue.
Yes, you ran a lot of articles and
stuff, but the lettercolumn takes up
one third of the zine, and it speaks loud.
When I think of HTT, I think of arguments



about nasty ethnic jokes and New Wave SF and your blunt and nasty style of replying. In short, I think of the lettercolumn. True, some of these topics started as articles in past issues, but that's just fuel for the fire, and the fire is the lettercol, not the pieces in front of it. I must confess that the humorous pieces make the least impression. None of this may bother you...after all, most faneds like fat gluttonous lettercolumns anyway, and fanzine readers, at least letterhacks like me certainly thrive on them. But if you're looking for a certain balance and image for HTT, maybe you should try to find out just what sort of picture you're projecting to readers, and see if it's roughly the same as the one you're trying to project.

/*/ Humour (of one sort or another) is important to me. I started HTT with the idea that it would primarily be a humourzine. Whilst I am still interested in putting much humour in HTT, I must say that the zine seems to have taken on a life of its own. HTT is a gestalt, a composition of many different things. Disparate as many of these parts seem to be, I do believe that they all coexist harmoniously in the zine. The LoC Ness monster is, most definitely the heart of HTT - I would not have it any other way. Which is not to say that I cannot have the main thrust of my efforts for HTT to be humour. After all, my "blunt and nasty style of replying" is really just a schtick. (Shhh - please do not tell anybody that.) I am, you should know, a fan of insult humour. Which is not to say that I am not also a crusty curmudgeon. My zine personality is only a part of my total personality - as many surprised fans (who had only previously known me through HTT) can attest (after they finally met me in person). I like surprising people. /*/

I can't help but think how insular we have become when I read the comments in the lettercol about "those other people" at the conventions, the ones who don't read, and carry props, and watch TV and movies for their SF fare. It irritates me, and I don't mean to blame you, since this sort of thing is common in lots of fanzine lettercolumns. It irritates me because what everybody seems to be saying is, "We're the trufans, none of these other people really deserve to be at 'our' conventions, parading their different tastes and points of view". I'm not talking about how irritating these people may be to you (or me, if I ever make it to a con). What I'm talking about is our (make that fanzine fans, centered around SF and faandom) in fandom, and our belief that we're the center of the fannish universe.

And we do believe that. That's why we gripe so much about Star Trek fans, and S.C.A. people, and demand that large circulation semi-pro zines be barred from the Hugo competitions, because we think that we're the most important part of fandom, the part that was there in the 30's, and is still there now. This picture of fandom with us at the head is very appealing to me. But I think it's a bunch of rot. Fandom is growing and changing. It now holds a crowd of people with much more diverse interests and a lower common denominator. Because it is larger, it can support things, like semi-pro fanzines, that it couldn't before; and it reacts to things, like slickly made cinema space operas, that just didn't and couldn't exist in years past. We, as fanzine fans, and people interested in written SF, are a part of this fandom, but we are no longer the overwhelmingly main part, and we are no longer working in smallish structure that fandom had in the 1950's. We are a part of a whole bunch of people with overlapping interests. We can, for our own enjoyment insulate ourselves, hold our own conventions and organise our own award systems. But we will not be cleansing the mainstream of fandom. We will, instead be isolating ourselves from the mainstream of fandom. I'm not saying this is wrong; I just don't think we should try to fool ourselves into thinking it's something it isn't.

/*/ My disagreement with you on the above is just about total. Let me tell you a story to illustrate my disagreement with you. When I lived in Sierra Madre Canyon it had a primarily rustic atmosphere. This was its charm and the reason why its residents moved there. Well, all of the residents except two. These two built modern-looking homes in the Canyon. Most of the other canyon residents did not mind these houses

overmuch, even if they were slightly out of character with the rustic nature of the area. After all, none of the "rustic" houses were any kind of architectural masterpieces -- and the new residents did have the right to the peaceful enjoyment of their land. What got up our dander was the unmitigated gall of these new residents who, some time after the completion of their houses, started lobbying City Hall to raze the older houses in the Canyon so as to "make the Canyon safer and more modern" (and lots of other reasons like that there. Our reasoning was thus: the overwhelming majority of us like this rusticity - that is why we moved here. If these upstarts want to live in a "modern" area they can damned well move to a "modern" area. They have no right to move into our area and make the rest of us conform to their ideas. (The story is too long to finish in this fanzine. Briefly, they were successful for a short period of time; ultimately, they lost.) The point, Jim, is that SF fandom, our hobby, is print and reading oriented. We welcome everybody who wants to come in and enjoy our hobby with us. That to which we object is when some people demand that we change our hobby into their hobby. It is our hobby and should stay that way - these people can start their own hobby groups. They are still welcome to enjoy our hobby with us - just stop trying to change our hobby into their hobby. * The semi-prozine thing is a whole 'nother argument. /*/

Finally, in comment on "More Perfectly Horrid Office Jokes", which I found perversely amusing (I would like to hear from someone who found them good clean fun, but perhaps not at length), I must note (and I may be repeating myself) that I've heard from just about every group insulted in these jokes in fanzine lettercols. Except Blacks. To ask a silly question: are there Blacks in fandom?

/*/ To answer a silly question: yes, there are Blacks in fandom. The next loccer is one of fandom's finer fanartists. He is also Black. /*/

STEVEN FOX Joan Hanke-Woods' collected race jokes should not be read at all. I myself don't like Jewish jokes or Polish jokes, and I sure as hell don't like Black jokes!!

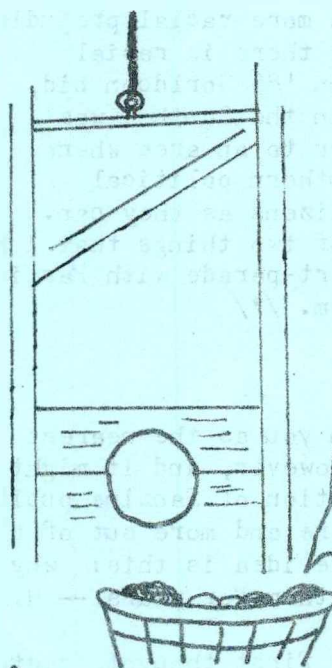
I remember, Marty, I said in a personal letter to you that I do a Black joke now and then with people who would get the joke. That is, the joke may be an inside joke, and only the Black people listening would get it or enjoy it. Call me touchy or anything, but I feel somewhat angered when white people do Black jokes. (I know by your letter to me, Marty, that you are not a racist and I am sort of sure that Miss Woods is not one.) But when I hear all the Black jokes by whites, all of that old stuff (and new stuff) just comes to my mind. Not to mention all of the nonsense the KKK is starting up.

I am glad Miss Woods has shown the good taste not to do it again. That sho makes me happy!

Since I'm on the subject of Joan Hanke-Woods, let me say the drawing on the bacover is very, very nice. Keep up the good art, Miss Woods.

/*/ Last things first -- compliments from one good artist about another good artist's work are worth sharing. Now for the first thing.

In a previous LoC Ness Monster, Jim Meadows wrote that the continuing thread of commentary about ethnic jokes (I think that the commentary started in HTT #2) has continued to be interesting. Some of this commentary concerned itself with censorship. Steven's LoC carries us into a variation of this; self-censorship is the new topic here - we have previously covered the various aspects of good taste vs. bad taste vs. absolutely no taste in publishing this kind of humour. (And you all know my position on this; witness what I have continued to publish.) The main point at hand is whether one should self-censor in respect to ethnic jokes; specifically in regards to HTT and its regular readership. I await response from loccers. /*/



*John
Adams*

Ah mon cherie...
I love you too,
but we CAN'T go
ON meeting like
this...

* DARRELL SCHWEITZER * On the subject of jokes,
***** here is a species you and
Joan Hanke-Woods will probably like. They're taste-
less enough: ethnic homosexual jokes:

Q: What do you call an Irish homosexual?

A: (in appropriate accent): A gay-lick.

Q: What do you call a Jewish homo-
sexual?

A: A he-blew.

If you can come up with
more of these, you're welcome
to them.

"The Case of the Machine
Revolution" has some amusing
moments, but the humour is a
bit too heavy-handed. It
also has a logical flaw
common to stories like this.
(The most elaborate example
is Lord Dunsany's only Science
Fiction novel, The Last Revo-
lution.) Basically, if all the
machines are revolting, why do
things like flashlights and guns
still cooperate? One of these
stories might be really interesting
if the characters had to do without
all machines above the boulder and
lever/club level.

