

Holier Than Thou

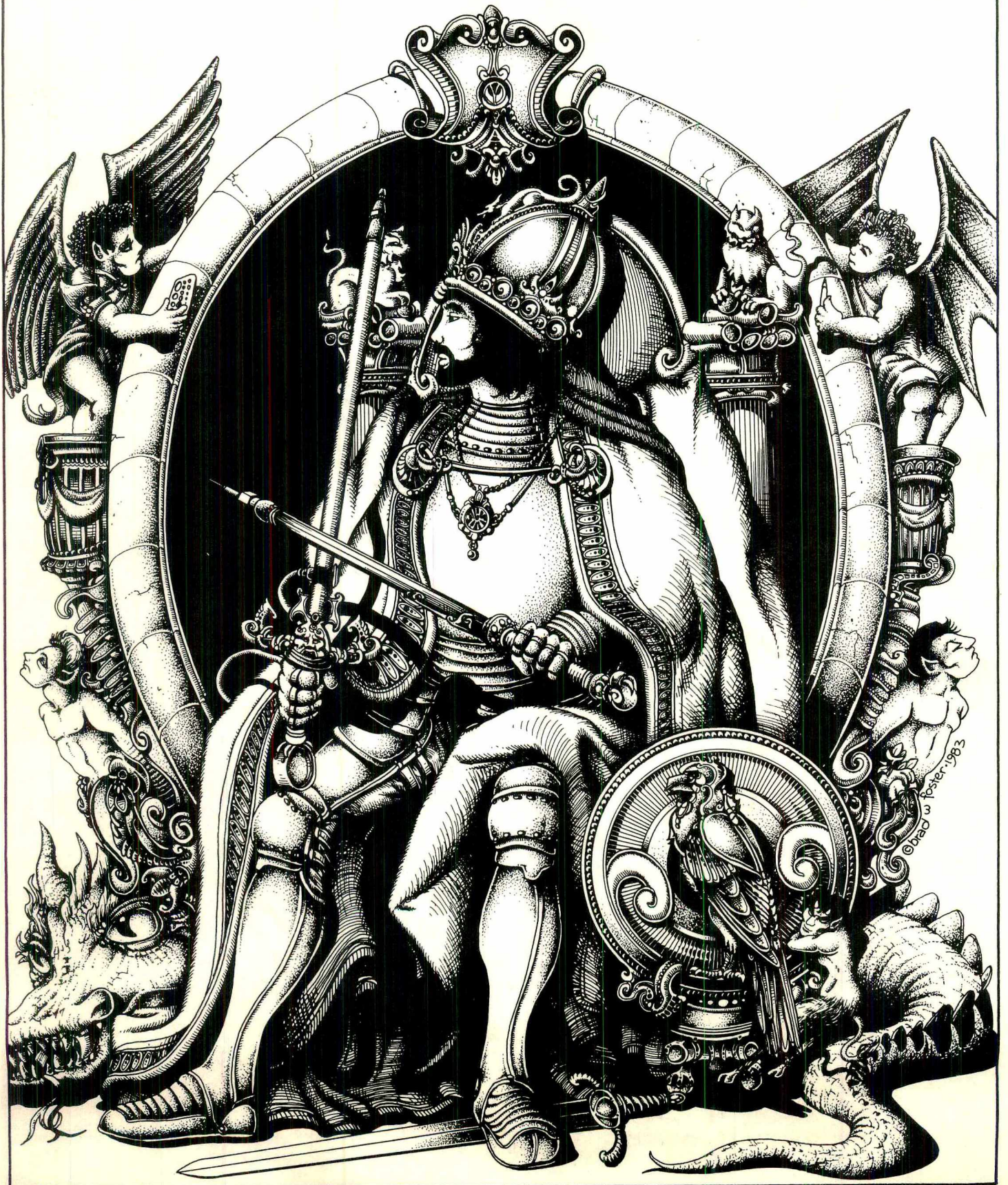




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Darrell Schweitzer: 61, 69	Steven Fox: Bacover

*This fanzine supports: Jack R. Herman for DUFF in '84
Marty and Robbie Cantor for DUFF in '85*

Melbourne in '85

*We would like to convince our readers to drum up some noise to
help Skel decide to stand for TAFF in '84*

This fanzine would also like to congratulate Jerry Kaufman for his DUFF win.

WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS:

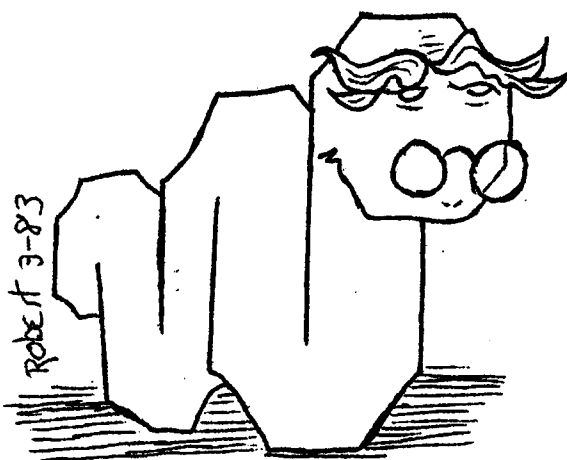
- ☒ We trade. *Thanks for Gelli-Murphy!*
- ☐ Would you like to trade?
- ☐ You locced/contributed.
- ☒ We would like for you to loc/contribute.
- ☐ Again.
- ☐ Your contribution is being held for a further issue.
- ☐ Your previous contributions make us want to continue for awhile.
- ☐ You subscribe.
- ☐ Your subscription has run out. Please resubscribe if you want any further issues.
- ☐ If you respond to this issue we will send you the next one.
- ☐ You purchased this copy. Thank you. Our psychiatrist will call on you in the morning.
- ☐ Your fanzine has been reviewed in this issue. You have the right of reply.
- ☐ It has been so long since we have heard from you that we will have to stop sending HTT to you if you do not Do Something soon.
- ☐ Editorial whim/wher.
- ☐ Fill in the line of your choice.
- ☒ This fanzine might be of interest to you.

*Remember: To continue receiving HTT you must Do Something at least ONCE a year.
(Arthur Hlavaty is allowed to do it TWICE - and Bernadette, THREE times.)*

HOLIER 16 THAN THOU

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YU LACK 1.

Robert 3-83



I KNOW
HORSESHIT
WHEN I
READ IT

Hoo Hah Publication No. 319. A Production of the Foot-In-Mouth Press. Published in June, 1983. Electrostencilling by the LASFS Gestefax 455. HTTP is published thrice yearly and is available for the usual or \$1.50 US per issue (3/\$4.00 US). Also available for five 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 (A\$4.00/3), to ken.

BLOODY
MEDIAFEN?



PARASITES?

BY

robbie c. cantor

In RAFFLES 7, Brian Earl Brown lets loose on the topic of media fen. He states that "what has made so many fans angry about the media fans has been their parasitic relationship to fandom, that these media fans are just leeching off us and offer nothing in return." Larry and Stu merely reply that "some people feel that way." It might also have been appropriate to mention that sweeping generalisations of this sort invite disaster.

Strong word? Not really. For, while it is true that there are parasitic media fans, it is also true that there are parasitic trufen. And, in both cases, a case can be made that a far larger percentage of both groups are *not* leeches. Brian seems to have a positive penchant for getting himself into sticky quarters.

With very little effort, examples of do-nothing mediafen can be found - they are those who pay for the fanzines they get, who pay to attend cons at which they do not work, who simply pay over their membership dues in clubs and assiduously avoid any positions of authority and responsibility. They do not *want* to work at their fandom. But, this is just as easily true of other fen as well. We all know them. They would rather let someone else do the work so that they can have a little fun. Does this mean that by extending Brian's argument to cover all fen that it would now be correct? Hardly.

For, in every grouping of fandom, there are also those who work long and hard - at their fanzines, at organising cons, at running cons, at forming and running clubs, at all sorts of things.

Mediafen, too, work hard at their fandom. They produce fanzines, they write articles and locs, they establish and run clubs, they organise and run cons, they correspond extensively. They are just as active as any trufan. But, primarily in their own sub-grouping, not in the trufan's.

So, the argument that media fans are leeches simply does not hold up under close

scrutiny. They have just as many hard-working, eager, talented, and creative members of their fandom as any fandom has. Perhaps a better argument might have been made for their not contributing to a particular event or to a particular segment of fandom, rather than fandom as a whole.

If we examine that possibility, there is probably more chance of the statement being correct. After all, at any event there are always people who did not contribute to the success or failure of the project. And, if an event was primarily put on by a bunch of trufen, they could easily feel that any mediafen who simply "showed up" were parasites. I don't think anyone would begrudge them that feeling. It is, after all, perfectly natural. And could just as easily apply to other fen who simply attend without having anything to do with the planning, set-up or clean-up. But, in a trufan gathering, the media fan is more out of place, so his presence will arouse more ire than the presence of other trufen who didn't contribute either. At least the trufen organisers can *talk* to the trufen "hangers-on".

But, how about contributing to a section of fandom other than their own? Could media fans do this? In most cases, probably not. An article on "Star Wars" would stand little chance of being accepted by HTT, for example, nor would its writer receive a complementary copy in acknowledgement of his effort. Marty would just send a note saying "sorry, not interested" (if he managed to be that polite). The same is true of most trufen. Their interests are not the same, so they do not invite the media fan to participate in their endeavours. Surely the media fan is not to blame for this?

What it all comes down to is that Brian has fallen into the trap of using a sweeping generalisation to make his point. It is a trap because there is no way to prove any such generalisation true in *all* cases no matter *how* true the statement is. And when it is used in relation to a situation in which it is only true of a small percentage of the group referred to, it will tend to make its declarer look foolish.

Media fans are no more parasitic than regular fans or trufen. There may be times when you *feel* that they are, but there are times when *they* feel that *you* are. Under no circumstances would that make such a statement as Brian's correct to anyone with an ounce of sense.

I'll close with a prime example of the non-parasitic media fan. She co-edited a media zine (sinking every spare dime into the production with no thought of ever seeing a penny back), helped found and run a media club (Doctor Who), and served on a concom. She also served on an s.f. club exec and an s.f. concom. Hardly a leech; hardly someone offering nothing in return for what she got from fandom. Her name? Roberta (Robbie) Bourget Cantor.

--- Robbie Cantor

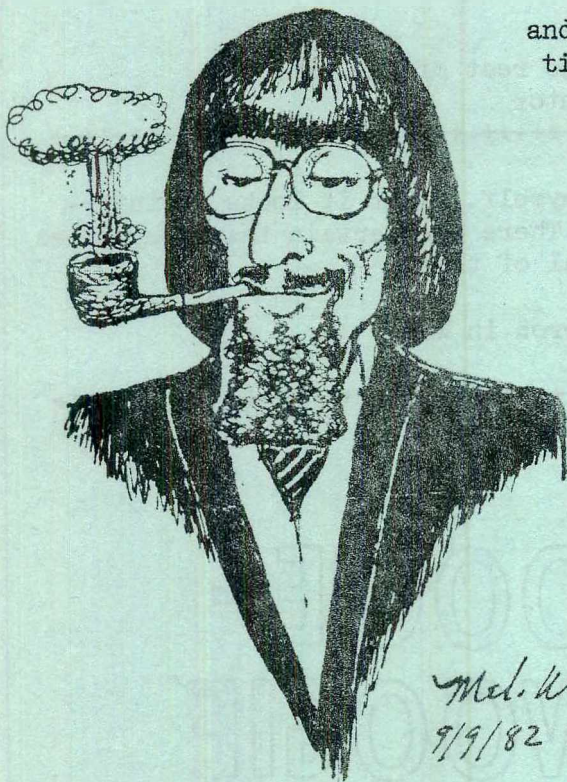
PERSONAL UPDATE

BY

marty cantor

I am not going to use this editorial space to expand on one of the burning questions of the day nor on any one of the many controversies which threaten to plunge all fandom into war. Instead, I will take this opportunity to inform you of the very much more important things which have been happening to me. And maybe a few other things.

Such as getting married on January 30 at the LASFS clubhouse. Not to infer, though, that this was a fannish wedding as such (although I have nothing against such things). The wood-panelled clubhouse is comfortably appointed and it provided a congenial place for family and friends to gather to help us celebrate the occasion. After the wedding and the small reception on the premises which Robbie and I put on, fan-friends Lee Ann Goldstein



and Janice Gelb (fellow LASFAPA members) threw a traditional High Tea for us at the home of Jim Hollander and Stasia Spade. In the interest of not boring you with something which might sound like it came from the society pages of a newspaper, I will say no more on this matter.

On a less nice, but still hopeful note, the change of job-status has still not yet occurred.

I will not go into details; however, my boss is still hopeful of being able to purchase a certain wholesale operation - when he does so, he will be placing me in charge of it. (Two of the nice things about the change of jobs will be an increase in pay and a five-day work week in place of the present six-day work week.)

Our current financial situation, contrary to some of my moanings in previous issues, appears to be about ready for improvement (although I do not expect to resume a quarterly format for HTT as I do not know where I would find the time for that). Robbie has been working in a temporary position at the Canadian Consulate in Los Angeles; by the time you see this she should have secured a permanent appointment doing the same job.

So, unless there is some sort of dire emergency, you can expect to see us at CONSTELLATION (where we shall host my annual gourmet jelly bean party for fanzine fans on Thursday evening - you are all invited). Even though I sent in the hotel reservation form the day after I received it, we have still not heard from any hotel in Baltimore. Our first choice is the Hilton, with second and third choices being the Howard House and the Holiday Inn Downtown. Whichever hotel it is, we will post a notice about the party in the Fanzine Lounge, so check there on Thursday afternoon. And the Fanzine Lounge will be a good place to meet me (or leave me a note if I am not around) as I will be running the fanzine huxter table there (which is more or less what I did at CHICON) - drop by for some conversation.

Another place where some of you may probably see us is at CORFLU, a fanzine fans' con to be held in San Francisco in January. Sorry, but I have no further details which I can pass on to you. If I find out anything before I finish the stencils for this issue, I will pass it on. Anyway, a fanzine fans' con is something whose time is definitely *here*. I wish, though, that it were not being held in January, a time when many fans may not be able to attend. I see nothing wrong with having the con during the summer months as I assume that fanzine fans would prefer a fanzine fans' con to other competing cons.

Still another topic. Several of the loccers congratulated me for publicly saying that I was wrong when I (in #15) recanted my first editorial in #14. Rather than individually responding in the LoC Ness Monster, let me state here that publicly admitting that I was wrong was, indeed, difficult to do. After all, I have had little practice admitting error as I am hardly ever wrong.

O On yet still another topic: I would like to announce the tag team of Robbie and Marty Cantor for DUFF in '85. I have previously announced myself as a candidate; with Robbie having a job we should not have too many problems putting aside the money to fund one of us, with DUFF paying for the other. As a matter of some sort of principle, I do not feel that DUFF should make the attempt to fund two people in one year. If we win and find enough money in the fund to more than cover the expenses of one of us, the excess -

will be passed on to the next winner.

No more topics - it is time to fry your minds with the rest of the zine.

--- Marty Cantor

Ann wonders what I am reading and, frankly, I'm not sure myself. "But it looks so interesting!" She's dying of curiosity but I let her suffer. There are certain things mundanes should not be subjected to and the humour in HTT is several of them.

Richard Bergeron in WIZ#5

THE BOOGIE - WOOGIE BUDGET BLUES

BY

lon atkins

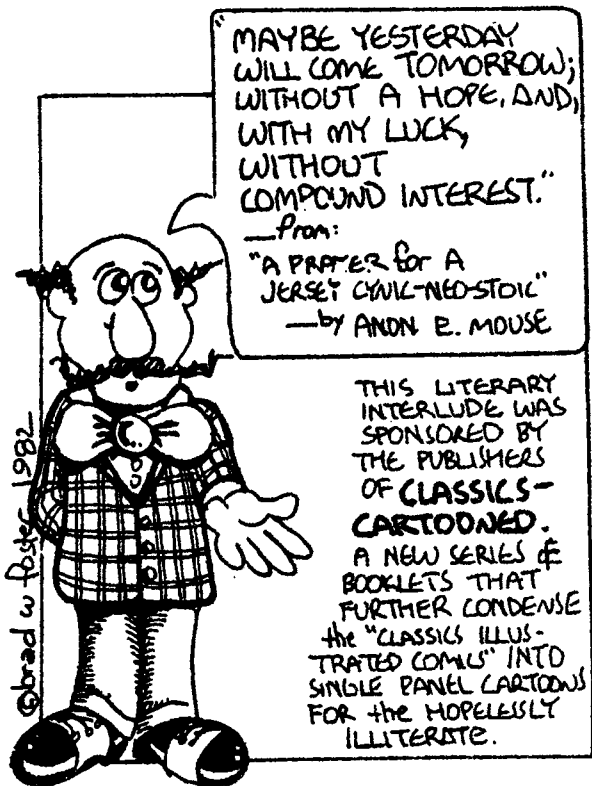
/*/ Reprinted from SFPA. /*/

It's that time of the fiscal quarter again and good little managers are preparing their freshest budget forecast submittal.

Such an exercise demands steel nerves and unwavering concentration to the numbers at hand. Accuracy is demanded, yes, but future adherence to budget is enforced via quaint rituals fully known only to that arm of Accounting known as the Secret Surveillers ("SS") and the Personnel department's exit interviewer.

Because these magic numbers are so intensely important, and because one's own staff always submits such cryptically fascinating inputs, the corporation has arranged special conditions for the accountable managers to work under. The level of ingenuity displayed is remarkable. The cast dedicated to the task is damnably flawless in their execution.

The first distraction squad to hit is usually composed of the opposite sex. They're always strikingly good-looking, revealingly dressed, and have a knowing, teasing manner that concurrently oozes with worshipful respect. The Accounting department seems to participate with gleeful disproportion. Let me give an example.....



I am slaving over those funny numbers, behind a closed door, when suddenly that closed door opens and in glides this tall slim girl. Well,.....not all of her is slim.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Atkins," she breathes, "the controller *has* to have this invoice verified by noon."

"No problem, " I flip off. This lovely is dressed in a slit skirt and halter. She needs a big halter.

"It's hot today," she says with a darling little blush. "I knitted the top myself."

"Uhhhh," I counter with my usual dazzling corruscation of comradely wit.

"Could you check it over carefully and give your approval?"

I stare. "Can't comment on the *needlework*, but..."

"The *invoice*, Mr. Atkins. My name is Susie. It's the *invoice* that needs your approval. ...Before noon."

She steps up to my desk and leans over, bending from the waist, in order to place the invoice directly in front of me. It's a long slow bend. When I finally manage to convince my eyes that they should examine the invoice, I find that I've already approved it.

"But I signed this on the 14th," I say.

"One can never be too sure, " she says. "Have you been to that cute new little French restaurant over on Main?"

"This invoice is for stationery supplies. It totals to \$34.12."

"Manage the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." She leans over the desk again to retrieve the invoice.

"Take the invoice," I say. "I approve it. Then and now."

"I've only been here two weeks," she pouts. "And no one has taken me out for a welcome luncheon yet."

"I'm astonished."

"Hope I didn't disturb you."

"Oh, no. No, I'm only doing the budget. Thank you, Susie."

I stare at the input sheets spread across my desk. They are unintelligible swirling numbers, unrelated to where I was before the interruption. I sigh deeply and begin again from scratch.

Female managers of my acquaintance tell me that their door opens and there's the new mail boy. He's deeply tanned, built like a Greek god, and has the bluest eyes since Paul Newman. There's an envelope marked "personal" and he didn't want to entrust it to the secretary.

His shirt is open down to his navel. She always wonders how he managed to get into his denims and how he manages to stay in. As tight as they are through the crotch they must be hell on his obviously generous endowment.

The conversation reveals that his old man has just given him a 40-foot yacht. To make up for getting mad when sonny moved out to a bachelor pad in the most expensive area of Newport. As the mail boy leaves he leans back and confides, in his huskiest voice, that he's a sucker for strong and accomplished older women.

When the distraction squad has finished their first pass, the shock troops move in. I've just coordinated the various cost centres and am about to translate this into a summary sheet when a great huge noise blows through the office. It's hideous! Mind-splitting!

I rush outside and discover the facilities crew has a pneumatic hammer in the hall. "What's going on?" I scream.

"We're taking up the carpet," declares the straw boss.

"Oh, ghod! How long will this go on?"

"Only a few days," he replies with a smirk. "It's a rush job."

Frantically I gather my papers. Flight is clearly indicated. With a stuffed briefcase I repair to a little-known conference room at the rear of the building. I tell no one.

Upon the narrow table I distribute my input sheets, thinking all the while how foreign they look. Have I seen them before, or was it all a dream? That logical connection I had made has departed. With a familiar deep sigh, I begin again the demanding struggle for understanding.

A timid knock distracts me, but I hold my place mentally. It is my secretary. (How did she find me?)

"The General Manager has called a special meeting," she apologizes. "You're wanted immediately in the main conference room. It's urgent."

I scurry through the corridors, imagining horrible things. The baseline has been slashed. My funds have been diverted. A major corporate reorganisation has occurred. We've been bought by Amtrak.....

The GM looks stern and tight-lipped as his key managers file into the huge, panelled room. The magnitude of this sudden occasion catches everyone. Not a single face smiles.

The GM clears his throat and spears the attendees with his steely eyes. "Gentlemen," he begins, then amends with a wry turn of mouth, "and ladies. Today marks a significant event for all of us."

He pauses, strides to the corner coffee pot and warms his java. "We are fortunate to have Mr. Entwistle from Corporate here to give us a few hours of concise briefing. Today..." He goes to his notes. "Today we begin the United Fund campaign..."

Two hours later I stagger out of the conference room, Entwistled to death. It is lunch hour, but I eschew this amenity and hasten back to my conference room. The table is *clean*.

With horror I recognize that A Meeting has been held. With trembling hands I rescue my input sheets from the trash can, carefully brushing the coffee dregs and cigarette ashes from the precious data. The call for a double scotch is overwhelming in its impact, yet I know that this is Friday. The budget is due Monday.

Slowly and determinedly, I reconstruct the key elements. I transcribe the summaries - but half-way through this operation the door flies open and my manager of Sustaining Operations rushes in.

"A customer crisis! A customer crisis!" he shouts.

"Go solve it!" I snarl. The untamed beast within me is surfacing. I could gnaw raw nails, eat Coors bottles.

"It's your account," he screams. "G.W. Krapmonger. You installed the first system 73 years ago. They're calling for you in their agony, bouncing your name off the private chamber walls of Vice-Presidents and Telex operators."

The tepid memory of Krapmonger stirs in my brain. They were a sensitive account. Also a \$45,000,000 per year account. Perhaps they merited some special attention. I rise to the clarion call of Duty.

Dignity characterizes my actions. Each input sheet returns to the mother briefcase with careful love. When all is ready, I follow my Sustaining manager into the hall on wooden legs. I feel like an undertaker.

G.W. Krapmonger's problem is operational. When I have made copious notes on the system problem symptoms, I confer with my staff of technical experts. A system is rapidly pre-empted and the practical experiment begins. Very quickly we verify the nature of the problem.

I walk to the phone, dwarfed by the dread knowledge that I am the only man who can convey this solution to the proud and sensitive customer. I dial the Krapmonger number and ask for their Vice-President of Data Processing.

After skillful preliminary chatter, I get to the point. "It is a fact," I pronounce, with all the authority of my technical expertise standing behind my words, "that you must plug the system into a power outlet before it will function properly."

This rescue operation has taken a mere two hours, so I feel confident that the budget can be resolved by midnight. As I return to my office (it being after 2:30 the facilities crew has departed), I am stopped by a guard.

"Are you employee number 1254A7739076GG67J?" he asks.

I consult my employee badge. "That's me."

"Sorry, sir, but you're illegally parked. Your car is in an 'H' zone and your badge only authorizes a 'J' zone. Sorry, sir, but you'll have to move your car."

"Tomorrow I'll park properly. This has been a tough day for me."

"We're towing you in twelve minutes," he states.

So I move the car. All of the 'J' parking is full of 'H' stickers so I have to drive six blocks down the line. It takes longer to walk back than expected, because I must skirt the sprinklers which have been turned on in order to catch the departing Manufacturing personnel.

As I attempted to enter the lobby door I found that my badge had been forgotten. The receptionist looked at me. I was bedraggled and damp. "Who are you here to see, sir?"

"I work here. I'm Lon Atkins."

She sniffed. "May I see your badge, sir?"

"Hahaha. I left it with my briefcase in the hall. Had to move my car, you know. Parked in the wrong zone."

"I'm afraid I must see your badge, sir. In order to admit you."

"No. My badge is in the building. I'm a manager here. Those procedures don't apply."

"It's my job, sir," she sniffed. "Surely someone can vouch for you."

"The GM. Call him."

"Not allowed, sir. He can't be disturbed by just *anyone*."

I looked at her. Later someday I would stroll out with my badge and status to introduce myself. For now, I would walk around the building and enter unchallenged through the receiving door. It's always open.

Once ensconced in my office again, I turned my keen penetrating attention to the budget issues. No doubt my furious mind could dispense of these critical issues by one ay em. But somehow they didn't gel. I got a coffee. Smoked fifteen cigarettes. Then got another coffee. It was time, I decided, to go home. Saturday was a calm day. Who worked?

On Saturday I could work without interruption. How nice. For the rest of the day I wrote brief answers to critical memos and preserved my sanity by throwing Corporate Procedures into the wastecan.

Saturday was such a beautiful day. The sky was California blue; the breeze was blowing inland from the seaport of Newport Bay. Even the parking lot seemed festive. The few cars parked there were brightly coloured and the trees around the periphery swayed alluringly in the wind. I parked in high spirits, clicked my badge in the reader, and entered undeterred.

The plant was quiet as expected. I spread out those enigmatic input sheets and began the serious business of fiscal resolution.

The next sound I heard was remarkably similar to that of a tuba being tuned. That was, of course, my fevered imagination. I'd had only two hours of sleep the previous night, requiring a full measure of Jack Black to lull me away. With renewed determination I attacked the budget.

Then the fiddle was tuned. And the clarinet. And the bassoon. I wandered out in search of the source of such unusual sounds. In the lunchroom, right around the corner from my office, a motley assortment of musicians was picking up steam. I recognized the lead guitarist.

"Hello, Frank. What's happening.....?"

"Hi, Lon!" burred Frank. "The company recreation committee band has got the lunchroom to practice in. Isn't that great?"

"Absolutely smashing, Frank. I thought you guys had other quarters."

"Oh, this got approved Friday. Nobody expected it, but, by golly, they're all here! What spirit! What dedication!"

"I can't even express my feelings, Frank. You guys have a good practice."

I staggered back to my office and closed the door. The energetic music still seemed loud, but wouldn't it be an inspiration to performance? I settled down to the task with new enthusiasm, tempered with melody.

Just as I made my adjustment and was approaching the critical area of resolution, the door burst open. There was Susie with a sheaf of invoices in her hand.

"I had to work today to catch up," she said. "I desperately need your approval."

"Knitted the shorts too," I ventured, noticing that she had retained the halter but discarded the slit skirt for other coverage.

"Oh, yes," she admitted with only a mild blush. "I didn't have as much yarn as I thought I did when I started, so..."

"No problem," I interjected. "You have improvised magnificently. How did you get past the guard?"

"Beg pardon?" she asked, visibly flustered.

"No matter. It's just that I was planning to finish the budget today."

The phone began to ring, so I motioned Susie to come in and sit down. (Maybe that would stop her from bending over the desk.) Then I answered the devilish device and was greeted by Bob Entwistle's cheery voice.

"Glad I caught you in, Lon! Yesterday's meeting was so short that I couldn't cover all the exciting..."

"Not now, Bob. I've got a deadline. I'll call you Monday."

Susie held the sheaf of invoices out. "Are all these account numbers right?" she asked.

I idly took the invoices and thumbed through them. Meanwhile, somebody put the Angels game onto the PA system. Jackson was hot. It would be a good one.

"The accounts look correct to me."

Through the doorway thundered my friend the guard. "You're not authorized to park in the 'F' zone," he stated with mild reproval, disappointed that I should turn out delinquent two days running.

Then he noticed Susie. "I'm afraid you don't conform to company dress code, miss." A stern, authoritative timbre deepened his voice. "I'm going to have to ask you to leave the plant."

Down in the lunchroom the band broke into a rendition of "Muskrat Ramble". I looked at the budget input sheets. I looked at Susie. I looked at the guard.

"You may return to your rounds now," I said, drawing the unarguable prerogative of command into my tone. "I'll see that all is taken care of."

He looked at my grubby denims and polo shirt, but I was the one sitting in a big office and he had seen me, dressed flawlessly in three-piece suit, sweeping through the lobby in the company of General Managers and Vice-Presidents.

"Thank you, sir," he said and departed.

"As for you," I said to Susie. "There's no excuse for your scandalous attire and it's my duty as a manager to get you out of it."

She looked at me, wide-eyed, and clutched her sheaf of invoices to her bosom.

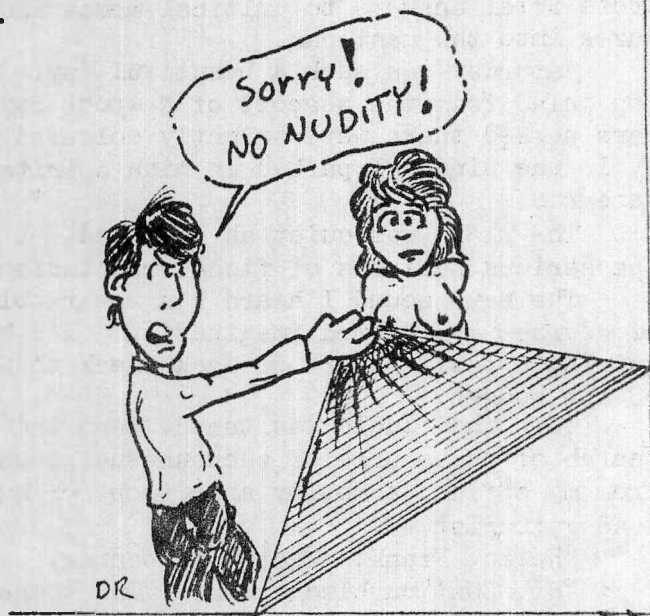
"As I recall policy," I continued, "I am required to confiscate the offending garments, tag them and have them entered in your permanent personnel file. The guards will hold you until the police matron can arrive to search you for illegal narcotic or hallucinogenic substances. Unfortunately, this sometimes takes hours."

