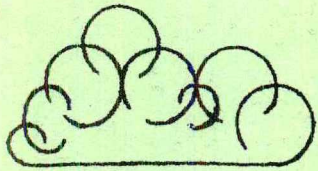
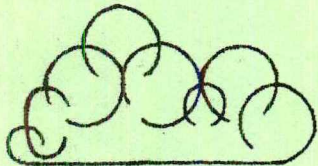
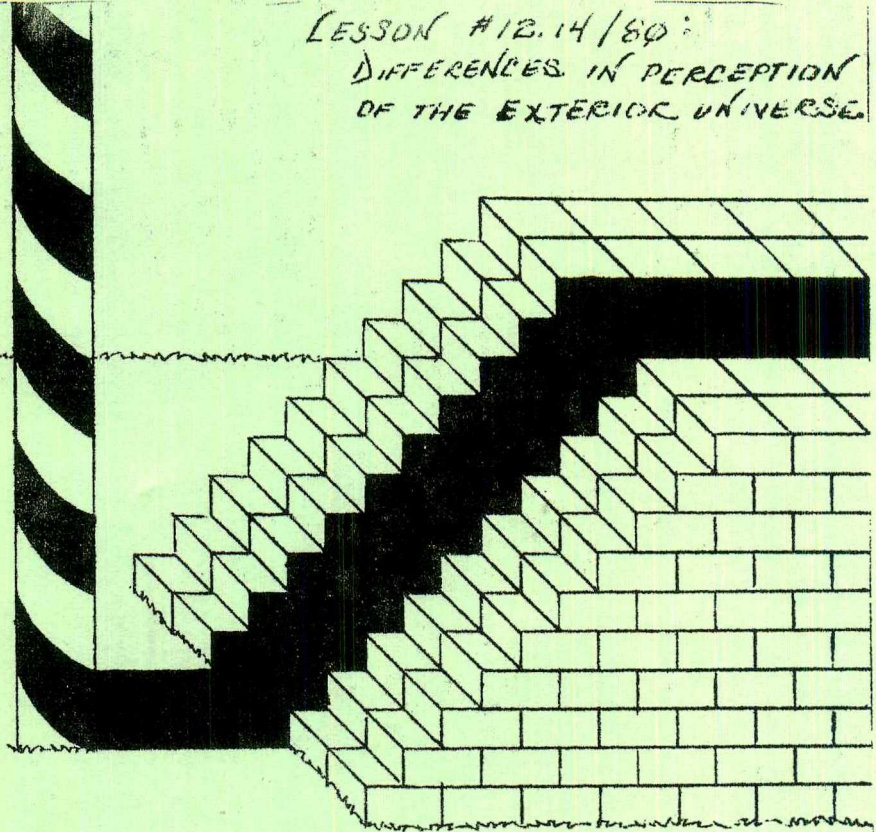




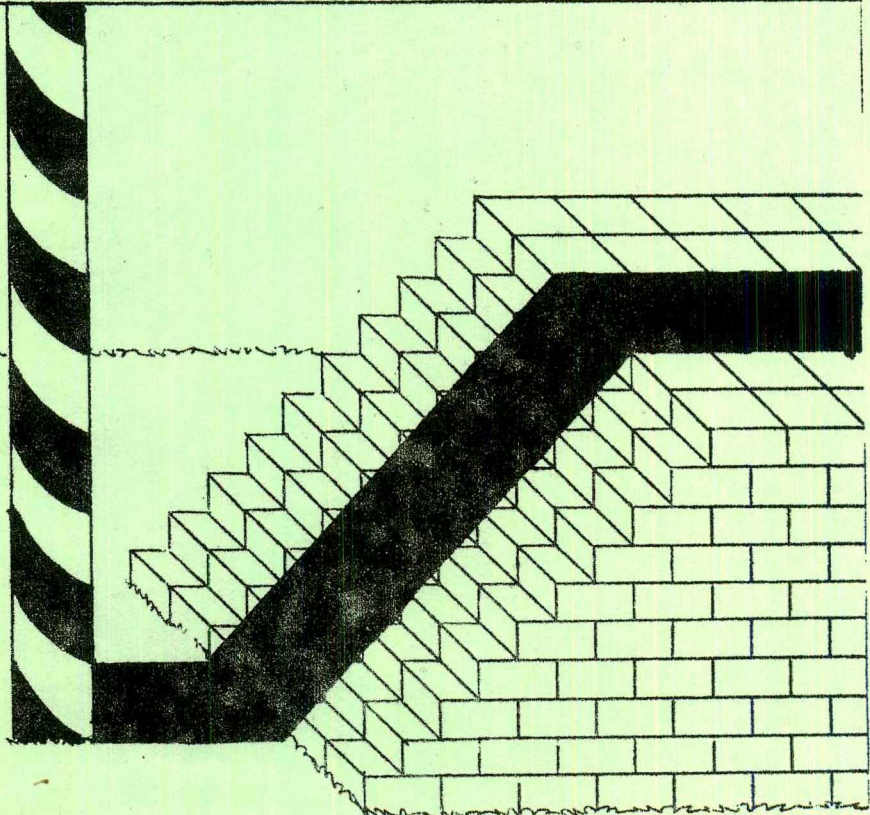
LESSON #12.14/80:
DIFFERENCES IN PERCEPTION
OF THE EXTERIOR UNIVERSE.



1.) VIEWPOINT:
THOSE WHO REFUSE
TO READ
SCIENCE FICTION.



2.) VIEWPOINT:
THOSE WHO REFUSE
TO REFUSE TO READ
SCIENCE FICTION.



July 31

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

*And thinks that Britain in '87 is a
simply smashing idea.*

WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS

- ☒ We trade.
- ☐ Would you like to trade?
- ☐ You locced/contributed.
- ☐ We would like for you to loc/contribute.
- ☐ 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 more.
- ☐ 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 heard from you that we will have to stop sending HTT to you if you do not Do Something soon.
- ☐ Editorial whim/wher.

HOLIER THAN THOU 17

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explaining nessie

BY

marty cantor

The LoC Ness Monster still seems to be misunderstood by some people so I think that I shall expend some editorial space writing about HTT's letter column.

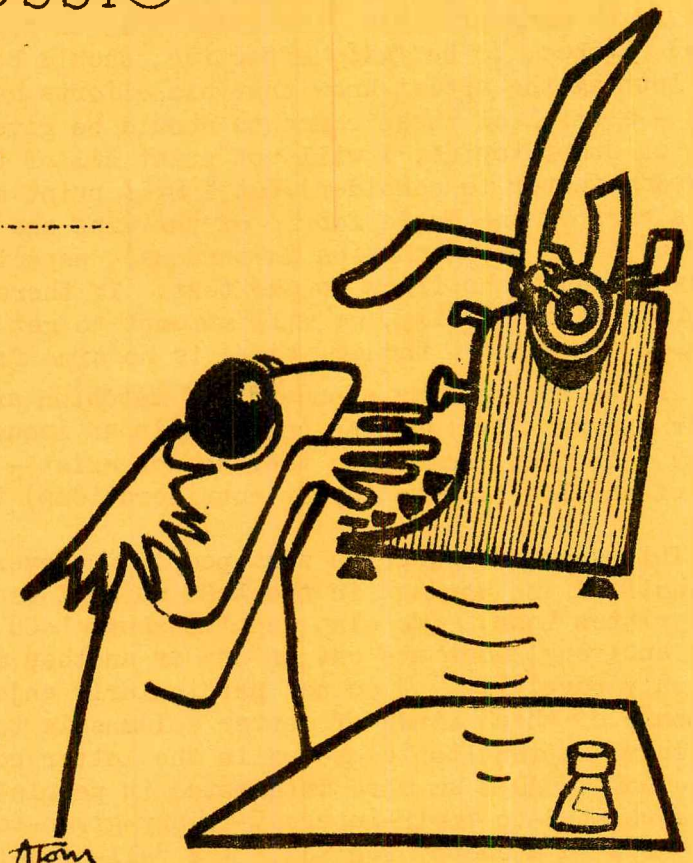
Some basic background to keep in mind is that my first written fanac was in comment-oriented APAs ~~where~~ *one always talks whilst facing East*. Soul-baring APAs, at that. This accustomed me to a form of fanac where fen feel free to say anything and everything to anybody and everybody.

More basic background is my commitment to fairness - I hold a civil libertarian belief that every person has a right to state their case.

A third idea which is important is that I consider each person to be a distinct individual with a unique way of expressing himself.

By now you should be getting an idea of some of what goes into making up the Monster - I believe that a topic is best covered by letting a bunch of individuals have a go at expressing their opinions on that topic.

There is, though, editorial filtering. HTT is not, after all, an APA. I grant you that the Monster is consistently the longest regular letter column of any current fanzine; still, and aside from the fact that we cannot afford the costs involved in printing every word of each LoC, to print every word of each LoC would result in a bloated Monster that would be both mind-numbing and boring. On many topics unique individuals are not always *that* unique; so, when any given comment on a topic is fairly similar to another comment



on the same topic, I see no reason to print both of them. Also, as with any group of unique individuals, some of them may write things on certain topics in ways that I may consider uninteresting, unenlightening, or even boring - thus we have some editorial work being done.

Sometimes I will edit down to one comment a correction of an error printed in the previous issue. This is done so that the error is noted without a seeming wholesale condemnation of the person committing the error. In this issue I have printed only one of the several mentions about Mike Glycer's misattribution of the origin of the Chorp dimension (and I hope that I remember what I just wrote when I get to the actual typing of the stencils). I will, though, allow more negative things about both me and HTT to see print - in many ways HTT can be considered a participatory medium and I consider both myself and HTT to be fair game to the participants. The same goes for Robbie's co-editing job here.

Vastly under-egobooed, in places other than HTT, are the artists who help create the ambience of many fanzines. Well, *we* appreciate what our artists draw for us. This is why I put in so many of those "loved the illo on page 51" and "wonderful cover" type of comments. Egoboo, to be *fully* effective, should be a public affair. I do not believe that just letting the artist know that his efforts have gotten a number of comments is sufficient - several of those comments should be given public exposure in the zine. As in comments on other topics, I will not print all of these comments about the artwork (there is a boredom factor to consider) but I *will* print some of them. The artwork in HTT is very much a part of the basic fabric of the zine and I want *everybody* to know this. Where possible (even if the connexion is tenuous), especially in the article section of the zine, we try to match the illos to the text. If there is the time to do it, when we have no appropriate illos on file, we will attempt to get an artist to produce some illos for that article. Sometimes, though, there is no time for this *and* our files are thin. We cope.

In the Monster, my standards of matching art to text are not always as strict as they are in the rest of the zine (he says in an issue that will reflect the thinness of the art files). In fact, sometimes they do not exist - sometimes I am more concerned with the size of an illo (due to layout considerations) than to its precise topic. Well, enough on that.

This seems to surprise some people whenever I say it, but it *is* true that I print less than half of the wordage in the LoCs which I receive. HTT attracts verbose and usually well-written LoCs. (We also receive short LoCs - even PoCs.) Some LoCs are printed in their entirety, most are cut to one or another degree. I rarely segment the Monster; and then only partially. I do not particularly enjoy reading segmented letter columns. The rationale of these kinds of letter columns is to separate all of the various topics in the LoCs into distinct topic-groups in the letter column. To me this destroys the cohesiveness of the LoCs. As I am more interested in people-as-related-to-their-interests than in people-as-related-to-their-interest-in-any-given-topic, I find that segmented letter columns leave me with a choppy feeling. The "all-of-a-letter-in-one-place" letter column seems to me to flow much more naturally than a segmented one.

True, I do interject my comments at the end of paragraphs rather than solely at the end of LoCs. What I am trying to do here is to create the feeling of a true dialogue. By a judicious (I hope) ordering of the various LoCs I try to achieve what can best be called a multilog. I try to achieve, also, a coherent flow and order, even if many different topics are contained within many of the printed LoCs. I think that I am sometimes successful with this.

Whether successful or not, though, these are the various things which go into making the Monster the entity which it is. That, of course, and the many good LoCs which are received. So keep those LoCs coming / ~~we are used to sticky messes~~.

--- Marty Cantor

POINT OF VIEW

BY

robbie cantor

In the LoC Ness Monster this issue, we have a lengthy reply from Ian McKeer to the earlier exchange between he and I. One I have only partially responded to. I did not complete the point-for-point confrontation as it is totally pointless - something Ian agrees with me on. He has his mindset; I have mine.

I would like to point out that I did not call him dense and wrong-headed - Marty did. I just think he's a twit. But then, Ian thinks me simplistic (at best - his letter seems to imply worse). We could have a real slanging match over this - all of it wasted. There is no way I will accept his warped (in my opinion) view of the world; there is no way he will accept my warped (in his opinion) view of the world.

I will say that I believe he is dealing from a position of weakness in his statements about Canada, since he is lacking almost all of the facts. He does not fully know Canada or Canadians. This makes him incompetent, in my view, to tell me or anyone else what is wrong (or even what is right) with Canada. Doing so merely demonstrates a certain arrogance - an arrogance he implies Americans are guilty of, in fact.

Let us not forget that the original subject was American Cultural Imperialism *towards* Canada. As a Canadian who has worked for the Federal Government for most of my adult life in departments which would, of necessity, have to deal with any such imperialism *if it existed*, I could, of course, quote chapter and verse to show where Ian has gone astray and pointing out how inaccurate his statements are, but it would accomplish nothing. He does have as much right to his opinion as I have to mine - no matter how wrong I think he is. Should we ever have occasion to meet, I suspect we would have an utterly fascinating and totally aggravating shouting match over this subject, but such arguments are frequently more interesting in person than in print. Ian may be wrong from my point of view but I do respect the way he makes his points known. He doesn't stoop to casting ill-founded aspersions on persons unknown to himself as one Joseph Nicholas does.

The result is that I have no desire to go to print war with Ian. I will continue to disagree with him and to rebut his arguments (there's another letter to hand from him, for example, which may also need reply this issue, unless Marty decides to WAHF it), but I consider it unlikely that I shall ever persuade him to change his point of view and I feel sure he thinks it unlikely that he will ever change my point of view.

On a slightly different topic, Brian Earl Brown and I would seem to be closer to agreement on media fans than his earlier comments in RAFFLES. He made known to Marty and I the fact that his comments in RAFFLES were merely what he considered one possible explanation for why media fen are so disliked. He allowed as how his explanation might not have been the real reason for the widespread dislike of media fandom by fannish fans. I can't explain why media fen are so disliked either, but I suspect that many fannish fans are depriving themselves of the opportunity to discover the really nice media fen that do exist - as both Brian and Marty can attest to.

One side note, though. For any who think I have outgrown my media orientation - uh, sorry people but I haven't. No way. I am now and always will be a media fan - among many other interests. "Doctor Who" turned me on for life! But then, so did Isaac Asimov and Poul Anderson.



---Robbie Cantor

CELLULOID FANTASIA III JEWS IN SPACE?

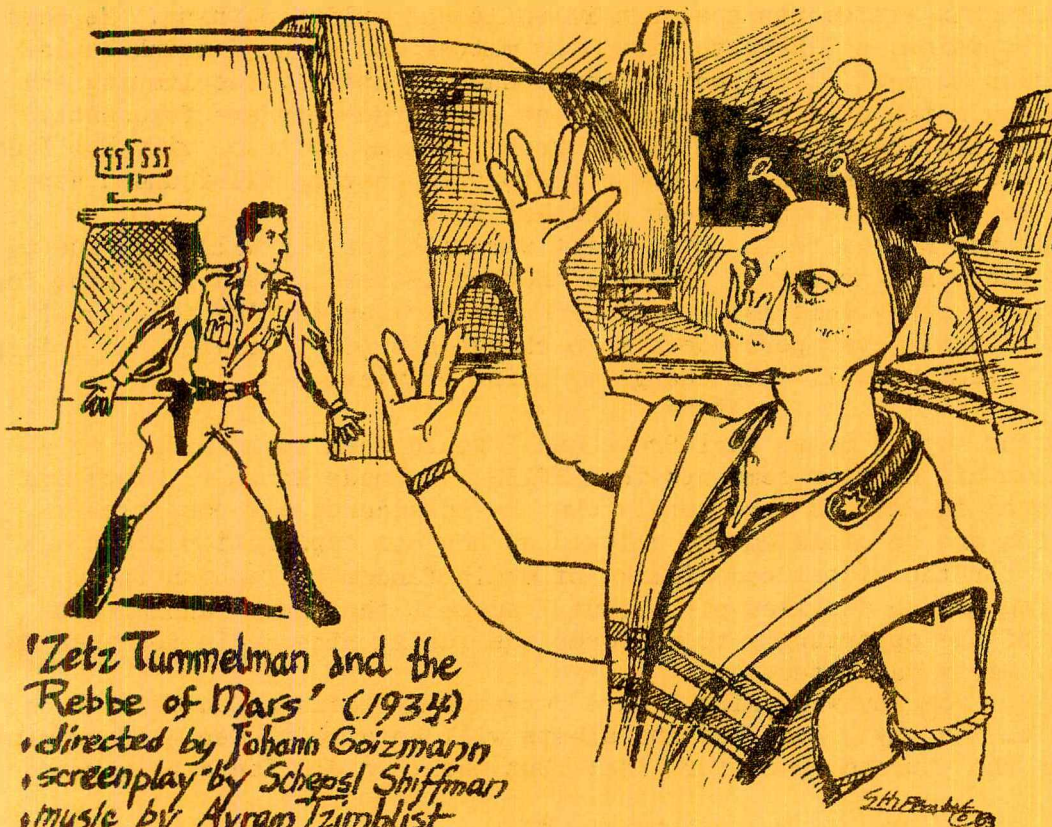
BY
stuart shiffman

// Science fiction fans often have wide-ranging interests outside of this field which has brought us together in fandom. Stuart Shiffman, for instance, has an intense interest in Jewish history. Living in New York City, a city wherein reside almost as many Jews as live in Israel, Stuart has been able to find many sources of information about this subject. In the following article Stuart delineates a little-known area of twentieth century Jewish history./*/*

The 1930's were the great Golden Age of the movie serials, the "chapter plays" like Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon being the best remembered today. (I've

always liked Commander Cody, myself). The most obscure series of the scientific-fictional sort came from the Lost World of the Yiddish sub-culture.

The "Yiddish Moving Picture Company" was founded in the late Twenties to produce radical socialist (but non-Bolshevik) propaganda films, to reach the Yiddish-speaking communities of North America (New York, Montreal, Philadelphia, etc.) and of Eastern Eur-



'Zetz Tummelman and the
Rebbe of Mars' (1934)
• directed by Johann Goizmann
• screenplay by Scheeps! Shiffman
• music by Avram Tzimblist

ope and London. The moving picture, the greatest tool for mass indoctrination until the full development of radio and television, was now at the hands of Jewish socialists ready to inculcate their people with the straight goods on the class struggle and capitalist oppression.

Naturally, they went bust after producing one reel of "DI KAPITALISTN FUN WALL-STRASSE" and the script of "NAYES FUN DI TSUKUNFT", a utopian story in the style of Bellamy or Wells whose title translates as NEWS OF THE FUTURE. The Wave of the Workers' Liberation was unfortunately short of the ready cash to support their experiment in media. So, they.. .uh...sold out to a...er...syndicate headed by garment manufacturer Abraham Seidleman and his gangster son Morris "Bloody Sid" Sidney. The papers were passed over at Ratner's, the renowned dairy restaurant on the Lower East Side, over cheese blintzes and borscht. The socialists took their money and switched to union organisation and more conventional means of dispersing information.

Seidleman and son found a front man, Mischa Herzog, who had worked in Yiddish theatre with the *Folksbiene* and Thomashefsky, and with Fox and Cohn (eventual heads of the companies that would become Twentieth Century-Fox and Columbia) as a projectionist and cameraman. That had been when the heart of the film industry was in Astoria, Queens and New Jersey. Herzog secured a warehouse and a plot of land in Brooklyn, on Flatbush Avenue, to serve as the new studio.

Yiddish film has never been known for great art, or subjects for auteurist discussion. The most typical were mass-entertainments such as THE TWO SISTERS with Jennie Goldstein, which feature an immense amount of eye-rolling and staggering with emotion in an exaggeration of the obsolete style of earlier American film.

Yet there were the occasional excellences, usually adaptations from Yiddish literature and theatre. Examples come to mind, including the 1939 adaptation of Sholem Aleichem's TEVYE with Maurice Schwartz in the title role and music by Sholem Secunda; THE DYBBUK by Ansky; and the adaptation of Sholem Asch's UNCLE MOSES.

The future Zetz Tummelman character, the Yiddish Flash Gordon, began to evolve in 1930 with "DI ARBAYTER SCHTIMME". This film, the first to unite the future Zetz Tummelman, actor Anton Rokeachs, and his creator, writer/cartoonist Schepse Schiffmann, is a strange knockoff of the popular "JAZZ SINGER" with the protagonist switched to a Jewish socialist and labour organiser in the pre-Great War Lower East Side. The title, incidentally, translates as THE WORKER'S VOICE. While this sentimental tale was unable to supplant the images of Georgie Jessel and Al Jolson in the original (though it might that of Neil Diamond), its evocation of the idealistic young man portrayed by Rokeachs led finally to the creation of a Kimball Kinnison reborn with a Yiddish accent.

The team of Rokeachs, Schiffmann and director Johann Goizmann (pronounced "Houseman") continued through the next few years. It involved such films as the musical biographies "THE ABRAHAM CAHAN STORY" (founder of the FORVERTS) and "BAAL SHEM TOV" (the founder of Hasidism) of 1931 and 1932, and the adventure films "DI ALTER REGIM" (1932), "DI YIDISHER COWBOY" (1933) and "DI TRENTSCHES" (1933) - the last a Great War story - all with a minimum of *shund* or trash. It was in a third film of 1933 that the character of Zetz Tummelman reached the penultimate stage of development. In "DI ZIONIST", Rokeachs plays Aaron Tummelman, with a biography taken from the martyred Joseph Trumpeldor including his heroism during the Russo-Japanese War by organising the Zionists while a POW in Japan. The film builds wonderfully to the climactic siege (paralleling that of Tel-Chai and only excluding the massacre of the defenders) by the Arabs of Tummelman's settlement and his reunion with his lady love bringing the ~~Seventh Cavalry~~ *shomrim* or Jewish guardsians.

With 1934 came the first Yiddish-language motion picture serial, "THE ADVENTURES OF ZETZ TUMMELMAN". This scientificfictional series of cliffhangers followed, in the naming of the title character, the example of Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon and Crash Corrigan. The plot was not particularly sophisticated and owed more than a little to the Flash Gordon series. Emmanuel Goldberg was "Dr. Alexei Zhidoff", a rocket experimenter - his sole appearance in Yiddish, and under his own name. Munye Weisenfreund portrayed the evil tsar of the planet Shaygitz, the ever-rotten Pinkus the Pityless. With Zhidoff and his beloved Perel, Zetz Tummelman travels to Shagitz in the doctor's rocket, Di Freylakh fun Bruklin (The Joy of



Brooklyn) and pursues numerous picaresque adventures among the Florist People, the Eagle-men (Adlermenshn) and in the skyscraping palace of Tsar Pinkus the Pityless.

Special effects were provided by the animators of the Fleicher Studio.

The theatres in Manhattan, Montreal, London, Vienna and Warsaw that began to show the serial were swamped by the crowds. They came over and over again to see the Zetz Tummelman chapter, and not the Yiddish Moving Picture Company's adaptation of Abraham Cahan's YEKL (re-made in the 1970's as "HESTER STREET") or the Jewish National Fund's short subject on the Palestinean settlement Degania. The Bundkinemapalats in Warsaw had to add several special showings of just the chapter, as did the Thomashefsky Theatre on Second Avenue.