/*/ Defining a machine as any tool used to operate the environment using a
boulder and/or a lever/club is no different from using any more complicated machine.
I do not believe that you can define a machine (in this context) based on the material
of which it is composed; therefore, a dictionary definition of a machine ("any system
formed and connected to alter, transmit, and direct applied forces to accomplish a spe-
cific objective") can be construed to be applied to levering a boulder to drop it onto
an enemy on the slope below you. What this silliness means is that you have to eliminate
the use of all objects, both animate and inanimate (you cannot throw an elephant into
the works of a menacing sewing machine) to achieve the purity you desire. /*/

* OLIVIA JASEN * My favourite articles were the "Living Sea Scrolls", "More Perfectly
***** Horrid Office Jokes", and "How to Write Like Joseph Nicholas". The
first two I read for our Science Fiction club and they lapped them up. (Black jokes are
still a big thing even in our "liberated" college town. Here're two that you might not
have heard: (1) How many Blacks does it take to roof a house? Four, if you slice them
thin enough. (2) What do you get when you cross Sammy Davis, Jr. with Bo Derek? The
Ten of Spades.)

/*/ To the best of my knowledge Livy is not a racist - I printed the above jokes
because of my sense of humour combined with my absolute lack of taste and sense. And
to make a point. I have been arguing with Southern fans about this for some time and
I have no evidence that refutes my position. Whilst I believe that Southern fans are
freer of racial prejudice (on average) than the average of the white non-fans in the

South; and, whilst I believe that racial prejudice in the South is much less rampant than it was a scant few decades ago, I believe that there is much more racial prejudice in the South than Southern fans are wont to admit. (I agree that there is racial prejudice in all parts of this country.) I support the Atlanta in '86 Worldcon bid, but that is because of the fans there. The one time that I was in the South I was very unhappy about being there - I really have no desire to return to an area where only the force of the Federal Voting Rights Act keeps various Southern political jurisdictions from re-disenfranchising as many of their Black citizens as they can. Please note Livy's comment about her "liberated" college town. Of two things that I have done in my life I am especially proud: I once marched in a support-parade with Martin Luther King and I helped drive racist Charles Korbas out of fandom. /*/

* DONALD FRASON * I just had an idea, and thought I'd try it on you as the nearest
***** victim. Others may like it and take it up, however, and it might generate some discussion in HTT. It follows from the dissatisfaction of fanzine publishing fans with conventions as they are now, a world where they feel more and more out of place amongst the pistol-packing mediafens with their Vader buttons. The idea is this: why not organise a Fanzine Publishers Convention? Mundane APAs have had them for years -- H.P. Lovecraft attended them.

This would not be shutting out as many people as might be first thought, restricting a convention to some tiny minority of mimeo-crank turners. It's surprising how many well-known fans and pros have published fanzines at one time, or have had some connexion with them. Of course, APA conventions have been thought of, but this would not be restricted to one APA, or all APAs, none excluding them. No restrictions on attendance would be necessary, as only those interested would go. You wouldn't have to bring a copy of your fanzine, or an affidavit.

This convention would not have movies (unless there is a screen version of "The Enchanted Duplicator").

/*/ Sounds great. The obvious coGoH's would be Richard Bergeron and Walt Willis. Somebody else organise it. Please. /*/

* THOM DIGBY * As to how to keep fannish conventions fannish, I am very much against
***** trying to drive anyone out by making fascist (in a non-technical sense) rules about wearing costumes, showing movies, selling posters, etc. I would prefer to entice them away. How? Well, since you were at the Worldcon in Denver, imagine that the concom had just sort of "neglected" to mention the Marina Hotel in their listings of hotels being used for the con, and had not included it on the published reservation forms. Further, assume that in the program book they had mentioned no items or functions scheduled there. Then suppose, however, that either they or an officially separate but loosely affiliated committee had decided to hold a fannish relaxicon there at the same time the Worldcon was going on in the Hilton and other hotels. It might, if necessary, have been subsidised by the Worldcon as a "fan charity" but would have otherwise been essentially separate. It would have been publicised in fanzines and by other fannish means, but mention in such things as prozine convention listings would have been discouraged. Then the fans who wanted the "traditional" fannish con could've had it, and still have had access to the program items at the Worldcon two blocks away -- the best of both worlds. And since there would've been some interaction between the two cons enough of those new people who might enjoy printed-SF fandom would've heard about it sooner or later and trickled in to provide the necessary "new blood" without drowning fandom in a sea of it. Since the days of the single-hotel Worldcon seem to be over (unless the Moral Majority clamps down or something) perhaps the assigning of entire hotels to special-interest groups (and treating traditional fandom as a special interest within the monster fandom has become) will be the way to go.

* PAUL SKELTON * Darrell's 'valentine' illo ought to be commercially used on cards. It
***** would make him incredibly rich and famous...and then he wouldn't need to write for you, Marty. In fact, if we could only all get rich and famous we could all be friendly and folksy together and leave you to stir the pond up all by yourself, except that you'd probably get rich and famous first and be waiting for us when we got there, with your "Hey buddy, wanna write for my fanzine, RICHER (AND MORE FAMOUS) THAN THOU?"

I had forgotten how good Kevin Smith's article was until you reprinted it; but it is inherent in the article itself that the final paragraph of 'Joseph's' writing must have appeared elsewhere. After all, he does say that an identical paragraph must be revealed in a thorough study of Joseph's writings which means, knowing Kevin, the piece is even more clever than I at first thought because it had to have been written back from that final paragraph which really did appear elsewhere. Did it? Has anybody seen that particular paragraph somewhere in the Joseph Nicholas canon?

Speaking of Darrell and Joseph: - Darrell, it is not fair to refute Joseph on the basis of an unpublished backlog. Joseph and the rest of us have to judge a mag on what it has published. I haven't seen a current SF mag for years but I'm sure Darrell needn't have included unpublished material to prove that Joseph's hobby horse had gotten out of control and was running away with him. Joseph is a leading official of Sweeping Statements, Inc. Joseph, the faned's friend. He has after all been solely responsible for 90% of the controversy in just about any fanzine for the last few years. I refuse to be critical of him in any way. A great bloke (see Marty, Sweetness & Light Fandom strikes again...we'll fix your waggon).

Anne Laurie Logan must have an acute sense of smell if she can sniff out a nose-picker. Anne is obviously one of those women who won't leave a man any simple pleasures. Look, we've got to do something with our hands and at least picking one's nose won't make one go blind. Not unless one has a singularly bad aim that is. Nose-picking fans aren't really a problem. Fans are notoriously introverted. It's the extroverts you have to watch out for. A guy who picks his nose is really no problem, but a guy who picks your nose would be another matter entirely.

Hugo awards are big business. So OK, create a new category. Semi-pro. OK, so now you either need an extra Hugo or you have to decide whether the Hugo should be awarded in the traditional category or in the new one. The way fandom is now and the way the awards currently stand, I'd give the Hugo in the 'semi-pro' category and let "true fanzines" organise something totally separate for themselves. Maybe re-vamping the FAAN Awards or something. Even if you had an extra category of Hugos just for ordinary fanzines you'd still be stuck with the fact that thousands of uninformed wazzocks would still be entitled to vote in the category. Think about it. The way the Hugos are and what they stand for, it is more fitting to award them to zines like SFR and LOCUS. The Hugo is the property of the Worldcon and is voted on by the Worldcon membership. To them LOCUS is a fanzine. The fanzine 'Hugo' we all want, voted on by an informed electorate, can no longer exist under the aegis of the Worldcon and thus can no longer be called a 'Hugo' (unless the rules can be changed to enable the Worldcon to permit some other body, such as the Faan Awards Committee, to organise and award a fanzine 'Hugo'). It's too late. The fanzine Hugo has gotten away from us and I think it's time we faced facts and stopped bitching about it.