Suddenly the game had gotten deeper. My stern demeanour was a wicked contrast to poor Susie's horrified alarm.

"I am going to turn around and carefully consult my Policies Manual," I said with constrained force. "When I have confirmed the necessary actions I will look up. If there is a problem, I will be forced to act." And I winked as I turned to the massive book.

She was gone when I finished my bogus policy search. (That one had me worried, but I had gauged her correctly.) Next step was the phone. I called a friend who owned a little cafe. He was struggling to get it together. Needed some help to draw customers.

"George!" I said. "Got a dynamite opportunity for you. I know a sweet little jazz band that practices on Saturday afternoons. The guys are good, but they're amateurs. The dedicated type, y'know. Play for the pride of it."



"Now here's the deal. If I put the old charm on 'em, they'll practice at your place for nothing more than the price of drinks. Break open an extra bottle or two and you've got solid Dixieland."

George is such a nice guy. As I headed for the lunchroom I listened to the group doing "High Society". That kid from Receiving was sheer sweet hell on trumpet.

"Frank!" I called out when they broke. "Come listen to this one..."

As the band cleared out, excited and wildly encouraged at this unmatched commercial opportunity, I grinned to myself and repeated an old litany about what an evil man I was.

Then I cruised off to find the turkey who'd put the Angels game on the PA. Swiftly through the halls, swinging my flexed biceps, I felt the blood of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee surge in my Alabama arteries.

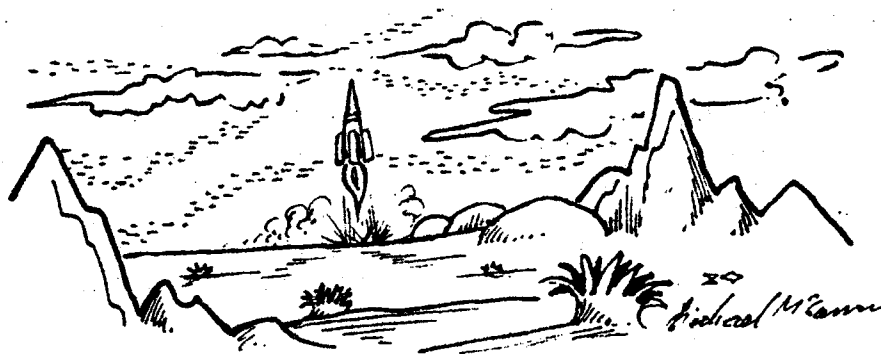
To hell with parking in the 'F' zone! Let that guard stick his head into my office again and I would 'F' all over it until he wouldn't know which end to wipe when he next hit the john.

As for Susie, the poor naive girl had gotten rather a rough cob in return for her efforts. I had half an urge to mend fences by taking her to lunch Monday at that quaint little new French restaurant on Main.

But the budget... The budget was due Monday morning.

--- Lon Atkins





A POEM FROM THE LATE HOMO SAPIENS PERIOD

DISCOVERED BY

darrell schweitzer

Note: The following is one of the few authentic specimens of Late Homo Sapiens literature which has come down to us. While its authenticity has not been challenged by modern arachnid scholars, nevertheless, it has been the focus of much controversy of late in academic hives. The authorship is uncertain. While the majority hold it to be the work of Geoffrey Allan Anonymous, a not inconsiderable faction of New Critics attribute it to his near contemporary, Emily Wadsworth Traditional. Both poets flourished during the last millenium of Homo Sapiens history.

A somewhat more avant-garde school holds that this is not the work of a single poet at all, but that several disparate Late Homo Sapiens poems have become blended together (some would say garbled) over the eons, producing a whole quite unlike any of the originals. The present commentator does not feel himself a sufficient authority to venture an opinion on this matter.

The actual *meaning* of the poem is also controversial. One interpretation current among experts is that the "inflato girl" referred to in the text was a kind of fertility deity, similar to those depicted in the centrefolds of surviving Homo Sapiens periodicals, and that the poem is religious in nature, an attempt to call down the blessings of this divinity on the poet and his/her/its nestmates. Again, the present writer does not feel qualified to offer an opinion.

Being the effusion of an inferior species, the poem is, of course, without any artistic merit. It is presented here as a curiosity.

* * *

Whan that the laste manne in hys roome y-sat,
 And ne noothyng was stirryng, ne even a bat,
 And the lede platyng was placed in the windowes wyth care,
 For feare that the falloute soone wold be there:
 A Bomb ther was, that falleth quickly downe,
 Frae off a satellite, hyt cam upon the town,
 Whan hath in orbit halve cours yronne,
 And maken alle cry out, "We are foredone!"
 A Poet he was, that in morning hys poemes did rehearse,
 Uprisen was he, gooth frae bed to verse;

Whan on the radio a loude voice outcrye,
"The werre is common, O prithe gude menne flye!"
Alane took hem shelter, hid from radiacioun,
The laste manne in the werlde, saith alle tradicioun.

#

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Ther cam a tappynge, also a rappynge, upon hys chambre doer,
And a voice, "O open, in fay, thy streng-locked chambre door!"
Quod thys wight then, "Ne nevermore!"
Then filled wyth dreed was he anon,
And worry also was swift begon.
Thought he, "What thyng ys thys, wythoute my chambre door,
When alle menne to ash y-brent is, so am I sure?
A *Thynge* hyt is, frae out of deepest space!
With tentacles green, an asshole for a face!
Y can ne never open up my door!
By Goddes blood, O certes, nevermore!"
Yet stille wythoute was knockyng sure,
And cry, "Open ples, thy thick lede door!
Merely thys, and noothyng more!"
Whilom, whan manne swich beastes met, trewely for to telle,
In olden bookes thou read, they ranne lyke helle.
But alas! Thys wight hath ne place ne for to go,
Sae trapped he ys, surrounded, how greet hys woe!
Then asked he, gettyng up hys corage,
"What arttoun, art ghoost or fals mirage,
That wold me open my chambre door,
Which shall Y do, ne nevermore?"
Then a voice did speke, as lowd as was a horn:
"Oft have I come here in yeeres biforn.
Thou kennest surely the sounds of my belles,
Of my belles, belles, belles, belles, belles, belles, belles,
Whan sae lowdely do they clyngen,
And greet joye to alle bryngen.
O my belles, belles, belles, belles, belles, belles, belles!
Sae open up thy fast locked door!"
Quod the laste manne, "Nevermore!"
"Y can gyve thee swich goode thynges,
Frae North Pole my sleed do brynges,
If thou shalt open up thy door.
Thys Y aske, and noothyng more."
Quod the laste manne, "Nevermore!"
"O eunuch thou, hasttoun ne bit of lust?
Thou art alane in ther, Y trust.
Mayhap thou wyth thyselfe do playe,
Or other wayes do pass tyme of daye --
But herk! Y have, in trooth y-telle alle,
An inflato-girl, a plastik doll!
Thys wille Y to thee give,
And ye can merrily wyth her swive,
If thou shalt open up thy door."
Thys wight had he full greet a lust;
Hyt was a parfait, horny lust --
That he opened up hys door.
Alas! Wythoute ther was ne Seinte Clawes,
Ne belles, ne sleed, ne inflatable doll --
Hyt was that theef that menne calle Deeth,

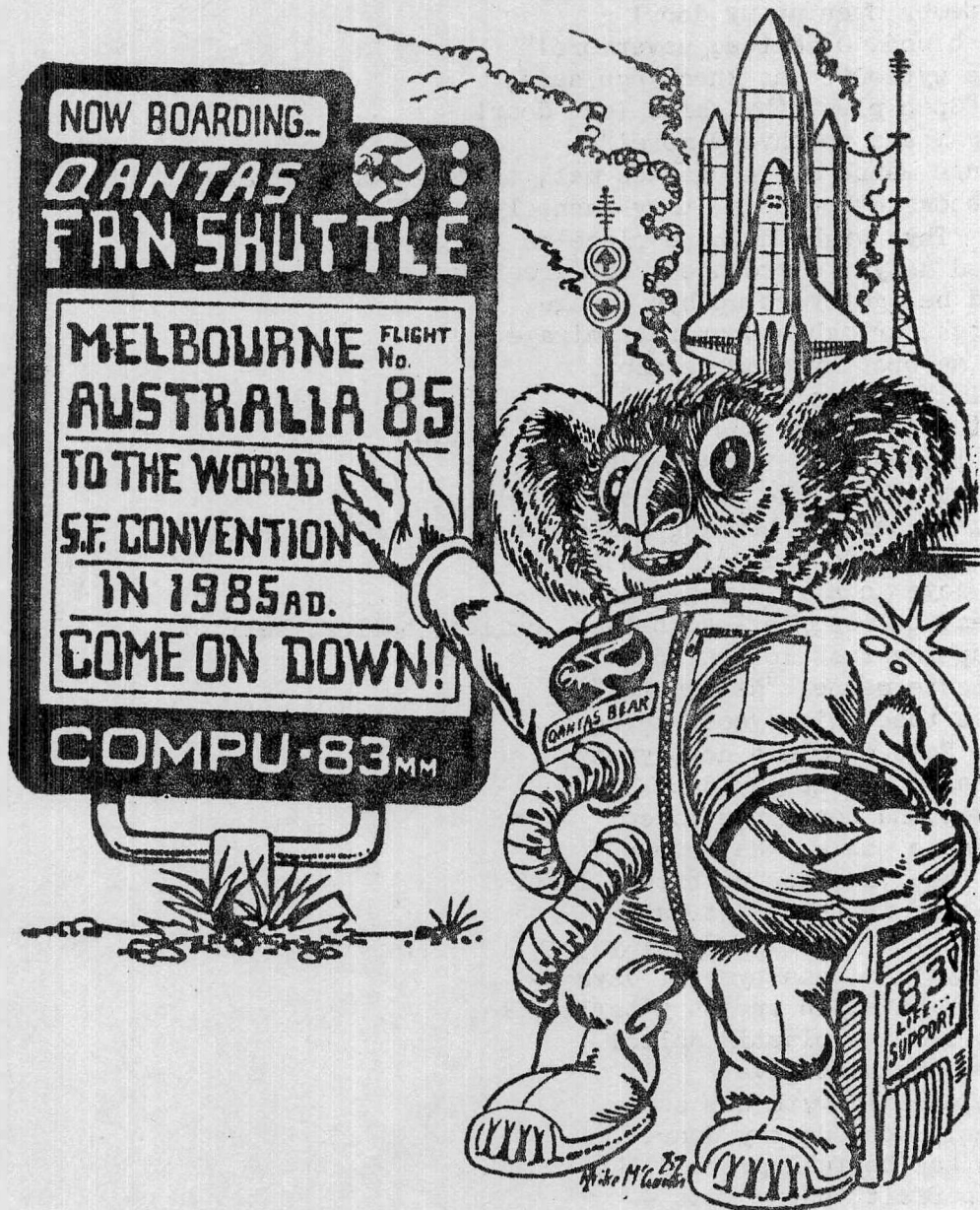
And fire and radiacioun poisonynge,
Unto the laste manne full swift did brynge.

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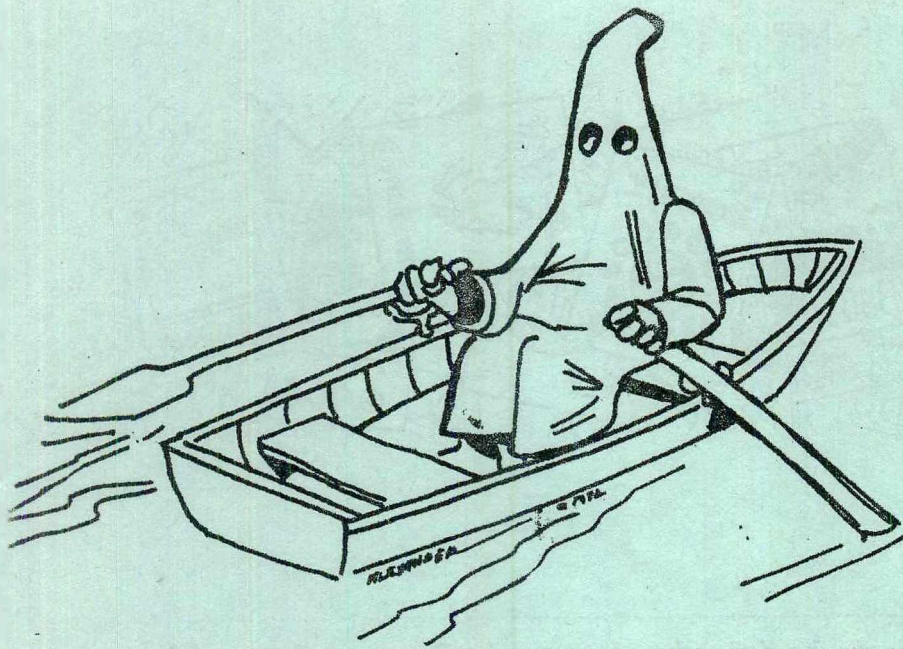
O fooles! Whan oon cometh unto thy door,
And offeren thynges frae outhen hys sleed,
Thou wol in thilke wys be dede,
Unless thou sayest quick, "Nevermore!"

--- Darrell Schweitzer

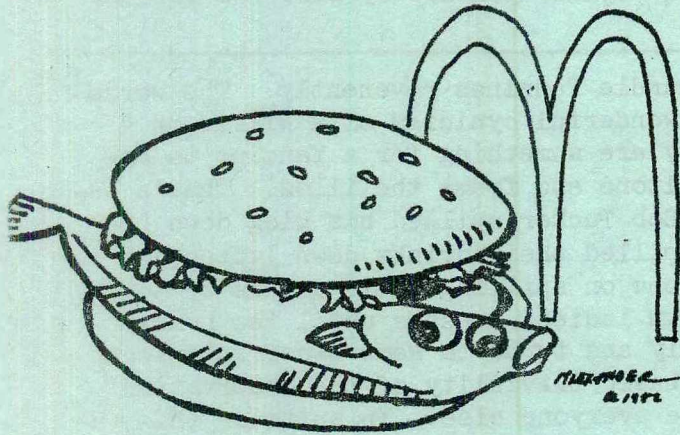


VISUAL PUNS BY john alexander

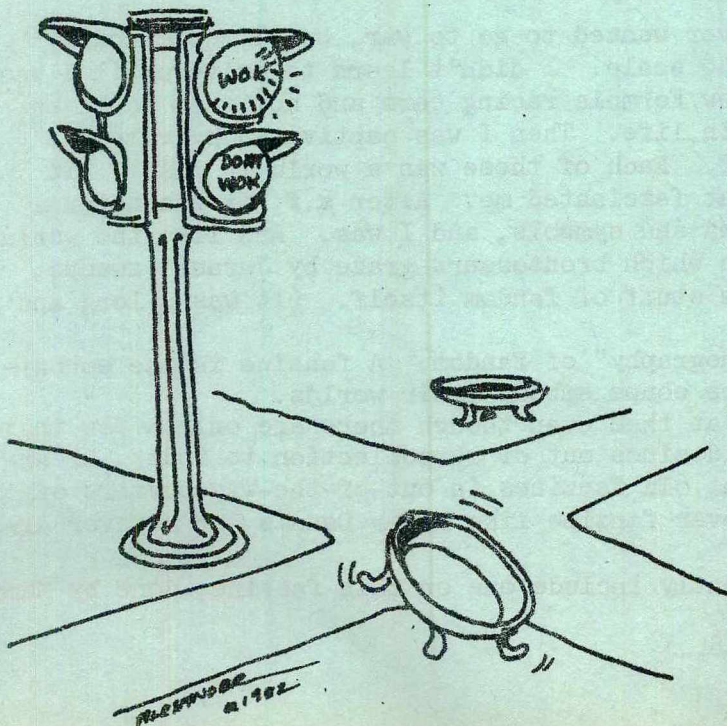
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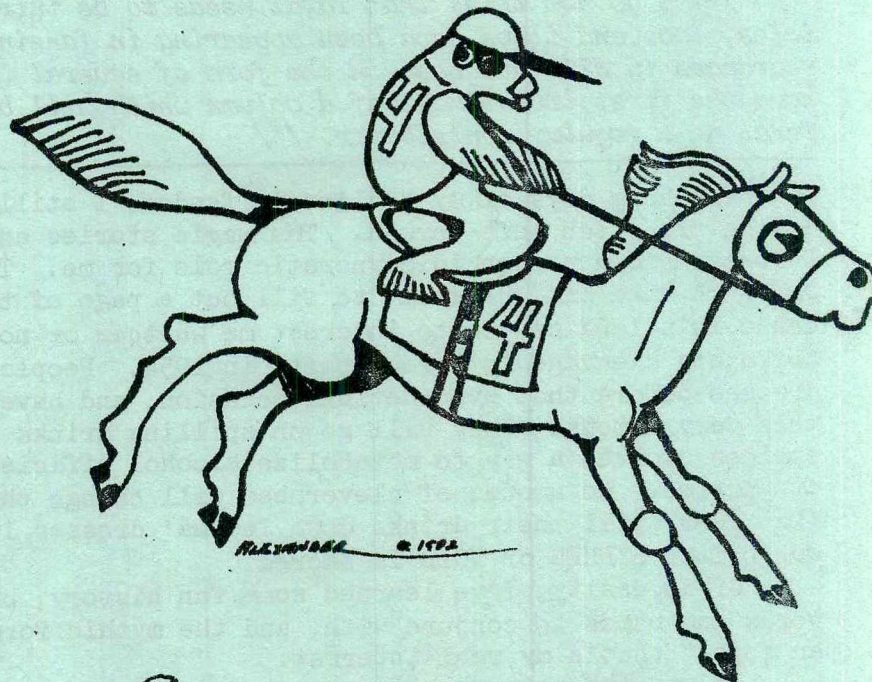
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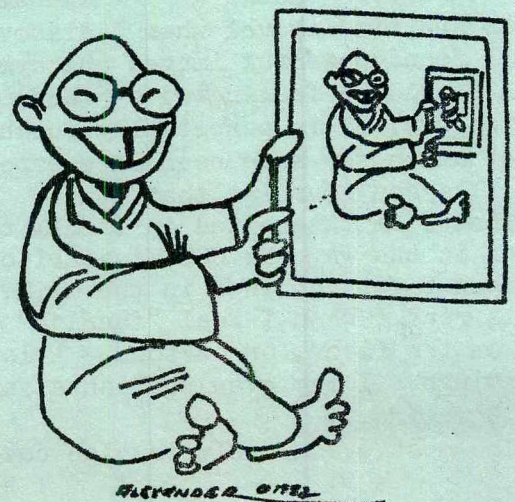
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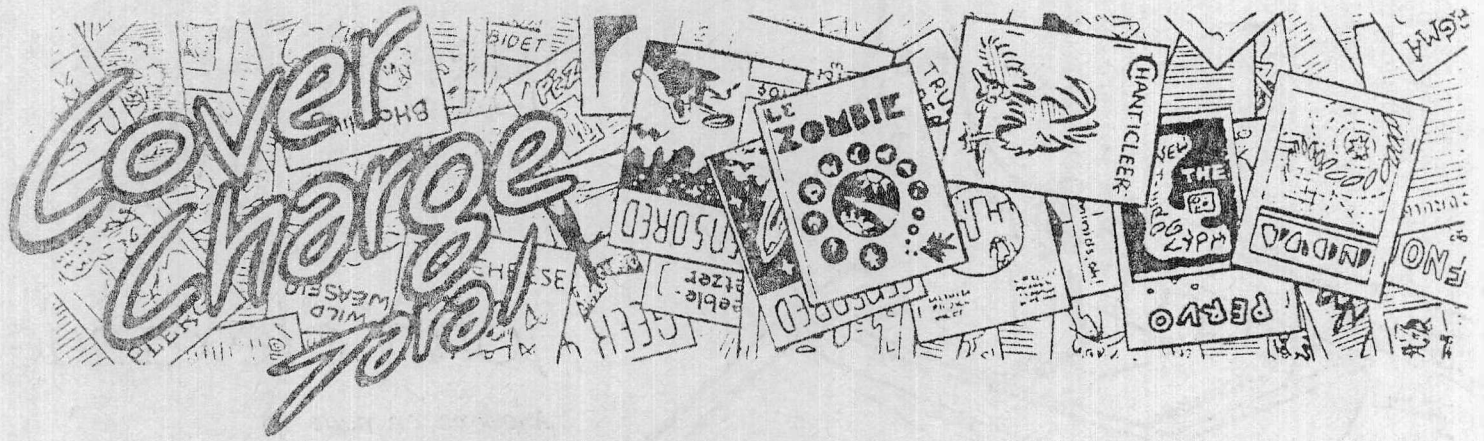


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// I do not think that Taral needs to be introduced to most of our readers - his articles, locs and illos have been appearing in fanzines for some time. Taral's previous appearances in HTT have been in the form of several locs and some illos; here, however, we have the first installment of a column which will be a regular feature of HTT. We welcome Taral as a regular contributor. /*/*

In these days of my decline in fandom, I still handle fanzines reverently. The words inside are often left unread. The magic stories and wonderful cynicism of a Willis or a Burbee perform a more idiosyncratic role for me. They are something for a fanzine to *embody*. A kind of "greeking" to fill out a page of twiltone and frame the illos. That's because it's long ceased to interest me whether or not Bob Tucker spilled his blog down Lee Hoffman's cleavage in a room party in 1954. People spilled their drinks down ladies' dresses before that hypothetical occasion, and have gone on spilling their drinks up to this very moment. They will go on spilling drinks down ladies' dresses until the human species evolves a way to metabolize alcohol efficiently and turns to some other intoxicant at parties. No amount of cleverness will change the basic triviality of the observation that fans spill their drinks down ladies' dresses like everyone else. In spite of this, a QUADRY or HYPHEN or VOID is sacred.

Of necessity, I've learned some fan history, but in my own way. I need to know the words and names to conjure with, and the mythic forms of fandom. But it's the fanzine as an object that's my real interest.

It was the same when I was young. I never wanted to go to war, but I meticulously duplicated Panzer tanks and Hurricanes in 1/48 scale. I didn't learn to drive until I was 26 and don't like to change a tire, but I drew Formula racing cars and hot rods as if becoming an auto mechanic was my one ambition in life. Then I was captivated by galactic empires and time-travel when I discovered s.f. Each of these was a world in itself, in which I found powerful images and symbols that fascinated me. After s.f. it was natural that I should be fascinated by fandom's images and symbols, and I was. And like the worlds in which W.W. II is perpetually fought, or in which brontosaurus graze by Jurassic swamps, I'm not and never have been interested in the stuff of fandom itself. (It was a long and painful lesson learning that.)

What I am interested in I call the "iconography" of fandom. A fanzine is the embodiment of it the way the USS Missouri or a deuce coupe embody their worlds.

When I get fanzines in the mail, I look at them even though there are only a few that I still read. When I feel "fannish" I get old zines out of my collection to index, or arrange on the floor, or cartoon. I love to put old fanzines in out-of-the-way corners of my drawings. I may even publish a fanzine-cover fanzine like Roger Dean's Album-Cover Album. Sometime...

The most evocatively fannish covers recently include one on this fanzine, done by Marc

Schirmeister. I wrote to Marty and said flattering things about Schirm's work. I said a few other things as well, which got Marty to thinking. The Change was effective: it got immediate results. In no other way that I can think of could he have enticed me to write still another column for a fanzine than by threatening to re-write my letter as one. Behind his generous words - "I have often re-written locs into articles; in this case, though, your technical knowledge of the field far exceeds my own and I would not even attempt a re-write on this topic" - lay a shrewd judgement of human nature. The velvet glove of egoboo drawn over an iron fist of extortion.

Let me toss a few fannish zines on the floor to relax myself and provide inspiration.

* * * *

How did I get to be an authority on the topic of fanzine covers anyway? By being a squeaky hinge mainly, I suspect. I've written on the topic before. ("You Gotta Suffer: A Sketchy Fanart History" - DNQ 10, and "Same As It Ever Was" History of Canadian Fan Art Pt. 1 - NEW CANADIAN FANDOM 5.) Aside from that there is the happy coincidence that I am an artist, and that I have a fanzine collection. I must add that I am not the only artist qualified to write on fan art. But Rotsler is sensibly busy photographing nekkid ladies instead of squandering his vital juices on fanac. Dan Steffan has been misled into glorifying the written word, and is illustrating "The Enchanted Duplicator". Ted White...well, Ted White is Ted White. And so it goes until all are eliminated but myself. I don't think you could have made a better choice if you'd had one...

* * * *

The fanzines are spread on the floor. Normally I wouldn't drop HOLIER THAN THOU on the floor, except to be swept up. It unequivocally lacks the elan of zines like OOPSLA, GRUE, A BAS, or RETRIBUTION. But it's an unusual starting point. The Schirmeister cover leads to thinking about particular other fanzines that are keeping HOLIER THAN THOU company on the floor now. Each of them has a colour cover.

Silk screening is a laborious process, even compared to mimeo. There are many variations in technique, and I don't know which of the many Schirm might have used, but he would have started with a drawing. Then it would have gone something like this: the drawing is traced onto a clear acetate plastic. Then the areas which are to print are cut out with a sharp knife or blade. The acetate is held down on a piece of silk stretched tight on a frame. It works like a mimeo stencil except that the silk screen on a mimeo is stretched across a drum. Usually the frame and screen are built by the artist. Paper is put under the screen, and paint is spread over it. The acetate blocks paint from printing anywhere but where the artist cut his design. When the frame is lifted, an impression has been made. This is done again, with different acetate stencils, for every additional colour.

Paint can be applied to paper with a different process involving a stencil or mask which blocks paint sprayed directly on every copy. Both techniques produce *prints*, rather than copies, and are characterized by bright colours and a raised texture. Both silk screening and masking are rarely done in these days of universal offset and cheap xerography. They have never been common, but in the 40's at least they weren't exceptional.

Past master with masks, and one of the very few memorable fan artists from the Golden Age of s.f., is Jack Wiedenbeck. He was staff artist of a fanzine called NOVA, edited primarily by Al Ashley. E.E. Evans and Walt Liebscher are listed as associate and assistant editors. NOVA was a community effort of the Slan Shack, fandom's first (deliberate) instance of fans living together in numbers. The experiment was originally more ambitious, proposing that a whole city block be infiltrated by fans, but in the end the Ashleys bought a house in Battle Creek Michigan into which moved Evans, Liebscher, Wiedenbeck, and uncountable transients. It lasted about two years before the predictable personality clashes exploded. Fragments of the Slan Shack fell in all parts of the country.

NOVA wasn't the only fanzine emanating from the Slan Shack for Wiedenbeck to adorn. Liebscher's CHANTICLEER is better known, in fact, and at least one early issue from before the break-up sported a handsomely coloured cover. The example I have is the first issue, not dated but circa 1943. Wiedenbeck used three separate stencils or masks to spray red, yellow, and black on each copy of the cover. The finished design is a rooster, head down and tail up. It looks rather Fauvist, which I suppose won't help many readers who aren't

familiar with abstract art movements. What this means is that the rooster is built up of flat, bold, colour blocks. The title, CHANTICLEER, was also stencilled on, in an Art Deco style in yellow and black. On the whole, impressive but the cover's main elements - the title and the rooster - don't fit together well.

The Wiedenbeck cover on winter 43's NOVA, the third issue, is flawless and beautiful. Alas, it isn't a print but was offset from the original print. I don't see how it could have been done any other way, so complex is the work. I estimate that Wiedenbeck must have used about 15 separate masks, moved to at least 30 different positions. Imagine doing that by hand a hundred or two hundred times! The art is printed in violet, and is a composition of overlapping shapes outlined by gradiated tones. It would be almost impossible to precisely describe the art in even the thousand words a single picture is said to be worth. A vague idea might be had by imagining concentric circles radiating from left and below centre of the page. An S-shaped winds around the concentric circles toward another circle, encompassing a reticular pattern in the upper right. The S is made of repeated shadows of an oblong object. Finally, the title is printed in two-tone, stylized block letters. It reminds me of a type of 20's Art Deco, but I haven't the word for it.

Wiedenbeck was far from the only artist using a screen method. On the floor also are copies of CENSORED. CENSORED is the second oldest Canadian fanzine for which there are surviving copies. It began in 1941, and its editor, Fred Hurter, did the art for his own covers. He wasn't an artist, but the bold design and bright colours were nevertheless attractive in the way of primitive art. CENSORED covers had a standard format. A column down the left listed the contributors, date, and price. A continuation of it along the top was where the reader found the title in rounded, thinly lined letters. An illo was inset on the bottom left corner and took up about half the page. Number 4 is canary yellow, pale blue and black, the blue being the paper colour and the art done in black. Number 5's original paper colour is turquoise, the art is again in black and the third colour is orange. One shows a rocket in flight, the other a space-suited figure laying in ambush on the moon. The fanzine is of no consequence, save that CANADIAN FANDOM (the fanzine) spun off from it. Nor had Hurter influence as a fan artist. *Sic gloria transit mundi...*

Another specimen of the printer's art in my collection is a slender volume of reprinted Robert E. Howard poetry called "The New Hieroglyph"*. The devotee who couldn't let Howard's all-too-mortal words die just then was Donald A. Wolheim. And the date was 1944. The cover of DAW's zine isn't credited, so is probably DAW's own. It was done in red and black on coated buff paper of a sort that I don't think is made anymore. The design is a black background and serpentine buff cartouche. The words "The" and "Hieroglyph" are sloppily printed in red, along with a real or imitation hieroglyph. The word "New" is in buff left in the black. DAW's forte never was in cover art.

The Futurians did other silk screen covers. The cover of Julius Unger's illustrated NYCON REVIEW - a memory book with photos and written accounts of the first worldcon, published in 1942 - was drawn by Damon Knight, and "screened" by John Michel. I'm not entirely sure what was meant by "screened". Likely, Michel either transferred Knight's drawing to acetate and did the printing, or just did the latter. The credit for printing one of CENSORED's covers is given to a Ron Smith, so "screening" was probably about the equivalent of a modern fan tracing an illo onto stencil. The NYCON REVIEW was done on a stock similar to "The New Hieroglyph". It is a slick, red-coated stock, thin, and uncoated on the reverse. Knight's art is simple. A circle with a few lines depicting skyscrapers. In the fore are two small figures with shoulder wings and cape a la "The Shape of Things to Come". (Fandom's first known costume drobe was Forry Ackerman, who came to the con dressed as Raymond Massey.) A small circle budding off the larger one contains the information "50¢". Above is the title, and below it says "produced by Julius Unger" and "25-pages of photos

* The three poems were a mis-use of language. From "Song at Midnight": "I heard an old gibbet that crowned a bare hill/ Creaking a song in the midnight chill. / And I shivered to hear that grisly refrain / That moaned in the night through the fog and the rain." There're 24 more lines of word-deaf doggerel like it.....I think I wrote better poetry at 6 that I'm nevertheless ashamed to show.

from the New York STF Convention, with complete and authentic write-ups". The cover reneged on its promise, by the way. There were only 17 pages with (and the other 7 were without) the tipped in snap-shots. (My copy, like Harry Warner's, is the second edition without photos at all.)