Mister Seidleman and his son were pleased. Mischa Herzog was relieved.

Zetz entertainment?

Late in 1934, the dynamic trio of Goizmann, Schiffmann and Rokeachs completed a two reeler: "ZETZ TUMMELMAN UN DI MARZIANER REBBE" - ZETZ TUMMELMAN AND THE RABBI OF MARS! The *Tummelman patryotn* (Tummelman fans) went completely wild.

Basically, it was a matter of Tummelman on Barsoom, the Mars of Edgar Rice Burroughs' fiction. It picked up the story line of the serial, with Tummelman in Germany to secretly obtain parts for Dr. Zhidoff's rocket. Beaten severely by a gang of Brownshirts and left for dead, Zetz groggily spies the light of the planet Mars and is transported there. On Mars he finds himself in the ancient city of Varhun, among the giant green Martians (referred to as *di Varhuner griner*). He meets the rebbe of the title, the *Varhuner Gaon* named Spurs Spulkis, and the red-skinned Jewish-Barsoomian princess named Dejah Tsoris. I imagine that you can guess the rest of the action...

The wildly popular two-reeler was followed by a successful but pedestrian serial called, in its English sub-titles, ZETZ TUMMELMAN AND THE LOST TRIBES OF

ISRAEL. These last were discovered within the Hollow Earth by Tummelman, Zhidoff and Zetz's beloved Perel Schoenkayt.

In *THE HAMAN OF SPACE*, a 1936 two-reeler, Zetz is again pitted against Pinkus the Pityless and his troop of renegade Shygitzn. (As an aside, *Haman* was the name of the Persian Hitler-role model in the Book of Esther.) The *Frey lakh fun Bruklin* encounters Tsar Pinkus in his space-faring flagship *Shklafmacher* on its way to ravage Earth. On the asteroid Kugl, Tummelman and associates organise the native Kuglmenshn to fight a holding guerilla action until the Earthlings can destroy the malevolent flotilla. A particularly notable scene involves an Athletic Meet held by the Pinkusnik Shaygitzn with heavy parody of the Nazis'

Berlin Olympics. The symbology of the Pinkusniks has become much more Hitlerian in the two years since the original Zetz premiere, which may be attributed to the design work of Miriam Richter. Richter was a German Jewish refugee and a former set designer for UFA.

Munye Weisenfreund reprised his role as Pinkus the Pityless, and doubled as Dr. Alexei Zhidoff with different makeup. These were highly effective portrayals. Karen Kayemet, another German Jew, replaced Sophy Moss as Perel Schoenkayt and provided a much *stronger* characterisation, transforming Perel from a mere appendage of Zetz to a true partner. THE HAMAN OF SPACE also introduced the Brooklyn-born Daniel Kaminsky as Zetz's friend Leibel "Lefty" Zalman. The red-headed young actor achieved instant popularity.

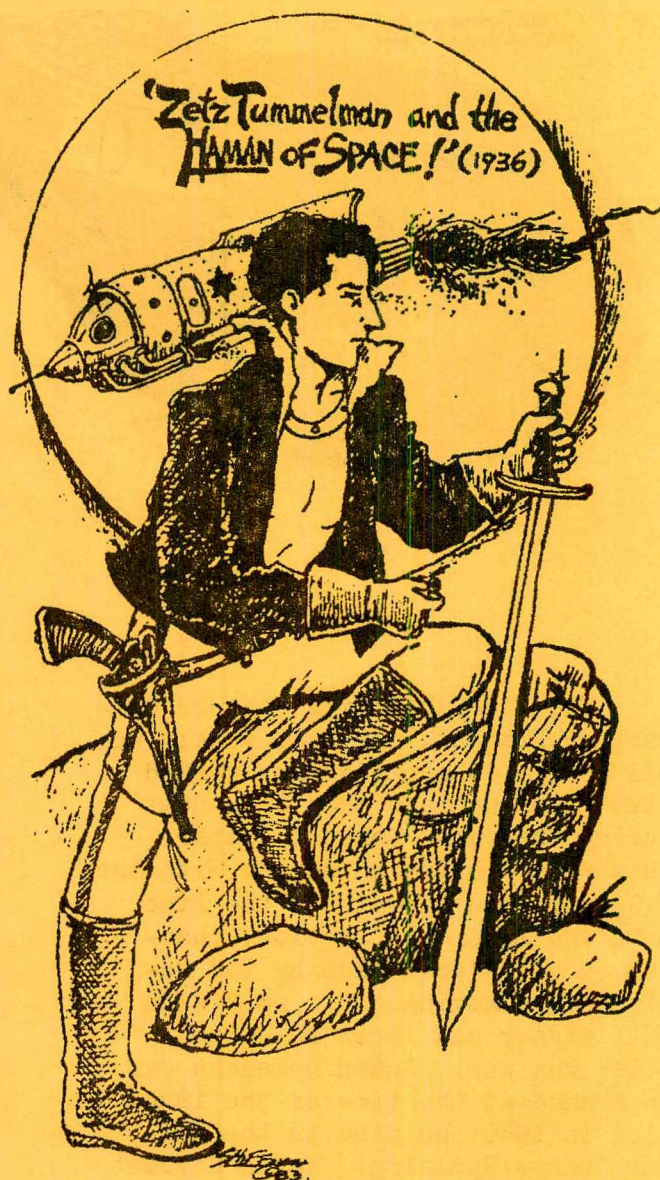
In 1937, the terrific trio made an historical musical about Christopher Columbus and his Marrano (converted Jewish) interpreter Luis de Torres. Despite some decent musical numbers arranged and composed by Avram Tsimbalist, the less said about this film the better.

"ZETZ TUMMELMAN UN DI SHIKAGER BANDITN", a 1938 serial, continued a move towards reality at a time when reality was growing harder to accept. Zetz Tummelman against the organisation of a pair of Chicago gangsters initially seems more mundane, until one sees the story as an allegory of Hitler's activities and the need for a humanistic stand against his gangster-like methods. Europe's shadows were closing in on the imagination of the screenwriter Schepse Schiffmann. The democracies were confronted by extortion and protection payments. The Jews of Europe would be facing something vastly worse.

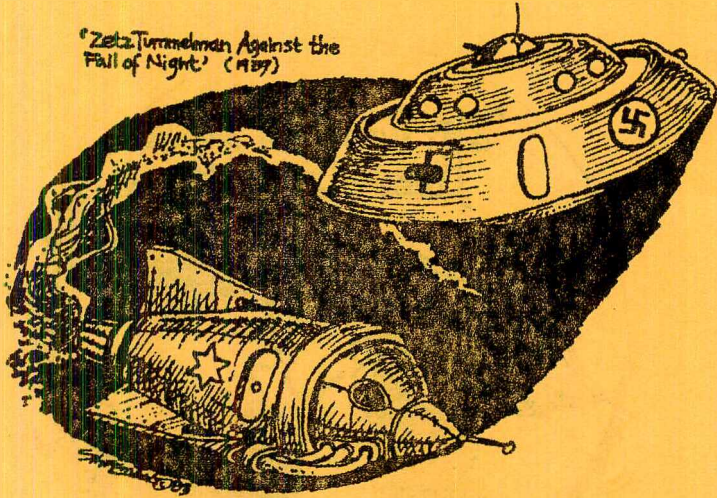
The final Zetz Tummelman adventure was perhaps the most melancholy in retrospect. With the invasion of Poland by the German Army in September 1939 mere months after its release, the full-length AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT pits Tummelman in ironic opposition to the might of the Nazis. It is so easy in a fantasy for Right to triumph. It was shown in the Bundkinemapalats in Warsaw and theatres in Lublin and Lodz only days before the Germans crossed the frontier.

In AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT, Tummelman is called in by Alexei Zhidoff to rescue a scientist friend from the concentration camp of Falkenhof (strictly fictional). They concoct a plan to perform a blitz raid in the Frey lakh fun Bruklin and take aboard Pawel Einblatt and as many others as possible. How easy in a fantasy.

Enroute from a destroyed Falkenhof to the fictional kibbutz Kfar Ramah in Galilee, the Frey lakh fun Bruklin is confronted by a mysterious saucer-like object over the Sudetenland.



'Zetz Tummelanden Against the Fall of Night' (1937)



The young Issur Demsky plays the pilot of this experimental craft, Luftleutnant Hachmut von Kleinkopf of the Wunderflieger WF120. A running battle ends with the destabilisation of the WF120 and its descent in flames over the Slovakian border.

It's so easy in a fantasy. In the final assessment, was this all meaningless? The Yiddish-speaking world was destroyed. The rejection of the Yiddish language as symbolic of the ghetto and *Galut* (the exile or Diaspora) by the Zionists ensured the ascendancy of Hebrew and the withering away of the former tongue. Assimilation doomed it in the West.

The Yiddish Moving Picture Company of Flatbush survived weakly until 1942. Johann Goizmann worked with Frank Capra's Army film unit during the war. Schepse (later Shepherd) Schiffmann served with the U.S Army as a Captain in the Fine Arts and Monuments section, chasing objets d'art taken by the Nazis before moving on to work with Will Eisner and later EC comics after the war. Anton Rokeachs was in France at the time of the invasion in 1940; he died in the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. Karen Kayemet now lives in Haifa. Daniel Kaminsky worked for Samuel Goldwyn and more recently appeared in a contemporary television drama. The great Polish actor Josef Tura, who portrayed the physicist Pawel Einblatt, escaped to England in 1942 and was interned by the British. After several months, he was released and made Polish-language broadcasts on the BBC. Tura died in 1979 in California after a successful post-war career in Hollywood.

It's so easy in fantasy...
---Stuart Shiffman



SILLY TRUE LOVE!

BY
boyd raeburn

// FAPA has long had the reputation of being the elephants' graveyard of fandom where old fans and tired go to die. Perhaps this is so; this, though, does not mean that those who retire into FAPA cease creating writing of interest. Case in point: the following item by oldtime fan Boyd Raeburn. This is reprinted by permission of the author from his zine in FAPA #182.*

Every year, around this time (approaching Christmas), a reporter or magazine writer works out the current cost of the gifts in The Twelve Days of Christmas - the traditional version. So he finds out the current costs of seven swans, six geese, five gold rings, etc. And the current wage rates for an eight-hour day for twelve drummers, eleven pipers, and so on in order to come up with a total.

But, obviously, following the reporters' credo of "Get the facts, get them fast, and get them wrong", none of these writers has comprehended the actual *meaning* of the words...what the song *actually* says.

The song says that on the first day of Christmas "True Love" sent to "me" a partridge in a pear tree. Then it goes on to say that on the second day "True Love" sent "me" two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree. This is what it says is *sent* on the second day; the partridge in a pear tree is not added as a repetition of the first day's gift. So by the second day "me" has received a total of two turtle doves and two partridges in two pear trees. By the fifth day, "me" has accumulated five gold rings, eight calling birds,



nine French hens, eight turtle doves, and five partridges in five pear trees.

Now, presumably, the eight maids a-milking and the nine ladies dancing, etc. go home at night and come back the next day, so that "me" doesn't wind up with forty maids a-milking, etc. But, according to the song, "me" winds up with:

12 partridges in 12 pear trees;
22 turtle doves;
30 French hens;
36 calling birds;
40 gold rings;
42 geese a-laying; and
42 swans a-swimming.

Not to mention that added to all the above, "True Love" has had to pay for:

5 days of eight maids a-milking;
4 days of nine ladies dancing;
3 days of ten lords (ballet dancers?) a-leaping;
2 days of eleven pipers piping; and
1 day of twelve drummers' drumming.

At the end of the twelve days "me" has completely had it. She has a yard full of squawking poultry (as well as full of poultry droppings, not to mention the contributions to the mess made by the milk maids' cows for five days); she has a headache from the pipers and drummers; the neighbours are complaining and getting up petitions; and the police keep coming around to tell her sternly that her area is not zoned for livestock, and that she faces a heavy fine if she doesn't get rid of it all. On top of which, her pool man has taken one look at the 42 swans in the swimming pool and resigned the account.

Meantime "True Love's" credit card companies, alarmed at the accounts he is running up, have lifted his cards. "Me" has told "True Love" that she never wants to see him again. "True Love" couldn't afford to buy a tank of gas to visit her anyway. Two lovers have broken up. And people happily sing about it at Christmastime.

--- Boyd Raeburn

RESULTS OF THE LATEST HTT CONTEST

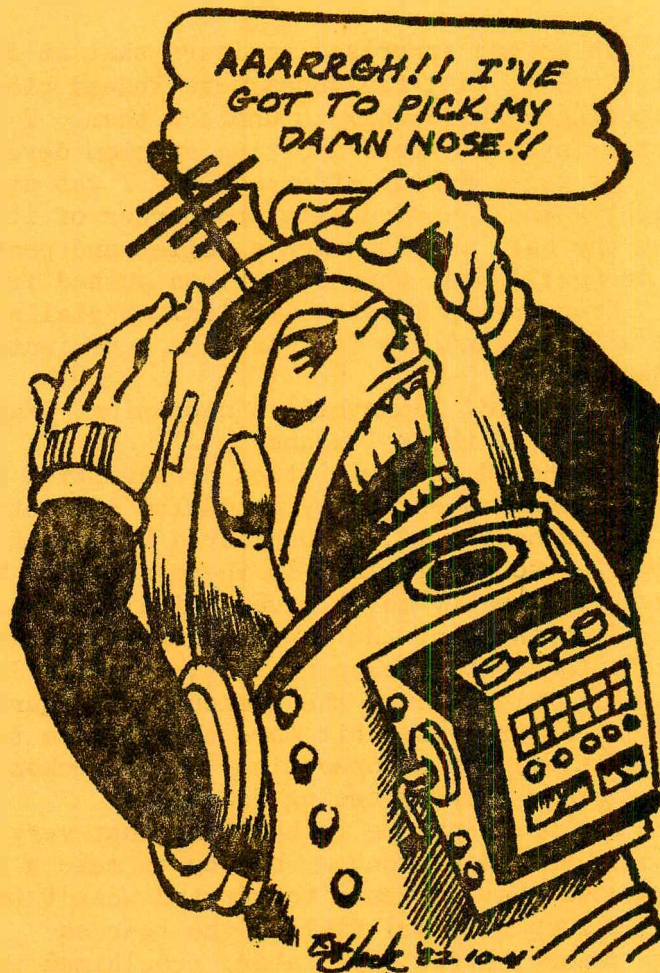
Josef Stalin School of Participatory Democracy	- John Mitchell
Pol Pot School of Population Control	- John Mitchell
John Wayne Gacy School of Gay Courtship Rites	- John Mitchell
General Jaruzelsky School of Labour Relations	- John Mitchell
Richard M. Nixon School of Political Survival	- John Mitchell
Thalidomide School of Nausea Prevention	- John Mitchell
Rev. Moon Conference on Original Thought	- John Mitchell
Harlan Ellison School of Fan Relations	- John Mitchell
Joseph Nicholas School of Rhetoric and Making Friends	- John Mitchell
The Edward Teller Peace Institute	- Ian McKeer
The Weatherman School of Negotiation	- Richard Faulder
The Kent State School of Marksmanship	- Richard Faulder
The Earl Mountbatten School of Explosives	- Richard Faulder
The Joseph Nicholas School of Correspondence	- Edd Vick
The George Steinbrenner School of Managerial Decorum & Pugilism	- Arthur Hlavaty
The Jim Jones School of Drink Mixing	- Mike Glicksohn
The Andrushak Method of Winning Friends	- Mike Glicksohn
Adolf Eichmann's School of Pest Control	- Mike Glicksohn

// Very disappointing. HTT readers have done better in the past./*/*

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

BY
jean weber

// For the sensitive of heart the shooting of horses is a truly disgusting subject. So, too, in its own way is this article - but you need not be sensitive to fully appreciate its grossness./*/*



About four years ago, I began weeping from my right eye. After a few months of mopping tears off my cheek with ever-increasing frequency, I decided that it wasn't just going to go away, so I sought medical attention. Obviously something was blocking the normal flow of tears out of my eye. At that time I didn't even know what the "normal flow" was, - if we'd been taught that at school, I'd long since forgotten. I did my university work in botany, after all.

The eye doctor (Dr. S) prescribed drops, claiming that the weeping was probably due to an allergy or infection of some sort.

"In only *one* eye?" I asked dubiously.

"If the drops don't work, we'll try flushing it out."

Several months and various eye drops later, I was getting a bit impatient. Finally Dr. S agreed to "flush out" the drainage tubes.

First we had a bit of discussion about local anaesthetics.

"Don't use xylacaine," I said. "It doesn't work on me."

"Oh, we'll just use two shots if one isn't enough."

"You're wasting your time. I once had *six* shots of the stuff and it still didn't work. Please use something else."

I lost that round too (whatever happens to assertiveness training when you really need it?). I've since learnt to say I'm allergic to xylacaine; it saves argument.

So I effectively had the "flushing" without benefit of anaesthetic. A little metal syringe is inserted into the opening of the tubes in the eyelid and a solution is pumped in.

Is anyone surprised to learn that it didn't work? After much messing about, Dr. S admitted that, yes, the tubes were indeed blocked. He decided that I should come back the following week for him to unblock them. I don't recall now what he proposed to do, because in the interim a more exciting symptom developed.

It was a Friday afternoon and I was staying late at work. My eye had been itching slightly and I was rubbing the corner of it. Suddenly I noticed blood on my hand. I raced down the hall to the women's toilet and peered in the mirror. When I pressed on the corner of my eyelid near the nose, blood gushed from both openings in the eyelid. Panic Stations!

Ever try to locate a medical specialist after 5 p.m. on a Friday? I was impressed; his office found him in less than ten minutes. His reaction upon hearing my recital of symptoms?

"Oh, good! Something's happening. Maybe now we can figure out what's causing the blockage." I think I moaned.

He phoned an antibiotics prescription to the all-night chemist, and told me to come in the following week for my scheduled appointment. Great! Five days in which to worry.

When he saw me, he suggested I consult a surgeon in Melbourne, there being no one in Canberra who specialised in these sorts of blockages (still not saying *what* might be causing it). Fine by me; I have medical insurance, I want the best.

At this point the Christmas holidays were almost upon us, so I got an appointment with Dr. H, the Melbourne specialist, in early January 1980, on a Friday, and made arrangements to visit friends over the weekend. I figured on at least two expensive trips by plane (an 8-hour car trip is a bit more than I care to drive), one for the examination and one (some weeks later) for an operation. So I reckoned I might as well enjoy the necessity of visiting another city by seeing friends.

But Dr. H put me in hospital that very day and operated the next (a Saturday!). He said it was to prevent my having to make a second trip to Melbourne, but I now wonder if he suspected that it was a tumour and wasn't telling me. Because that's what it turned out to be: a lump (tumour) filling the tear sac. Yet, Dr. H seemed quite surprised when the biopsy report, a few days later, proclaimed the tumour "suspicious" (apparently a benign version is not uncommon). At that point he immediately did a second operation to "make sure we got it all". The outcome was a small hole punched through the bone of my nose, connecting the drainage system of the eye directly to the interior of the nose, and bypassing the tear sac (now removed) and other drainage apparatus. Eventually the scar healed (almost invisibly), my nose could tolerate glasses again, and life went on as usual.

Then in late 1982 or early 1983, I began collecting a list of vague symptoms connected with my right eye and right side of nose: a feeling of pressure or swelling on the side of the nose; perhaps a bit of weeping from the eye; and a definite dribble from the nostril, as if I had a perpetual cold. For some time I kept thinking that I was just being paranoid to connect every ache and twinge on the right side of my face with the operation, but the nasal incontinence slowly and steadily grew more pronounced. A more freaky symptom was the occasional nosebleed, especially when I picked some snot out of my nose.

Finally I decided that another visit to the medicos was in order, and steeled myself for another series of run-arounds. Sure enough, the GP I went to (not my usual GP, as I've been temporarily living in the Sydney area) tried to fob me off with drugs ("It's probably an allergy." "In only *one* nostril?"), but I insisted on a referral to an ear-nose-throat specialist. (In Australia, visits to specialists are only claimable on medical insurance if you've been referred by a GP; dental work and routine eyeglass prescriptions are about the only exceptions.)

This specialist, Dr. L, listened to my past history, made a brief examination, announced that my symptoms were almost surely related to the previous operation, and that there appeared to be a tumour present. He took a largish tissue sample for biopsy and sent me for X-rays. When he showed me the spongy mass of tissue he'd snipped out of my nostril, I recognised it - it looked just like the snot I'd been picking out of my nose. Apparently I'd been picking little bits off the tumour, making it bleed.

Two weeks later (now mid-April 1983), all the results were in. The verdict: a major operation was in order, as the tumour was considered "low-level" (whatever *that* means)

malignant. I tidied up all my affairs, cleared my desk at work, sent out a lot of letters, finished a fanzine, and was generally upset a lot.

On April 28 I had the operation, which took three hours. Then the fun began. Interestingly enough, few of the things that happened were ones I'd expected. For example, last time I woke up with a large bandage on my head, covering one eye completely, and of such a size that I couldn't get my glasses on at all. I'd come prepared for this, with an FM radio and my contact lenses, but this time there was no bandage at all - not even a pad or tape over the suture line!

What I did find was a nose full of gauze (known as "packing"), which looked exactly like a tampon, complete with the little string with a knot in it hanging out of my nostril. Except that the string was white, not the blue of most brands of tampons I'm used to. That was Friday. As the weekend progressed, the packing became saturated with blood and fluids oozing out of the wounds inside my nose. By Sunday evening it precisely resembled a *used* tampon. It was so disgusting that I remarked to Eric, "Marty Cantor would *love* this" - which was how this article began.

Another thing I discovered, that I had not been warned about (but which I probably should have realised), was an absence of any feeling on the right side of my nose, except at the very top and bottom. All the nerves had been cut when the skin was peeled back to allow the surgeons to get at the tumour and the bone (quite a lot of bone was removed). This meant that my glasses didn't directly hurt my nose so I could wear them - but the pressure evidently transfers the discomfort elsewhere, because I got (and still get, though I have now found a remedy) incredible headaches.

In the meantime, several people had come to visit me: a friend from work, Eric, and three other fans. I also talked to a couple more people on the phone. Every single one of them mentioned to me that an Australian racehorse, Gun Synd, had been "put down" on the same day I'd had my operation, and for a similar problem: tumours in the nose.

"At least they operated on *you* !" each of my informants said, chortling gleefully. Now I had a title for my proposed article.

Finally Monday arrived, along with a doctor to pull the packing out. I was impressed with the volume of gauze removed; you could have stuffed a small turkey with it, I think (though why anyone would want to stuff a small turkey with used tampons...).

Monday evening I went home. Tuesday my nose started dripping a bit, just enough to irritate the raw wound around the stitch at the corner of the nostril. This continued for several days. Overnight enough blood and fluid would collect, and dry, to block the nostril completely, so I would gently pick it out in the morning. Friday I had the stitches out. The following Wednesday (two weeks after the op), I went in for a checkup at Dr. L's office. He gave me some cream to put inside my nose to soften the scabs so I could get them out more easily.

Two days later my face swelled up alarmingly on that side. I phoned Dr. L's office, to be told cheerfully, "It does that", followed by a brief lecture on how many things would distress the tissues, causing them to swell. Some time later it occurred to me that the swelling might be a reaction to the cream, and I discontinued using it for several days, but that didn't seem to help and the build-up of scabby material was very uncomfortable. So I used the cream again, and it didn't make matters any worse. I became depressed again.

A week later, to the day, the swelling went down. Then the *real* fun began. Snot began to pour out of my nose. Brown, lumpy, runny snot.



Rivers of it. Unceasingly. I went through a box of 100 Q-tips, and two boxes of Kleenex, in two days.

"Call a snot vampire, Eric. They'd love this."