/*/ As far as I know, fanzine fans are usually Worldcon members. As such we have a right to try to make the Hugo award for our efforts reflect our desires../*/

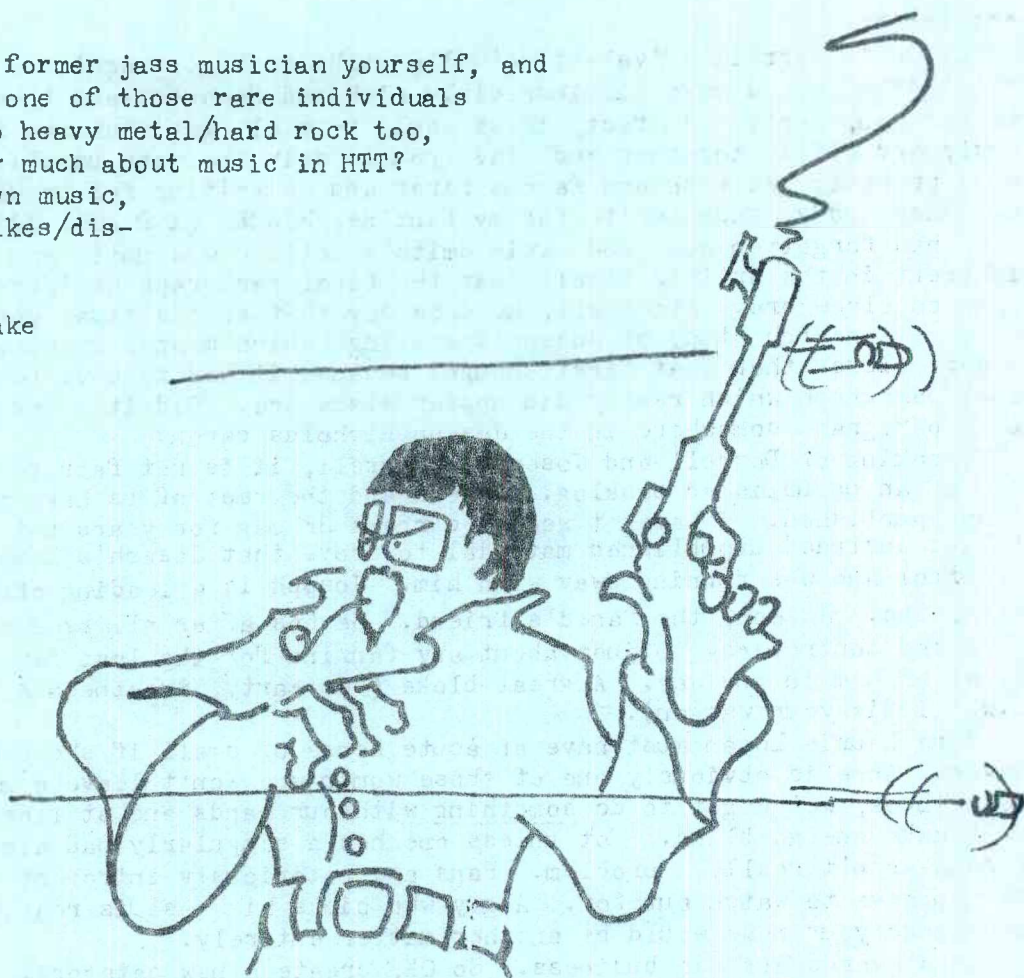
Jeez Marty, I never realised that you were old enough to have started reading SF in the mid forties. Maybe there is some truth in the rumour that you're Harry Warner's grandfather. It's probably your age that caused you to make that obvious mistake in your response to Michael Mackay. Canada is that funny little country where the national pastime is pretending not to be American.

* STEVE TYMON * As a former jass musician yourself, and
***** also one of those rare individuals
who can also listen to heavy metal/hard rock too,
how come you didn't say much about music in HTT?
At least about your own music,
anyway, or your own likes/dis-
likes, whatever?

/*/ I will take
this opportunity to
write a very slight
amount about music
and my relationship
to it. Starting
out by correcting
you. I am a
former musician
of sorts, but
what I played
was not jass
(except for
once when the
jass band in
which I
sometimes
played was
hired to be
the intermis-
sion band at a
dance held at
Cal Tech -- the
main band was an
All-Star tradi-
tional jass band.
Both bands got together
during one number, 20
or so minutes of turning on
both us and the audience.))

I do not talk much about music in HTT because,
in these recent years, I have ceased being a performing musician even though I spend
most of my waking moments with one sort or another of music on the radio. Also, there is
not much about music that I care to expatiate upon -- I get my jollies from music by
listening to it.

/*/ Briefly, some of my musical history (leaving in just a mention that I have
been listening to music passionately ever since I learned how to twiddle the dials on a
radio). My early training was in classical violin (and classical music is still my
first love in music). In high school I wasted some time with bongo drums (and cut two
records with them - one for Art Leboe, one for Johnny Otis). In the mid 50's I took up
the guitar and performed folk music in the burgeoning coffee house scene - this was in
my beatnik days. I played both 6-string and 12-string guitar, preferring the latter.
I also played jug and wash-tub bass, but most of the Bluegrass bands in which I played
used me playing the washboard. Believe it or not, but I do believe that I have had more
fun playing the washboard than I have had playing any other instrument. When I discovered
fandom I moved away from the areas where my folk-music friends used to hang out. I have
not played much music since I discovered fandom. /*/



Marty Cantor

*Eternal soldier in the
War against Good Taste*

* ANDERS BELLIS * Maybe the best thing in HTT #11 was Paul Skelton's piece on various sports. I fondly remember Paul as the first fan from outside Sweden who kindly sent me a fanzine during the spring of 1979, but also as one of the wittiest and best fannish writers in present-day fandom (yes, I remember him as such, for although he did send me the first foreign (to me) fanzine I got, I have seen very little from him since with the exception of Egeo Sextarius and SFD 18) - he keeps his standards. Although, the excerpts from his letter in your introduction to the article are maybe even funnier than the article itself.

/*/ I agree with you that Skel is one of the finest and funniest writers in present-day fandom. I hope that he will continue to send words my way. /*/

Kevin Smith is also an excellent writer, and since I don't get Dot any longer I was happy to read his piece about how one should write like Joseph Nicholas - but I was also slightly disappointed. I had heard such a lot about this article from various fans that perhaps my expectations were a little bit too high; how, it is good, but not that outstanding and it certainly does not rank amongst the funniest fannish pieces I have ever read (which it obviously does with you, Marty). But I have always been annoyed with Joseph Nicholas, and thus gained some sort of satisfaction from an article taking a dig at him. His writings make the impression on me as being little more than pseudo-intellectual bullshit hidden behind sentences so long you need a fast-moving car to reach the end of them. He never uses two words when he could use fifteen, to semi-quote a statement from an article he wrote in NABU 10.

* GEORGE FLYNN * My definitions of fantasy and SF are close to Buck Coulson's, but not quite: "which could not have happened" rules out too many legitimate SF plots (all the ones set in prehistory, or in which some insignificant person foils an alien invasion in such a way that The World Will Never Know). I prefer the criterion "stories whose assumptions differ significantly from consensus reality". The word "significantly" is deliberately vague, but perhaps I can illustrate by examples: if California falls into the sea, that's SF; if an earthquake destroys L.A., that's borderline (only a slight extrapolation); if an enraged anti-smoker burns down The Smokers' Den, that's mundane. /*/ Er, thanks. /*/ "Consensus reality" is a function of culture: Homer probably didn't think he was writing fantasy, and a contemporary Biblical story with real miracles (The Ten Commandments, say) isn't fantasy either for most of its intended audience. But Buck's "explained in scientific or pseudo-scientific terms" is clearly the practical distinction between SF and fantasy.

You know, it's true what they say about your taste.....

/*/ Who is this vague "they"; and, as I have no taste, just what could be about it said? /*/

* GEORGES GIGUERE * I disagree with your contention that "imperialism" implies the usage of force. American cultural imperialism is the chicken, not the egg; it's due to the wide distribution of cultural influence - the media. Force exerted is judged by the result, and that can be from steady pressure as well as active antagonism. Fact is, as a minority on this continent, it's only logical that the elitists (the "educated", the wealthy, the politicians) resent being swamped with a culture that is clearly Not Our Own. We don't have as many people, so the American lowest-common-denominator approach to communication ~~and elitist hostility~~ sometimes seems more alien than, say, Monty Python. Some Canadians are interested in a cultural identity, and write deathless prose on the subject; whilst others just are products of a uniquely Canadian heritage, and don't want to be confused with those who grow up elsewhere.

* DONNA MILLER * Well I've never read Joseph Nicholas, but I have some very strong
***** opinions on the subject of "narrative" vs. "art for arts sake". Give
me a story! That is really what it's all about. The plot is the whole thing. Well,
maybe not the whole thing, but without a plot you haven't much left. It's like buying
an apple pie and finding no apples. It's nice to have a good flaky crust and maybe a
slice of cheese or a dollop of ice cream as an extra, but what good are they without the
apples? I feel exactly the same way about fiction. (Any fiction, not just SF.) Words
used skillfully in description or in poetic flights can add immeasurably to my enjoyment.
Which is why I read as much as I can of Sturgeon. Deep insightful characterisation can
make a piece more interesting and -uplifting?- (lord, how I hate that word). But when
I'm reading fiction I'm reading primarily to be entertained, and I'm entertained by
stories. I'm not necessarily referring to slam bang action stories (though I do enjoy
that type). The plot can consist of the sequence of events that bring about a change
in the protagonist's outlook on life. But there has to be a plot!

