

HOLIER THAN THOU

14



TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Cover	Marc Schirmeister	Pg. 1
2. Table of Contents		Pg. 3
3. Of Golden Ages, the 1980's & HTT	Marty Cantor	Pg. 5
4. About the Authors	Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 11
footnotes by Jack Harness		
5. Excerpt: The Empire Strikes Out	Steve Tymon	Pg. 18
6. Fan Slanders	Jack Harness	Pg. 22
7. Aunt Adrienne's Advice to the Hungry Lovelorn	Adrienne Fein	Pg. 23
8. Cooking With Aunt Adrienne	Adrienne Fein	Pg. 26
9. The Teddybear	Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 29
10. War of the Waves, part the <u>last</u>		
The Drowned Ballard	Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 35
"Cera Un Volta Dans L'Ouest"	Joseph Nicholas	Pg. 37
11. Halleylujah! part IV	Harry Andruschak	Pg. 41
12. Gettin' It vs. Not Gettin' Any -		
A Few Brief Thoughts	Bernadette Bosky	Pg. 43
13. The Pied Typer	Mike Glycer	Pg. 45
14. Editorial No. 2	Marty Cantor	Pg. 49
15. The LoC Ness Monster		Pg. 51
	T.A. Cannon	Pg. 51
	Marc Ortlieb	Pg. 51
	Jean Weber	Pg. 52
	Mark Loney	Pg. 52
	Jack R. Herman	Pg. 53
	Richard Faulder	Pg. 54
	George Flynn	Pg. 56
	John D. Owen	Pg. 57
	rich brown	Pg. 58
	Seth Goldberg	Pg. 59
	Richard Onley	Pg. 59
	Eric Mayer	Pg. 59
	Michael Hall	Pg. 60
	Ian Covell	Pg. 61
	Rick Brown	Pg. 61
	Brian Earl Brown	Pg. 62
	Alexis Gilliland	Pg. 63
	Cathy Doyle	Pg. 63
	Ed Rom	Pg. 64
	Harry Warner, Jr.	Pg. 65
	Robert J. Whitaker	Pg. 65
	Elizabeth Warren	Pg. 66
	Brad Foster	Pg. 66
	Bill Breiding	Pg. 66
	Arthur D. Hlavaty	Pg. 67
	Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 68
	Jack R. Herman	Pg. 69
	Jean Weber	Pg. 70
		Pg. 71
16. I Also Heard From		Pg. 71
17. Addresses	Marty Cantor	Pg. 72
18. Closing Natter	Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 73
19. Inside Bacover	D. Carol Roberts	Pg. 74
20. Bacover		

The multi-colour cover was made by linoleum block printing using 7 linoleum blocks. It was printed on a very old newspaper print press (all of this by Schirm). Wrong inks were used - watercolours were used instead of oil-based. One colour was used for every block. Problems were encountered, it was printed during hot weather - the ink tended to dry on the block before a decent print could be run. Schirm considers this a learning experience and he promises better next time.

Copyright (c) 1982 by Marty Cantor. One-time rights only have been acquired from signed contributors, and all other rights are hereby assigned to the contributors.

ARTISTS

Marc Schirmeister: Cover
Robert Whitaker: 8, 48
Darrell Schweitzer: 11, 29, 31, 34, 73
Mel White: 18
Bob Lee: 23, 26
Brad Foster: 35, 42
Frejac: 45
Mary Bohdanowicz: 58
Cody: 64
Alan White: 10

Bernadette Bosky: 5
Terry Jeeves: 9, 41
Michael McGann: 17
Richard Faulder: 21, 37, 54
Bruce Townley: 28, 49
John Alexander: 43, 44
Joe Pearson: 47
Wayne Brenner: 60
Bryan: 67
D. Carol Roberts: 74

This fanzine supports: Marty Cantor for DUFF in '85, Jack R. Herman for DUFF in '84, the whole damn TAFF field in '83 (they are ALL good candidates). I also hope to see some of you at LOSCON 9 on Thanksgiving weekend. Write to me and I will get you details.

A few words about CHICON IV (there are a few more near the end of this zine). Fan GoH Lee Hoffman was a person with whom I wish that I could have spent more time conversing when I was not so tired - she is One Nice Person. My very special thanks to Mel White, a more able assistant in the Fanzine Lounge is just not conceivable - she was great! I did not have much conversation with Peter Toluzzi (the DUFF winner) but I did spend a bit of conversing time with Kev Smith (TAFF winner). (I once had both of them in tow simultaneously, depositing them at the Discordian Business Meeting, later going with Kev to the Melbourne party. Oh, yes:

MELBOURNE in '85, yes indeed!!!

I had had no preconceptions about Kev (although I tremendously admired his wit and writing ability). I daresay that if Kev lived close to me we might find enough in common to become good friends. I liked Kev right off of the bat and I hope that he enjoyed himself at the con. A most worthy TAFF winner.

WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS:

- ☐ We trade.
- ☐ Would you like to trade?
- ☐ You locced/contributed.
- ☒ I would like for you to loc/contribute.
- ☒ Again.
- ☐ Your contribution is being held for a further issue.
- ☐ 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.
- ☐ Your fanzine has been reviewed in this issue. You have the right of reply.
- ☐ 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.
- ☒ Editorial whim/wher.
- ☐ Editorial typo.
- ☒ Fill in the line of your choice.
- ☐ This fanzine might be of interest to you.
- ☐ I love you.
- ☐ I had a special copy done for you on human skin but my girlfriend took it to make into a lamp.
- ☐ You sent S*N*O*W.

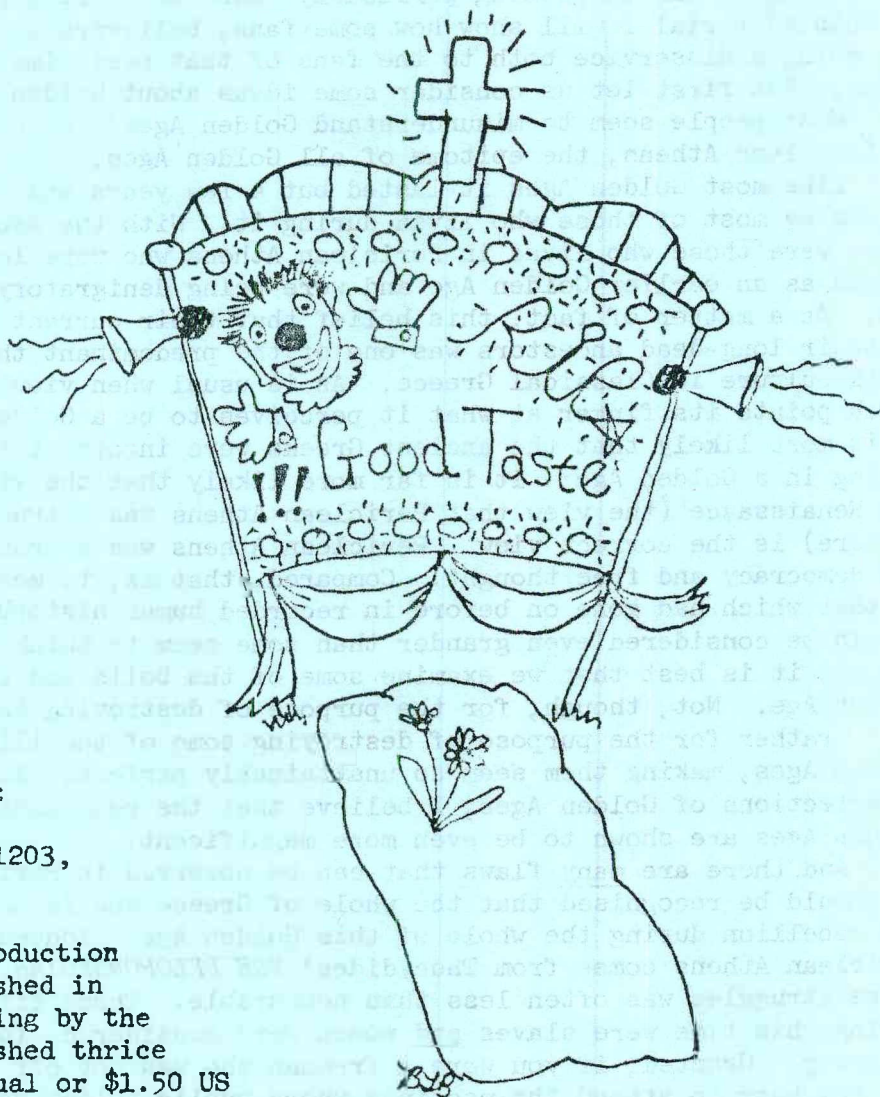
Remember: to continue receiving HTT you must Do Something at least ONCE a year.

HOLIER THAN THOU 14

Edited and Published by
Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave.
#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. 305. A Production
of the Foot-In-Mouth Press. Published in
September, 1982. Electro-stencilling by the
LASFS Gestetner 455. HTT is published thrice
yearly and is available for the usual or \$1.50 US
per issue (3/\$4.00 US). Also available for 5
international reply coupons per issue (14 int.
reply coupons/3 issues). Australian agent is
Ken Ozanne, 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge,
NSW 2776, Australia. A\$1.50 per issue, (3/A\$4.00)
to Ken.



OF GOLDEN AGES, THE 1980'S, & HTT - AN EDITORIAL BY MARTY CANTOR

*There should always be at least one zine in fandom that's not afraid of stamping
on people's toes. ...Walt Willis.*

Of all the passions which flower in human hearts, one of the most futile is mourning
the passing of some long-ago "Golden Age". As time machines have not yet been invented,
wishing oneself to be living in some previous "better" time can be nothing more than a
passing daydream. However, when one starts invidiously comparing the present to a long-ago

"Golden Age", one is getting perilously close to causing problems to others. Later on in this editorial I will show how some fans, believers in a past "Golden Age" of fandom, are doing a disservice both to the fans of that past time and to fans active in the 1980s. But first let us consider some ideas about Golden Ages.

Most people seem to misunderstand Golden Ages. As an example of this, let us look at Periclean Athens, the epitome of all Golden Ages.

Like most Golden Ages it lasted but a few years and was not recognised for what it was by most of those who lived during it. With the usual perversity of human nature there were those who lived in Periclean Athens who were looking back at what they perceived as an earlier Golden Age and were being denigratory to their current circumstances. As a matter of fact, this belief that their current lot was much inferior to that of their long-dead ancestors was one of the predominant themes that could be found in Greek culture in Classical Greece. As is usual when viewing Golden Ages, it is posterity which points its finger at what it perceives to be a Golden Age. From what we know now it is most likely that the ancient Greeks were incorrect in viewing their ancestors as living in a Golden Age; it is far more likely that the view that has prevailed since the Renaissance (the view that Periclean Athens was a true Golden Age, the apex of Greek culture) is the correct view. Periclean Athens was a grand construct of culture and reason and democracy and free thought. Compared, that is, to most everything around it and all of that which had gone on before in recorded human history. In that light, it really should be considered even grander than some seem to think that it is. For our purposes, though, it is best that we examine some of the boils and chancres on the body of this Golden Age. Not, though, for the purpose of destroying the idea that it was a Golden Age; rather for the purpose of destroying some of the illusions that grow up about Golden Ages, making them seem so unattainably perfect. Indeed, by showing some of the imperfections of Golden Ages, I believe that the real achievements that occur during Golden Ages are shown to be even more magnificent.

And there are many flaws that can be observed in Periclean Athens. For starters it should be recognised that the whole of Greece was in an almost constant state of war and rebellion during the whole of this Golden Age. Indeed, much of what we know of Periclean Athens comes from Thucydides' *THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR*. Athens' role during these struggles was often less than honourable. Three fifths of the population of Athens during this time were slaves and women were considered, for the most part, to be merely property. Granted, if you were a freeman who was not off fighting in some war or was not too busy to attend the meetings where public policy was decided (provided, of course, that you were even interested in such things), Athenian democracy worked fairly well (except, of course, when the voters were being swayed by glib-tongued orators with subversive demands or conniving traitors). The problem with Athenian democracy (rather, one of its problems) was that it was entirely too direct - there was little of the creaky slowness of modern democracies, said creaky slowness allowing the reflection of second thoughts and thereby abating the worst effects of mob rule (which is something that can be a problem with immediate and direct democracy).

When you consider the reputation of Athenian democracy for its encouraging free and unhindered thought you should also consider that this same Athenian democracy voted a cup of hemlock to Socrates for the "venal" crime of "Corrupting the Youth" (otherwise known as teaching young people to think for themselves instead of unthinkingly believing that which is told to them for the sole reason that those doing the telling are in positions of authority).

A proper knowledge of a Golden Age will include the various chancres, boils, and warts that it shows; realising these flaws you will then more fully appreciate the achievements of those who are considered the leading lights of the age as they rise above the constraints which seem to hold down the mass of men around them. Studying Golden Ages in the plural you will see that there are some generalised conclusions to which you can come: the intellectual and cultural flowerings which are called Golden Ages are brought about by one or another kind of adversity and strife (usually wars). That there are many other factors which bring about Golden Ages goes without saying - if you

ever find any which are common to all Golden Ages you will make yourself famous when you prove it. Calm and peaceful times seem to give forth bland culture and timid (or no) thought. A third generalisation is that only some small part of a population will be participating in any Golden Age.

There is, though, another kind of social milieu which can give rise to a Golden Age, and that is a situation in the relatively early stages of a movement or an idea that is gaining adherents when a person of great intellectual, moral, cultural, or religious capacity or stature joins that movement or embraces that idea (or even founds it) - and vociferously espouses it, widely disseminates his views, or visibly lives his precepts in a way that embodies his expressed ideals. When more than one of these kind of people become active at approximately the same time and for the same ideal it can, indeed, seem like heaven on Earth in the view of posterity. Of course, if one looks deep enough into the milieu one will find varying discords; for, as I pointed out earlier, calm and peaceful times produce blandness rather than brilliance. It is just that outright wars are not always necessary to produce Golden Ages. And in fandom we have had a Golden Age - we call it Sixth Fandom and it gave us some of the finest fanwriting and fanzines ever seen in fandom.

It also gave us, thirty years later, fans who vociferously insist on comparing all current fanwriting and fanzines to the best of the same in Sixth Fandom - and that is both silly and destructive of that which is currently good, not the least of which reasons for this being the seeming worship of Sixth Fandom with the concomitant attitude that "nothing else can ever measure up" that pervades the writings and zines of those espousing this view. That which these people are worshipping is the peak of the mountain; blindly they seem to disregard the base on which this peak rests, a base of crudzines, ordinary zines, and non-zine producing fans. To continue the analogy, not everything in Sixth Fandom was mountain peak - like fandom in the 1980s, there was a large base of fans who provided the bulk of fandom and who as individuals will be mostly forgotten in later years. (Remember all of the imperfections in Periclean Athens? Not everything in either Periclean Athens or in Sixth Fandom is the perfection which the blind worshippers seem to believe.) Wringing the last ounce of useability out of this analogy of fandom to mountains, let me acknowledge the changed nature of fandom itself - we now have a much larger proportion of non-print media fans to fanzine fans than there were in Sixth Fandom (the now greater acceptance of Science Fiction bringing into fandom a different type of fan than the kind of fan which predominated in 1950s fandom), the resulting look at the 1980s compared to the 1950s thereby showing the 1980s with a profile of many low ridges and foothills below the peak, a much larger base for the peak than is to be found in the 1950s. Please note that I consider it a waste of time to compare the heights of the peaks of the 1950s vs. the 1980s.

You see, I believe that 1980s fanzine fandom is better off doing its own writing and zining when it is looking at what it is doing than when it is trying to do that whilst looking over its collective shoulders at Sixth Fandom. This is not to say that the achievements of Sixth Fandom should be disregarded; far from it, as *QUANDRY* and *THE HARP* and all the rest of those fine zines and columns are magnificent and fanzine fans of the 1980s should attempt to do some reading of Sixth Fandom material. (A good starting point is reading *WARHOON* #28 - I recommend this as a starting point both because of the quality of its material and its availability - it is accessible, and much more so than most of the other material of the 1950s.) What Sixth Fandom worshippers seem to fail to realise is that those writings and zines were a product of the 1950s, a time when both fandom and the various countries in which fans reside were different from today. Articles and zines produced today which do not reflect these changed conditions are just not going to be as good as they would otherwise be.

Sometimes fandom seems to be in the forefront of change, sometimes fandom just seems to reflect change. Never, though, does fandom seem to deny change nor to lag behind change when the change is for the general reason of more freedom or greater social opportunity for the individual. In general, racists get short shrift in fandom. In general, too, male fans have usually been in favour of equal opportunities of all kinds for the female of our species. Well, for a long time, even though male fans did have this as a

written and verbal ideal, their written and verbal language did not fully reflect this. After all, it really is degrading to refer to a mature woman by the in-this-context-degrading word "girl". A 1980s fanwriter using "girl" in this context will be vociferously challenged by other fans. During the time of Sixth Fandom, though, the fine fanwriters of that time did not have their consciousnesses raised on this particular point. And, whilst it is a picky sort of point (and we do not put down these fanwriters for not being like us on this matter), it is just indicative of the fact that both fandom and the mudane milieu around fandom has changed in many fundamental ways. (Incidentally, I consider the change of terminology so that 50% of the human race is not accidentally insulted to be a very important change, indeed. I feel that, if you want to insult 50% of the human race, you should do it with all deliberation rather than accidentally. That way your insults will be that much more telling.)

People who are aware of themselves and of the societies in which they live have more tools to relate themselves to their environment than do those who are not fully aware of their environment and how it relates to other environments both past and present. The writer who is aware of himself, who is aware of himself in relationship to his environment, and who is aware of the relationship of his environment to the environments of others and also to the past - this writer will be able to communicate with others better than those who are not so fully aware. That all seems banal and trite and hardly worth writing - except that those people to whom I have been referring, those people who are worshippers of Sixth Fandom, do not seem to be aware of these banalities. So, strange

as it seems, these fans seem to want 1980s fandom to produce 1950s fanzines. I feel that 1980s

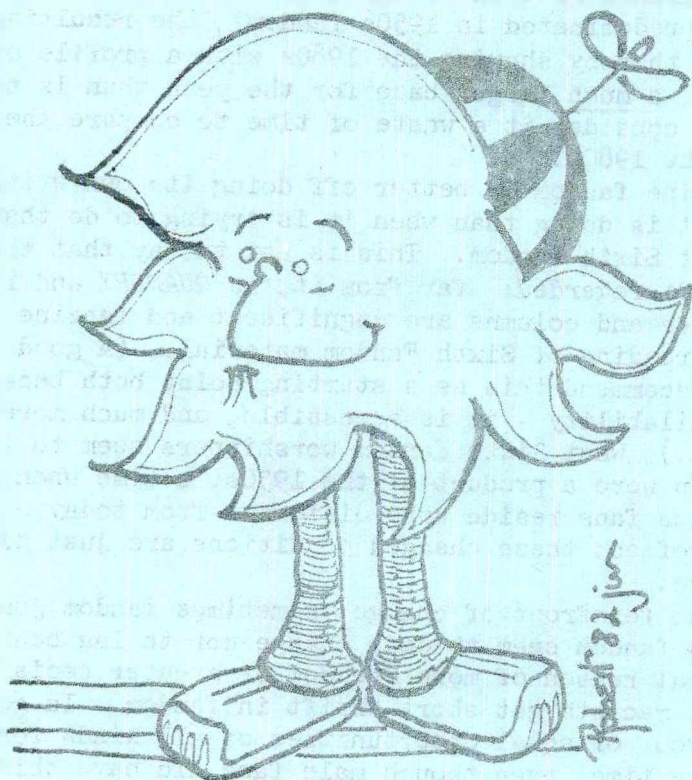
fanzines should strive for excellence in terms of the 1980s rather than trying to be 1950s fanzines where, being untrue to themselves, they will always be considered unsuccessful copies of fanzines which have already covered the 1950s ground in the 1950s. Trying to produce a 1950s fanzine in the 1980s is an exercise in futility and, probably, a study in alienation.

Which brings me to a seeming digression as, at this point, I want to write about *HOLIER THAN THOU*, its place in the fanzine scheme of things, and some criticism of it. Do not wander off, I am not really changing the subject.

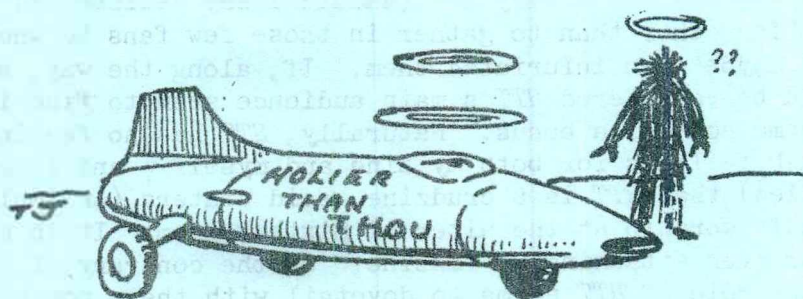
At times, to me, *HTT* seems to have a life of its own, going its own way with me merely being an interested (and slightly bemused) spectator. In most respects, though, *HTT* is much like its creator.

FOR SOME, FANDOM IS MORE
THAN A GODDAMN HOBBY
IT'S A REASON FOR BEING.

I THINK, THEREFORE, I FAN.



Despite my usual dress of coat and tie I am really a casual person. So is *HTT* - despite its formal attire (as reflected in its pretentious layout, rigid order of presentation, and sometimes use of colour illos) it is really quite casual in manner - enough so that it has often been called sloppy. Unlike my apartment (there is a rumour that there is a rug under all of that kipple) the casualness of *HTT* is purposeful - I work at it. For instance, the final draught of this editorial is the fifth draught. Also, whilst at work on this issue of *HTT* I have in the works ideas and plans for the next two issues. It is hard work to achieve the casualness of this fanzine.



All of my adult life I have gone my own way and have done things on my own terms, and that includes what I have done in fandom. *HTT* reflects this. I am always on time (or early) for things and *HTT* is always on time (except when it is early). This punctuality is something a bit unusual in fandom - and I like being a bit unusual.

I am fond of gross putridity and outrageous humour - these are the hallmarks of *HTT*. In me there is a bit of the impudent child who does outrageous things (often to call attention to himself) and you can see that in this zine. I hope that I never lose that trait: and, as I still have that attitude at 47 years of age, it is quite possible that I never will lose it. The large size of *HTT* shows that I am still subject to childish overenthusiasms. Good on me (sez I). When I first started zining in APA-L seven years ago, Ted Johnstone (who did not meet me until a year or so later - at this time he was contributing to APA-L from Pennsylvania or some such improbable place) considered me, solely from reading my APA-Lzines, to be a bumptuous teenager. (Even though *HTT* reflects much of me, it does not show the total me - those *HTT* readers who meet me only after reading *HTT* are usually surprised (and that surprise pleases me so I will not spoil that for those of you who have not yet met me by delineating the differences here).)

Liken fandom to a river with a strong current. Upon this current you will find zines of various descriptions all along its course (naturally, that is, assuming that you can suspend your disbelief and pretend that zines are ships that can float even though there are many zines which many of us would like to see sink) - some zines in the strong current in the center of the river, some zines in the weaker currents nearer the banks, some zines caught in eddies, some zines in dead backwaters, and some zines futilely trying to go upstream. *HTT* is also in that stream, usually going across the current as it anarchically goes its own way. As usual.

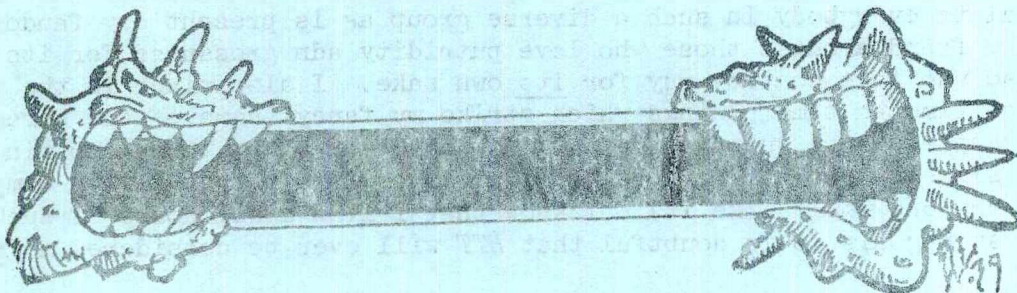
Moving away from the banks of that river let us examine some of the criticisms of *HTT*, particularly the criticisms which bother me. You see, I do not mind those criticisms of the zine which accurately put it down when it does not attain its goals. It is when it is judged by standards not applicable to it that I find myself annoyed.

HTT is not designed to appeal to all of fanzine fandom (and I doubt that any one zine could appeal to everybody in such a diverse group as is present day fandom), its audience is to be found amongst those who love putridity and grossness for its own sake and amongst those who like controversy for its own sake. I also place in the zine other things from time to time, things which strike my fancy (some of the serconish articles, for example), so I suppose that *HTT* may also appeal to those who find pleasure in things being slightly out of joint (sort of like how life is not always completely as predicted or how one would like it) - I know that I like small doses of such incongruities. With such goals it is doubtful that *HTT* will ever be considered a focal point

zine for any but a very few (should I say "twisted"?) fans. It is not designed to do anything other than to gather in those few fans to whom it appeals and then to entertain (and maybe even infuriate) them. If, along the way, some fans other than those who could be considered *HTT*'s main audience seem to find interest or annoyance in *HTT*, that is some sort of a bonus. Naturally, *HTT* has no feelings; however, I, its creator, have enough feelings for both my zine and myself -- and I get upset when it is stated (or implied) that *HTT* is a crudzine, said staters (or impliers) mostly being those who blindly worship at the alter of Sixth Fandom. It is not that these people are attacking me or even attacking my fanzine; on the contrary, I find that their non-understanding of the role of *HTT* seems to dovetail with their non-understanding of the role of fanzines in the 1980s. As such, I feel that they are doing fandom a disservice. This brings us back to our main theme.

There is in fanzine fandom today a small number of fans who seem to believe that all current fanzines should be measured against some nebulous standards supposedly set (or used by) Sixth Fandom. It seems that the way for a faned outside the circle of those who profess this belief to get a good review (or opinion) of his zine by these people is to publically hold the view (in one's zine) that one is in awe of Sixth Fandom, to have a Sixth Fandom luminary or recognised acolyte (a person with strong ties to Sixth Fandom) regularly contributing to their zine, to have one of these worshippers as a regular contributor, or to be a recognised follower of any of the above. (Many of these people are writing columns which would contribute quality to *HTT* were they being pubbed in this zine. I daresay, though, that as they have already stated their opinions of *HTT*, they would probably continue their denigrations of *HTT* even if Walter A. Willis himself were to start Harping for my zine (not that I consider that at all likely to happen) -- I give these people credit for sincere (if misguided) belief.) As far as I am concerned that is all well and good if all that you want your zine to be and do is to stay in the backwaters, the eddies, or even try to go upstream against the current in the fannish river. Those zines calmly following the fannish mainstream (and *HTT*, blithely going its own erratic way across the current) should not be targets for the misguided missiles of these people. Climbing dripping wet back out of the river, let me say that I feel that these worshippers of long ago times are out of touch with 1980s fandom and should stop judging 1980s zines by 1950s standards. Especially they should stop trying to judge *HTT* by non-applicable standards but should judge the zine by how it lives up to what it tries to do and how it does do that. Fanzine fandom is ill served by those whose eyes seem firmly fastened on a view that is thirty years old, said steadfastness of viewing giving them a distorted view of current fanzine fandom. 1980s fanzines should be judged (and will be best judged) by those who, whilst aware of the excellences of Sixth Fandom, so not let said excellences distort their viewing of the 1980s.