"Tell it to Marty Cantor."

The second day the snot turned yellow. Both days it had a strange odour. The sweet smell of putrifaction, I decided.

The third day it slacked off. Just lulling me into a false sense of security though. Now great thick congealed lumps began to appear, some so large they could hardly get out unassisted. A few cheated and snuck down my throat. Between choking out lumps and sneezing them out, I was kept busy for most of Monday. I kept feeling what I imagined to be ripplings and tearings inside, as these clots detached themselves from the battered linings of my nose.

Have you any idea how *large* the inside of the nose is? Until I looked in an anatomy book, I hadn't really appreciated the volume involved. Now I did: apparently it had been almost filled with congealed blood and snot, which was now seeking exit.

Right in the middle of dinner (it's enough to make one lose one's appetite), three huge, hard lumps of dried blood attempted exit. They were, indeed, too large to make it on their own, so I had to assist with a forceps delivery. After that I felt much better.

"I'll bet I've lost a kilogram today," I remarked to Eric.

This past Wednesday, I again visited Dr. L for a checkup. His reaction to my summary of what had been happening?

"Yes, good, that's what supposed to happen. You're doing well. Blood clots? Wonderful!"

He then proceeded to wash out my nose inside, using a hose. In the process, he managed to spray water all over me, himself and half the office. ("You make more mess than the dentist" was my helpful comment; fortunately, he seemed to take this as humour rather than criticism.) Another cup or so (it seemed) of clots appeared.

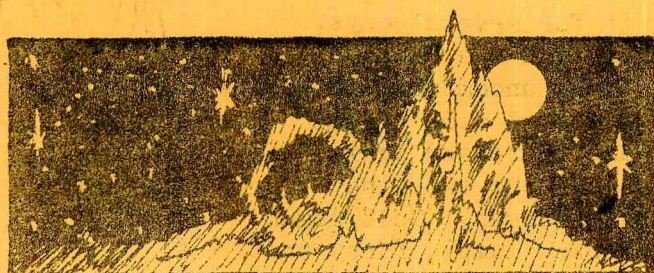
He explained that because so much of the lining of the nose was removed, until it regenerates (at least 18 months), the usual secretions of the nose will tend to dry rather than draining out the throat as is normal. Thus the interior of the nose will tend to "crust" and will have to be flushed out daily. He gave me a prescription for a solution so I can do this at home. I tried it for the first time today. It was rather fun, made somewhat less mess, produced a fine crop of snot, and left me feeling much better.

I wonder what further developments I have to look forward to? (Oh, yes. The pathology report this time suggests that they did take enough bone and tissue to get the whole tumour, so it shouldn't regrow. Let's hope.)

Excuse me, I have to go blow my nose.

--- Jean Weber

/*/ For anyone interested in the gory details of Jean's first operation, they were written up in a zine called "Dacryocystorhinostomy and Dacryocystectomy", February 1980, published in APPLESAUCE, an Australian apa. Copies are available (probably from Jean) for ghouls and medical completists, according to Jean./*/



I REMEMBER

GERALD LAWRENCE

--- VAGUELY

BY
skel

// One wonders just what Skel means when he uses the word "vague". I mean, he even gave me Gerald Lawrence's address so that I could send Gerald a copy of this article. Considering the position that Gerald Lawrence once held in Skel's life, though, I would guess that things Geraldish would tend to be not too easily forgotten./*/*

In the February 15th edition of the "Daily Express" there was an article 'A Taste of Something Different', which was all about the way in which the British palate is becoming more cosmopolitan, about how exotic foodstuffs, originally encountered whilst on holiday or aimed primarily at immigrant sections of the population, are increasingly finding favour with the population as a whole. We are becoming more adventurous in our eating habits and importers, aware of this trend and ever eager to encourage it, are providing us with options we never even dreamed of. The variety of fruit and vegetables available at most busy green-grocers these days is bewildering. Kiwi-fruit, Passion-fruit, mangoes, fresh figs and ly-chees, kumquats, pomelos, ortaniques and many more, not to mention varieties like chow-chow, kalocassi, doody, jack-fruit and seijoa (described as tasting like guava with a hint of pineapple and strawberry) which, according to the article, are supposed to be on the way.

It's the same with fish. The same old standbys are still around but now they find themselves sharing counterspace with dozens of new varieties that look like they've come straight out of an A.E. van Vogt novel. And meat, too. In fact, the article concluded by revealing.....the shape of things to come:

"Already promised from Zimbabwe - cuts of bush-reared meat such as giraffe steak, shoulder of rhino, hyena leg roast and gnu-tail soup."

Reading that last bit I couldn't help but call to mind our good friend Gerald Lawrence, and my thoughts returned, as they often do, to those halcyon days.....before we knew him.

Whenever I see some poor unfortunate, one of life's obvious losers, I think of Gerald Lawrence. Gerald has all the naive optimism of a loser to whom fate has dealt such a bad hand that he doesn't even know he's losing. He's the kind of fan who, if he won TAFF, would book his passage on the SS Titanic.

We first met when he came to one of our parties, the infamous if inappropriately named "Skelorge", back in 1975. He came with some of the Kitten mob, on a sort of group invitation. He had all the charisma and social graces of a month-dead wildebeeste. We consoled ourselves that he would soon be back in London, where he belonged. After he'd been with us a few minutes, it only seemed like hours, he informed us that he didn't get on too well with his father. "Gosh!" we said, trying to sound amazed.

During the course of the party he told us, and everyone else, several times, that he was fed up hammering a computer terminal for a living and was thinking of going to university. He said that it might even be in Manchester, and wouldn't that be lucky because then he would be able to come and visit us every weekend. I remember how impressed he was with our

self-control, with the way we concealed our jubilation at this prospect.

"Cheer up, Cas," I told her later. "Look on the bright side. It might never happen - there's always the chance of a nuclear war."

The missiles never arrived, but Gerald did. He told us that he could only stay with us for six weeks before he would have to move into university lodgings. He was doing an honours degree in Agricultural Economics. It was a three year course.

"Cheer up, Cas," I told her later in the infirmary, after the nurses had pumped all the barbiturates out of her. "Look on the bright side..."

"Jeez!" said the orderly. "That guy's just slashed his wrists."

The years rolled by and our 'son' Gerald introduced us to some of his really interesting friends. I remember the first time he brought one of them round to see us.

"Gerald's bringing a friend this weekend," I told Cas. "What's so funny?"

"It's a joke.....isn't it? I mean, Gerald? Having a friend?"

"Apparently not. Oh, by the way, he says we mustn't mention 'ants'."

That weekend Gerald brought Mark Bennett round to see us.

"Er, hi," said Cas. "What's all this about us not mentioning 'ants' to you?"

I never knew that there were so many different kinds of ants, nor that so much was known about them all. Mind you, if you can picture the sort of person who would know all about ants, who would have this information at his fingertips and who would delight in displaying this encyclopaedic knowledge, then you've got a perfect picture of Mark Bennett. Mark is *just* the sort of friend that Gerald would make. Like I said, Gerald is a born loser.

A perfect example of the sort of impression Gerald makes on people was when we went along to his graduation dinner, as surrogate parents. After three years of attending Manchester University and living in the halls of residence there, the authorities' recollection of him was so vague that his place marker for his graduation dinner bore the legend, "Miss G.G. Lawrence". It wasn't a bad dinner. As a souvenir Cas pinched the floral centrepiece from the wineglass they'd stood in. I nicked an ashtray. Then, when it came time to go, Cas espied what she thought was a glass of white wine being left undrunk upon the table.

After a quick look round to make sure nobody was observing her she grabbed up the glass and glugged down what turned out to be the water out of which she'd filched the flowers.

Even the episode of the place-marker did not tip Gerald off to the fact that he was one of life's losers. Remember, he'd gone to University in the first place because he was fed up with being in computing - so I asked him what the hell sort of job did he expect to get with a degree in agricultural economics. I mean, it's not exactly a universal meal ticket, is it?

"Oh," he said, "I'm hoping to get on this project counting fish in Senegal."

It fell through. Apparently it proved impossible to convince the starving Senegalese that they should catch the fish, count them, and then put them back. They were simply too primitive to appreciate this enlightening aid project they were being offered. Undeterred though, Gerald did eventually get a job.....as a computer programmer. And he *still* goes through life with an optimistic grin on his face.

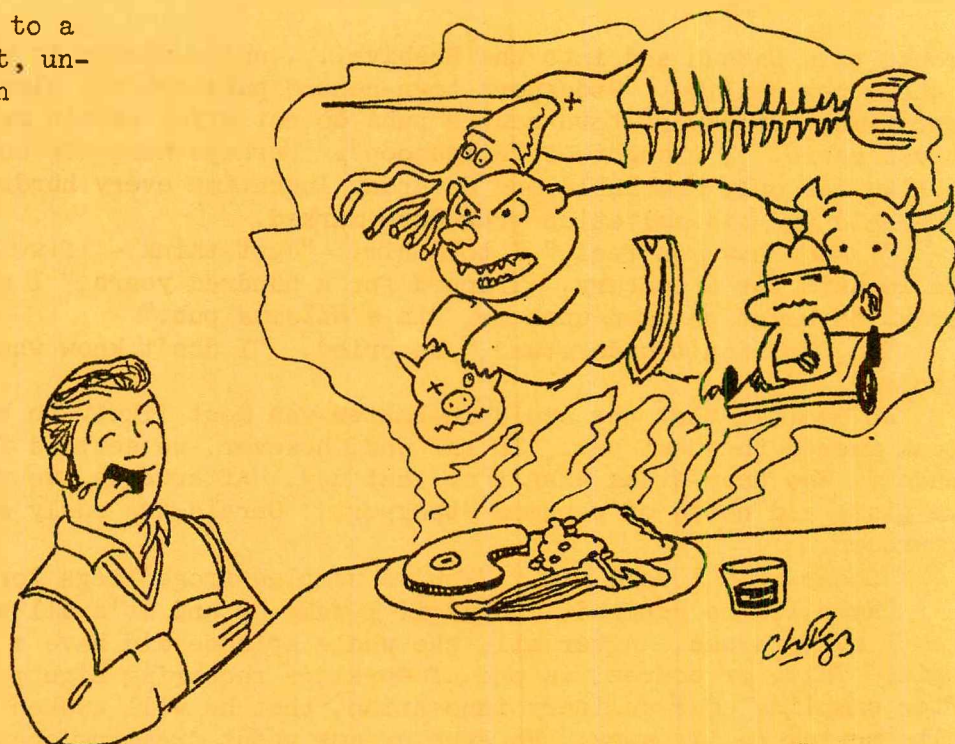


Gerald is *not* the answer to a maiden's prayer. Not, that it, unless she has a ver odd line in prayers. And yet, within his quiet and unassuming breast there burns an all-consuming passion. Fortunately for the ladies, it is a passion for food. Gerald has a burning ambition. He wants to eat things. His motto is: "If it moves, eat it. If it doesn't move, eat it anyway - it's probably only shamming." Not, I should point out, that Gerald is a glutton. Far from it. It is not quantity that drives him, nor even quality. Variety is the spice of his life and he will not be content until he has sampled each and every variety, whether spiced or unspiced, curried or with ketchup. It is Gerald's aim to get hold of wildlife charts featuring the fauna of every country, and to tick them off as he 'collects' them. Gastronomically, Gerald is a completist.

He travelled to Denver in order to eat bison and swordfish. Oh, he claimed that he'd gone to attend a worldcon, and that the bison and swordfish were purely coincidental, but I am not as gullible as he seems to think. I mean, would you believe that of a man who travelled to Scandinavia, *out of season*, just to eat reindeer? Mind you, bison in Denver is easy compared to some of his successes. Gerald must be just about the only fan in the world who could walk into a pub in Stockport and find bear-steaks on the menu. Then again, the Beehive was a pretty weird pub.

From the outside it looked precisely like what it was - a largish Victorian town-centre pub - cold, echoing, almost-but-not-quite a spit-and-sawdust establishment with loud music and *shudder* a pool table. The manager was redecorating it himself in a style that could only be described as a cross between D-T-Y Turkish Brothel and Olde Worlde Disco. There were never many customers, which wasn't too surprising I suppose, bearing in mind the decor and the beer which, to cap it all off, was Wilsons. Wilsons is to real ale as Perry Rhodan is to science fiction.

What had lured us in was the menu-board outside by the door. Apparently the manager had been, until recently, the chef in a fairly ritzy restaurant. Not for him the 'pie and peas' or 'sausage, egg and chips' of many pubs which serve meals at lunchtime. Gerald was all of a dither. He couldn't make up his mind. He questioned me about the pub whilst we waited for them to come and take our order, but as I'd never really noticed it before, let alone been inside, I wasn't able to set mind at ease. I knew what was troubling him because I had the same feeling myself. H. Beam Piper wrote about it in "He Walked Around the Horses". We had stuck our heads into several pubs that Saturday lunchtime and they were all packed with shoppers grabbing food and refreshment, preparing themselves once more to face the bustling throngs in the town's main shopping areas. We'd crossed the road, walked



around this Datsun and into the Beehive.....and suddenly it was as though we'd walked into a whole new reality. Stockport town-centre pubs are *not* almost deserted on a Saturday lunchtime. Stockport town-centre pubs do not offer exotic menus at down-to-earth prices. It was eerie. I thought of "Brigadoon". Perhaps here was something similar. Maybe the Beehive was only reachable one Saturday lunchtime every hundred years. I mentioned this to Gerald and his agitation grew more marked.

"I know how you feel," I told him. "Just think - if we delay too long we may be trapped in here for a century. Trapped for a hundred years," I added as the full horror of the situation began to dawn upon me, "in a *Wilsons* pub."

"No, you don't understand," he cried. "I don't know what to order. Which should I choose?"

We decided that the squid-in-batter was most likely to be found elsewhere. The shark-steak seemed the best bet. In the end, however, we settled for the 'frog legs in provencal sauce'. The bear-steak wasn't on that day. Afterwards, we ventured warily back out into the glare and noise of weekend Stockport. Gerald was oddly subdued for the rest of the afternoon.

"Cheer up," I told him. "You've sampled frogs' legs for the first time in your life."

"Have I?" he replied. "What if I wake up and it's all been a dream?"

I sympathised. After all, the whole episode did have a sort of remorseless dream-logic. This, of course, is one of Gerald's recurring nightmares. He is always afraid, after sampling some culinary innovation, that he will awaken to find that the experience melts meringue-like away. He even dreams about dreaming about it. Fortunately, all our fears were groundless and subsequent visits to the Beehive enabled Gerald to write a culinary *finis* to species after species before the manager moved on to pastures and kitchens new.

One thing about Gerald's gastronomic safaris these days is that he takes me along as a native guide and bearer. Well, he has to. With the passing of the Beehive from the ranks of the exotic food emporia he is now pretty much restricted in where he can boldly eat what no fan has eaten before.

His main problem is that he shares a house with three other bachelors and, though he has the ability, he has neither the time nor the facilities to prepare anything significantly more complicated than beans-on-toast. Thus his penchant for new taste sensations is now only satisfied when he comes to visit us and he dines *chez* Skel. He buys it, Cas cooks it, and we eat it. In all the years before I met Gerald I'd only ever eaten three types of fowl: chicken, turkey, and, once, duck. Tagging along with Gerald I've sampled goose, pheasant, quail, and wood-pigeon.

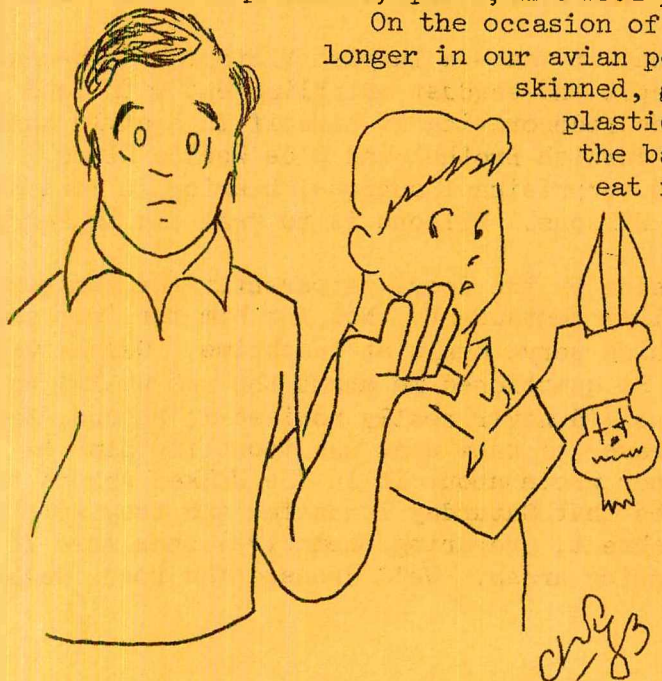
On the occasion of his most recent visit we decided that we were no longer in our avian period and decided to try some hare. The butcher skinned, gutted and jointed it for us, and put it into a plastic bag. When we got it home Cas took one look at the bag of blood and insisted that, if we wanted to eat it, we'd better clean and prepare it too.

"Which bit have you got there?" Cas asked Gerald as he washed a piece under the tap.

"It seems to be the arse," he replied as he looked down in bafflement at the small pile of turds in his hand.

Yes, that's Gerald. Even dead things shit upon him. He is truly one of life's losers.

---Skel



robin hood and the lincoln green condom

BY
marc ortlieb

// I think that most (although not all) male fans would have approached Marc's contre-temps with the same non-aplomb.../*/*

I suppose that it's only reasonable to find that the men's room at the Robin Hood Hotel is called the Little John's. That the female counterpart is called the Maid Marion's is equally predictable. Though Hollywood has chosen to play down that particular aspect of human bodily functions, no doubt Robin Hood's band of Merry Men contributed their fair share towards keeping the green woods green.

Once in the Gents though, the medieval mood is shattered by the expanse of stainless steel trough, the hot-air hand-drier, and the condom vending machine on the wall. Though perhaps reminiscent of the legendary endowment of that most famous of Robin Hoods, Errol Flynn, the machine comes as a bit of a shock to those people not accustomed to finding such rubber novelties so openly displayed.

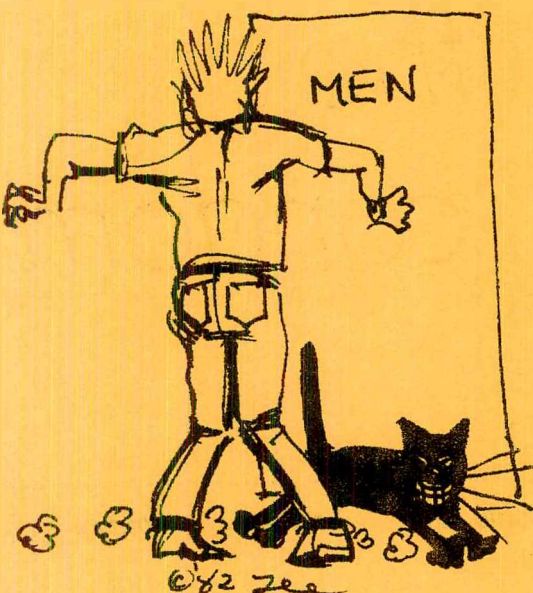
The last time I dined at the Robin Hood, I was so taken by the machine that, upon returning to the table, I mentioned it to my dining companions, Marilyn and Tahnia. I shouldn't have. We'd already finished two carafes of white wine, and our grip on such social conventions as good taste wasn't the firmest. They were equally fascinated, and immediately decided that I should go back into the loo, wait until there was no one in, and then invite them in to have a look at this malthusian wonder.

I was less than enthusiastic, and blushed profusely, explaining that such an act would violate all the basic tenets of my Australian up-bringing. After all, allowing a sheila into the Gents isn't really on, except in cases of direst emergency. Besides, I couldn't see them reciprocating and showing me the sanitary towel dispenser in Maid Marion's. I said "No!"

Unfortunately, this only whetted their appetites. Foiled in their initial idea, they passed me forty cents, and ordered me to go and get them a sample of the machine's wares. Being one of your typical Australian males, I tend to get embarrassed at the thought of buying contraceptives. Such things are, after all, the woman's responsibility, and I'd been raised in the tradition of the male who, having visited seven chemists' shops, ends up with a pocketful of aspirin and a collection of dirty looks from female dispensary attendants. I said "No!" again.

Tahnia is not the sort of woman who will take "No!" for an answer twice in a row. She was determined to have her way. Upon seeing a bloke who was heading towards the door with all the symptoms of a bursting bladder, she beckoned him over, and, thrusting forty cents into his hand, she asked him to buy her a condom. He was totally non-plussed. Pausing only to ask "Ribbed or non-ribbed?" he continued on his original mission.

Despite the fact that I was relatively sober, I was considering sliding under the table. My state of mind was not improved when the bloke returned and deposited the cellophane covered cardboard packet on the table. Whatever happened to plain brown wrappers?



This was emblazoned with a brightly-coloured scene from some tropical island, no doubt hinting that, if one used this particular brand of condom, one could spend the money that would have otherwise gone to support a half dozen bastards on exotic holidays.

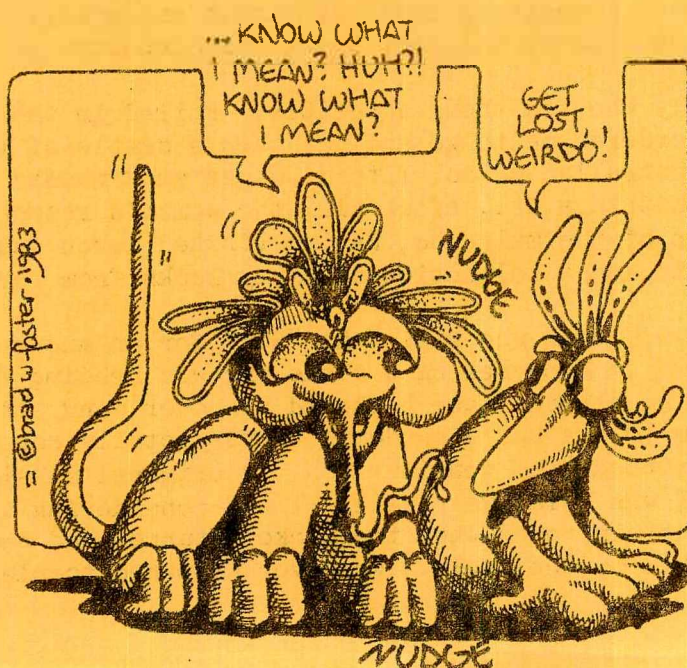
They say hope springs eternal. In their inebriated condition, Tahnia and Marilyn were having some difficulty in removing the cellophane cover. (I must remember that, should I have any future need to unwrap a condom quickly. The Boy Scouts say "Be Prepared"; I'll take the cellophane off before going to bed.) For a happy moment it looked as though they were going to give up and keep the sealed packet as a memento of the evening, but finally the membrane surrendered to their insistent fingernails, the cardboard outer cover was opened, and Tahnia squealed out "It's green!"

It says much for my composure that I didn't melt away there and then. I said nothing when they started to read the instructions on the inside cover. I didn't even react when they placed the colourful cardboard package in the ashtray. I merely offered a silent prayer that the waiter who

emptied the ashtrays wouldn't be excessively conscientious. What I did do, no doubt to the amusement of the bloke who'd bought the condom in the first place, was to talk Marilyn and Tahnia into leaving as soon as possible.

I don't even want to think about the drive home, when Tahnia tried to exchange the condom for a cask of white wine at the local bottle shop. What I do want to know, though, is why no one has ever come up with an idea for a prophylactic that would prevent embarrassing social situations such as that one. If I could get the franchise on that, I would make a mint!