* LESLIE DAVID * It's all good and well to talk about the differences between Canada
***** and the U.S.A. and Canadian/U.S. fans, but what are they? The first
time I went to Toronto I remarked that it was very much like a clean Chicago (since then
I've been to Minneapolis and Toronto twice more; Toronto reminds me of Minneapolis -
that is to say, that part of Canada reminded me of any Midwestern American city! By
the way, when I said this, the Canadians I was with were upset by the comparison, but
couldn't explain why. What I want to know is where is and what is this distinctive
Canadiana that Robert Runte and my Toronto friends are so convinced exists?

* MIKE GLICKSOHN * My overall impression is that while I've been away from the letter-
***** column, HTT hasn't changed too much. It still has your bewildering
range of material -- some good, some mediocre, some putrid -- and it still features more
bad artwork and more typos than any three normal fans can shake a bundle of sticks at.
It's still a readable zine, though, at least to me (meeting you personally at last may
have helped in that) so you must be doing something right. And since you're still doing
it I assume you're still having fun with it and that's the only reason for fan publishing
anyway, right?

It was good to see Skel's contribution as he's long been one of my favourite
drunken English fanwriters and writing English fan-drunks. And he deserves greater
exposure than he gets with the infrequent SFD that he does.

HTT. /*/ I take that to mean that you support my call for Skel to write more for

A word of praise for your presentation of Taral's two part illo. The initial
cartoon stands all by itself (especially for those of us who were present at the speeches
in Kansas City in '76) but the follow-up "panel" augments it perfectly and heightens
the suggested humour of the first drawing. A less imaginative editor would have placed
these both on the same double-page spread and weakened the overall impact of the joke.
Well done!

/*/ I honestly do not know just how I would have placed the illos - I pass on
the egoboo to Taral who suggested this layout. /*/

I'm surprised Joan missed out on "What do you get if you bury fifty thousand
Negros in the ground with just their heads showing? Afro turf." Putrid stuff, and you'll
probably get Letters From Enraged Liberals on it. I'd have enjoyed them even more if I
Hadh't already heard most of them...

Just for interest's sake Marty, why don't you check an atlas some day? You'll observe that every damn bit of Oregon and Washington is north of parts of Canada. There are even parts of California which are further north than parts of Canada. I think all that tobacco smoke has rotted your brain...

/*/ I am well aware of the geography that you mention - (there is a globe sitting on my desk about two feet from this typer). You must remember that I consider that those parts of the United States that you mention I consider to be too far north to be fit for human habitation. In fact, I consider everything north of the San Gabriel Mountains to be unfit for human habitation. (In case your globe does not show them, the San Gabriel Mountains are less than ten miles north from my abode.) To further elucidate the point, I consider ALL of the United States to be too cold for human habitation much of the year. Except, that is, for the State of Hawaii - and that is too humid for (etc.). /*/

I haven't seen any of the fanzines Mike Glycer reviews (sic gloria transit letterhack, eh?) but I'm willing to take a crack at the questions he tosses out in analyzing HARMONIC DISSONANCE. What I expect from a convention is to enjoy myself. Nothing more, nothing less. If that comes from playing poker or from auctioning artwork or from drinking Spayed Gerbils or by being on a panel or by meeting weird-looking Californian faneds for the first time or from seducing someone or from making love to a friend then I'll do it. Mike knows all this so I suspect the question is somewhat rhetorical.

/*/ I did not know that Glycer struck you as being a weird-looking Californian faned the first time that you met him. Obviously you are not referring to longish-haired, ascot-and-suited me. /*/

I happen to be a non-smoker and I happen to think most smokers are messy and inconsiderate and I'd be happy if there were a way to keep the detritus of their habit out of my life but I know it is not going to happen so I'll put up with them as best I can. But I doubt, Marty, that you really object to all laws that make somebody into a second-class citizen since that's the purpose of every important criminal law. Kill somebody and the law makes you a convict and takes away your rights, making you a second-class citizen. I think I've made my point.

/*/ Laws which put murderers into prison are not laws which make them second-class citizens, they are laws which deprive them of almost all rights (which is something different than the laws about which I am talking). Laws which placed Blacks at the back of the bus are laws which deprived Blacks of certain privileges enjoyed by Whites, thus making them second-class citizens solely because of their skin colour. These unjust laws are now illegal in the United States (and good riddance to them). Except that there are now laws which place smokers at the back of the bus (or disallow them at all) - and these laws are just as wrong as the anti-Black laws. /*/



I've never tried to find sexual symbolism in the popularity of the unicorn: I just think it's another example of rotten taste, that's all. But many people visit here, look at the sixty or so paintings I have framed and on the walls and wonder out loud how anyone can have such poor taste in artwork. So it's all somewhat subjective, eh wot?

/*/ You have sixty or so HTT illos on your walls? /*/

I perceive that all this letter column writing of yours is part of your schtick. That's nice to know: the first time I read it it didn't come across that way. Guess I've been out of HTT for longer than I'd realised.

/*/ And I guess that it does help to have gotten to know me somewhat on a personal basis. /*/

Hey, I like that suggestion of Buck's about changing the qualifications on the fanzine Hugo: somebody should do something about it...

/*/ Yeah. I understand that a couple of upstart neos are attempting to shake up things. /*/

* BARNEY NEUFELD * Ms. Logan comes across as a fanatic (on smoking). I say this not as a judgement, but as an observation she might do well to examine. Like all fanatics, she has made the error of seeing only what she chooses to see. If a smoker is inconsiderate it is usually because he (or she) has not been given an opportunity to be otherwise. I challenge her to examine her own behavior in this area and judge how considerate she has been. (Yes, I remember the background she describes.) Perhaps it is her own actions which have caused smokers to be inconsiderate to her. (It might also be her own attitude, but I am not qualified to discuss this question in detail.)

Steven Fox speaks eloquently for many of us. I get especially bothered by the (sword-drawing) fools he mentions, especially the idiots who run around playing with "light-sabres" and other pseudo-swords. Even a plastic practice sword can cause a concussion when used recklessly. Weapons have no place at a science fiction convention outside of the masquerade (if even there), particularly in the hands of someone who does not know what they are used for.

No, Marty, you are not an "equal opportunity insulter". (Hate to destroy your illusions like that.) You are an any opportunity insulter. (It is one of your most endearing qualities.)

/*/ As long as you realise that I do not play favourites...../*/

* REITH WILLIAMS * I found Kevin's article on writing most amusing, but you can't fool me, Marty. You're just trying to start another disgusting, loathsome fan feud. You should be ashamed of yourself. However, if it does come off, I know where they can get some used Italian rifles. They've only been dropped twice.

I am enclosing one of my infamous "Dr. Xerxes" stories for our use and displeasure. If nothing else can be said, they are original.

Whilst Dr. Xerxes was travelling through Greece, he came to a small city, where the populace seemed to be very upset about something.

Being a peaceful man, the good Doctor tried to find out what the problem was, so that he might be able to settle it for the people before someone got hurt.

He soon learned that the local dentists had all raised their rates rather drastically and suddenly. The people were outraged at the new prices and were demonstrating in a very violent manner. The dentists, on the other hand, were determined to make more money than they had been.

Dr. Xerxes got the two groups together and talked to them, getting both sides of the story. With his tremendous intelligence and wisdom, he was able to get the people involved to make a compromise, bringing peace to the city. Thus, Dr. Xerxes made history by being the first transient dental mediator.

* SANDRA MIESEL * Your fanzine's title sounds like a status competition amongst Swiss
***** cheeses.

/*/ What a nice thing to say about my loccers. /*/

I think I've found the ultimate answer to the inundation of fandom by undesirables: we exorcize them. I've made a parody of an actual Romish exorcism ritual and when I get the Latin vetted, I'm going to send copies to faneds all over the country. More realistically, I've cut back on my con-going. They're not fun any more and I've better uses for the money.

/*/ I go to so few conventions that I still find them fun. Anyway, space considerations make it impossible for me to print the exorcism that you sent - I hope that some other faneds have the room in their zines. /*/

Let's not forget how recently our gatherings have been ruined -- since Iggycon. Vandalism, violence, and all the other distasteful phenomena were virtually unknown before 1978. The non-reading media fans are the most obvious intruders but I believe the dividing line is this: real fans want to participate; fake ones want to consume. We are beset by fools of such limited imagination they must immerse themselves in a role created by another for the entire convention. They harry the pros for autographs but have nothing to contribute themselves. Perhaps this is how the natives feel when the tourists take over.

Maybe someday these wretches will get tired of SF and move on to some newer fad. Meanwhile, consoms ought not to cater to them, ought not to make them comfortable. Cut back on advertising and media-related programming. Avoid poorly run conventions. And when these rational measures don't work, it's time for the exorcism.