As for *HTT*; well, sometimes it is like that zine described by Walt Willis in the epigraph to this editorial -- and sometimes it is not. I do not mind stepping on people's toes when it seems that said toes need to be stepped on. Or, to put it another way, I do not go out of my way to avoid stepping on toes. Icon breaking is in my own personal tradition, and this editorial is well within that tradition. In this as in all things, *HTT* goes its own way. Read it and be joyously sickened.





ABOUT THE AUTHORS, SOME OF WHOM DID NOT
CONTRIBUTE TO THIS ZINE

BY DARRELL SCHWEITZER

FOOTNOTES BY JACK HARNESS

Joseph Nicholas is the author of *I Are a Better Writing Person Than You Too, or, Take That Strunk and White!* He is well known in linguistic circles for his Theory of Radical Sentence Structure. He has written 416 stories in the manner of J.G. Ballard, all of which have to do with fingernail clippings. "It is up to the reader to figure out which fingernails they come from, and in what order they were clipped," he remarks. "I am a true artist, unencumbered by the Yankee imperialist conventions of hack commercialism. I do not pander to idiot-level, mass-market Sci Fi audiences who want a story to have content. I believe in reader participation. Why should the writer do all the work, thinking through what the story is supposed to say and *actually writing all that down* in a clear and logical manner? Ambiguity is the sould of true literature. It also saves time." Mr. Nicholas has combined all 416 stories of the *Fingernail Exhibition* into an "anti-novel, or non-novel, whatever you want to call it. If you call it anything, you merely betray the fact that the cubby-holes of your inferior brain are streaked with pigeon-shit, you snivelling American twit." He cannot understand why no one wants to publish this book.

In the political arena, Mr. Nicholas ran unsuccessfully for the House of Commons last year on a platform that called for the restarting the War of 1812.

His favourite writers are, "Homer Eon Flint, Ed Earl Repp, John Russell Fearn, Lionel Fanthorpe, E.C. Tubb, and -- of course -- Darrell Schweitzer."6

Darrell Schweitzer was spawned, probably by fission, on ancient Shaggai in the immediate vicinity of a four-footed hairy thing which has since denied all responsibility. "My whole life has been a Shaggai dog story," he keeps babbling, nevertheless. Although not as prolific as Shub-Niggurath, he tried harder. "The goal of my life is to produce one absolutely pure distillation of putridity," he mentions. "After that, everything else will be anti-climax, and I will settle for millions of dollars a month in royalties, marraige to an international sex goddess, just a few awards -- maybe a Hugo, Nebula, Pulitzer, and Nobel; no more than a few dozen of each --, staff and resources to publish PROCRASTINATION on a scale similar to PLAYBOY, and, oh yes, Joseph Nicholas stuffed and mounted on the wall of my study." Mr. Schweitzer has allegedly committed publishable acts, all of them unnatural, perhaps five hundred times, but starts citing constitutional amendments when pressed on this point. He is presently working on an epic fantasy, *Slavering Swords of Lost N'Kai* in which Beowulf meets Little Orphan Annie as a wrinkled old lady and makes her feel young atain. It is written only in words of Anglo-Saxon derivation and will be published by the revived Laser Books as a \$49.95 coffee-table volume with illustrations by Jeff Schalles. (Coffee rings \$1.95 extra.)

Mr. Schweitzer is a founding member of the Barry Malzberg Fan Club.

Barry Malzberg is not a pseudonym for anyone. (Is that a sigh of relief I heard?) Further, he did not contribute anything to this fanzine. He is a founding member of the Darrell Schweitzer Fan Club.

-
- (6) Joseph Nicholas refused to donate sufficient money to the LASFS Building Fund to become a Patron Saint of the LASFS. His reasons for doing so are, he claims, obvious.


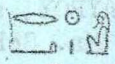







Cemeterivs Necrophilivs Dryrot and Caivs Ridicvlovs Pvtridian7 were ancient Roman gravediggers who flourished during the reign of Pompous Unrelius, but wilted during that of his son, Julian the Impossible. They accidentally uncovered certain imperial indiscretions, incurred the wrath of their sovrein, and were condemned to be fed to the snails. They didn't write anything.

Hahahotep, the Cackling Pharaoh, Lord of the Nile, King of Kings, Son of Amon-Ra, Master of Life and Death, Patron of the Elder Mysteries of the Vale of Hadoth, Master of All the Earth, the Just, the Wise, the Glorious, The Adjectival, The Ferocious, He Whose Name Shall Endure For Ever, had a rather high opinion of himself. He has been forgotten for the most part, although he is accredited with the invention of chewing gum, circa 1800 B.C.. He was marginally active in fandom during his youth, and gained some reputation as a prophet for having foretold the coming of Martin Morse Wooster whilst high on embalming fluid.8

- (7) CAIVS (pronounced GAIUS ((GUY-US))) had, prior to the despoilment by the snares and snails of Emperor Julian, been considered wise. CAIVS Sapiens (or Wise Gaius) as he was known, invented the short-piece-of-wire-which-is-bent-at-both-ends, shaped approxiamtely so: / which became a staple of the Roman diet.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

PLATE I.

								
tua	Ra	χeft	uben - f	em	χut	abtet	ent	pet
Adoration	of Ra	when	riseth he	in	horizon	eastern	of	heaven.

- (8) Hahahotep's writing has been enshrined for posterity on the wallls of Egyptian tombs, usually smeared all over the original pictoglyphs of the pharoahs. A collection of his poetry, "Pharoahs and Foul", contains his most famous composition:

tua Ra Xeft uben-f
em Xut abtet ent pet

And his haunting "Et tu, âkr-mn?" has brought tears to the eyes of many a translator.

Hahahotep himself, unfortunately, was unable to start a pyramid scheme to pay for his own tomb, and his mummy has since been looted in a previous century and turned into artists pigments...a fate which he might not altogether have disapproved of.

This is just as well, as had he been still extant (in a matter of speaking) the Irish Republican Army would have lynched his mummy for the crime of driving snakes into Ireland in the first place. One of his works, "Erin Co Bra", was found to contain such an act, hence the unfortunate aspersion that he made an asp of himself in the end.

Jack Harness is reputed to be an incognito fannish manifestation of famous pro author Charles Harness, author of *Flight Into Yesterday*, *The Rose*, etc., who was perhaps the first person other than A.E. van Vogt to write van Vogt's best novel. He denies this. (So does van Vogt, most likely.) Then again, he pointed out one day whilst toting several bales of paper for an APA-L collation that he had gotten tired. Later that day, whilst casually wrestling an alligator in the sewers of Los Angeles, he got exhausted all over again, and announced that he was re-tired. The same principle applies to putting two tires on the same wheel of your car at the same time. Harness denies it. So do most auto mechanics. The alligator died from air pollution and was unavailable for comment. In the 1960's, Jack used to contribute to a LASFS-originated fanzine called *THIRD FOUNDATION*. He denies being Hari Seldon. "After all," he said, "any fanzine which published Darrell Schweitzer regularly was obviously unsuited to the task of saving galactic civilisation. The real Hari Seldon would never have wasted his time on it. Q.E.D. Quid pro quo. Pro tem. Ipsi dixit. Upsis Youris." He denies knowing any Latin. Back on the subject of retirement, having retired himself, his car, and the alligator, he became so retiring that he can usually be found under a damp rock churning out reams of startling fannish humour. He denies it. He denies further that this biography of his is well thought-out or coherently organised. He suggests it is the product of a disordered mind. Your biographer denies this, pointing out that anyone whose APA-L column begins "Dear Fan Slanders" is not to be trusted. Harness denied this, but we don't take that very seriously, now, do we?

His favourite writer is Barry Malaberg.

Mike Glycer once wanted to be a Big Name Fan, but that didn't work out and he ended up merely Big. A perennial optimist, he points out that this makes sitting on Ted White easier. (Sorry Mike. That was Cantor's idea. This is a bad taste fanzine, after all.) He works as an IRS agent, and plans to clear the Hugo ballot of all fake-fannish prozines by insisting that they pay taxes on their LoCs. (Those with Jewish editors will also have to pay up on the bagels.) For his outstanding work with *FILE 770*, he has been made an associate member of the Hugo and Nebula Losers' Club. He will be editing the *CHICON* daily newsletters, but won't be eligible to lose anything for that, except perhaps the budget, the mimeograph, and the entire print-run (which he in fact intends to sell to Fantasy Archives for a fabulous sum as the world's most limited edition).

Bernadette Bosky is reported by Marty Cantor as working on her doctorate and being "a very literate person." But we know better, don't we? Her involvement in the Esoteric Order of Dagon (which pretends to be a Lovecraft APA to avoid suspicion) reveals more than she might like. Some while after the dynamiting of Devil's Reef in 1928, she slithered into fandom. As for her doctorate, well, a (now deceased) professor at a certain university in Massachusetts leaked to HTT the title of her thesis: "If Laban Shrewsbury is the Lone Ranger, Then Who, Or More Properly, What is Tonto?" She was last seen leaving certain festivities in Kingsport, Rhode Island last Christmas on the back of a winged, toad-like creature, shouting "Ia Hastur! Away!" whilst Nyarlathotep, the mad, faceless god, howled blindly in the darkness to the tune of the *William Tell Overture*. She is definitely squamous, and probably rugose.

Steve Tymon has sold short fiction to ISAAC ASIMOV'S and won the eternal admiration of Joseph Nicholas. A notably prolix fanwriter (he once produced a 165 pp. *APAZine*), he rates the shortest bio in this section because we are feeling vicious today.

Adrienne Fein is reputedly difficult to gross out. Well, Adrienne, let me tell you what happened when Rosanne Rosanadanna met the snot vampire. There was this huge booger hanging out of her left nostril, a real long one, you know, like a spaghetti noodle, only *greasy*, and the snot vampire got his tongue around it, *but it wouldn't come out*; so he had to try this filthy, slimy bathroom plunger, but that didn't do any good either because the rubber was rotten, and in the end he hauled up a heavy-duty pump recently used by the streets department to remove four thousand gallons of sludge from a blocked sewer, and when he got it hooked up the noodle just kept coming and coming --

((Editor's note: The rest of this account is so disgusting, it simply would not reproduce. The wax on the stencil curdled. Sorry.)) /*Actually, Darrell wrote that last sentence. You see, the stenciles that I use can take much worse than what he wrote before they curdle - we have yet to approach the limit.*/

Harry Andruschak does advanced technical work for the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, most of which is entirely too complicated to be comprehensible to the layman. He works out spacecraft trajectories and planetary orbits on such a scale that no room in the building is big enough and he has to work in the halls, using intricately designed models and other instruments which only look like mops, brooms, buckets, etc. to the most ignorant and untrained observer.

NOW! YOU TOO CAN BE AN AUTHOR

Submit something putrid to this magazine, then fill your name into any of the following blanks:

_____ (1874-1940, 1953 --) is best known for his scientific refutation of reincarnation, *Back Again: Just a Coincidence* (Deja Voodoo Press, 1975), but he has also written several pornographic science fiction novels, including *The Sheep Look Up* John Brunner, *All Ass is Grass*, *Navigational and Sexual Deviations in the Magellanic Clouds*, *Dull Green*, *A Boy and His Pussy*, *Captain Tomorrow Last Night*, *The Female Woman*, and *The Sausage-Shaped Thing*. He writes all his fiction in a cabin in the Canadian Rockies whilst chained to an antique barber's chair and dressed as a nun.

_____ caused a sensation in the frozen food industry some years back when he suggested that the nation's deceased should not be left to rot, but instead should be used in a new product he called "Necropolitan Cream Pie." He later incorporated the idea into his award-winning novella, "Dead with the Dead." Mr. _____ vanished in 1976 during an unauthorised visit to a morgue in Providence, Rhode Island. The police report on the matter suggests he was eaten by a corpse.

_____ is a transvestite who, during a recent visit to the Middle East, was molested by a white dove surrounded by glowing light whilst something that sounded vaguely like an electronic reconstruction of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, sang theme music from 1950's religious movies in the background. Later he gave birth to a 27 pound baby, tentatively identified as a boy. Doctors are at a loss to explain. So is _____. Erich Von Daniken has recently announced plans to write a book about the case, proving that Aztecs were responsible.

(9) Actually, it was the Moron Obstacle Choir at a Rock Concert, where the purpose was to throw rocks at the musicians until they were thoroughly stoned.

_____ is the author of *A Planet Called Treason*, *Mikal's Songbird*, *Unaccompanied Sonata*, and others. He is a John W. Campbell Award winner. He has never been published in ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE.

There was a young writer named _____,

Whose work was decidedly _____,

His life was disgusting,

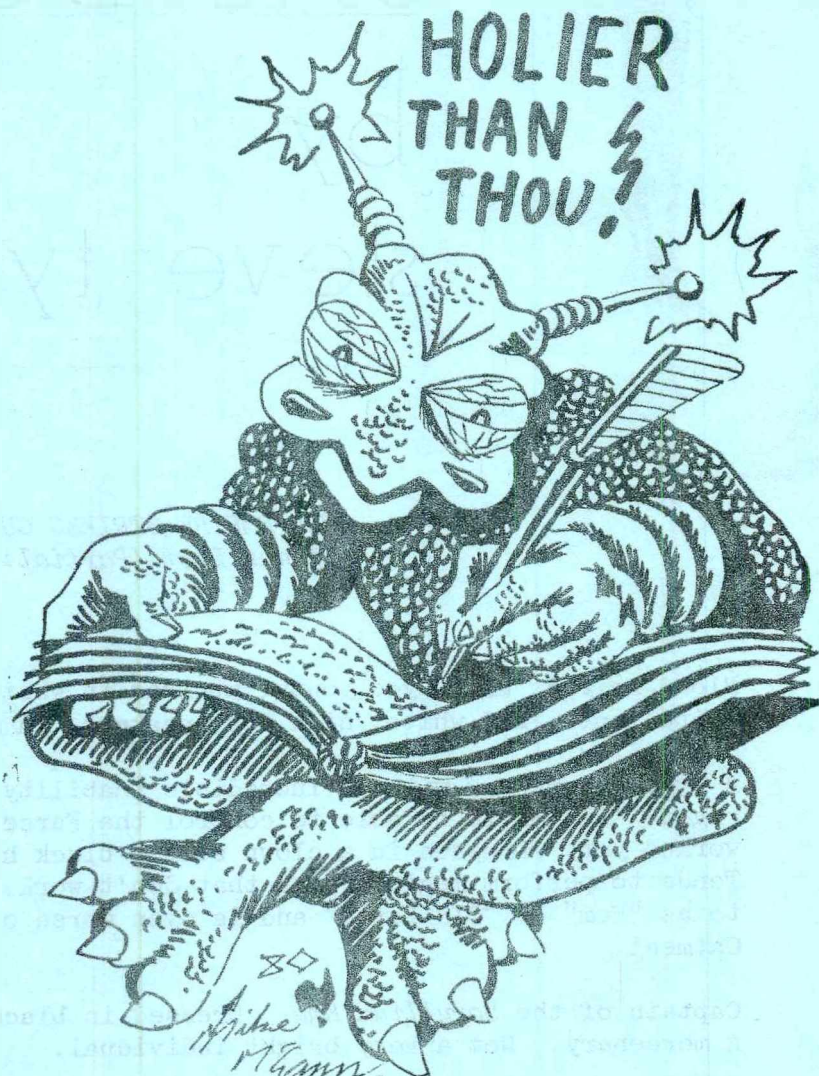
Whilst sweatily thrusting,

A goat, sheep, and cow all were _____ '10

(10) Harness' entry for the limerick is: Darrell, puerile, sterile.

---Darrell Schweitzer

---Jack Harness



WHAT WE HAVE
HERE IS A FAILURE
TO COMMUNICATE.



EXCERPT:

THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT

THE DUEL

by
steve tymon

THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT
Names List (Partial)

Oatmeal Streetwalker

Blond-haired, blue-eyed youth, attired in white straitjacket, white pants, and white, high top sneakers. A real loon.

Eatabig Adobe

A mystic sorceror with an incredible inability to do anything right. Claims to be able to control the Farce, but it hasn't worked yet. Dressed in a clown suit & black high top sneakers. Tends to perform magic tricks that don't work. Often referred to as "Bem" or "Old Fart," and is even worse of a loon than Oatmeal.

Marco Bolo

Captain of the *Beryllium Emu*. Dressed in black tux and boots. A mercenary. Not a very bright individual.

Chewbacco	His furry sidekick, standing nearly eleven feet tall. Has a tendency to crash into doorways and pass out a lot.
Princess Heiya Ghodzilla	A Princess. No other comment necessary.
C-ME-GO	A 'droid. Supposedly humanoid in appearance, but who do they think they're kidding? His name is descriptive of his behaviour in any dangerous situation.
U-2-ME-2	Another 'droid, frequently mistaken for a portable garbage can. Tends to speak with odd sounds that often verge on the obscene.
Dark Crater, Lord of the Lithp	A tall (ten feet) individual dressed in black armour, with a spiked mop bucket on his head. Speaks in a high-pitched voice with a lisp and serves the dark side of the Farce. Hangs around with a big ship called the <i>Dud Star</i> and performs rotten deeds.
Grand Boffo Farkin	Commander of the <i>Dud Star</i> . Looks remarkably like Peter Cushing.

And there's much more (sorry), all contained in a full length novel entitled STAR BORES. With any sort of bad luck, it may actually see print someday.

Oatmeal Streetwalker was puzzled. He had already spent the better part of an hour wandering aimlessly about the cloud city of Dustbin, doing his best to ignore the numerous inhabitants of the city, who continually giggled and pointed in his direction. After a while, he realised the cause. Zipping up his fly, he continued his search.

Although he was supposed to be there to rescue his friends --- a bunch of morons who had arrived about a week earlier aboard the *Beryllium Emu* --- for him there was something else of a higher priority: surely they had a restroom somewhere around here.

He pushed open a door that was clearly marked: "Nitrous Oxide Freezing Chamber." Perhaps they might have one in here. He was no sooner inside, however, when a distastefully familiar voice echoed overhead.

"Shut the d-or, idiot," it said. "You're causing a draught."

Puzzled, Oatmeal turned to do as he was told, then remembered that it was an automatic sliding door. It had already slid shut behind him.

"What a dope," the voice continued. "I mean, geez, you want to talk about stupid."

Oatmeal stared around the room. He knew that voice. If only he could place it ---

There was a movement at the top of a flight of stairs. Oatmeal peered up into the darkness. A tall shadow peered back down at him. Crater!

"You are not a Dedi yet," wheezed the Dark Lord of the Lithp. "And thank the Farce for that."

"You don't frighten me, Crater," said Oatmeal, reaching for his infrared broadsword. It took him nearly a minute before his shaking hand could grasp the hilt and activate the weapon.

"C-come down here and I'll cut you into tiny little pieces."

"Hardy-har-har," the Dark Lord commented. "We'll see about that."

The evil Lord of the Lithp leaped down the stairs. He seemed to fly through the air like a giant, demonic bat, and Oatmeal reacted immediately --- he dived to the floor and cowered, holding his hands over his eyes.

"Yeeee!" screamed Crater as he passed overhead.

"Yaaaah!" he continued as he sailed serenely into the nitrous oxide freezing pit. There was a loud crash, and then a more distant splashing noise.

Oatmeal didn't waste a second. He leaped to his feet and hit the primary "on" switch. A cold mist filled the pit.

"Funny," he said. "It wasn't as difficult as I thought. Maybe ----"

He paused. The mist had subsided, but the Dark Lord was nowhere to be seen. The reason was obvious. On the far wall of the pit was an enormous hole shaped remarkably like Dark Crater in full profile. Through the oddly-shaped hole, Oatmeal could see several dark pools of foul-smelling sludge. But where was Crater?

The sliding chamber door banged open. Crater stepped into the room.

"Of all the stupid places to put a sewage dump," the Dark Lord mumbled, still wiping the sludge from his armour. He saw Oatmeal. "Aha!" he shouted.

"Oho!" said Oatmeal, scurrying up the steps and desperately looking for an escape route.

"It's too late, you interstellar juvenile delinquent!" Crater shouted. He reached for his light broadsword. "Now stand still and ----"

A loud explosion rocked the chamber. A cloud of dark smoke surrounded the equally Dark Lord. His light broadsword had been shorted out by the sludge.

"Kaff! Kaff!" said the Dark Lord, somewhere in the cloud of smoke. And then, as it began to clear, as he stared at the ruined remains of his sword in his hand: "Damn."

"Aha!" shouted Oatmeal, leaping down the steps with his sword held ready. Now was the time to attack ---- when Crater was totally unarmed.

"Oh-oh," said Crater. Thinking quickly, he used the great power of the Farce to rip out the metal wall behind Oatmeal, bringing it down so that the mountain of metal would crush the irritating adolescent.

"Now I've got you!" shouted Crater.

Sensing something amiss, Oatmeal spun around and saw the descending mass of metal. He shrieked and leaped to one side. Unobstructed, the debris thundered past him and dropped toward Crater.

"Oop," commented the Dark Lord, as he realised he had nowhere to go. He tried to make it to the sliding door, but it was too late. The metal smashed into him, and carried him through a large window overlooking the interior central shaft of the cloud city.

"Aaaaugh!" said Crater as he dropped from sight.

There came a distant crashing sound.

Oatmeal ran across the room and peered down from the shattered window. Nearly one hundred feet below was a pile of metal on a large, flat landing platform. Sticking out from underneath the pile were two arms and two feet: Crater.

I'd better finish him off whilst he's totally helpless, he thought. Bem would be proud.

He ran for the door.

A few moments later, he arrived at the platform. The pile of metal was still there, but of Crater, there was no sign.

"Behind you, idiot," came Crater's voice.

Oatmeal spun around.

The Dark Lord was standing behind him. In one hand, he held an ominous-looking weapon. Oatmeal recognised it at once: an Empire-issue 155 mm. Grubermarley Harleyhonker. He didn't have a chance.

"Now toss that sword over here," commanded Crater, "and be quick about it."

Nervously, he did as he was told. Unluckily for Crater, he forgot to turn it off.

"Eeyaaaargh!" Crater screamed as the blade severed his wrist. The Grubermarley Harleyhonker dropped to the deck. Oatmeal scooped it up and levelled it at the Dark Lord.

"Fool," said Crater, clutching at the stump where his hand had been but a moment before. "You don't know what you're doing."

"That's where you're wrong," said Oatmeal. He lowered the weapon and held out one hand. "I recognise a unique opportunity here, Crater. If you'll come with me and join the Rebellion, we could crush the Empire and rule the galaxy together."

"What about the rest of your do-gooding friends in the Rebellion?" asked Crater. Oatmeal shrugged. "Aw, the hell with them. Let them get their own galaxy."

Crater nodded slowly in understanding, then reached to take Oatmeal's hand. It popped off in his grasp, and the Dark Lord fell to the deck, landing on his posterior.

"Yuk, yuk, yuk," laughed Oatmeal. "He fell for the old fake hand trick. What a twit."

Crater shook his head in disgust.

"I can't believe this," he muttered. "It's all backwards. I was supposed to get you to join the Empire, not the other way around."

Oatmeal stopped laughing.

"Why would I want to do that?" he asked.

Crater got to his feet and assumed what was supposed to be a dramatic stance.

"Because," said Crater, drawing himself to his full height, "because *I am your father!*"

Oatmeal broke into hysterical laughter.

"Oh-ho-ho," he said. "That's rich. You? My father? Oh-ho-ho-ho. And maybe pigs have wings too."

"I'm telling you the truth!" shouted Crater. "Search your feelings, and you'll see I'm right!"

This comment only caused Oatmeal to go into greater hysterics. He clutched at his stomach and, still laughing, rolled off the platform.

"Oop," he said, realising what had happened. He dropped from sight.

The Dark Lord crossed the platform and stared after the rapidly dwindling speck of Oatmeal. Sadly, he shook his head.

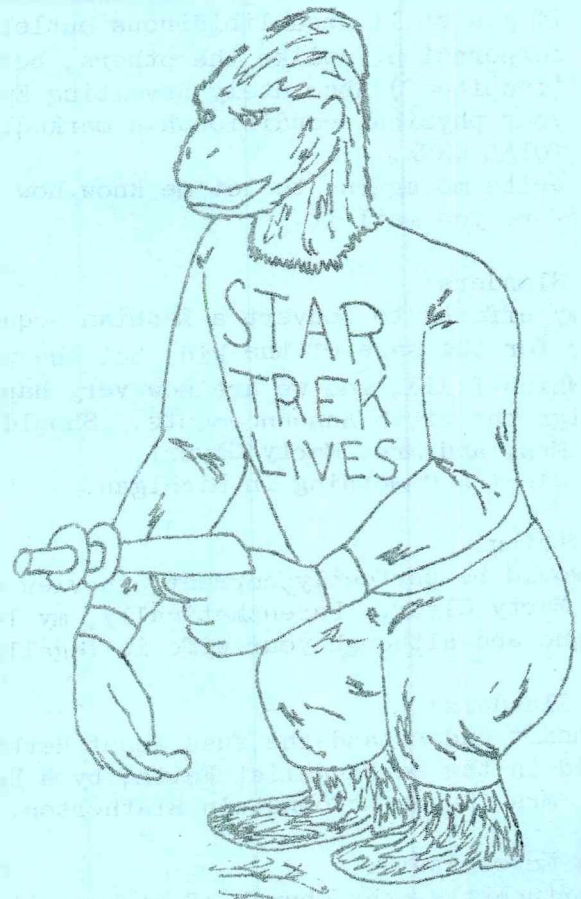
"What a klutz," he muttered.

Silently, he turned to leave the platform, picking up Oatmeal's discarded infrared broadsword as he did so.

With the way things were going, he thought, it looked like it was going to be a short sequel.

And then he was gone.

---Steve Tymon



Ed Cox doodle here.

fan slanders by jack harness

ADVICE FOR THE BEWILDERED IN APA-L & ELSEWHERE

/*/ This first appeared in APA-L #892. /*/

Dear Fan Slanders:

You are the only one I could write to about this, because I am so embarrassed and ashamed of my body. For some time, I have been afflicted with infectious Herpes Simplex and though I have tried, I am still a man and unable to control my urges to have sex. But I am so depressed and degraded that I could only approach ugly prostitutes or members of a sci-fi club in order to obtain 'quickie' relief. But it leaves me a trembling, nervous heap and a poor co-worker (I am employed at a dynamite factory). Thank you for letting me say this.

(signed) Shaking and Flaking in Studio City.

Dear Flake:

You need not feel so depressed. These days, there are many Service Organisations to assist anyone, no matter what circumstances. Try finding these in the telephone pages of any metropolitan area:

- (1) Would you simply like to communicate to a member of the opposite sex who has undergone a similar experience and can understand your viewpoint? Try: HIS&HER-PEACE OF MIND.
- (2) Ego needs rebuilding? Try TWERPEES WITH HERPES.
- (3) If you still need libidinous outlet, dial 800-WE-CARED. This is a profitmaking corporation, unlike the others, but WE-CARED or Women Encouraging Carnality, (inspiteof) Absolutely Revolting Epidemic Diseases is discrete. Although if your physical condition has markedly deteriorated, you should try: SEX FOR TOTAL WREX.