--- Marc Ortlieb



WEATHERING HEIGHTS

BY
adrienne fein

/*/ Adrienne starts this column with a meteorological comment by Arthur Hlavaty. I am not particularly impressed with Arthur's knowledge of things meteorological; he once said "the great outdoors is what you go through to go from one to another great indoors." And, for much of his life he has chosen to live in the proximity of *fnord* snow. Of course, I should talk, living as I do in a place which is sometimes even warm enough to be comfortable in the summer but at least has the saving grace of being warmer than the rest of the U.S.A. in the winter even if it is shivering cold; the high temperature having the unmitigated gall to sometimes drop below +70°F during the cold months. At least I know enough about weather to know that I should not trust air which I cannot see./*/

Some time ago, Arthur D. Hlavaty, a very good friend of mine, was heard, or read, to remark that he liked living in San Francisco because it didn't have any weather.

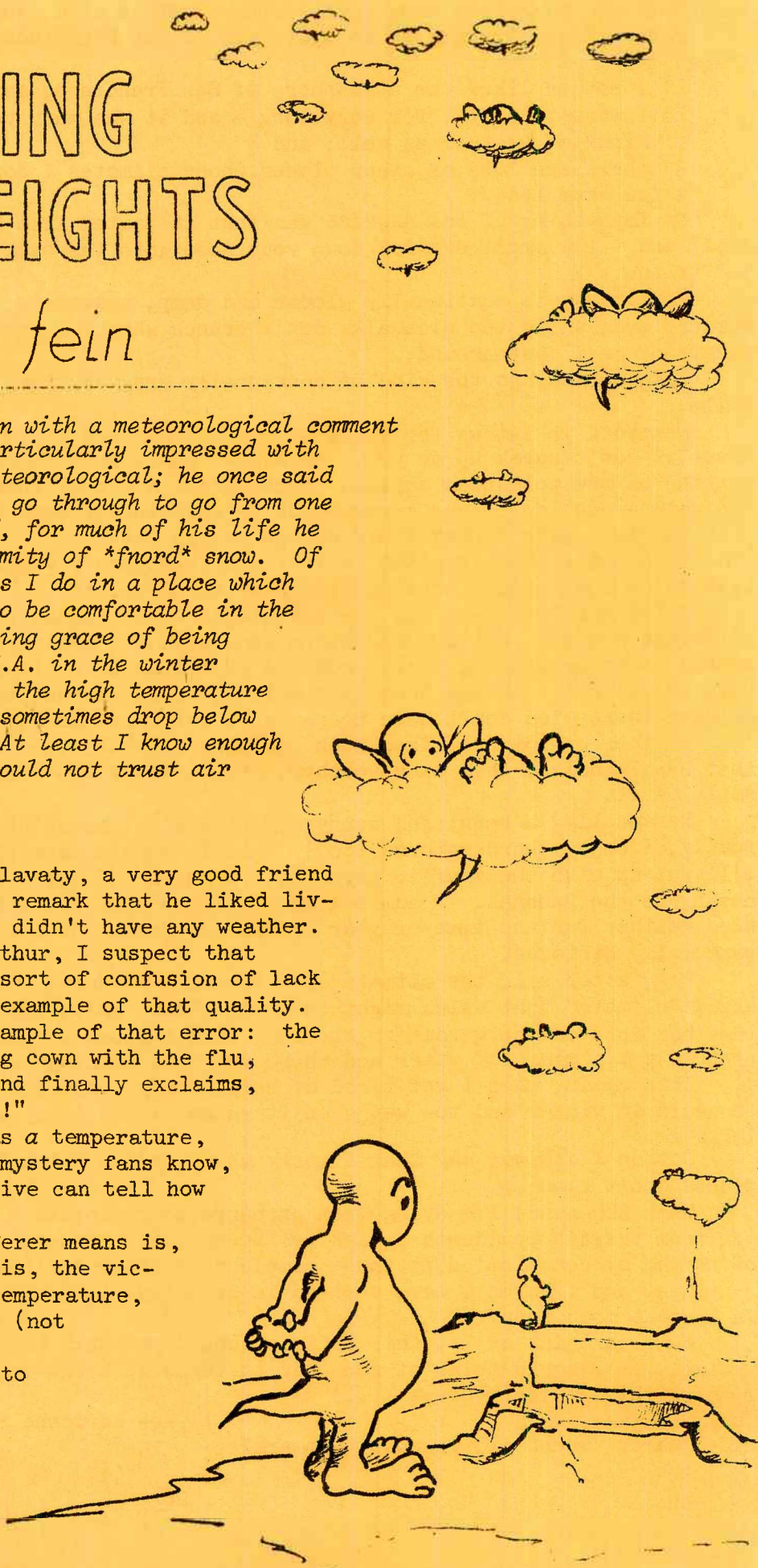
With all due respect to Arthur, I suspect that statement of representing some sort of confusion of lack of a quality with a particular example of that quality.

We all know the classic example of that error: the person who thinks s/he is coming down with the flu, gets out the thermometer,.....and finally exclaims, "But I don't have a temperature!"

Everything and everyone has a temperature, even dead people. In fact, as mystery fans know, that's one way the Great Detective can tell how long the corpse has been one.

What the probable flu sufferer means is, "I haven't got a fever." That is, the victim does not have an *elevated* temperature, a body temperature above normal (not yet, anyway).

I believe it is erroneous to say that San Francisco has no



weather. San Francisco does have weather. It is cold, soggy, and gloomy gray.

Before I get lynched by an irate mob of San Franciscans, I should point out a few things:

- 1) I rather liked the atmosphere of San Francisco, aside from the climate.....;
- 2) I wasn't in S.F. for very long - and it was many years ago - perhaps S.F. has other kinds of weather as well; and
- 3) there are lots of other places whose climates I don't care for either.

A few examples:

My impression of *Los Angeles* was that it tasted like hot garbage. The air didn't just *smell* bad - the smell crawled down your nose into the back of your throat so that you tasted it too.

Pittsburgh is continually gloomy and damp, snowed-in in the winter plus hot in the summer, and, while the sidewalks don't crunch when you walk on them anymore, there's still plenty of coal dust around.

Long Island has the kind of continually gray sky that makes me very depressed after a while.

New York is famous for air you can at least see so you can keep an eye on it - at least it can't sneak up on you. My sister and I were in Manhattan one day and she was commenting on the pollution saying, "Look at the air over there!" Then she realised what she had said - one isn't even supposed to be able to say something like that!

(Marty - have I pissed off enough people yet?)

Arthur does have a point in that San Francisco's weather is the kind that one doesn't have to do much about. One doesn't have to shovel it.

A "neutral" climate has its advantages - not having to have two or three wardrobes for different seasons, not needing storm windows..... One doesn't have to spend inordinate amounts of money heating and/or cooling dwellings in a place like San Francisco. (You just have to wring out things once in a while.) S.F. has weather, but not spectacularly noticeable weather. You don't have to pay much attention to it.

Weather or not one likes such climates as that found in S.F., I think many will agree that San Francisco *does* have weather, even if they don't much care for the particular example of it.

Personally, a beautiful sunny day with a brilliant blue sky means a lot to me. (Actually, I enjoy thunderstorms too.) Snow is such a marvellous texture to play with that I'll put up with the traffic problems. I think. I don't like cold.....I'm thinking of moving to the Bahamas. I admit I wasn't there very long, and it was probably unusually nice weather for the time of year by all accounts, but I love brightly coloured flowers - especially Hibiscus.

And, after all, the climate of S.F. could be worse - it could be Florida. *Florida* has a "climate" that walks right into the sink. Well, when I was visiting my great aunt, they had sprayed the garden so the bugs came indoors to get away from the nasty smell. I went to get a glass of water and there was this walking stick in the sink.....

Then again, when I get tired of complaining about New York being too hot in summer and too cold in winter and too wet when it rains, I can worry about Indian Point springing a leak.

Notice I did *not* say that I worry about Indian Point blowing up. I know nuclear plants don't blow up.

When thousands lie dying from exposure to radioactive steam and hundreds more lie dying from traffic accidents caused by incompetant attempts to evacuate *Westchester*, it will be no *end* of consolation to those people that at least Indian Point didn't blow up.

Gee, and I haven't even started in on things like places with poisonous snakes - I'm in a great mood today.

Come to think of it, this article should probably be called "Weathering Depths". Especially if I could think of some way to throw in a flood.....(there must be sinners enough reading this.....forty days.....)

--- Adrienne Fein

P.S. Marty, where did you put that ark?

LOOKING REARWARD FROM THE YEAR 2001: A FANZINE REVIEW COLUMN

BY

don d'ammassa

// From out of the past.....No, that is not quite correct. Let me put it this way: Don has been somewhat quiescent on the fanzine scene these past few years. I hope that this article from Don marks his re-emergence into a more active phase of written fanac from him./*/*



I had a strange dream the other night. I was somehow transported into a future world that was in many ways different but in others strangely like our own. I was in my own house, now subtly altered, and saw many wondrous things. Before I woke up, I grabbed a few pages at random from my desk to see what kind of fanac I might be doing in the future, and when I awakened, they were still clutched in my hand. So consider them a submission to HTT. It may be the only fan article ever published before it was written.

The traditional drop in the number of new fanzines following a worldcon seems to have dried up, and my computer has been printing out a steady stream of new titles for the past month. NYCon VIII was certainly a successful convention, particularly the programming during the second week, so it is understandable that so many fans took a vacation from their fanac. But, now there's a fresh spurt of energy, and some of the titles are particularly noteworthy.

FILE 770 edited by Mike Glycer, 287457 Telstar Boulevard, Greater Van Nuys, California 98574882748573 (available for \$25 per issue, five for \$100).

This perennial newszine continues to be entertaining and informative. Glycer's editorial this time endorses the Selenacon bid for the 2001 Worldcon. His reasoning is first, that the difficulty in arranging for transportation will contribute to a smaller, more cordial convention, and second, that the tie-in with Arthur C. Clarke's novel is too perfect to miss. Although the latter reason can be dismissed as mere nostalgia, there is some justification to the former. After all, NYCon VIII topped 28,000 in attendance, and they

started refusing new memberships two months before the convention opened.

Among the more interesting newsnotes is mention that THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS, edited by Harlan Ellison, has been placed with Apple Publishing Corporation and will appear as a three-disc set. This long-awaited anthology contains unpublished stories by over 800 of the field's leading writers of the past four decades. There is also mention that Lucasfilms, having completed the nine-part "Star Wars" saga, is now negotiating for the film rights to all fifteen of the DUNE novels.

The lettercolumn is brief, interesting chiefly because of Barry Malzberg's impassioned explanation of why his latest novel, GLOOM AND DESPAIR AND CONFUSION, LTD, will be his absolute last attempt at writing science fiction.

SCIENCE FICTION EXAMINED edited by Michael Glicksohn, 139 High Park Avenue, Apartment 2004A, Toronto/Montreal Urban Complex, Canada M6P 3S5 4KK 32L (available for published essay or \$50 per issue only).

Mike Glicksohn's sudden conversion two years ago to exclusively sercon interests was disappointing to some, but an obvious boon to others for there has not been such a literate journal of serious criticism for several years. The only personal note in this issue, in fact, is a brief editorial explaining why Mike is endorsing the Temperance party in the upcoming national elections.

There are a number of interesting essays this issue. I was particularly impressed with the discussion of Alexei Panshin's science fiction stories contributed by the late Robert A. Heinlein shortly before his death. Dave Locke contributes an interesting examination of Asimov's recent novel, THE NINTH FOUNDATION, demonstrating the strong parallels between the rise of the Foundation's latest opponent, The Ass, with the life of Huey Long.

I was less impressed with the essay by Gary Farber on sexual symbolism in the Dumarest novels of E.C. Tubb. Although Gary obviously invested a lot of time and effort, apparently having re-read the entire one hundred novels, the result do not seem worth the time he spent.

FANDANGLE 5 edited by Gloria Palmer, 34 Bathyscape Place, New Atlantis, Mindanao Deep (available for trade or query only).

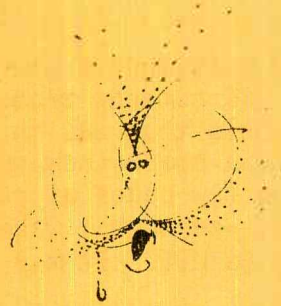
Gloria Palmer continues to provide the most controversial fan material seen in these parts. Her ongoing dissertation on the need for standards in the writing and publishing of fan material is sure to result in emotional responses on both sides of the question. She deals with a number of subjects this time, particularly the supposed superiority of material published during so-called Tenth Fandom.

There is also a piece by Moshe Feder in which he castigates the prevalence of convention fans in fandom today, even going so far as to insist that computer generated fanzines should not be eligible for fan Hugos because they frequently contain animated material and should not, therefore, be eligible for a literary award.

Finally, there is a discussion in the lettercolumn among a number of people responding to last issue's article suggesting that Richard Geis' SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW should once again be ruled ineligible for the fan Hugos since he is now accepting advertising from Marlboro, General Motors, IBM, and General Dynamics. Some of the arguments seem quite cogent, but Eric Blake's contention that the full colour nude centrefold and the article that appeared this year ("The Girls of Minneapolis Fandom") were sufficiently scandalous that Geis should be banned from the convention outright strikes me as rather specious.

That's it for this installment, folks, but more next time. I have HOLIER THAN THOU #77, MYTHOLOGIES #35, and SHAMANA LIONESSE #88 on hand, as well as Taral's all animated one-shot. See you then.

--- Don D'Ammassa



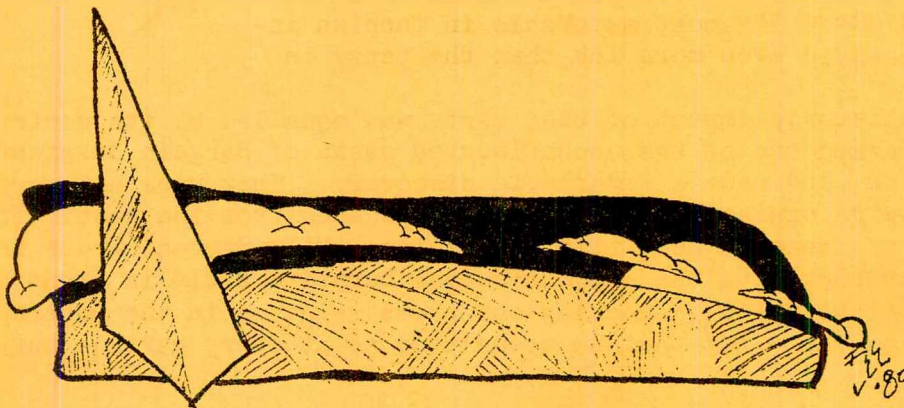
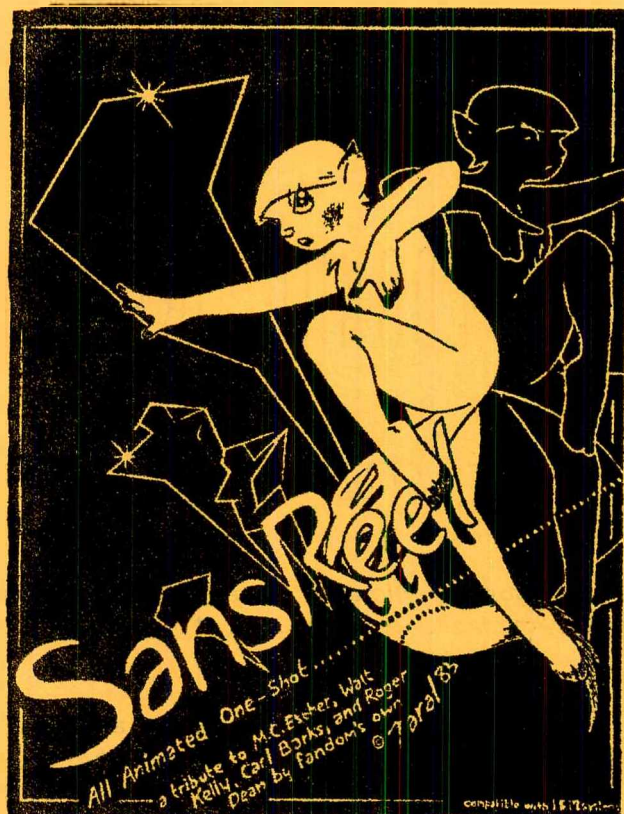
well! I never! Only twice!!
my name wasn't mentioned
nearly enough!

REPLY FROM GLICKSOHN

/*/ When we informed Mike Glicksohn that Don D'Amassa had reviewed his SCIENCE FICTION EXAMINED, Mike requested permission to see the review and reply to it before publication. Marty and I, always happy to oblige, sent him a copy of Don's review. This is Mike's reply. /*/

I was pleasantly surprised to see such an unreconstructed fannish fan as Don D'Amassa reviewing my SFE in a positive fashion. Don, as is well-known, is so completely occupied with the mythologies of fandom and the frequently self-centred and indulgent hedonism of Dope Fandom that I didn't even know he was aware of what those of us who firmly believe science fiction fandom has a Special Destiny were doing. (It is, I suppose, too much to hope for that he might be made to see the virtues of moderation and abstinence but at least his case isn't completely hopeless.) Don may rest assured that I shall continue to use SFE as a rallying point for those of us who feel Fandom should be actively trying to improve the world around us through serious and constructive discussions of important issues. (As I'm frequently proud to say of the ephemeral trash most so-called 'fanzines' trivialize themselves with, "You'll never see it in SFE!" Golden words, as I'm sure you agree.) To that end, I already have on hand Garth Danielson's insightfull analysis of the Marxian interpretation of Clarke's 2,000,000,011 and the first two hundred pages of Dan Steffan's epic study "Existential Angst in the Perry Rhodan Saga". May I also remind your readers that I still need three thousand advance orders if I'm to go ahead with my twelve volume collection of "The Complete Reviews of the First One Hundred Gor Books". Orders may be sent to my usual address accompanied by a five hundred dollar deposit.

--- Mike Glicksohn



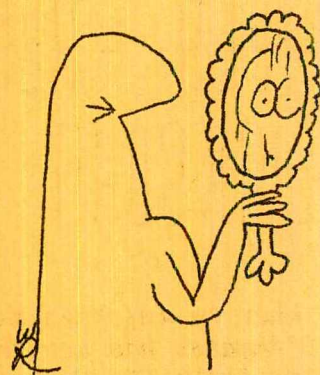
THE PIED TYPER - PART I

OR

LOOKING REARWARD

BY

mike glyer



// By purest chance, this fanzine review column by Mike Glyer was received shortly after Don D'Amassa's column...../*/*

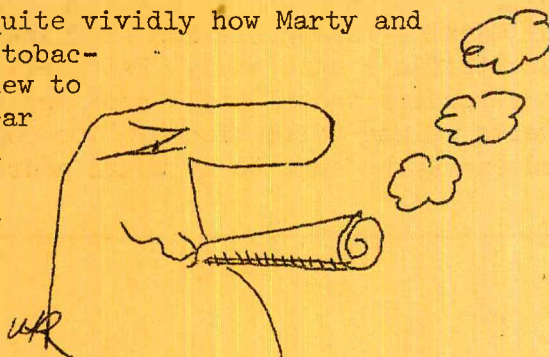
One of the most challenging aspects of the professional fanzine reviewer's trade is to set the criteria he **uses** to evaluate today's fannish creations. When I initially broke into fandom, it was enough to know the difference between dreaded purple ditto, fannish glossy-black mimeo, and crassly commercial offset. These provincial distinctions would not even begin to address the variety of fancommunications in the present generation.

* * *

HOLIER THAN THOU #77 edited by Jean-Pierre Baptiste Cantor, 15000 Sunset Drive, Pacific Palisades, CA 98945231256730. Available for \$13.25 a carton, for imported botanicals and in exchange for timeshares.

Jean-Pierre's interest in fanhistory is to be commended, though it is easy to understand that the natural interest anyone has in his family's past would, in Jean-Pierre's case, require a fascination for the history of fandom. Teenaged son of the zine's former editors, Jean-Pierre has brought HTT into the modern fannish era by creatively using the techniques available today.

As I smoked the current issue of HTT, I recalled quite vividly how Marty and Robbie were among the very first importers of the pipe tobacco grown in the L5 colony. Space agriculture was too new to have considered every possibility, and it was over a year before Food and Drug Administration analysts discovered that the hallucinogenic properties of Bargain Basement ~~Burleigh~~ Burleigh resulted from a formerly harmless fungus that mutated under low-gravity conditions. The party held at the LASFS clubhouse after Cantor was released from jail, when the narcotics allegations were dropped, was among the **most** memorable in fannish annals. It received even more ink than the party in Room 770.



The fanhistoric impact of that party was equalled by its contribution to science. Attendees **cracked** one of the unconfiscated casks of Bargain Basement Burleigh, for recreational smoking, and made a remarkable discovery. They were not merely having strange dreams: **many** recognised these "dreams" as scenes from the past. It was the first recorded instance of smoke-induced time travelling. Milt Stevens wrote in FAPA that he had been mentally transported to the night Ackerman burned a Bible in front of the LASFS. Mark Sharpe thought he was back hacking out press releases in the Australian desert. Fred Patt Patten fell asleep - not that he doesn't do so at every party - but he says he fell asleep

reading a first edition ASTERIX comic, dating his vision back many years. Some experienced so-called "bad trips" - such as the fan who dreamed George Senda had just borrowed \$25 from him, or Jim Hollander who met Norman Spinrad for the first time (again).

Jean-Pierre Cantor will be going to MIT on scholarship next year, to continue academic development of our knowledge of Bargain Basement Burleigh - but, as smoking HTT #77 will show you, he has already quantified its properties well enough to induce specific timetrips. Indeed, the lead vision of this issue was the history of his father's discovery of time-tripping by tobacco. Jean-Pierre, as a high school student, won a national science fair prize with the same research he used to grow the contents of HTT #77. He has applied for a patent on this process. He also denies that he has a hybrid version of Bargain Basement Burleigh that only trips people back to Sixth Fandom.....

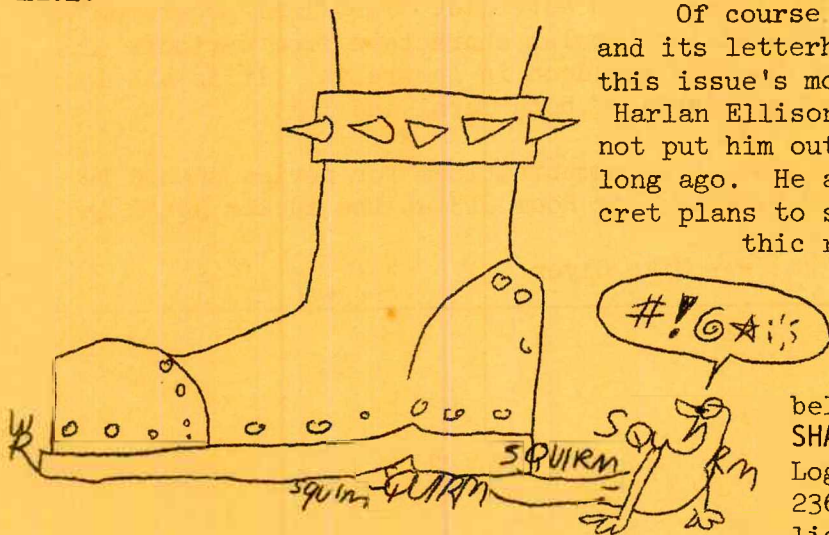
MYTHOLOGIES #55 edited by Don D'Ammassa, 19 Angell Street, East Providence, RI 02934567891. Available for trade, \$7.00 a copy, or for manuscripts of unpublished s.f. books.