LeZOMBIE, Bob Tucker's famous zine, had at least one silk screen cover. It was the fifth annish, number 56, published in 1944. Normally LeZ had very simple covers, occasionally with a small snap-shot pasted to it. For the annish, Tucker had Frank Robinson do a special cover in no less than seven colours. It appears to be a mask and spray job, like Wiedenbeck's work, rather than silk screen.

Unlike Wiedenbeck, though, Robinson's cover is simple in spite of its apparent complexity. He probably only used each mask once, though there is an entire picture in each of nine vignettes the size and shape of a silver dollar. These are arrayed around a larger central circle with two suns in space, a white spaceship, and a red trail. The satellite pictures show skulls, lightning bolts, dinosaurs, and other fantasy motifs. As they orbit the centre, they increase in size, issuing from the mouth of a small red fish in the bottom right. Across the top in block letters of blue is "Le Zombie". The effect is eye-catching, and only crude when you look closely. To me it looks somehow African.

And that's all. Without a determined search of the collection, I have no other silk screened or painted covers. Where there's smoke, though, there's fire, and I'm certain that if I have seven examples of the type, then there must be seventy or a hundred and seventy. Off the top of my head, I can only think of three examples in the decades after. Two were done by the unknown Magenta Hayes for TITLE in 1974, and the third for Marty. In the case of T, it comes as no surprise, since its editor Don Brazier was first an active fan in the 40's. Perhaps that had something to do with it, or perhaps not.

* * * * *

What does it all mean, if anything? Very little actually. I think the only insight to be gained here is that silk screening is a troublesome process whose chief virtue is economy. When fans became less chronically broke, they turned away from time-consuming, finicky operations such as replacing pages one by one and painting over a screen for each copy. I think it can also be said that apart from its cheapness, silk screening is a fine-arts technique. Fandom underwent an upheaval in attitudes around 1950, and the direction of the leading fanzines that emerged after that led away from extravagance. The typical fanzine in the years immediately following 1950 was illustrated in a spirit of irreverency by someone who might or might not have a moderate ability to draw, but had an abundant sense of humour. Previously the artist tended to be a friend with art training, who was or would be a professional. That would be the case again, in the late 60's, but throughout the formative decade of fandom-as-we-know-it, the simple line cartoon traced inexpensively on stencil by Rotsler, Nelson, Harness, Hoffman, and ATom would reign supreme.

This first in a series of columns is getting ahead of my story. I should not have started with a technique, but with the fanzines of the 1930's, and moved forward chronologically from there. When next I sit as the typer, that may be what I'll do. All the same, I might venture into unexpected territory, just as I see fit. I view this as a column rather than an organized history.

Now I'd best pick my zines up off the floor - before I spill the coffee.

--- Taral



THE GHOST OF WRAGGLES

BY
lani fleckenberg
PART 2



I bent over the poor, cold corpse of poor, cold Johnny and knew instantly that his father was right. He *had* begun to smell. His father was right about the red spots, too, but I knew that they weren't prickly heat, hideous and eldritch or not.

Where had I seen these identical marks before? I wracked my wits and cudgeled my cranium. It bruised my brains. Still, I could not remember. Some unknown and unclassified species of centipede such as I encountered when I fought the ageless legions of Fu Manchu? Perhaps the marks of pins from the vodun cult Inspector Legrasse and Dad had broken up when I was just knee-high to a mandrake root? No, none of those. Not even the rash we used to get from the trash they fed us at boarding school. But somewhere. Somewhere--

I was interrupted and my train of thought derailed by the touch of a hand on my shoulder. Startled, my instant reaction was to lash out in self-defence with the worst spells and incantations I knew. I spoke the Seven Words Which Are To Television Forbidden. Hurried, I missed my intended target and instead withered a Boston fern on the banister. That was indeed quite fortunate, because the hand had not belonged to an assailant at all, but to Johnny's sister, Boy.

"Excuse me," Boy said. She was good-looking in a rough way, lines of character and hard living etched around her mouth. Also bags etched under her eyes; she had not slept since the haunting began and it was showing both in her face and in her income. She was a hard woman, a diamond in the rough, and I admired her solidity. Her hair was blonde like Johnny's - except that Johnny's was blond - but longer and not as sexy.

"No, excuse me, ma'am. I thought you were a nether god broken through into our dimension to bring the earth to an end and, indeed, time and space as we know it."

"Well," she said, contemplatively, "I guess in that case it's okay. But you *will* have to get Mum a new fern."

"No problem," I answered, "all occult detectives are independently wealthy. I think it's in the union rules. Now, why did you want to talk to me?"

She regarded me for a moment and, for just a second, I saw a look of calculation pass writhing across her face. A lesser human being might not have noticed it, but I'm very sensitive to writhing looks. My tenth sense, the non-sense possessed by all in my line of work, would have perked up its ears, if it had ears.

"Are you really going to try to contact the spirit of Waggles tonight?"

That seemed simple enough. I answered carefully. "Yes. As long as certain precautions are taken and we are protected, I think we can actually have intercourse with the departed one without carrying any bad effects."

"I won't do *that* with a cat, even if I *did* love it!"

"No, no," I said, trying to calm her indignation. "What I mean is, I think that by contacting the ghost we can find the reason for the haunting and so stop it."

Suddenly she looked very scared, and I got very interested.

"Oh, but do *I* have to be there?"

I saw then that she was only scared of confronting the supernatural. A common enough fear among beginners. I patiently explained to her that it was vital that all those who had heard the screams be present at the procedure that evening. Johnny, of course, would not be there. It was unfortunate, but unavoidable. He really had begun to stink quite fiercely. Boy seemed to calm down, but still protested.

"But I just haven't the *time* to come to your silly get-together tonight" - I winced at that, but said nothing - "because I *have* to study. I have a test coming up in vert and the teacher is a fairy so this is one class I *have* to study and not just get by on my.....laurels."

How curious, I thought, she said "fairy". I wondered what she said instead of "blacks"?

Just then, the lady of the house, Mrs. Flora Damn-Goode, nee Flora Damn of the Givuh, Montana, Damns, strode in with only one regretful look at her Boston fern. She put a long, but plump, arm around Boy's shoulders.

"Oh, now, dear, I'm sure that you can pass up your studies just for tonight. After all, you did get an "A" on that last lab practical, and you know how poorly almost everyone else did on that one."

"But, Ma..."

I could see that Mrs. D-G was indeed the matriarch of the family. When she put her finger to Boy's lips and gently tugged on Boy's long blonde hair so that some of it came out by the short black roots, Ma Goode was practically beaming at her daughter's high grade, but Boy squirmed. I began to think my eagle-eye (encased in amber - an amulet I never let out of my sight) had missed something. What was that fool clue now, anyway? Dad always had to make such a big deal out of things, just because he was dead.

"But, Ma," Boy whimpered, rubbing her now-receding hairline, "I *can't* not study. Not again. That's the whole... Oh, I mean, I *must* study!"

But that was all echoes after the storm, and, as Mrs. Damn-Goode began working the long blonde hair into a little hangman's noose, I sensed she'd made her point with her daughter. Holding the noose and swinging it from side to side as she left, Mrs. Damn-Goode swished out of the room in a flurry of love beads, peace symbols and even a placard with a raised fist. She *had* taken that book seriously. Surely, as proud as she was of her daughter, Boy's prejudiced ways *must* wear on her nerves, I thought. And yet, I had not seen one clue of less than adoring affection. Very strange.

As Boy got up to leave also, leaving me alone with Johnny (bet you forgot him!), I heard the butler, Jeever Buttle, announcing the presence of the other Goodes who had heard the wretched supernatural screaming of the infernally-damned and tortured soul of Wraggles.

It was 11:55 and I had myself and the five others set up in an electric pentagram, reinforced at the corners with special radioactive silly putty that had picked up colour cartoons of the tertragrammation from the sunday comic section of the QABBALA. Electric pentagrams were quite the "thing" back when Uncle C. was in practice, but had gone out of fashion now with the energy crisis and all. People were turning to domestic sources of Mana, and I had been able to pick up this quite reasonably at a flea-market. Each of us wore the amulets of Cemetarius Magnus and Abu Ben Indick and I wore the flaming Sign of the Firedrake. The latter, especially, seems to have power against your standard type C manifestations. It works quite well on silverfish, also. I mumbled over and over the unknown line from the Saaalaaami Ritual: "Bheer, Bheer and Saaalaaami Sandwich." Well, it *was* unknown.

In the eerie half-light I could barely make out the outlines of my companions. I turned on the other half of the light. That *was much* clearer.

Present with me were Boyisshee and her parents, the butler Buttle, and a cousin, Candou Goode. Because of his size, they called him "the greater Goode", but actually he was from the decayed branch of the family, and smelled it. Not as bad, though, as Johnny, who was not present.

The clock ticked on, and the tension in the room was so viscous it was viscious. You couldn't have cut it with a knife, but probably could have scooped it, even with a slotted spoon. The nervousness of those around me was apparent, especially that of the cousin, Candou. Maybe *that* was why he smelled. I checked all of my defenses and began to draw the Sign of the Four on the ground, but I realized that that was another whole sub-genre altogether.

"Why must *we* be here?" Candou quavered. Actually, since he was quite short, it was more of a semi-quaver. Candou's line didn't have the backbone of the Urbana Goodes, who all had special steel implants at birth.

"Because," I answered, "I have a feeling that tonight will tell the tale. The cat-tail. As yet, I've no proof that Johnny's death is linked to this manifestation, but it seems beyond coincidence. The author is getting tired of typing, and I think we'll see the end of this tonight."

"Will it last long?" Boy snivelled.

Her mother struck her lovingly across the mouth with a set of hand-made Indian turquoise rings and then helped her pick up her teeth. Candou cowered and Mr. Goode harrumphed as if this display was somehow a threat to his dignity. I knew I could trust this group and felt good about having them at my back in the ordeal ahead.

Just then, the digital clock-radio hit 12:00, and I heard a ghastly wailing. Mr. Goode gasped and I could hear Boy's harsh whisper, "Waggles!" The scream rose and rose and surpassed the loudness and pitch any human ear was ever meant to take. I stuck my fingers in my ears and still the scream rose in volume, rose and rose.

Finally, when it had reached a level just below that of a Sex Pistols concert, it wavered, broke, and stopped. Above us a thin white fog formed and coalesced into a vague form. The outline became clearer and I could discern a hulking, feline figure with dimly glowing eyes and grotesque, mangy fur. I knew it was Waggles.

It wasn't actually fur, of course, but a fairly close approximation supernaturally formed from small strands of ectoplasm. I feared that the afterlife had not been kind to Waggles; the "fur" was entirely gone from spots leaving angry bare "skin", especially in a round ring around the neck where Waggles had no collar. Had Mrs. Damn-Goode lavished the same affection on her daughter's cat as she had on her daughter? I was not sure, but it did open up new aspects to the case. We occult detectives cannot afford to miss anything, and we notice everything. When I looked up from my thoughts, Waggles was gone, and the others said that he had been gone for some time.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and Jeever Buttle dusted off the jacket of C. Goode who had fainted before things had even started. We sat there too stunned to move and waited. Finally, just as I was about to unplug the pentagram, the second phase began. My feeling of doom had been right; there was more to this case than I had thought.

Waggles re-appeared, glowing bizarrely and hanging ethentially above us. I could almost see through him, but that might have been because he hadn't eaten since he died. He hissed and arched his back and spit, which is particularly disgusting with ectoplasm, and the air was rent with a choking, stinking miasma that combined the worst of kitty litter and tuna fish!

Quickly, I chanted the even-more-unknown fifteenth line of the Baaalooognaaa Ritual, with mayonnaise, drew arcane sigils all over the wool rug, invoked the gods of the great abyss, promised to be a good girl and crossed myself, just to make certain. The smell subsided, but I was exhausted. If Waggles had any more tricks up his paw, I knew I could not be certain of protecting myself or those in the pentagram with me. Already Mr. Goode was complaining about his electric bill and the pentagram was still flickering like a fluorescent light in a cheap hotel.

As if he could read minds, or at least the rough draft of this manuscript, Waggles hurled his third phase against us, and it wasn't soap or part of Reagan's economic plan.

Those around me began choking wildly, batting the air to get fresh oxygen to breath. I began sneezing terribly and my eyes and nose started running. Jeever the butler looked dismayed and disgruntled, as frustrated and helpless as any butler in the situation would have been. The vague fog and figure above us were producing *rolling, drifting, billowing clouds of cat hair!*

Despite what Dad had said about not needing herbs for the job, I had, on a hunch, brought along one last safety device - and was I ever glad of it! From my shoggoth-skin pouch, treated for negative psycho-emanations and water-resistance, I took a bunch of slender yellow greenery bedecked with small yellow flowers. I wove it in the air, chanting, and shook it at each of the four corners of the room. Time was short; the hair was now two feet thick on the floor and piling higher by the minute. With a final invocation to the great goddess O'Cedar, I burnt the small bundle of herbs in the incense burner. Immediately the hisute blizzard stopped. We all breathed a sigh of relief, glad that we could finally breath. I wiped my nose with my ceremonial robes. The hair on the floor became transparent and then disappeared altogether.

I knew then that it was not sheer luck that had led me to choose that particular herb to bring along. For, of course, the best thing to do to get rid of cat hair is to take a broom to it. Wraggles faded out, leaving only a smile and finally, because that bit has already been done, vanished completely.

But the strain, both of fighting the menace and of setting up that rotten pun, was too much for me. I passed out.

When I came to, all four of the Goodes and Buttle were bending over me. As their faces swam into focus, I saw the worry on their faces. The butler was holding a huge bottle of Coricidan-D.

"Oh, good, she's awake!" I heard. Then, to me, "Good show, girl! I thought you'd die and then God only knows the lawsuit we'd have. We revived you only by force-feeding you these." Mr. G indicated the red tablets gleaming in the bottle. "Every thirty seconds. Nasty show, that."

My head began to clear, if not my sinuses. "Yes," I answered stuffily. "And we didn't even communicate with Wraggles. He was *so* hostile. I wonder why," I said significantly. I eyed all of the suspects with a gimlet eye and wished I really had a gimlet.

Boyisshee had been acting pretty strangely, and then there were the patches bare of fur that might have pointed to Ma Damn-Goode. The butler, responsible for keeping the house clean, had every reason to murder the animal before he did to the house on a small scale what he had choked us with tonight. Candou seemed too timorous to do anything, but he might if driven into a corner, and Pa Goode was far too callous and cold about his son's death to stop at killing a cat. Wraggles' wrath had been directed at someone in the room, and I knew it wasn't me. I had an airtight alibi. But who? I tried to think of Dad's clue so we could get the murderer out into the open and the story over. What had he said?

"Zee test" - "when it is of zee *test* zat you think." But there was no one I least suspected - I suspected them all. Who...

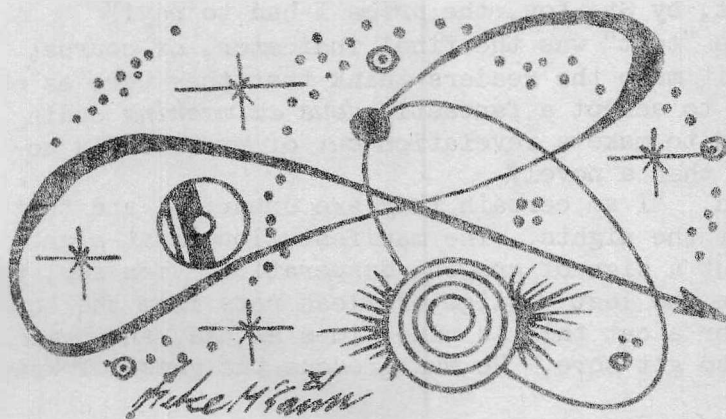
And then, suddenly, I knew!

Totally in possession of my wits now, or at least of half of them, I stood up shakily and pointed at Boyisshee Goode.

"You killed Wraggles!"

All the others in the room gasped their disbelief, but the frail yet proud form of Boyisshee Goode threw itself at my feet.

"I admit it. Yes, after all this time, living with the guilt, it's almost *better* this way. Yes, I killed



Wraggles. My own dear pussy-cat who did me no harm until I hurt him. I killed him. But can't you see I had to? I *had* to."

I pulled her sobbing form up and placed her on the bed where minutes ago I had been unconscious. As she talked, I used the bedspread to wipe her fingerprints off my embossed Moroccan leather boots, gift of the ruler of the Insultanate of Kissov. I suspected that I knew what her story would be, but let her tell it for the benefit of all those present and the readers, who certainly deserve something after putting up with the rotten puns this far.

Crying, she told her story. "It's all Jim's fault, really it is! He's the boy I'm liv... ah, dating right now. When his mother calls he always calls me 'Boy', and she thinks I'm a servant. She's never caught on.

"Anyway, Jim just never lets me alone, never gives me time to study. I went along with his unreasonable demands on my time because I was afraid I'd lose him. And he had *such* a nice tush!"

I know what you mean, I thought.

She continued. "I never dreamed, though, that it'd come to *this*! Wraggles! Wraaaaag-gles!"

I didn't know which was worse, her screams or those of the cat.

"But there is one test you studied for," I prompted her, just to show that I knew what was going on even if the others didn't yet. "You got an 'A' on the practical, didn't you?" I remembered Dad: "*zee test*."

"But at such a *price*," she confirmed. "I *never* meant... But, you see, I *had* to have an 'A' on that practical, or I'd've flunked the course."

I nodded for her to continue.

"It was the night before the practical in vertebrate anatomy, and I hadn't even *looked* at the specimen we had been dissecting - *felis domesticus*. After Jim fell asleep, I put on my clo... er, ah, coat, and ran over to the lab. The door was locked! Evidently the night janitor had forgotten to re-open them after class hours. I couldn't get in! It wouldn't matter so much to the others - sure, they couldn't get in either, but they had at least worked with the specimen before and the grade wasn't as important to them. What could I do? I couldn't let the family down, but without a specimen I was lost.

"I came home desperate, ready for suicide or worse. God, I wish I *had* committed suicide! Instead, when Wraggles stretched from his bed and brushed up against my ankles..... God help me, it there's a God in the sky... Well, I had the worst idea I'd ever had. For *felis domesticus*, you see, is a common *house cat*!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Everyone in the room gasped. After all, it *was* an eleven exclamation point revelation with italics. I knew then that I'd found the answer, as I always did.

Boy continued. "Well, the devil himself, if there is a devil in the Ivy League, must have put that idea into my head. I tried to shove it out, but I kept looking at Wraggles, thinking horrible things. As I tried memorizing the sketch, knowing full well the real thing would look absolutely nothing like it in the test the next day, I kept looking away from the text and at Wraggles. And then... oh, my dear God! Then I did the terrible deed, and spread some blood about and made up a story to fool the authorities. How could I know *this* would happen?

"Oh, yes, I got an 'A' on that test, but, by St. Loy, the *price* I had to pay!"

It was exactly as I had figured it. The "test" was the final indicator, of course, and I saw that Dad was right. Not only did it make the readers think that they were as obtuse as the characters were, but it led them to accept a fantastic *deus ex machina* ending where I miraculously piece together the clues to make a revelation out of practically nothing in order to wind this story up in less than a novel!

"Where are the remains, Boy?" I demanded. "I am certain they are unburied, and that is why Wraggles is doomed to scream and haunt the nights. The manifestations last night were not just wrath against his murderer - but a sign of growing desperation. You see, the bones of a murdered man must be buried before the last vestige of flesh rots from the bones or he is destined to wander for eternity. For a cat this is nine times as bad, and twice that because the cat has twice as many feet to get sore. We must rescue the ghost of Wrag-

gles before this happens. You must bury the bones of Wraggles in hallowed ground - or at least in your back ground."

"And will that stop the hauntings?" Boy asked, now both red- and baggy-eyed and totally disgusting.

"Yes," I said, "or double your karma back."

"But - but," Mr. Goode butted in as we all sat in stunned silence, "what about John's death? Was that just a red herring thrown in to get us off the track? The author seems too good for that."

"Don't be too sure of that," I said. "After all, you know how low she stooped in devising your own names. But, no, she *did* tie Johnny's death in with this dubious excuse for a plot." I leaned back impressively and prepared to astound them with my perceptiveness and intelligence.

"Actually, I knew the *what* of Johnny's death back on page 23, but I didn't know *how* it fit in until now:

"When she wrote that I'd picked up the electric pentagram in a *flea-market*, I realized where I had seen those red marks before. It was at boarding school, yes, but it was not the rash we got from eating horsemeat - it was the *flea-bites* we girls would get! Then I realized that the patches of "mange" on the form of Wraggles weren't mange at all, nor were they signs of affection from you, Mrs. Damn-Goode. They were *flea-ridden* patches! And the rubbed spot on the neck, where he had no collar..."

"I admit it!" Boy sobbed. It was getting to be a habit with her. "His Hartz 90-day flea collar wore out 180 days ago. I never had it replaced..." She had crumbled and Buttle the butler offered her a glass of water and a Coricidan-D, but she waved it away.

"What has this to do with my son?" demanded Mr. Goode, as stupid as he was staunch.

"Everything in the world, sir," I countered. "I don't need Boy to tell me where the bones are either. They are in your tastefully finished wood hall closet."

The gasps from both Buttle and Boy let me know I had hit home, and also that Boy had not been alone in covering up her crime. I continued in my explanation.

"I'm sure you noticed that the body of Johnny began to smell just a little *too* much, a little bit *too* fast. You probably thought it was sloppy craftsmanship by the author for the sake of a joke or two. Not *this* time.

"What we smelled wasn't Johnny, but Wraggles. You see, what killed Johnny were *flea-bites* - bites from thousands of tiny little fleas who had fed on Wraggles in life but, now that the corpse was rotting, left the cold body in desperate search of nourishment. They found an angel of a boy, and because of that, Johnny B. Goode is now *really* one of the angels."

"Then...then...then I was responsible for John's death?" Boy quavered. She was getting tired of sobbing.

"Only indirectly. Buck up, kid, and remember him as he was. He would've wanted it that way."

"Thanks," she said. "I needed that."

"Another case successfully concluded, Ned," I said as I sank into my thick, tapestried chair, my stomach full of another of Ned's excellent meals. Why is it occult detectives never cook for themselves, I wondered.

"Yes, ma'am. And do you have an exciting-sounding name for this one that we might mention in future stories to send the readers scurrying for back issues?"

I fondled a certain statuette of a winged, yet tentacled, form carved out of an unearthly, noxious flecked green stone, which had wandered in here from another type of story altogether, and smiled an urbane, wry smile. I poured myself another water-and-rye on the rocks.

"Why, since this case had to do with Wraggles' characteristic harsh cry, I can only call it 'The Case of the Caterwauling Cat'."

"Ma'am, I think that now I *will* check on that Pepto-Bismol," he said, and left.

Dear old prosaic, smart-ass Ned! At least he could cook and keep house.

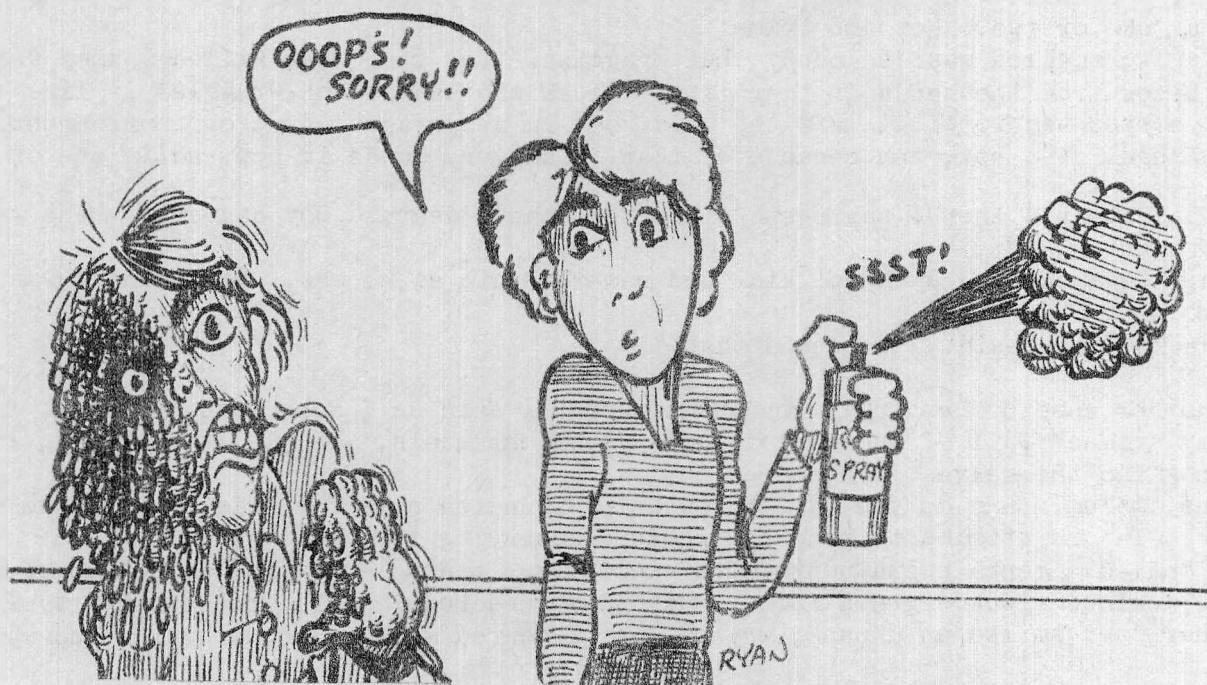
---Lani Fleckenberg

THE RETURN OF THE HTT CONTEST

// Whilst awaiting the start of the March 3rd LASFS meeting, several of the members were being inspired at the blackboard (amongst those participating I remember Bruce Pelz, Craig Miller and Mark Sharpe). The topic - sick schools. I append a list of some of the funniest of these things (the last three of which I think up after the meeting). As with earlier HTT contests (which I have not run for a few years) the goal for loccers is to try to come up with further examples of this grossness. /*/*

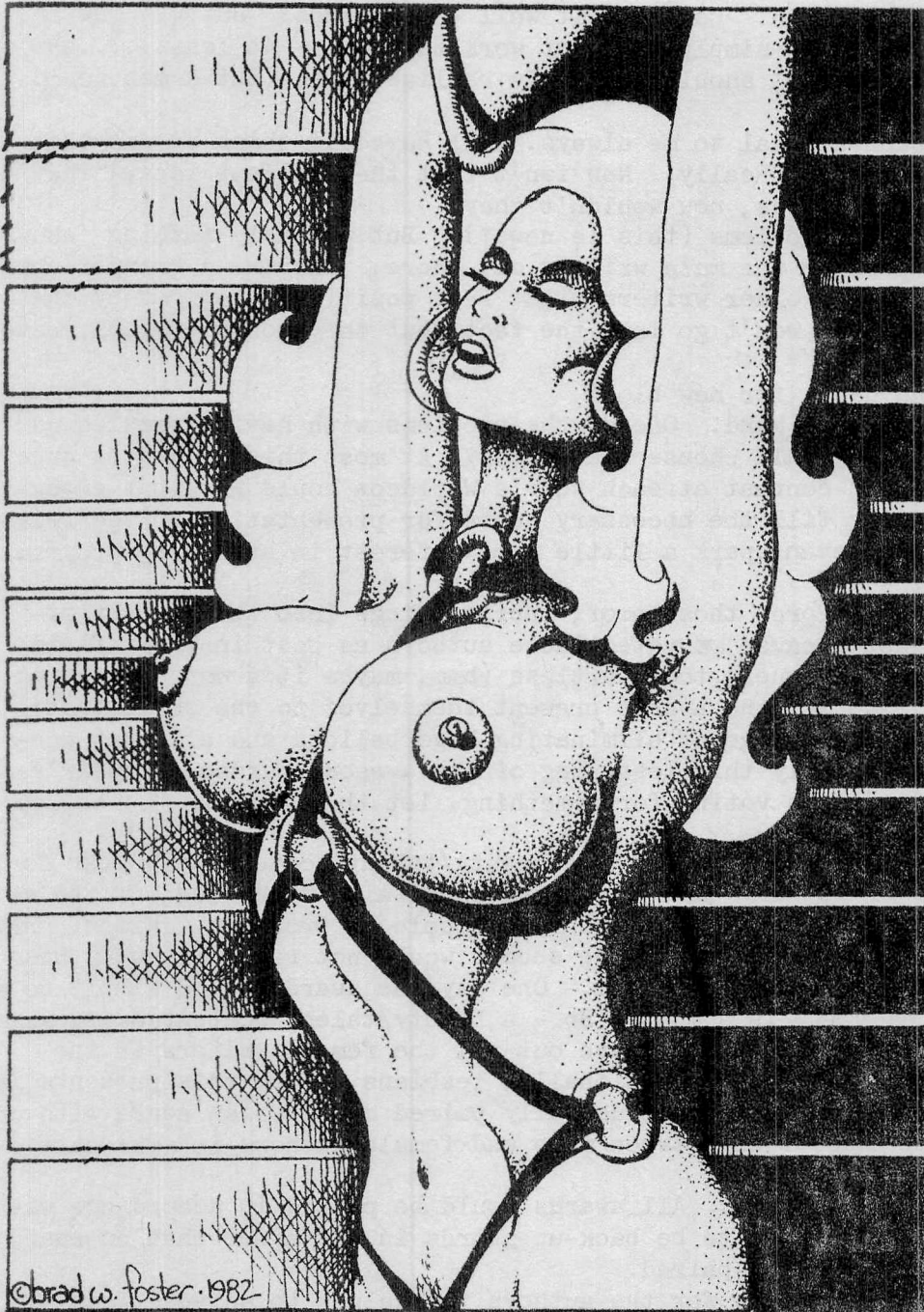
Ernest Hemingway School of Oral Surgery
Grace Kelly Crand Prix Class
Natalie Wood School of Seamanship
Richard Pryor Cooking Academy
Claudine Longet Biathalon Workshop
Joplin-Hendrix School of Pharmacology
Ted Kennedy School of Life-Saving
John Lennon School of Fan Club Management
Jimmy Hoffa School of Concrete Construction

John Hinckley School of Courtship
Charles Manson Pediatrics Convocation
Donner School of Haute Cuisine
Jack Ruby School of Jurisprudence
Earhart-Post School of Navigation
Karen Carpenter School of Nutrition
Lebanese School of Religious Tolerance
Zyklon B School of Inhalation Therapy
Tojo's Philippine School of Precision
Marching



THE NEW HUGOS

BY
robbie
bourget
&
david
schlosser



The most fascinating thoughts can occur to you when all you hear of a conversation are a few choice words. Specifically, "awards" and "recycling". Now, doesn't that set the old wheels in motion?