And write me again, to let me know how you do. Just remember to disinfect the letter before you mail it.

Dear Fan Slanders:

In my efforts to convert a Lesbian acquaintance, I got her pregnant. I was ready to marry her for the sake of the kid, but she would only consent if I had a sex change operation. Which I did, and we are now very happy together except that we cannot agree on how to sign the Birth Announcements. Should it be Mr. and Mrs. Marty Glycer (a fictitious name) or Mrs. and Mrs. Marty Glycer?

(signed) Missing Something in Michigan.

Dear Something:

It would be perfectly correct, in view of the circumstances, to sign the cards as Ms. and Mrs. Marty Glycer. Parenthetically, my legal experts advise me that Michigan Law is very unique and although your wife is legally married to you, you are not married to her.

Dear Fan Slanders:

I cannot understand the fuss about Herbangelism. My fiancée decided that we would be married in the Herbangelist Faith, by a Herbangelist Minister.

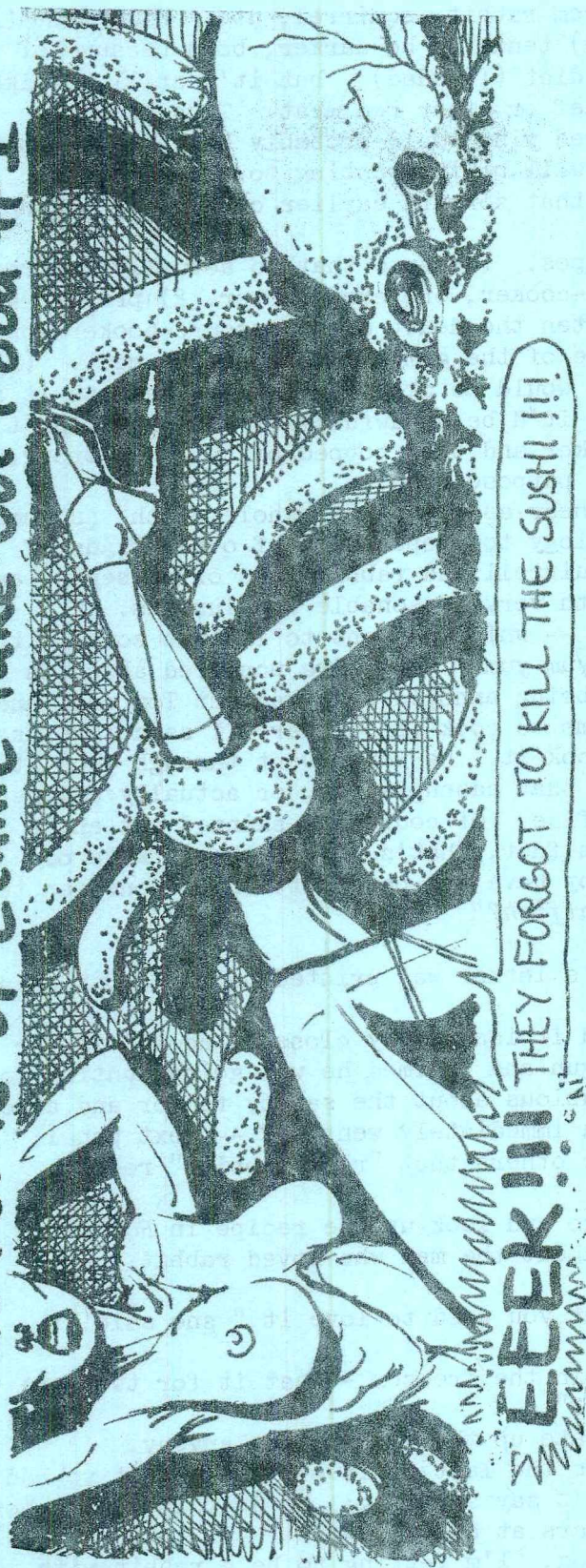
Sign me: Mrs. Susan McFoonstein Blatherton.

Dear Miss McFoonstein:

Unfortunately, the Church of Herbangelism is legally recognised only in the State of Hawaii, and only under the Noise Abatement and Lollipop Littering Ordinances.

---Jack Harness

The Perils of Ethnic Take-Out Food #1



/*/ Adrienne did not have her cooking column in the last HTT. As I understand it, she started her column but mislaid it. I gather that the second of her two contributions this time is the column original intended for last issue, modified for inclusion thisish. I am including her two columns in the order in which she sent them to me (stapled). Not only does the order seem correct based on my reading of both items, but Adrienne's first column seems an appropriate follow-up to Jack's article. /*/

The regularly scheduled COOKING WITH AUNT ADRIENNE will not be presented tonight; instead, I present some notes towards an article on food, sex, and etiquette.....

aunt adrienne's advice to the hungry lovelorn BY ADRIENNE FEIN

Of course, everyone knows that when serving chicken legs or leg of lamb it is mandatory to put little frilly paper "panties" on them.

So much for modesty and etiquette.

Actually, I'm just going to present some odds and ends (as the shrink and the proctologist told the hospital conference) and if Marty want to edit, he can and may. ((But no scratch and sniff, Marty; I pro-that much.....))

Bernadette Bosky writes to inform us that she and some of her friends discussed at length the problem of how to cook rat, and hence what wine to serve with it.

"Basically, we did work by analogy from rabbit, squirrel, etc. Wild meat (I assume these are wild, and not farm-raised) tends to be darker, both because of the amount of exercise (someone said) and diet (I added); but it'd still be like all-dark chicken meat, rather than like beef or other red meat. Thus, a white wine would *certainly* be too light, but a red wine would probably be unfashionable -- as heavy a rose' as possible, maybe? (It will be interesting to see what was served with rabbit and other wild game of that sort in earlier centuries; I don't know, but I have friends who would.)

"I'd be interested in seeing your recipes. I assume that to actually be practical, one would have to 1) use a pressure-cooker, or, even better, 2) prepare an overnight marande which would not only soften the meat, as a pressure-cooker would, but also would be spicy enough to mask some of the gamy flavour of the meat. (Again, I assume these are wild rats; frying etc. would be okay for farm-raised, as it is for farm-raised rabbit, but with wild ones it'd be an awful mess even I wouldn't eat.) Of course, cooked in a pressure-cooker and then topped off with a strong, rich sauce would have pretty much the same purpose, too.

"Actually, this discussion is nowhere near as absurd or "whole cloth" as some might suppose -- in fact, arguing from analogy to preparation of other kinds of wild meat, and cooking habits back when squirrel and rabbit were often served as delicacies, it's pretty easy to come up with very reasonable conclusions.

"Well, time for my own lunch right now -- which happens to include some of the incredibly good meat from the pig pickin' yum yum. What *I've* wondered about is how to cook cats. Friend of mine kept being annoyed by a vagrant Tom cat, and kept threatening/promising to bring it to me to cook for supper. I said I refused to skin and dress it, but if he did, I'd cook it. He never went through with it, but I did give it enough thought to decide that hasenpfeffer, or actually a more creamy variant thereof, would probably do fine. Of course, a skinned cat and a skinned rabbit even *look* very similar -- in fact, that's why in the markets of Algeria all rabbits are skinned elsewhere by have the paws left on, so one can tell.

"Wanna hear disgusting stories about *catfish*?"

I suppose I should mention that Bernadette's letter was printed on "A 21-Bun Salute" stationery, complete with 21 pastel rabbits.

The closest I know to a recipe for rat (and it isn't very close, I admit) is the Freak Brothers cartoon-- when Fat Freddy got a gun and claimed he was going hunting to stock the larder, and the other two were very dubious about the safety factor and also made him promise to eat anything he killed. Gun immediately went off -- next panel: Fat Freddy munching away, trying to persuade the others that "room rabbits" really aren't bad, with a *lot* of ketchup.....

All I know about cooking rabbit (unless I go and look up the recipe in *ROCKET TO THE MORGUE*) is the joke my mother used to tell about the man who loved rabbit stew.

So his wife kept serving it to him.

But finally he got a bit tired of it...."But you used to love it," she said.

"Enough is enough," he said.

"Well, look, I've still got one more batch in the freezer -- eat it for two more nights and then I'll cook you a nice steak, okay?"

So the next night he looked unhappy but he ate up the rabbit stew anyway.

The night after, his wife said, "See, that's the last of it -- that wasn't so bad, was it? Tomorrow, steak!" But her husband didn't say anything; he just looked at her with his little red eyes and twitched his long ears at her.....

Come to think of it, Allan Sherman had a song, "I'm getting to be a rabbit with you."

I have problems with etiquette. Aside from the fact that this article isn't gel-ing quite properly (I must have forgotten to use lime) ((Unlike the time I cooked chicken with pickled fruit, Scotch, pineapple and lime juice))...I have a problem. I tend to listen to more than one conversation at once, at parties. This can lead to...well...

Even at my grandmother's birthday party. My Gram, my Mom, my sister and her boyfriend, and myself and Bear were there. I was doing it again. With the result that my grandmother was discussing ways to cook eggs in the microwave oven ~~(you have to have the happy little light)~~ and Bear was discussing his new purchase, and the next thing I knew, I seemed to be listening to a discussion of how to cook eggs in a water pipe.

At least, though, that would be neater than cooking them in a waterbed. The algae would make a nice garnish but the chlorine wouldn't.

Then again, I have apparently discovered the worst drink in the world. Worse than gin and peanut butter, even.

Arthur and I were at 123MANY, and there wasn't any Coke. Arthur wanted a caffeine fix. I asked if he was desperate enough to try Tab -- it does have caffeine, after all -- but knowing he hates the taste, I suggested he have a Tab with some Blog in it.

I think it was at FISTFA that another question of party etiquette arose. Should smoking be allowed?

~~Is the person on fire?~~

Robert Sacks allowed as how he didn't want anyone smoking anything in his nice clean APA -- and you know, I can see his point? *Oh, shit, the APA has caught fire again -- quick, call the fire department.....*

Obviously smoking in APAs can get real messy, even leaving out the possibility of the cops raiding the APA for controlled substances being smoked.

I think it was with Rita Winston that we had some discussion of my previous article.

If one was going to have a servant who jerked off into the butter, should he be fed a special diet?

Nero Wolfe was big on chickens -- or grouse -- or was it starlings -- fed solely on huckleberries (unless maybe it was blueberries).

(Who was it said I was absent-minded?)

Perhaps the servant should be fed lots of garlic and hot peppers, so the butter could be used to cook spicy foods.

Then there was the gentleman in the diplomatic service, who married a foreign bride. She had a bit of difficulty with the language, and a tendency to blush at certain expressions when they were fully explained to her. One day her hubby dear cut himself shaving, and yelled, "Oh, fuck."

"What," she enquired, "does that word mean?"

"Cut," he explained.

Which was fine until the fancy reception when she asked him to fuck the turkey.

However, a quick-thinking diplomat added, "That sounds like jolly good fun. I say, do you mind if I stick my prick in the mashed potatoes?"

Those readers who have paid careful attention to my columns, as well as the letter column discussions of them, should have had settled for them numerous questions of food and drink recipes, and questions concerning the etiquette of bartending, smoking and conversing.

In fact, all my readers should never be lonely again, because everyone will be so eager to come ~~to~~ to their magnific...

Er, *hic*

That's, "...come at ehri magnificent parties."

Thanksh.

---Adrienne Fein



cooking with aunt adrienne
by
adrienne fein

I'm sorry I didn't Get It Together enough to have a cooking column appear last time. I have a loc from Bernadette Bosky on cooking rat -- it's in my old apartment. It'll show up..... */*/ Like bad pennies and putridity it has already shown up./*/*

I have a suggestion from Arthur for a topic: "Boris, meat Avarra and Logan." Actually, the cat *did* eat some of the cedar shavings from the hamster cage. He's never tried to eat a hamster.

However, I think one of the hamsters tried to eat me.....

There I was sitting in the kitchen peacefully minding my own business; cooking a little snack, in fact.

When something ambled across my foot and nibbled my toe.

Since I had recently shrieked at a spider at least two inches across, and Bear had found a rather nasty creepy-crawly with wings in the new apartment, my first thought was that we had mice.

However, when I looked down, it was Avarra the little gray female hamster, looking up at me, and smirking about how clever she was to get her cage door open.

Not so clever with a cat, I thought.....

Now we not only have a cat and two hamsters, we have a Golden Retriever. ~~Wm~~ ~~He~~ ~~begs~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~table~~. He begs at the table.

I must say, cooking is a lot easier with the hamsters, the cat, and the dog the hell OUT of the kitchen. (Sometimes it's even easier with the Bear out of the kitchen. It's a small kitchen.....~~He~~ ~~begs~~.)

The other night, Bear and I went to see ~~CONAN~~ CONAN THE BARBARIAN. Which was quite good. Afterwards, we went into a new ice cream place, ICE CREAM IRA's. Given 72 hours notice, they'll make up any flavour ice cream. You have to buy the whole batch -- 5 gallons or something. Bear thought of having kiwi fruit ice cream made up. If I recall correctly someone in LASFAPA said kiwi fruit liquor is available, which means making ice cream should be relatively easy. I thought of champagne ice cream.....There was also a scene in Conan which caused Bear to exercise great self-control in order not to say, "Shhhhh..buzzards!" It also caused me to wonder about buzzard feather ice cream.....

Anyway, the owner of the new place kept saying they could make *any* flavour. ANY flavour. ANY flavour.

Why was I so tempted to ask for long pig ice cream? */*/ Probably because you have been reading too many of my LASFAPazines - remember my suggestion for Long Pig Latkes?/*/*

Talked with Bernadette and Arthur (Hlavaty) the other day. Arthur relayed to me a message from Bernadette:

If one is barbecuing long pig, it is very important to puncture the brain case - otherwise the brains explode.

Oh, I said - just like cooking eggs in the microwave.

Glancing over the letter column of HTT 13 just in case, it occurs to me that the last thing Lee Hoffman needs from me is vega-table recipes. (Or aldebaran-table recipes.) Vegetable, Adrienne, vegetable...not animal nor mineral nor pun baddish.

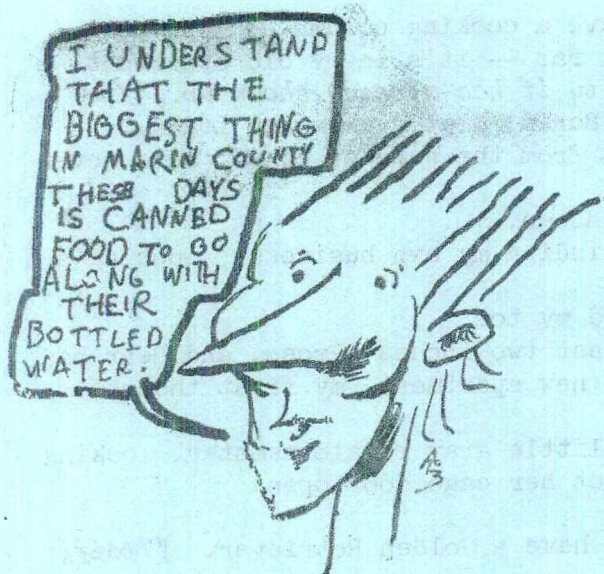
If Darrell Schweitzer and others are really interested I will report on the wide variety of erotic edibles around. I understand some baker got in trouble with the moron majority for selling anatomically correct gingerbread men; there are, I think, at least two bakeries in New York that specialise in edible erotic art.

Actually I think the counterpart of lollicocks would be lolliclits.

I also think it might be possible to do a rather nice display of candied-clit-on-a-bed-or-candied-vaginal-lips, based on some of Betty Dodson's artwork. (Gee, maybe I should follow through on this -- my mother is always telling me I should find some kind of fannish business to go into.)

I saw the lollipops at Hexacon. In fact, Arthur and I bought a white one, a brown one, a pink one, and a green one -- and were wondering how to put them together as presents.....(the lollis are bas-relief -- actually half-a-cock).....

Pink and brown for equal racial opportunity? Pink and green for SFnal opportunities?



Leslie David - Thanks for the thought and I'm sure you's have kinky food and kinky people both: but I do *not* want to join the army. I hope the man who put the hot dog up his ass ~~cooked it in the microwave first so it would be a different~~ ~~way~~ ~~happy~~ didn't put mustard on it...

I never heard of a cat masturbating with a magazine (though both our cat and our dog are given to trying to lick at very awkward moments and I'll be damned if I'll let the hamsters out of the cage) but I seem to recall from GROWING UP HUMAN that Lucy the chimp used to masturbate on COSMOPOLITAN. (I always wondered what the readers of that mag were like.)

Bob Lee - Are unicorn nuts anything like kangaroo nuts? You know, I don't think it would be that hard to find a virgin chicken.

The trick would be to find a cooperative virgin female human being.

Er, Marty, I'm sorry I didn't get the column in in time but did you really want recipes from me for cooking fanzines? Surely your readers are steam-

ing hot under the collar enough already, and don't you want to avoid any suggestion of boiling the editor in oil?

Funny; I never thought of Brad Foster's idea. Maybe he's been in more elegant mansions than I have. How would the manservant sleeping in the pantry lead to immorality outdoors, though? Pregnant women servants walking around to get fresh air?

Marty, please don't talk about me curing anything - I'll get in trouble with the A.M.A! It's bad enough that I read about (Now, what was it?) - I think, cinnamon and cloves being anti-fungal and decided to make up some homemade yogurt for treating the vaginal fungus infection. It would have one enormous advantage over commercial fungicides: it would spice up oral sex no end.

I should add that all of us who were eating breakfast when I passed around Bernadettes Pop Tart illo thought it was most putrid.

The more I think about candied clit, the more I think it would work. How about chocolate shavings for public hair? Uh, pubic hair...?

The worse of it is every time I re-read the things to proofread I think of more putridity. Re. Bernadette pointing out that cat and rabbit look alike when skinned? There must be some difference because didn't someone say in LASFAPA that "they" have just decided rabbit is kosher because it has a split foot "hoof"?

And that's not even considering the article I've still got in the file on the care and feeding of waterbeds.

Should you ever be invited to an orgy on a waterbed, John P. McClimons says not to use corn starch for a massage, if the waterbed has a foam pad. Even more important to remember: Don't eat powdered cocoa.

In fact, foam pads can't be cleaned at all.

Don't have a feather pillow that sheds.

(Well, in fact, one can wind up with a feathered Bear, too...)

I suspect I also set up a few time paradoxes in re-typing some of this material:

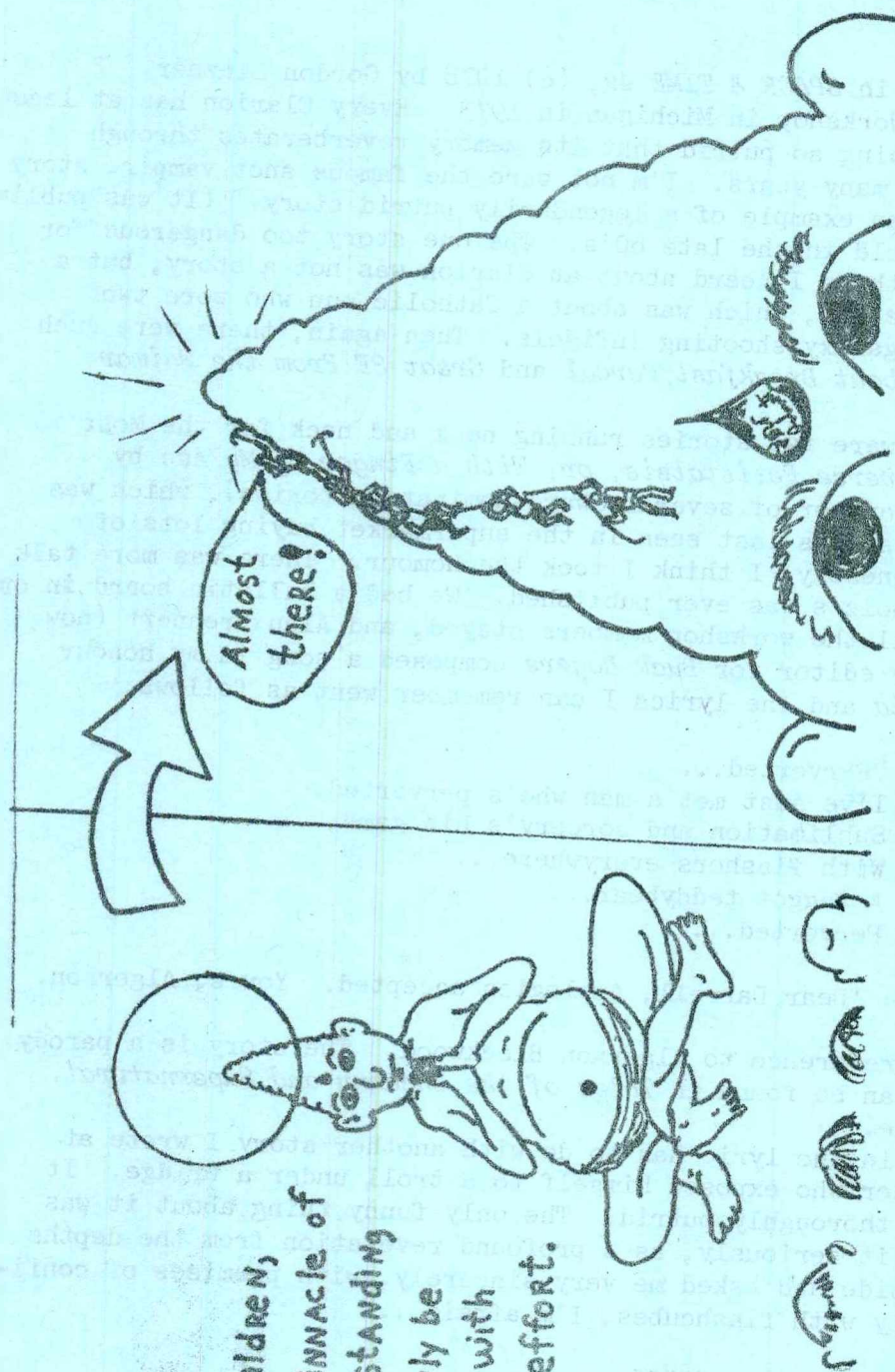
Marty, Do as thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.

---Adrienne Fein

THE DUCKY

by

DARRELL SCHWEITZER



My children,
the pinnacle of
understanding
may only be
scaled with
great effort.

/*/ The following introduction to *THE TEDDYBEAR* was culled from a cover letter that accompanied the piece. /*/

"*The Teddybear* was published in *SPACE & TIME* 49, (c) 1978 by Gordon Linzner. I actually wrote it at the Clarion Workshop in Michigan in 1973. Every Clarion has at least one, ah... legendary story, something so putrid that its memory reverberates through subsequent workshops, perhaps for many years. I'm not sure the famous snot vampire story was a Clarion product, but it is an example of a legendarily putrid story. (It was published in *THIRD FOUNDATION* by Lee Gold in the late 60's. The one story too dangerous for *DANGEROUS VISIONS*.) One of the others I heard about at Clarion was not a story, but a proposal for a series called *Rogue Nun*, which was about a Catholic nun who wore two six-shooters and went around the galaxy shooting infidels. Then again, there were such anthology proposals as *Great SF About Breakfast Cereal* and *Great SF From the Weimar Republic*.

"At the 1973 workshop there were two stories running neck and neck for the Most Putrid slot, *The Teddybear* and *Reverse Peristalsis, or, With a Finger Up My Ass* by Carter Scholz (now distinguished author of several award-nominated stories), which was about, well... the poor protagonist was last seen in the supermarket buying lots of bananas and mouthwash... But, honestly, I think I took the honour. There was more talk about mine, and I don't think Scholz's was ever published. We had a bulletin board in our wing of the dormitory in which all the workshop members stayed, and Alan Brennert (now famous TV writer and former story editor for *Buck Rogers* composed a song in my honour and posted it. The tune was *Maria* and the lyrics I can remember went as follows:

"Perverted...
I've just met a man who's perverted.
Sublimation and sorcery's his game,
With flashers everywhere...
A faggot teddybear...
Perverted..."

"Someone else posted a note: 'Dear Darrell, Apologies accepted. Yours, Algernon. P.S. Send flowers.'

"This of course missed the reference to Algernon Blackwood. The story is a parody of Blackwood's *The Doll*, which can be found in *Tales of the Uncanny and Supernatural*. It was done on *Night Gallery* once.

"The reference to flashers in the lyric has to do with another story I wrote at Clarion, which concerned a flasher who exposed himself to a troll under a bridge. It wasn't very good, though it was thoroughly putrid. The only funny thing about it was the way other workshopers took it seriously, as a profound revelation from the depths of my id. One member took me aside and asked me very sincerely, with promises of confidence, if I'd ever flashed. Only with flashcubes, I'm afraid..."

Some nights are merely dark, and others are more than dark. There are those during which somebody forgot to light the gaslamps, and there are those which suggest an ominous and malignant evil.

It was on a night of this latter variety that we got a new mailman. I, the butler, answered the door when the bell rang, and thus I was the only one who saw him. He was tall and dark, with eyes that flamed like something out of Hell. An Arab perhaps, or maybe an Indian. He handed me a plainly wrapped parcel and was gone without a word.

"Theobald?" Mrs. Osgood called from upstairs.

"Yes Madame?"

"Who was that at the door, Theobald?"

"Just the delivery man, Madame."

"Well what did he deliver, Theobald? Can you tell me that? What did he deliver?"

"A parcel, Madame. It bears this address, but has no name on it. I don't know who it is for."

"Then open it Theobald. I'll be down in a minute."

I carried the package into the dining room, set it down on the table, untied the string, and removed the wrapping. Then I gasped in surprise and horror.

Within was a box, and on the box there was taped a note written in an obscure Hindustani dialect (which fortunately I had learned to read whilst serving in Her Majesty's forces in India) which said:

THIS OUGHTA TEACH YOU NOT SCREW AROUND WITH MY WIFE!

Or at least that is how I translated it. I shuddered, not so much because of what the message said, but because of the signature. It was that of a notorious Hindu outlaw, with whom Colonel Osgood had had many deadly encounters as commander of one of Her Majesty's regiments.

I could scarcely imagine what might be inside the box, yet out of both loyalty to and fear of my master, I resolved to open it. After all, he had saved my life in battle once before he retired and I entered his employ.

So I opened the box. Inside was a large teddybear.

Just then the Madame came waddling down the stairs, her somewhat obese frame swinging from side to side as she descended. She squinted dimly through her lorgnette.

"Well Theobald? What is it?"

Quickly I crumpled the note and slipped it into my pocket.

"A teddybear, Madame."

"For Little William of course! Oh isn't that sweet Theobald? Isn't that positively sweet?"

"Yes Madame."

"Who sent it Theobald? What does the return address say?"

"There is no return address, Madame."

"Well, as Monsieur Voltaire once said, there is nothing better than doing a good deed by stealth and having it discovered by accident. We must find out who it was, so that we may thank him. Don't you agree Theobald?"

"Of course, Madame." I was beginning to feel sick. I always felt unwell when Mrs. Osgood started her "Don't you agree Theobald?" routine, but this time the sensation was far stronger than usual.