/*/ Rumours about how this or that Con is going to be a disaster abound in fandom. How is one to know which Con is actually going to be good or bad? In my case I do not worry about these rumours. I have only been to two out-of-Los Angeles cons - IGGY and DENVENTIONS. Despite all that has been said about these cons (and despite some problems that I had with them), I mostly enjoyed myself at them. I went to see friends and to meet other fanzine fans. We have our own parties and things - and to hell with the other schmucks. /*/

* BRIAN EARL BROWN * I'm sorry to hear of your decision to include more "humour" in your
***** zine as, with the exception of Paul Skelton's "The Gentle Fan's Guide to Sports (and suchlike Sweaty activities)", they were all unfunny. Joan Hanke-Woods' Office Jokes were, to be sure, offensive, but I'm never considered offensive to be another word for funny. Steve Tymon's "Machine Revolution" quickly reminded me of how much better Garth Danielson does this sort of sendup of the Private Dick genre with his Nick Boxtop stories and they generally have more humour and more plot in less space than Tymon. At least Taral's illustrations were enjoyable.

/*/ You were one of the few people who seemed to have had a humourectomy just before reading the last issue. /*/

Dero's illo leading up to the Living Sea Scrolls was...the first drawing of his that struck me as having both wit and execution good enough for my fanzine. Most of the time his humour is OK but his art is so lame that when he sent me samples I just couldn't bear to keep any of them. At least Darrell's found someone with the same sense of humour ~~and art~~.

"How to Write Like Joseph Nicholas" is, of course, incredibly brilliant, as I think I mentioned in a LoC to Kevin Smith; or, if as is more likely, failed to LoC. At least I mentioned it a couple of times in WoFan and succeeded to get a letter from Joseph stating that he was not undaunted by Kevin's essay, and his column in NABU wasn't another fanzine review neither (as I'd suggested). So I guess I've done my bit to keep Joseph "The Angry Young Fan".

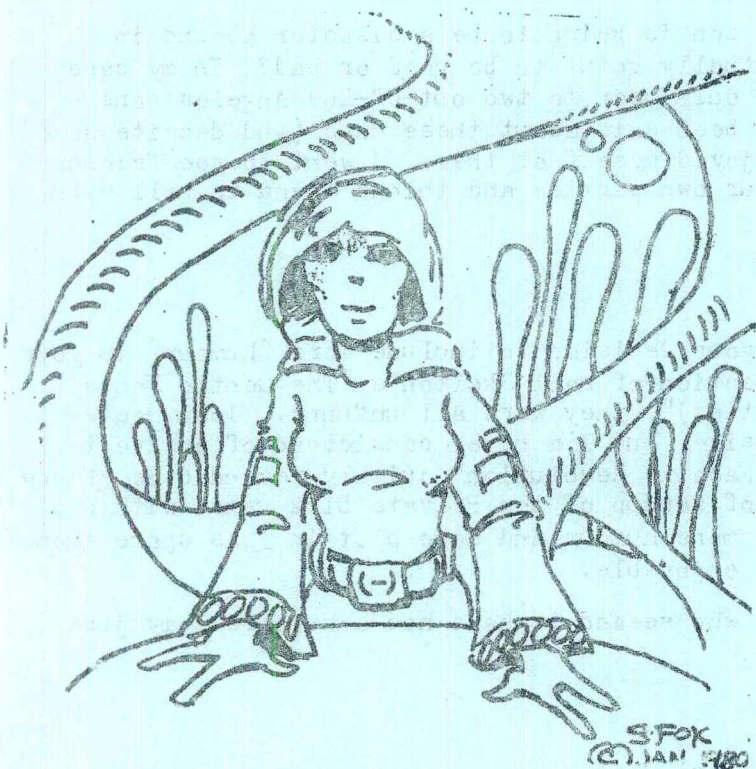
Mike Glycer brings up the matter of Mike Rogers' essay, "The Fearful Fan." This is, to be sure, a difficult subject because there is a lot of sexual tension at cons, particularly these days and it does seem to me that a lot of fans are at cons today to maintain their sexual liasons than out of any interest in science fiction or fandom. But this, I think, has nothing to do with why fans are at cons, or rather it seems like the wrong reason for going to cons. Going to a con hoping to get laid is a sure road to disappointment. Goint to a con to bask in the attention of one's peers is, I've found, a sure road to disappointment, too, as too often what one assumes to be one's peers have no interest in you at all even though you and they have been in fandom for nigh on seven years and going to cons all that time.

I find it easy to grow weary of fandom. You get out of it what you put into it, only sometimes and for some people you get less back than what you put into it. In such light it is easy to wonder why one hangs around. For me the answer is that science fiction and fantasy is still the literature that most excites me.

All this talk about the New Wave is really amusing because it is a 15 year old dead subject. The worst aspects of the New Wave have long since washed away whilst the more invigorating aspects have been absorbed into the mainstream of SF.

/*/I hate to disagree with you, old bean, but you are very wrong about the New Wave being dead. What started this discussion in HTT was my review of a 1980 (note that date) Dell book, "Best SF stories of the year" - the year being 1978 (note that date). That book had lots of New Wave and New Wave influenced shit in its pages. If the New Wave is dead - well, please tell that to the writers and publishers who who are uselessly killing trees for its sake. /*/

Robert Runte's quest to find Canadianism is put into best focus in his new zine for the Edmonton club explaining SF to neos. There he points out that Canadians often feel like Americans who got kicked out of the country. People who somehow missed the boat.



I'm not bothered by your smoking -- as long as you do it in California and I stay in Detroit. What I do mind is the extravagance of paying two hundred dollars for a pipe. I've never paid \$200 for a suit, let alone a pipe!

/*/ When one has a gourmet taste in some of life's finer things it is necessary to spend more money on these things than the average person thinks proper. I rarely smoke cigars that cost under \$1.00, my favourite tobaccos (imported or custom blended) cost about five times that of most American tobaccos, I drink custom blended coffees, the teas that I enjoy rarely grace the shelves of the ordinary grocer's. Etc. I would be much poorer than I am were I not in the retail tobacco trade. /*/

* JAN BROWN * I've been in any number of APA-discussions on why Some Of Us Ain't Gettin' ***** Any While A Few Are Gettin' It All, and nobody seems to be able to come up with an answer. /*/ How do you like where I split the last part of that sentence? /*/ Hey -- I wonder what body language has to do with it! This is an idea that just hit me (and probably belongs back in that APA) -- most of the sexually successful men I know move differently from the TWAGAs (Those Who Ain't Gettin' Any). Feedback, anyone?

/*/ As a long-time TWAGA, I would certainly be interested in any feedback (or even any willing women). /*/

I had a comment to Anne Laurie Logan's letter, but it seems to have gotten bitten off and eaten. Suffice it to reassure those hysterical males that toothed (or even tongued) vaginas are even less likely to pop up than the normal kind. (I hereby challenge some artist to illustrate this comment.)

/*/ If we are going to again talk about pop-up vaginas we had better refer such things to our expert on them - Mike Glicksohn. At least he should contribute his research on the subject. * At the risk of having HTT become even more ingrown and sometimes obscure than it is now, let me say that I will devote a section of the next issue to any sufficiently putrid artwork (on the subject of pop-up vaginas) that I receive. Possibly illustrating Glicksohn's research (if he deigns to contribute it). /*/

* HARRY WARNER, JR. * What ever happened to all us fans who were lamenting the extinc- ***** tion of big fanzines? HTT's newest issue was no sooner settled in my mailbox than the revived ENERGUMEN arrived.

/*/ I do not know what happened to all of the fans who were lamenting the extinction of big fanzines, but I must say that they are wrong. HTT has been over 50 pages in length for some time now, TELOS #3 was 70 pages in length, WARHOON #29 is over 60 pages long, SKUG was over 50 pages long - and I do believe that there are several other recent large fanzines lurking in the piles of fanzines that are inhabiting my living room. I think that we may be in the beginning stages of a new age of fanzine fandom. Fei on the naysayers and predictors of doom. /*/

I thought Steve Tymon's pastiche was the best of the group of humorous vignettes that followed Skel's most amusing article. Something tells me that Steve prefers to read and maybe to listen to old radio broadcast dubbings in preference to attending the movies or watching television. His Case of the Machine Revolution reads more like a radio script than a screenplay: that is, it would make almost complete sense if the dialog were read aloud with just a few sound effects added, but it would seem dull if it were filmed on the basis of what he's written here.

* ANN NICHOLS * Did I ever tell you the putrid joke I once heard in a summer office
***** job? What wears purple tights and drives a chariot? Ben-Gay.

/*/ No. /*/

* BERNADETTE BOSKY * I applaud your continuing efforts to bring the worst in humour to
***** the fanzine page. This weekend past was The Sixth Annual David A. Drake Birthday Party and Pig Pickin' & Chapel Hill Writer's Mafia Meeting, as pleasant an affair as always; for some reason this year the evening ended, not with the usual singing and such, but with the worst barrage of bad jokes known to man or beast.