Don D'Ammassa interrupted his career as a science fiction reviewer for the New York Times Review of Books after the last s.f. book ever published was remaindered at Walden-books. The publication of s.f. was banned in America and all other countries allied with NATO as part of the Republican Administration's efforts to deny Harlan Ellison the means to make a living. This had the dual effect of losing D'Ammassa his job and giving him tons of free time no longer absorbed by reading science fiction. So he resumed editing the finest letterzine in fannish history, MYTHOLOGIES.

Each issue also features a lead article. This time around, D'Ammassa explores the effect of the early 1980's on science fiction, when it became impossible to sell just one sf novel any longer. All authors were required to sell books in sets of four, no matter whether they needed that much wordage to tell their story. D'Ammassa explains how the plague of trilogies brought about by the success of THE LORD OF THE RINGS in the middle of the 1960's developed into a new realisation that readers liked series of books involving the same characters. This requirement victimized some new s.f. authors who could only milk two good books out of the same background. D'Ammassa proves this in a discussion of Alexis Gilliland's fourth Rosinante book, CHARIOTS OF THE GODS OF ROSINANTE. In that novel the zealous followers of Corporate Flashtrack take over Mundano Rosinante and require the citizens to attend awareness courses where they cannot use the bathroom for 19 hours. Symbolic of the underground resistance, Corporate Susan Brown's video projection changes from a doctor in a lab coat to a plaster statue of Venus on the half shell with a clock in her stomach.

Of course MYTHOLOGIES is primarily a letterzine, and its letterhacks are the featured performers. Among this issue's most interesting letters is the one by Harlan Ellison. Ellison claims that banning s.f. did not put him out of business, since he quit the field long ago. He accuses the Administration of laying secret plans to suppress Westerns, mystery novels, Gothic romances, and diet books, figuring that if he doesn't write s.f. they don't know what it is that he writes, but if enough genres are wiped out they'll accidentally shut down the one Ellison belongs to.

SHAMANA LIONESS #88 edited by Anne Laurie Logan, 35 Ewing Avenue, Dallas, TX 7024644 2367912. Available to the original mailing list, their heirs and assigns, and by whim.



The editor's adventurous use of new media for fanzine production has carried her to all the corners of the globe. Few of us could afford to do the same, but then few of us would be so motivated by art, or have the loot to indulge ourselves. Owners of first editions of ARTIFACT: BEST OF THE FANARTISTS 1980-1982, which Logan edited and published, are well aware of their \$1000 a copy market value. In fact, sale of the first edition was

so successful that Logan became a millionaire, and all the contributing artists got rich enough to quit fandom and move to tiny Caribbean islands. This had the regrettable side-effect of eliminating artwork from fanzines for the next five years, but it also encouraged Logan to do more origami and creative crafts in her fanzine.

All of this culminates in SHAMANA LIONESS #88, which arrives in the mail innocently, a brown cube shrink-wrapped in plastic. The decal on the cube instructs the recipient to place it in a bowl of water and stand back.

Anne Laurie has asked reviewers not to give away too much of the surprise details, but I think it's fair to assure you that none of the cube's by-products are toxic, and the chicken parts can, in fact, be made into a tasty soup.

SANS REEL: ALL ANIMATED ONE-SHOT drawn and produced by Taral, General Delivery, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada. Available via land lines from Taral's studio - dial (416) 770-FAPA.

Although his duties as Senior Design Philosopher for IBM predictably absorb most of his time, Taral manages to spin-off his experiments with the newest design technology into fannish creations.

Or, perhaps these fan-oriented experiments are not spare time doodles but an important part of the IBM sales campaign? In order to get Taral's work in full graphic fidelity, and all the dimensions, you need IBM's top-of-the-line equipment. I can't buy that out of spare change.

But think how many people got into fandom when they

were young computer programmers and now are in upper corporate echelons, where they can influence the selection of their company's equipment. What fan is going to order a brand of equipment that is incompatible with software needed to playback Taral's newest ALL ANIMATED ONE-SHOT?

The main programme in this version of Taral's evolving one-shot is a progression, à la M.C. Escher, wherein cute little funny animals working on a nuclear reactor accidentally push the wrong button and become encyclopaedia salesmen. Other programmes are developments of colourful shapes in three dimensions with a remarkable sound track that closely simulates the noise Jack Chalker would make if struck by an asteroid. The final programme (no Moorcock reference intended) endeavours to audition popular characters from cartoons and comic strips for a stage musical based on the 1985 Worldcon in Australia. It is all incredibly well done, faithful to the technical standards of both Taral and IBM.

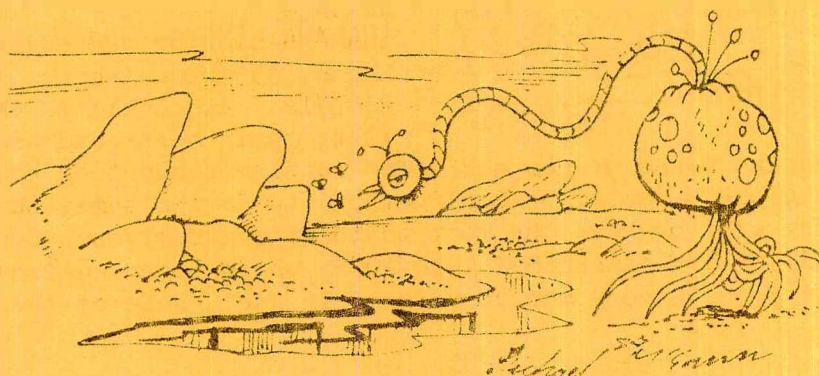
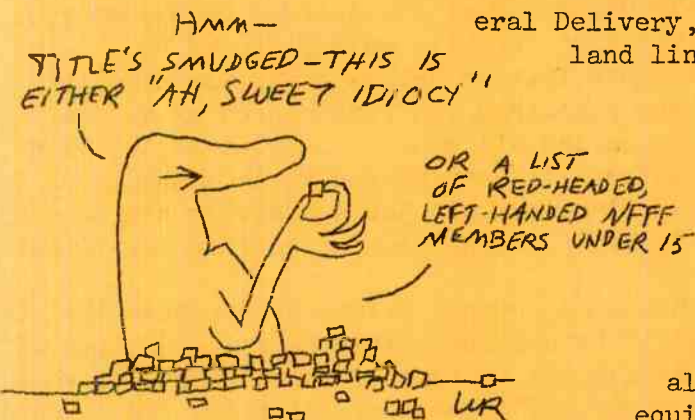
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That completes our zine reviews this time. Fancommunications for review should be transmitted to the writer either at (7236) 992-0123, or Room 213 at the Tucker Hotel in Mare Imbrium.

---- Mike Glyer



THE LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK chapter 4 bringing law and order politics to your community

BY *richard weinstock*



Why law and order politics? Most citizens of our fair country yearn for the days of yesteryear when criminals were not coddled and it was safe to walk the streets. They would love nothing better than to live in a smaller, close-knit community with all the modern amenities where everyone fits into place and there are abundant opportunities for social and economic mobility. In short, they crave law and order. For reasons of little concern to the practical traditionalist, this is not possible. So the next best thing is "law and order" politics.

Law and order politics works on several important premises. The first and most important of these is that crooks don't vote and therefore make good campaign targets of an election. It is not enough, however, merely to attack crooks. Because offenders do not vote, it is a safe bet that every candidate in an election will be against them. Thus the second premise is to attack the opposition candidate. Most opposition candidates can be shown to be soft on criminals in a properly managed law and order campaign. This will be dealt with at greater length later on in the chapter.

What Position to Run For

Only certain offices are good for law and order campaigns such as District Attorney, Judge, Mayor, and Dogcatcher. Bad positions include Sewage Board member, Registrar of Voters, and Parks Commissioner.

Also, some occupational positions are ideal as springboards into law and order politics, such as Police Chief, School Principal, corporate attorney, athlete, movie star, and General (three stars and above). Paradoxically, "rent-a-cops" and prison guards make poor candidates, as do sergeants, milkmen, ballet dancers, and den mothers.

Organising and Financing the Law and Order Campaign

Having made the decision to run for office, the next issue for the law and order candidate is finding campaign managers and participants. At first glance, the answer to this would seem to be to get widespread public participation from the upstanding and right-thinking people in the community. That would be a big mistake. The correct answer is to hire public relations firms specialising in elections. Some are very good, having fifty or more years of experience running law and order campaigns. Don't be surprised if you have to go out of your community to get the right firm. Check the yellow pages of cities in which the crime rate is the very highest, e.g. New York City, Birmingham, Baltimore. These cities are likely to have had law and order politics the longest, and therefore have the most experienced "P.R." firms.

Fundraising is another big consideration of any campaign. One might guess that crime victims would be the easiest to hit up for contributions. Again, the first impression is the wrong one. Getting money from victims is not easy. The liquor store owner may have just been cleaned out. The battered wife may feel remorse towards her brutal husband, and, together with him, attack the fundraiser. If the latter goes to the home of a person recently burglarised, he may be shot by its edgy

owner. Thus the smart campaigner goes to well-heeled institutions for funds. At the local level, businesses and developers are a good source. At State and Federal levels, lobbyists of all kinds are eager to fill campaign coffers. Why

should these people care about political campaigns? The reason is that they believe that an organisation should not exist unless it is efficient and profitable. They, therefore, keep the political system working by making it profitable for their clients. Law and order campaigns fit in well with these endeavours, mainly because criminals do not have lobbyists. Business, professional and trade lobbyists thus know that law and order politics is a good investment.

Campaigning Against the Opposition

In every political contest in which the law and order issue may be injected, there are basically two types of opponents. The first of these is very knowledgeable



about crime, the criminal justice system, and violent behaviour. In a debate he may be able to cite verbatim the findings and recommendations of the National Commission on Crime and Violence, surveys on the effects of capital punishment, theories on the root causes of criminality, and rates of recidivism. This is the best type of candidate to run a law and order campaign against. First of all, he is a valuable source of information about crime and all of its ramifications which the successful law and order candidate can use once he gets into office. The latter, of course, wisely, will not bother to read the thousands of pages of books and surveys on the subject, knowing that they have nothing whatever to do with winning at the polls. Second, this type of candidate obviously knows nothing about politics and will be easy to beat. The successful candidate concerned with crime studies voters, not criminals. Third, the knowledge of the crime-knowledgeable candidate can be turned against him to prove that he is soft, lenient or liberal on criminals.

Thousands of pages of books and surveys would appear to make crime a complex issue when, as most voters know, it is simple. Thus the knowledgeable candidate is liberal. Any person against capital punishment for any reason is "soft", and anyone who considers socioeconomic factors of some importance in creating criminals is "lenient".

This first type of candidate will surround himself with criminologists, urbanologists, sociologists, psychologists, and anthropologists. The successful law and order aspirant will surround himself with make-up artists, speech writers, pollsters, and advertising consultants.

The second type of candidate that one may find as a potential opponent knows nothing about crime, electoral politics or anything else. Enter a race against such a candidate with great caution. He may very well have gained complete financial support from all the lobbyists around and his campaign may be managed by a top public relations firm.

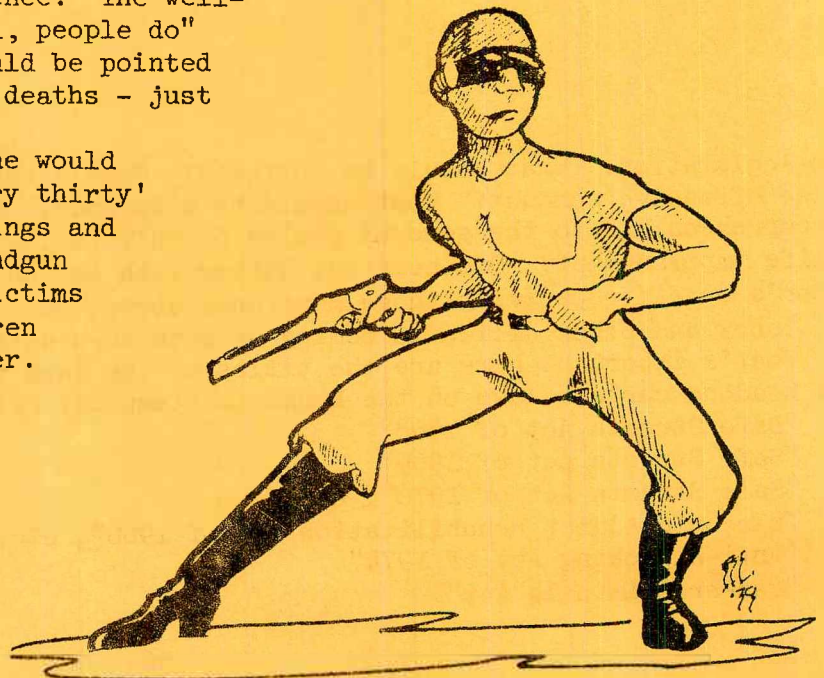
Finessing the Issues

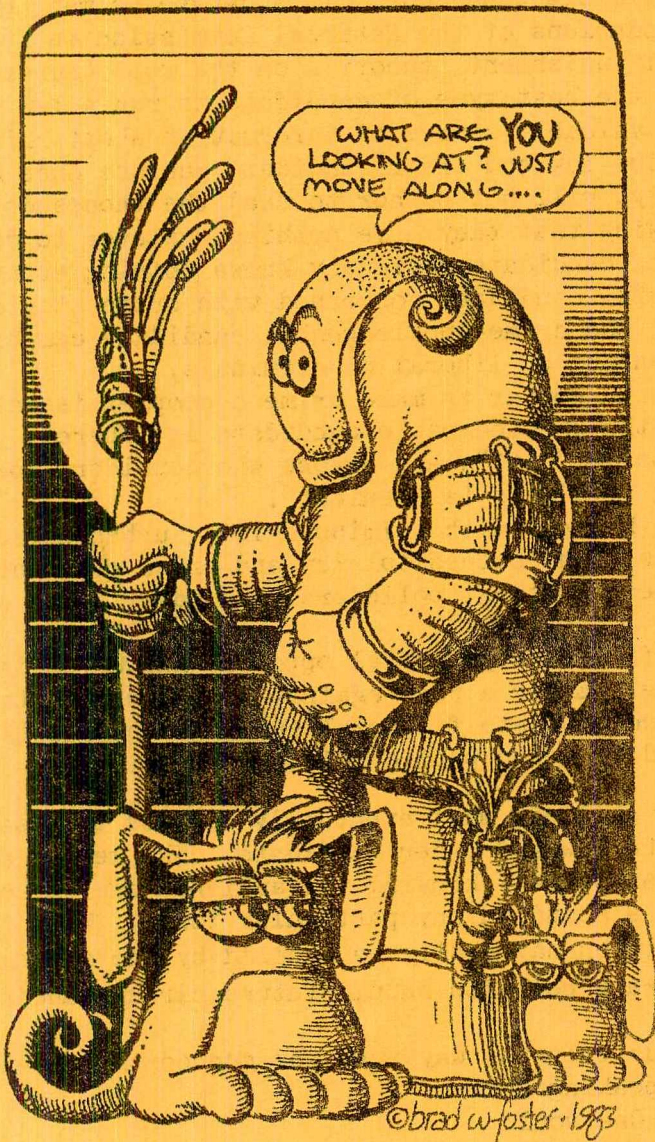
Inevitably, every candidate, no matter how skilled, must eventually discuss the issues. This is more of a challenge than a problem to the law and order candidate. The key to discussing the issues successfully is adept reconnaissance - knowing the audience one is reaching. Also, it is rarely necessary to take a stand on any particular issue. With the right combination of words, the candidate's position may easily be implied by the audience while leaving room for a less obvious, but contrary position should future circumstances so require.

An apt example for the law and order candidate is the way that the gun control issue may be successfully finessed. Suppose one is speaking before an audience virulently opposed to gun control. One would point out that the right to own a "Saturday Night Special" involves the right of self defence. The well-known adage that "handguns don't kill, people do" would also be cited. Finally, it could be pointed out that handguns result in very few deaths - just 1 out of 10,000 people per year.

To the pro-gun control crowd, one would point out that one American dies every thirty seconds as a result of handgun shootings and that less than one percent of the handgun shootings are in self defence, the victims usually being spouses, lovers, children and other kindred of the handgun owner. Finally, as a clincher, it should be pointed out that the police favour gun control and that criminals use guns recklessly.

Thus to the opponent of gun control, the candidate has identified himself as a strong ad-





vocate of law and order by favouring self defence. To the advocate of gun control, the office seeker has identified himself as a law and order type by supporting the police and demonstrating that he does not approve of firearms in the hands of criminals.

Staying in Office

Once the law and order candidate wins an election, his next major concern will be how to stay in office. Office holders are expected to attend committee meetings, vote on pending legislation, set up offices where constituents can air grievances, and attend ceremonial occasions. Some may even expect him to do something about the crime rate. To meet all these needs, the newly elected official's first and most important acts are to hire a top-notch personal secretary and a good public relations firm. These people are experts at informing the public that the elected official is successful at his duties, whether he is or not. They are also extremely valuable in assisting the elected official to draft law and order legislation and to provide community leadership in the fight against crime in the following ways:

Legislation

Drafting and sponsoring appropriate enactments on the subject of crime is naturally a high priority of the law and order incumbent. Important questions are involved in all

such legislation. What should be outlawed? Should there be degrees of wrong with respect to the offensive conduct? What should be a defence? Should the language of the enactment be comprehensible to the general public or only to lawyers? Should the sentence be death or life imprisonment? One need not bother with the answers to these questions. The office holder's staff, especially those mentioned above, can work together with the law enforcement lobby and other allies in coming up with such details of appropriate legislation.

What's important here are the titles of the laws to be enacted. Here are some great ones heading current laws on the books to stamp out crime:

"Safe Streets Act of 1968"

"Safe Streets Act of 1969"

"Safe Streets Act of 1970", etc.

"Narcotic Addict Rehabilitation Act of 1966", etc.

"Anti-Hijacking Act of 1974"

"Career Criminals Act"

"District of Columbia Red Light Abatement Act"

Undoubtedly such titles have gone a long way to making the average citizen feel more secure about his personal safety, and that his elected officials are doing something on his behalf. Thus the smart law and order office holder concentrates his efforts on proper titles, leaving the details of the legislation to his staff.

Creative Prayer Breakfasts

Nothing makes the important people in a community feel better than a community prayer breakfast. There simply is no finer way for God to express his approval of the business and professional community and the American Way of Life than over coffee and eggs. For the creative, office holding crime fighter, throwing regular prayer breakfasts is an effective means of getting God behind the law and order message as well as community leaders. This will keep constituents convinced that you are working for their safety.

Another good reason to hold prayer breakfasts is that they are a very safe place to be, since they are rarely attended by criminals. Perhaps this is somewhat less than ideal inasmuch as you would like the criminal to hear and obey the law and order prayer message.

Timing is of importance in scheduling law and order-oriented prayer breakfasts. An appropriate date for setting the affair is on a day a prison inmate is slated for execution. A communication hook-up with the appropriate penitentiary would be made, and all ears would be tuned to the description of this important event. After the just demise of the pitiless culprit, breakfast would begin, with the usual invocation. In states that use electrocution, fried eggs could be served up as a symbolic reminder that the good people of the community will not tolerate the barbarism of criminals.

In all this, one should not lose sight of the semi-religious nature of the prayer breakfast, and thus the invocation and/or address of the clergy person is a weighty part of the event. There are many biblical passages which are appropriate material for a law and order-oriented prayer breakfast. Here are a few examples:

What, hang thy hands down in times of peril? Little shalt thou avail.

Thine to rescue the doomed, to cheat the gallows of its prey; not plead thy lack of strength, when he the searcher of all hearts, the saviour of thy life, knows all, sees all, and requites the actions of men. (Proverbs 24)

He that will be avenged brings on himself the Lord's vengeance; watch and ward shall be kept over his sins continually. Forgive thy neighbour his fault, and for thine own sins thy prayer shall will pardon; Should man bear man a grudge, and yet look to the Lord for healing? (Ecclesiastes 28)

Other Ceremonial Occasions

There are many other ceremonies that the incumbent can participate in as a means of staying in office. A few examples of these include cultural festivities, parades, installation dinners, charity balls, fund raising events, and testimonials - to retired workers, to winners of achievement awards, to historically important figures, or to himself.

Visiting the right widows and orphans is also a very important function. Not every widow and orphan, however, is worth visiting. For example, one should refrain from visiting the widows and orphans of suicides, mental patients and welfare recipients. On the other hand, the widows and orphans of policemen killed in the line of duty are very worthy of an official visit. In connection with such visits, attending policemen's funerals ranks high on the protocol scale. It is particularly advantageous if you can get to be a pall bearer.

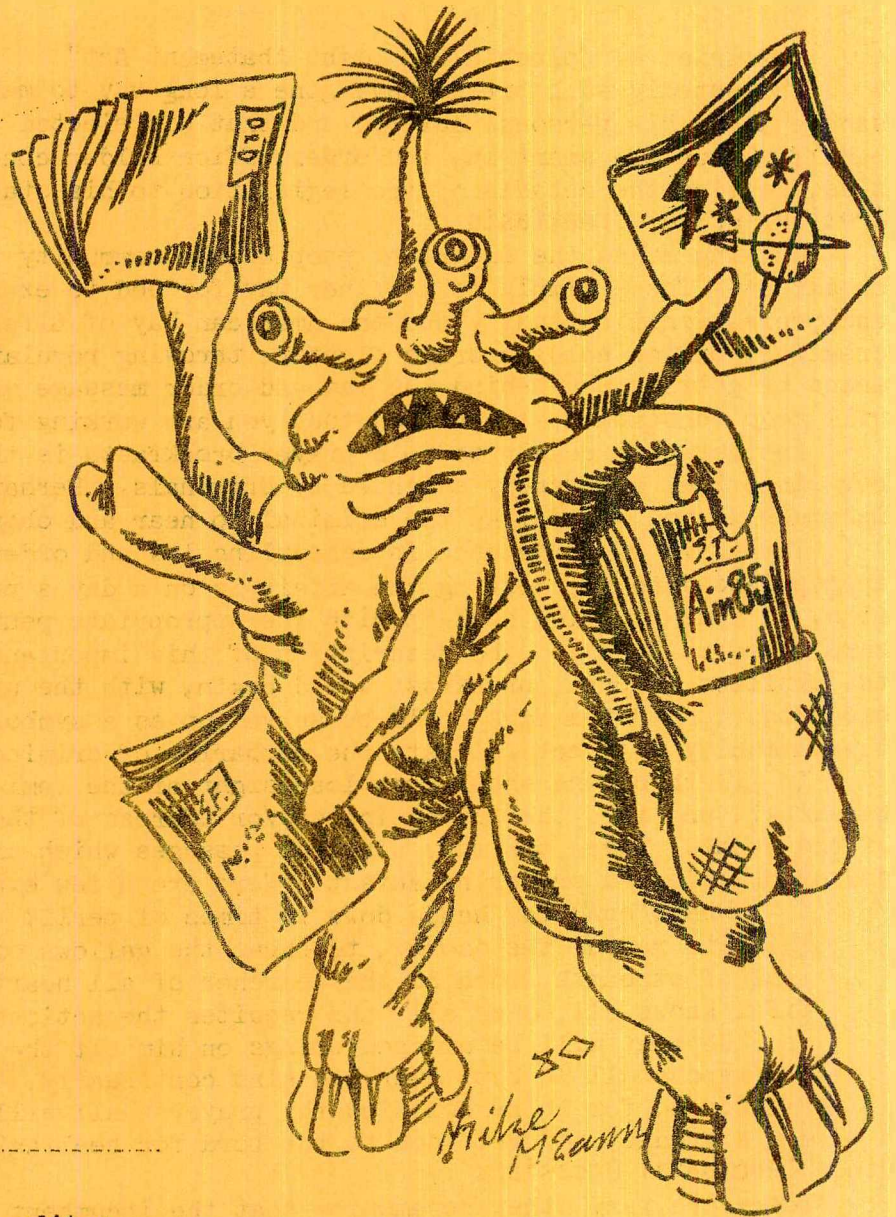
Campaigning for Re-election

Getting re-elected should pose no problem for the law and order official who has done all the right things. The major issue in his re-election campaign will, of course, be "crime". If the crime rate has declined, he can obviously take credit for it. If the rate has gone up, the law and order incumbent can rail against his fellow legislators, and run on a ticket of more and tougher laws.