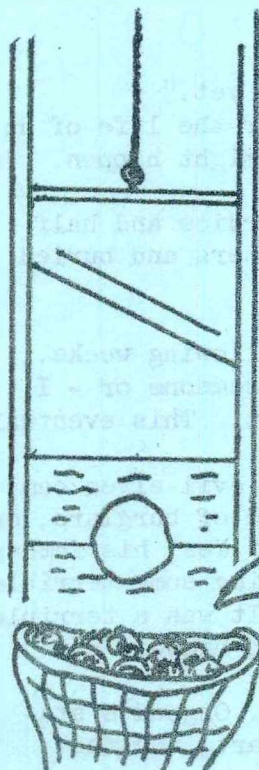
"I'll give it to Little William at once. He'll be delighted, won't he Theobald? Won't he?"

"I'm sure he will Madame."

I handed the teddybear to her and as I did - I prayed desperately that I had gone mad and imagined such a thing,

but I knew that I hadn't - the thing *leered* at me in a most obscene way.

Still, I had no proof with which to confront the Master, and thus I dared not mention it to him. He was



Gentlemen, now
that we're all
together, shall we
get down to business?

always rather intolerant of such things, being a hard-headed scientific realist. To him a teddybear was cloth and stuffing and nothing more, regardless of who sent it.

Mrs. Osgood took the object upstairs, and soon I could hear Little William's cries of delight. I gathered up the wrappings and burned them, along with the note, in the fireplace.

Had my imagination been overactive? Nothing had really happened, had it? A lonely child had gotten a new toy and was happy. Perhaps the Indian person from whom it had come had sought in his own way to atone for the many wrongs he had done whilst under the jurisdiction of Colonel Osgood. No man, after all, is utterly evil. Perhaps this villain had a generous streak in his makeup after all.

So it was that when Colonel Osgood came home that night from his weekly rounds at the billiards club I did not mention the incident to him, let alone voice my suspicions as to the possibly sinister aspects of the whole affair. I tried to calm myself and rationalise away all I had seen.

I might have been able to do so, too, had I not overheard a strange conversation a couple hours later.

It was about two AM, as I was walking through the upstairs halls, making sure that everything was in order before I retired, that I heard voices coming from the nursery. One of them was clearly that of Little William himself, but the other was new to me. It had a disturbingly ethereal, almost fairy-like quality to it.

I put my ear to the door and listened.

"Thay fellah," said the unfamiliar voice. "Look at this."

"Golly!" exclaimed Little William. "It seems to be a banana."

"Oh no it's not....."

There was a twanging sound.

"Hey! Cut that out, will you? Look but don't touch."

"Gee I'm sorry."

"That'th okay. Now let'th thee yourth. Try real hard now."

Silence.

"Sorry," said Little William after a minute. "I just can't seem to get mine up like yours."

"How old are you kid?"

"Four."

"Well then, that explainth everything. You got a few yearth to go yet."

Oh the horror of it! To think that such an abomination could enter the life of an innocent child! What could I do? If I burst into the room, the worst might happen. Yet if I did nothing, the worst might also happen.

So I ran. I fled that terrible place, half out of a shameful cowardice and half out of a need to do something. I ran all the way to the servants' quarters and buried my woes and my conscience between the thighs of the chambermaid.

Strange things began to happen with increasing frequency in the following weeks. Little William's toys were found wantonly damaged some mornings, as if someone or - I shudder to add - something had roughly penetrated them in a certain spot. This eventually happened to all his other teddybears and his larger tin soldiers.

The boy was, of course, terribly upset. At first he imagined that evil elves came through his window at night and perpetrated these crimes. Then he spoke of burglars, or jealous children of the lower classes. Finally he accused his parents. Yes, his father and mother! The poor lad thought that his father and mother were exacting some terrible punishment on him for an unnamed offense. He became a nervous wreck. It was a terrible thing to happen to a child so young, to have such a rift created between himself and those who loved him the most.

But then the same sort of thing began to direct itself against Mrs. Osgood's statues. A person of great culture, she was a fancier of classical Greek art, and the house and grounds were filled with fine carvings. Those same carvings were now found mutilated, and it was a great shock to us all. I'll never forget the ghastly look on her

face when she found her Adonis with a hole where a hole didn't belong.

A definite pattern seemed to be developing, but no one besides me could recognise it. First the toys, then the statues inside the house, then those without. Colonel Osgood didn't know what to make of it, his rationalist philosophy preventing him from grasping even the slightest inkling of the truth. Still I did not voice my suspicions, for I knew that if I spoke even once of a small furry creature stalking about the house at night he would fire me.

I continued to spy on Little William and his bear, and even though I heard more shocking conversations, I could gain no evidence with which to prove my case to the others.

I began to keep a record. I marked down on my calendar those nights on which I had peeked into the sleeping boy's room to find that his teddybear wasn't there. I also kept track of the times of the vandalisms. The dates coincided exactly.

But what could I do?

Until the last minute I did nothing, then the horrible climax came.

One evening as the Colonel and Mrs. Osgood were sitting around the table in the parlour whilst I served them tea, we all heard Little William shouting upstairs.

"So you're the one who broke my soldiers! I hate you! I hate you! I'll never play with you again!"

I shuddered at the implications of the last line, but before I could make much out of it, the teddybear came hurtling down the steps, cast away by the angry boy above. It bounced once off the banister, and landed in the parlour, right at the feet of Colonel Osgood.

Once more - I swear this is true though I dearly wish it wasn't - the creature glanced up with unholy lust in its eyes. This time it was leering at the Colonel.

"Well," he said. "Children sometimes reject toys. What a shame. I think I'll keep it a while until he wants it back. I've rather taken a fancy to the thing, I'll admit. Maybe I'm getting senile but I think it's kind of cute."

"No Sir, you can't!" I blurted out, almost dropping the teapot in the Madame's lap.

Osgood glared at me. "WHY can't I, Theobald? Tell me that if you will. I am the master of this house and I'll do what I blessed well please. Do you hear me?"

"Why-why, Sir. I didn't mean it like that. I only wished to say that it wouldn't seem proper for a man of your age to have a teddybear. I mean, Sir--"

His face was red with rage. "Tosh, bosh and tommyrot! Mr. Roosevelt over in America has a teddybear so why can't I? I shall I say. I shall! And you are never to tell me I can't do something again, if you value your job. Do I make myself clear, Theobald?"

"Perfectly, Sir....."

"That's good. I shall retire now, with the teddybear if you don't mind. Good night to you."

"Good night, Sir."

The Colonel left the room, that ungodly thing under one arm. He was furious with me, I could tell. If I said one thing about the teddybear now, I was finished, and if I were to be sent away the entire household would be defenseless against that evil menace, since I alone knew its true nature.

"Oh Theobald?" My reverie was shattered by Mrs. Osgood's shrill, almost screeching voice.

"Yes Madame?"

"Theobald, I wish to read for a while before I go to bed. Fetch me my book. It's on the card table in the study."

"Yes Madame."

I returned a moment later with her book. I was rather taken aback when I saw its title, as its author had once been involved in a terribly sordid scandal and it wasn't like a lady of Mrs. Osgood's breeding to be perusing such a thing. It was the most notorious work by the celebrated writer of the last generation, Mr. Oscar Wilde.

The night wore on interminably. My mind was filled with doubts now. I fiddled around, trying to perform various chores, but could get nothing done. What could I do to save the Colonel? Should I save the Colonel? Nothing seemed to be amiss at all. Was I really mad? Had I imagined the entire thing?

No, I knew better than that. I then tried to convince myself that the Colonel was a brave man and had been a resourceful soldier, and could thus take care of himself. I knew this to be a lie also. No man, especially one who did not believe in the supernatural, could stand up against such a terror as my master was now confronted with. And he wasn't even aware of its evil intent!

All my dreads and nightmares came true and I knew it was too late when the Colonel's screams echoed throughout the house, shattering the stillness of the night. I heard sounds of a struggle, and these hysterical words:

"No! No! Stay away from me you fiend! Not there! Don't stick it in there!!"

I grabbed a lamp and dashed up to the bedroom, crashing through the door without hardly slowing down. It was only then that I perceived the most shocking and hideous sight a human mind could ever be assaulted with.

The Colonel lay across the bed, his pajama bottoms pulled down to his knees. The teddybear sat mounted atop his exposed buttocks, its unprintable (with which very few stuffed toys are ever equipped I must say) shoved firmly up his unprintable. The creature crooned with perverse satisfaction.

I gathered up all my courage and approached my fallen master. Keeping as far away from the bear as I could, I reached out to his neck, hoping to feel a pulse.

There wasn't any. He was dead, slain by an insidious poison unknown to western science.

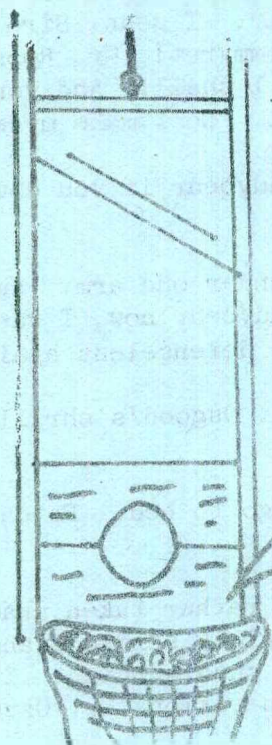
Just then the brown monster looked up from its triumph, saw me, and uttered an obscene East Asian expression.

With that my reason left me, and in a fit of insane fury I hurled my lamp at the thing. Immediately the kerosine spilled out and the room exploded in flames.

The Osgood mansion burned down, or so the papers said. I didn't wait around long long enough to see, but fled headlong out of that accursed place, down the highway and towards the nearest town.

I am sorry to relate that the rest of the household perished in the fire. So I guess I alone am able to tell the tale. Which is just as well, I suppose.

--with apologies to
Algernon Blackwood
---Darrell Schweitzer



... and I used to
have these terrible
backaches ... They
don't bother me
anymore.

Darrell Schweitzer

WAR OF THE WAVES

part the last

THE DROWNED BALLAD

BY

darrell schweitzer



/*/ This discussion started in response to my review of a book in HTT #8; I daresay that it has gone on for rather more time than it probably should have. Therefore, methinks that I shall put close to this discussion after this issue (except for pertinent response in the letter column to that which is raised in this issue of HTT. /*/

/*/ By way of introduction to this let me quote what Darrell wrote: "This version of TDB was first published in Whitaker's HUNTING OF THE SNARK in 1975. There was an earlier version in JJ Pierce's anti-New Wave propaganda zine RENAISSANCE about 1971. It was pretty much the same story, but there were a few gags which were juvenile, but (more seriously) ineffective and irrelevant." We shall let the story speak for itself./*/

On the morning after the storm, the body of a dead J.G. Ballard story was washed up on the shore of the Sea of Profundity. When I first heard the news of its arrival, I remained skeptical, but after all of my colleagues had gone down to the beach to sea it, there was nothing else for me to do, so I went also.

For this reason, by the time I first saw the thing a large crowd had gathered, and I had some difficulty examining it closely, for all around me were hordes of critics and writers and various other literary persons, all exclaiming what a stupendous work of Art this object was. When I finally did make my way to the front of the crowd and was able to view the thing which was the center of their attention closely, I too was impressed by the fine craftsmanship with which it was put together. Outwardly, it was indeed a masterpiece, neatly and economically assembled by a master hand.

But after a time I began to wonder, and, seizing a shovel which had been sticking out of the sand for symbollic purposes, I climbed atop the massive artifact and began to dig. This aroused the attention of those around me, and soon they also began to question, and after a while they began to tear away various parts of the object which they deemed non-essential.

"This is just the fluffy trappings," they said as they stripped off something. "True fiction must be shorn of such, so that the basic stuff of literature may be left to stand by itself." There seemed to be some disagreement among them as to what the basic stuff was, but they continued to remove all they were sure it wasn't.

I paid little heed to them and proceeded in my own endeavour. I hadn't gotten very far at all, just below the glittery outer crust, when suddenly I felt the surface give way beneath me, and before I knew it I was plunging downward into a great hole that looked remarkably like a navel.

Fortunately I was not killed, for, even though the drop was a long one, I landed with a soft bounce. After a minute or so the shock wore off, and I realised where I was. I was inside! Deep down in the great pre-Uterine chamber!

Taking a flashlight, which I had conveniently carried that day in defiance of all plot logic, I searched the place for whatever might be the essence of this outstanding work. I was appalled at what I saw. It was *empty*. I was standing inside a big hollow shell. I was expecting, at the very least a slightly used atomic bomb, a deadly six-foot seagull, a pair of black-lace panties formerly owned by Abraham Zapruder, Princess Margaret's false teeth, a prophylactic once used by Major Eatherly to fornicate with a machine gun on the *Enola Gay*, an issue of SCREEN SECRETS containing a nude centerfold of Jacqueline Kennedy's pet goldfish, and a respectable assortment of Jungian archetypes. But there was nothing! Nothing at all!

Surely I would have gone mad with this realisation, had not the sheer chance of the mindless, meaningless cosmos been on my side for once. Just in the nick of time the critics, who were still carving away at the outside, burst through and rescued me.

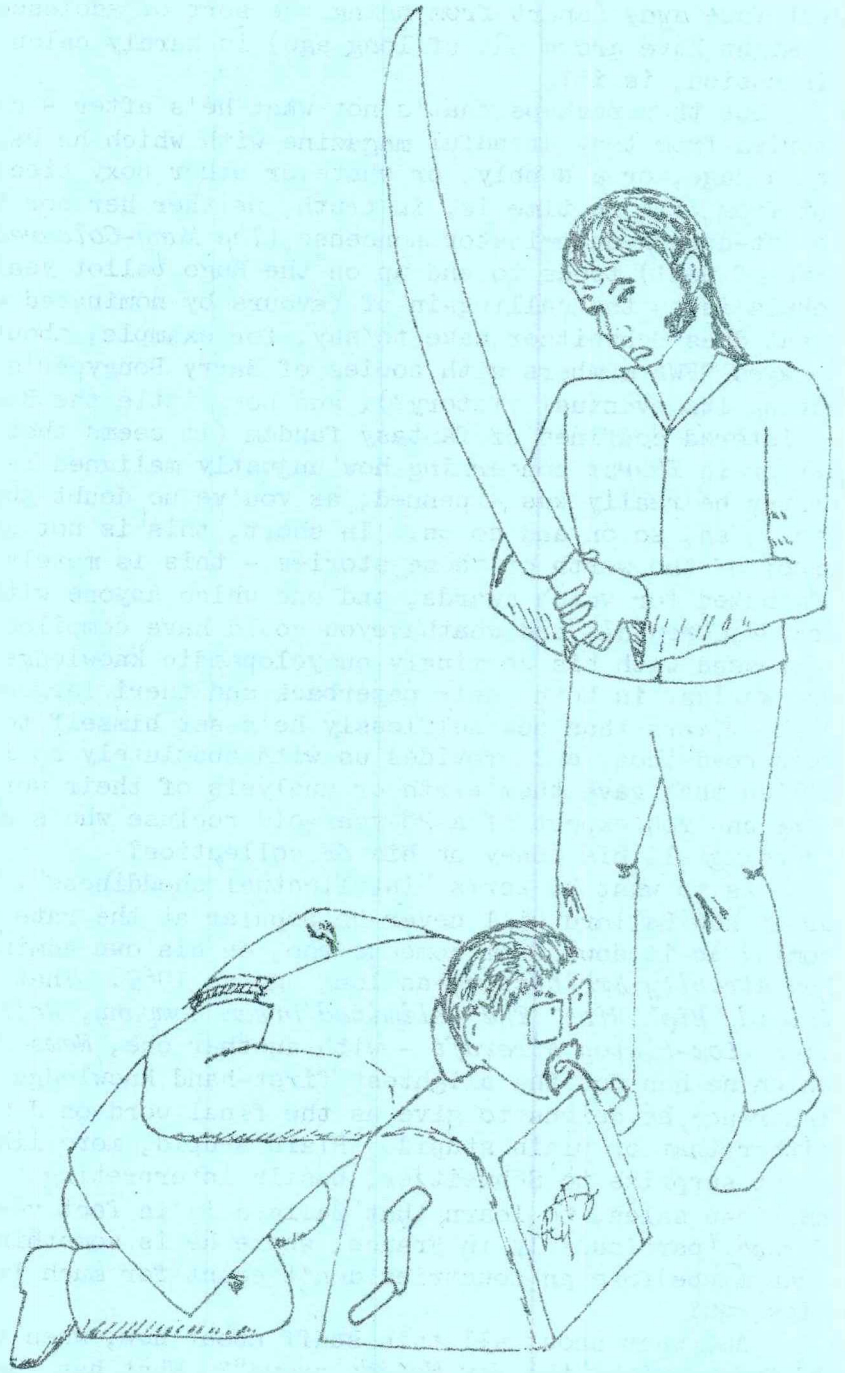
They too were astounded, and we all stood around dumbly as the few remaining scraps of the once esteemed masterpiece broke up and were carred off by the waves.

--- Darrell Schweitzer

"C'ERA UN VOLTA DANS L'OUEST"

BY

j o s e p h
n i c h o l a s



Really, Joseph, an irate LoC would
have been enough to make your point.

I am beginning to grow a little bored with Darrell Schweitzer -- more than "a little", in fact, since his responses seem so limited, his range of experiences and attitudes so narrow. It's all so predictable that I hardly have to read what he says any more - it's the same old stuff about *New Worlds* not being a proper SF magazine and how Isaac Asimov's *SF Weekly* is quite terrific really and....on and on and on. I'm irresistibly reminded of the remark made about him by Damon Knight in Charles Platt's *The Dream Makers*, to the effect that Schweitzer is one of those people who automatically assume that, if they can't see any virtue in something, then it has no virtue at all. And if that sounds like mere abuse, so does much of what he has to say this time - all this stuff about how I'm just a hoax got up for the part and how if I'm ignored I'll just fade away (apart from being the sort of adolescent wish-fulfillment you'd hoped he might have grown out of long ago) is hardly calculated to improve the tone of the discussion, is it?

But then perhaps that's not what he's after - certainly, all this stuff about which stories from that dreadful magazine with which he was once associated have been nominated for a Huge, or a Nobbly, or whatever other poxy piece of tat people are wont to hand out from time to time is, in truth, neither here nor there. We all know what sort of lowest-common-denominator nonsense (*The Many-Coloured Land* and *Project Pope*, for the love of God!) tends to end up on the Hugo ballot year after year, and how prone the Nebula is to the calling-in of favours by nominated writers or hype by publishers (what does Schweitzer have to say, for example, about the shameless way "his" magazine deluged SFWA members with copies of Barry Borgeaus's "Enema Mine", thus virtually ensuring its eventual victory?), and how little the Balrog means to those beyond the cloistered confines of fantasy fandom (it seems that only the other day I was reading a letter in *Thurst* concerning how unjustly maligned is H.P. Lovecraft and how great a writer he really was - penned, as you've no doubt guessed, by our old friend D. Schweitzer Esq.), and so on and so on. In short, this is not criticism, this is not an unequivocal proof of the worth of these stories - this is merely a list of which stories have been nominated for which awards, and one which anyone with access to complete runs of *Locus* and *SF Chronicle* and whathaveyou could have compiled. Not impressed, boss. Nor am I impressed with his seemingly encyclopaedic knowledge of the contents of the Moorcock *New Worlds*, in both their paperback and their large-format issues - it demonstrates nothing more than how selflessly he's set himself to acquire them all and how closely he's read them, and provides us with absolutely no insight whatever into the cultural milieu that gave them birth or analysis of their worth and meaning. But then what else can you expect of a 28-year-old recluse who's still living with his mother and spending all his money on his SF collection?

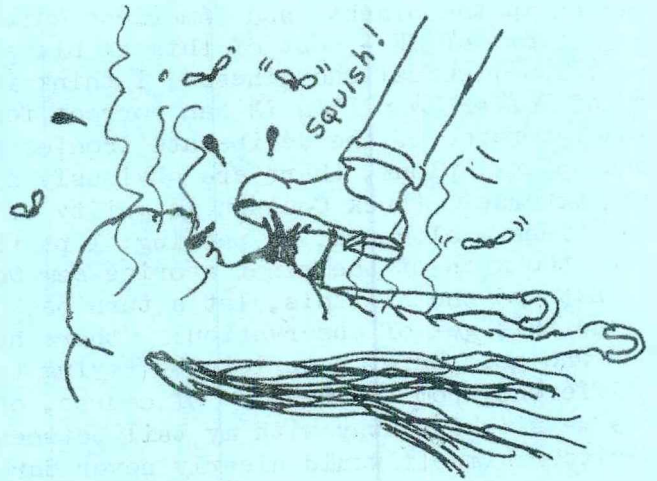
As to what he terms "intellectual shoddiness"....what about this remark, at the end, about how Ballard will never be popular at the rate he's doing? This is pretty rich, coming as it does from someone who, on his own admission, hasn't read any Ballard since *The Atrocity Exhibition*, as long ago as 1969. That's well, five novels (*Crash*, *Concrete Island*, *High-Rise*, *The Unlimited Dream Company*, *Hello America*) and one short story collection (*Low-Flying Aircraft* - with another one, *News From The Sun*, to appear shortly) of which he has not the slightest first-hand knowledge - and from this position of vast ignorance he deigns to give us the final word on J.G. Ballard? He has to be joking - either that or plain stupid. Plain stupid, more like - it will doubtless come as a great surprise to Schweitzer, busily interpreting "popularity" in terms of an author's American sales, to learn that Ballard is in fact very popular indeed in Britain and Europe (particularly in France, where he is something of a cult), and even in Japan. But then maybe foreign countries don't count for much in Mr. Schweitzer's blinkered world-view, eh?

And what about all this stuff about how, when authors become popular, they fall out of favour with "the *New Worlds* crowd"? What has that got to do with anything? Schweitzer seems to think that because I support what *New Worlds* was trying to do and how it helped liberalise the SF climate over here, then I must *ipso facto* agree with everything it ever said, and support *The Patchin Review* into the bargain for making the same sort of

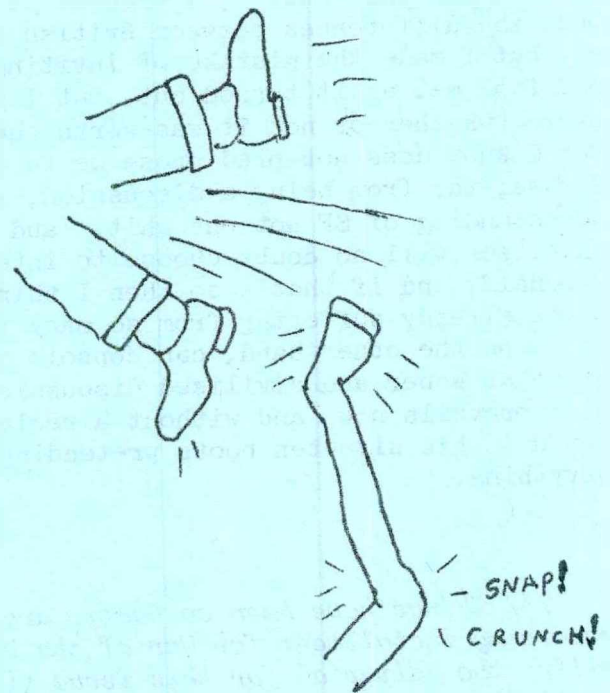
noises. Nothing could be further from the truth....but the effort of explaining to Schweitzer just why this is so is beyond me, I'm afraid: his perceptions are clearly too coarse-grained to understand the subtleties, or repay the effort involved. Trying to explain why an author who happens to be popular, like Schweitzer's much-cherished Barry Bongyear, is not necessarily a good writer is also beyond me - or, more likely, beyond Schweitzer's comprehension, because....well, because writers like Harold Robbins and Barbara Cartland and J.T. Edson are also very popular, and sell books by the truckload, but that does not mean Schweitzer is going to stand up in public and say that they're good writers as well? Not unless he wants to cast aside all pretence to critical standards, he won't - but, in praising Bongyear, this is precisely what he is doing. Is he actually aware of these contradictions in his behaviour, do you think, or does he just plough on regardless, hoping that his vociferousness and repetitiveness will distract the attention of his readers from the gaping cracks in his arguments?

Unfortunately for Schweitzer, I have read the rejection slips sent out by "his" magazine - as have a number of other British fans. At a convention some years ago (I think it was Novacon 8), they were pinned up on the walls of the Fan Room, with paper supplied for everyone to add their comments. The winning comment won a prize (half a bottle of scotch?), and was very witty and most apposite....I wish I'd kept it, because I could have included it in the text of this article. But it's a fairly minor matter, really -- well, it would be if Schweitzer didn't admit that the slips were designed for people who read Erich Von Daniken and didn't know what "double-spacing" meant, because those remarks in themselves reveal the intellectual level of the writers the magazine purports to "encourage". In which case, who the hell cares what they write, or how many of them the magazine eventually publishes?

There's no point in my responding to what he claims (on the latter half of page 31 of last issue) I said about the writer's



Joseph Nicholas
kicking a dead horse.



A dead horse kicking
Joseph Nicholas.

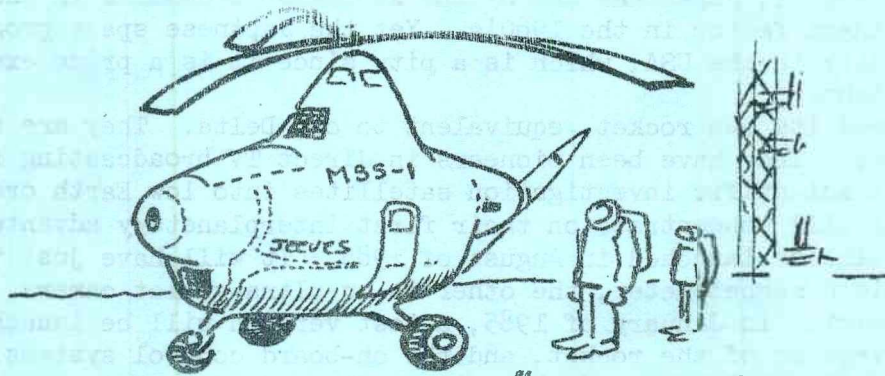
"filling in the blanks" and "American cultural imperialism" vis-a-vis their alleged "domination" of SF - most of this is blatant and deliberate distortion and misinterpretation ("intellectual shoddiness", I think it's called), which anyone with access to a copy of *Holier Than Thou* 12 can correct for themselves. Not to mention his apparent blind ignorance of the deliberate ironies present in some of my original remarks.... plonk, plonk, plonk, there are obviously no subtleties or understatements in the Schweitzer universe. (Buck Coulson is guilty of the same, and Don D'Amassaa veers close to it at times - although, in passing, I particularly liked his remark that Schweitzer was making too much of the minor stories *New Worlds* published.)

But, to end all this, let's turn back to the beginning of Schweitzer's piece, and re-read this gem of observation: "there have always been loud-mouthed, non-creative types who gain brief notoriety by trying to tear down their betters, and (Nicholas is) no different from the rest." Of course, of course - such a damning judgement, one that sends me slinking away with my tail between my legs, snarling piteously the while. Schweitzer himself would clearly never dare dream of making any such attacks on his betters, would he? No, never in a month of Sundays - or has he now conveniently forgotten the onslaught on Barry Malzberg he penned for *Delap's F & SF Review* back in the mid-seventies? Presumably so, otherwise he'd have to stand up and admit that he's a hypocrite through and through. Which is why I'm snarling piteously - because "the rest" in this instance includes Darrell Schweitzer, and who in God's name would want to be lumped together with him in anything?