Picture, if you

dare, the recycling of old Hugos. A deceased author certainly has no more need of them. What's his family to do? Truck these useless pieces of wood and metal about *ad infinitum*? For that matter, what of the author with several of these eyesores hanging about? Obviously some means is needed to dispose of them. We wouldn't want them littering the landscape, now would we? Ghod! Would you want to have all those Hugo losers scouring the garbage dumps? That's what would happen if we permitted random dumping.

The answer is to recycle all these unwanted awards. I said this very thing to David, envisioning as I did so a claw-like device advancing upon the cowering statue and mercilessly ripping off its plaque. Cries of anguish faded dimly as David interrupted my reverie with the opinion that he, personally, could always use two - one in front and one in back.

Now there's a novel thought for you. Consider it well - two Hugos! But... One in front and one in back? No, no, no. It simply will *not* work that way. At least....not on a *man*. A woman could use two - any fool should instantly realize this - but a man could only use one. Anyone can see that!

Ah, but David....David, such a trial to me always. All *he* could think of was that he could always find use for two females. Really! Now isn't that the silliest idea? They would be a bit hard to give out as awards, now wouldn't they?

Well....maybe not. There are problems (this is news?). But probably nothing insurmountable. It would certainly perk up the *male* writers out there; inspire a greater competitive, um, *urge*. Why, some of the older writers might feel positively *revived* by the *thought* of winning a female Hugo. We won't go into the fact that they would probably have a heart attack if they won.

Think of it as clearing the decks for new blood.

But, back to the topic in, er, *at* hand. One of the problems with having females as Hugos is immediately apparent. Who would choose the awards? At most this is just a superficial difficulty. A beauty/talent contest at each year's Worldcon could pick out enough desirable, young femmefen to easily fill the necessary quota for presentation at the following year's Hugo Awards. And *might* even spark a little more interest in attending program events. An extra bonus there.

But, surely we aren't going to force those poor, nubile things into the company of writers they find undesirable just because *we* voted these authors as best in their field for a given year? That would be too cruel, too heartless (hmm, maybe it's *not* such a bad idea...). No, we will just have to let the awards present themselves to the scribes of *their* choice. This has the added advantage of eliminating Hugo ballots and all that nonsense. Many fen will appreciate greatly this lessening of the awesome burden of their responsibilities. If they still *insist* on voting for something, let them vote in the beauty/talent contest.

It has already been stated that there would be a beauty/talent contest each year for the following year's awards to be chosen. This is quite essential. Otherwise, if the awards were always the same lucky females, we would have a couple of problems. First, only a few privileged authors would *ever* get to win. The second would not raise its ugly head for some time, but, sad to say, age comes to us all. One day the awards would simply no longer be desirable. And desirability is a must. So - a beauty/talent contest *every* year!

Only, you can readily see that this would leave out all the female writers in the field. Unless....unless, the awards were, occasionally, lesbians. Even this presents its own special snags. What would happen if you accidentally paired one lesbian award with one heterosexual award? Would this cause ties between male and female authors in some categories? Easily.

But, there is a solution to even this. All awards would be paired in accordance with sexual preferences. And there would have to be back-up awards in the event that an award changed her sexual preference after being paired.

This still leaves many minor problems for the authors themselves to solve. What of the possible (probable!) fury of the scribe's wife as he arrives home after Worldcon with his two luscious prizes? (Or more, if he's *really* talented.) What of the frustrated female writer who is heterosexual (not to mention the frustration of the awards)? And, no, we will *not* entertain thoughts of having alternate male awards as well. This is complex enough!

Just think of all those writers plugging away....with their hairblowers and exercycles in an ardent (good word!) attempt to attract the awards. Typewriters abandoned in garrets as they rush to date each voluptuous vixen and convince her that they are the best novel writer of the year, or best short story writer, or...

Hell! With one grand stroke a whole new *depth* would have been brought to writing!

---Robbie Bourget & David Schlosser

++++
The Bermuda Triangle, falling wholly within its own borders, has caused itself to disappear and it no longer exists. --- Thom Digby
++++

THE WED TYPE

BY

mike glyer

The man in the glass booth folds stubby hands over his protruding beer belly, and turns his face upwards to watch the judge in black robes cross from the judge's chamber to the bench. He scrunches his bearish shoulders, and slightly squints eyes that seem tiny in his bearded face. His hair and beard have probably been done by Jeremiah Johnson's barber - perhaps trimmed occasionally, but you would have to count the rings to see how long ago. Only a rumpled windbreaker protects him from the cold stare of the judge, while a bailiff intones, "The court will now come to order in the case of Crimes Against Fandom, for which stands accused Garth Edmond Danielson..."

So I imagine the scene at a time in the far future when Garth Danielson will surely answer for his influence on fanzine publishing in North America. Yes, I was once tolerant, tempering my opinion of Danielson's fanzines by repeating in my mind Voltaire's comment on freedom of speech. After all, maybe God intended that there be just one editor in fandom who would make Keith Walker look good. Besides, maybe Garth really was so broke that he had to print his fanzines on the back of any company crudsheets that came his way; however much it strained my faith in that belief when I considered the additional postage he paid to accommodate that extra weight. Furthermore, his early fanzines were entirely text - he could have done worse by including bad artwork. There was at least one fannish commandment he had forgotten to break: Thou Shalt Print No Art Rather Than Bad Art (Richard Geis, 1970).

In Garth's early fanzine editing career he was like a cry in the wilderness, residing in the Canadian midwest. A few years later he moved to Minneapolis. This may even have seemed a good idea at the time. Just consider how many fans have abandoned their roots and unhappy surroundings to relocate in Minneapolis, where their rough edges have been planed off, where they were tolerantly received, and where they proceeded to lead happy and comparatively productive lives. Who would have thought that Garth, rather than being mellowed by his new surroundings, would actually seduce other fans into creating more fanzines with his sense (?) of graphics and production values? It's a staggering thought. I know it staggers me. I think I'll sit down.



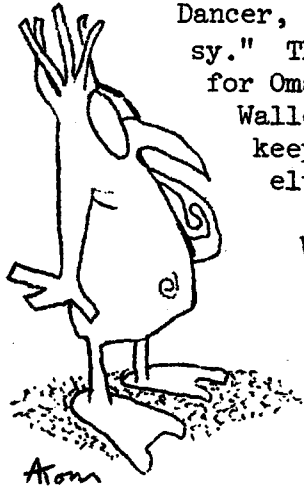
Obviously, Garth made this format somehow acceptable. Consider what continues to appear in my mailbox - the regular issues of RATS ON FIRE, actually published by Denise M. Brown in Detroit, but whose 16th issue is unmistakably reproduced on the back of (1) a Windycon X flyer, (2) a handbill from the Frederick Ungar Publishing Co., Inc., (3) a promo for Daily Construction Reports by The Contractor Publishing Co., and (4) some kind of xerographic technician's test pattern. It is disturbing that the repro quality of the "crud-sheets" is much higher than that of the fanzine's own text. Grey smudges indicative of electrostencil burns have bled through on part of every page of text. A further side-effect of electrostencilling "camera-ready" copy is uneven density of the text, and the tendency for the centre of boldface lettering to face out due to inadequate inking. However, these inking defects are not Danielson trademarks, but hand-me-downs from Victoria Wayne's experimental repertoire some years back. A more reliable link between RATS ON FIRE, a Detroit fannish weathervane, and the Danielson aesthetic is Joe Wesson. Wesson, invented by Detroit fans during a weekend spree with jaded New York fans, has been identified in a caption for a photograph of the editorial staff of SCI-FI PEOPLE WEEKLY, "a thinly disguised issue of RUNE" produced by John Bartelt, Garth Danielson, Karen Trego, David Stever and Joe Wesson.

SCI-FI PEOPLE WEEKLY is characteristic of the new generation of fanpublishing infected by Danielson's creative philosophy. It is a 24-page offset tabloid-style magazine originated in Minneapolis fandom - copyrighted for the Minnesota Science Fiction Society (Minn-Stf). It is the latest and possibly last issue in the run of RUNEs that followed the end of the Kennedy/Pelton editorship. With no two the same graphic style, they varied wildly in quality and were often only salvaged by the presence of some excellent illos drawn from a RUNE rt hoard presumably gathered by previous editors. New RUNE editors have been announced by Minn-Stf newzine editor Dan Goodman - if nothing else, they could restore some consistency to a traditionally respected title.

SCI-FI PEOPLE WEEKLY is probably the best fanzine Danielson has ever been associated with - a degree of quality impaired by a certain amount of bitterness on the part of the editors which is reflected in the humourless attempted digs at Ted White, and the repetitious writing of the word "SATIRE" across the bottom margin of the table of contents (interrupted midway through by the phrase "JUSTINCASEYOUCOULDN'TTELL"). White has often panned RUNE, and individually ridiculed some of its contributors, so it's easy to understand their desire to give him what they consider his deserved comeuppance - and it's regrettable that the effort must be written off as "attempted" humour.

In referring to SCI-FI PEOPLE WEEKLY as tabloid-style, I was reaching - clearly the satirical inspiration are magazines such as PEOPLE, US, and their less successful imitators. The Minneapolis takeoff includes photo-illustrated articles and satirical advertisements - adopting that form of satire which involves a parody of the mannerisms (or in this case, graphic format) of the object of ridicule. However, those items in the zine that do most to exaggerate and poke fun at the manner in which celebrity magazine material is written and packaged felt to me laboured and flat. For example, a piece captioned "John Bartelt: Mpls Superfan - Can even he save what is left of crazy MPLS Fandom?", which opens with this lead: "Our interview with John took place at his palatial abode in the fashionable, ethnically (sic) diverse Nicollet-Lake neighbourhood..." That sort of exaggeration seems obvious, predictable. It also handicapped what finally evolved into a quite witty put-on of Minneapolis fandom as interviewer Joe Wesson attributed to Bartelt statements like "They told me I was a candidate for SMOFhood and that I had to move to Minneapolis to be the new Jim Young. They told me I had to rescue and resuscitate 'Crazy Minneapolis Fandom' from the onslaught of the Malevolent, Mysterious Machinehead Conspiracy... They explained to me that if I stayed in Madison I would have to live with a succession of 400 pound nymphos, chair a worldcon, and be a Herpes 2 carrier. That didn't sound like fun to me. But I did hold out for a few extras." Interviewer Wesson asks, "Come on, now, what were they?" Answers Bartelt, "Good sex, contacts in the publishing business, and the right to gafiate at thirty. It's basically the same deal Jim got."

The zine contained two excellent articles, not themselves satire, but about satirical activities. In the first, John Bartelt described Reed Waller's creation of Omaha, the Cat



Dancer, as an underground comic. Title: "Omaha - Not Just Another Trendy Pus-sy." The article included photos of Waller at work, and a repro of a cover for Omaha - which Waller apparently started in VOOTIE, the cartoonists' apa. Waller has long been a tremendously talented cartoonist, one impossible to keep in contact with solely through fanzine fandom, and I avidly read Bartelt's article for the information on Waller's development.

The second excellent article is Garth Danielson's "I Went to the Worldcon...But I Ran Away." Written as a straight feature - about an intrinsically funny group - Danielson's article (with lots of photos) described the Church of the SubGenius' convention held in Chicago down the street from last year's worldcon. A number of s.f. fans were si-phoned off to SubGcon - Danielson, Luke McGuff, Sarah Prince, Tom Longo, Mike Gunderloy, Dana Siegel to name a few. (Maybe to name them all - what do I know?) Said Danielson, "Creativity, not lack of a social order threw these people together. The admiration of a quickly growing pyramid scam and the interest to be in on the ground floor of the creation of this lucrative religious wave of the future." (grammar -

sic) The Church of the SubGenius also served as the source of the issue's back cover. "Bob" (the individual whose teachings are propagated by the church) is joined by JFK, Elvis, Buddha, and Christ, all wielding automatic weapons against an adversary creature who looks like a cross-section of tooth pulp capped with an array of arms that a sea urchin would consider handsome. The arms are labeled: Evil UFO's, Men in Black and Illuminati, Nazi Hell Creatures, Rival Cults, The Anti-Bob and Pink Boys, and False Prophets. It's amazing that such a putrid religious takeoff could blossom in Dallas without any detectable influence from Elst Weinstein, s.f. fandom's leading scamologist.

Two articles of this readability and plain fun demonstrate that SCI-FI PEOPLE WEEKLY's editorial staff include skilled writers and competent photojournalists, seasoned with a fannish sense of humour. That so much dross must be discarded in the process of finding the gems indicates that the editors need to cut more and paste less. But I came away from this issue believing for the first time that Garth Danielson may yet make reparations for his seismic impact on the aesthetics of world fanzine fandom.

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ANVIL began life as merely the clubzine of the Birmingham (Alabama) Science Fiction Club, only distinguished from the rest by Wade Gilbreath's artwork and sense of design.

Issue #26 begins with another in the series of full-page pen-and-ink covers ANVIL has acquired from Philadelphia fanartist Steve Fox. There is a timely "Guest Editorial" from local fan Meade Frierson III, a self-described computer hacker who reflects "I have dropped Southern Fandom Confederation and the video apa I started four years ago not solely because I am now a confirmed hacker, but also because of good, substantial and legitimate reasons." Yes, to answer your question, Meade *is* a lawyer. But I remain faithful to my belief that he intends for us to know why he dropped most of his fanac, and that his reaction to specific Atlanta in '86 committee members (or ex-members) is at the bottom of it - which he will reveal only if I read enough of these mosaic-pieces being scattered throughout the fan press.

Australian fan Kim Huett supplies miniature personality profiles of the Aussie attendees of Circulation 2 (city unknown) to accompany the excellent likenesses Wade Gilbreath drew from photos Kim took at the con. Huett, Terry Frost, Peter Toluzzi, Tony Power, Marc Ortlieb, Gerald Smith, John Newman and Robyn Joynson are each given an instant analysis. The observations are minimal and superficial, but that they exist at all in a clubzine originating from the normally parochial South is very impressive.

ANVIL's cosmopolitan credentials take in Patrick Gibbs, "Critic in Exile" (in Michigan), and a fanzine review column by Valerie McKnight which makes incisive comments about fanzines around the country (though emphasizing Southern efforts). McKnight goes into detail about Ben Fulves' THE LOOKING GLASS #24 - sufficiently to make me want to read the zine, although I gave up on its early issues because they seemed to lift a lot of F770 news without acknowledging the source. Fulves obviously managed to find something else to print. Must be some interesting things happening to inspire McKnight's criticism: "The only letter that really

hurt was Jessica Salmonson's. It's painful to see a fantasy writer who thinks that 'children's book' is a putdown. And her statement 'I bet your reviewer gets some flack, though. There are fans who think Tolkien is God and his books various New Testaments' is embarrassing." Her review column includes a receipts list of two dozen recent fanzines and their addresses.

ANVIL always ends with a meaty letter column, which is no less true this time around. Though there is considerable timebinding to see that even in 1983 one can start a letter-column with a one-two punch of Harry Warner Jr. and Buck Coulson. Don D'Amassa even makes a rare fanzine appearance, commenting on the book reviews. Lettercol editor Gilbreath reacts inquisitively to Warner's comment on #25's cover, where "the landscape in general have contours somewhat off-balance, somehow, as if the chorp ((the what?)) dimension were added..." It's interesting to see Harry tossing off a 10-year-old APA-L in-reference in the middle of a LoC to readers, none of whom would have known what he meant even if they'd been in fandom back in 1972 (which most weren't). A poorly-drawn cartoon character, Bags Bunny, noted for the chronically-dripping air conditioning unit embedded in his stomach, became the protagonist of a round-robin APA-L comic strip. At one point multiple episodes appeared in the same week. Their conflicting story lines were later explained as part of Bags' travels through the 14th Chorp Dimension.

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North of the border, Toronto fans Catherine Crockett and Alan Rosenthal have produced a small genzine, CAREFULLY SEDATED 1. It is notable for some really excellent design, and above-average artwork from Roldo, Peter Gottlieb and Taral.

Careful attention has been paid to graphics. The title (CAREFULLY SEDATED) composed of a typeface which gives the illusion of letters reflected through a broken mirror, is printed on alert-orange paper and protrudes from under the cover art that was printed on a fractional sheet. Interior text is spaced with boxes and open areas - an eye-pleasing style more primitive than Alpajpuri, Frank Lunney, or Al Snider once advocated, but of a kind they might have inspired.

The contents are absolutely sercon - "Soviet Deep Space Activities", and the subtitle of another piece "The Genetics of Lycanthropy" perfectly describe these sincere-sounding freshman science student efforts. But it is an interesting read, and overall, the fanzine was a highly commendable first effort. The next issue is promised for May - we shall see, we shall see.

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SCI-FI PEOPLE WEEKLY (RUNE?) - No availability listed, nor any contact address. A request to Minn-Stf, P.O. Box 2128 Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402 might help.

ANVIL 26 - P.O. Box 57031, Birmingham, AL 35259-7031. Available for letters of comment, trade, contributions, or 6 issues for \$5.

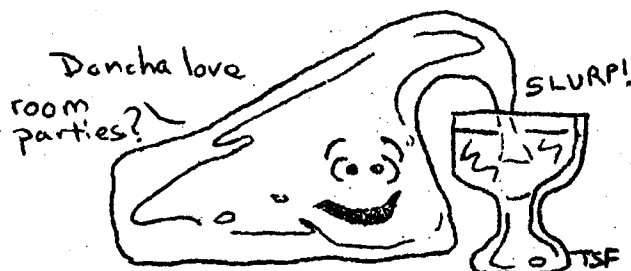
CAREFULLY SEDATED 1 - 117 Wanless Ave., TORONTO, Ontario, M4N 1W1, Canada. Available for \$1.25, contributions, letters of comment, trade, or editorial whim.

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--- Mike Glyer



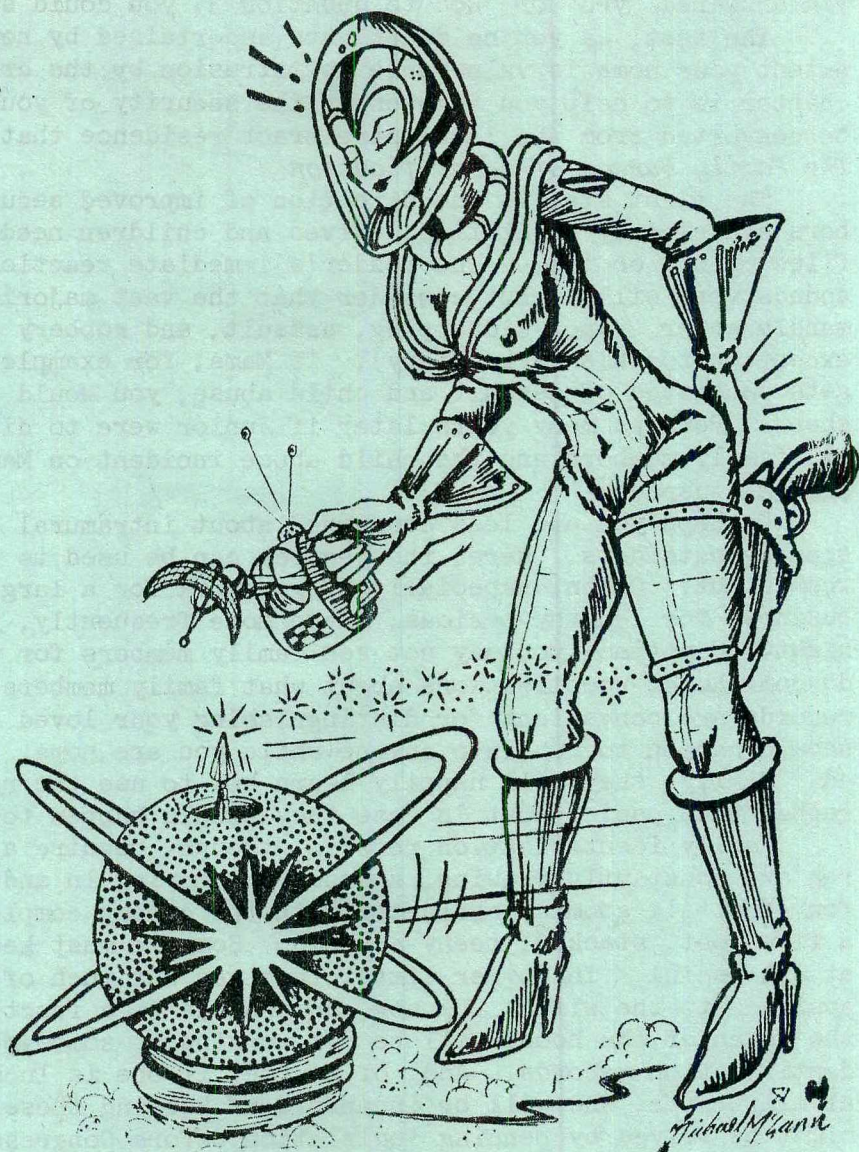
the law and order

handbook

chapter 3

CONVERTING YOUR HOME INTO A FORTRESS

BY
richard
weinstock



Take the average home.

Is it a safe place to live in these days of increasing violence and soaring crime rates? Here is an easy-to-take test of home security

that will determine whether your home needs improvement in this area.

- 1) Does your home have any doors and windows and, if so, are they ever unlocked?
- 2) Is your home located south of the Arctic Circle?
- 3) Do you live next door to a police station, or at least is there one on your block?
- 4) Are any of your children's friends members of the underclass?
- 5) Do you ever undress, take a shower or go to sleep in your house?
- 6) Does your neighbourhood lack adequate street lighting during power shortages?
- 7) Whenever a new wave of grafitti hits the walls of your neighbourhood, do you find that spray paint cans have disappeared from your garage?
- 8) Do you have any past due accounts with any organization owned or controlled by the Mafia?
- 9) Does any person other than an immediate member of your family have knowledge of the whereabouts of your jewellery, television sets, audio equipment, or other valuable appliances?

If you answered "yes" to questions 1 or 2 or 4 through 9, you could be in trouble. If

you answered "yes" or "no" to question 3, you could still be in trouble.

The test, as you no doubt have ascertained by now, shows you where, how, and to what extent your home is vulnerable to intrusion by the criminal element. The purpose of this chapter is to help you tighten up the security of your homestead by showing you how it can be converted from the lacklustre tract residence that it is, to an impenetrable fortress.

The Family Bureau of Identification

The first step in the direction of improved security is to make sure that family members are clearly identified. Wives and children need to be immediately fingerprinted and files opened on them. The reader's immediate reaction to this is apt to be that it all sounds very silly. But consider that the vast majority of violent crimes including murder, manslaughter, rape, kidnapping, assault, and robbery occur between family members (the one exception to this is burglary). If Mama, for example, beats Junior senseless one day and gets convicted of assault and child abuse, you would want to put that on her family rap sheet. Perhaps many years later if Junior were to disappear, you could pull the records of all family members and the child abuse incident on Mama's rap sheet might make her the number one suspect.

Perhaps you are less concerned about intramural crime and more concerned about intrusion by outsiders. Here, the records can be used to determine who is a family member and who is not. Often, especially if you work for a large corporation, you could be away on business for lengthy periods. Even more frequently, you may have to work late into the night. Sometimes you may not see family members for weeks or even months on end. When you do come home, recollections about what family members look like will often be hazy. The records are convenient for distinguishing your loved ones from intruders, just in case you should happen to run into anyone while you are home. And, if you are blessed with a devoted family, they will happily learn how to use the records so that they can identify you rather than panic, just in case they should happen to run into you while you are home.

Family identification records, though, require a considerable amount of upkeep. Children are constantly growing, spouses are moving in and out, and faces are changing. The four-foot-six gnomish character with the creamy complexion may in six months metamorph into a five-foot, stacked, teeny acknoid. Someone must keep up these records if they are to be at all useful. In former times, this was not much of a problem. Such duties were easily assigned to the wife. But now, unless she is a functional illiterate, it is likely that the woman of the house will be off working at some job and refuse to keep the family's identification records. And, of course, if one is lucky enough to be married to a functional illiterate, she will be incapable of keeping these records. Fortunately, this problem might be solved by pending legislation before Congress which would have these records kept for us by agencies of the United States Government.

A Man's Home is His Castle - 20th Century Style

We now turn to the necessary physical aspects of the enclave. The necessity of protecting one's personal residence from outlaws, infidels, and other types is not new. In medieval times, castles were often surrounded by moats and whole cities were often walled to protect the wealth of their more affluent inhabitants. In this day and age, little real advance security planning is done except by the very rich who live on large estates and maintain small but sophisticated police forces. The average middle- and upper middle-class home is an open invitation to all but the most novice of ne'er do wells. Let's look at some of the protective devices currently in use:

- 1) Large dogs - Great Danes, German Shepherds, Dobermans, etc. A special incentive for veteran burglars who will tranquilize and steal them for resale to homeowners as vicious guard dogs. Very effective against trespassing children whether on property or not, often resulting in expensive lawsuits.
- 2) Security alarm systems - Sold in most hardware stores. Unfortunately, electronic bypassing systems which prevent alarms from going off are easily installed, and also sold in most hardware stores, designed as transistor radios. Good for junkie type intruders who, when the alarm goes off, will panic and run through the house shooting anything that moves.
- 3) Automatic light systems - Skilled burglars plan their heists when the lights come on; the better to see what they are stealing. Also avoids the risk of intruders leaving fingerprints on light switches.

The fact is that the average American has failed to take advantage of advances in modern technology which would convert the average home from a prowler's paradise to a security haven. Why is this? Unfortunately, the American middle-class public has been gulled into believing that style and aesthetics require the homestead, internally and externally, to appear expansive, open and gracious. This is the sort of look promoted in slick magazines such as House Beautiful and Better Homes and Gardens. But, if form follows function, security is beauty and the modern prototypes of urbane elegance are contradictions in terms. This skewedness of styles in favour of the cutesy and non-functional is largely a result of the disproportionate amount of power wielded by the interior decorators/designers complex. They know that if the average homeowner really acted as if his home were his sanctum, he would be consulting retired Green Berets for advice instead of interior decorators, and most of the accoutrements of his home would be purchased from Armed Services Surplus Stores instead of fancy boutiques.

The following illustrate but a few examples of how the public has been misguided about home security. Starting with the dwelling's exterior, all "Welcome" doormats should be removed for obvious reasons. Moreover, no safe home should have shrubs or flower gardens. Cactus are not only less inviting, but when appropriately placed they can deter the escape of even the most seasoned of intruders. Now, here is where High Tech comes in. Redwood fences or used brick walls may look more decorous, but barbed wire really keeps 'em out. Of course, there are prejudices against it, and you'll probably have to endure a few arguments with neighbours. But in a democracy, technology is for the people. There is no good reason why the Armed Services should have this effective means of protecting property and not the public. Besides, it is only convention which regards barbed wire as unpleasing to the eye. To the security-minded, it, in fact, looks better than anything else, especially during winter when adorned with Christmas lights.

Moving into the secure abode's interior, one has to question every feature which involves some element of risk from the outside world without, in any way, contributing to the life support systems of the owner or his family. Windows, for example, have become next to useless due to unclean air and neighbours. In home security circles there is a saying, "As the banks go, so go the suburbs". Many modern banks have eliminated windows as riskier than an out-of-town cheque, and, indeed, new office buildings only permit sealed-tight, inch thick glass.

Having limited the number of potential accesses and entrances to the home's inside, the rest is less difficult and mainly consists of the efficient use of superior firepower. Family guard duty and choices of armaments are the key issues here. First, with respect to guard duty, it is obvious that larger families have a distinct advantage over small ones. In fact, it can be demonstrated that crime in America has increased steadily in inverse proportion to the number of residents per household. Not only is lack of family members a liability here, but kin with incriminating family rap sheets must be eliminated from watch duty. The very young should also be relieved of responsibility in this area. This means that young and small families will have some difficulties, since guarding a home properly is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. There just aren't enough qualified family members in such families to cover all shifts. However, small and young families do go for style so hiring security guards for some of the shifts could become as trendy as drinking Perrier (and certainly less expensive).

Naturally, guards are no better than their weapons, and here there is a wide assortment of possible choices ranging from small arms to such devices as flamethrowers. Check your insurance policy for coverage if you are considering deployment of the latter. Since almost any choice is a good one, the way the weapon enhances the living room's atmosphere is the deciding consideration. Submachine guns look great mounted on coffee tables. Shotguns are the perfect finishing touch on the mantle of a fireplace.

Having provided for the protection of your residence, you are now ready for the savages of the outside world.

SACville Suburbs

As we all know, there has been an ever-mounting housing crisis in the country because of high interest rates and high construction costs. The result has been that few new and

growing families have been able to purchase adequate housing on the open market. The new suburb replacing a valley of peach orchards seems to be going the way of the peach orchards when they were being replaced by new suburbs. At the same time, these unlocated families are not particularly anxious to move to the suburbs because of the reputed high crime rate. The result is sure to be catastrophic, striking the economic system at its very core - land developers. In order to avoid these dire circumstances, a solution seems to be emerging which can combine the need for new housing and suburbs with the need for neighbourhood security.

Recently, the Government decided to buy advanced new bombers called "B-1s" to replace the rapidly aging B-52s in the Air Force. Federal studies by HUD indicate that these B-52s can be cheaply transported to property that has been graded, and then easily subdivided and converted to condominiums. These aircraft come well equipped with security systems and therefore would be quite safe from intruders assuming the various radar and armament systems were left intact.

Developers, of course, would provide the interface between the Air Force and the general public, so as to maximize the economic feasibility of the project. For example, the more well-armed front section is more secure and therefore would command a higher price, especially if it could be placed so as to offer a commanding view of the local golf course.