--- Richard Weinstock

THE USED TYPER PART TWO

BY
mike glyer



Shirt Design for the Masses

Mike Glicksohn, *ENERGUMEN*'s co-editor when he won his Hugo, has a T-shirt which he wears once a year to the Worldcon Hugo Losers Party. On the back it has three airbrushed rockets, two of them inverted, signifying Hugos lost and won. On Glicksohn, this is really an innovative costume, for Glicksohn's informality of dress leads usually to more rustic and handcrafty styles, never anything so pre-fab as a T-shirt.

When I admired Mike's shirt at Chicon, I myself was wearing a "Six-Time Hugo Loser" T-shirt - gold-coloured with black felt lettering. While my shirt was a great success at the time, I recognised its drawbacks as a garment: I couldn't wear it the following year unless I received no Hugo nominations; I couldn't wear it to the gym without having without having to explain who Hugo was; and, it wasn't as easy to update as Glicksohn's was. If Mike goes up for another Hugo, he just has to spray on a fourth rocket, though I admit the layout of the shirt would only permit it to be added on the side. This could give the impression to fans that Mike's armpits were under attack.

For ConStellation, I had no new shirt made up - secretly I thought I had half a chance of actually winning the Fan Writer Hugo, and did indeed come within twenty votes of doing so according to the printout. But at ConStellation I figured out what to do. The

new shirt should have "Hugo Loser" across its chest with a row of rockets on their sides running down the front like a rack of bombs falling out of a B-52 (that's eight for me after Baltimore). Then, if I ever win one, "Hugo Winner" can be printed on the back of the shirt and the corresponding rocket added. Any further Hugo losses could be commemorated by embossing more bombs on the front of the shirt.

What a relief to have these stylistic considerations resolved.

In one sense, people have treated my life since Chicon IV as a parade towards an inevitable Best Fanzine Hugo. In 1982, the business meeting passed a rules change to divert LOCUS, SFC, SFR and others into a Best Semiprozine category. The business meeting at ConStellation ratified the change, making it official. The L.A.Con II committee will institute the change. FILE 770 has been the only amateur zine up for a Hugo in several years. The L.A.Con II committee has delegated Hugo voting to an independent subcommittee, saving anyone on the committee who might be nominated from coming into conflict with the letter of the rules - as if Noreascon II, Chicon IV, or ConStellation would have withheld a Hugo from Mike Glycer, department head in charge of the daily newszine, had I been lucky enough to win one.

Over the last year, various fans have congratulated me in advance for my anticipated 1984 win. Matters have developed so insanely that Larry Carmody even devoted part of a (serious) fanzine editorial to protesting my anticipated *domination* of the category after the split!

You know, if I believed all this stuff, I could be the most surprised fan in America on Sunday night at the 1984 Worldcon. I would be sitting there in the audience, all charged up, rehearsing a long, obnoxious acceptance speech in my mind (patterned on Daniel Travanti's acceptances at past Emmy Awards telecasts). Robert Bloch, having just called off the list of nominees, would rip open an envelope and announce the winner. I would bound from my seat and fly down the aisle toward the stage. Meanwhile, hundreds of fans would be mumbling to themselves, "Gee, hasn't Patrick Nielsen Hayden gotten taller and a lot fatter since last year?"

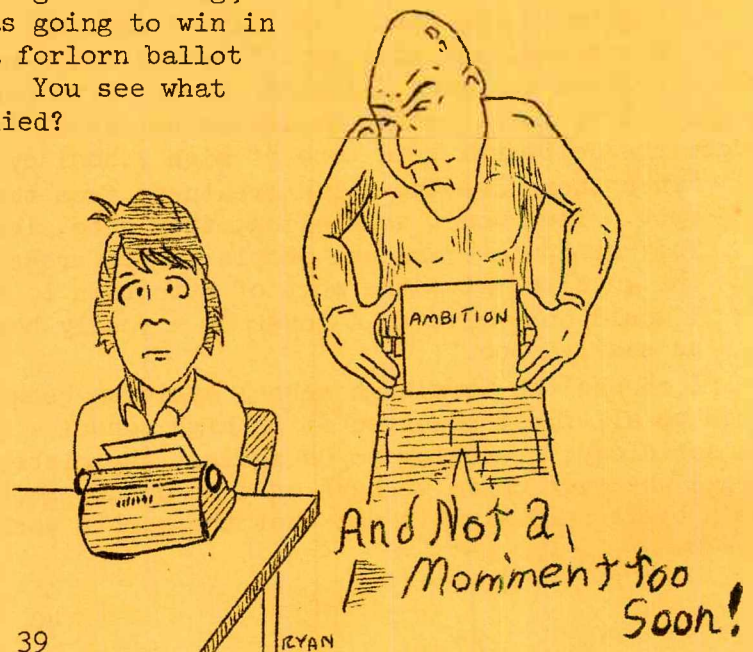
People just seem to forget that next year FILE 770 will have to contend with many other equally real fanzines. While all along there have been a number of fans who really believed FILE 770 is the best fanzine, its Hugo candidacy was boosted by many other votes from people who were registering protests against the other professional nominees sandbagging the ballot. Next year's race will measure how many of each kind of voters there were. Wouldn't the irony be intensified if FILE 770 support was stripped away by protests against its anticipated domination of the category?

Were you in the audience at ConStellation when Best Dramatic Presentation was given out? The faint boos for ET, the impassioned cheering for BLADERUNNER, and the general amazement when BLADERUNNER won? Reconstructing the voting, I concluded that "everyone" had assumed ET was going to win in a landslide, and each individual had cast a forlorn ballot for BLADERUNNER as a sort of noble gesture. You see what results when enough noble gestures are rallied?

With 1983 three-quarters over at this writing, we have already seen many of the zines that will be considered for the Hugo. IZZARD 7, an obvious strong contender, popped into my mailbox in September.

I reviewed IZZARD at length in a previous column. The present issue intensifies the sparkling qualities of its predecessors, and delivers them in a larger issue than ever before.

Teresa Nielsen Hayden's account of her visit to a sleep disorders centre in Oklahoma, and her explanation of narcolepsy (her own affliction) holds one's at-



tention. Lucid, staccato prose moves you through the piece. Teresa's fanwriting always comes across with tremendous polish.

There is only a very tiny editorial by Patrick Nielsen Hayden this time. But, unlike past issues, the columnists are all strong and present in large numbers. "Uffish Thots" by Ted White; "The Infinite Beanie" by Terry Carr; "Speed Lines" by Jerry Kaufman.

Featured essayists are R.A. MacAvoy, describing firsthand the spiritual experience of martial arts training, and Steven Bieler, in "The Suspenders of Disbelief" offering techniques one ought to use in writing (science fiction or anything else).

The myriad contributions are sandwiched together with letters of comment. This is a format I attempted in an early SCIENTIFRICTION - it completely failed. Apparently, to succeed, one must be willing to edit the letters very tightly, and have letterhacks who sustain the quality level of the columns and essays. IZZARD met both conditions. The format seems simple enough: an editorial and a lead article, then a few short letters, then another column, then a few more letters - you get the idea.

On top of a successful format and high quality writing, IZZARD also takes a stab at its version of the last genzine of the 70's (see STFR 12 and a review later on in this column). A three-page comic strip cover by Steve Stiles intended for a 1973 genzine that never appeared has been rescued and printed for the first time. Stiles, as usual, was brilliant. Jay Kinney closes out the issue with a deadly accurate and funny cartoon satirising one variety of political unconsciousness.

format, writing, art, and the momentum of having several issues out over the last year sure make IZZARD a Hugo possibility in this handicapper's book. Get this zine.

If I Can Make It There, Dept.

Somebody wrote a play titled SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, and I think the editors of NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION need to be enrolled there for a course in remedial outrageousness. In this issue, there is nothing *requiring* the imagination, and the zine's galloping mundanity carries it rapidly in the opposite direction from its stated intent.

Only two features retain the zine's trademark tone and point-of-view. "Fly on the Wall" continues to immortalise in print the wry comments, satirical insights, or simply foot-in-the-mouth utterances of fans at conventions. These are provided by unnamed authoritative sources. Alina Chu, one co-editor, defends the omission of the sources by pointing out how their sources would (obviously) dry up if they had to be identified.

I certainly wouldn't want to have been the source of "I'm sleazy, and I have the riding crop to prove it," and know that Hillarie Oxman, the quotee, had all the time in the world to figure out how to even the score. Of course, Alina's sensitivity to being quoted can be judged by the attribution to her of every third quote in "Fly on the Wall". Whatta mouth on this woman!

Altogether, the quotes in "Fly on the Wall" make the quintessential NLTTI article - tart, unexpected, and worldly. The only other piece in issue #7 reasonably headed in the same direction is "Fans, Dilettantes and Jive Cats Working the Edges" by Joe Wesson, though all it turns out to be is the umpteenth Fakefan's Quiz with a lot of humourless judgements delivered in a tone of high school cynicism.

"Then there are the slime creatures from the pit. These JIVE CATS are easy to spot. They don't walk along, they ooze, leaving a trail of slime behind them. They manipulate and use people in preference to other behaviour. You've seen the guys who give the sort of attention to a plain or homely woman that you or I would only give to a lover or a really beautiful woman. They turn it off just as easily, too."

I choose the term high school cynicism because this behaviour is not unique to fandom, since we all first observed it in high school - or earlier. Wesson's column is tossed-off fan sociology, preaching to Us against the misbehaviour of Them, as if none of Us had ever turned whatever charm we have on some unsuspecting soul just for the exercise. (I hope Joe's basic complaint is not that the gambit works for Them and flops for Us!)



THIS IS
DISGUSTING!

IT LEAVES TOO MUCH TO
THE IMAGINATION!

Three other contributions, the co-editor's columns by Minambres and Chu, and "Wonderful Women's White Water Waft Twrip" by Mary Anne Mueller, have their points, but are burdened by a lot of unfocussed narrative detailing mundane activities that for me to enjoy I would have to be among their most intimate friends. I can't say that Teresa Minambres' misadventures on bicycles in New York pioneered any possibilities that Tim Marion hasn't already surpassed. After reading

two pages of Teresa's anecdotes about how ugly and stupid the King Kong balloon on the Empire State Building looked, especially after it deflated, I certainly wasn't expecting her to conclude, sincerely, "By now you must realise that I love New York." If so, they have redefined love in New York.

Mary Anne Mueller's cleverly-titled "Wonderful Women's White Water Waft Twrip" reads to me like two articles. One article, the latter half, is well-written, personal adventure, narrating a harrowingly soggy (yet exhilarating) run down a Pennsylvania river, with observations on her feelings and the behaviour of others around her. The second article, in fact the first two pages, is natter about her cousins, an overnight campout, and mundane family squabbling that might compose a breezy letter home, but hardly hooks a reader's attention.

As a faneditor, I realise that it is risky to return material to a contributor with the proposal that half of it be lopped off and run through an apa. Speaking of fanwriters as a whole (not just Mary Anne), the more amateur the writer, the greater the resistance to slicing up that precious prose. In Mary Anne Mueller's case, she has merely started the story in the wrong place to make it a successful fanzine article. Once she actually gets her story onto the river, her prose very successfully describes events and analyses feelings, holding reader attention to the end.

"On the Anvil", Larry Carmody's fanzine review column, may seem unexceptional on the surface, there being no pyrotechnic prose, no expository lumps decreeing fanzine standards. Larry is still capable of wowing readers in his own way.

For example, in this issue he spends part of a paragraph trying to run interference for Brian Earl Brown. Larry feels Brian has been unjustly criticised for repeating an opinion about media fans which was initially written by Rob Hansen. Why Brian should be immune from attack for echoing an opinion is a concept beyond my grasp. However, Larry's daring does not stop with defences of Brian Earl Brown.

During a review of UNDULANT FEVER, Bruce Arthurs' personalzine, Larry encourages Bruce to write *his* side of the Iguanacon and the history of Phoenix fandom prior to the 1978 Worldcon. I was labouring under the impression that Bruce *had* written his side of the Iguanacon affair. Larry, I believe that Bruce's questions, about whether George Flynn's being offered a committee post constituted evidence that the Garret folk were rounding up personnel before Hevelin was fired, are, in fact, genuine questions. They are not coy suggestions that Bruce will Tell All if we beg him. If Bruce *knew* such political ploys had

occurred, do you really suppose he would have hesitated to add it to the account he published after Iguacon? This topic lost much of its interest value years ago, but Carmody is apparently optimistic about the chances of bringing the scandal's old lustre back brighter than ever.

If the quality of the articles left one undecided about NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION #6's merits, the snore-inducing lettercolumn puts an end to the debate. What could possibly be more mundane than extended discussion of people's diets. Go to any restaurant in America at lunchtime and you can get the same quality of input on the subject from the secretaries at the next table as they shove lettuce leaves around on the plates in front of them. I can't believe this level of verbiage was actually printed in a fanzine. Only Mike Glicksohn's LoC provides a fannish twist on the theme, stating, "Fans do not seem to be any different from mundanes when it comes to having a passionate interest in dieting. (Fans may well deserve to have an even *greater* interest, as a quick look around the Midwestcon pool each year will indicate.)".

Summarising my feelings about NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION: I expect more sparkle, more technical editing skills, from Alina, Teresa, Larry and Mary Anne - especially since they initially set themselves the task of fannish taking names and kicking asses.

Better Late Than Never

When I announced SCIENTIFRICTION TWELVE's release, I termed it "the last fanzine of the 70's". I meant it, too, but only three months later here is GALLIMAUFRY 1, a genzine Joni Stopa set out to produce in 1977. Now it has reached print with the cooperation of co-editor Dave Locke. Joni accumulated the issue's material from Midwestern fans in 1977 and 1978. Her editorial explains that she'd recruited Jackie Causgrove to mimeograph the zine. Eventually, Jackie called up to find out when the material would arrive. Er, ah, it had long ago been posted..... Although Joni had xeroxes of the articles, she had mailed the original art, and now had to cajole her artists into redoing their work.

Dave Locke has a long history as a collaborator - Hulan, Cagle, now Stopa. Perhaps he's bidding to become the Ellison of genzine editors? (A few of you who still read s.f. will recall Ellison's anthology of his collaborations.) Locke's track record for getting issues out in less than five years is also intact, making him the natural candidate for Joni to have turned to in this situation. Of course, the zine can't help but show its age.

It really ought to be compared to its true contemporary, CAPN RO'S WHIZZBANG, edited by Ro Nagy in the days before his hyphenation, and using some of the same contributors - Glicksohn, Larry Tucker. The shelf-life of genzine material is uncertain; the four-year-old bits in SCIENTIFRICTION showed few signs of age, especially as they were printed next to some ten-year-old bits.....

The issue would have suffered less from a reputation as a time capsule had Dave Locke's editorial been used at the start of the issue, instead of as the closing piece. Locke's new editorial is so funny he had me laughing out loud. That's a delightful quality, when so much fan humour can only be appreciated for its cleverness - you're sure somewhere *somebody* is laughing aloud at the stuff, so you feel compelled to give cleverness the benefit of the doubt in fanzine reviews.

Other contemporary material in the issue was a tandem of fanzine review columns. Jackie Causgrove's "The Paisley Rubber Room" gives you a distinct feel for the reviewed zines' appearance, contents, and tone. She gives several complimentary notices, and these are always the most difficult reviews to write. A reader doesn't work as hard to recognise how an effective fanzine piece was constructed.

Paul Skelton attempts a column reviewing current British fanzines. He offers some excellent lines like, "...most young boys are past masters at getting dirty, aggregating muck about their persons in a manner which causes one to doubt the very concept of entropy." Paul also wittily explains why he's confining his column to products local to him:

"There seems little point in *me* trying to tell *you* how triffic certain American fanzines are. By the time a particular issue has made its way to me in the bowels of the slowest tramp steamer that the postal authorities could hire, and I've sent Dave and Joni a review, and Joni's dosed Dave up with all those anti-

geriatric drugs he needs to wake up of a morning, and they've pubbed their ish... well, by the time you get to read it the editor has already published half a dozen more issues before gafiating completely..."

Unfortunately, by the time Paul gets around to writing a fanzine review, he dissipates all his momentum in a lacklustre page and a half about Terry Hill's MICRO-WAVE 5. Skel seems obsessed with whether it's "all right" for Hill to run a fannish Reader's Digest - in the sense of something there for everyone. If that is Hill's aim, Skel obviously disapproves - he takes half a page justifying the editor's alleged editorial philosophy. Otherwise, why would anyone bother to spend any space excusing the editor's style? The play is taken completely away from

the fanzine's contents, and whether they're intrinsically interesting. Wouldn't that be a more appropriate measure of the editor's technical skills?

Among GALLIMAUFURY 1's aged-in-the-cask material you'll find Mike Glicksohn's article reacting to a fan's proposal to buy material from him. Says Glicksohn:

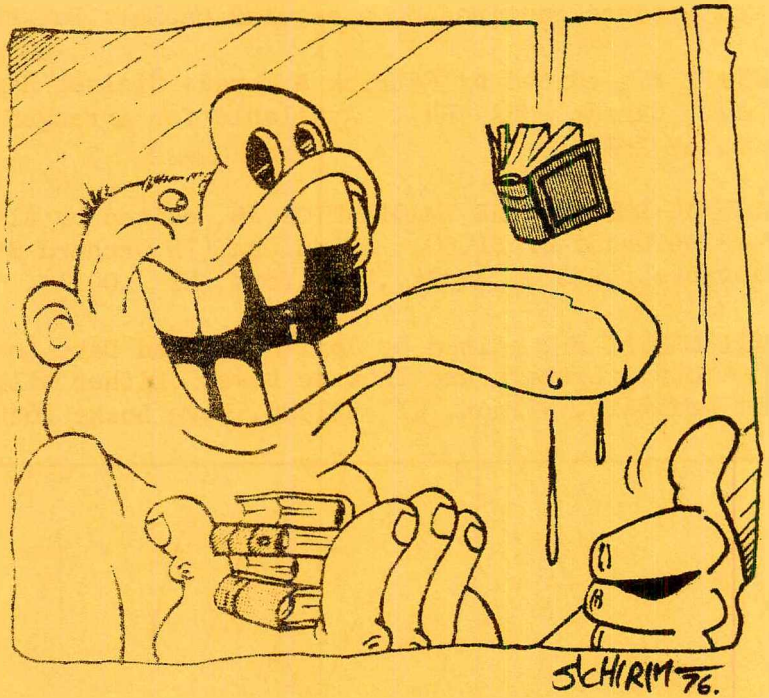
"What possible allure can a check for a dollar eighty-seven have when compared to the sight of one's own name in print? How much weight can a roll of nickels pull when balanced against a lettercolumn filled with acerbic/acceptant comments about one's creative efforts? No, the printed word is still more powerful than the minted coin, at least in the amounts fanzine editors are capable of paying."

When did Glicksohn write this? Around 1977? Right about the time I was occasionally slipping Lou Stathis \$20 for a column, amazed that mere money could overcome his incredible inertia as a fanwriter. Lou was sworn to secrecy at the time, so as not to jeopardise my Hugo chances. In retrospect, I realise that I could have shot the President or burned the LASFS clubhouse without measurably decreasing the number of Hugo nominations SCIENTIFRICTION ever got.

Alaina Cooper, in those long-ago times, got an article's worth of material into her "introduction" of Mark Giselson's column. She wrote what amounted to a roast of Giselson. Mark contributed "Greyspace", which bops from topic to topic attempting satirical fannishness, and finally arrives at Giselson's evident true interest - "Giselson's Laws of Gambling". As he says, "If the bottom card is flashed, and you discard one like it, you will invariably draw two more like it."

Dana Siegel wrote up her account of the Grenada revolution. At the country's medical school where she was enrolled, her exams were interrupted. Little else was affected. The revolution not only did not interrupt tourism, but Dana wound up among a boatload of Russian tourists at a beach picnic swilling wine and drinking chilled vodka straight. "They are named Boris and Natasha (of course) and are terribly amused to find out that Grenada is in the very midst of a revolution."

I would normally spend this paragraph in conclusion by offering GALLIMAUFURY a hearty welcome to the community of fanzines. I would like nothing better than to see Dave and



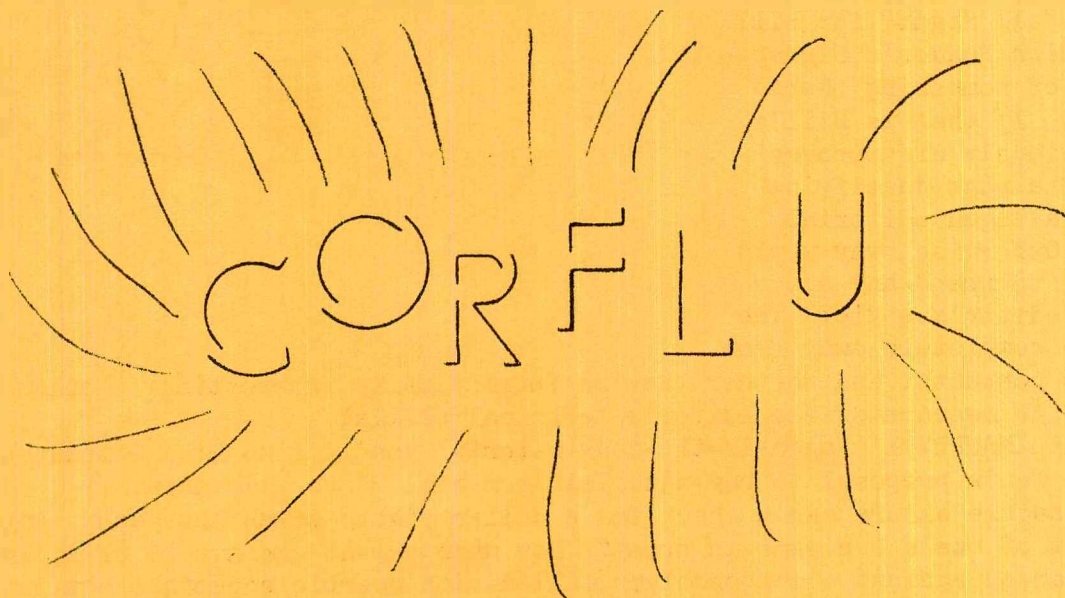
Joni produce genzines on a regular basis. But that is the trick, isn't it?

--- Mike Glyer

IZZARD #7, edited by Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden (22 Albert Franck Place, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5A 4B4). Available for arranged trade, printed contributions, \$2 per issue, or 3/\$5.

NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION #6, edited by Alina Chu and Teresa Minambres. Available for The Usual or \$1.50. Alina Chu (72 Orchard St., #13, New York, NY 10002), Teresa Minambres (218 W. 22 St., New York, NY 10011).

GALLIMAUFY #1, edited by Joni Stopa and Dave Locke. Available for LoCs and \$2 for a sample copy. Letters and loot to Dave. Either will accept zines in trade. Joni Stopa (Wilmot Mountain, Wilmot, WI 53192), Dave Locke (6828 Alpine Ave., #4, Cincinnati, OH 45236).