Ah well. It's all in the past now anyway - not just the controversy over *New Worlds* but the controversy between Schweitzer and myself. Once upon a time, Marty, when I was simply responding to your book review (wasn't that as long ago as *Holier Than Thou* 8?) /*/yes -ed./*/, I thought we might be able to have a sober, civilised discussion about the differences between British and American SF and the reasons for those differences, but I made the mistake of inviting Darrell Schweitzer to join the discussion as well. More fool me, as it turned out, but I suppose that I now know more about him than I did before (whether or not it was worth the trouble of finding out is a moot point); and what I know does not predispose me to continue with such discussion as has materialised. Because, far from being a discussion, it's turned into a slanging match, advancing our understanding of SF not one whit; and since that's what I'm primarily interested in... Schweitzer will no doubt choose to interpret my pulling out as an admission of defeat on my behalf, and if that's so then I think we should permit him that delusion. (The poor sod is already suffering from so many that one more won't make much difference.) You and I, on the other hand, can console ourselves with the thought that, one day, we can have that sober and civilised discussion, in an atmosphere more harmonious than that which prevails now, and without a reclusive ex-sub-editor and hack fanartist stumping around in his size-ten boots pretending that he knows the last word about absolutely everything.

--- Joseph Nicholas

/*/ Things have been so hectic around here that I just did not have any time to prepare my installment for *War of the Waves* (("YAY!!!")); instead, I utilised my time writing the editorial for this issue (("Boo, Hisssss!!!")). However, I will give you my opinion about Ballard: Ballard sucks great green rocks through a soda straw (except that Ballard, were he to be writing that which I just wrote about him, would use fantastically beautiful poetic imagery whilst totally obscuring that which he was attempting to say). Other than that, I must say that I am sorry to see Joseph leave us. Joseph, in his own way, has become as much a part of the *HOLIER THAN THOU* gestalt as has Darrell (in a very different and putrid way). Joseph will be missed - I hope that he decides to drop in for a visit every once in a while - he will be most welcome./*/



"MULTI-PURPOSE SPACECRAFT
MAY BE GREAT, BUT HOW DO WE
GET IT TO THE MOON?"

HALLEYLUJAH!

BY

harry andruschak

Part IV: The Divine Solar Wind

- Dec., 1984: The USSR launches the two VEGA spacecraft to Venus.
- Jan., 1985: Japan launches MS-TS in an interplanetary orbit around the Sun.
- June, 1985: Both VEGA spacecraft fly by Venus, send Landers down to the surface, then use gravity assist to head out.
- July, 1985: The European Space Agency launches GIOTTO
- Aug., 1985: Japan launches PLANET-A
- Feb. 9, 1986: Perihelion of Comet Halley
- Mar. 8, 1986: Closest approach for the two Japanese spacecraft.
- Mar. 8, 1986: VEGA I encounters Halley.
- Mar. 10, 1986: VEGA II encounters Halley.
- Mar. 13, 1986: GIOTTO encounters Halley.
- Apr. 11, 1986: Closest approach of the comet to Earth.

Whereas the USA spends less than 1% of the Federal Budget on Space, Japan spends over 3%. And space is not the only area where Japan invests in R&D, especially the

"useless" type. As a result, Japan has one of the strongest economies in the world, and looks to be a dominant factor in the 1980's. Yet the Japanese space programme receives little publicity in the USA, which is a pity since it is a prime example of how to do things right.

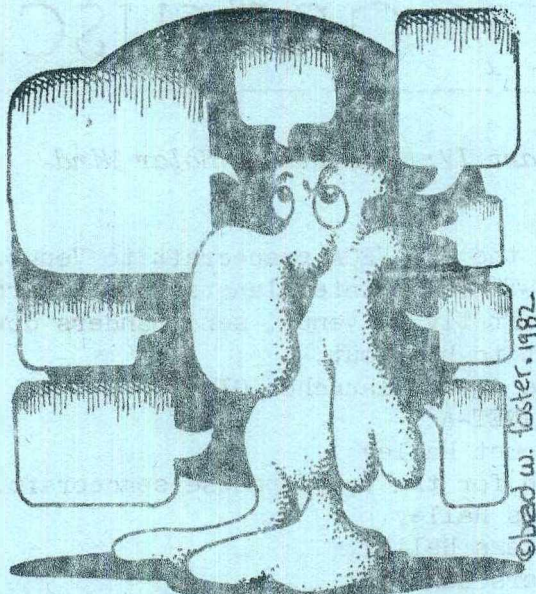
Japan has developed its own rocket, equivalent to our Delta. They are active in applications satellites. They have been pioneers in direct TV broadcasting from space. They have sent several scientific investigation satellites into low Earth orbit. Due to space limitations I will concentrate on their first interplanetary adventure.

PLANET-A itself will be launched in August of 1985. It will have just two instruments on board. One is a magnetometer, the other is an ultra-violet camera. It will fly directly to the comet. In January of 1985, a test version will be launched first, to check out the new version of the rocket, and the on-board control systems. This preliminary satellite will cruise around the solar system.

Here I must correct an error in previous columns. MS-T5, as the preliminary test spacecraft is designated, will *not* be flying by Venus except at very long range. The reason is rather croggling to me. The Japanese fishermen will only allow launches by the space agency in January and August. I kid you not.

Both spacecraft will wind up in the tail of Comet Halley in March 8. Tracking will be done by a 64 meter radio antenna that the Japanese are building at a site 150 kilometers northwest of Tokyo. This frees them from having to rely on JPL and the DSN. Who is going to trust the US after the way that we shafted the Europeans? The antenna will be used later for radio astronomy work, and tracking of PLANET-B. Yes, there will be further deep space projects by Japan.

---Harry Andruschak



...TRYING DESPERATELY
TO BE CREATIVE...

gettin' it

VS

not gettin' any —

A FEW BRIEF THOUGHTS

BY

bernadette

bosky

A CONVENTION IS: #23

LEARNING A BROAD YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON
IS THE COMMUNAL PROPERTY OF THE LOCAL SCA



// There has been some commentary in the LoC Ness Monster on the topic of "Getting It vs. Not Getting Any". The following article is excerpted from Bernadette's last LoC (or was it from the LoC before that?). Whatever. /*/*

Most of my experience in fandom up until the past year or so was through fantasy rather than SF fandom -- not all (I went to a DeepSouthCon, too) but most. Recently, of course, I've gotten to know a number of people through Arthur, most of whom are in what I've heard called "touchy-feely fandom". I use the term descriptively, not condemningly - I like just about everyone I've come to know, even if the whole ethos in itself sometimes seems to me to leave a little to be desired. Sometime, I'm going to write about the difference I've found in fantasy fandom vs. SF-fandom - the point here is only that the experiences I'm speaking from are with friendly and intelligent but not necessarily sexually open people. In fact, many of my partners have even been rather shy - of course, I'm not shy, which helped; but we still had no trouble making our mutual desires known, and acting on them. So, any observations on what happened, or didn't happen, that I can give advice from?

Well, yes. We're assuming now that the man is physically pleasant - not overwhelmingly handsome, but doesn't have bad breath, is recently bathed, not too fat to copulate with, and like that. We're assuming he isn't nasty or insulting to the woman, isn't using a line as obviously phony as a three-dollar bill, isn't embarrassing to be seen with. Those aside, most of the TWAGAs only 1)lack confidence, 2)don't know how to signal, verbally or otherwise, that they're sexually interested - anyway, without being unintentionally but annoyingly crass about it, 3)don't know how to interact with a woman congoer in ways other than sexual - conversation and the like. (Actually, they probably don't know how to relate to *any* congoers in social modes, but this is only concerned with women.)

Those are all related, of course. Someone who doesn't know how to signal his sexual interest in any other but a blatant way, and *knows* he doesn't know how, will be so concerned about that that he'll seem distant and pre-occupied whilst talking - a drag in

any conversation - and so just won't come off as an enjoyable/interesting person. Lack of confidence can make one hesitant to signal sexual interest - or even to begin a conversation in the first place.

So, if I'm at a con, a man will come up and talk to me - or I'll go up and talk to him. If we're at all compatible people, within a few minutes we're happily conversing as friends: about ideas, books, music, guns, drugs, graduate school, or whatever. This conversation can go along pleasantly as is; or, somewhere along the line, I might get the idea that he's interested in sex with me, and decide I'm interested in sex with him. At that point, in my experience, one of us usually makes a suggestion that may be sexual but leaves an opportunity for either to honourably opt for a simple continuation of the conversation on a non-physical level. Depending on how frank the participants and how obvious the sexual interest, this can range from something introducing potential but fairly neutral (at a crowded publisher's party, "Gee I wish I were somewhere where I could sit down, my feet are killing me") to the not-very-subtle at all (I think with Arthur it was something like "Let's fuck", or its non-verbal equivalent). And of course it's not just verbal: an arm around my shoulder can be made more snug if I snuggle up to it, withdrawn without a big deal if I tense up; if I touch a knee when I make a point and the fellow likes it, it stays - otherwise, it's just a gesture.

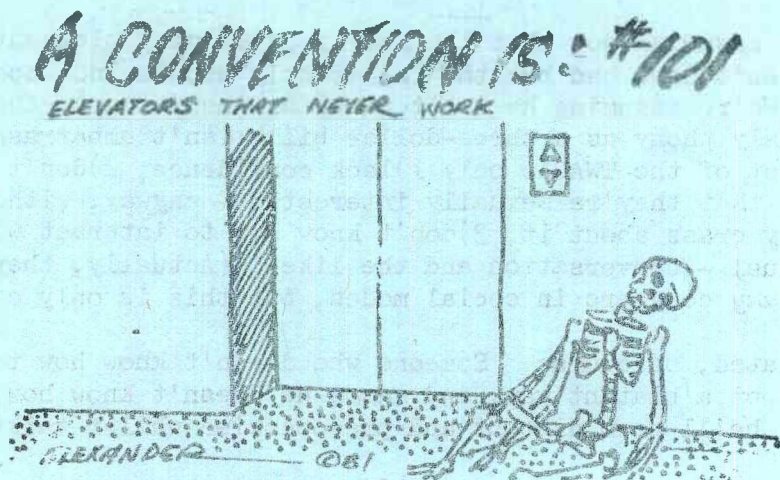
There are those who find this kind of stuff "game-playing", and condemn it. I am not one of them. Sexual intimacy, if it is not trivialised, is a scary thing - and rejection along the path to it is an even more scary thing. No one, male or female, wants to be obviously put down and rejected; the two aren't the same on a rational level, but no one likes it anyway.

So the main thing is to do as much as one can to make one's intentions clear - the more self-confidence, the more one will "risk" (be willing to risk, I mean) to do so - and the more often such ventures will be successful. I agree that to spend one's time *just* doing those things to try to get laid would be a loss. That's why I only do so with people whose presence I genuinely find interesting in a non-sexual, conversational way. If the interaction leads to sex, that's wonderful; if it does not, I've had a first-rate conversation, and one can hardly have too many of *those* in one's lifetime.

The other person may well *not* be interested, for no reason other than his or her own - from being tired, to not believing in sex or simply having too many other offers for the evening already. But the important thing is that, in most cases, I think the problem isn't that two people aren't interested, but that they are and just don't know how to make their intentions known to each other.

This is all such relative stuff, and hard to write about, and yet one simply *can't* help sharing one's views.

---Bernadette Bosky



THE PIED TYPER

BY

mike glyer

GOSH! MARTY CANTOR!
ONE OF THE LIVING
INCARNATIONS OF CORFLU!



MEANWHILE, AS NOAH WEBSTER SPINS IN HIS GRAVE: Deep inside himself, Marty Cantor believes he is Eric Lindsay's next-door neighbour in Faulconbridge, Australia. At least, that's the nearest I've come to analysing Marty's mental process when typing stencils wherein he transforms my American prose to a strange amalgam of Britishisms, personal spelling perversions involving the letter 'e', and flat-out typographical errors.

Consider the following examples which compare the manuscript of my last column to the version published by Marty:

MINE: competently
augurs
recognized
among
while
connections
fraught

CANTOR'S: competantly
augers
recognised
amongst
whilst
connexions
frought

However did Cantor go from being a mild-mannered beatnik tobacconist to a dyslexic Fleet Street proofreader? Every time I see my prose in HOLIER THAN THOU, I feel as though I have flunked the spelling section of a Civil Service test in the Twilight Zone. A flush of guilty apprehension rises up my neck -- a part of my anatomy which is not ordinalrily red, no matter what you may have heard. Will readers look at my prose as edited by Marty and suspect I'm afflicted with creeping illiteracy?

I try to console myself by remembering that if Ian Maule, of Britain, published my column a lot of these same changes would be made, and no one would know. I balk at the notion, for it's difficult to think of North Hollywood as part of Britain. Although Marty doesn't seem to be fazed by that...

/*/ I feel constrained to point out that in Mike's manuscript the word "fazed" is spelled "phased". /*/

Rich Coad's fanzine review column, "Infinite Jest" in BOONFARK 6, debuted after considerable aging in the cask. Although editor Dan Steffan's editorial comments implied some embarrassment for delaying the column's publication to the extent that another issue of HTT had appeared since the one Coad discussed, I did not find that Coad's reviews suffered by waiting. ~~Anybody who wants to spend a page-and-a-half pulling Marty Cantor's chain is okay with me!~~ Coad approaches fanzines with a pragmatic point of view, informing himself about what the editors set out to accomplish, drawing conclusions about their degree of success which are supported by some well-written observations of the fanzines, proceeding to describe his personal reactions to the editor, material, and format. Coad's column manages to retain a strong personal touch without deteriorating into arrogance. The comments he makes are sufficiently well-written to be of interest long after the fanzines he criticizes have gone the way of the dodo.

When I say Coad is pragmatic, I mean that he seems primarily interested in: is it fun? is it well-written? is an idea fully developed? is the repro competent? why does it fail or succeed?

At this moment in time, there are too many fanzine reviewers disguised as mimeo W.H. Audens. What is the purpose of harassing people in the name of standards. We should all only write as well as Walt Willis, draw as well as George Barr, be as funny as Alexis Gilliland, design a fanzine with the precision of Andrew Porter, and reproduce it with the virtuosity of Mike Glicksohn. These fans personify various ideals of fanzine publishing, having achieved a high degree of artistry in one element -- but their accomplishments do not define, and limit, the field. In Willis, Barr, Porter, and Glicksohn I named very orthodox examples. The statement would have been no less true, whilst leaving a much different idea about my personal tastes, had I named Richard Harter the writer, Carl Bennett the artist, and Victoria Vayne the publisher. Fandom is able to absorb a number of excellent talents who write (etc.) uniquely.

Whilst I enjoy well-done fannish humour, I feel nothing is accomplished by pressuring people to conform to writing derivative material. What is gained when people who are not Burbees and Willises -- or Avedon Carols and Paul Skeltons -- feel compelled to imitate them because it's the only type of writing some fmz reviewers consider "real". People should not be discouraged from displaying their true aptitudes in the name of promoting a 50s-60s twiltone nirvana. When fans come forward producing zines of that stripe -- then assess them as such. If that type of zine is not forthcoming, the effort to shame editors into changing over to that type is destructive of the new fan-editors -- whom I might point out are in diminishing supply.

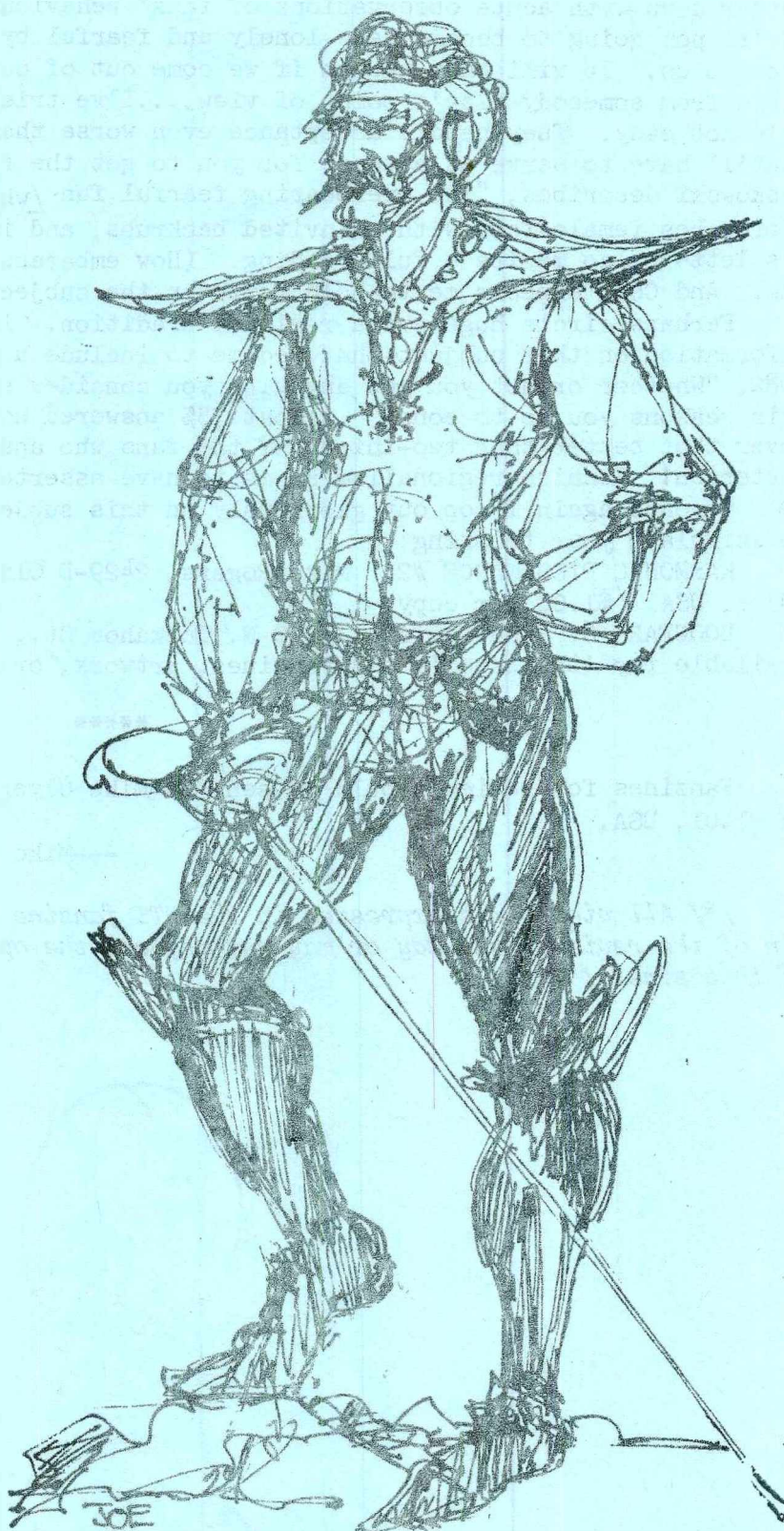
Coad was a breath of fresh air, because he didn't fall into these deep traps. I even enjoyed his criticisms of my original fmz review column for HOLIER THAN THOU -- they were easy to take, since I'd come to just about the same conclusions long ago. That column dealt primarily with HARMONIC DISSONANCE 1, and Mike Rogers' essay "The Fearful Fan" -- his interpretation of lonely/horny male fans at conventions. Coad notices, "...but what is left out is a bloody reaction to the article. And even what the article says..." Unfortunately, when I expressed my view that it was, too, important (rather than laughable) to raise the issue of sexual expectations at conventions, I figured that was about as far as I was prepared to take it. My vast knowledge of sexuality in fandom will soon be available in printed form -- on a decal that will fit on any post-card.

Still, there can be no doubt that fannish expectations have changed over the last thirty years. Throughout the historical accounts and old photos in ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, one envisions the composite eofan as a pale and wimpy teenager, quite intelligent but so obnoxious his fellow fans could barely stand him, much less mundanes. There were precious few women in fandom -- a fact that taken together with AH, SWEET IDIOCY!'s charges of fannish homosexuality leads one to suppose that sexual activity of any stripe was a rarity in eofandom. Whether true or not, it seems unlikely that fandom, a remarkably conservative micro-society, was more sexually enlightened than society at large

in the 40s and 50s. (At the same time, I wonder whether fandom's early days would have resembled the present more closely if conditions had led fandom to blossom during the experimental and permissive 20s.)

The fannish rank-and-file was ready to discuss Rogers' thoughts about timid male fans, sexual expectations at cons, and their appropriateness, judging by the lettercolumn in HARMONIC DISSONANCE 2. I was interested and surprised to see so many women react to Rogers' article with LoCs. They were generally in favour of having the topic discussed. Specific comments divided along two lines. First, advice to the lovelorn. Julia Scott suggested, "A toothbrush, deodorant, shampoo, and a little aftershave would do a lot of male fen a world of good!" Second, criticism of Rogers' implicit assumptions expressed in his editorial. Laurie Mann testified, "If the male fans had been any more aggressive at the first few cons I attended, I would have quit fandom altogether....Maybe something needs to be said to the 'Fearful Fan' who seems to not fear women as much as totally disregard their thoughts and feelings."

Earlier I contended that this subject deserved a lot of serious, compassionate discussion. Despite that, I burst out laughing at some of the things I read. Wrote one femmefan: "I enjoyed your 'Fearful Fans' article and can only say YES!! You have done a fantastic job in characterising a real problem that exists in fandom. But how do you get a fearful fan to be less reticent?..." God only knows, I'm sure, but I would have been hard-pressed to name any other woman in fandom with a more widespread reputation for giving fearful fen something to be frightened of than the poser of that question!



George Laskowski and Maia Cowan in their separate letters really nail the subject matter down with acute observations of fans' behaviour at conventions. Says Cowan, "We're not going to become less lonely and fearful by pleading with other people to be nice to us. It will only happen if we come out of our shells just enough to see the world from somebody else's point of view....I've tried to befriend a few Fearful Fans. It's not easy. They handle acceptance even worse than they handle rejection." But that'll have to serve as a tease for you to get the zine and read her letter at length. Laskowski describes, "The overbearing fearful fan /who/ tried to 'get in' on circle hugs, approaches female fans with uninvited backrubs, and ineptly breaks in on conversations." His letter also merits a full reading. (How embarrassing! I've never even *seen* a circle hug...And Coad expects me to hold forth on the subject of sex in fandom?)

Perhaps circle hugs are a regional tradition. In fact, it was a general search for information on this subject that led me to include a question in the FILE 770 Poll for 1982, "Whether or not you get any...Do you consider sexual activity to be one of the main reasons you go to cons?" Almost 75% answered no -- but it was fascinating to discover that better than two-thirds of the fans who answered yes had attended the 1982 Westercon! Fannish regionalism seems to have asserted itself in an unexpected way.

So once again I cop out gloriously on this subject, and suggest you get these zines to stimulate your thinking:

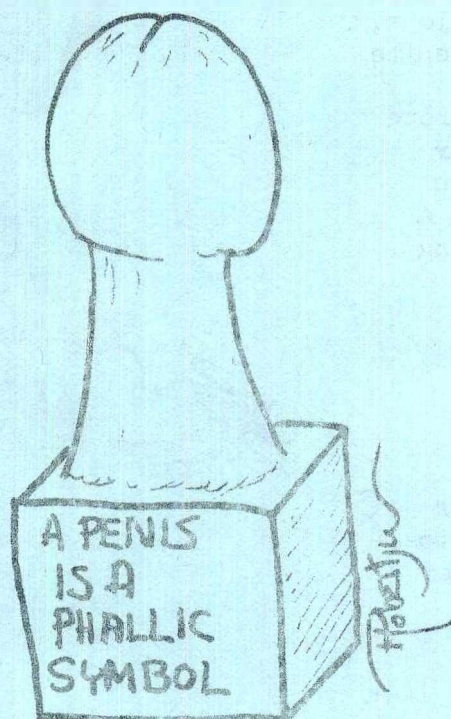
HARMONIC DISSONANCE #2: Mike Rogers, 2429-D Old Stone Mountain Rd., Chamblee, GA 30341, USA. \$1.00 per copy.

BOONFARK 6: Dan Steffan, 1010 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046, USA.
Available for 'the usual', old fanzines, artwork, or if all else fails, \$2.50.

Fanzines for review should be sent to Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401, USA.

---Mike Glycer

// All viewpoints expressed in the HTT fanzine review column are always the opinion of the reviewer and may or may not reflect the opinions of the editor and publisher of this zine. /*/*



editorial no.2

Wherein I make some Canadians
very angry.

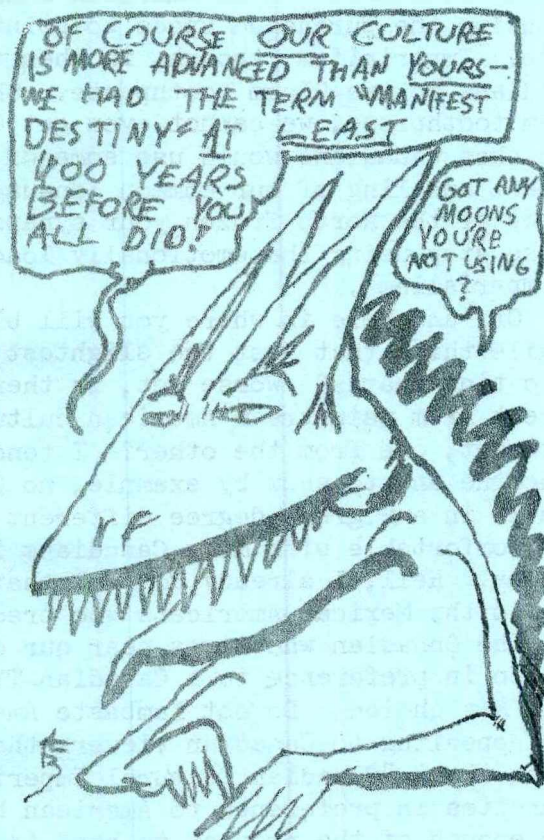
I recently received NEOLOGY, the newszine of the Edmonton fangroup, ESFCAS. The editor of the issue that I received is a blithering idiot named Ian McKeer. McKeer has two editorials in this issue of NEOLOGY (Vol. 7, No. 1) - in the second one he shows that he would not recognise Science Fiction if it reared up and bit him in his penis. In his first editorial he blathers on about "American Cultural Imperialism" (a phrase so devoid of meaning that only a cretin could pretend to find meaning in it).

McKeer is a Brit, and it is to his credit that he recognises the irony of the situation (at least partially) of a Brit editing a Canadian fanzine whilst writing about cultural imperialism. I say only partially because his ranting about "American Cultural Imperialism" whilst being an agent of "British Cultural Imperialism" (which he would be if there were such a thing) really seems to have gone right by him. Anyway, this whole nonsense about "American Cultural Imperialism" is something about which some Canadians go on and on - and never prove their case.

For basic starters, the whole Canadian political system is of British derivation, not American precedent (and there is neither organised nor unorganised American pressure for change being put on Canadians). With the ultimate temporal head of the Canadian government (at least in their political theory) being the Queen of *England* (for bleedin' imperialistic ghod's sake), it takes some almighty drivelling *gaul* for Canadians to talk about *American* Cultural Imperialism. (I mean no disrespect for Her Majesty - most of my readers should know that I am a Royalist and aristocrat at heart. I am merely trying to point out some absurdities in this situation.)