/*/ Selected readings from HTT?/*/

My favourite was: "Q: Why are there no Polish ballerinas? A: When they do the splits, they stick to the stage." Also, a friend of mine told Viking jokes -- no, not jokes about Vikings; he's in the English dept. with me and spent the summer learning Old Norse and translating sagas, and these were, really, Viking jokes. My favourite was:

A party of Vikings were going to avenge the death of a kinsman by killing the man that did the slaying, and burning his house down. When they get to their victim's house, they realise that someone will have to go up close to the house and make sure the person is in, so that their attack isn't wasted on an empty house.

Now, the one being attacked has one of the old-fashioned kind of Viking houses; instead of oiled paper on the windows, the frames are boarded up and light comes in only through the cracks between the boards. This means that the scout from the revenge-party has to get very, very close -- actually has to peer in by putting his eye right up to the slats -- to see if the person is home. So he does this. As he approaches the window, though, the owner of the house -- who is inside, and is on the lookout -- sees the scout's form blocking the light from the chinks between the boards at the window, and gets his spear ready. So when the scout puts his eye right up against the boards, the man inside lets go with the spear and drives it clear through his skull so the point sticks out one end and the butt, the other.

So the scout, with the spear driven through his head, crawls back to his buddies where they're waiting for him.

"Well, was he home?" one wag quips.

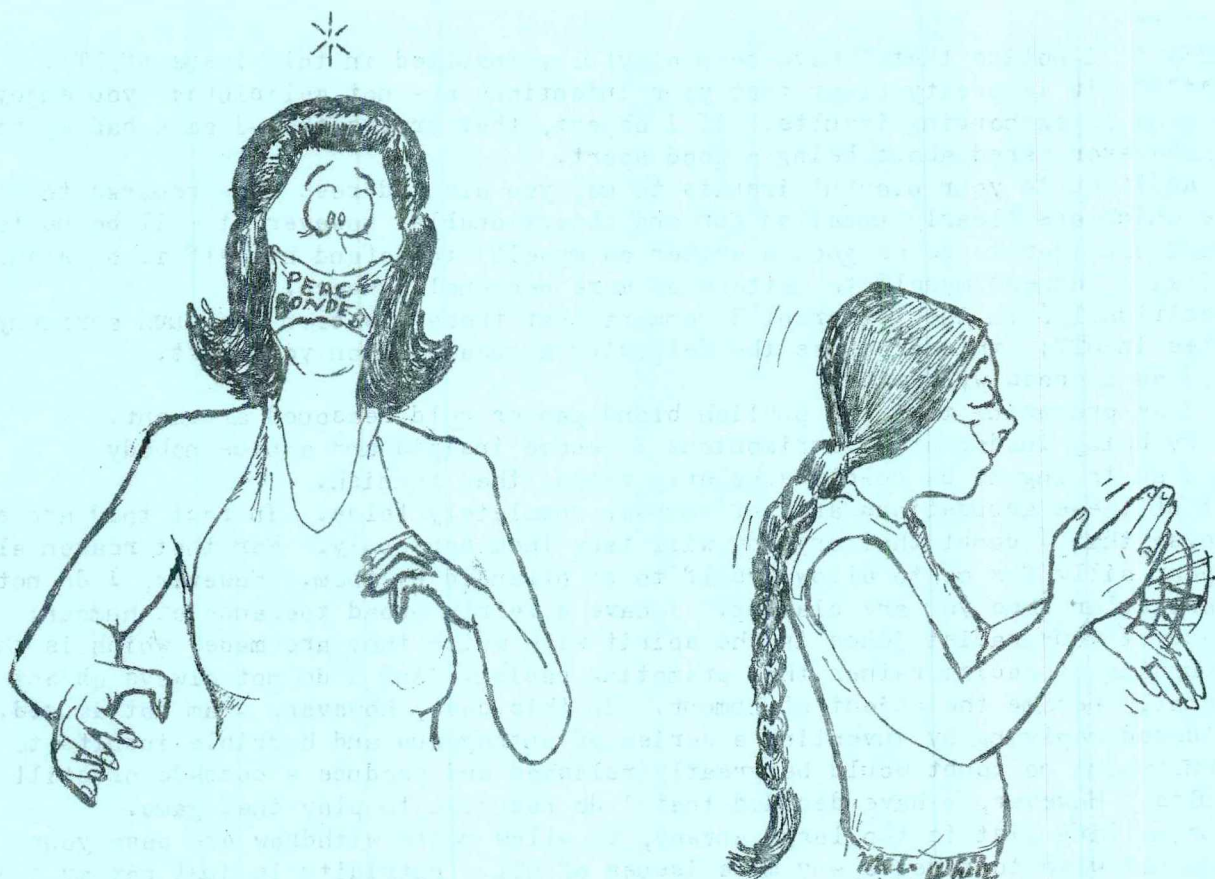
"No," the scout replies, in admirable good humour. "But his spear was."

All of which, I guess, only goes to show that bad taste and awful jokes are timeless.

/*/ I guess that one could say that the scout was, to say the least, spearited. Somehow it does not seem at all inappropriate that HTT has become the home of an old Viking joke. /*/

* BRUCE D. ARTHURS.* You know, you mention that the thrust of HTT is "humour". I rather
***** wish you'd do like I just did and always put that particular word in quotes, because a lot of the "humourous" material in this HTT isn't very funny.

/*/ Did you have a humourectomey too? Or did you read Brian Earl Brown's copy of HTT?/*/



A Modest Suggestion....

Bratman's "Living Sea Scrolls" wasn't funny. Neither of Schweitzer's two pieces were, either. A few of Joan Hanke-Woods' office jokes had me laughing, but those jokes were gross-outs; have you ever noticed how much the act of a small guffaw resembles a gag in your throat? Skel's piece was only mildly amusing, and Tymon's mostly just silly.

Really, the only two pieces of "humour" in this ish I think I would have printed are Guy Lillian's replies to 'utihasi's Prince Charming List, and Kevin Smith's "How To Write Like Joseph Nicholas". And I think I know why those two pieces are funny, and everything else not: they're personal. Lillian, time after time, pokes fun at himself with his replies, whilst Kevin Smith is satirising the writing style of a particular person. All the other "humourous" stuff you printed was, for lack of a better term coming to mind, "Third-person 'humour'".

I'm not one of the people who think Mike Glycer is one of the best fan writers around (actually I think Glycer is five pounds of shit in a ten pound bag, but that's mostly for personal differences between us), and his column here shows why. It would have been nice if he'd bothered to try and draw some sort of conclusions, or at least make a statement of his feelings, about the Mike Rogers' article he starts to discuss, but it all seems to drift off into nowhere, with no real reason for it having been written in the first place.

/*/ Did someone once say that HTT was bland? /*/

* DAVID PALTER * I notice that I have been playfully insulted in this issue of HTT.

***** It is pretty clear that your intentions are not malicious; you enjoy playing the game of exchanging insults. If I object, that proves that I am a bad sport. Not that I have ever cared about being a good sport.

In addition to your playful insults to me, you also address some remarks to Robert Runte which are clearly uncalled for and objectionable, however it will be up to Robert (whom I consider to be as good a writer as myself) to defend himself if he wishes to do so; I will address myself to matters of more personal concern.

Specifically, in the lettercol I comment that there has been too much acrimony in the debates in HTT; this produces the following accusations on your part:

1. I am a cross-wyed wimp.
2. I am proposing that you publish bland pap or cold reasoned argument.
3. By being inadequately acrimonious I become insipid and a nice nobody.
4. I am trying to be coldly scholarly rather than fannish.

All of these accusations are, of course, completely false. In fact they are so obviously false that I doubt that anybody will take them seriously. For that reason alone it would appear silly for me to allow myself to be offended by them. However, I do not like this particular game you are playing. I have a fairly broad toerance of humour; I can even accept your racist jokes in the spirit with which they are made, which is the spirit of laughing at racism rather than promoting racism. And I do not always object when I personally become the object of humour. In this case, however, I am not amused. I have considered replying by inventing a series of outrageous and horrible insults to you in return, which no doubt would be greatly relished and produce a cascade of still further insults. However, I have decided that I do not wish to play that game.

Your mailing list is too large anyway, so allow me to withdraw and ease your burden. I do not wish to receive any more issues of HTT. Putridity is just not my cup of tea. No hard feelings.