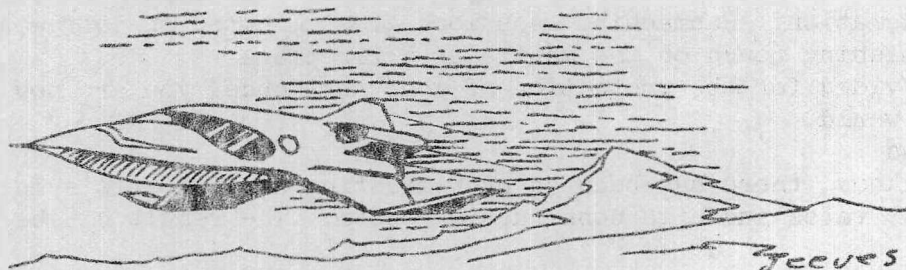
The Ultimate Protection: A Family Bomb Shelter

It is only a short hop, step and jump from the realization that persons with evil designs on your person and property lurk in the community to the realization that whole nations, cultures, religions, continents, and hemispheres hunger for your possessions and hide. The residence-turned-fortress to the really serious security buff is merely a step in the direction of the ultimate in residential living accommodations. Much in the same way that a tract home is merely a first step to a Gentleman's Country Farm for the aspiring young professional. And what could be more well-deserved by the successful and upwardly threatened than a spacious and well-appointed bomb shelter?

"What kind of way is this to live, especially for the most successful and deserving" many will challenge. Questioning of this nature reflects the bad reputation bomb shelters acquired in the Spartan fifties with their dank and stony-cold interiors. However, the second generation bomb shelters of the eighties have been designed to compare with the most luxurious of accommodations and have attracted even the most discriminating of buyers. In residential construction and finance circles, this is coming to be called "the Tut look", and may indeed be the wave of the future. These pride-of-ownership bomb shelters often come equipped with such attractions as subterranean parking, hot tubs, wall-to-wall carpeting, terrestrial heating, anthouse windows, wet bars, vaulted ceilings, quality rammed-earth cabinetry, roof gardens, and countless other distinctive features.

Another, perhaps hidden, advantage of bomb shelter residences is the extremely long-term protection they have to offer owners and their possessions. If the enemy does attack, all within the confines of shelter walls will be totally secure from intruders of any kind - including grave robbers.

--- Richard Weinstock



THE MAN WHO MURDERED

FUNK & WAGNALLS

BY mike glyer

Marty Cantor's editorial habits received a sarcastic analysis in a recent installment of my fanzine review column. I chastised his affected preference for British spellings, his anaemic typing skills and free-thinking grammar. The impact of my criticism on Cantor was so great that he abandoned his prolonged bachelorhood in favour of a wife who could type, and, if British spelling must be used, who at least had the benefit of a Canadian education and therefore held out some hope of spelling accurately in that idiom.

Robbie and I were discussing Marty's editing techniques, when it occurred to me what an amazing effect he would have had on history if, instead of being a science fiction fan, Cantor was actually endowed with a science fiction character's ability to traverse time. He could have operated out of the same academy as the kids in "Voyagers", but instead of assuring that crucial inventions worked out, or significant journeys were completed, Cantor would be there throughout time to lend his touch to the influential writings of history.

We could start with the Creation (humility, at least in print, is alien to faneditors). Readers of Marty's early LASFAPazines may recall his tendency to inject a bit of German grammar into his English prose by placing the verb at the end of the sentence. The first verse of the Book of Genesis in the Bible would turn out, "In the beginning, God the Heavens and the earth created."

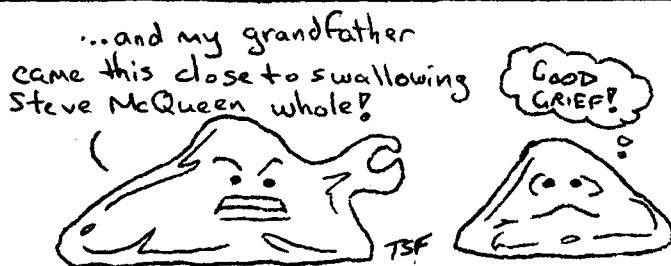
The verse sounds distorted, as though uttered by Ingrid Bergman's Swedish missionary character in "Murder On The Orient Express". The influence of the Germanic branch of languages on modern English means you can screw up the construction of many sentences without rendering them unintelligible, so in some cases the differences are not great. Even our National Anthem's opening line can withstand being changed to "Oh, say you see can..." However, the same is not true for a Cantor-style rendering of Einstein's famous formula - "EMC²=" Yeah, kind of loses something there, mathematically speaking.

One cannot deny that style and meaning are directly linked: affected word choices that do not actually violate the literal meaning of a message will still carry unintended nuances. Thomas Jefferson, in the course of declaring America's independence, would probably not have appreciated Marty's preference for Britishisms in recasting the opening line as "Whilst in the course of human events..."

Nor could Marty resist throwing a letter "u" back into any word that might appear more elegant with its addition. One visualizes him jogging Abe Lincoln's elbow as they sit on the train to Gettysburg, insisting that the phrase be spelled: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fourfathers..."

Had Marty been permitted free run of history, he might have drawn attention away from other writers. For example, in a famous essay about James Fenimore Cooper, Mark Twain listed such rules as "Use the correct word, not its neighbor" and "Eschew surplusage", which ranks right up with "Jesus wept" as the pithiest sentence written in the English language. Who can doubt that Twain would have dropped Mohicans in favour of Sixth Fandom long enough to pen "Marty Cantor's Literary Offenses"?

--- Mike Glyer



THE LOC NESS MONSTER



// In the LoC Ness Monster of #15 Robbie inadvertantly mistitled Queen Elizabeth II. Here is what she has to say about that. /*/*

*"I do indeed know that the U.K. is the U.K. of Great Britain and Northern Ireland - I suspect either a mental or written "typo" allowed the U.K. and Northern Ireland to get by. *sigh* But, even so, I know a few Irish from Northern Ireland (not fans, though) and they are less than keen on being referred to as part of the U.K. Not to mention the fact that the Queen's full, proper title is "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland...Queen". To call her Queen of the U.K. is basically an abbreviation. Abbreviations have been known to annoy people."*

There were some late LoCs which I will list here: Joy Hibbert late locced #12 as did Kim Huett (who also late locced #13). Also on #13 we have the following from John Mitchell: I'd like to take issue with those who feel that fanzine fans should go off in a corner and have cons that no one else can come to. STUPID! That would merely enshrine the current situation where fanzines are apparently regarded as musty relics of The Good Old Days. Instead of pulling into a shell and ensuring the death of fanzine fandom from attrition of fresh blood, find a concom and get involved. Good ideas often only get implemented when the person who wants it done also wants to do it. Which is why I am running the fan room at L.A.CON II. John also sends the following putridity:

Q/ What did the leper tell the hooker? A/ Keep the tip.

Q/ You heard about the leper who didn't get the cards that he needed in a poker game? He threw in his hand. Afterwards, when he went to see his analyst, the docs' first question was, "Well, what's eating you?"

Q/ What do you call a dog with no legs? A/ It doesn't matter, he won't come anyway.

Q/ What do you do with a dog like that? A/ Take him out for a drag.

Q/ You know why all the birds are worried this spring, don't you? There's been an epidemic outbreak of chirpes, a canarial disease with no known tweetment.

Adrienne Fein sent two Locs (both late), one each for #13 and #14. Also late for #14 were Marc Ortlieb, Richard Faulder, and Jean Webber who said: My only complaint with your zine is that it's too long -- and too full of interesting stuff to read, to be skimmed easily. No fair! O.K. - to please you we shall institute short and uninteresting zines - and we will know whom to blame for that.

// The following group of letters is more or less a conversation amongst some loccers. It started with rich brown sending me a loc and a copy of same to Judith Hanna - Judith replied (with a copy to rich), rich replied (etc.), Judith replied (etc.) plus there is a sidebar comment from Joseph Nicholas. More or less in full, here is what they wrote - and after this issue I will be printing no more on this particular subject. /*/*

rich brown Judith Hanna accuses me of "sexist bullshit" because I made the "quite unjustified" assumption that she must echo Joseph Nicholas' view if she gets involved in any discussion in which he's been involved, just because she lives with him.

Now I ask you, isn't that just like a broad? If I made an assumption, it was that Judith meant what she said in her letter--that Joseph couldn't be bothered to continue the argument, but had read and agreed her points were those he might have made had he bothered. However, it may well be sexist bullshit to accept what she said as true--I couldn't say. What I feel like saying, apropos of this imputation, is that I've had it about up to *here* with the red herring usage of this "sexist" charge, particularly where gender is not the matter at issue. I admit to a sore temptation to tell these people to stuff it, and precisely where, and precisely what they can use to cauterize the wound to keep it from falling back out.

Were I to make assumptions about Judith because she lives with Joseph, they'd be based on the nature of relationships rather than their respective genders. (I have spent no time at all thinking about them but since I've been called to book for it as though I had, I might as well be hung for a wolf as a lamb.) I assume they will agree on *some* topics--because, if they never agree on anything, they will argue so much they won't have time to develop their relationship to the point where they can live together. At the same time, it seems unlikely they would agree on *all* topics--if they did, they would likely be bored with each other inside of a week. Finally, although Judith implies it is otherwise, it is possible that they could agree more often than not without one of them being the other's mindless minion. This is not a matter of individuality or independence, but simply a reflection of a very human truth--the fact that people in personal contact on a day-to-day basis are unlikely to misunderstand each other's meanings; and who, if they are at all open, are likely to discuss topics to a point where they either agree or agree to disagree. One would hope, to the largest extent possible, they would "allow" each other's differences to let them be who they are--but I daresay if Joseph had too many ideas which were anathema to Judith on matters which were of importance to her, or vice-versa, they would not remain together for very long. Not if they have any character, anyway.

Whilst I thought I made my meaning clear, I will be happy to simplify my terms at Judith's request to explain, for her benefit, what I meant by "art is what it *is*, not what it *does*."

I think she errs when she tries to define *all* art by what *some* art does or tries to do--the assertion that art "must" do anything at all, or in this specific case, "shake people up" by challenging their thinking and/or the status-quo, &c. seems to me absurd. Whilst *some* art does this, or attempts to do it, it does not follow that everything which does or attempts to do this is art nor that *only* things which do (or attempt to do) this can be art. The error is the same as the fallacy in the proposition that because a man may have black hair, it follows that everything with black hair must be a man.

I'm surprised this is beyond Judith's easy comprehension. But it must be, since she walks even further into the quagmire by asserting that there are also certain things which the *creators* of art cannot do--e.g., strive for commercial success--if they wish their creations to be art. I should think the facts rather belie this. The artist is often irrelevant to the art--and certainly the artist's *intent* is. Judith wonders how I make my distinctions, but I wonder how she manages to jump into the artist's mind to reach a conclusion about his or her motivation might be so as to be able to label as either art

or non-art that artist's work. Or is it not intent but actual commercial success which prevents a piece from becoming art? What if they start out to create art for its own sake but reach a point where eventually their art supports them? Bach, Monk, the Beatles, Picasso, Salvadore Dali, Henry Miller--to name just a few possible examples?

I cited the Williams Shakespeare and Blake not to argue their relative merits but to lay a little trap and point out that whilst the art produced by Blake fits the narrow parameters Judith would allow, the art of Shakespeare does not. It happens I prefer Shakespeare to Blake, but so what? Both produced art, and whilst their intentions are worthy of note, unfortunately they are not relevant to what they produced. I would go further and state that both the would-be artist's intent, and the extent (or lack) of commercial success, have nothing whatsoever to do with whether a particular work is "art". Because if she applied these artistic standards rigorously, it would be necessary for her not only to assert that *Blake* is superior to Shakespeare, as she does here, but to conclude that *H.P. Lovecraft* is superior to Shakespeare. Because Blake and Lovecraft shared a similar artistic vision, had precisely the same intent and disdain for "commercial success", the art the two produced must be on a par--if art is defined simply by what it does or intends to do.

I would say that if Judith can see the difference between Shakespeare and Lovecraft, and recognise the former produced superior art regardless of their respective intents or commercial acceptance during their lifetimes, she does not need my help to make the distinction in my statement that "art is what it is, not what it does". And if she can't see that difference, I'd say she's beyond my help anyway.

Incidentally, a substantial portion of what has appeared in fanzines over the years would have to fit her definition of Art For Art's Sake. She might think she's covered herself with the qualification that her definition says "nothing about frivolity as apposed to seriousness of purpose", but that only means the oh-so-serious turgid prose which has appeared in the most serious of fanzines over the past 50 years is Art, bighod. It is to laugh.

I suppose people will accuse me of picking on her, but Judith is talking through her hat when she comments on the Protestant work ethic: "The idea that work cannot be enjoyable in itself seems to me to be in some way caught up with Protestant Ethic thinking: work is good for the soul, suffering is good for the soul, therefore work must equate suffering, and work may not be enjoyed".

Sorry to say it, Judith, but you're completely off your ass. Your 'impressions' to the contrary notwithstanding, the Protestant work ethic holds there is soul-redeeming value in work, in and of itself, hence a good day's work (the harder, the better) *is* something to be enjoyed. Totin' that barge and haulin' that bale is doin' God's Work and you should lift up your voice in song and be happy about it, etc. I'm not aware that "suffering is good for the soul" is part of any Protestant credo, but since Protestantism covers almost all non-Catholic Christian belief, it's possible some Protestants believe that. The closest I ever heard to it is the idea that "suffering builds character"--a view Protestants attribute to Catholics.

The problem with the Protestant work ethic is not that it equates work with suffering or says work should not be enjoyed; the problem with the Protestant work ethic is that it is judgmental about people who *do not* work, holding that idleness and leisure are ipso facto sinful. I'm not an apologist for the PWE, but I've heard that rules seldom make themselves and are usually formed for a reason. When there was a lot of hard work that needed to be done, which was the case in this country up to the turn of the century, one can see that it made a certain amount of sense--at least, the part about the joys of good hard work, if not the judgmental part about those who did not share this view.

But we're now at a point where there is not a lot of hard work which needs to be done--and yet still we have people who hold to the Protestant work ethic, who view all the unemployed as somehow being sinful simply because they cannot find work to do. So whilst it may be true that rules don't just make themselves, it also tends to be the case that rules tend to outlive their usefulness.

* JUDITH HANNA * Here I was, reeling back recovering from the Easter con, from having
***** Avedon and various European fans - Pascal Thomas, Reolof Goudriaan, Kobi
van Hemel - to stay before and after it, from having landed myself a real
job (as opposed to temping) as secretary to a business archives research project, and just
getting my act into gear to churn out such commitments as an Albacon report for Roger Wed-
dall's THYME, the Aussie newszine, and an editorial for SHALLOW END, the gentle intro-
ductory zine for neos that a group of us have started over here, when I get this copy of
rich brown's letter to you. Nice of him to send it, but couldn't he have picked a time
when I had a bit of leisure to devote some thought to answering it...

Though maybe answering it would have taken more thought if there'd been more evidence
that he'd put thought into writing it, at that. Anyhow, here goes...

Okay, rich, if you assure me you'd be equally ready to call Joseph a "Judith Hanna
surrogate" or Marty a "Robbie Cantor surrogate", I modify 'sexist' to simply 'stupid' and
'rude'. That rich has taken what seems to me pretty plainly joking - you recognised it as
joking, didn't you Marty? - So literally, just shows the dangers of deviating from the dull
and plodding. And then, of course, rich was so taken in by the joke that he couldn't re-
cognise that what I was saying had little to do with any line of argument Joseph has ever
or would be likely to advance.

I find some difficulty working out just which bits of my argument rich thinks he's
taking issue with in this letter, since he seems to be accusing me of saying things I
don't find in my own words.

For instance, "art 'must'"? Nearest I can find to that is (in HTT 13) "any argument
about art is not merely about aesthetics but is necessarily a parade of contemporary atti-
tudes propped up with appropriate rationalisations" which seems to me a fair enough state-
ment. But since the general drift of my letter was probing Darrell's two ideal types of
art - "art for art's sake" versus "Protestant Ethic" art, defining "Art" as such didn't
come into it. Is rich trying to tell us that "art for art's sake" is the only art worth
calling art? I certainly didn't say that revolutionary art is the only art worthy of the
name. So what the hell is rich arguing with? Let's get it quite clear that these 'narr-
ow parameters' are being set by rich, not me.

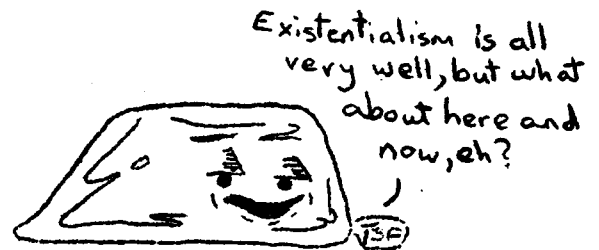
But I still don't see that rich's dictum "art is what it *is*, not what it *does*" is
anything more than pseudo-profound tautological claptrap. Try a different cliché, rich,
"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder". Art is what observers acknowledge as Art. There
are no objective standards, any more than in fanwriting, it's all in (as Peter Berger puts
it) "ways of seeing". If no English speakers exist, is Shakespeare still Art? Who will
say so? You, maybe, but then you won't exist and so don't count. Shakespear in transla-
tion may live on, but will that Shakespear be the same as in English - hardly, I think
you'll admit. But if well translated, his art will still *do* (more or less) the same,
and so continue to be art. No?

Nor do I see any reasons why what appears in fanzines need not be art, as long as it
measures up to whatever, admittedly subjective, standards are applied to writing. Tur-
gidity of prose is, of course, bad style and bad art, as much because it gets in the way
of conveying any serious or other message as for aesthetic reasons. But is rich really
saying that sercon writing, no matter how well executed, can never be art?

rich's "Old Man River" rendition of the theology of the joy of work is all very nice
and may well be what was preached on them old cottonfields by fundamentalist Baptists.
But what Darrell and I were talking about was the sociological catch-phrase "Protestant
Ethic" as defined by Max Weber, based on Industrial Revolution Europe and Victorian hell
and damnation preaching. As such, it was a pretty joyless concept, and this is borne out
in Darrell's interpretation of it in relation to New Wave apocalypitics. As rich says,
it's a pretty old-fashioned concept these days - however, weren't me who brought it into
the argument, but feel free to argue it out with Darrell if you want to take it further,
rich. I've no commitment to the term but simply took issue with his use of it to chara-
terise New Wave writing: and as I said in last HTT, I think the opposition between Art

for Art's Sake and Protestant Ethic Art, though interesting to toss around, when it comes down to it is pretty dubious as a general distinction. (Which is not how Darrell used it either - he applied it to a fairly specific context.)

But still I ask myself, where did rich come up with the views he tries to foist onto me - they weren't in what I wrote, and they're not in our copies of HTT - Marty, you fiend, have you been sending the poor blighter spoof copies? Come to that, is this a spoof letter I've just replied to so seriously?



The heavens forfend - HTT is enough work to produce that there is no way that I am going to be producing differing versions of each issue. The closest I ever came to that was the one copy where I produced one copy in a colour different from the rest of the copies and sent that one copy to a person whom I knew detested the colour which I used in the other copies. Even I can be nice once in a while.

No, I don't think rich is picking on me. For one thing, his swings are wildly off target. For another, I'm quite able to look after myself in argument. Surely rich doesn't think that just because I'm a girl I must be timid and helpless? That would be sexist.

* JOSEPH NICHOLAS * Judith has received from Rich Brown (I loathe the affectation of his lower case) a copy of his letter to you of 25 March 1983 concerning (amongst other things) her letter in issue 14. She will of course be replying to this herself, concerning his detailed argument about Art, but I'd like to take this opportunity here of stating that, clever though his speculations about our relationship are, they do not serve to conceal the erroneousness of his initial assumption that if Judith gets involved in my arguments then it must be as a surrogate of me. What she actually said in issue 13 was that I "would like a break from making waves so he's letting me write back ('You vill write,' he mermurs gently, brandishing his stockwhip')", which is quite different from Rich's statement here "that Joseph couldn't be bothered to continue the argument but had read and agreed her points were those he might have made had he bothered" - which in itself is merely an elaborate restatement of his opening remarks in issue 14 (where he refers to her as a surrogate me and claims that she's not making my points very well). Sorry, Mr. Brown, but this sort of sloppy reading and sloppy thinking just won't do.

* rich brown * In her missive of 12 April, Judith Hanna expressed the sentiment that whilst she appreciated receiving a copy of my letter to you, she rather wished I'd done it whilst she had a bit of leisure "to devote some thought to answering it". The way to do it, Judith, is simply to *take* the leisure, as I have done.

Nonetheless, although I've been in no great hurry to respond, there are several points of unintentional (or so I assume) humour in Judith's letter which someone should point out to her. For example, she should realise her extreme generosity in being willing to modify "sexist" to "stupid" and "rude"--provided I assure her I'd be equally ready to call Joseph a "Judith Hanna surrogate"--does not seem likely to get me to make those assurances, does it? Unless, that is, for some unfathomable reason I might *want* to be called stupid and rude....

The problem is that once we start indulging in mud-slinging and name-calling, as Judith has reduced us to here, this ceases to be a rational argument about issues but whether or not the individuals conducting the argument are White Hats or Black Hats. As

my dear ol' Mom always told me, when people start indulging in name calling, it's time to "consider the source".

Stupid?

I suppose I can, with tolerant amusement, take that from Judith. "Is rich trying to tell us that 'art for art's sake' is the only art worth calling art?", she asks a bit later. Having now *twice* made the point directly to her (once in your fanzine, again in more simplistic terms--when she expressed her inability to understand what I'd said in HTTP--in the letter she would have us believe she is responding to here) that art-for-art's-sake, as exemplified by Blake, and art-ground-our-for-a-living, as exemplified by Shakespeare, are *both* art, I begin to wonder whether *she* has the smarts of a zucchini. Do you think it might be an aid to her comprehension to suggest that she go back and move her lips whilst she reads the words? Frankly, with this as indication of her ability to understand the language as it is written, I think it pointless to make a third, fourth, fifth, etc. attempt. *Cada día* 'cotton pickin' *gallina*, *amarga la cocina*, as they say in the South of Spain. (Or, roughly, constant repetition wearies.)

Rude?

I suppose I am; "polite" argument has never been my forte. I confess I gave no concessions to Judith and opened the argument with her just as I might open an argument with any other person in fandom with whom I found reason to disagree. The question here is, really, why should I treat Judith any different? Had I taken into consideration her Delicate Feminine Sensibilities, treated her deferentially because she was a Gir-ul, assumed she could not partake in the give-and-take of a debate on the issues because of her itty-bitty female brain, perhaps I would have been "polite"--but then I *would* have been, as she implies at least once, guilty of the sexism with which she would like to charge me. But this is not, I think, Judith's first attempt to have it both ways--and I suppose it *is* rude of me to keep pointing out that she keeps making the attempt. But *whathell*, archy, I always have been a crass bastid.

I seem to be being held at fault here, not only for taking Judith at her word, but for not being able to deduce whether or not Joseph had ever, or would be "likely" to, advance an argument similar to the one she advanced in HTTP. I can only say I am not that close a student of Joseph's pronouncements, and I doubt if many other people in fandom are either.

Mind you, I'm perfectly willing to *accept* that Judith was just funnin' with us, now that she says so. But given that I've never claimed to be a Joseph-watcher, there are only two possible ways I could have known that before receiving this letter from her: (1) if Judith's original comments had been, in and of themselves, humorous, or (2) if she had followed them with "(Joke!)" or some similar indication that she was not to be taken seriously. Having failed to achieve (1), and neglected to do (2), however, I was at first at a loss to understand how I should receive any part of the blame here. Then I went back and read the beginning of her letter again. Of course, she's accusing me of not giving much thought to my argument. But at the same time she's admitting she wished I had "picked a time when (she) had a bit of leisure to devote some thought to answering it..."

I guess that *does* both excuse and explain quite a bit, doesn't it?

* JUDITH HANNA * A few words in reply to rich brown's latest, which once again misses the points I did make and takes issue with things I didn't say at all.

I don't dispute that Shakespeare is art, or that art-ground-out-for-a-living can be art. Whether it's *good* matters more than the artist's motivations. And aesthetic standards of what makes art good are a whole different kettle of argument, one worthwhile pursuing. Pity rich simply stomps around mudslinging.

There's quite a difference between no-holds-barred argument and the impurely *ad hominem* abuse which is what rich seems to have used his leisure to dream up. I am, of

course, too much of a gentleman to reply in kind. But wotthehell, arch, are we to think of a man who misspells his literary allusions? And who demands the label "(Joke!)" so he can tell the difference between an off-hand comment and the explicitly signalled serious argument which began in the next paragraph.

And so endeth that. We now move on to other topics (sort of) and other loccers (even though both rich and Joseph will reappear later on in this section. In this issue Robbie has comments on only two LoCs (those of Rob Hansen and Joseph Nicholas); therefore, except for commentary on those letters (where I shall sign which one of us is replying) all of the italicised replies are by your favorite curmudgeon. Maybe, by next issue, we will have a third typeface for this machine.

* JOHN D. OWEN * The standout thing in HTT #15 has to be Mike McGann's cartoon on page 47, which has already become enshrined within the folklore of the Open University Science Faculty, since the zine arrived the day before Raygun's 'Star Wars' speech, and I had copies of it circulating the morning after the speech, and everybody just *queued* for further copies for the next few days! 'Twas so appropriate that everybody 'round here thinks McGann is prescient!

As this had better be a short missive, I'll hasten through to the LoC Ness Monster, and leave it as read that the articles were all good, clean, wholesome fun. That leaves me with a clean sheet to pass a remark or two on the terrible duo of Denbigh Street. I dunno why letters from either Joseph or Judith always seem to start with an attack on the other side of the argument based on the assumption that the protagonist was incapable of reading! I've lost count of the number of times Joe's used this argument, and now Judith is getting in on the act, too. Granted, it does happen - I've seen it happen a few times to things I've written - but *everytime*? Can't help feeling that the duo have overplayed this tactic! Course, there *is* a fresh wrinkle in that Judith says we're answering Joe and not her, but having read and re-read the various bits involved, I'm at a loss to figure that one out, so I guess it's another little twist on the old ploy, eh?

Not to get into who started what, but I feel that I should point out that many people start out their letters about Joseph/Judith by attacking them! When one holds opinions which are (to some) controversial and one is not at all hesitant about expressing them I guess that one should expect something of this sort. Which is not to say that Joseph and Judith are not guilty as you charge them - and, anyway, it is sort of fun.

* rich brown * With a large porion of my LoC printed in HTT #15, I hate to complain--but there is a misquote I should bring to your attention. I emphasize the words which you accidentally left out: "I also find it preferable to give attention and appreciation to those *who make the attempt and fail over those* who seem to think it is not worthwhile to make the attempt at all". You will note this effectively tilts my meaning 180°; I hope your readers can infer my intent from the thrust of the surrounding remarks. However, since it's obvious this is a typing error which anyone could make, I'd prefer a correction to an (unnecessary) apology.

You get both, boss. I have never made claims to perfection in typing (just to perfection of my thought).

My statement that there are no objective standards is not absolute; but even where there are universal objective measuring standards, they have more to do with conformity to form than quality. That is, if there are universal objective standards for, say, the symphony, the sonata, the sonnet, the essay, etc., it is because they can be objectively defined. It takes no arbiter elegantiae to say a sonnet comprised of four couplets written

in catalectic pentameter is a "bad" sonnet--since, on the face of it, the piece is not a sonnet. But my point is that a judgment on whether the same piece is "good" (enjoyable) or "bad" (not enjoyable) *poetry*--which it might or might not be, irrespective of whether it is in perfect sonnet form--remains a matter of individual subjective tastes. There is no objective way to determine what is "good", much less what is "best", about *any* form of art. The closest we can come, and something which sometimes gets confused with an objective determination, is consensus--a number of subjective opinions which agree, but which will change as subjective standards of excellence change over time.

To me what you have written is one of the most obvious things in the world; yet, in my everyday job at the shop I am constantly getting into minor contretemps with some customers as they erroneously insist on some sort of objectively measurable sort of "best" or "mildest" categorisation for the products which I sell. Honesty which requires me to try to find the most compatible product for each individual customer forbids that I rank products in this way. Someday, maybe, I will write an essay on this topic; needless to say, it is too convoluted and long for this space.

Ted White wrote an article a few years back, with which he may no longer agree, called "Criteria for Critics". In it, Ted made a point not too different from the one I made in my LoC. Ted's was illustrated by two "reviews" he wrote of a march by John Phillip Sousa, one of which spoke excitedly of "the exuberant foot-tapping inspired by the jubilant music of the march King", one sneeringly of "discordant dissonances of militaristic trombones and tubas". (I quasi-quote.) Ted's point was that neither of these represented an "objective" determination and the disparity merely articulated different *subjective* critical points of view. Whilst a march is defineable, there can be no objective determination of whether there is such a thing as a "good" march (i.e., whether the musical form is a "worthy" or intrinsically "artistic" form), what is or is not a "good" march, whether a particular march is good as marches go, or even whether a march is well-performed, since these are all determined (and articulated) by tastes or standards which are arrived at *subjectively*. And whilst there may be momentary *consensus* on some matters of subjective tastes, by their very nature they are volatile and subject to change.

Let's see how this applies to the fannish standards we've all be talking about. Since there are certain *forms* of fan writing--e.g., the personal essay--it's possible to make an *objective* statement as to whether a particular fannish personal essay conforms to the form, uses (or totally ignores) good rules of grammar, spelling and/or *consistent* (but not necessarily "proper") punctuation.

But objectivity goes out the window once we move from minimalistic matters of form to assess whether a particular piece is "good" or "bad", because inevitably this judgment comes down to individual tastes--which can find that these matters of form are irrelevant. Someone could write a personal essay which might follow the form, use good rules of grammar, spelling and consistent punctuation but which you or I might not like--we might consider the topic dull, the prose could be colourless, or...well, the possibilities aren't infinite but are certainly numerous and obvious enough that I think it unnecessary to list them all. On the other hand, getting specific, I see Ted ends a few sentences in his piece with prepositions and, since we were talking about Willis at one point, I note that even Walt is not always grammatically perfect. But if Willis (in THE HARP STATESIDE and elsewhere) uses "Trailways *are*" but "Greyhound *is*"--which might be the way it's done in the U.K., however inconsistent it may seem to me--I can live with it because there are other, overriding things in a Willis essay which I enjoy; and, by the same token, I think "Ted's Fault" is something up with which we should certainly put.