So let us examine this so-called "American Cultural Imperialism". Well, we would if we could; as it does not exist there is this slight problem of trying to examine a non-existant thing. There is not, after all, any American governmental agency (or policy) trying to forcibly Americanise Canadians, and neither are there any private organisations with that as their goal. Really, now - if one were to check the definition of the word "imperialism" as used in its Nineteenth Century sense, as the phrase "American Cultural Imperialism" implies that we should do, we find that there is no force being used on Canadians to make them adopt American ways - and the use of the word "imperialism" implicitly indicates force.

If Canadians were to be talking and writing about American Cultural *Influence*, though, they might be much more on the mark as to the true state of affairs. I do not think that there is any doubt that this large and influential country that abuts their southern border has *enormous* influence on Canada and things Canadian. Influence, though, is a whole 'nother thing from Imperialism. Cultural influence can be anything from



showing by example to an American company buying space in/on some Canadian media outlet and using the purchased space to point out that there are benefits to using Gleem toothpaste. Imperialism, though, is when the American army marches into Canada and *forces* Canadians to use Gleem toothpaste. Shit - not only can we not *force* Canadians to use Gleem toothpaste, we cannot even get Canadians to give back our draught dodgers. I only wish that Canadians would use some of this "imperialism" to make Americans use the correct spelling of our common language. C'mon you guys up there, has living in the cold wastes of the North frozen your synapses? Americans have not been using force on you, so please stop using the emotionally loaded (and semantically empty) phrase "American Cultural Imperialism".

Or, and here is where you will blow your frozen tops, is Canadian culture such a fragile thing that just the slightest hint of anything American in its midst will smash it to tiny shards? Worse yet, is there really any Canadian culture that is any more different from mainstream American culture than the various American regional cultures are different, one from the other? I tend to think not - despite many attempts by Canadians to define and to show by example, no Canadian has managed to prove to me that their culture is in any great degree different from mine. Indeed, baring the climate, I would feel more comfortable with many Canadians in Edmonton than I would feel with poor farmers in Alabama. Hell, I already *do* feel that I am culturally closer to most Edmontonians than I do to the Mexican-Americans who predominate in my neighbourhood.

The Canadian who lives near our common border and who choses to watch an American TV station in preference to a Canadian TV station is not being forced to watch that channel - it is *his* choice. Do not lambaste Americans because some of our television programmes are more appealing to Canadian viewers than are some Canadian products. Foof - I do not scream about "Canadian Cultural Imperialism" when many of my customers buy Canadian cigarettes in preference to American brands. My response to that is to be certain that I have enough of the product on hand to meet the demand. Indeed, were I to be screaming about any country's imperialism it would be about Indonesia as I sell almost as many cigarettes from *that* country as I do all other cigarettes put together. (Actually, most of what I sell is imported - which really has nothing at all to do with why I am an internationalist who abominates nationalism.) Both Canada *and* America are modified free enterprise countries, a situation which seems to have given prosperity to both countries. Throwing up trade barriers 'twixt our two countries in the name of "protecting cultural interests" would be detrimental to both country's economies (though moreso to Canada as the American economy is larger).

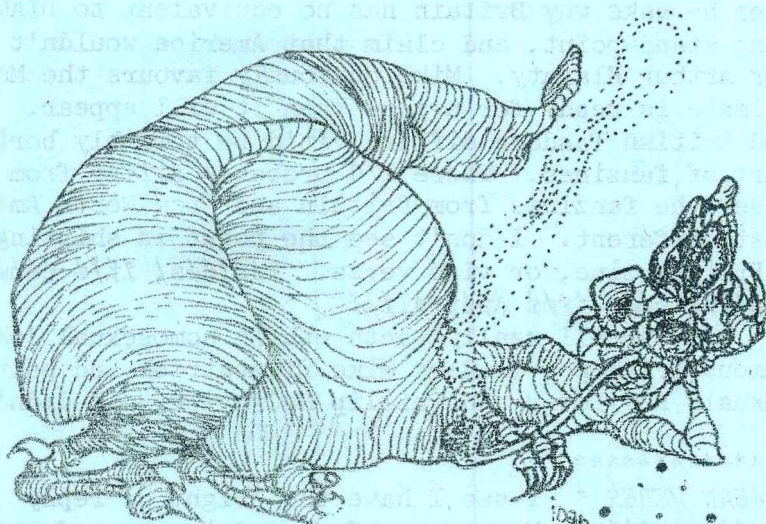
Let me quote from Ian McKeer's first editorial. "One of Canada's greatest assets is its lack of a national stereotype. Had I gone to the Benighted States I'd have arrived with a rigidly preconceived model of what Americans were like - gun toting, energy squandering, Coke-swilling capitlists. I had no idea what a Canadian would be like and still don't; lacking a model all I have are memories of individuals although all of them apparently have American characteristics." Needless to say, were Ian able to put aside his preconceived notions and visit America he could just as validly say that the Americans whom he met here would have Canadian characteristics. It is a fact of life that people of other countries (including other Commonwealth countries) find Americans and Canadians to be alike. Americans *and* Canadians are *both* North Americans; despite somewhat dissimilar political systems, we both share a smilar cultural heritage that looks good on both of us. There is more similarity than differences 'twixt the intelligencia of both countries and the intelligencia of both countries are closer to each other in cultural outlook than they are to their own citizens of lesser intellectual abilities (and visa versa).

Methinks that Canadians are looking for some sort of national identity to give them some sort of self-image that puts them apart from the North Americans to the south of them. This particular internationalist finds that to be a foolish enterprise.

So, fellows, lay off of that "American Cultural Imperialism" crap - I feel distressed when I see my friends spewing nonsense.

the loc ness monster

Which we will start off by
immediately getting to the
late LoCs.



* T.A. CANNON * Whilst glancing through
***** this, my first

issue of HTT, I came across the illo captioned "Marty Cantor - Eternal Soldier in the War against Good Taste." At first I was skeptical. But after giving the zine a thorough reading, a job not to be undertaken lightly, all I can say is; well done, my boy, well done.

/*/ And now we get to the Australian section of the late LoCs - a small mob of Aussies locced HTT #12, with all of the LoCs arriving after I had sent out HTT #13. /*/

* MARC ORTLIEB * Skel's piece iw without a doubt the high point of this issue. Mumble.
***** That bastard can write. It's a pity we don't see that many copies of SFD any more. I will though, register one minor objection. Whilst I don't believe in things astrological, I do find that, since my birthday fits me neatly into the category VIRGO, I am at rather a loose end with regards to Skel's article. I mean, if I look up my sign, I receive all these warnings about hanging around with guys born in October. Now, whilst you Americans may use the term guys to refer to both sexes, the Brits tend to use it exclusively for males, and I'm trying to get away from the Australian party stereotype which has all the ~~guy~~ blokes gathered around the keg in the back garden whilst all the ~~gal~~ sheilas sit around inside talking about babies. How about getting him to do a less sexist version?

With regard to Adrienne's article, there was a story about a woman who went into a baker's shop; and, since there was no one at the counter, she went into the back room, where she found the baker crimping the pies with his false teeth.

"You disgusting creature," she said. "Don't you have a tool?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I'm saving that for the doughnuts."

(Or, if you want something *really* gross:)

A shop keeper hailing from Rheims

Was constantly having wet dreams

With commendable wit

He encased them in shit

And sold them as chocolate creams.

Marc asked that I please add the disclaimer that, though he quoted the limerick, he did not write it. I would like the author of that to start contributing to this zine.

Glyer makes some interesting comments on fanzines, but, in a way, misses the point when he asks why Britain has no equivalent to DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP. I'll adopt a right wing stand-point, and claim that America wouldn't have a DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP were it not for Arthur Hlavaty. Mike obviously favours the Marxist idea that, if the socio-economic climate is ready for a zine then it will appear. Personally I'm pleased that American and British fandoms differ. It'd be terribly boring if both countries put out the same sort of fanzines. Where I'd probably differ from both Nicholas and Glyer is that I consider the fanzines from Britain and from North America to be equally good. Not better, just different. I don't see the point in shitting on an American zine because it's not a British zine, or vice versa. ~~Besides, it's common knowledge that the only zines worth reading come from Australia!~~

If Darrell really wants ethnic homosexual jokes, he should either consult those famous Irish gay leaders Mike Fitzpatrick and Patrick Fitzmichael, or the Scots homosexuals Ben Dover and Phillip McCrevice. (I didn't type that.)

* JEAN WEBER * I see I have the 'right of reply' to Mike Glyer's review of Weberwoman's
***** Wrevenge. Compared to some of the other zines he's reviewed, mine seems to have got off rather lightly. One thing puzzles me, however: Mike suggests that WWW is 'done badly', but he doesn't say why he thinks so. He also seems to be labouring under the misapprehension that a 'feminist' zine is aimed primarily at women. I will agree that WWW is undersupplied with humour, and hope to improve the ratio a bit in the future.

Whilst Mike did not speak to these specific points, his reappraisal of WWW in his last column (which you may have by now) should be to your liking. Mike admits that he was wrong about WWW.

On the other hand, most of the allegedly humorous items in HTT don't strike me as funny. Or rather, I recognise them as species of the genus humour, but of a variety that does not amuse me. Still, when you do have a piece that tickles my taste, I consider the wait worth it. Examples of these are Skel's Zodiac, and Adrienne's cookery column.

* MARK LONEY * I have been meaning to LoC your bad taste humour zine for quite a while
***** now, simply to get some overseas reaction to a wave of bad taste jokes which swept Australia after the mysterious disappearance and presumed death of an infant near Ayers Rock in Central Australia about two years ago. What happened was that Seventh Day Adventist Pastor Michael Chamberlain and his wife Lindy, of Mount Isa in Queensland went on a camping holiday with their three children (aged 8 years, 5 years, and 6 months) to the region around Ayers Rock. The youngest, Azaria, was not to return.

Mark goes on to give a half page of material, the gist of this being that the pastor's wife reported seeing a "dog-like animal" (presumably a dingo) leaving the tent with something in its mouth, eventually the clothing of the baby was found buried (but the body was not found), and the authorities who originally accepted their story now are putting them on trial for murder.

Whilst all this was going on, Australia, of course, was inundated with dingo/baby jokes such as:

Q. What has six legs and two arms?

A. A dingo with a baby in it's mouth.

Q. How do you bring up a baby around Ayers Rock?

A. Stick two fingers down a dingo's throat.

Q. Why did the dingo do two laps of Ayers Rock?

A. The first lap it was looking for babies, the second lap was a victory lap.

Q. Did you hear about the Irish dingo?

A. It ate the tent.

Q. What eats pregnant women in the desert?

A. A premature dingo.

Whilst I was chasing up dingo jokes (they are currently out of fashion) I was told the following pair of ethnic jokes that I think you'll be interested in.

Q. Why are Chechoslovakians never shot in the bath?

A. Because a wet Czech with a hole in it is of no use to anyone.

Q. What is the aborted fetus from a Czechoslovakian termination called?

A. A cancelled Czech.

I never pass comment on people I haven't met but I am always prepared to pass on comment in the interests of stirring fannish controversy - so with Mike Glycer's opinion of Joseph Nicholas in HTT #12 and Joseph Nicholas' opinion of himself in Australia last year as GUFF winner just published in Marc Ortlieb's Q36H I found it interesting to dig up a letter I received shortly after Advention which contained the following:

"The GUFF fan, Joseph Nicholas, turned out to be an entertaining little typical nihilistic slander-mongering Pommie bastard."

You are lacking something of the proper attitude about stirring up fannish controversy, Mark - you forgot to tell the author whom you quote in your last paragraph.

* JACK R. HERMAN * Loved Skel's zodiac - made far more sense than the Babylonian original. The man has some talent, as is obvious from his SFD. Of the other attempts at humour: I enjoyed Adrienne's and hope that she is capable of continuing a series of these helpful kitchen hints; Farkash, Purcell and Harness I found a little forced, but then I find most USAmerican humour to be forced when compared to the sort of humour of manners of the English or the laconic almost non-humour of the best of the Australian breed: several of your correspondents use the term 'gross-out' and that seems to me to be the aim of most USAmerican humour; Schweitzer's bit has enough elements of gentle satire to redeem it and make it enjoyable.

Glycer's zine reviews are good but he should recall that even the West Coast receives zines from the UK months ahead of Australia. I also feel like saying that Glycer should pick on someone his own size but Little Joe appears quite capable of speaking for himself.

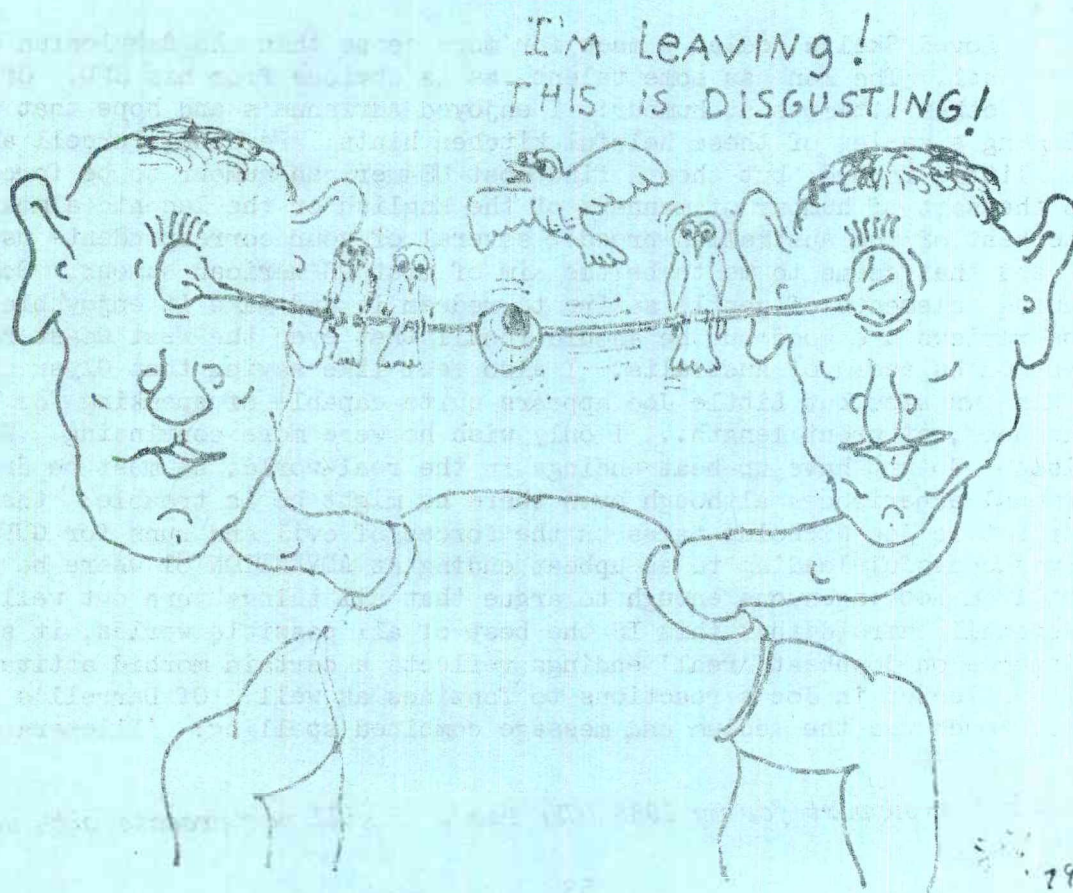
And speak he does, at great length... I only wish he were more convincing. When he says that episodes do not have up-beat endings in the real-world, he must be drawing from his own personal experiences although even there he might be in trouble: the strong central character Little Joe Nicholas takes on the forces of evil and runs for GUFF 1981, and is ultimately successful leading to an upbeat ending at ADVENTION 81 where he is a mild hit. Whilst I am not ingenuous enough to argue that all things turn out well and whilst I am occasionally afraid that this IS the best of all possible worlds, it strikes me that the insistence on downbeat 'real' endings reflects a certain morbid attitude to the world that is reflected in Joe's reactions to fanzines as well. Of Darrell's reply, I found the nicest touch was the medium and message combined spelling: 'Illeterate'.

Jack also sends his support for my 1985 DUFF race. I will reciprocate with support for his 1984 DUFF race.

* RICHARD FAULDER * I think I failed the Farkash-Binet test. (I hope I did.) And this
***** was the best tale of the Devonian Regency to date. Ah, but then we
get onto Mike Glycer, who to some extent made the magazine for me.
Some very incisive writing there. On the question of "California-think soul-baring" I
am in two minds. (And I hope you don't have a Schweitzer cartoon lying in wait for a
statement like that.)

*By some very strange quirk of fate one of those Schweitzer cartoons to which you
refer seems to have placed itself on the bottom of this page.*

As you point out, to regard Gaier as seeing his readers as "mere gnats" snared in
his "web of deceit" is clearly paranoid. (Mind you, that someone could come to this
conclusion doesn't terribly surprise me - I tend to regard America as a nation of para-
noids.) On the other hand, I think we need to get this soul-baring business in perspec-
tive. (Citing the appreciation of some Australians for this sort of thing is not a
defence of this. Leaving aside the fact that some "Australians" are former Americans,
Australian middle-class liberal intellectuals, into which category most fans fit, draw
heavily on America for their ethos, a well-known Australian phenomenon known as the
"cultural cringe".) Soul-baring should not be regarded as having any value beyond the
old adages of "confession is good for the soul" and "a trouble shared is a trouble
halved". Unfortunately, the rationale sometimes given for this activity is that it
reinforces people's self-image, or otherwise wupplies them with egoboo, by reassuring
them that other people have been in the same position as themselves. Aside from the
intrinsic undesirability of what is essentially measuring oneself against others,



it can lead to the adoption of coping strategies appropriate for others, but personally and/or socially destructive if adopted by oneself. In and of itself I don't object to soul-baring (except where so doing may cause distress to another).

One area where there is much soul-baring (and other forms of openness and closeness) in fandom are the APAs (or, at least, some of the APAs). LASFAPA is one of these APAs. Many of the members have been in LASFAPA from its very early days. We are so close to one another (we party at all cons where there are at least a few of us present) that new members of the APA often find that there seems to be a sort-of closed in-group at the core of the APA. This is not so; it is just that we know each other so well that we always seem to be commenting to each other in a more meaningful way than when we comment to the newer members.

Nothing wrong with nosepickers. It just depends on what they do with the stuff they pick out. Placing it between two slices of bread is something that is best done in private (unless Aunt Adrienne can come up with a tasty recipe).

I'm not sure that you can write off American Cultural Imperialism as the chicken as easily as Georges Giguere. The American entertainment industry (In which I include pop-philosophy) is not only a producer of American culture, it is also heavily involved in exporting it.

When I first received your LoC I wrote what will be in the next paragraph. When I wrote the second editorial of this I forgot about this note on your LoC. As what I originally wrote in response to your LoC is mostly an amplification of something in my editorial which I did not explore there, I am going to include this note on your LoC (which I wrote several months ago - the editorial was written yesterday).

American Cultural Imperialism is just a mealy-mouthed phrase that means absolutely nothing more nor less than "your culture and its values are affecting my culture and its values in ways that I do not like". As long as Americans are not going to other countries and forcing the natives of those countries to ape American culture and its values by gun point, those who find American cultural values infusing their own culture and its values had best turn their ire at the gaps and problems in their own cultures and values rather than mindlessly screaming at Americans. If you find American culture and its values around you it is SOLELY because there is a demand for it from your local population. Make your own culture and its values so appealing to your native population so that you find it more appealing to your population than American culture and values...In the meantime you should realise that Americans are EXTREMELY tired of this kind of bullshit when all that they are doing is sitting back and enjoying their own culture without FORCING anybody to copy them. If anybody wants to copy us, okay, that is their free choice - remember, WE are not forcing anybody to consume our culture -- anybody using parts of our culture are doing so because THEY WANT to do so, WE are not twisting their arms and forcing them in any way whatsoever. You mention the American entertainment industry that is exporting its products. So? American films can be exported only because there is a demand to see them in other countries. If you do not like that then simply do not spend your money to go to see them. Support your local entertainment industry; however please do not give out with the shithead position that your local entertainment industry is stultified because of some machinations by the American entertainment industry - neither should you expect our entertainment industry to produce entertainments with your cultural values - that industry will do what it does for the sole reason of making money. Personally, I barf at most of its products - they certainly do not reflect MY cultural values. Consider my position, if you will, for just a moment. I live in the midst of a culture much of which I abhor. One of its redeeming features is the freedom which it gives me to live my own life.

The above, really, is much too strong to really be directed at Richard or any one individual; it, really, is mostly directed at an attitude which I find hateful.

There were also a few Late LoCs which will appear in the IAHF section. Let us now move on to the current LoCs.

* GEORGE FLYNN * I'd say that people in Boston are generally bemused by Mike Glycer's judgment that INSTANT MESSAGE is the best clubzine around. I like it myself, but I don't really think there's *that* much of interest to insiders (especially as long as Mike keeps reprinting the good parts in FILE 770). But if this is true, perhaps it's just as well I don't see too many other clubzines....

I assume that your position is more or less the official position of INSTANT MESSAGE inasmuch as you say that what you say is the general position of Boston people and nobody on the INSTANT MESSAGE staff has seen fit to write any response to Glycer's review.

You talk a couple of times about having fanzine fans "bombard the concom with letters". Well, in 1980 the nomination ballot specifically *asked* people to write us if they had any questions about eligibility. As far as I can recall, we got *not one* such letter about any category; the couple of real questions that did come up were looked into on our own initiative. Apathy again. I think this idea of yours that there are a horde of fanzine fans out there who'll come back to the Hugo voting if only the rules are changed is a pipe dream (to use an appropriate phrase).

Whilst it is true that I just may be puffing smoke from my pipe I do not think that my contention that there are fanzine fans who are now "boycotting" the Hugos who will "return to the fold" when the rules on the fanzine Hugo are changed has been yet disproved. It is possible (as you will be pointing out when I finish interrupting you) that the cost of supporting memberships in Worldcons has gotten so high that it will make it unattractive in the future for fans (and not just fanzine fans) to buy supporting memberships just to nominate and vote on the Hugos; this, of course, keeping many fanzine fans from nominating and voting.

First of all, most fanzine fans (or other fans, for that matter) do not *attend* any given Worldcon. The cost of supporting membership has been going up the last couple of years at a ridiculous rate, to the point where it'll cost \$20 for 1984. Just how many people do you think care enough about the Hugos to pay that much for the privilege of voting on them? The fact is that the fanzine Hugo already gets relatively more votes than the professional categories, but the absolute numbers are still so small that a few people bloc-voting can easily skew the result. Think about it: the zines on the final ballot the last few years have gotten 30-80 nominations from up to a few thousand readers; I don't know of any novel that's gotten more than 150 nominations; and even STAR WARS got only 338, out of how many viewers? The fact is that everybody's apathetic, but fanzine fandom is so small that it can afford it least.

In my LoC on p. 58 I mention "those of the 'traditional' fans who are busy running the" cons, but you respond to this as if I had said "fanzine fans". This is symptomatic of your feeling that only fanzine fans are "real" fans. As a matter of fact, quite a few prominent fanzine fans *have* had major positions on recent Worldcon committees: Don Thompson, Gary Farber, Moshe Feder, Mike Glycer, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, most of the Seacon '79 committee (even Joseph Nicholas), me.... But that wasn't my point. By "traditional" fans I meant simply those whose main interest is in written SF as opposed to media or whatnot. Most of my friends in fandom are in this category, and much as I'd like it if they were also interested in fanzines, I certainly have no business holding it against them that they aren't. (Besides, if most fans *were* fanzine fans, who could afford to put out a zine that everybody wanted?) Of course, a lot of them/us are *also* interested in films, costuming, etc., which presents a problem with the idea of "refusing to cater to" fringe interests (as Mike Glicksohn puts it). For Worldcons or other major

cons, it seems to me, the only fair solution is to have something appealing to all interests, but not so much of anything that it'll appeal to people who are interested *only* in that aspect. But in any case fanzine fandom is in terms of numbers only another specialised interest, and has no inherent right to be treated differently from others. "Worldcon is by and for fans", as you say on p. 41, but that means *everybody* who's paid to come.

My stated position is that Worldcon should have something for every valid fan interest (and that includes having items for the non-print media interests of fans). The 1984 Worldcon will attempt to have something for all fan interests. In the case of having something for fanzine fans there will be (at least as far as early plans go) a LARGE and comfortable fanzine room of easy access. It will encompass many things from printing facilities to a neofans section (after all, we DO need new blood). There will be a place to laze around and just talk and it is possible that that food and beverage service will be provided. Most important are two things: planning for it is starting NOW and a fanzine fan will be in charge of it - me. I welcome all suggestions from readers of HTT.

* JOHN D. OWEN * HTT is a real funzine, crammed full of lots of goodies that range from
***** the truly absurd to the really ridiculous - the only disappointment was
 that I didn't get the opportunity to guffaw my way through a Joe
Nicholas diatribe; perhaps next time? But what is in the zine is all good, putrid,
fun of the type all too often missing from all fanzines. You're one of a kind, Cantor,
so keep it up.

First, though, I have to get it up. Um - I am getting annoyed by the cheap shots that Joseph has been getting in fandom. I may print (and even write) these things some time as I like rattling people's chains; however, Joseph has been getting a bad rap for far too long and I believe that this is obscuring his importance. Fandom is a place with vicious give and take of opinion - it goes beyond the bounds only when it imputes vile things to people when those things are not true and when not leavened by humour. I think that people are reacting to Joseph in a Pavlovian manner.

Steven Fox's cover is really nice, only the second piece of large-scale artwork I've seen by the guy, and both have been excellent; wonder if he's interested in doing trans-Atlantic work? /*/ Probably - write to him and ask. /*/

The rabid anti-American stance Joseph has is reflected in a great many other areas of British fandom, unfortunately, and is symptomatic of the perverse nature of British fandom. There's a kind of defensive snobbery in British SF, which was extensively aired in mags like NEW WORLDS, and which has become entrenched in the opinions of many fans. There are some points about it which I agree with, but would prefer to see everyone working towards a synthesis of *all* the various national movements in SF (not just Yanks and Limeys) into an international movement, and understanding of the differences between the national approaches. If we could amalgamate all these differing approaches, we'd have a lot better and healthier a genre. Instead, the British position seems to be that we shouldn't have a genre *at all*, but should be subsumed wholly into 'real literature'.

Darrell is correct in his assessment of NEW WORLDS, which has to be the most hyped magazine in the history of SF. I'm in my mid-thirties now, so I was around, and occasionally buying NW in its 'heyday' in the sixties. Like much of the products of that period between '64 and '69, NW was all too often pretentious twaddle, reflecting the overriding passion of the time for novelty at the expense of quality, and the bizarre at the expense of genuine inventiveness. Many of the books from that time are unreadable now, pretentious drivel masquerading as 'psychedelia'. Even excellent writers with the pedigree of Brian Aldiss got sucked into this morass, and emerged scarred with the 'ideals' of the group that sprung up around NW. At the centre of the group was Moorcock, surely

one of the worst writers ever to get into print at any time. I have many books of his from that time, and am gradually whittling them away to jumble sales, curious friends or the dustbin - they are simply unreadable now, badly written, repetitive, flawed plots with the holes papered over with flash, 'with-it', phrases and gimmicks. And he hasn't got any better since then, either. If you accused any of the 'New Wavers' of writing 'escapist' literature, throwaway stuff, they'd go up the wall. 'This was art, pushing back the barriers imposed by Gernsback and Campbell, elevating the genre to new heights'; and all the time, the man at the centre of it was producing the literary equivalent of Kleenex, disposable fiction, read it and junk it material.