/*/ Correct, no hard feelings. I have only once before received a missive objecting to HTT - that rather confusedly written postcard was DNQ, so I did not print it. Your letter was clear in your reasons as to why you want off. I will point out to the readers that I have not only written you a letter about this but that we have also spoken about this on the telephone - and we are both in agreement that there are no hard feelings on either side. I am not even taking this opportunity to take a parting putrid shot at you. And I am probably going to send you a copy of this page. /*/

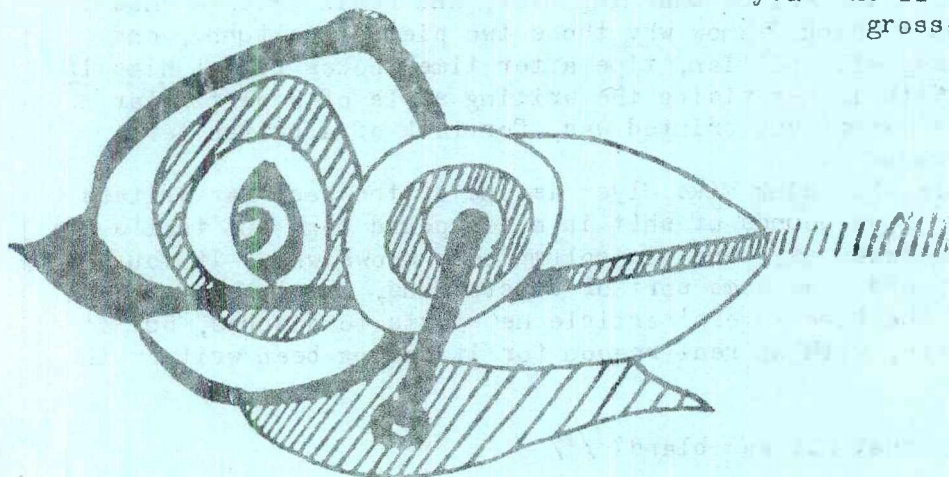
* ALEXIS GILLILAND * Joan Hanke-Woods is rank,
***** but funny. Maybe next
year she'll win the Hugo for fan humourist,
gross-out division.

Where was that chiffon-
scarfed Joseph Nicholas?

You ought to have had his
sordid rebuttals to the
abuse heaped on his
head. What kind of
feudzine are you
running, anyway?

Darrell

Schweitzer is almost
as good a poet as he is
a cartoonist. And speaking
of Schweitzer's cartoons, how



come nobody has denounced their bland and inoffensive putridity? You don't want bland in your fanzine, Marty. Not in HTT.

So. You like what you like, and in no uncertain terms. Let me recommend my own Revolution From Rosinante and Long Shot From Rosinante. They should be right up your alley.

/*/ Since your recommendation I have had the opportunity to read Revolution From Rosinante - and you are spot on. Let me tell all of my readers that This Is Good Stuff.

**I made it a point to search out Alexis at DENVENTION. I had not before met him, and I wanted to personally thank him - I feel that Alexis' early contributions to HTT helped it gel into what it is today. In fact, let me take this opportunity to thank all of my contributors - you are all part of the HTT gestalt (or whatever it is) that makes HTT the sickening thing that it is. Can you imagine all of us together at a con? It is enough to make one barf. /*/

I ALSO HEARD FROM:

I received more LoCs on HTT #11 than I have received on any previous HTT. However, an extreme lack of time this past Fall has made me extremely short of time to work on this issue. Therefore I have used fewer illos than usual in this issue (saving the time cutting and pasting - and cutting down on the number stencils that need to be printed) and I have edited the LoC Ness Monster much more drastically than ever before. I easily have enough good material for a thirty-five or so page long lettercolumn.

So.

Robert Whitaker thanks me for crediting #11's cover to him - but he didn't do it. Jeff Wilcox writes to tell me that he drew the cover for #11. (My apologies to both of them.) Harry Andruschak wrote to say that he was dreadfully tired. Tom Dunn sent a card saying that the next edition of the Pipe Smoker's Ephemeris should appear soon - I'm waiting, Tom. You would be happy in fandom, the only things which come out on time are LASFAPA and HTT. Neil Kaden sent several pages explaining an illo which he forgot to include with the letter. Mike Rogers tells me not to be too surprised if he tries to revive the FAAN Awards. Maybe he should try to revive Gary Farber. Mel White wrote that a copy of HTT darkened her doorway one Saturday so she did the logical thing and read it. You can get eyestrain from reading in darkened doorways (to say nothing about other kinds of strains that can result if the door is opened into one). Judith Hanna explains that Australians are perfectly upright citizens and that it is us Northern Hemisphere folk who are hanging upside down from the wrong side of the globe. (Judith, Ken wants to know where his toast is.) (Hmph. The obscure things I do to keep Australians happy.) A second missive from Sandra Miesel includes the exorcism for use against media at cons. It was adapted from an authentic Romish ritual against garden pests. David Bratman sent nice words about Kev Smith's parody. He started his letter with, "Awk! eek!", and then went on with some LASFAPA stuff. Mary Long wondered if I had seen the sticker that said, "Kissing a smoker is like licking out an ashtray". I wonder why some people pick on ashtray fetishists. (More IAHF's on the next page.)

SO IT WAS AGED IN PLASTIC
AND BOTTLED IN PLASTIC...

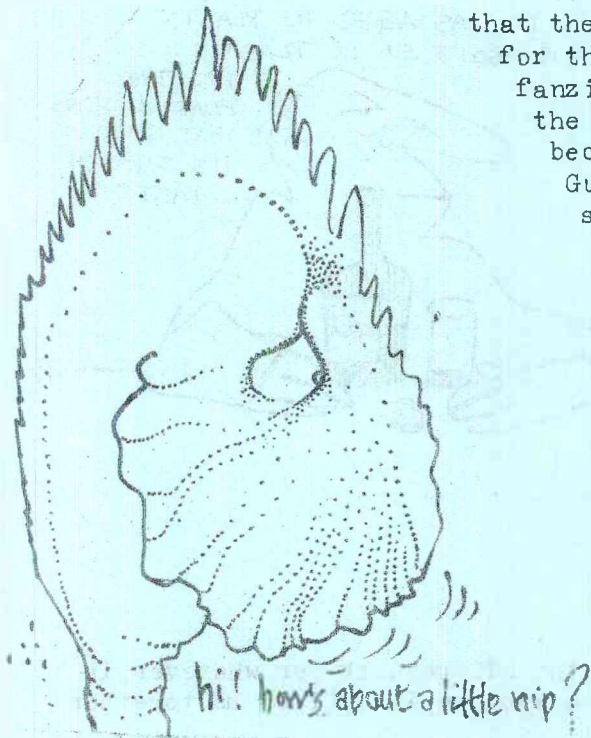
IT'S THE
PLASTICIZERS
THAT GIVES IT
ITS SMOOTH
TASTE.



Don Franson sent me another LoC in which he mentioned that the October LOCUS reported that HTT got 16 nominations for the fanzine Hugo, Don concluding that HTT is not a fanzine because real fanzines donot get nominated for the Hugo. I would conclude that HTT is not a fanzine because fanzines do not get mentioned in LOCUS.

Guy Lillian wrote that he loved the last HTT. Considering the fact that he had a contribution in that issue and the fact that he said that he loved it (underlines his) I cannot but help wonder if he used his copy to masturbate into/with. Well, it has to be good for something. Jonathan Falk sent me the details about a plot to kidnap every copy of HTT that has ever been printed. Now, if he would only copy my mimeo so that I would not have to print any more of these things.

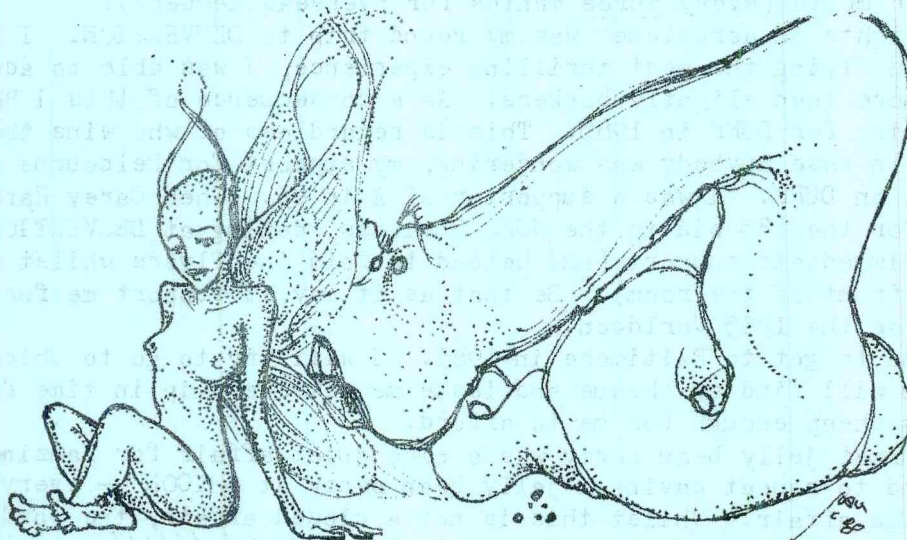
Arthur Hlavaty says that Darrell Schweitzer might profitably hope that he (Arthur) starts drawing again so that he will not be the worst artist in fandom. On a card from Gil Gaier there is pasted a letter (a clipping from somewhere) purportedly by Vice-President George Bush in which he says that he and his wife hate jelly beans but eat them anyway - and goes on to say, "I have to thank my lucky stars Ron hasn't developed a taste for horse turds". Gil also sent along (separately) a colour photograph of me that he took at DENVENTION. This is the best picture taken of me in years. I hope that he camera made a quick recovery.