At least, this is what *my* subjective tastes/standards/what-have-you tell me. If yours say otherwise, you might cite these objective "faults" to *buttress* your subjective opinion--but I at least think it unlikely that these would constitute your sole (or even most important) reason for disliking what Ted or Walt wrote. In any event, there's certainly no "objective" standard which corresponds precisely to what any of us like; whilst there

can be a consensus on whether or not a particular work is "good", even this is a matter of tastes, which are shaped by what one hears/sees/reads and enjoys.

To an extent, other people help form our tastes by recommending what they consider good (or condemning what they consider bad), but eventually it comes down to what you have enjoyed or disliked amongst what you've heard/seen/read and whether you agree or disagree with what others have recommended or condemned. Articulating one's subjective tastes is really what criticism is all about--not just saying, "I like (or dislike) X" but explaining *why* you like or dislike a particular piece. Whilst your reasons may *in part* be based on minimalistic objective determinations as to whether it follows a particular form, for the most part they will be based on your personal tastes--that is, whether, when you hear John Phillip Sousa, you are tempted to tap your feet to the jubilant music of the march king or sneer at the discordant dissonances of militaristic trombones and tubas.

I don't remember other details of Ted's "Criteria for Critics" but this does summarise one of the points he made there, and is close to what I was saying in my last LoC. So whilst I concede it's possible Ted has changed his mind, I don't think there's any reason to assume he has until he says so.

I will point out that you indicated that you sent a copy of this to Ted; I will assume that his non-response to it (at least to me) means that he still agrees with his position stated in "Criteria for Critics". Here is Ted on some other topics.

* TED WHITE * Congratulations on both your marriage and your co-editorship. I am a firm
***** believer in fans marrying fans (I did it twice, I liked it so well), and in this instance I think Robbie has been a positive influence on HTT. (Her stencilling, to take only one example, is significantly more typo-free.) I applaud her editorial; it seems to me she has accurately (summed up) the whole "Sixth Fandom Fans" situation and given it an objective description. (My only comment remaining is that "Sixth Fandom" is being increasingly loosely used in some quarters so that it describes virtually *any* period of fandom before the seventies.

You know, not long after I wrote you the long letter which ultimately ended up as the article in HTT #15, I received Brian Earl Brown's STICKY QUARTERS #2 and I wrote him a long letter in response to it. I find the differences in the way those two letters were treated rather instructive. You, Marty, responded to the content of my letter. You considered what I was saying, gave me the benefit of doubt, and concluded that you had been wrong in some respects. Then you asked me to rewrite the letter as an article.

Brian, on the other hand, treated my letter to him as something he could use as a weapon against me, and, in STICKY QUARTERS #3, printed a few sentence-fragments ripped out of context, in an effort to make himself look better and me worse. Effectively he used my letter against me by so selectively excerpting from it that he turned what I said into something I had not said. I am left with an increasing respect for you, and vanishingly little respect for Brian.

I can't help wondering *why* Brown chose the course he did. My letter to him (running nearly five pages) was an attempt to communicate to him the facts of the situation he was distorting, and not unlike my letter to you in tone. His treatment of that letter -- and, by extension, of me -- suggests to me something I had not previously considered:

Brian Earl Brown knows what he is saying is not true and has known it all along, but for reasons I shall not attempt to fathom he clings to a position he is aware is false. The implications are not pleasant.

I'm left with the feeling that Brian Earl Brown is a malicious liar, out to stir up what trouble he can, possibly hoping to enhance his position in some quarters by his choice of targets. If this is true, it would do much to explain the persistence of this whole willy "Sixth Fandom Fans" canard -- which Brown has propounded in nearly every letter of comment I've seen by him in various fanzines over the last six months or more.

For some reason I had expected better of Brian. Ghod knows why.

I am afraid that both you and Brian have arrived at the point where you are talking past each other with neither one understanding what the other is really saying. I say this with sadness as I think that you are both good people and both as assets to/in fandom. I have tried in a small way to be peacemaker of sorts (a role which I find a bit uncomfortable) in a letter which I sent to both of you. I wish to say, though, that you seem to have acquitted yourself better in a way than has Brian (who has not answered my letter). I have the experience of your letters and of some verbal communication - I know that you are willing to try to understand and to try to come to some sort of a meeting of minds when the other person is obviously making an attempt at understanding (witness our own incipient contretemps and its resolution of at least mutual respect if not complete (although close) agreement. In this matter I do not see Brian making the attempt. And, whilst I do not agree with your assesment of Brian (and whilst I also believe that he is wrong in what he is saying about you), I do believe that he is acting in a less than decent manner in this.

I'm struck by the fact that both Terry Carr and I have observed parallels between HTT and CRY. Definitely you should find copies of CRY and check them out. I'm sure Bruce Pelz and others in your area have copies. There is a similarity of general attitude in both zines, but more particularly there is a similarity in the letter columns.

I borrowed a bound set of CRY from Pelz (from about 95 to 100 and something). Yes, I was also struck by the similarities (and also by a picture of you in one issue, a picture where you had somewhat more hair than now).

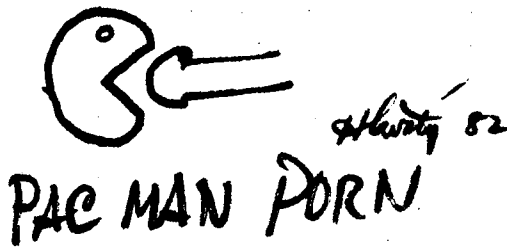
The whole Cultural Imperialism thing strikes me as silly, for reasons well enumerated by Robbie and others. I'm particularly amused by the notion of some Canadians that they ought to have a strikingly different culture than the U.S. Why? Allowing for the fact of the French subculture in Quebec (which has its vague parallels in the formerly French parts of Louisiana), both the U.S. and Canada were colonised by the same people, and there was a good deal of argument over the actual borders between the U.S. and Canada, for what little difference it made. Basically we all started with British and French colonists, and we have since then taken into our countries a wide variety of Europeans (plus others, in recent times).

In other words, we share nearly identical cultural heritages -- unlike the rest of the Americas, which were colonised by the Spanish and Portugese. The only true differentiating qualities are geographical: the U.S. is bigger (in terms of temperate land and population) and located to the south of Canada. Is the "Canadian experience" significantly different from that of the U.S.?

// The following was written before rich brown's previous LoC; in a way, though, it is almost an answer to it. /*/*

I'm not sure that my claim that basic standards of writing apply to fandom as well as outside fandom is the same as your statement that I "seem to believe that there are universal objective measuring standards for judging fanzines, fanwriting -- indeed, writing of all kinds". The standards I was referring to exist on two levels. One level is that of the *mechanics* of writing: rules of grammar, etc. The other is intrinsically more subjective, but can be inferred from an acquaintance with the history of English letters and literature, including essayists like G.B. Shaw, Twain, Mencken, Thurber, et al.

I suppose this confusion exists because "standards" is itself these days a confusing word. On the one hand, "standard" implies "ordinary", or "ordinarily correct", or "basic". On the other hand, "standard" can mean a high-mark to shoot for. I have always felt that the high points in literature (as in all the arts) existed both for their own intrinsic value (whatever that may individually be) and as "standards" by which we judged everything else in literature. But that is not the same as saying, "If my work doesn't measure up



against the very best, then it's worthless".

Clearly there are more than one criteria by which we judge a work of writing. Clearly there is some subjectivity -- by definition we are incapable of true and total objectivity -- but there is also general agreement, by which the "best" is recognised.

Getting back to fanzines, rich brown is obviously correct when he says there are a variety of *kinds* of fanzines, and that one may be disposed to like one kind better than another.

But I think we can all recognise the difference between a fanzine which is done well and one which is done poorly, irrespective of its kind or how we personally

feel about that kind of fanzine.

When I got into fandom I believe most of the above was generally agreed upon and taken for granted. Fandom was, then, only about twenty years old and many fans were familiar with its entire course, or most of it. People compared new fanzines with SPACEWARP, VAMPIRE, and the other zines of the forties. When I started doing fancy colour mimeo in my fanzines, fans like Tucker and Boggs remarked on the fanzines of the forties in which such things had been done, comparing them to my zines. Harry Warner had a long-running column (which started before I was a fan and ran into the sixties) called "All Our Yesterdays", in which he reviewed the history, nature, and impact of a fanzine of days gone by, one fanzine per column instalment. For all of my first twenty years as a fan -- 1951 to 1971 -- I never heard *any* fan protest that all this history was bunk and he/she was concerned only (or primarily) with *now*, and only what was being done *now* mattered.

Things have obviously changed, and I suppose I run the risk of being thought a reactionary by the current run of Now fans, but I really think these people have their heads in the sand. One has only to extend their argument outside fandom -- in *any* direction -- to show it up for the foolishness that it is. Not even in rock (a relatively recent cultural phenomenon) does one find such an insistence upon ignoring the past. (Indeed, much of rock has always depended upon recycling the past, from the Beatles and the Beach Boys recycling Chuck Berry to the Stray Cats recycling Bill Haley....) /*/ *ELO even recycled Chuck Berry and Beethoven (with some actual Beethoven music) when they redid Berry's "Roll Over Beethoven".* /*/ Even in science fiction we find an emphasis on historical relevance, whether it's the Brits pointing out what a terrible pulp influence Gernsback was on US sf and what a fine literary influence H.G. Wells was on their sf, or simply the standard "Sf came up the river from ~~New Orleans~~ Campbell's ASTOUNDING..."

Much of the material in fanzines like BOONFARK which publish fanhistory is simply in the tradition of fandom of old. It might be likened to the oral histories told around campfires before the alphabet was invented and literacy was common. It's not dry and dusty; it's full of good stories. I wonder if Mike Rogers, for instance, would object to another Burbee anecdote if instead it had a more contemporary name attached to it?

More contemporary than Burbee? Burb had a zine in the February 1983 FAPA - what is more contemporary than that? Whatever - on this topic I am in complete agreement with you.

* BILL PATTERSON * I have, really, very little interest in the Sixth Fandom Fandom Flap
***** (63F hereafter), but I was nevertheless glad to see "Sixth Fandom

Nol-Prossed" because Ted therein presents a perfect exposition, as far as I'm concerned, of what, in the way of "standards", fanzine fans ought to be concerned with -- a thorny problem that hadn't been adequately dealt with before. A bit more explicit, and Ted would have overstepped the bounds (and set off a new round of contro-

versy); a bit less, and the notion would still not have been clear. The article reaches a kind of perfection, completely satisfying. In fact, I have only one, quite minor crebb: the use of "nolle prosequi" is a bit off, as I believe it can properly be used only by someone prosecuting (attacking), rather than by a defender. Ted's position is more of a demurrer.

* GREGG T. TREND * Having been (perhaps overly) familiar with Brian Earl Brown's side of
***** the argument and having been privileged to read the entire text of Mr. White's critique to Mr. Brown, in which Mr. White cites point after point of criticism regarding the quality and content of the previous two issues of STICKY QUARTERS, which was shortly excerpted in SQ3, I have come to the conclusion that neither truly understands what the other is driving at from the p.o.v. of a fannish philosophy.

True, the writing of Mr. White is not directly imitative, or parodistic of so-called "Sixth Fandom" style (I take Brian's reference as being to fannish essaying of the highest quality c. 1951-54, a prime example being the work of one Walter A. Willis.) However, Ted asserts that the prime model to build on is the best of the fannish past: Tucker, Burbee, Willis, Grennell, etc., and that the best of these writers is somehow connected with the art of the personal essay which began in the late 18th century. And, further, that progress does not mean breaking with tradition. Rather progress is a building on tradition. Surely the history of, as an obvious instance, science in the Middle Ages to the Enlightenment does not reflect this sort of attitude, nor do Modern Political Systems (which also, not co-incidentally, began in the 18th C.). Ted does not seem to think (I say "seem" because Ted is free to qualify or further explicate his philosophy of writing and graphick quality) that quality work is possible if one breaks with tradition, which accounts for his attitude toward the Garth Danielson-David Stever-Joe Wesson edited RUNE (which makes me wonder what he thinks of Cheryl Cline's THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRITING).

I appreciate the fact that he uses professional standards when judging fan writing. And I appreciate that he finds the writing of, say, Arthur Hlavaty wanting when measured against professional/traditional standards as Ted sees them. Surely, one's best efforts should be the only ones published and the others bound into the round file. All this from the view of a professional writer, but not from an objective critic. Sartor Resartus, indeed! I still wonder what the specific standards are. Styles are mentioned. Is imitation of these styles a standard?

And in regard to Sixth Fandom stylists, I quote, "My generation *followed* the Big Acts." Why the italics (emphasising the aspect of "following"), I wonder? And why the reference to being "the Willises and Burbees of our day". Mr. White connects their styles to 18th C. precedent, G.B. Shaw (regarding Willis), Gibbs (?), Thurber, Benchley (what about S.J. Perelman and E.B. White for that matter?), and thence connects the Fannish stylists to his own work and that of other good writers coming up in the late 1950's. Hmmm. Thus, it is clear how one would get the "wrong" idea about a worshipful, imitative attitude toward certain fanwriters of the past.

However, the writing styles of White, Carr, Bergeron, et. al., were BUILT upon the tradition of the Fannish Model of the '40's and '50's (or the best of the breed, which in turn have viable connexions to the mundane as far back as the 18th C.). And White et.al., were the quondam Willises and Burbees of their generation. Very interesting.

Though the foregoing may seem redundant, the point I am making is that whilst Mr. White eschews a "fawningly acolytic" attitude, there is something in this essay and in his letters to various British zines on similar subjects that makes me feel the highest quality must fit a certain frame of reference. That whilst there is room for a fannish Hemingway, for instance, there is no room for a Dos Passos, or Ghod forbid, a Joyce. Perhaps, I'm wrong, perhaps his view is wider.

Thus, whilst Ted is probably correct when he says he has never held up a Sixth Fandom style, per se, as a *role-model* for fan writers/editors of today, he does seem to use certain individual writers who were most active then as *role-models*. He correctly points out

there were many different attitudes at the time, as to what constituted good writing (sercon vs. fannish), and the fannish approach seems to have survived, whilst all those dreary book reviews, critical essays, etc., lauded by the likes of Ed Wood, have gone by the trash-heap of Time.

Those who "squawk" were, perhaps, simply waiting for Ted White to come out and completely explain himself in an essay such as this; I don't necessarily believe they all have lower standards, just different ones than Mr. White.

As for objective standards of clear and possibly interesting writing, I wonder if Ted is aware that the Style Manual of Fifties and Sixties, the famous ELEMENTS OF STYLE by Strunk and White, recommended by just about every teacher of English comp I ever had contact with, is now looked down upon as being full of crap by contemporary critics of writing style.

I find that I must agree that Ted, in his article in HTT #15, put his case in a manner that more completely expresses his opinion than he has done in other forums. I hope that Brian and the others who have been dumping on Ted on this topic will read what Ted has written; possibly they may understand his position better. I am a bit surprised, though, that Brian has not responded to his article. Anyway, I think that you have finally pointed out some of the reasons why Ted has been misunderstood.

Now, on the contents of HTT as a whole, I enjoyed most of the writing, but from an artistic view (I am a professional advertising consultant for small industrial accounts), many of the "cartoons" or fillos are atrocious (similar to drawings in various public lavatories, both in style and content). However, the drawings of Mike McGann, the cover by Mitchrone, and Brad Foster were much better than the general run. The drawing by D. Carol Roberts was particularly fine, but I have a personal bias towards that type of rendering.

* ROB HANSEN * "A lot of Brits seem reluctant to admit that Canada is no longer a colony
***** and no longer shares British interests so fully."

I think I can safely say that I know more 'Brits' - or 'Britons' as we prefer to be called - than Robbie and I doubt if the majority of the British public has much of an awareness of Canada beyond knowing that it's in North America, has a lot of snow and is where the Mounties come from. Quite what the views of the average Canadian are on the subject I wouldn't know (nor would I even consider pretending that I do, as Robbie has with what she claims are the views of '...a lot of Brits...') but I assume it will eventually become a republic and appoint a President to take the position of head of state currently held by the Queen. The first step towards all this was getting the constitution back of course, but far from there being the protests and resistance to the idea implied by Robbie's view of British attitudes towards the situation the whole affair merited little more than minor mentions in most newspapers over here, and the passage through Parliament of the bill to return the constitution to Canada was little more than a formality. The major opposition to all this was, as I recall, from Canadian Indians who felt their interests would be best served by the constitution remaining at Westminster. Seems they didn't trust the Canadian government not to screw them.

When I referred to "A lot of Brits...", I was speaking from personal knowledge of Britons, which includes tourists to Canada, immigrants to Canada, and pen pals of mine, from Britain. The likelihood of Canada's becoming a Republic and electing a President just shows how little you know about Canadian political views. We're really not that fond of radical change and we like our political system - overall. As for lack of resistance to the return of the Constitution (more properly the B.N.A. Act), there was parliamentary resistance in the British House of Commons. It may not have been important enough to make the British papers, but it sure got coverage in Canada. Whole sections were de-

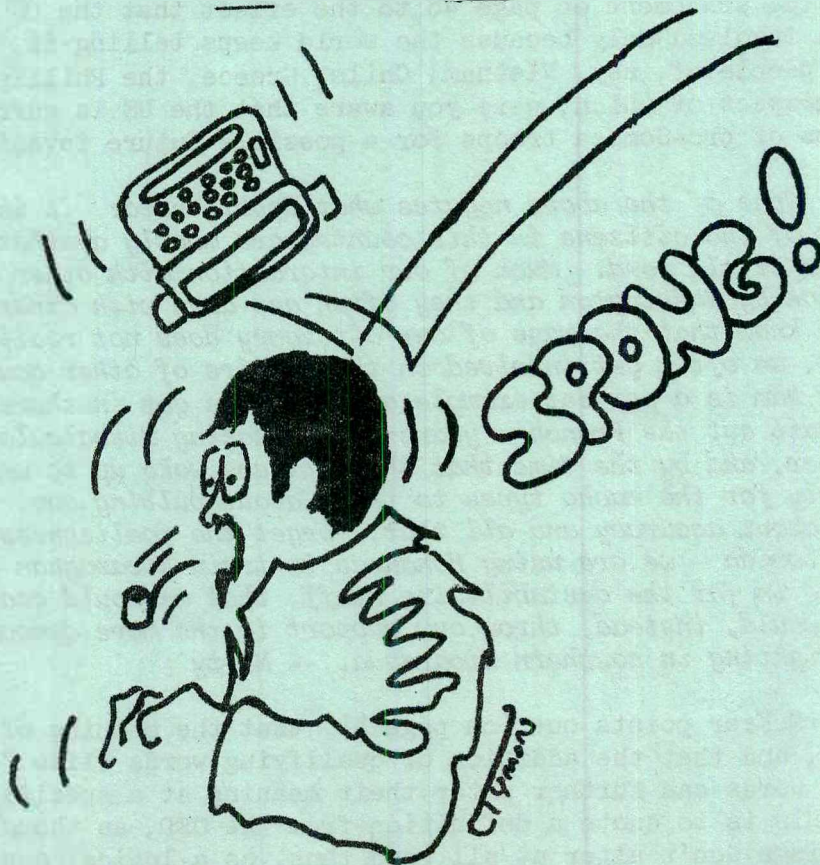
voted to the British M.P.'s who felt they had to oppose the passage of the bill to return the B.N.A. Act. Fortunately, their party leaders managed to convince most of them that such an action would cause outrage, not only in Canada, but also elsewhere in the world. The Canadian Indians didn't want the Constitution Act passed because they thought that their previously registered land claims would suddenly be dropped. As it turns out, this did not happen and they have found themselves considerably more involved in the constitutional processes than they were the first time. --Robbie

* JOSEPH NICHOLAS * Thanks for HTT #15; no thanks for not ignoring (as I suggested it might be better if you did) Darrell Schweitzer's further representations in my dispute with him (on which, strangely, everyone seems to think you have pulled the plug, when I thought it was obvious that it was I who was calling it off). Poot poot poot, as we say over here. I hope, therefore, that you'll allow me one last stab at the fucker, just for old time's sake (after which, I promise you, I shall ignore him completely, as though he didn't even exist)...

Sorry, Joseph - I really do think that that argument has gone on long enough (given the unfortunate fact that we have not the money to print a zine large enough to contain it and given the fact that the only new things in the discussion were inventive ways of putting down opponents - let us now think of inventive ways of putting down opponents on other topics); anyway, we are now discussing some of the ramifications of the main argument: "Art for Art's Sake etc.". Of course, I have just put the kibbosh on that argument, also. We shall find something else. --Marty

So let's move on, then, to what I really want to talk about: Ian McKeer's letter on cultural imperialism and Robbie's reply to it -- a reply which is to some extent unfair, since at the time he wrote his letter he wouldn't have known of her existence; and as for her being Canadian...well! But whilst he, not being a native of Canada, may not be in the best possible position to talk about the country (although it's conceivable that, being an "outsider", he might have a more objective -- or at least impartial -- frame of mind about it), Robbie is in an even worse position: she has forsaken her country for

Yet another reason
not to edit HTT --



Accidentally getting in the way
of Joseph Nicholas' parting shot

another, and looks back on its culture only with the deepest disdain (and thus has no objectivity to bring to bear on the argument at all).

On the contrary, I do not disdain Canadian culture - I am realistic about it. Nor do I equate Canadian Television with Canadian culture - the two are far from synonymous. I have not forsaken my country at all. I am still a Canadian citizen and intend to remain so. I work at the Canadian Consulate here in Los Angeles in Public Relations. It is my job to explain Canadian culture to Americans - my Canadian supervisor, the Consul for Public Affairs (a French-Canadian as am I) is more than satisfied with my ability to do so, and with my knowledge in the field.

But, I do not pretend that there is one single Canadian culture from coast to coast - there is not. Nor do I pretend that Canadian culture is exportable - it is not. To appreciate the Canadian way of life, you must live there - preferably for a lifetime.

I lived in Canada for all my 31 years until moving to the U.S. to be with the man I loved. A man who would have moved to Canada if my job was a career job with potential, but it was not. His, though, was, so the choice was obvious. Given the chance to go back, I would do so like a shot. I miss Canada; I miss the people, the way of life, the sights and sounds.

And yes, my objectivity is in doubt. I'll deck the first person who says anything negative about Canada. I can be very chauvinistic in my patriotism. -- Robbie

The responses she makes to McKeer's points are for the most part irrelevant to them: they sidetrack, misstate or ignore portions of his argument, and in at least two instances perpetrate glaring errors of fact. /*/ Joseph then mentions the misstatement of the name of his country - see the beginning of this Monster for Robbie's statement about that. /*/ and the statement on page 48 to the effect that the US doesn't want to run the world but gets involved only because the world keeps telling it to will come as a great surprise to the people of, say, Vietnam, Chile, Greece, the Phillipnes, Salvadore, and Nicaragua -- in respect of which, were you aware that the US is currently training, in Florida, a corps of pro-Somoza troops for a possible future invasion?

None of the above negates what Robbie said: it is an unfortunate fact of life that most of the citizens in this country are mostly apathetic about what goes on outside of their little pond. Much of our interaction with other countries is usually the result of action by Washington and they often get away with otherwise unpopular actions because they know that the mass of our citizenry does not really care what is happening out there. Also, we often get involved in the affairs of other countries in almost accidental ways. Viet Nam is a perfect example of that: we got in there (too late, naturally) in an effort to bail out the French - years of increasing miscalculation pulled us in deeper and deeper, and by the time that the citizens woke up to what was happening we were in too deeply for the macho types to think about pulling out. And, since you are so all-fired hot about accuracy and all that, forget the foolishness about our training foreign troops in Florida - we are using Honduras to train Nicaraguan guerillas. (I wish, if we are going in for the destabilising stuff, that we would cease supporting the ex-Somoza fascists and would, instead, throw our support to the more democratically-minded Eden Pastora who is fighting in southern Nicaragua. -- Marty

McKeer points out (on page 44) that the meaning of words changes with the passage of time, and that the addition of qualifying words (like "cultural" and "economic") to certain words can further alter their meaning at a specific point in time. Robbie's answer to this is to quote a definition from the OED, as though this is supposed to prove that meanings don't alter at all (and thus, as a logical consequence, that the world's linguists have been getting things hideously wrong for the past two or three hundred years), completely ignoring his remark that dictionaries are good places to find out what words meant -- all of which adds up to an attempt to deny his point without for a moment getting

to grips with what he actually says and apparently without understanding it either.

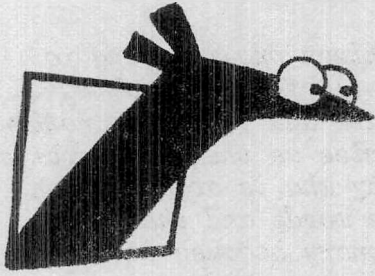
Of course the meaning of words change with time; however, unless one is going to allow the anarchic situation which would occur (as you seem to want) of never looking in any dictionary for word meanings because they are always out of date and therefore nothing more than intellectual curiosities, one must use current dictionaries as the final arbiter of word meanings - without that we have a situation wherein anybody who is arguing with anybody else merely has to say that their opponent is misusing the words and therefore does not know what he is talking about and to hell with the dictionary because it is out of date (and the reverse from his opponent and nobody ever knows what anybody means. Poot. Your "argument" is a metaphoric load of shit. Communication exists only if everybody agrees on their meanings (with recent dictionaries being the final arbiter of said meanings) - it is the mark of an unconscionable scoundrel (such as Ian) to claim that the words which we are using have changed their meaning; obviously a last-gasp chance to try to win an argument which he has already lost. -- Marty

What is most revealing about Robbie's answers is (rough as it is, but it has to be said) her appalling ignorance about the way the world economy works. According to her, people buy American goods because they want to, because they're better than the home product, and that if everyone else only competed then they could sell just as much. Assuming a perfectly free market, in which everyone had exactly equal power to produce, advertise and spend (which would mean, for example, that Malawi could compete with Detroit, or Suriname with California's Silicon Valley), the situation would be just that; but the fact is that wealth, resources and ability are not exactly equally distributed, which means that those with more have the power to influence the market in their favour; and Robbie's statement is hence utter nonsense. The unpleasant truth is that the world economic system is rigged, and has been ever since the Bretton Woods conference of 1944, held specifically to discuss and establish the monetary system that would prevail throughout the world after World War Two, partly to prevent any recurrence of the boom-and-slump cycles that had culminated in the Depression of the thirties but partly to maintain the West's dominance of the rest of the world -- knowing that their political empires were unlikely to last for much longer, they set out to maintain their sway by economic means, and through such institutions as the IMF, the World Bank and GATT have largely succeeded.

I like this comment about "the West's dominance of the rest of the world" as established by the Bretton Woods conference of 1944. Is Japan part of this Western dominance? I rather doubt it. Yet, their economy is doing quite well and, in Canada, as in other countries, the Japanese cars and technology sell better or at least as well as anything made in the U.S.A. -- Robbie.

Well, succeeded unquestioned until very recently, when the system has begun to show signs of coming apart at the seams, partly due to the recent Friedman-induced recession and partly due to the fact that the Third World has had enough of being fucked over by the West and is beginning to agitate for a "new Bretton Woods" conference to rerig the system in their favour. (Fills you with horror, eh? The Third World telling the West what to do....and about damn time, in my opinion. Let's hear it for Heroes of the People Flight Lt. Jerry Rawlings (Ghana) and Captain Daniel Ortega (Nicaragua)!)

Heroes of the People my bloody eye! Dictatorships of either the Left or of the Right are equally worthy of being expunged for the common good of the human race. Ask any Mesquito Indian (if you can find any who has not been murdered) how much a Hero of The People is Ortega. Actually, Ortega will get his just deserts faster if our country would stop supporting the fascist guerillas in the north of Nicaragua and let a real Hero of the People, Captain Zero (former Sandanistan) drive out the new bunch of oppressors of the Nicaraguan people - the Sandanistas are just as bad as Somoza. -- Marty



But Robbie shows no awareness of this at all, and (into the bargain) explicitly denies that economic imperialism can result in the native culture being subverted or destroyed -- yet you only have to look back through human history to encounter example after example of such. (The classic example, as you should know, is the settlement of America; another is the establishment of mission schools in Australia, which has resulted in aboriginal children growing up with an entirely different value-system and world perspective from that of their parents; yet another is the inculcation in the youth of Western Europe during the fifties of a desire for blue jeans and rock 'n' roll records; a fourth concerns the changes wrought on Japanese culture as a result of contact with the West from the 1880s on, replacing its introspective Edo ethos

with a competitive WASP one; a fifth -- but why go on? The record disproves Robbie's assertion, and the assertion is fatuous beyond belief.) I'm forced into wondering whether she really knows what she's talking about, or is merely sounding off because McKeer has had the temerity to talk about her native country in so positive a fashion.

Before I let Robbie answer what you have just said I feel that I should say something here about McKeer's so-called knowledge of things Canadian. My information (from Edmontonians who had read his original editorial) was that they were mightily embarrassed by it and that my views are much more in tune with reality than are Ian's. -- Marty

The cultural subversion of America was not done by economic means but by force of arms, as massacres like Wounded Knee attest. Even so, in Canada and in the U.S. there are examples of the native cultures making a comeback - a return to the old ways - even though now economic pressures are more in play than physical force. Apparently, economic force is not as effective as physical force for suppressing a culture. -- Robbie

If you wish to make an argument for cultural imperialism based on the European penchant for blue jeans and rock and roll in the 50's then there was also British cultural imperialism in the 60's as we all started imitating the Beatles, the Animals and other British rock groups in style of dress and type of music. But such things are minor within the context of a culture. Temporary "fads". The Japanese culture emphasizes respect for your elders, hard work; these are still important values in Japan even if McDonald's has made itself a part of life. -- Robbie

In Canada, there are still many aspects that have not changed, that are "Canadian". For example, were you aware that the word "American" was a powerful insult and cuss-word in Canada? However, since you think I'm incompetent to say anything on the subject, let's see what a couple of famous Canadians have to say, shall we?

"First let me get something out of the way. While the distinction seems terribly difficult for some to make, and while it has had to be repeated in Canada at least a thousand times too often, it nevertheless appears mandatory to repeat again and again: 'It's not necessary to be anti-American to be pro-Canadian!'" - Mel Hurtig.

"I have much more sympathy with economic nationalism than I have with cultural nationalism, which seems to be a substitute activity. I don't think the Canadian writer is threatened; that's why I think the question of cultural domination is partly phony. It's a matter of understanding the potential of your own environment." - Northrup Frye.