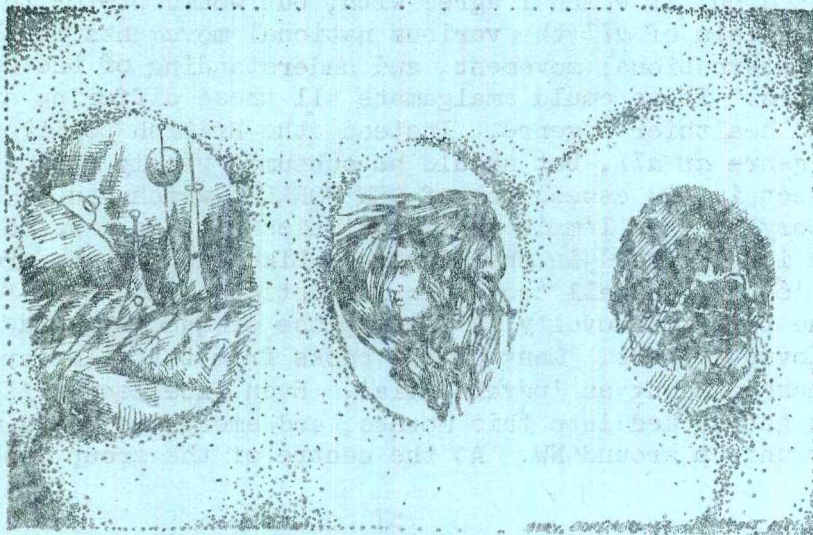
Which kind of brings me to Judith Hanna's crazy letter - she misses the essential problem that the 'New Wavers' had - for the most part, the writers involved were so busy being revolutionary, iconoclastic and shocking that they forgot completely that, to continue in the writing world, they had to be able to *sell* their end product. That's something they had a very hard job doing. The people who benefitted from New Wave were not the New World writers, but the people who looked at what they were doing, realised they were going much too far, and who produced works that went only part of the way down that 'art for art's sake' path. Judith Hanna confuses 'Art' with being revolutionary - implying that to be artistic, you have to be agin the Establishment - that's pure crap, as more 'Art' is produced in the service of the establishment than out of it (including NEW WORLDS, paid for by the Arts Council, a Government funded body - ironical, yes?).

HOLIER THAN THOU is an excellent fanzine, combining fun with good art and a welcome change from some of the boring Britzines I've been getting recently.

* rich brown *

Interesting and thought-provoking argument between Darrell Schweitzer and Joseph Nicholas surrogate Judith Hanna in HTT. Whilst my reading preferences tend to make me side with Darrell, the objective part of me wants

to step back and observe that both sides have apparently forgotten Sturgeon's Law that 90% of everything is crap. This is so of both Old Wave and New Wave. Yet I think Darrell's made his point better than Judith made Joseph's. Many of the stories Darrell cites will, I think, stand the test of time. Given what Hanna says, one must presume that William Blake would have been "in" with the New Wave crowd whilst William Shakespeare - a hack who lived quite well on money he earned from giving the market-place what it wanted (fools acting like kings and kings acting like fools)--would have been "out". Yet both produced art; the fact that one was a commercial success whilst the other damned near



starved to death may be worth noting, but it's not relevant to what they produced. New Wave sets the cart out in front of the horse even though the propulsion system doesn't work that way; it confuses intent with accomplishment, saying an arrow shot from a bow is a bullseye. A particular work is not art merely because it is revolutionary, iconoclastic, shocking, etc., anymore than it would be merely because it upheld Establishment values, promulgated cliches and the like. Art is what it *is*, not what it *does* -- and this is the basic fallacy of Hanna's argument for the New Wave. True art may promulgate comfortable old cliches and/or stereotypes and/or uphold Establishment goals, values and/or challenge cliches and/or stereotypes; the fact is that art has done *all* of these things. New Wave, by defining art by what only some art does, would seem to think that because a man has brown hair, everything that has brown hair must be a man. It's this confusion of intent with accomplishment - on the part of New Wave's practitioners as well as its defenders - which makes even the 10% of New Wave which might otherwise hit the mark seem so unlikely to be worthwhile.

* SETH GOLDBERG * I hate to tell you this, but your zine HOLIER THAN THOU is too regular and too big. I no longer have the time it takes to read it and LoC it. So if you want more frequent letters from me, you will just have to publish less often and less frequently.

Foof. As you will notice, HTT just got bigger than usual - its frequency will remain the same. Only my wallet agrees with you.

* RICHARD ONLEY * Ahem. Your reputation as a putridian precedes you. Actually, after all I'd heard, I was just a little disappointed; HTT didn't seem putrid enough... Understand, though, that I'm one of the contenders for the Rick Brown Memorial Lampshade (which award I'm responsible for creating), so very little will satisfy my penchant for the putrescent. Robert Whitaker's "Bad Taste Jokes" came closest. I've gotten quite a few laughs out of the 'toy potatoes' gag, and the "Easter kit" joke is going into my book of religious humour (tentatively titled NOTHING SACRED. It was inspired by my positively spastic reaction to:

Why did Jesus cross the road?

Because He was nailed to a chicken.

I do want to contest Brian Earl Brown's statement that the Fan Hugos are a "Johnny-come-lately class". The very first Hugo ceremony in 1953 awarded Forry Ackerman a trophy for "Number One Fan Personality". As the short-fiction categories have expanded, so have the fan awards, but both were present from the start.

* ERIC MAYER * One thing HTT has is personality, that most important ingredient. I haven't read another zine quite like it, which makes it irreplaceable. Everything in life from hamburgers to TV shows to books seems to be homogenised. At least fanzines ought to retain the personality quirks of their editors and not just become exemplars of one category or another - Fannish zines or sercon zines or whatever.

I liked Marc Ortlieb's piece a lot. Well, it's the best "fannish" thing I've read recently. It's silly but so damn well written. And, rarity of rarities, it's genuinely funny. So often when fans attempt faanish writing of this sort either their ideas are simply not interesting or else they have a good idea but never develop it skillfully enough. This piece I wish I'd thought of the idea and I wish I'd written it too.

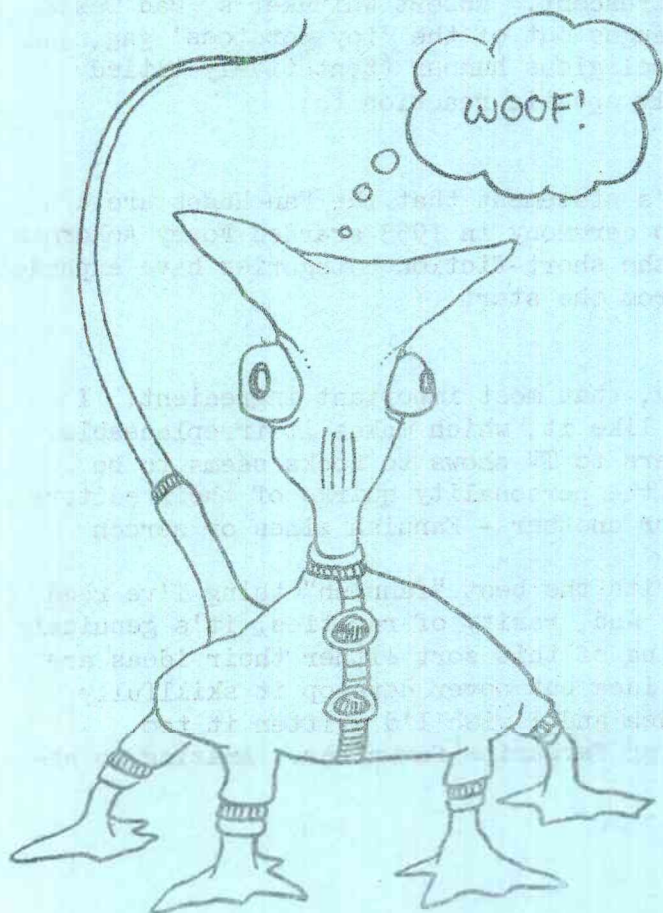
Sorry I missed Skel's article. He's about my favourite fanwriter. Amazing to see he can draw well, also.

* MICHAEL HALL * Buck Coulson's assertion that most fans don't want to read about *Earthmen* and would rather read about Canadian/British/French... characters holds quite a bit of water, if you're an American. What both of you fail to realise (and this brings us full circle in this whole argument), is that in the books and stories we now have the characters are *Americans*! I would really like to read stories about *Earthmen* in SF settings, but too much of the time what I end up with reading about is Americans. Now, this form of subtle bias is not readily apparent to you and Buck, because you are both Americans. Those of us in other cultures can spot the trademarks right away. Do you really think that the Government in STAR TREK is called the *United Federation of Planets* for nothing?

Considering the fact that the largest amount of SF is written by American authors, am I correct in assuming that you are proposing some Canadian Cultural Imperialism to force American authors to use Canadian characters? Or do you propose a law forcing Canadian authors to use only Canadian protagonists? And I assume that you consider van Vogt and Dickson to not have real Canadian origins because they do not write about Canadian "subjects", eh? Why, pray tell, do you want to put restraints on creative artists to suit your personal preferences? As a person of internationalist feelings I find your complaints to be nationalism at its subtle worst.

Personally, I would like to see 'One World' come about, but I can't believe that it ever will, in the times in which we now live. So, all we are asking for are stories written from a distinctly *Canadian* perspective, rather than the American dominated SF we now read.

I, too, doubt that we will see 'One World' come about in our time. Why, though, should we impose strictures of a nationalistic type that would only hinder the development of the type of intellectual climate necessary for 'One World'? I know that you are really not saying that there "oughta be a law"; it is just that I do not understand why you want to put divisive lines through our shared North American culture. // Your next (unprinted) paragraph concerned itself with our proposal to change the WSFS Constitution. Does it make you happy to know that our proposal is a joint Canadian-American proposal? You could even consider it tripartite as Glicksohn was born in Britain. // In another not-printed part of your LoC you mention that I delight in taking the stuffing out of hallowed institutions. If you keep that in mind you will realise that my replies to you were not meant in any personal sense.



WAB

* IAN COVELL * Received a copy of HTT #13 yesterday. How very nice to hear from you
***** again .. what does that cover mean? .. It's such a nice fanzine that it's
a .. what *does* that cover mean? .. pleasure to get it through my .. listen, you, what in Hell is that cover about? won't answer, huh, well, just watch it cos.. letterbox.. It's as funny as the last one - and, I presume, as the 11 before it. You have a nasty sense of humour. Cruel and nasty. Vicious, unprincipled, crude. I like it.

Oh, but I do have principles. The fact that my principles are cruel, nasty, vicious, and crude does not detract from the fact that they are there. And I wonder why I get the impression that you would feel at home at a LASFS meeting.

I find my liking for Schweitzer totally evaporated with his parody of William Morris. It's not precisely that he has parodied one of my adored favourites, but that he has done it badly. When you parody an author you exaggerate his faults, take his stance to a logical extreme. Schweitzer then, in using this parody, is saying that THE GLITTERING PLAIN - and, by implication, all his work - separates the sexes for sexual reasons; the woman, victim, pines for her lover; the man doesn't really want her back. This is so sick it's painful. Morris's whole outlook was one of harmony - of sexual liberation by coupling, of the overcoming of obstacles to romance. What hurts worst is his portrayal of the Morris-female as an object, something which reacts to circumstance, without will or power, without impetus or.. Well, anyway, that is complete *crap*. Look at BIRDALONE in WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES; look at the heroine of WOOD AT WORLD'S END, *that* girl manages to engineer murder and destruction so she can escape. Schweitzer I have discovered has a very ambivalent feeling towards women. I only wish he would stop using authors I like as a platform for his own beliefs.

I stand astonished at the range, the expertise, the.. the.. thingyness of the response to your Reform-The-Hugos call. Other plans, corrections, specific objections, detailed agreements. Occasionally, after publishing a "zine, it must feel like plugging into that 'background of common thought' hinted at by Espers and spiritualists and the like - if someone has the answer, it will turn up.

I finally figured out what that cover means, and I think you should be ashamed of yourself. *They* should be ashamed. I should be ashamed, for understanding it.

Never lose sight of your objective with the zine, Marty. It's for fun, it's for communication, it's for discussion, it's for love - I saw how many people found something objectionable in it and wanted (in other parts of their letters, too?) you to desist. Don't, unless your humour changes. I may object to Schweitzer pissing on my dreams, but I sure as Hell don't object to your wit and invention spraying through my letterbox when it can.

*RICK BROWN * Before I go into a mental hospital, I would like to ask you and your readers
***** a very simple question: Why, in all putridity, am I a librarian in a men's
medium-security prison? This is of interest to me ... as some of my self-definitions include gay (specifically, gay S&M) (The administration doesn't know; it took the inmates ten minutes to find out), anarchist, libertarian, pagan, and anti-authority of every governmental type. SO WHAT AM I DOING IN THE FUCKING CIVIL SERVICE?? Especially helping keep convicts incarcerated? Can somebody suggest an answer that won't get me locked up? Interesting fact: homosexual acts are still crimes in Pennsylvania; however, the Bureau of Corrections is an Equal Opportunity Employer and "no persons may be denied employment or related benefits on the grounds of ... affectional or sexual orientation, or life style." In other words, the Bureau of Corrections is hiring gays to keep other gays in prison. And the gays hired are doing the exact things that put the other gays in prison. I can't grasp the logic of this one.

* BRIAN EARL BROWN * You'll be relieved to hear that my humourectomy remains operative.
***** Whole pages of the latest HTT passed without a single chuckle. For a while, though, I thought the operation had affected my eyes because I could barely make out Stephen Fox's cover. A check with an optomitrist revealed that it was just under-inking.

Darrell Schweitzer's parody of THE GLITTERING PLAIN suffers from the usual fault of heroic fantasy satires - a rank hatred of the genre and its cliches. It was so hamfisted in its satire, so excessive that is few moments of wit were buried under mountains of sludge.

Marc Ortlieb's parody of van Vogt's THE STORM (one guesses as to his source) was brilliant, proving once again that there's usually something worth reading in each issue! It was amusing to realize that the several place names = Beiltro, for example, were Aussie fan names spelt backwards. The parody succeeds in large part because Marc isn't trying to slam anything but merely converts them to fannish near-equivalents, such as having mimeos as radio surrogates. And the story works as a story, albeit a cliché of a story, but still a story. One can well imagine the dread Phanart faced locked in the control room with roving hordes of fringeers trying to break in!

Marc well deserves the DITMAR that he recently received - he is probably the finest fanwriter in Australia today.

George Flynn has many good points about yours and Glicksohn's fanzine proposal. Enough reasons to properly kill it off, I think. Whilst your argument in CON & SHELL GAMES #3 that having these separate categories will encourage fanzine fans to return to nominating and voting for the Hugos seems fairly convincing, I think I am more convinced by Keir Santanos' argument that fanzine fandom is inherently too small to be properly rewarded by the Worldcon.

The art in HTT #13, except for Bob Lee's usual beautiful naked woman was unmemorable. Bob Lee is without peer when it comes to drawing naked wimmen, a dubious mark of distinction. I admire his style and technique, like Chris Johnson, the Aussie master of good girl art, he accomplishes much with few lines. Lee's really got the moxie, but

As Avedon mentions in her article in HARLOT #3 (reprinted in CON & SHELL GAMES #3) most fringe fans already have their conventions - their Who cons, Darkover cons, Strek cons, Wargaming cons, comics cons, movie cons, etc. We really don't need to offer them programming at our conventions.

The idea of a fanzine fans' convention is an idea whose time may already have come and gone or perhaps not yet come. Autoclave 1 and 2 did work pretty well as fanzine cons. GOH's were Don Thompson, Donn Brazier, Gene Wolfe (like Shaw a very fannish man when he wants). The ones after that just didn't work as well. Torque is trying to be a fanzine con, I think.

To work a fanzine con would have to aim small - never expect attendance to run much over 200. And would have to invite luminary-scale fans. Bergeron, for example, or Redd Boggs, in order to convince fanzine fans to save up their money to come *here* instead of some closer three-ring circus SF expo con. I would suggest putting it outside the Summer months since there are so many cons then already. October might be a good month - off season at the hotels and far enough away from the Worldcon for people to have saved up some money. August is also appealing since one could argue "come see your friends here instead of missing them all week at the Worldcon."

Several things, Brian. One needn't miss one's friends amongst all of the crowds at Worldcon if Worldcon's would have a proper fanzine centre. I can assure you that L.A. Con II in 1984 WILL have a proper fan centre - I have been promised a LARGE room, a place where many fanzine fans can relax amongst their friends. I also have an idea that I would like to put before my readers: bearing in mind the Australian and Canadian National

conventions which are held in different cities each year as part of other cons which are held there; also bearing in mind the concept of a con-with-a-con which can work with proper planning, I am wondering what my readers think of the idea of having an American National Fanzine Fans'Con each year - it would be held at different established cons each year with bidding for it by the established concons taking place at the previous cons. What these established cons would have to give us would be mostly two things: their Fan GoH would have to be a fanzine fan and they would have to supply us with a large fanzine room or lounge. If they were a con with programming (instead of a relaxicon) they would have to provide us with some fanzine programming. What they would get in return would be some number of out-of-area fans whose memberships would help swell their coffers. I would like to hear some feedback on this idea.

There is something to your complaint that only Sixth Fandom inspired zines get praise from the "Truly fannish". It's also sad that PONG/BOONFARK/GAMBIT/WARHOON seem to be the most active fanzines today, with rare exceptions like HTT. It's good to see another MAINSTREAM or RAFFLES or hear that another GENRE PLAT is planned. These are the fanzines I most like. The relics of Sixth Fandom are good zines but I'm not much taken by their nostalgia.

That is a truly great bacover - at last we know what THE HITCH HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY looks like!

* ALEXIS GILLILAND * A comment on the fanzine Hugos. You might consider two categories: Novice, fanzines that had *never* won a Hugo, and Advanced, fanzines that had already won one or more of the things. This would put the semi-prozines as you call them in their own category without having to bend things out of shape by torturous definitions. After all, if Geis is not eligible to win a Hugo for SFR, because it is defined as a non-fanzine, why should I be eligible for the fan artist Hugo when most of my output goes to SFR? The definition has the virtue of being perfectly clear, and if most Novice fanzines would never win against Geis, Brown, et al, why, we assume that most fanzine editors would be satisfied with *one* Hugo.

Why does your last sentence remind me of Andy Porter's proposal for the Fanzine Hugo: make it out of plutonium of slightly less than critical mass?

In addition to which, SF Chronicle, Locus, and SFR...the large circulation fanzines ...are generally a Good Thing To Have Around, and ought to be encouraged.

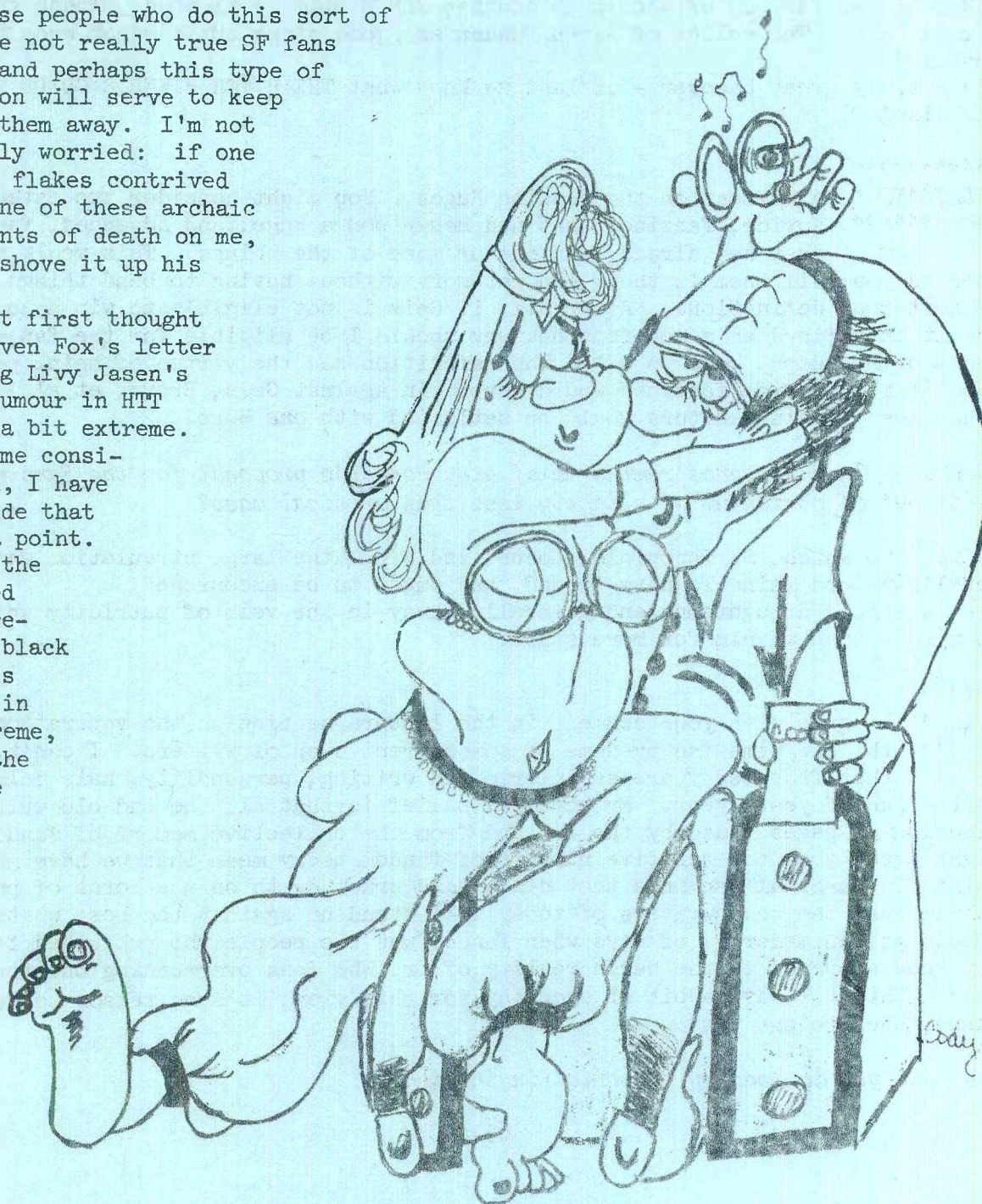
Bob Lee is a good draughtsman and generally funny in the vein of putridity which you seek to mine. Lean on him for more stuff.

* CATHY DOYLE * I agree with your comment in the letters section on the veneration of the old time fan by some of our current crop of writers. I can't believe that fans today are so inferior in writing, personality, hair colour, whatever to the fan of yesteryear. My personal belief is that all the bad old writing is just a collection of pages faded by the sun and from the collective memory of fandom. Whilst I might agree that the relative numbers of fandom today mean that we have more people putting out marginal fanzines that die a hard cruel death on the horns of public opinion I think that the best writers of today will stand up against the best writers of any era. Those golden memories of days when fandom was the people who published fanzines looks pretty good compared to the harsh reality of Dr. Who fans overrunning our formerly peaceful cons. Whilst I have a bit of sympathy for this view, it's no reason to take the time tunnel back to the past.

And you have yet to read my editorial in thisish.

* ED ROM * I was rather saddened to see the Weapons Policy statement for LOSCON 9. It's
***** really too bad that such rules have to be made - I guess that this reflects
the changing nature of con attendees. There are so many people going to cons
now, and so many of them are extremely fringy, that it seems that we can't trust anyone
anymore, or rather, we don't know *who* we can trust. It seems to me that most of these
characters walking around with swords and daggers, etc., aren't what we would consider
hard-core SF fans - they're fantasy buffs, many of whom identify with their barbarian
heroes for subconscious reasons, which is not exactly an indicator of mental health.
I suppose that such strictures are all for the best. At
any rate, I personally don't feel deprived by such a
rule, because I've never felt the urge to strut
around in fake furs with a keen blade slung
over my shoulder. Like I said, I think
that these people who do this sort of
thing are not really true SF fans
anyway, and perhaps this type of
regulation will serve to keep
some of them away. I'm not
personally worried: if one
of these flakes contrived
to use one of these archaic
instruments of death on me,
I would shove it up his
ass.

I at first thought
that Steven Fox's letter
regarding Livy Jasen's
ethnic humour in HTF
#12 was a bit extreme.
After some consi-
deration, I have
to concede that
he has a point.
Much of the
so-called
humour re-
garding black
people is
hostile in
the extreme,
and is the
province
of



ignorant rednecks, so I can see how he could be offended. I wouldn't say that Livy is an asshole, however; perhaps she just doesn't realize that some people take this sort of thing very seriously. By the way, I believe that Livy is not a Southerner at all. I seem to recall that she told me in a letter that she is originally from California.

I agree with you in regard to what you think HTT should be. Glicksohn is completely off the mark. One should not fault oranges for not being apples.

And that is one of the main points in my lead editorial: HTT is a completely idiosyncratic zine that should be judged on how it succeeds in what it tries to do rather than on how it measures up to some standard set thirty years ago, standards set for zines with somewhat different goals.

* HARRY WARNER, JR. * A rainstorm has hit the East Coast, so you are receiving a prompt
***** LoC on the new HTT. Who would have thought, before the Russians shot up the first sputniks, that my fanac would be so severely hampered by satellites? But it is so: about three times as many major league baseball telecasts are available to me this year than in the past, thanks to expansion of the local cable system to satellite channels, and it takes a rainy night which prevents me from watching a scheduled game to provide extra LoC-writing time.

I suppose Darrell Schweitzer is telling the truth in his introduction to The Tale of the Tarnished Plain. But I can't help suspecting that he used a different model for his parody and was afraid of offending me by admitting it. The more I read this reprint, the more I was reminded of the way I write English.

It won't surprise me none if Ralph Roberts does disappear as a result of his article. Charles Dickens wove much the same sort of material into the text of a novel and I doubt if anyone has seen or had news of Dickens' whereabouts for many years. (He called it the Circumlocution Office, I believe, but his description of its workings was just as telling as the one Ralph Roberts wrote.)

Mike Glicksohn's comments on the wild variance in the quality of HTT material caused me suddenly to realise something. HTT reminds me of the fanzines Les Crutch used to publish so long ago. He didn't produce fanzines that were as fat or as well reproduced as yours, but he had precisely your love for putridity (although that word hadn't become a fannish cliché as yet) and Light had much the same fanzine personality. Les, incidentally, is the subject of a book-length biography and anthology which will be published soon, thus becoming I think the first fan to become the sole subject of a book about his fanac. Maybe you'll be the second fan about whom a book will be written, some time soon after the turn of the century.

Oh, sure - probably written by Ted White with illos by Darrell Schweitzer. Sure (he said sarcastically).

* ROBERT J. WHITAKER * This is a new wave letter. It is easy to read. It contains no
***** information at all. It will ask you no questions. It was designed to have no content.

This is the first sentence of the second paragraph. This is the second sentence of the second paragraph. This is the third sentence of the second paragraph; this is its subordinate clause. This is the final sentence of the second paragraph.