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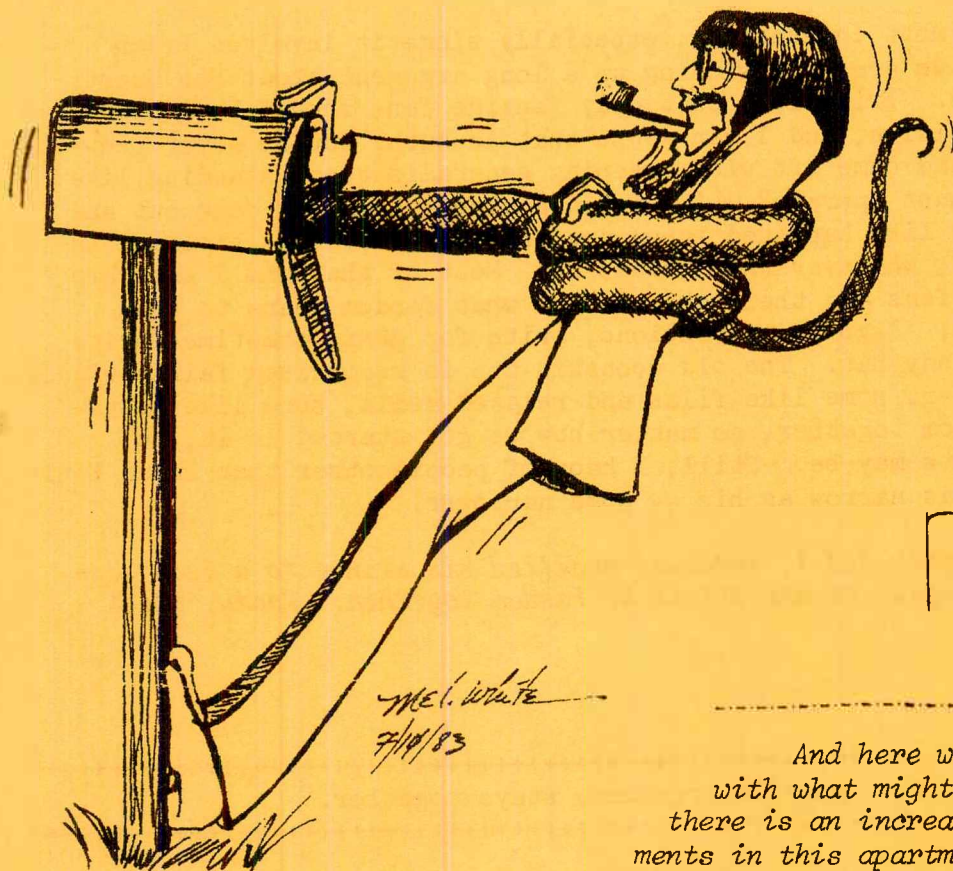
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Who knows, they might even send you *THE TWILIGHT ZONE*, a 10-page mimeo'd PR (which is quite humorous and well written).

Robbie and I hope to meet many of you there.

THE LOC NESS MONSTER



And here we go again; this time, though, with what might be some improvements. Basically there is an increase in the number of typing elements in this apartment. Therefore: when you see this typing element used in a reply to a LoC, it is Marty who is doing the replying. When you see this typing element being used it is Robbie who is doing the replying. To wit:

Italic element - Marty's reply.

Script element - Robbie's reply.

Clear? Good. Now let us get into the late LoCs, starting with the LoC from Ian McKeer to which we referred last time, the LoC which came in during the typing of the last issue and which we decided to hold over for thisish because we were running out of room lastish (a very silly concept which we have decided to abolish, much to everyone's disgust) and because, at the time which the LoC arrived the logical place for it was many pages previous to where the typing had progressed. So. Shall we begin ~~the editing~~?

Good. We shall do so as soon as we get a few preliminary letters out of the way, leading up to McKeer's LoC in my usual roundabout manner. Also as soon as I can get used to this Selectric II which I borrowed from the shop which is selling us ~~disgusting capitalists~~ the Selectric I which they are in the process of reconditioning. Having two typers on the premises will enable both Robbie and I to be working on HTT simultaneously. Okay. Tally about fucking time Ho!! On to some late LoCs on #15.

* KIM HUETT * Due to some sort of internal compensating device you managed to include some nice interior illos this time. The prize goes to Brad Foster for both of his illos. The Bible one was to best combination of art and putridity I've yet to see, a pity more of your contributors can't conform to this standard. The real classic though was the enraged illo which everybody I have shown it to agrees is as funny as hell.

You might have at least said which illo you meant. Foof.

* LAN * Robbie's editorial was most interesting, especially since it involves Brian
***** Earl Brown. In MISHAP we are just winding up a long argument about Fan Guests
of Honor at conventions. Brian felt that only fanzine fans should be Fan GoHs,
and none other. This was his opinion, and I can accept that as such, but he never pre-
faced it as being his opinion, and came off with sweeping generalisations sounding like
dictums of "this is how fandom must operate". (Quotes are mine: he never came out and
said that.) This is what sounds like happened here, and probably what this brouhaha is
about with "Sixth Fandom Fandom", whatever that refers to. Most of the fans I know are
tolerant and accepting of other fans and their choices for what fandom means to them.
I read SF, and publish a genzine; I go to conventions, write for APAs, sometimes write
LoCs and articles, and wear a funny hat. The old coonskin cap is recognised fairly widely
as my schtick. Some fans huckster, some like films and related media, some like costu-
ming-- but we are all in SF fandom together, no matter how we got started in it, no
matter what our specific interests may be. Still, I know of people other than Brian Earl
Brown who have a view of fandom as narrow as his -- some narrower.

Brian has, in comments to Marty and I, somewhat modified his stance to a less gen-
eralised one, which is nice. I agree we are all in SF Fandom together. Marty, bless
his curmudgeonly soul, does not.

Eh?

+++++
The family which corflus together, stays together.
+++++

* RICHARD FAULDER * By a convoluted chain of thought, it occurs to me that we haven't
***** had an anti-cat diatribe from you for some time, Marty. Don't
tell me Robbie brought a moggy with her?

No, no way! I do not like cats. Too fracking independent! Give me a dog anyday.
Although, I might make an exception for the big cats - lions, tigers, panthers and the
like. At least they're large enough not to step on. (Not to mention how dangerous such
an action would be.)

Stepping on cats seems like such a relaxing pastime. *sigh*

Wish Paul Skelton wouldn't write about bicycles, with which I have never got on.
Still, at least he writes about it wittily.

Surely between the two of you you can afford another typing element.

Well, actually, we now have a third typing element - but Marty doesn't like it.
It's a bilingual element (with accents) and not all the characters are in the usual
places. For example the period is only in upper case on the appropriate key and the
numbers are all upper case.

Robbie wrote that comment before we acquired a fourth (Script) element. Now, if
only our second Selectric I would come in, things would be much better. I make lots of
typos and (considering the amount of stencil movement necessary for the proper corfluing)
I am having a dreadful time with this Selectric II as it has half-lining to which I am
not at all used. Anyway, as a touch typist, I do not like the French typing element
because it is not at all convenient for me to be constantly looking at the conversion
table which Robbie prepared. I am much too used to the letters being where they belong
rather than in some obscure place because the language for which the element was designed
is weird.

One of the things I found most mind-boggling about Ian McKeer was that he is apparently now, whatever he has been in the past, a Brithisher (I was going to call him a pom, but I doubt if you Yanks would recognise the expression). That aside, I tend to agree with most of the points Robbie makes (although hiding behind a dictionary definition is a bit suspect, since surely she doesn't suggest that being written in a dictionary fixes the meaning of a word or an expression for all time). However, this doesn't avoid the fact that the U.S.A. exercises a disproportional influence over the cultural life of the western world. That this influence is not premeditated, and hence does not strictly conform to the definition of imperialism, does not make it any the less real. As I seem to recall saying before, this influence springs from the fact that the U.S. is able to take advantage of economies of scale and make its culture available worldwide more cheaply than a smaller country can do. To a lesser extent Britain is in the same position, which is why Australian TB shows are mainly of American or British origin. A few years ago there were a number of local dramas and comedies of reasonable quality produced locally, but today all we can manage, aside from the occasional special or mini-series, are asinine game shows or soap operas.

No, dictionary definitions do change - but only when the consensus of opinion says that. The old meaning is no longer relevant. Not just whenever someone pops up and says it's so.

Does this mean I won't be receiving your zine, since I haven't done Something for two years?

No. Anyway, getting HTT will only help you with your Something if you find an incredibly perverted partner or three or more. Have at it.

Why do people keep complaining about the artwork in your fanzine? By any objective (well, inasmuch as such things exist) standards some of it is very good indeed, and all of it is appropriate to the feel of the work.

One thing: your telephone number may mean something to subscribers to Ma Bell, but here in Australia we haven't had letters on our telephones for years, even assuming that they were the same ones.

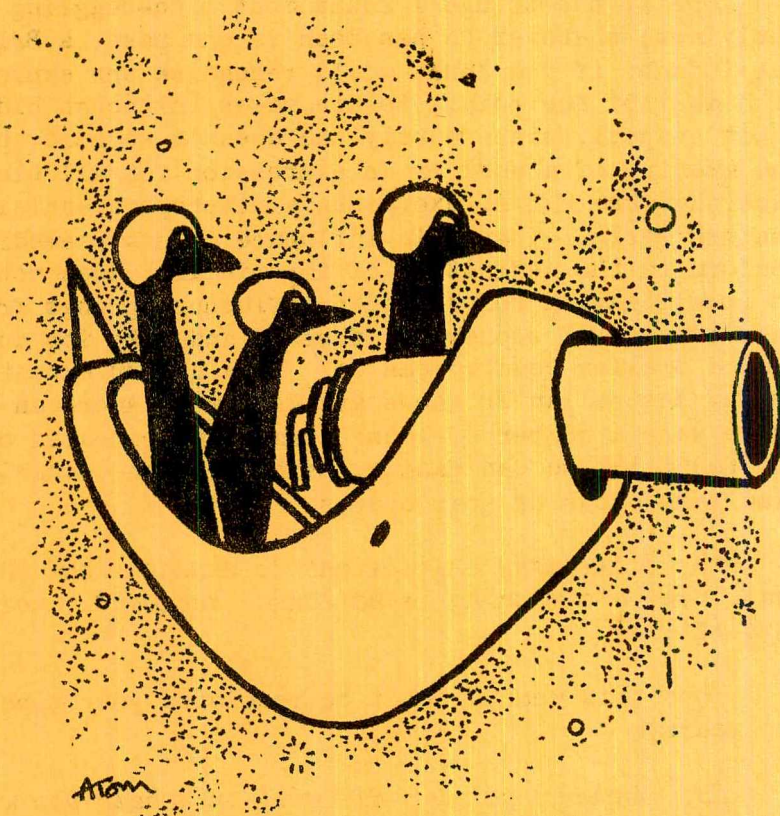
Oh, okay. Explanation provided. 1 - no letter equivalent; 2 - ABC; 3 - DEF; 4 - GHI; 5 - LKJ; 6 - MNO; 7 - PRS; 8 - TUV; 9 - WXY; 0 - no letter equivalent. Does that help?

We are now awaiting you call.

* EDD VICK * The Capital Punishment article was much appreciated. Where else would I find that I should invest in manufacturers of rope and poison gas? Or perhaps in the electrical industry. It's nice to see someone who supports something so adamantly as he does. If I were trying to dissuade my congressman from a pro C. P. stance, I certainly wouldn't send him this article; I can just imagine his eyes lighting up as he mentally counts his money.

* JOY HIBBERT * I can understand what Ian means by American Cultural Imperialism, and might I suggest that for you to say it doesn't exist is on the same lines as a man saying that sexism doesn't exist ie the 'oppressor' (for want of a better term) can't really know what's happening to the 'oppressed'. I suspect that your idea of 'internationalism' is that everyone would be like the Americans. I also suspect that since (as far as I know) Americans have never found an excuse, claiming to be helping another country, to send the troops into Canada, they don't

really have a lot to complain about. It may be that American and Canadian culture are much the same, but it's considered to be American culture because they manage to export more of it, and because they're bigger. It also seems to me that North Amerika as a whole is such a large place that you can't really say there is one 'culture'. Even if you exclude people like the few remaining Native Americans and the Quebecois (that's not how you spell 'Quebecois' is it?), there are still plenty of differences. For example, is most of America nearer perceived Californian culture? Would right-minded Americans prefer to be compared to the Canadians or to the more reactionary Southern states. Is Canada trying hard enough not to follow all of America into Reactionaryism?



Point one: the U.S. has sent troops into Canada - but not within the last 100 years. They have never invaded Britain on the other hand (although they were at war with them a couple of times). But Ian was talking, originally, about U.S.

Cultural Imperialism towards Canada

so it is U.S. actions towards Canada which are under primary discussion. Point two: minor as it is, Quebecois is perfectly correct, as is Quebecker. Point three: although there are regional differences in both Canadian and American cultures (as there are in Britain it seems) there is a general (very general) Canadian or American "type". And there are differences between the two. Part of these differences are based on the origins of the two countries (revolution versus evolution) and on type of government presently.

Richard Weinstock's article is particularly sick considering the debate which will probably take place in Parliament soon about the death penalty. And why illustrate the article with a drawing of a hanging woman, when women feature so rarely in this event. I had thought better of your readership than that.

The illo was chosen by me as being one of very few available which had anything at all to do with the subject at hand. And while nowadays, women are rarely hung, the past holds many examples of women being hung, beheaded, and so forth.

Surely Marty realises that it isn't fair to avoid answering Ian's points by getting a Canadian who just *happens* to agree with him to answer the points instead. I would have been interested to see the bias in some of Marty's answers, and wonder if Robbie would have been allowed to answer Ian's LoC if she'd disagreed with Marty. But, on the other hand, if sh'd disagreed with Marty, she probably wouldn't have been around

in the first place. Robbie has a very idealistic view of America - is she very young, or has she just lead a sheltered life?

No, Joy, I am not very young nor have I led a sheltered life. I could ask you when was the last time you visited either Canada or the U.S. and how much study have you made of the subject, anyway? But that's not particularly productive. As it turns out, Marty wasn't sure I would agree with his stand. And I don't agree fully, in any case. Marty feels there is no difference between Canadians and Americans. I know that there is - but it is a subtle thing, not readily apparent to most people, and there are many similarities.

The differences 'twixt Canadians and Americans (if there are any) have to be discovered by citizens of both country's exploring each others' cultures (note the plural of that last word). As it is hardly anybody else on this planet can tell us apart (except for those like McKeer who seem to be great on parroting stereotypical archtypes as invented by prejudiced assholes - some sort of ideological line, as it were). What differences do I find? My favourite Canadian is a lovely female and I am a decrepit male.

* PASCAL THOMAS * American Cultural Imperialism... I feel that phrase has been bandied
***** about a lot, quite often for internal political reasons. That is,
concerning the internal politics of countries like France, or maybe Mexico or Greece. It's always easier to come out and complain about what the big guys are supposed to do to you rather than actually doing something in these times of tight money.

Now of course there's no doubt in my mind that we're living in a time of American cultural domination: witness the way that a purely American myth, that of the Frontier, has been swallowed up by so many European countries (under the form of western movies, TV films, comics, etc.) -- I can vouch for that fact for France and Italy at least. One could go on with much more significant things such as the clothes young people wear and the music they listen to, not to mention comics and science fiction, naturally.

I find myself agreeing with Pascal to a large extent. Domination is a good word to describe the situation.

Influence is an even more accurate word (or even overwhelming influence as a phrase if one things that appropriate) than domination as the word domination connotes that force has been used. And only those with their heads up their assholes maintain that America is forcing its culture on the rest of the world.

American culture was able to exploit the dominant position of the English language that the British had left it in heritage - so to speak; and the Americans are to blame for their insularity, their widespread ignorance not only of foreign languages, but of the reality of life in foreign countries (and Canada does not count as foreign to the USA in this respect!). Anyway, add this all to the economic prosperity of the USA, and it means that American popular culture (movies being a prime example) has a much larger domestic market than any of its European counterparts (and that includes Britain), so a much larger production in much better economic conditions, with a better technical infrastructure (crucial for movies). And then, you can export your product much more easily - because there's a good chance that it will be better, or rather more attractive products. (Well, well, I'm told some Americans find the British accents impenetrable...)

Commonality of language base is an excellent reason for the spread of movies, television shows, and music but doesn't have as much impact on non-sound oriented exports and imports.

But what I just said only applies to Western societies. And there are other factors at work. There were no Marshall plan or occupying GI's to explain the passion of the Moscovite youth for disco and blue jeans. Apparently, there are large numbers of young Russians listening to BBC international programmes more for the music they play than for the uncensored news. This despite the jamming stations and the surrounding conditioning. There must then be something intrinsically attractive in American pop culture -- probably the fact that it was the first to be truly pop, truly commercial, demagogic, trying to go to the people -- the customers, the audience; rather than coming down from On High, following a set of standards... That of course would also apply to folklore, but it would seem that the rise of technology has pigeonholed it, made it obsolete.

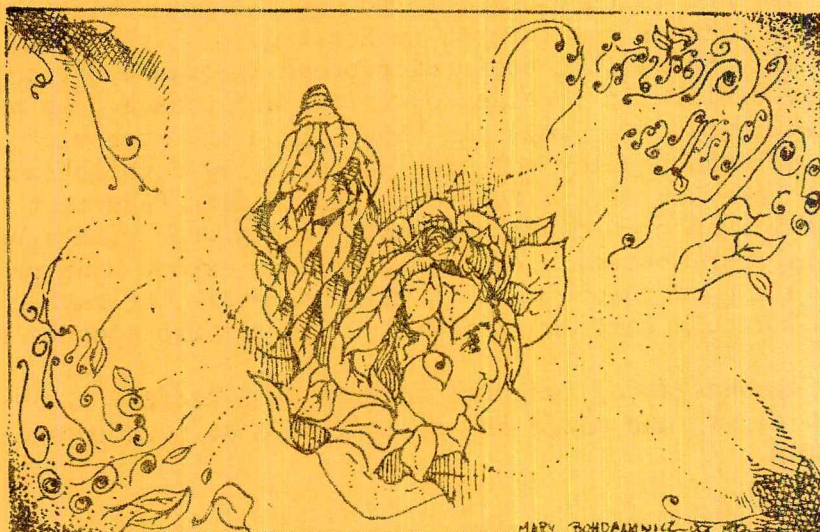
I disagree here - for one example look at pre-industrial societies which have strong peasant cultural traditions which are generated from below, not imposed from above. Folk music is a good example of same - and these traditions have continued into industrialised societies. There is not enough space to explain the ramifications. But let me point out something which you said which strengthens the general case which I have been making, and that is the influence of rock music in Russia. I have been maintaining that we have this here stuff which others take from us rather than America forcing on others and your example of Russian youths listening to rock music shows my point. Only ideological twerps would try to twist reality by maintaining that this is an example of ACI (probably by inventing some rationale explaining how we have subverted the BBC or some such twaddle).

Of course, you also have to take into account the fact that American culture is attractive to many people around the world because it's a mirror image of American prosperity: this certainly applies in the case of the Soviet Union, and even much more in that of the Third World. National pride usually can't beat food in the larder and that shiny brand new car in front of your doorstep.

A corollary of the last two paragraphs is that one cannot talk about American cultural imperialism; if there is a large underground movement towards American culture in America's archenemy, the much more imperialistic Soviet Union, and that independently of political dissent, then you can't talk about imperialism. The people just naturally go towards what pleases them.... The more sugar-coated cereal, maybe! But nobody is pushing them at gun-point. Making the study of Russian as a second language mandatory in all of the East Bloc countries is cultural imperialism. Having everybody watching Western movies, if distasteful, is only a successful commercial operation.

I think Pascal has more or less summed up what I was trying to say to Ian McKeer - before I got tied up in point-for-point rebuttals (always a stupid waste of time, those are).

By the same token, fanzines are also a stupid waste of time - but we argumentative-type people love both fanzines and point-for-point rebuttals (not, though, that one has to be argumentative to love fanzines, but it helps).



After a while, of course, governments start worrying. I think that cultural protectionism should be rejected out of hand (there has been propositions to limit the number of US movies shown in France! Perhaps because we still have a large moviegoing public and an industry, however small, to protect). The effort has got to come from the creators, and from the audience. And in fact, it would not be a bad thing for people to learn *more* about American culture: they would get a better understanding of what is really American in what they're watching and reading (and a deeper enjoyment when they understand what issues are touched upon), and what else is either trashy plastic, or even mistranslation!

One should not, anyway, get the idea that beating American culture on its own ground is an all-but impossible exercise: witness the Beatles, and the subsequent British invasions which made London the nerve centre of creative rock'n'roll -- when it used to be a typical American form of music.

As I will continue to point out - Canadian television has Canadian content rules that insure a certain percentage of "Canadian-made" programmes and still people watch the U.S. shows. Better is better, no matter where it is produced.

Other foreigners, naturally, still have to contend with the language barrier, and that is much more difficult. Ignorance has huge reserves of inertia. The fact that I wrote this in English is part of the problem. It being intended as a LoC, it felt easier to switch from French, but what compelling reasons for it did I have? (Anyway, France has struck back successfully - or at least on a limited scale - in at least one area: comic strips).

Interesting conclusion. Shall we now have to contend with English language imperialism?

But English language imperialism already exists. English speakers the world over already comprehend what most of the rest of the world would be better off knowing - in the twentieth century it is absurd to speak any language other than English. So there!!
Now, finally, we get to Ian McKeer's late LoC.

* IAN McKEER * Your "Why you received this" column was quite amusing and helped deflate my irritation in being described as dense and wrongheaded because I have a different view of the world than you. I also have to admire your resourcefulness in marrying a Canadian so she could respond to my letter rather than you, although I'm sure you had some very good other reasons for marrying the lady.

Despite the acrimony which sometimes permeates these pages, this really is just some sort of exercise in fun. I am glad that you seem to recognise this as we are now going to tear you apart. You have the first shot.

Having read your responses my immediate feeling was that we are about to re-stage the Nicholas-Schweitzer debate in another arena and will end up accusing one another of suffering from what Ted White calls "Joseph's Disease". To be described as dense, wrongheaded, appallingly ignorant and stupid certainly smacks of a Holier Than Thou attitude on your part and even of the arrogance with which the U.S. has conducted its foreign policy during the last 40 years; the I am right and you are wrong whatever you say or think attitude. I can accept that we have formed very different conclusions from making similar observations and that we perceive the world differently but I don't think that makes either of you wrongheaded, dense or stupid.

Surely you can see that there is a difference between the usage and definition of words? The words "new" and "wave" combined in the term New Wave have nothing to do with water breaking on the shore of the beach, so why does the juxtaposition of the words

~~"cultural" or "economic" with "imperialism" fail to convey a meaning other than the O.E.D.~~ definition to you? Though perhaps Robbie does. After all, she tells me that me telling her what Canadians think is a prime example of British Imperialism. Come, come, I am not a nation seeking to extend my power dominion or territories, am I? How then, can I, by the definition you claim to accept, be exhibiting imperialism? You'd have to agree with me that the usage of the word has changed in order to accuse me of imperialism.

There should not be a difference between the usage and definition of words unless you are reverting to slang - street talk that group (ethnic, social, language, political or whatever) which uses it. For the purpose of better communication, dictionary definitions must be adhered to. Otherwise, you fail to get your true meaning across. For comprehensibility to all, definition and usage must be closely allied. Your example of New Wave can mean "temporary heightening of some influence or condition". New, of course, means different, changed, of recent origin, and even regenerated. Taken together - new wave - you can have "a recent heightening of some influence" - easily related definition to describe the, then, new style of SF we nowadays refer to as "New Wave". But the connexion between cultural - "a particular form or stage of civilisation" - and imperialism - "the policy of seeking to extend the power, dominion or territories of a nation" - only brings a definition of "the policy of extending the cultural power or domination of a nation", i.e., a planned policy, not an unconscious influence. You use the term to mean, at most, undue influence. You seem to agree that it is not a policy, yet the only possible definition of the phrase implies policy - a deliberate act. By using your warped definition of the phrase and levelling the charge of "cultural imperialism" at you, I hoped to show you the absurdity of your position. Obviously, this failed.