The main issue in Ian McKeer's letter was "Cultural Imperialism" - something of a non-entity, really. Canadian culture still exists, and not just in backwater villages but in the major cities, as well. But, it isn't to be found in Canadian TV shows anymore. They are often poor representations of only small aspects of our culture. -- Robbie

As for economic imperialism, all I wish to say is that, the majority of all countries - Canada and Britain included - try their damndest to sell their products. Are we to fault them for this? You say that this creates an unfair advantage for the rich nations. Possibly a good point - but you neglect to mention that the economically powerful nations of the moment were not always so. Some have made rapid advances, others slow advances to their present positions of economic advantage, and yet others have made painful retreats losing the ability to compete on the same level. I, for one, see no need to flee into economic protectionism to prevent this. Nor do I feel that we have to place all nations on the same footing. Artificially creating economic equality worldwide presents as many problems as protectionism does. -- Robbie

Come to that, you're not so hot on this yourself, Marty -- the stridency with which you attack the very idea of cultural imperialism and the insults you level at it indicate to me that you're not really too certain of what you're talking about and are extremely insecure about it, as though you half suspect that there is something in all these charges but don't want to own up to them because that would be bad for (say) your image. Ho-hum. Tell me, have you ever been abroad? Outside the continental United States (apart from Canada)? Yeah, I thought as much....(and before you get saki, I'll state that I've been to many more bits of the world than just Australia). I have the feeling that you wouldn't recognise cultural imperialism if it came up and bit you in the bum.

And if it's Tuesday this must be Belgium. And only mathematicians are to be believed when they say that $2+2=4$. We all know of tourists whose week in a foreign country makes them "instant experts" in all aspects of that country. Do we not also know of people who are well informed about places which they have never visited? Robbie's position in both Privy Council and in External Affairs has given her more knowledge about Canada's relations with other countries and more knowledge about Canada itself than is possessed by the average Canadian. My omnivorous curiosity and widespread interests (which has lead me into various divergent by-ways (such as writing poetry which was published in the 50's and holding appointive political positions in the 60's)) has given me a broad-based knowledge of the world. I have been in the retail tobacco business for over twenty years - most of the products which I sell are imported (we do some of our own importing) and this has necessitated my knowledge of certain things is various foreign countries (to say nothing about another aspect of the retail tobacco business where knowledgeable garrulity with customers is often the order of the day). Stidency is my natural writing style. -- Marty

But the trouble with this sort of argument, in terms of both its style and its content, is that it's not likely to have the slightest effect on anyone who reads it. HTT is, in truth, entirely the wrong place to voice such arguments, and that's what's so bloody depressing about the fanzine. Hell, I know it's called HOLIER THAN THOU because you believe that you're always in the right, but why do you have to respond to every point of view with which you disagree with an insult? (Such as, for example, your comment on page 58 that "calling Marxism stupid with regard to economics and politics is to be redundant in the extreme" -- but what do you actually know about Marxism that enables you to say as much? Have you actually studied it, read any of its key works, seen how it operates, or are you merely kneejerking away in response to what Reagan and Weinberger tell you?) Putridity and gross-out humour aside, it gives (I'm sorry to say) an impression of immaturity, of adolescents who have refused to grow up and are instead still yelling rude remarks at each other in lieu of researching their subjects and engaging in reasoned debate. And (irrespective of what I said about Schweitzer a couple of pages ago) /*said insults having been edited out of this LoC*/ I prefer reasoned debate to rude remarks -- it is, in the long run, more entertaining, more intellectually stimulating, more memorable, and engenders better writing and clearer thinking.

Talk about kneejerking! Ian kneejerked the party line in a particularly mindless way. Anyway, as an observer of the world scene I cannot help but note what dreary places are the Russian-model socialist societies (only slightly better than the worst slum excesses of the capitalist world, but without the hope of betterment which is there in the Western World). But I agree that a capitalist/marxist argument is out of place in HTT even though many of the sercon-type things we have discussed are really not out of place here; and that is mostly because I like things such as the Canadian material which we have been discussing in here (mostly because I like rattling people's chains). Anyway, just because I understand the illogic in Marxist theory and the repression in communist practice does not make me a right-wing idiot like Reagan (whom I have despised for years). I am a pragmatic liberal who supports things that work in making the world a better place for the human animal who has a free spirit - simplistically put, I believe that it is the function of government to create a framework of stability in which individuals can stretch themselves and try to reach their personal goals. But enough of this, let us see what Neil Kaden has to say about it. -- Marty

* NEIL E. KADEN * Ian McKeer's LoC. SHEESH. Amazed that we're all taking him so seriously. I had a two page LoC myself to his NEOLOGY editorial that I never got around to typing up. I spent five years living in Canada (more, perhaps, than McKeer), but now find Texas and the South as much a "foreign" land as it was. I truly suspect that McKeer knows much less of Canada than I did (knowing only Ontario/Quebec). Especially in his strange comments on American flags being evident in American cities -- didn't he ever notice the trend in Canada for Canadian gas stations to surround themselves with Canadian flags? In Texas it's the Japanese car dealerships that go in for American flags -- see how much meaning this sort of thing has?

The amusing thing about "American Imperialism in Canada" is that there's really nothing that stops any large industry at the border -- in either direction. I should know, working for the #2 company in it's industry in North America, which is 100% Canadian owned and controlled (the US subsidiary is strictly "branch plant"). In fact, in the top companies in the Financial Post Magazine's annual list, a large percentage are now making major parts of their profits off of US markets.

In the US the retail tobacco business is made up, mostly, of individual shops and chains of three or four outlets - a Canadian company owns the largest number of shops, 190, about 7% of the total. Nobody is complaining that they are Canadian owned.

I should point out that Robbie has no written commentary about any of the remaining LoCs in this particular Monster, so all of the remaining replies are mine. -- Marty

* LEE HOFFMAN * Until I read Ian McKeer's letter, it hadn't occurred to me how much Canadian Imperialism is evident here in Florida. It's really rife.

One sees a profusion of Canadian flags flying from many private homes as well as businesses. I keep getting Canadian coins in change from the supermarket. The parking lots are cluttered with cars bearing Canadian license plates. The local paper carries a column of Canadian news and the local radio stations broadcast news reports from Canada. Why, 20% of the students in my adult ed class are Canadian (a situation which also existed when I was teaching a couple of years ago). I'm afraid I don't have figures on the amount of property here owned by Canadians, but it appears to be quite a lot. (Maple Leaf Estates has advertised that you don't have to be Canadian to live there.) Come to think of it, one of my favourite TV programs is Canadian. (Most of the rest are British.) Even the books that have been most influential in my life lately have come from Canadian booksellers. (Hah! Now I understand why so many people around here feel that Canada isn't much different from the U.S.)

Yes, I understand that the next war on this continent will be 'twixt Canada and New York City over the ownership of Florida. Robbie says that the war is already over and that Canada has bought Florida - also California. Well, the Saudi Arabians and the Iranians and the Japanese have also bought California. Good - we will let them fight the Mexicans who now have enough power in this state that our ballots are now bi-lingual.

* SKEL * Hell, Marty, marriage obviously agrees with you. I usually think of HTT as an

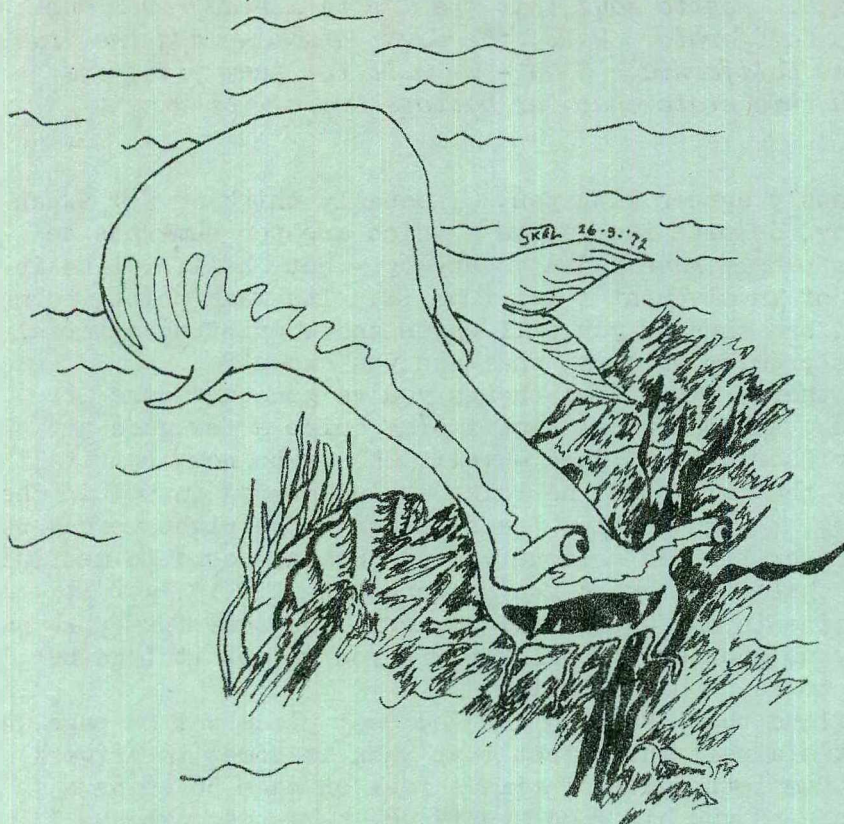
***** OK fanzine, one that I enjoy, despite its faults - which are too numerous to mention although one or two people have had a go anyway - but, hell, I like it. I like its overall 'feel', the sense of involvement I get from it. Its weak point, to me, has always been the articles you run, but then if you will waste space printing material by folks who are not amongst fandom's premier writers, what can you expect?

Note that I said 'usually' back there. This time though you've gone and done it. You've produced a really good fanzine. All the usual assets *plus* quite a few good articles. There's no going back now Marty - Per Putridity Ad Hugo - well, OK, maybe not, but it'll take some following. It's a fair bet that a lot of the folks who've dumped on HTT in the past will feel 'obliged' to recant too, though perhaps 'recant' isn't the right word - but it is simple courtesy that when you've criticised someone you are honour-bound to mention when they get it right. And I think that's just what you've done with HTT 15, got it right. Without really changing the zine in any way, within exactly the same framework as previous HTTs and with no change in your publishing philosophy - you've got it together. Things have clicked. Now you've got to keep them clicking.

I must say what a shit-hot Gilliland that 'Parting the Red Sea' piece was on page 74. How the hell do you do it, Marty? It's a well known fact that when it comes to artwork you'll publish any old shit (Dixon's complete waste of time scrawl on page 56 being a case in point) so why does he need to send you his good stuff? Me he sends cartoons I don't understand which I have to send back. Sometimes Marty, I think there just isn't any justice. Then again, at other times, I *know* there isn't.

Richard Weinstock seems to have missed an aspect in his article. At one point he mentions a need to lengthen the occasion, to stretch out the final moments and yet he intends selling transplant 'concessions'. What we have scope for here is a TV *auction*. Doctors can testify to the soundness of specific organs, films can be shown -- there's some really excellent 'in body' camera work going on these days -- desperate and decrepit millionaires can bid against each other in an attempt to prolong their money-grubbing lives, desperately sick poor people can enter TV competitions where they can humiliate themselves in an attempt to win the money to provide themselves with the health care and surgery which their poverty has denied them, enabling them to bid against the millionaires, telethons can be staged to raise some of the finances needed for these competitions.

Notice something about all the above? The overheads. The overheads will be phenomenally high. Doctors, lawyers, media personalities, advertising executives, all will be able to get their claws into the pot, leaving very little for the victim himself, who is despicable anyway and who doesn't deserve anything, or indeed for his poor starving dependants. Why, they may even have to go into debt to pay the bills. They may get thrown out into the street to starve or live on their wits on the fringe of society. With any luck they'll slip down the greasy slope into a life of crime and thus we will get a 'snowball-effect', the whole industry being self-reinforcing. Just think what a stimulus to the economy that'll be, especially as all the money will be pouring into the coffers of the better-off section of the community who will pump it back into the consumer-goods industries, whilst the money pledged in the telethons will come from the people who can sympathise with the victims, from the poor folks, who would only fritter it away on food (all the extra tax dollars will enable the government to recompense the rich farmers anyway) and slum housing. Besides, if they don't pay their rent they can be thrown out into the street to starve or etc. (see above). This will give corrupt officials the opportunity to rezone all the empty living accommodation into office accommodation. The tenements can be



bulldozed down and super new (and shoddy) office blocks can be constructed, pumping yet more money into the construction industry and into the allied graft-ridden areas. Then, they can get the money back from the government in tax concessions on empty commercial properties.

The impoverished scum who are homeless are no good to the economy anyway. Why can't they live in oil-drums and cardboard shanty towns like their counterparts elsewhere in the world. Serve the bastards right!

 * DARRELL SCHWEITZER *

Ted White's letter reveals him to be living well into the past. Whilst his article shows him to be well in touch with the fanzine scene, he is decades behind when it comes to prozines.

In short, the letter columns in his AMAZING were an anachronism, quite remarkable (and pleasantly so), even for 1969. No one else has been able to put together a lettercol like that in a prozine since the 1950s. The reason is that fans rarely read the prozins anymore. Whole generations of fans have grown up without any contact with the prozines at all. As convention fandom increases, this will be more the case in the future. I think it is even the case amongst fanzine fans. They discovered fanzines without going through a stage of reading the prozines faithfully. (I am old-fashioned. I did. I think *that* was becoming an anachronism even when I was a teenager, and I am certainly a member of the last generation of magazine-oriented fans/pros.) Most fans read paperback books only.

A result of this is that prozine letterhacking, *as a fannish activity*, is even more arcane and forgotten than hand'stencilling artwork with stylus and shading plate. It just isn't done anymore. It hasn't been done widely for decades. The practise isn't even remembered, except by antiquarians.

Aw, shucks - Robbie is not an antiquarian, yet she hand-stencils some of the illos in HTT.

Ted, being an active fanzine fan, was able to carry over a fanzine-type letter column into a prozine he edited. If you, Marty, were made editor of AMAZINE, I bet you could do it too. Many of your HTT correspondents would come along, and this would be enough to make the feature self-perpetuating. You might also go too far, as Ted did, in making the

magazine cosy and fannish, losing two-thirds of the readership, just as he did.

You have to realise that prozines are read by *mundanes*. The IASFM letter column (which has always been edited by Isaac Asimov, by the way, never by George Scithers) is a good example of the sort of letters that mundanes -- just average people from all walks of life who happen to read science fiction -- write to prozines. There aren't many of them who actually write in, since in our culture the "letter to the editor" is not something the average person ever indulges in.

My answer to the American Cultural Imperialism charge is, well, *we* can't help it if our culture is so superior to yours that your people prefer it. If Canadian TV is really all that abysmal, then the Canadians are in the same position in respect to American TV that Americans are to British. Most American TV is rubbish. The very *best* on American TV is always British. I know there is much bad British TV, but their best is better than ours by a large margin. Do we decry British Cultural Imperialism? No, we watch, hoping that this will send a message to American TV networks. So far it hasn't. Well, some cultures are better at certain things. Is it Chinese cultural imperialism that makes all the Chinese restaurants have better Peking Duck than American ones?

Actually, I might point out that the United States experienced much British cultural imperialism, even after the American Revolution. The culture of the country was still almost entirely British. Ethnic enclaves (such as Germans in Pennsylvania, Dutch in New York), were rapidly assimilated into the British model. American culture is *still* very similar to British. The reason that there are differences is, I suspect, that in the 19th century America was overwhelmed by hordes of immigrants who soon outnumbered the earlier, British-like inhabitants.

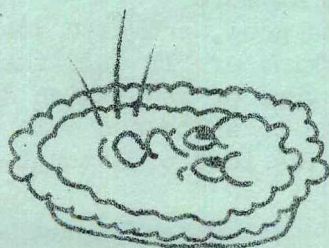
So, if the Canadians of today want to be distinctly different, all they have to do is wall off the United States border, and take in millions of immigrants from everywhere else, until the original Canadians are reduced to a small minority. Then let the resultant mix stew for a century. Then Canada will have a culture as unlike the United States as U.S. culture is different from British.

Arthur Hlavaty is wrong about British SF being closer to the mainstream. He is forgetting that the British have a very distinct pulp SF tradition, which, fortunately for people like Aldiss, is quite divorced from the more respectable "literary" SF tradition.

In the late 40s and early 50s there were hundreds of British SF novels published by fly-by-night companies. They were incredibly awful, and far more overtly juvenile than anything published in America. The British also have a tradition of low-level juvenile SF magazines. I don't mean magazines which people who imagine themselves to have superior tastes look down on as juvenile, but magazines actually aimed at boys. In America, the dime novel tradition died about the time pulp magazines got started. In Britain, it continued much longer, and merged with the "Boys Paper" tradition. See the article on this in the Nichols *SF Encyclopedia*. The first British SF magazine, SCOOPS, was for kids. It emerged from the Boys Paper tradition, not from regular pulp publishing. After WWII there were other British juvenile SF magazines, the likes of which America has never seen. FUTURISTIC STORIES was one. You'll find many other titles in Nichols. They published nothing of interest to later readers.

But the British tradition of trash SF was mostly a paperback and pamphlet phenomenon.

The names wouldn't mean anything to modern fans. Some of that stuff was written by E.C. Tubb under pseudonyms. All of it has completely perished. Every once in a while you'll see in a convention huckster room a stack of British hack SF. It is quite distinct from the American product. You come to realise that Vargo Statten (a pseudonym of John Russell Fearn, who turned to this stuff after a respectable career in American SF pulps in the 30s) and Lionel Fanthorpe were not isolated phenomena. They were working in



LEMON HARANGUE pie

in a context of low-level British hack SF for which there is no equivalent in the US.

The difference between the two countries is that the regular British SF was not seen as part of this. NEW WORLDS, SCIENCE FANTASY, NEBULA, etc. were set apart from the British hack tradition. The distinction was, I think, as sharp as between F&SF and the lowest-level comic books, circa 1953.

America, being in many ways a more intellectually conservative and snobbish country anyway, never made the distinction between pulp/hack SF and serious/literary SF. All were lumped together as pulp fiction.

In Britain, the pulp tradition was on such an incredibly subliterate level that the difference between that and adult/literary science fiction was so obvious that it came to mean something in terms of the publishing industry. Basically, there were two categories: regular SF and crap/juvenile SF.

You might say that the British SF writer had the advantage of sanitary plumbing. The American didn't, and folks looking into the ghetto from the outside couldn't see anything for the shit.

This British crap tradition has pretty much died out, but for a while there it may have served the useful function of being something *any* British writer could look good when compared to. Really, there were hundreds and hundreds of (today) completely unknown titles and authors, many whole publishing lines and magazine chains which are now hardly a footnote in the history of the field. Perhaps the best British SF is better than ours, but the worst was unquestionably worse.

The pay was also worse. I read somewhere that Tubbsold a cheapie novel for *five pounds* in the early 50s. That may have been the equivalent of \$15 American. Adjust for inflation. Maybe \$75 or so....

*That kinda puts the kibbosh on the argument that British SF has a sole heritage of descent from H.G. Wells and other such literary figures whilst the American tradition was just the *fnord* pulp tradition of *gleep* Gernsback and therefore British SF is better than American SF. Or something like that. Not that your exposition will stop some of the nattering nabobs of ~~negativity~~ who espouse this line from continuing their foolish theory.*

Here's a thought for Mike Glyer. Whilst many people in the past got into fanzines as a form of socialising when conventions were not available, I think a lot of them have always gotten involved because they're interested in writing. You will notice that large numbers of present-day pro fiction writers were once fanzine writers, and that many of the great fanzine writers of the past went on to become pro fiction writers: Bob Shaw, James White, Lee Hoffman, Terry Carr, Ted White, Richard Lupoff, Marion Zimmer Bradley, etc. Willis doesn't seem to have had much interest in fiction. True, he wrote a few amateur stories early, and he had one story in IF in collaboration with Shaw, but he doesn't seem to have tried a fiction career. He was an exception.

Today, many of the best fan writers are people like Ted White, Shaw, and the like who are professional writers but also feel inclined to write for fanzines as a leisure activity sometimes.

It only follows that the best writers for fanzines, the people who are going to give it some real effort, are going to be literary types, who are seriously interested in writing. I don't think that sort of person gets into fanzine fandom anymore.

I liked "The Ghost of Wraggles". Many of the jokes are quite good, and as a *story*, it's competently constructed. Fleckenberg needs to get over the kind of "If only the author would write this" or "as always happens in these stories" type of gag, which draws the reader completely out of the story, and then she might be able to write and sell humorous fiction, instead of just writing parodies for fanzines. The idea of a tough-gal occult detective is very good indeed..

* DON D'AMMASSA * Frankly, the whole foofaraw about Sixth Fandom bores me to distraction. I draw from whatever Fandom whatever interests me and the only pressure I've ever felt from other fans about conforming to some kind of fanzine standard is that most people thought MYTHOLOGIES should use a lot more art and I didn't. And since I was the boss, my view prevailed.

Ted White's comments on writing quality and content did strike a chord though. In principle, I agree, but in practice I'm not certain that the standards he would like to see are any longer attainable. The level of literacy in this country is steadily declining. Even the people who can read well cannot write well. It amazes me that business people are so totally incapable of expressing their thoughts in an organised and grammatically correct fashion. (I am somewhat unpopular at work because I occasionally use red pens to mark up, grade, and return memos to outstanding offenders.)

Bravo!!!

Much of the subject matter of most fanzines I find boring no matter how well written. I am not fond of convention reports, consider most fannish humour trivial (although I did very much enjoy Richard Weinstock's piece in HTTP), and share Ted's low opinion of off-the-cuff book reviews. (Yes, I know that I do them regularly for Science Fiction Chronicle, and I accept that they fulfill a need for some people, but they just aren't the sort of thing I choose to read. I'd rather read the book.) Content is subjective where style and grammar are more objective.

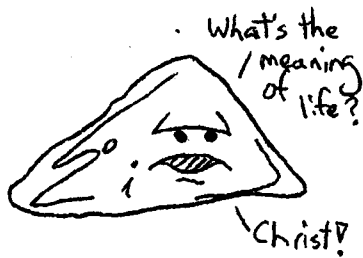
What bothers me a bit about fanzines nowadays is their relative sameness. Most of the titles I see are essentially informal personalazines, despite their inclusion of articles by others. Most are, I suspect, written directly on stencil. They are often entertaining (I enjoy Arthur Hlavaty immensely) but rarely leave anything in our memories. On the other hand, I can remember specific articles and issues of STARLING, GRANFALLOON, and COSIGN. HOLIER THAN THOU is the closest thing I see to the form of fanzine I enjoy most, the true genzine. The fact that most of the material you use is not to my personal taste is my problem, not yours, but there was a time when the diversity of material in genzines was such that most of them were greeted with glad little cries. My reaction now is ho-hum, and I add them to my pile until I have the energy to wade through them. I suppose what I really ought to do is stop complaining about the situation and try to do something, but I'm not sure that fandom can really support the kind of genzines it used to.

Mike Glycer certainly knows how to swell someone's head, and I truly appreciate his praise of MYTHOLOGIES. I suspect that it filled a definite need for a number of people at the time, which is why I drew letters from people who normally didn't LoC at all. I still get occasional letters asking about back issues, even though it went into suspension five years ago. Fortunately, I held about 50 copies of the last few issues.

Notwithstanding his praise, I disagree with Mike's contention that convention politics are the main reason why fanzines are less prominent. I have only once in my life worked on a convention committee, so it certainly isn't the reason why I'm less active. I ascribe the dearth of good fanzines to a number of causes, including the increase in the number of conventions, APAs, the increased price of everything including postage, the continued deterioration in our ability to express ourselves via the written word, other demands on time, and probably a number of other factors not immediately apparent to me.

I do agree that a conventional genzine or group of genzines would be recognised and appreciated, but I'm not certain that the climate is such that they are possible. They would need to be reasonably regular, for one thing, and there aren't too many people willing to foot that kind of expense. It would be nice if it happened, but I don't predict so.

There is absolutely no argument about the fact that the state of fanzines is lower than it was in earlier years. Not dead, though - all it takes is crazies like me to keep it all going. Both the latest EAPPEN and MICROWAVE were quite large and interesting.



* ARTHUR D. HLAVATY * Ted White
***** makes some
good points

in his article, indicating some of the differences of taste between him and me. I agree with where he has drawn the line, whilst remaining on the opposite side.

I am, as you know, a APA fan. I discovered fandom via genzines, but even then, the part that I generally found most enjoyable was the lettercol. What I enjoy in fandom is communication -- discusssing interesting things with interesting people who can express themselves. APAs are a source of this communication, and so are some genzines.

The great fannish fanzines, on the other hand, are places where first-rate writers display their skills. They have style, elegance of language, and tight prose. Their writing is carefully organised and structured. They might even do a second draught without having a word processor to do it for them.

All writing includes elements of communication and of display. They are not necessarily antagonistic to each other, but they are by no means the same thing. It's probably impossible to write anything that is all one or all the other. Ted defends the writing of display, but he must be somewhat interested in communication or he wouldn't be arguing with us. I'm interested in communication, but I must have some interest in display, or I wouldn't still be doing a genzine now that I've discovered APAs.

But my bias remains. An interesting prose style is not the same thing as an interesting mind, and, if I have to choose, I prefer those with the latter. There are, to me, interesting topics and boring ones (with gradations in between), and to my taste, much fannish writing deals with such tedious, day-to-day, literally mundane matters that I have no desire to read it. If I do, I find in the best writers a certain amount of cleverness and incidental wit, but rarely enough to save the piece. I'd rather read an intelligent and literate, if earnest, writer on philosophy or self-improvement or rescuing ourselves from the State than a brilliant* stylist doing a magnificently constructed essay on how his lawn mower broke down. That's my bias.

And I'm not alone. As Ted says, there are enough people who want interesting topics in fanzines to put me on the Hugo ballot three years in a row. The worse my style is, the better this argument is.

It's a version of one of the old issues in SF itself. Should writing in the field be judged by mainstream standards -- in this case, style -- or should we value it for its particular excellences? Or do we decide to take both into account and weight them as we choose?

*The stamps on the envelope containing Arthur's LoC were one each of the "Continental Army" and "Continental Navy" Revolutionary War Series. Underneath the stamps Arthur wrote, "Fighting for the freedom to spell." *snicker**

* MIKE GLICKSOHN * Actually, reading HTT 15 gave me the impression that you'd used a time
***** machine to publish it. First I'd read about you two being married,
then a page or so later you'd be planning things, then there'd be
some reference to a spouse, then you'd be talking about getting Robbie's divorce finalised
so the wedding could proceed and back and forth until my poor head was all aswim. If
FILE 770 hadn't arrived this afternoon to confirm the fannish magnificense of it all, I'd
not have been sure whether you'd finished the zine in a married or unmarried state. Of
perhaps with one of you in each!

Sorry about the confusion, boss - it stems from the order in which we type the pages (plus the confusing nature of the off-on situation about Robbie's divorce). Typing starts on page five and continues, in order, to the last page. At that point pages three and four are then typed. (That is how it has been done in the past - on this issue I have been typing the LoC Ness Monster during times when Robbie wasn't using our only typer to produce pages five to Monster.) Anyway, page five of #15 was produced in the (fulfilled) expectation that we would be married by the time the issue was finished.

Coincidentally, my own letter made me ponder the strange way we perceive time as well. There I was writing about how I'd been depressed of late and there I was reading my own words and feeling as great as I have in ages. A fanzine is like a time capsule and even with a frantic frequent fanatic like Marty there's still plenty of time for things to swing a hundred and eighty degrees about face between the writing of a letter and its publication. Suffice it to say I've been feeling tip-top for the last three months and couldn't be happier with my personal life. I'm *still* not too active in fanzines but that's got nothing to do with feeling depressed. I think my stint as Runner-Up to Harry Warner is over but after close to fifteen years I also think I've earned a rest. I intend to keep up with quite a few of the fanzines I feel a part of (like HTT, obviously) but the days of even reading everything that reaches me, let alone loccking them, are past.

Now that I've said that you'll understand that my failure to produce my normal four page LoC has nothing to do with the actual quality of the issue itself (and certainly has nothing to do with the way you brutally hacked out all the good stuff in my *last* four page LoC reducing it to a pallid impression of its former greatness, no sir, not at all) but reflects my changing attitude towards fanzines as a whole. I see HTT 15 as a transitional issue in which several themes are summed up and brought to a satisfactory conclusion so that even though the issue is a massive one, much of it not only doesn't inspire comment but actively inhibits any further (useful) reaction from the readership. I hope you see the issue that way yourselves and will refrain from perpetuating the Sixth Fandom brouhaha, the New Wave tedium and the fruitless arguments about the obvious superiority of things Canadian. These issues have run their courses and new topics should be provided for the future.

Sort of. The Sixth Fandom brouhaha has mutated into a refinement of the standards argument (except, perhaps, if Brian Earl Brown wants to state his side) - I think that Ted has persuasively made his case. The New Wave stuff has, indeed, ended (except for the occasional intemperate blast from myself). The Canadian discussion will continue for a while.

Of the non-contentious material in the issue, Weinstock was quite amusing, Skel was his usual brilliant self (it is possible to cycle from Stockport to Toronto but only if (a) you bicycle continuously around the deck of a very expensive ocean liner for a week or so, or (b) you have incredibly powerful leg muscles and phenomenal breath control), the half of the Fleckenberg story was twice as much as I cared to read, Savage was sophomoric and silly, and Glyer was accurate as sometimes happens to the best of us.

In the wrapping-up and winding-down sections, Ted White was superb in describing what the situation actually is and how it got there and I fail to see how anyone can add anything to what he said. None of the other running arguments were so satisfactorily concluded but for me personally there's nothing more I wish to read about them.

In closing then, the improvement in the typing of the issue verges on the incredible and Robbie is to be congratulated for bringing a little class into your act (and your life). You may consider the paragraph from my last letter which begins "The issue as a whole is a typical Cantorian catastrophe" to be rewritten, with suitable name-changes to fit #15. I've

Thanks anyway.
But fissioning gives me stretch marks.



Stretch!

always said there's nothing like consistency to make a fanzine interesting and we all agree there's nothing like consistency in the taste exhibited by Marty Cantor!

So may the future be a bright one for your both and I hope to be a long-distance part of it with occasional direct interaction every now and then. Should you ever pass through Toronto on your way to Quebec, look me up. Otherwise, at the worldcon. And now that Marty has seen the obvious benefits of the Canadian way of life I hope we'll start to see sympathetic references to snow, Wayne Gretzky and the fine art of being wishy-washy in HTT.