This is the third paragraph. It will also be the last paragraph of this letter. It is the last because the writer wishes it to be the last. All the designated effects of this letter have been done as it was programmed.

And this is an Old Wave response to your New Wave letter. It is Old Wave rather than New Wave because it performs its function properly - it was designated as a response to a letter and it does that which it set out to do. So there.

* ELIZABETH WARREN * Thank you for the very complimentary review in the number 13 issue.
***** Better be careful, I may need to buy a new hat! William is becoming a real pain, all these nice words!

Only want to clear up a few minor typo. NWSFS is the acronym, and Shareel is really Sharee. Other than that, it was one of (if not the) best review we have had since I took over. Thanks again. /*/ *This is the official response from WESTWIND on Mike Glycer's review of it in HTT #13. Glycer did the review, I provided the typos.* /*/

As for Mike's comments about clubzines in general, one thing he didnot bring up was the fact that a clubzine always has to stay within a budget set by a committee. That has been one of my biggest gripes since the beginning. With any other kind of zine, it is up to the owner/printer/editor to decide how much to spend on getting an issue out, even to the point of throwing in their own money. If I do that I get in big trouble.

With fanzines like HTT, ALL of the money (except for a pittance supplied by a few subscriptions and individual zine sales) is supplied by myself. I still get in big trouble.

* BRAD FOSTER * Ah, made my day. In the midst of all the bills to find that fat envelope
***** with HTT 13. Nifty cover, and you can tell when an artist has been around a while. I recognised the cover as being Steven Fox even without a signature.

Fine Holmes' cartoons, especially the "earmarks". I'm a sucker for really terrible puns like that. Love it. Ditto on Schweitzer's next piece, The Tarnished Plain. Don't even have to have read the original tale to enjoy this one, since it can really be applied to just about any "mighty-hewed-barbarian" type story. Thanks for reprinting it. Ditto too on Ortlieb's tale. Too many little fine kicks to name them all (although the idea of a mimeo print-out from a computer deserves extra commendation!)

* BILL BREIDING * Despite the over-all putridity of the zine, I like the basic feel of
***** HTT. No doubt Rich Coad would boot me in the buttocks for this statement, but so it goes.

I did want to congratulate you for sticking so thoroughly to your guns in regard to the Sixth Fandom Nostalgia and Ted White. You are right. Though I do enjoy zines oriented this way I get sick and tired of all these Boring Old Farts (even if they're young) saying something is not Fabulously Fannish and using critical criteria from this era of fandom as their basis.

I come from '73 fandom and that era of fandom was as fabulously faanish for me as any other was; I suspect that the beauty of such eras are based mostly on your relative newness to fandom and the energy you are putting into it. As to the argument on the quality of writing - there was just as much good writing going on in '73 as any other time. As for '82 I can be no judge - I've been semi-gafia for the last several years and receive very few zines (only the diehard old friends still send them) in order to judge.

I think what is probably happening with HTT is quite simple. I feel very much the same as Mike Glicksohn about the zine as a whole; but what you have created is a gestalt, obviously. The zine has a certain personal charm, that makes me nod and smile at the very least. You have a damned lively letter col. and that should be proof enough that you and your fanzine has found its audience. Certainly a fanzine is not going to be to everyone's taste, and this is as it should be. HTT may not be a Great Fanzine, but it's fulfilling a need. Could you, as the editor, ask for more? (Not with your putridity!)

But, but, but - it is the putridity that makes this zine.

* ARTHUR D. HLAVATY * Congratulations! This is the very first word-processed loc anyone
***** has received from me. This of course means that there will be no
more mistakes in my letters.

But, Arthur - I do not need any mistakes in your letters -- I am quite willing to supply all of the mistakes that the zine needs.

I can't let another issue of HTT pass without a LoC from me. Once again your zine is excellent. I say "your zine", but I wonder how long this will be the case, as it does appear that Darrell Schweitzer is taking over.

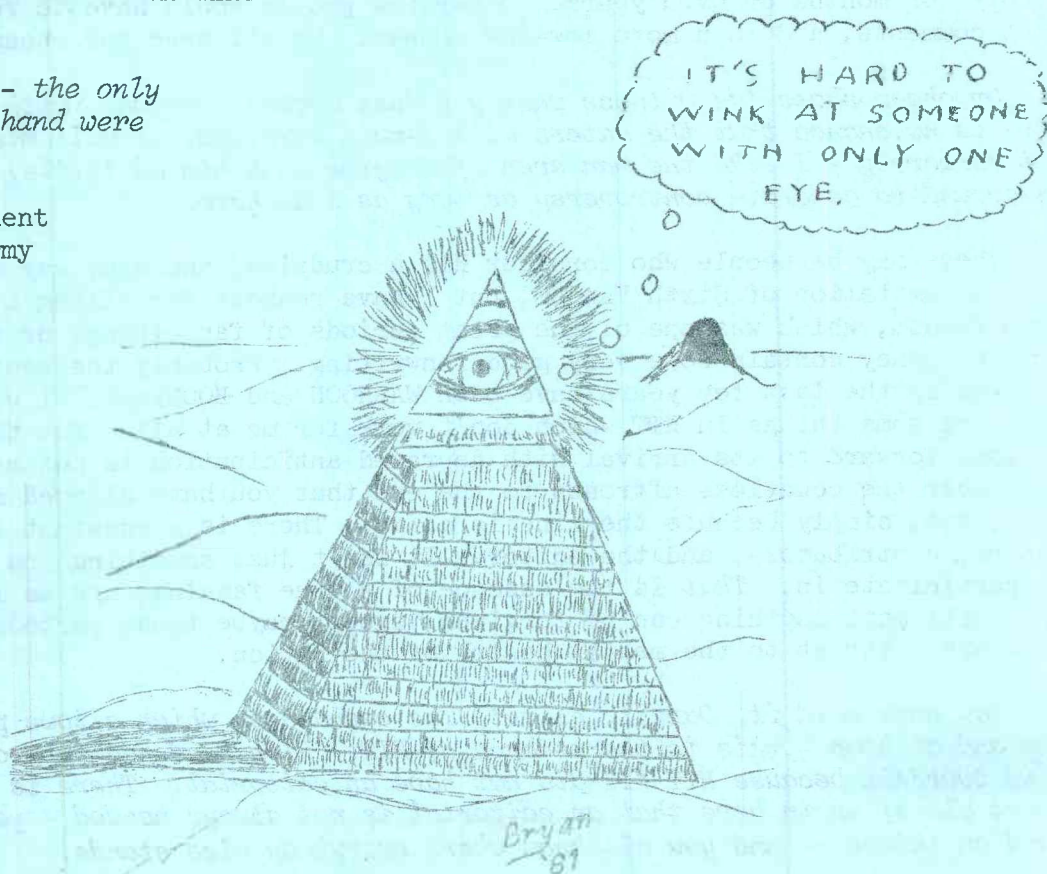
I enjoyed Darrell's article on NEW WORLDS, but I would question his assumption that NW stopped supporting writers simply because they became successful. It's pretty much a critical commonplace that Zelazny's more recent stuff is not as good as such early work as THE DREAM MASTER and THIS IMMORTAL (indeed I recently heard that opinion from one of the least "New Wave" SF writers around), and one could assume that it was the change in his work that caused the change in NW's perceptions of him.

The same seems even more likely in Delaney's case. Darrell says that NW liked him up through NOVA. But after NOVA, he had no SF novels published for 5 years, and then DHALGREN appeared, and many reviewers (including, most emphatically, Darrell himself) treated DHALGREN as a disaster and a sign that Delany had lost whatever fictional abilities he had possessed. From a few years later, it would appear that whilst Delany retains his marvelous verbal facility and the science-fictional inventiveness that highlighted the early fiction, the pause between NOVA and DHALGREN represented Delany's shift from traditional THRILLING WONDER STORIES plots to tales that apparently meandered on until the author got tired. I don't mind, but I can see that some might change their view of Delany as a result of this shift.

I'm disappointed that you didn't take the putrid opportunity to run a Fox illo next to a Jasen illo.

Not my fault, boss - the only Fox illos that I had on hand were full-pagers.

Leslie David's comment on sexual food in the army reminds me of the one about the cook at a remote army base who was shot by the troops after he butchered a sheep they were, er, particularly fond of. It was bad enough when he fucked up the cooking, but they couldn't stand it when he cooked up the fucking.



Moving right along, I find it interesting, if not terribly surprising, to see who takes offense at Gil Gaier's admirably human concern for those around him. But I suppose if I were an utterly boring person, I'd get suspicious if anyone showed an interest in me.

Mike Glicksohn's letter and your reply raise the interesting question of what a fanzine should be about. Once the answer was "science fiction". But today, except for the semi-prozines, there is very little about SF in fanzines: MYTHOLOGIES, KHATRU, SCINTILLATION, and a whole bunch of other "sercon" zines that were available when I was just getting into fandom have disappeared, and have not been replaced. Ted White's answer to what zines should be about appears to be "Sixth Fandom" - a limited answer, at best. Yours appears to be "putridity", and whilst I've enjoyed some of what that produced, I find that the most interesting discussion in HTT is about science fiction.

I do not feel that "putridity" is what fanzines should be about - "putridity" is merely what HTT is about and I feel that HTT is (both by its very nature (and mine, too, for that matter) and by intent) an atypical fanzine. I feel that it is for each foned to find his own zine "personality". I do not know if there even should be any one answer as to what fanzines should be about, but I do feel that Ted White is incorrect in his seeming desire to insist that all good fanzines should fit into some sort of Sixth Fandom mold. As HTT's discussion of Science Fiction is winding down (and that was a strange topic for a humour/putridity zine - yet it seemed to fit in), maybe a discussion about the place of fanzines in fandom and just what fanzines should be about will take its place. We shall see the loccers responses. I specifically invite response from those who disagree with my first editorial.

* DARRELL SCHWEITZER * I'm almost beginning to regret not having Joseph Nicholas to kick
***** around anymore. I can see how useful he is for fan editors. All
he has to do is make a fool of himself, and there's no shortage
of copy for months or even years. Otherwise people would have to respond only to intelligent comments, and in a more low-key manner. We all need our cheap thrills.

Or cheap shots (as witness what you just wrote). Anyway, with HTT still in my hands there is no chance that the waters will remain unroiled. I will miss Joseph (and I mean that sincerely - I like the man even if I agree with him on little) but HTT does not need his around to generate controversy as long as I am here.

There may be people who consider HTT a crudzine, and many may shun it because it isn't an imitation of Sixth Fandom, but I have reasons for liking it. This is not to knock Sixth Fandom, which was one of the great periods of fanwriting, or the fanzines derived from it. They contain some very good fanwriting. Probably the best written fanzines I've received in the last few years have been WARHOON and BOONFARK. I would even agree that there are some things in HTT which don't work for me at all. But the reason I like HTT, and look forward to its arrival with depraved anticipation is not merely so that I can gloat over the countless affronts to the eye that you have allowed me to perpetrate in your pages, but, simply because the zine is *alive*. There is a constant interplay between readers, contributors, and the editor. It isn't just something you read, but something you participate in. That is the essence of a true fanzine, and as long as you've got that, well most anything can be forgiven, except maybe these cartoons by this Dero person, which are a threat to the mental health of the nation.

You have said it, Darell, alive! The casualness which allows participants to feel open and at home - this is the essence of HTT. Rich Coad had it wrong when he castigated me in BOONFARK because HTT #11 did not have an editorial. There is so much interaction 'twixt all of us in here that an editorial is not always needed - you all know where I stand on things -- and you all know where everybody else stands.

Now, in the absence of anything from Joseph Nicholas, I have to turn to the various intelligent comments: Judith Hanna isn't quite splitting the same hair I am, I guess. My idea of "Art For Art's Sake" has to do with 19th Century romanticism, Poe, William Morris, Oscar Wilde, and (in the 20th Century), Lord Dunsany; the sort of writing which is beautiful or clever or whatever simply because it *is*, not because it is trying to serve a didactic purpose. It is the opposite of any sort of social criticism or "revolutionary" literature. Sure enough, it is usually anathema to slave societies, where anything that doesn't devote all its effort to urging the masses to follow the leader is regarded as subversive. It is the opposite of any sort of literature which pretends to be *good for you*, or *necessary*. Much of the New Wave writing pretended to raise the social consciousness of the reader, and therefore was firmly in the Protestant Work Ethic camp. Not all, of course, because such divisions as Old Wave/New Wave and the like are usually more detectable by the crossovers than by what they divide. I think the current reaction against fantasy by old-time New Wave writers is a manifestation of their Work Ethic. The (you might say) "New Wave" of fantasy fiction isn't discernably good for you, or "serious" in the approved ways, and is therefore evil. Judith is right, of course, that any art is a response to its times, but this response is far more subtle than in didactic or self-consciously *serious* literature. William Morris wrote medieval idylls in response to the industrialisation of England. The real medieval romances were mostly written during the decay of chivalry, when kings and lords and the like wanted to revive these ideals. (Edward III strongly encouraged interest in Arthurian matters, for instance. He may even be responsible for the fake Round Table which may be seen by tourists to this day.) All the late 19th Century "Art for Art's Sake" poets, painters, and writers were no doubt reacting against what they saw as the ugly and banal modern world around them. But this is quite far removed from the idea that literature should improve the reader, or that reading, which is essentially an enjoyable leisure activity, should be *work*.

Do you realise that HTT, with its tiny circulation, gets more letters of comment than any of the prozines? AMAZING, as I write, will have trouble filling a lettercolumn in the January issue. We can only do one fake/gag version. So, if anyone would like to get published in AMAZING, here's your big chance. I should also point out that fandom *began* in the lettercolumns of AMAZING and this lettercolumn shouldn't be abandoned, for tradition's sake.

Let me add my voice to Darrell's in urging all of my readers to write letters to AMAZING. In HTT's tradition of putridity I should add that it probably is not necessary to read an issue of AMAZING to be able to write the mag a letter, in fact it would probably be better to NOT read the mag before you LoC it.

And now, to prove the efficacy of my new system of mailing zines to Australia (as far as speed resulting in some responses before my new issue goes out - I already know that it is less expensive), here are two LoCs from Aussies which arrived just before I left for CHICON.

* JACK R HERMAN * Ken passed on HTT #13 at the recent Syncon and it is, as usual, an interesting admixture of the good, the bad, and the gross-out (read "putrid" in fan euphemism). I was puzzled by your pricing system: 3 ircs/issue, but 17/3?

You have every right to be puzzled - damned if I know how or why I priced it that way. As you will note (and as I have just corrected the rates on page 5), the correct rate is 5 ircs/issue and 14 ircs/3.

As a Holmesian I enjoyed Darrell's cartoons, but as a hater of high-camp fantasy I loved his Morris pastiche. It encapsulated every facet of bad fantasy writing and descriptive padding that poor examples of the genre are so rife with.

As you can tell by another response to the Morris pastiche, Darrell has been accused of not understanding Morris. I loved the Morris parody for its putrid aspects; however, as fantasy (or heroic fantasy or whatever) is outside my area of reading enjoyment, I will allow my loccers to do the arguing on this.

I read the correspondence on the Hugo suggestion, the more I'm convinced fans should abandon the Hugos altogether as a medium of peer awards. I'm drawn to Seth Goldberg's super-FAAN idea.

At this point let this zine be one of the first genzines to announce that the WSFS Business Meeting at CHICON voted in the Russell amendment to replace the current system on the Fanzine Hugo. This, after MANY years of trying to introduce some fairness and equity in the category, has been a fight that is almost won - we have to ratify the amendment in Baltimore next year. The Russell amendment sets up a Hugo for the semi-prozines and one for the amateur zines. As there was some wording changes before the final vote, I will wait until I get the final wording before I print it here. I will point out, though, that the Russell amendment was also known as the kitchen sink amendment. It incorporated the gist of the Gary Farber amendment and much of the Cantor/Glicksohn amendment (Mike and I conferred with Richard Russell and convinced him that certain features of his amendment as proposed would create problems - he amended his amendment accordingly. I could be persuaded that his amendment, in its final form, is at least as good as was the final form of the Cantor/Glicksohn amendment. Possibly it is better (and the majority of those voting for it obviously thought so), certainly it is something that both Mike and I had no trouble supporting after our amendment was defeated. Gary Farber also through his support to Russell. Friends, the Fanzine Hugo is now on its way to being returned to us. Next year in Baltimore!

* JEAN WEBER * Mike Glycer this time answered one of my questions about his review in
***** HTT #12 of my zine; I wondered what it was he thought was badly done.

I see now that he had a stereotyped 'feminist zine' in his mind, which mine is nothing like... I don't recall JANUS, but I get its successor, AURORA, and I find it an excellent example of a somewhat academic approach to feminist topics. That is, thoughtful, well-written pieces, generally related to a theme for a given issue. My approach is to try for personal responses from readers. I know, and many of my readers know, all the theoretical feminist writings. I want to know what people's 'gut reactions' are. Everybody does stupid things (like getting jealous, or having children), but why? And how do our philosophical beliefs clash with our emotions? That's what I'm looking to publish. Of course, to elicit those responses, sometimes I need to publish a theoretical item to get people talking. Even when people are saying, "John Alderson says incredible silly and wrong things," they usually say in the same breath what they think and feel. So Alderson serves a very useful purpose in my zine. However, I didn't publish him just to be stirring. I found his anthropological writings about Aborigines most interesting, though I can not judge the accuracy of his material. It's only his extrapolations to the modern world that I can judge, and reject. Anyway, reading Mike's reviews of issues 3 and 4, when I'm printing issue 8, is a bit deja vu. Mike will probably be horrified to learn that more Alderson opinions will appear in issue 9. Wait for it.

Gee, Schweitzer gets defensive towards Joseph Nicholas, doesn't he? I like Joseph's pompous ravings, but don't take such things seriously. Just as I don't take seriously your narrow-minded definition of SF. That's a topic I occasionally allow Eric Lindsay to rave on at me about... his view is similar to yours, and different from mine, and to me it's so totally irrelevant as makes no difference. I enjoy arguing about utterly unimportant topics... /*/ In other words, you like fanzines and lettercols. /*/

I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Robert Teague, who thought that he would send along a letter to let me know that he was still around. I am sorry that I did not have much time to spend talking to him at CHICON - if my rememberer is working correctly, when I saw him I was busy delivering an egg cream to Kev Smith. Sheldon Teitelbaum writes that he is going to be taking a cue from me and throwing a jelly-bean bash at JERUCON (which con I guess was eventually held in Beirut). Cicatrice wrote for the current HTT saying that Jeff Ford was not impressed with it and that she wanted to be independently not impressed. Ed Rom found practically nothing wrong with HTT #12 and found that unusual as he says that he can find things wrong with almost everything. Keep on trying, Ed. Jim Meadows writes that he is up to his hips in fanzines. Whatever turns him on, sez I. So much for the late ones. Updating to the present we come to a card from Bill Breiding who wants me to DNQ part of his LoC. Whatever you say, boss. Ed Rom sent me a sick racist joke and still another letter saying that he had changed his position on something that he wrote in his letter that I excerpted earlier in this column and would I please DNQ that part - that I did so goes without saying. Tom Dunn was amazed at how I get out HTT with such regularity (I use ex lax) as he can get out The Pipe Smokers Ephemeris (a quarterly) one issue each eleven months. So which one of us is a fan, eh? Terry Jeeves, who visited in Los Angeles in early August (great to finally meet you, Terry), loves The LoC Ness Monster. *kinky* Tony Cannon wonders if there is any way to write a comprehensive LoC on a 65 fanzine short of producing a zine sized letter. The answer, of course, is no. The other answer is that you cannot count on me producing said zine sized letter in toto in the Monster, but go ahead and write it anyway. Jim Meadows, getting the fanzines away from his hips, wonders if HTT became the special Darrell Schweitzer issue. No, that one is yet to be produced, story at eleven. He asks if I am thinking of changing the name of HTT to *Darrell Schweitzer's Science Fiction Magazine*. To be serious for a moment I will take this opportunity to acknowledge Darrell's importance to HTT - without slighting my other contributors I must say that Darrell holds a special place in this zine, his contributions making HTT in large part what it is today. I feel fortunate that Darrell has decided to allow me to present much of his work to the rest of you - his sense of putridity closely parallels mine (although it is not precisely identical). To continue: Leslie David thought that she would never be putrid enough to be published in HTT. Leslie, if you survive LASFAPA for a few issues and are not grossed out by zines by me, Hlavaty, and Belisky, you are now ready to graduate to the bigtime (HTT). John Purcell wrote to tell me of ENNUi, his new fanzine. If he could have spared us the boredom of a page or so writing about how he came to his zine title it would have been an interesting first issue. Anyway, ENNUi will be dreadfully panned by Certain Powers That Be for saying good things about HTT. Bob Lee wrote to tell me that he was "morgified" - he also sent a pop-up vagina cartoon similar to the Bosky one which I pubbed lastish -- one never can tell just what will pop up in fandom these days. Mel White loved the Steve Fox cover and feels honoured to have her artwork in the same zine with artists of the stature of Fox. Does she mean like Hlavaty and Schweitzer? Well, that is it for this smartass section - for this time, anyway. Remember, I am an equal opportunity insulter - just keeps those cards and letters and telephone calls coming (spread cum *everywhere*).

ADDRESSES

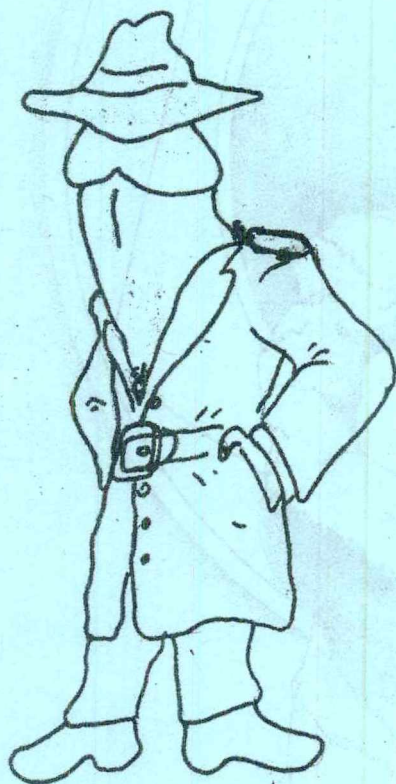
John P. Alexander: P.O. Box 13, Northgate Station, Seattle, WA 98125 USA
Harry J.N. Andruschak: P.O. Box 606, La Canada-Flintridge, CA 91011 USA
Mary Bohdanowicz: 36 Cleveland Ave., Westfield, MA 01085 USA
Bernadette Bosky: 819 Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701 USA
Bill Breiding: 222 Brighton St., San Francisco, CA 94112 USA
Wayne Brenner: c/o Mr. Robert Keats, 637 8th Ave., New Hyde Park, NY 11040 USA
Brian Earl Brown: 20101 W. Chicago #201, Detroit, MI 48228 USA
rich brown: 1632 19th St. NW #2, Washington, DC 20009 USA
Rick Brown: 430 Toftrees Ave. #117, State College, PA 16801 USA
Bryan: c/o Rick Brown

Tony Cannon: Morgantown, KY 42261 USA
 Cody: 3743 McLaughlin Ave. #2, Los Angeles, CA 90066 USA
 Ian Covell: 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland, England
 Catherine Doyle: 213 E. Main, Statesboro, GA 30458 USA
 Richard Faulder: Yanco Agricultural Research Centre, Yanco, NSW 2703 Australia
 Adrienne Fein: 26 Oakwood Ave., White Plains, NY 10605 USA
 George Flynn: 27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren, RI 02885 USA
 Brad W. Foster: Jabberwocky Graphix, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75062 USA
 Frejac: 70 Illinois, Pontiac, MI 48053 USA
 Alexis Gilliland: 4030 8th St. South, Arlington, VA 22204 USA
 Mike Glycer: 5828 Woodman #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401 USA
 Seth Goldberg: P.O. Box 7309, Menlo Park, CA 94025 USA
 Michael Hall: 8318-90 Ave., Edmonton, ALTA T6C 1P1, Canada
 Jack Harness: 114 S. Rampart Bl. #1, Los Angeles, CA 90057 USA
 Jack R. Herman: Box 272, Wentworth Building, Univ. of Sydney, Sydney, NSW 2006 Australia
 Arthur D. Hlavaty: 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701 USA
 Terry Jeeves: 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield S11 9FE, United Kingdom
 Bob Lee: 1720 Burgundy Rd., Leucadia, CA 92024 USA
 Mark Loney: P.O. Box 83, Kalamunda, WA 6076 Australia
 Eric Mayer: 1771 Ridge Road East, Rochester, NY 14622 USA
 Michael McGann: 194 Corunna Rd., NSW, Petersham 2049, Sydney, Australia
 Joseph Nicholas: 22 Denbigh Street, Pimlico, London SW1V 2ER, United Kingdom
 Richard Onley: 1204 S. Zunis, Tulsa, OK 74104 USA
 Marc. A. Ortlieb: P.O. Box 46, Marden, SA 5070 Australia
 J.D. Owen: 4 Highfield Close, Newport Pagnell, Bucks MK16 9AZ, England
 Joe Pearson: 17830 Kinzie St., Northridge, CA 91325 USA
 D. Carol Roberts: C/o Allyn Cadogan, 263 8th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118 USA attn. D.C.R.
 Ed Rom: 2600½ Calihan Ave., Benidji, MN 56601 USA
 Marc Schirmeister: 1555 Vista Lane, Pasadena, CA 91103 USA
 Darrell Schweitzer: 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, PA 19087 USA
 Steven M. Tymon: 1838 E. 7th St. #9, Long Beach, CA 90813 USA
 Bruce Townley: 2323 Sibley St., Alexandria, VA 22311 USA
 Harry Warner, Jr.: 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740 USA
 Elizabeth Warren: c/o Northwest Science Fiction Society, P.O. Box 24207, Seattle, WA 98124
 Jean Weber: 13 Myall St., O'Connor, ACT 2601 Australia
 Robert J. Whitaker: P.O. Box 7709, Newark, DE 19711 USA
 Alan White: 1025 N. Serrano Ave. #208, Hollywood, CA 90029 USA
 Mel White: 302 S. Perdue #29, Lubbock, TX 79403 USA

CLOSING MATTER:

CHICON IV has come and gone. For many reasons I consider this a milestone con. There was the passing of the Russell amendment which split the Fanzine Hugo. The hat was passed during the Masquerade intermission and a bit over \$1000 was raised for TAFF/DUFF. I was in charge of the Fanzine Lounge, a position which I did not get early enough to completely properly plan; nevertheless I sold almost \$1100 worth of fanzines in the small place which I had. All of which seems to prove to me that fanzine fandom is not completely dead despite the words of the doomsayers. Under the head of Avedon Carol the fanzine section at CONSTELLATION promises to be quite good. I am on the L.A.CON II concom in charge of the fan room - I hope to continue and build on what is getting to be a good thing for fanzine fans at Worldcon.

And then there was the major milestone - for me, at least. Right near the end of the con I met and fell in love with a lovely woman from Quebec. Plans call for her to be visiting me during the last half of September (about when I should be printing this). And here I had more or less reconciled myself to being a life-long bachelor. I guess that there is life in the old boy yet. And Ghu knows how love will affect HTT! Stay tuned for further whatever.



206

»

It's only the house dick.

»

Is he hard-boiled?

Looks scrambled to me.

*Dave
Schmidt*