addresses

John P. Alexander: P.O. Box 13, Northgate Station, Seattle, WA 98125, USA
 Harry J.N. Andruschak: P.O. Box 606, La Canada-Flintridge, CA 91011 USA
 Bruce D. Arthurs: 3421 W. Poinsettia, Phoenix, AZ 85029 USA
 Anders Bellis: Vanadisvagen 13, 113 46 Stockholm, Sweden
 Charlie Belov: 29 Crestwood Rd., West Hartford, CT 06107 USA
 Mary Bohdnowicz: 36 Cleveland Ave., Westfield, MA 01085 USA
 Bernadette Bosky: 819 Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701 USA
 Wayne Brenner: c/o Mr. Robert Keats, 637 8th Ave., New Hyde Park, NY 11040 USA
 Brian Earl Brown: 16711 Burt Rd. #207, Detroit, MI 48219 USA
 Jan Brown: 1218 Washtenaw CT, Ann Arbor, MI 48104 USA
 Ray Capella: 217 W. Grand Ave., Alhambra, CA 91801 USA
 Leslie David: P.O. Box 5057, Ft. Lee, VA 23801 USA
 Thom Digby: 1043 N. Curson Ave. #6, Los Angeles, CA 90046 USA
 Buzz Dixon: 8961 Yolanda Ave., Northridge, CA 91324 USA
 Mike Farkash: 8356 Amigo Ave. #4, Northridge, CA 91324 USA
 Richard Faulder: Yanco Agricultural Research Centre, Yanco, N.S.W. 2703, Australia
 George Flynn: 27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren, RI 02885
 Adrienne Fein: 26 Oakwood Ave., White Plains, NY 10605
 Steven Fox: 5646 Pemberton St., Philadelphia, PA 19143

Donald Franson: 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606 USA
 Georges Giguere: Frog Manor, 8833-92 St., Edmonton, ALTA T6C 3P9, Canada
 Alexis A. Gilliland: 4030 8th St. South, Arlington, VA 22204 USA
 Mike Glicksohn: 137 High Park Ave., Toronto, ONT M6P 2S3, Canada
 Mike Glycer: 5822 Woodman #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401 USA
 Rob Gustaveson: 15111 Archwood Dr. #102, Van Nuys, CA 91401 USA
 Joan Hanke-Woods: 1537 Fargo 3-D, Chicago, IL 60626 USA
 Jack Harness: 114 S. Rampart Bl. #1, Los Angeles, CA 90057 USA
 John Hertz: c/o Irell & Manella, 1800 Avenue of the Stars, Century City, CA 90067 USA
 Olivia Jasen: Box 36 Gibson Hall, Univ. of Ark, Fayetteville, AR 72701 USA
 Terry Jeeves: 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield S11 9FE, United Kingdom
 Stephanie Klein: 265 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801 USA
 Linda Leach: 15131 Northville Rd., Plymouth, MI 48170 USA
 Bob Lee: 1720 Burgundy Rd., Leucadia, CA 92024 USA
 Michael McGann: 194 Corunna Rd. NSW, Petersham 2049, Sydney, Australia
 Jim Meadows: P.O. Box 1227, Pekin, IL 61554 USA
 Sandra Miesel: 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, IN 46240 USA
 Donna Miller: P.O. Box 2303, Lawton, OK 73502 USA
 Barney Neufeld: 1025 2nd St. N.E. #211, Hopkins, MN 55343 USA
 Joseph Nicholas: Room 9, 04 St George's Square, Pimlico, London SW1Y 3QY, United Kingdom
 Ann Nichols: 4864 Sioux Ave., Sierra Vista, AZ 85635 USA
 David Palter: 1811 Tamarind Ave. #22, Hollywood, CA 90028 USA
 John A. Purcell: 3381 Sumter Ave. So., St. Louis Park, MN 55426 USA
 Darrell Schweitzer: 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, PA 19087 USA
 Stu Shiffman: 19 Broadway Terrace #1D, N.Y.C., NY 10040 USA
 Penny Terry: 1111 Larrabee St., Los Angeles, CA 90069 USA
 Bruce Townley: 2323 Sibley St., Alexandria, VA 22311 USA
 Steve Tymon: 470 Cherry Ave., Long Beach, CA 90802 USA
 Harry Warner, Jr.: 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740 USA
 Robert J. Whitaker: P.O. Box 7709, Newark, DE 19711 USA
 Mel. White: 302 S. Perdue #29, Lubbock, TX 79403 USA
 Jeff Wilcox: Waite Hollw Rd., Cattagaus, NY 14719 USA
 Keith Williams: P.O. Box 2960, Bell Gardens, CA 90201 USA



SOME CLOSING WORDS:

This has been the most difficult Fall pre-Christmas season that I have had in the twenty years that I have been in the retail tobacco trade. I will not go into details here; however, the gist of the problems that I had were problems with wholesalers. But I lived through it all (as I usually seem to do) and the shop had a better than passable season. I, however, fell further and further behind in things that I had to do - primarily this was fanac. Written fanac. Things are such a mess in this room that I know that I have misplaced LoCs and artwork and other things connected with putting out HTT. I apologise to those with whom I should have corresponded about things HTTish - eventually I expect to get dug out from under the piles of stuff that inhabit this room. Being so disorganised is not usual with me.

As a consequence of all of this I find that I am going to barely make my self-imposed deadline for HTT. I started typing the stencils for this issue much later than I intended to start same - I have been typing a stencil here, a stencil there, over a period of almost two months. The continuity, I fear, may not be quite what I would want it to be. Knowing that I have little time for written fanac in December, I usually try to get everything out of the way (the first part of HTT) by early December, taking a break from the zine until early January (or the last week of December) when I type up the LoC Ness Monster. The best laid plans etc. I am typing this stencil on Jan. 15, at least a week and a half after it should be done. To give you an idea of what is possible in putting out HTT, one of the large issues was completed (from the first stencil started until the last staple was driven) in sixteen days. All done after work (and I work a six day week, approximately 51 hours of it per week). This issue was more difficult.

To make things easier I am using far fewer illos this time than is my usual wont. This has enabled me to get more words into the issue than I got into the last issue - yet the page count is the same. I hope that this does not hurt the tone of the zine. This means that I have some artwork on hand that really would have been right in place in this issue if I had used it. Well, I will find the proper place for this art in future issues. I will have more time to do future issues than I had to do this one.

Where I acquired the time to which I just referred was my dropping of the OEsip of LASFAPA. From issues 9 through 64 I have run a monthly APA that always was put out on time. I have handed the job to the person who has been my assistant during that entire period, so I am certain that LASFAPA (in which I remain a member) is in good hands. I commend those of you who enjoy HTT and who are interested in joining a good APA to contact David Schlosser, 6620 Hazeltine #9, Van Nuys, CA 91405 USA. Minac is two pages every other month (every three months for overseas members).

My first flights in aeroplanes was my round trip to DENVENTION. I found that, whilst I did not find flying the most thrilling experience, I was able to accomplish the feat without going more than slightly bonkers. As a consequence of this I have made a Decision - I am standing for DUFF in 1985. This is regardless of who wins the 1985 Worldcon bid. And, in case anybody was wondering, my support for Melbourne in '85 predated my decision on DUFF. I was a supporter of A in '83. When Carey Handfield brought the initial flyers for the '85 bid to the WSFS Business Meeting at DENVENTION I was one of those who voiced immediate support (and helped to fold the flyers whilst the meeting was going on in the front of the room). Be that as it may, I support me for DUFF in 1985 and Melbourne for the 1985 Worldcon.

And I intend to go to Baltimore in 1983. I will try to go to Chicago in '82 - if the damned concon will find my cheque and issue me a membership in time for me to reserve a hotel room cheap enough for me to afford.

The HTT gourmet jelly bean party was a nice quiet affair for fanzine fans at DENVENTION - I intend to repeat having a jelly bean party at CHICON -- everybody reserve Thursday night for the affair. Whilst this is not a closed affair, the word of its happening is spread only amongst fanzine fans. Be there ~~or be square~~.



NOW YOU ARE ...
HOLIER THAN THOU