Snow? Hockey? Wishy-Washy? It is to barf, I think. Whatever. So here is a variant of the response on this cultural imperialism - and it is from an American.

* JEFF WILCOX * Canada is a country economically besieged by others (as is this country -
***** our auto industry complains about imports from Japan and Germany; our steel industry is up in arms because one of the top steel makers are trying to save themselves some money by bringing in slag steel from the British Isles). Canada is a country dominated culturally by the US and Britain (and to some extent by France). And if the Canadian fans feel they should find their own way of doing things and do some flagwaving, then I'm all for it. I feel this way about any part of fandom, be it fanzine fandom, convention fandom, filksinging fandom, collector fandom, let's-put-on-silly-hats-and-act-like-fools fandom, or what have you; and any place in fandom, be it Canadian, British, Australian, Souther US fandom, Western US fandom, and anyplace else. If someone feels they need some uplifting in theri particular part of fandom and try to rouse other members of their circle into action, then that's good. Action comes from enthusiasm; and when fans are enthusiastic it causes fanac and fan contact. And isn't that what it's all about?

To say that Canada is dominated culturally by the US and Britain is almost the same as saying the the US is dominated culturally by Canada and Britain - the common point here is that both the US and Canada derive our primary culture from Britain. So what?

* SKEL * I'm not sure where I stand amidst all this 'US Cultural Imperialism' brouhaha.
***** OK, so people really mean a whole slew of different interrelated concepts when they trot that phrase out, and yes, a lot of it is simply bleating about the harsh facts of life - but that's the way it is and tough shits, baby. However, it's much easier to see things like this when you're not inside it. When you stand well back and view things like this from a distace you get a much clearer picture of the overall shape of a thing.

The truth is, I suspect, that when you extend your influence and your power, then your culture tags along in much the same way that a fart will sometimes follow you into a room even though you don't have a deliberate policy of taking it in and sharing it. Everybody in this argument seems to be taking up extreme positions and then overstating their cases. David Bratman, for me, sums it up best and then Arthur Hlavaty puts the whole thing neatly into perspective. Was it just coincidence that these two comments were the last you printed on the subject, or were you displaying a deft editorial touch? I suspect the former. I don't think the world is ready for a linking of the concepts 'Marty Cantor' and 'Deft Editorial Touch'.

*Well, the world had better be ready - I spend a lot of time preparing the order in which I place the letters. Sometimes, I fear, the placement has been a little too subtle for many of my readers. Their loss. Anyway, I sill end this page with an out-of-context sentence from you: Ian Covell's letter has let the cat out of the bag (an ideal place for all cats, especially if the bag is at the bottom of a lake). *snicker**

* HARRY WARNER, JR. * Skel's cycling narrative has about as much relevance for me as the
***** accounts of gourmet meals at Chinese restaurants. One meal there
would complete the destruction with which my stomach is already
threatened, and I'm apparently one of the only two individuals in fandom who never learned
how to ride any kind of two-wheeled vehicle. Well, I had a scooter, but that probably
doesn't count. Redd Boggs in the last FAPA mailing made the revelation that he never
learned how to ride a bike and the same thing lies in my own past. It didn't matter so
much to me when it was happening, in my boyhood, because the Depression was on and hardly
any kids my age owned bicycles in Hagerstown, thanks to the scarcity of money. But I've
felt increasingly alienated from the rest of humanity as the years passed and more and
more bicycling has become a universal attribute.

*As a kid I rode a bike - when I grew up I turned away from such non-intellectual
time-wasting. The civilised person only excersizes his indignation.*

I don't want to get caught in the carnage between Ian McKeer and the fans he has
outraged. But the final paragraph of his letter happened to have particular meaning for
me. He asks how we'd feel in the United States if most science fiction had been written
by authors from other nations. Of course, I don't know because reality isn't like that.
But I have two other strong interests, serious music and photography. About 95 per cent,
maybe more, of the serious music that is performed in concerts and issued on commercial
recordings and available in printed form nowadays has been composed by individuals from
other nations. I don't feel outraged. If I think about it at all, it's to speculate that
maybe writing serious music could be a trade that isn't fitted to the United States'
culture or population mix or something. I don't think it's any more awful that most of
the world's great serious music has come from other nations than it is a tragedy that
United States residents have invented the transistor and polio vaccine and various other
scientific marvels, rather than Europeans or Asians. I own two good 35 mm cameras, both
of which were manufactured in Germany by German workmen employed by German corporations.
Today, almost all the expensive cameras sold and used in the United States are construc-
ted by foreign industries in foreign lands (although there are still a lot of cheap
cameras adn a few in the medium price range which are made in the United States). I
don't find anything shameful about this, either. The United States isn't producing many
good cameras, whether it's due to incompetence of skilled labour or wage scales or lack
of proper management, but it doesn't spoil my love for photography in general or my pride
in the two cameras I own. I think I may be pardoned for speculating that I might enjoy
science fiction as much as I do (not too much, any more) if it had historically been
provided mostly by writers in other nations.

*This internationalist, also a lover of serious music, has no arguments with you on
this, Harry. Any non-insecure person should find it of supreme indifference, the origin
of things which he enjoys.*

* ERIC MAYER * Congratulations. I'm not sure pubbing one's ish is a great idea for a
***** Honeymoon, however. But who knows. Somewhere in the Appalachians, if
not the Poconos, there might be a motel featuring mirror ceilinged
mimeo rooms and giant, heart-shaped hectographs.

I most enjoyed Skel's article. It's been a long time since I've been on a bicycle.
They say you never forget how to ride one but I rode for such a short time that that may
not apply in my case. I came late to bicycling, as to most other things in life it seems.
I was, if I recall rightly, in the sixth grade before I mastered the art. I'd simply had
no interest but was finally gadgered into it. My bike, my only one, was an old style -
some make I've never heard of before or since. It was heavy. The tyres were remarkably

wide, the body - and indeed it did have a body of sorts rather than being just a skeletal collection of struts and braces - was massive. Since, despite the weight, it had only two gears, I most enjoyed coasting down hills.

I never rode very far. My friends and I usually just went out in search of hills, like skiers actually. We would walk the bikes to the top and pedal down, comparing speedometers. When I retired the bike there were not very many miles on the speedometer but they had all been ridden over very fast. Despite Skel's protestations to the contrary, I find the idea of riding around the English countryside very appealing, especially when he is pedalling.

* ANNE LAURIE LOGAN * Best of the issue was Mike Glycer's "pied Typer" -- fanzine-crit at
***** its finest; he makes his points with wit and succinctness, praises the good without fawning, and knocks the less-good without savage personal assault or rambling diatribes against a poorly-defined "all this kind of stuff". All I can add to most of his points about the way cons and con-running have seduced a lot of potential fanzine-makers away from the "lit'ry" branch of this here fandom is "yup, good point there Marty, I agree with you, yes indeed".

* GEORGE FLYNN * I think Mike Glycer has done a marvelous job of answering the question,
***** "What do you people see in conventions?" (as Bergeron put it in WARHOON 30). He's probably right too about potential fanzine fans being swallowed up in con-running. (My own case, of having become a fanzine editor *because of* my involvement with con-running, was of course extremely bizarre.) But I'm dubious about the statement that "Convention runners are more visible than fanzine editors": seems to me that the average con attendee knows of cares little about the people who run the con - unless they foul things up spectacularly. They're known in the circle of other con-runners, of course, but that's not quite the same thing (as if faneds were known to other faneds but not to their readers). Whilst there are lots of satisfactions to doing a good job of con-running, egoboo is not usually high amongst them.

Fascinating: Mike says that what fandom needs is a major discussion/letterzine, and within the same week Cliffor Wind's RHETORICAL DEVICE arrives. You people are obviously more powerful than you realise.

Paula Lieberman's remarks about the different communities of fanzine fans reminds me of the con at which I attended a very strange "fanzine panel": here were all these Trek/Darkover/Sime fans saying that the function of fanzines was to publish fiction to give people training for professional writing, and amidst them was poor Arthur Hlavaty trying to get a word in to say that there really were other kinds of zines....

Ross Pavlac is largely right about fanzine fans failing to communicate with World-con committees. For Noreascon I did manage to keep a fairly spirited dialogue going in VOICE OF THE LOBSTER (including a lot about the fanzine Hugo, even though nobody did anything but talk about it then), but even then I'd say most of the fanzine community stayed out of it, and I know that a good many of the reports written on the con weren't sent to the committee. I tried keeping the committee informed about what comments we received (reprinting the best bits in the committee APA), but in the final months there just wasn't time.... Generally speaking, fanzine fans and con fans don't understand each other (in spite of all the people who are or have been both).

I must congratulate Terry Carr for managing to explain what bothers me about so much of your "putridity" in terms more profound than "I don't like it". I agree with him. -- On another point he mentions, I've seen a collection of CRY and I guess there is a resemblance. However, I believe CRY was monthly and ran to something like 200 issues; do you really want that sort of a role model? /*/ No. /*/

Well, I gave Schirm a Hugo nomination (also Steven Fox).

* JIM MEADOWS * I'm assuming that no Strange Last Minute Things have happened, and you
***** are all married away and living fannishly ever after. Congratulations
and best wishes. But really, Marty, this seems like a rather drastic
step to take just to win an argument with Ian McKeer.

'sfunny, but Ian said about the same thing.

By the way, congratulations on your Great Apology. It was rather interesting to see you disagreeing with all those letterwriters in the current ish, who were busy agreeing with what you had written in the past. Having recently written an apology to Dick Bergeron for my LoC in the current WARHOON, I can emphathise with you, although the stand I took was not so firm (I kept on carping on both sides, actually) and so my apology was not so grand (essentially, it just covered one snotty letter). Really, humility in a fannish debate is *very* refreshing, once you find some.

The stuff in the front of the book is usually of less interest to me than the letters you print, but this time, I did get some pleasure from "Harlan Is Five", and "The Ghost of Wraggles". The latter suffers from a little too much in the way of cheap jokes */*/this fanzine cannot afford the expensive ones/**, but it holds together better than most stuff of this type...especially at the length it runs.

* AMY THOMSON * Congrats on another putrid ish. I'm impressed by your apology. Perhaps
***** if more people learned to eat crow, fandom would have fewer feuds. Since
this would spoil one of fandom's biggest spectator (and participatory)
sports, perhaps we should be thankful that you are in the minority. Nevertheless, since
you seem to be forced to eat crow I felt that you should at least have a recipe to properly
prepare it. Enclosed is one such example that I have used a number of times myself.
I find that it lends a unique flavour, a certain piquant lightness, perhaps even a
(dare I say it?) vaguely palatable flavour to that dish that we all find ourselves presented
with from time to time.

First one procures a suitable specimen for the dish. Whilst many gourmets prefer a
tough bird for the challenge that it presents, I highly recommend a more tender, toothsome
morsel for the inexperienced cook. How you obtain crow is your business. Personally I
recommend a certain measure of circumspection. Not only does this save you a great deal
of personal embarrassment in the long run, it will keep you out of trouble with the Fish
and Game authorities. Whilst stalking this often elusive and wary bird does have its
difficulties, the neophyte is encouraged to persevere. Bear in mind, during those moments
of squeamishness and doubt that you are doing the world a favour by blowing away one of
little cocksuckers, no matter what the Audobon Society says.

After you have obtained a crow, many people consider it necessary
to clean it. Personally I think this is a step taken only by the

fainthearted, who like
their meals on the
bland side. Such
people should stick
to Smurfs and Boiled
Unicorn in White
Sauce. However,
if you do feel it
is necessary to
clean the bird,
bite off its head
(it may be reserved
for stock), then grab



Screw this noble
savage crap.
I just want a good
job and a house
in the suburbs.

it by the feet and shake vigorously (Note, this step should be done outside, preferably whilst wearing a raincoat). Take the bird and nail it spread-eagled to a board, then lay it in salt for about 3 months, or until the feathers fall off, whichever comes first. The bird should then be boiled for about 4 hours in a weak solution of lye. The water should be changed frequently, whenever it becomes cloudy and scummy. You may wish to save the water as it is useful for eradicating stubborn stains and small loud dogs not one's own. The crow should then be rubbed with salt and pepper, and dabbed thoroughly with butter. The cavity should definitely be stuffed. Place in a preheated 350 degree oven and basted every 10 minutes with a mixture of butter, brown sugar, grated ginger, cinnamon, and ground cloves. Allow about 10 minutes per pound. Remove when the bird has reached that perfect shade of golden brown, and the odors of brown sugar and spices permeate the entire house. Flame the bird lightly with Grand Marnier, (lighter fluid will suffice if you happen to be out), remove the bird from the board, discard the bird and carve and serve the board accompanied by a fine, light muscatel of recent vintage.

Are you certain that your name is not Adrienne Fein?

* ED ROM * Sorry about being so late with this LoC. I guess that I'm not as regular as
***** you are, my output being in diarrhoeic spurts, interspersed with long periods of blockage. I just hope that you don't choose to flush this little piece of work down the drain -- I'll admit that the things that I do may have a certain odor, but that usually dies down as one grows accustomed to it.

I have been procrastinating a bit much lately, but now I'm getting with it, even though I may have to grunt and strain somewhat. If I didn't catch up with my duty, my drawers would be full -- I've had lots of input recently, with little outgo. If I don't get to work right away, it'll be a case of Ed Rom -- #2 in everything. That would be too heavy of a load to bear. Actually, things are getting a bit clogged up now, so it's on to the bulk of this LoC.

A very shitty comment - it sounds like you just partook of Amy's feast.

Robbie's responses to Ian McKeer were very good. It's my feeling that one shouldn't be too hard on Ian -- everyone, after all, is a product of one's environment, and he's British. Leftist thinking is much more prevalent in the British Isles than it is in the US, so it's no wonder that his head should be full of such stereotypes.

I couldn't care less where the movies I watch are produced, or where the soft drinks I imbibe are made. This business about cultural imperialism is, I think, a cover for the insecurity of certain individuals unsure of their own identity. A person can say "I'm German" or "I'm Canadian" or whatever (some Americans do this, too) and bury himself in it. That's OK by me, but it was that sort of thinking that led to the phenomenon of Hitler and Naziism; it should never go too far. Actually, I think the worst excesses are impossible when a person thinks of himself as, for instance, "Ed Rom" first and as "American" second. When he starts thinking of himself as "American" first and as "Ed Rom" second, then he becomes prone to the excesses of xenophobia. Xenophobia, of course, is usually tinged with a hint of a cultural inferiority complex, though not always.

I find this business about "cultural imperialism" to be silly. I think that it's the mere posturing of pseudo-intellectuals eager to bitch about something -- I mean, so what if people drink Coca-Cola in preference to Sinalco or whatever? That's their business. I prefer English chocolate to American, and when I was still drinking, I preferred just about anything to American beer -- does that make the English and Germans into imperialists? Hardly. The sensible person buys the best products available, and to hell with it. I feel that it's a matter of the evolution of consciousness. If you study history, you find that people have always identified with groups, and the more advanced the people, the larger group they identified with. Someday, I hope, a majority will identify with the human race, and not with national or ethnic groupings.

* IAN COVELL * Do I detect a mellowing in the latest HTT? Is there a diminution in the
***** outrageousness, a more thoughtfull, considered approach to the humour?
Or maybe the change is in me..

Another exceptionally well-produced issue, from its cover (which surely recalls the early MAD comics whose pocketbook versions by the way always gave me a strange sort of sick headache, I've no idea why except there was a determined putridity to each scene in them) to the highly interpreted bacover. (You've no idea what I thought it was about, but I think MAD would have been proud..)

Weinstock's article on capital punishment:- the first sketch was enough to turn my stomach a bit. I admit to still having the mcp feeling that woment shouldn't be killed.. but add that I don't want anyone else killed either. I truthfully could not finish this article. I know it is funny, I even laughed a few times in the first page or two, but after a while, the 'reality' of its points upset me too much and I couldn't go on with it. (Alter ego: Capital punishment is like SF - it's judged too often only on its bad examples.. besides, everybody on Earth should be exterminated at least once, it would teach them good manners..)

Skel's article is very funny, as usual, and probably examples why I'll never make it as a writer, there's a rythed nonsense to the words using a series of blinding analogies to make its jokes (shocks). I haven't got it, and may never have it, but it would be nice to think I could. In the meanwhile, I like to read others.

LOC NESS MONSTER:- I gave up on the Ian/McKeer/Robbie exchange after a page; when she had demolished his points so neatly, I figured the rest would probably be a bit embarrassing to read. (I caught sight of the thing opposite Reagan's cartoon about US TV programmes being more popular than Canadian. The same is true in the UK, and a little research shows why - US TV shows are mindless, fast moving fun without sense, consequence or depth. I like them. You can only take so much dismal reality stuffed down your throat night after night - which is the point Hlavaty makes about SF in general on page 70. UK SF is monumentally depressing. Know why? Because it never got rid of the class system that permeates our whole lives. In the States, you tout 'the individual' as hero; in my country, it is the class..)

Lynne; Holdom: I constantly find myself agreeing with this lady, and had she not inserted that line about 'married a New Zealander", I'd have carried this point a bit further.

Darrell Schweitzer: what can one say? Well, this one can say that even if he had apologised I wouldn't have accepted it. I have read other Schweitzer fictions and read reviews of stuff I haven't read, and the Morris parody was no exception to the rather odd approach to heterosexual relations he usually portrays. His admission that the sexual element is both irrelevant and adolescent doesn't excuse his reprinting the damn thing years after he wrote it. I have been asked to write an article examining Morris, and rereading stuff as I am, I am considerably annoyed (still) that Schweitzer dared to tarnish this misunderstood artist with his ridiculous crude and vicious parody. (There, do you think that's worth a feud?)

Possibly with me, if you are feeling silly enough. I hold that everything is fair game for parody and other putridity.

Reading the next letter (for no particular reason) reminds me of my increasing dissatisfaction with so-called 'feminism'. Having seen a series of interviews and documentaries on our newest TV channel, I was moved to create a question I would want to ask a feminist if ever I met one (and after reading Platt's interview tith Russ, my choice of question was confirmed). It's this:- "Do you regularly make love with a man?" This covers marriage, cohabitation, ambiseuality, commitment and so on. If the answer is no, then any statement a feminist makes about 'men in general' is meaningless, like the Pope, If You Don't Play The Game, Don't Make The Rules.

I do not agree with you on this - that is sort of saying that only mathematicians should be given credence when they say that $2+2=4$ with nobody else being believed. It is not only experts, you should know, who are privy to all of the answers on this planet.

It has just struck me: why do fans enjoy reading letters so much? It's not all egoboo. Are we looking for arguments or agreement, vindication of viciousness, points or punts.. I agree with a great many points made in this issue. I don't think that A.C.I. exists except in the sense that the US of A is the origin of a great deal of the world's entertainment and reflects certain concerns endemic to the US broadcasting world's character; I don't like newavehicles and authors like Ballard, Malzberg, Russ.

Beats me why I like reading letters so much - and I am totally uninterested in examining my own motives for that enjoyment (although I am certain that some loccers will now make this a minor topic of conversation in HTT. I do know, though, that lettercols are popular in fanzines and that I do more than my share to supply the demand.

In common with M. John Harrison (another author whom I dislike) the previous have a credo of 'Life is shit, why bother trying to enjoy it.. listen to this, it's going to get worse, you schmuck.' all done in the highest quality prose (incomprehensible, of course, the concept being that if a reader has to work hard to understand what you said, what you said must be important.).. Capital Punishment is bad because it punishes the end results of society's conditioning of the individual. Having now read Ian McKeer's letter, I can't get over the same feeling I had when reading John Norman: this is a put-on, it's Joanna Russ being so outrageous so people will instinctively say "Hey, you've gone too far, there's this to be said, and this.."; if, as I sadly conjecture, it is perfectly spontaneous..!

* J.R. "MAD DOG" MADDEN * Re: Capitalising on Capital Punishment. An additional area
***** of concessions would be the sale of the cremated remains of
the criminal as high-grade fertilizer. In the case of a particularly notorious crime, the status value of having a nice house plant containing remnants of the fiend would convey great attributes on any given socialite hostess. Also, this method would have a benefit of, in a sense, giving the criminal a second chance at a useful, quiet life even if in a somewhat benign state.

* BRAD FOSTER * "The Ghost of Wraggles" is hilarious, look forward to the conclusion,
***** not only for itself, but because it'll give me an excuse to re-read
the first installment again.

Glyer's "Pied Typer" was fascinating as it started out, it seems, as an article, and then turned into a zine review. Now this is the kinda reviews I'd like to see more of!

* BOB LEE * A neighbour asked me to paint some Easter eggs. She will regret this. What
***** she will get are killer rabbit eggs. Some have multiple bloodshot eyes in
crimson and wild rose radiant dyes. Others will have spikes. All will have
hair, complete with dandruff. My favourites are the ones with scarlet high heels.

* ADRIENNE FEIN * Sorry to disappoint Richard Faulder; I can't come up with a recipe
***** for what is picked out of noses. One could, of course, always cook a
snot vampire -- presumably with a clove of garlic -- stuffed with con-
tact, of course, in its mouth. However, there has been some discussion in one or two

of the fact that very few people are bothered by swallowing their own saliva from time to time. Yet the idea of spitting saliva into a glass for a couple of days, then drinking it, bothers most people. Taking this in conjunction with the fact that I have been caughing up a lot of mucus, in various colours, I did have an idea...you know, before I go any farther, I think I'd better explain to Jack Herman that the gross-out is *not* the main point of *most* American humour. In fact, it isn't even the main point of most of my humour. It is one form I enjoy, up to a point -- and it is much of the spirit of HTT -- which, however, might be too putrid for a majority of USAmericans. I merely write what I feel is appropriate for this audience. (Besides, putridity is a matter of taste. Rosanadeanna & the snot vampire didn't bother me particularly, but then I read that bit whilst eating a tunafish salad wedge with peppers, lettuce, vinegar, and mayo - and greasy French Fries with catsup.) It did remind me of one time I unintentionally grossed out my sister. You see, we were discussing complexion problems and I mentioned that I had some particularly tough blackheads--squeezing them wasn't enough, they had to be pulled out. (I never tried a plunger.) On the other hand, if I described myself reading the loccol, that might gross out Marty but no one else -- I was lying on my back in bed, with a cat curled up under my knees by my ass, and another on my stomach.

Some people do not care where they have their pussy.

Whilst I can't think, offhand, of anything much to do with nasal snot, it occurs to me that given a couple of bronchitis and flu victims, one could probably arrange a colourful parfait of coughed-up mucus. This should probably be served frozen.

Cannibal hookers do things backwards--first they eat their victims, then they cook them.
--A. Fein

More Advice to the Hungry Lovelorn: I don't think anyone has ever measured the calorie count of semen or vaginal lubrication. I understand semen is largely protien, though. And I have heard that a professional who performed oral sex for hundreds or thousands of customers might have to adjust the rest of his or her diet to allow for that.

* ROBERT WHITAKER * Darrell has made an error. In his "Pencil Sharpeners of Famous
***** People" he has made the error of "Vlad the Impaler's Pencil Sharpener". It is not Vlad's, but a "Fire Island Pencil Sharpener" that is depicted. Vlad the Impaler would have stuck people in the chest to sharpen his pencil, but I doubt if he had pencils in his time, pencils being a relatively recent invention. He probably would have used a person's blood, and would have jammed in his quill where he pleased.

* JOHN HERTZ * Whatever the merits of Sixth Fandom--were those names coined to refer to
***** LAST AND FIRST MEN?--Ted White is right that we need better writing in fandom, and that better writing is mainly more thoughtful writing. In mundane parlance the word "thoughtful" has come to mean something like "sombre", in which sense I cheerfully disparaged it in a letter in the May SF REVIEW. But we needn't be bound by the limits of mundane understanding. There's always room for paying attention to what you're doing, which improves writing whatever its mood. The contents aren't the criterion. A certain friend of mine spends most of every conversation talking about herself, but the thing that annoys me about her is that she doesn't talk very intelligently. Nor should we blame the APAs. There's some first-rate writing in APA-L and often decent

writing in TAPS, the two APAs I'm in and anyway, APA writing is good exercise. APA-L may be the ultimate APA: it has no relation to the LASFS where it's published, anyone in the universe may contribute at any time, and by Roscoe it comes out weekly. Folks do appear who print APA-L zines as blather platforms, but usually they don't last long. "Conversation maketh a ready man, and writing an exact may." (Perhaps I should observe that for the last ten years or so two of the consistently best writers in APA-L have been women, June Moffatt and Lee Gold.) An APA is a remarkable place to learn both, and the people who stay around, I expect, feel the attraction of the two together.

Your letter came in late; however, as I have been somewhat remiss in answering Ted's unfortunate blast on APA's (both here and in other places where he has stated it) I felt that I should include this paragraph of yours. There is, indeed, some good writing in APA's (amidst the general run of blather); more importantly, though, APazines are a form of fanac distinctly different (neither better nor worse, just different - and I get a little tired of listening to people who obviously either do not understand the APA experience (of which I do not include Ted who is an ex-FAPAn) or who do not enjoy it putting it down in derogatory terms. APAC, after all, is a valid form of fanzine fanac (at least since 1938 or 1939 - the founding of FAPA). Anyway, it is time that somebody rebutted Ted on this point.

I have recently been coresponding with ATom (who has just gotten more interested in fandom again after a period of inactivity). The following is from his last letter to me:

* ATOM * You'll have been getting most of the current British fmz and will know that
***** here the scene is quite lively. There seems to be a better atmosphere around in Britfandom these days, to the rather backbiting times a year of so back. A number of British fans are becoming enthusiastic about this 'Fannish Fandom Fans' Con that they are trying to get up for 84. They're calling it the 'Mexicon' (why I don't know) and are trying to make it attractive to only fanzine and fandom type people. They hope for a small (200 - 300 fans maximum) and no media or comic fans. The idea is to try and get back to the days of the Kettering conventions of late fifties and early sixties which were good fun conventions. Oh, and Peterborough too. Well, not actually to recreate those days, but to have as good a 'Fan' convention as those days were reputed to be.

Of course this is where I find it a little strange in that becoming more active again in present day fandom (British) apart from writing out to fanzines and such the actual socialising side takes the most getting used to..the average age of the fans in London seems to be around the mid twenties, and they tend to regard us oldtimers a little warily...Oh sure there are plenty of older fans around.. But I find you have to make the point to the younger fans that I am just a fan like them and enjoying fandom in the 80's just as they are, and am not trying to ram 'Fifties' fandom down their throats or anything like that.

Time also seems right for a fanzine fans' con here in this country - I just hope that the Bayarea fans who are attempting to put on CORFLU in Jan. of '84 manage to get things together. At the moment I have no information on this con other than what I reported at the beginning of this zine.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

rich brown (who, in a continuation of his argument with Judith Hanna, sent a copy of this to Judith (and I expect a reply from her - as I mentioned earlier, I really do not intend to continue with this)): Kevin Smith (who reported the news that TAFF winner Avedon Carol had indeed arrived safely in England despite his fears that her lack of sense of direction would cause her to end up in Japan -- and he also wrote that he is going to be getting married (which makes me wonder about his sense of direction); Kim Neidigh

(who finds HTT very refreshing, "especially since most of my acquaintances seem to be on the prudish side...". Methinks that he should find some new acquaintances at a worldcon someplace or something.) *Adrienne Fein* wonders if fucking in a culpa is not even more difficult than fucking in a lightbulb. Mea don't know. *Alexis Gilliland* wrote that numbered fandoms are a great invention; but, because fandom has grown too large for simple enumeration, proposed that "we divide the country into ten regions...say the ten GSA Administrative Regions..."-- Hah! Another reason to move to Australia! *Charlie Belov* took the opportunity to complain about Canadian Dultural Imperialism for sending us hockey, Anne Murray, and the Great White North. I will not complain - I got Robbie!! *Charlie* commented about one of the illos, "Obviously, it was chunky style penis butter. *Ben Indick* apologised for his drawing of me, saying that it came out looking like him! *Tom Dunn* sent a card - and the latest issue of his Pipe Smoker's Ephemeris finally came out a year or so late (it is, naturally, a quarterly). *Sally Syrjala* wrote that I am starting to mellow by having a media cover on HTT. Foof! *Keith Williams* wrote, "I hope you don't get rid of all the typos; your critics would have little left to pick on." There is as little likelihood of typos deserting HTT as there is of critics finding nothing to pick on. *Jean Webber* thinks that we are MAD to marry after so short an acquaintanceship. Of course she is right. *Mary Long* also sent her usual assortment of anti-smoking clippings, once again proving that it is as chic to be anti-smoking as it once used to be chic (in some circles) to be anti-Black (and with as much factual proof). We also got a late letter from Ian McKeer - we expect to use it in some ~~obscene~~ fashion in the next issue.

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SOME CLOSING NATTER:

As of the typing of this stencil (June 13) we have our reservations confirmed at the Baltimore Hilton for CONSTELLATION - we shall be purchasing our aeroplane tickets soon. This means that our HTT gourmet jelly bean party for fanzine fans will be on. As usual it will be on Thursday evening - check with me (or whoever is manning the fanzine huxter table) for room location and time. Naturally, you are all invited. Traditionally the party ends somewhat early (I guess that this is because the party-goers want to go off to visit the parties where serious drinking is going on). So do not get there too late.

I have received no further information about CORFLU, the fanzine fans con being planned for January in San Francisco. I hope to have further information for you in the next issue of HTT.

Robbie's job at the Canadian Consulate has gone from temporary to permanent. Financially this is a big help for the both of us. Most importantly, though, it is a job which Robbie likes. Also fortunate is the fact that I like my job as there is no change on my job front - I remain in the retail tobacco business as there is no progress on my boss' purchasing the wholesale operation.

Another nice thing about Robbie's job becoming permanent is that it should make it relatively easy for us to fund $\frac{1}{2}$ of the costs if our tag-team of Robbie and Marty wins DUFF in 1985. Vote early and often.

I remain in charge of the Fan Room at L.A.CON II, and I am planning on having it a multi-function room with things for fanzine fans both old and new. If you have any ideas on how to make the room more interesting/functional for fanzine fans just drop me a line and let me know.

I know, this zine is out a bit later than we had originally planned. You see, there are all too many distractions lately. Such as: one of our wedding gifts was an Atari video system. And some of the cartridges (currently RIVER RAID) are both adicting and consuming of time better spent typing stencils. *sigh* See you all next issue (and some of you at Worldcon). ---Marty Cantor

VISUAL PUNS ANSWERS: (1) Honkey dorrry (2) McDonald Quarter Flounder (3) Filly of Sole (4) Cross Wok (5) Buddist Monk commits Self-emulation.



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