Both my remarks in Neology and subsequently in my LoC to HTT were born of my experiences and observations while living in Edmonton, which included discussing these issues with Canadians, fans and non-fans, and by watching Canadian and American TV programmes and reading Canadian newspapers, including those Robbie equates as those through which one can become informed. Robbie may well be a Canadian fan but is she necessarily typical any more than the people I talked to are?

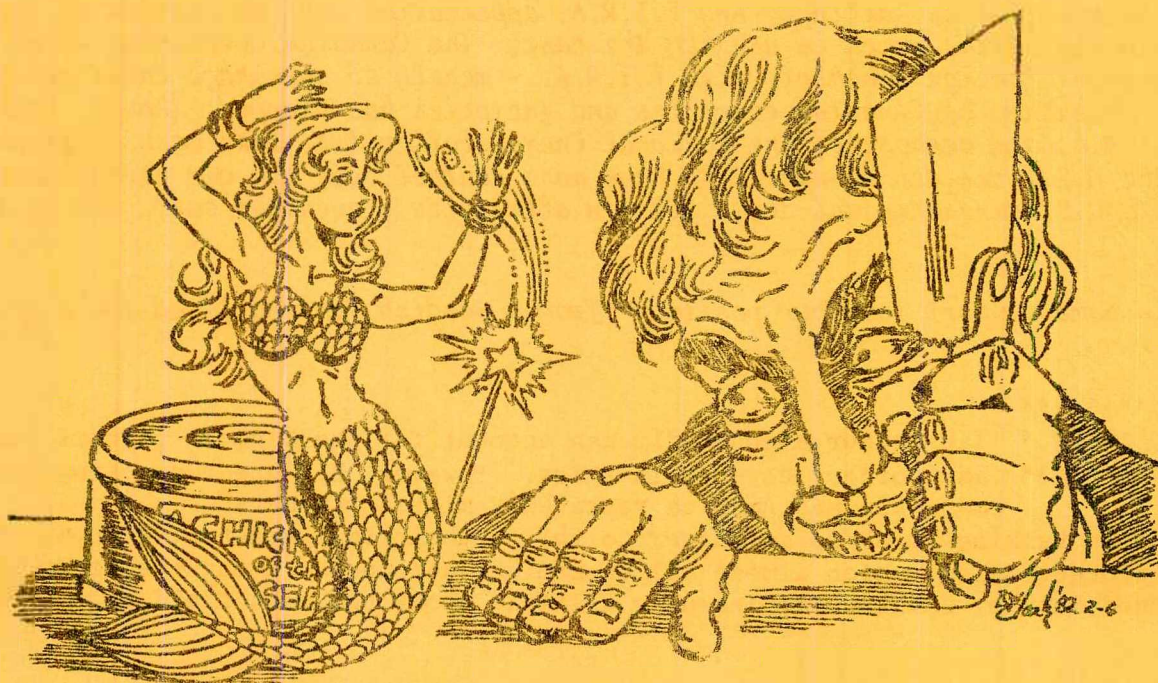
My experience in talking to Canadian fans and non-fans has been that, while they acknowledge a great deal of influence in Canadian life from the U.S., Europe and Britain (always considered separate from Europe even after its joining the E.E.C.), they think Cultural Imperialism is too harsh an accusation to level at any western nation (though most will level it at the U.S.S.R. very quickly). Among those whose opinions this covers are the staff at the Canadian Consulate General here in Los Angeles - the Canadians, Aussies, Britons, New Zealanders, and Americans. Also included in the formulating of the stand that you were being too extreme were the many political discussions I have held in my 31 years with both fans and non-fans from most parts of Canada - Ottawa is somewhat of a meeting point for Canadians. Your experience was limited to one section of Canada over a period of one year (I give credit for that, though I got the impression it was less); is your experience, therefore, better? Even taking 16 years off my life-span for growing up there is still 15 years of experience with all kinds of Canadians. During my time in Canada, I, too, watched Canadian and U.S. television shows (a damn sight more of them than you ever had, I'll warrant, Ian!) and read, voraciously, Canadian magazines and newspapers (hell! I still get Macleans). Why is my experience to be discounted in favour of your brief stay? Pretty bloody arrogant of you, Ian, don't you think?

I said quite clearly that there was no conspiracy to foist the American way of life upon Britain or Canada or anywhere else and yet you say my letter sounds as if I imply that. Policy decisions are most certainly taken by American firms, for example, by Ford, to build factories in Britain, Germany, and Spain, creating a branch-economy effect I described in my letter. This can and does lead to cultural changes. Take Kellogg for ex-

ample. An American company operating in Britain which brought the idea of breakfast cereals to prominence by using their economic power and who, as a consequence, changed the breakfast of most of the British people. In my book, that's cultural imperialism, though I can see it isn't in yours because we have a very different understanding of those two words juxtaposed. A great deal of trade takes place between Japan and the EEC and between EEC nations but without building factories in other nations to the extent that 40-45% of their economy is controlled by outside interests and without changing their culture. I do not assert that international trade is tantamount to economic imperialism.

But I can - lots of countries build factories in other countries! Briain does; Ger-many does; Japan does; even Canada does! In fact, every major industrialised nation does. There are excellent economic reasons for doing so. Cheap labour is the one reason most people are aware of, but, let's face it, Ford doesn't build a factory in Germany for cheap labour. But they will build a factory in Germany to cut down on transportation costs, and Britain and Japan will build factories in the U.S. to circumvent tariff barriers - which many countries use to protect local industries.

On the one hand you admit that the U.S. economy is larger than any other and on the other hand you say if Canada and Britain only competed and weren't so apathetic they wouldn't be swamped by U.S. products, totally ignoring the economic advantages which accrue to a larger domestic economy. It's the sort of simplistic economic thinking characteristic of Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher, whose economic policies are only exacerbating the world recession; the mentality that sees the world only in terms of a profit and loss account. Allow me to attempt to explain with an analogy from the British retail industry. Loaves of bread are sold at very different prices in supermarkets and small shops because the former, having a larger turnover, many outlets and the advantages of economies of scale, can still make a profit on a loaf sold for 30³p when the small shop has to sell the same loaf for 40p or more. No matter how hard the small shopkeeper competes, how long he keeps his shop open for, how many hours he works he can't sell his loaf of bread any cheaper and his economic disadvantage is not because he is apathetic or doesn't work hard and compete. He doesn't have the same resources available as a supermarket chain. It is also true that the U.S. economy and the economic policies of the U.S. government have important ramifications on all the other national economies in the Western, Third World, and that those policies have been designed for the U.S. to benefit. In benefitting



(or not, depending on how badly the government manages the economy) the effects are not only within the U.S. but also for U.S. international trade and I don't believe that the U.S. government fails to see what the effect of its policy will be on the rest of the world and if it's deleterious what do they care?

Now who's being *simplistic*? Small shops survive, in spite of the presence of a larger supermarket. Small countries (or countries with small economies) can also survive. But to compare the two is not realistic. A small nation with a small economy can still throw around a lot of weight if they have something the big economies need - something for which no equivalent exists when comparing small shops to large supermarkets. Canada, as an example, has many raw materials the U.S., and others, would like to have. That gives us clout, if we chose to use it. But to compete with the larger economy of the U.S. we can also increase the quality of our products - consumers will often take a higher priced item in preference to a lower priced item if the quality is there. We should also make better use of tariff barriers - not by retaining them forever, but by insuring that producers know that they have a limited life span. They are, usually, brought in to give local producers a chance to build up their companies and thereby improve their chance of survival on the open market. But, they are all too often retained because no effort is made to improve.

An example are the Canadian Radio, Television, and Telecommunications rulings. Designed to protect Canadian film, television, radio and telecommunications producers so they would grow and improve their quality levels, they have resulted in a "guaranteed market". A market which the television and radio producers feel so assured of keeping that little effort is made to improve the product. Only in telecommunications has it produced the desired effect. Those producers improved the quality of their product to a point where it could and does compete on the world market.

Within the Canadian economy I don't deny that a lot of other nations also operate in what I'd describe as an imperialist manner, but the U.S. is the largest and most visible. After all, it was MacDonalds' establishments I kept seeing in Alberta, not Lyons Tea Shops. Your comment about the proportion of applications from various countries to FIRA misses the point. Those are current applications and the U.S. already had a big stake in the Canadian economy before FIRA was set up. It's very existence points to at least one Canadian government taking a view of their economy similar to mine rather than to yours.

F.I.R.A. was instituted to keep Canadian companies Canadian-owned where possible. Its purpose is to encourage Canadians to invest in Canada by making it easier for them to do so. As such, it is failing. Any F.I.R.A. application will be granted if there is no Canadian-based offer, which is usually the case. The Canadian Government doesn't expect to prevent foreign ownership with F.I.R.A. - merely to encourage Canadian ownership. U.S. ownership of Canadian companies and factories has dropped, though, both because of F.I.R.A. and because of the National Energy Policy (we, like many other nations including the U.S., decided we wanted to have more control over our own energy resources). At one point, U.S. ownership was about 60% (in all fields - averaged out), now it is less than 40%.

Here is some support for "our position" from a Swedish fan who lived for a while in the U.S.

* ROGER SJOLANDER * Ian McKeer undoubtedly can account for the biggest part of the sword
***** and sorcery covered in this. However, his spear-chucking aimed to
maim you and America repeatedly misses its mark.

What he is talking about as an answer to this mythological monster, economic imperialism, is protectionism, which almost all economists denounce; among the first things I had to pound into my skull while learning a little about the vast field of economics'

were the Principles of Absolute Advantage and Relative Advantage. These two guiding principles should be followed by all sensible nations since it cuts down considerably on the waste of scarce resources, and therefore makes us all a little happier. Very few countries actually even try to do so, since lobbies and special interest groups have such a big say in matters concerning them, but to propagate against these principles in light of what everybody in the know says about them seems to me as intelligent as running into a brick wall, head first.

Minds of people are not owned collectively. They are by definition a personal resource and as such can be used any which way the person himself wants to. If American companies happen to pay more for the use of that

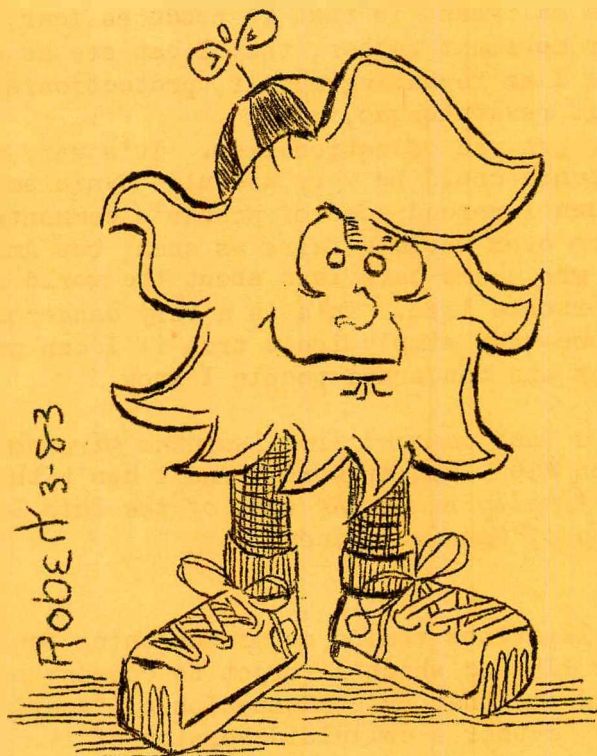
mind, why, it's the reward that man or woman will get. It is dubious if anyone would want to choose a job with less pay for preventing something imaginary. I would even sincerely doubt that Ian himself would say no to a generous offer on the grounds that it came from across the border.

If someone would contend that minds are the property of more people than the inhabitant of the skull in question he would have to do so our whole species was the proprietor. Even so, it defeats Ian's purpose.

We could also take a very tangible historical example: during the 18th century there can be no doubt that France was the dominating power in the world. They even had a conscious policy of exploiting the then non-existent Third World countries, and the infamous protectionism was an almost religious principle that had its natural place in that society. But did France, under whose influence, or economic imperialism if you will, its neighbouring countries were, really cause any suffering from this? (Oh, believe me, I think what France and other Western countries invoked in the Third World was suffering, but that's not the point we are discussing - and I would doubt that many people have differing opinions on the subject anyway).

I would clearly answer that question with a no. The 1700's meant a vital contribution on the part of France to culture - almost every word from the theatre, for example, is derived from the French language, thus forcing other countries to use words like actor, cuffleuse and the like. This then, clearly, according to McKeerian logic is a "cultural change not caused by a change at the grass roots, not by a change within the society and culture, but by another culture using its economic leverage and causing change as a result" - "cultural imperialism", then in part is the development of culture beneficial to us all.

France during the 1700's also produced highly intelligent thinkers - look at the genius of Voltaire, who when his remains returned to Paris (he was a controversial man) was followed by enormous throngs of people. Look at Diderot, who was one of the driving forces behind the monumental Encyclopedia. Should these men's ideas have been held in their own country? Would that have been beneficial? In fact, can non-exchange of ideas



IF YOU TOOK
SOME FUNGUS
FROM TORONTO
AND GREW IT IN
JARS IN THE
UNITED STATES,
IT WOULD
BE AN EXAMPLE
OF "CANADIAN
CULTURE".

be anything other than malignant in that it produces fear, suspicion and prejudice?

The only even, or movement rather, that I can see as really hurting other people and nations is, and I know I am repeating myself, protectionism. Get rid of that scourge and yiy wukk gave a geaktgt rekatuibsguo,

At the same time, get rid of nationalism. It's very natural to be proud of your country, but some distance could be very useful. Cynicism is a trait to favour in people.

It seems to me when I reread some of McKeer's comments that what he is against is not America's influence over world affairs as such, but Americans. He seems to think they are stupid clods who could care less about the world as long as they themselves can lead a more-than-comfortable life. This is a very dangerous attitude, one which is not very flattering, and one that simply isn't true if I can go after the impression I have of loads of intelligent and concerned people I know.

*Whew! Now, with a last comment from Lauraine Miranda, "The dover on #14 - water soluable! The cover on #16 - the artwork! And I don't think I will ever forget the TEDDYBEAR. Gads." we finally reach the last of the late LoCs (11+ pages of them) and move into the main body of Nessie. *gleep**

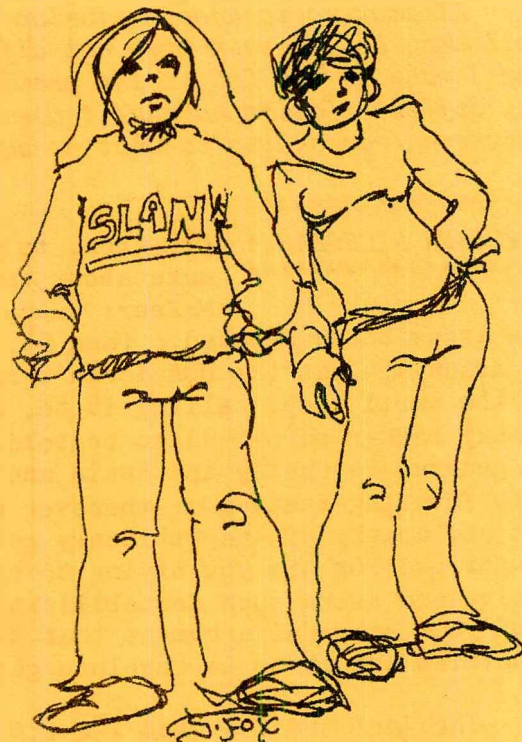
* IAN McKEER * Generalisations remind me of something Paula LMeberman said in her LoC
***** in HTT #15 and which I forgot to comment on in my previous LoC. She pointed out that my condemnation of "American Culture" was an attack on nothing of the sort but rather a celluloid version of it. I can quite see her point, but then that was part of what I was commenting on in my original Neology piece - the question of images and perception of cultures, political systems etc. If you live in the U.S.A. then no doubt you can see a great deal of variety between New England, California, New York, the South and the Midwest, but my interest is in the way people outside the U.S. see American culture and the effect it has on them.

That is not how I read your Neology editorial. I remember it as a rather direct blast at "American Cultural Imperialism", written in a particularly airheaded manner. You showed that you had not one whit of knowledge about American culture, otherwise you would know that the essence of American culture is mostly a state of mind and has absolutely nothing at all to do with such fluffy ephemera as McDonalds hamburger stands and flag-flying. Youse is a woefully ignorant sod, matey.

Whilst you may not believe it, Marty, you and I may share more of a common outlook than you at first think. HTT affects to revel in being outrageous, usually by being putrid and therefore stirring things up. In taking over Neology last year I set out to do precisely the same thing - to cause a stir, to provoke reaction, liven things up a bit and what better way to do it than by a carefully prepared diatribe, using all those nigger-words I suspected would make Americans in particular very very worked up. I think it's fair to say I succeeded. Possibly too well, for Ed Rom is clearly convinced that I have a headful of Marxist stereotypes when I most certainly don't. I can see as well as you do, Marty, that the Russian/Eastern bloc interpretation of what a Marxist state should be doesn't work very well but neither do I think that this is the only way a state based on Marxist ideals could be established, nor do I think that the way a "free, democratic" state based on capitalist principles works so marvellously that it couldn't be improved upon. You'll notice also that nowhere in my writings that have caused so much contention have I praised any Communist states.

Then, in my mind, what you did with Neology was unethical. When I was editing SHAGGY I tried not to be "controversial" as the zine belonged to the club, not me, and I considered myself to be merely its custodian. The consequence of this belief is a tendency of clubzines to be sometimes bland (not that they need be, though) through the necessity of editorial reticence. You upset many Edmontonians with a strong editorial

opinion of a political nature which was not their political opinion - and that was wrongo, buddy, if for no other reason that politics of this kind has no place in a clubzine which represents enough members so that the club itself represents people of divergent political beliefs. One of my Edmontonian friends told me that "you were a Marxist who had upset many of the club members". In his editorial in Neology Vol. 8, #1, editor John Wellington writes, "Ian McKeer, in case you haven't heard, won the 1983 Elron Award as 'Worst Fan Editor of 1982'." Welcome, Ian, to the wonderful world of fanediting.



 * ANDY PORTER * About US Cultural Imperialism, it's
 ***** fascinating to realise how many
 major actors and actresses -- and
 a lot of minor ones as well -- that are used to
 impress the American Way on the world are actually
 Canadian. Like Raymond Massey, of the Massey-Fer--
 guson Masseys, for instance. Or William Shatner, who
 will be forever known as head of the USS Enterprise
 among some. Lots of others, too: it's simply be-
 cause their accents are close enough to the major
 norms of North America that they can find work in
 Hollywood without hassles. Of course, during WWII
 there was reverse cultural imperialism, when lots
 of US actors became "Canadian" during films detail-
 ing the brave exploits of the Canadians among the
 British forces.

Very true, and the world is an emptier place with the passing of Raymond Massey - he was a fine actor, renowned for his work as Lincoln (amongst other roles).

A lot of buildings in the past were designed to have flags at their pinnacles. It's only in the last few years, with the renewal of love-for-god-and-country, that American flags have been sprouting from the tops of tall buildings. Of course, US flags have always been flying on monuments or in Washington, DC -- but I can recall hundreds of Canadian flags flying on Parliament Hill in Ottawa, or during weekends in Toronto. There's also a cute little Canadian Maple Leaf decal on the robot arm of the space shuttle...

Gas stations off major highways always have a flag or two flying, too, but that's so as to be seen by the motorists.

By the way, Olympia and York, a major Toronto realtor, is now one of the largest US owners of office buildings as well. And Canadian investment in Florida and elsewhere is very heavy. Of course, I think this is fine: there's still no excuse for for 78% of all Canadian industry being owned by US firms, or the Reagan administration's stance on acid rain, to raise a few choice targets.

Well, it's less than 40% US ownership nowadays, and the U.S. has reversed itself on acid rain, so...

Brad Foster's cover was really fine: he's getting better and better.

Definitely good enough to be considered for a Hugo nomination.

Attempting to keep confusion to some sort of minimum I should point out that, in the following LoC, Joseph does not differentiate 'twixt the different responses which Robbie and I made to his LoC in the previous issue. We shall leave it to the reader to perform any differentiation he/she/it deems necessary. On our part we will mostly ignore this, answering/responding to what he says as the spirit moves us.

* JOSEPH NICHOLAS * On, then, to your responses to my letter -- and the first point to
***** make about them is that they resemble your initial responses to Ian
McKeer: much evasion, much missing of point, much failure to grasp
the issue being debated. Page 54, for instance, where I take issue with your contention
in issue 15 that the USA doesn't really want to run the world but does so because the rest
of the world keeps telling it to, stating that the people of certain countries would be
really rather surprised to be told as much -- to which you reply that the US citizenry
in general is pretty apathetic and that's how the Pentagon or whoever is able to get away
with invading Vietnam or wherever every time it feels like a war. What in the name of God
has the apathy of the citizenry got to do with US interference in the affairs of other
countries? Or are you trying to tell me that if the US citizenry were more politically
active and aware such destabilisation and whatnot would not occur in the first place, and
thus your original argument that the USA only interferes in other countries when the other
countries ask it to is absolute garbage?

The fact remains that the U.N., including the U.S., was asked by the then government
of S. Korea to help them repel the communist invaders. And the then government of South
Vietnam also asked for the same help. In the first case the U.N. sent U.N. troops because
the U.S.S.R. did not exercise its right of veto. ((As I remember it, when the matter came
up the Russian delegation was not on the premises, having walked out in protest of something
or other some time earlier.)) In the second the U.S.S.R. invoked its veto to prevent U.N.
troops from being sent, so S. Vietnam requested individual countries to help anyway and the
U.S. was one of those countries. At this time, the government of El Salvador has requested
assistance from the U.S. Although, at one time, the U.S. had all these marvellous inter-
fering policies such as the Marshall Plan and its credo of "manifest destiny", you would
be hard put to find these attitudes being bandied about by many Americans. The majority
seem more inclined to wish the rest of the world would leave them alone.

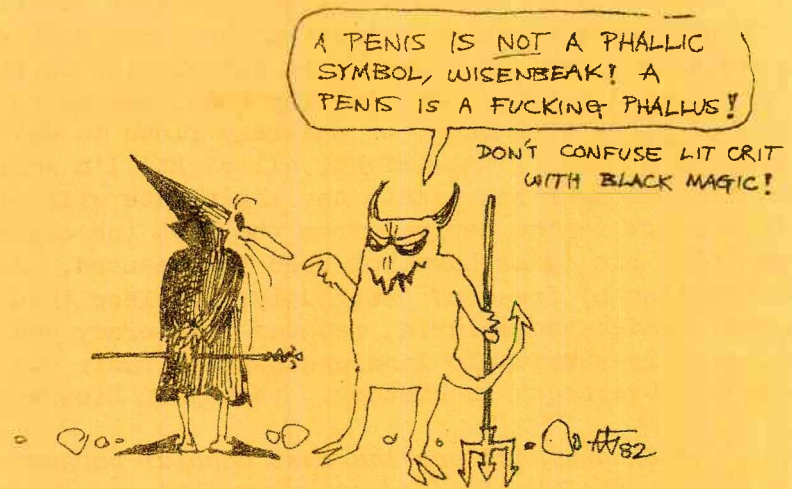
Currently Lebanon is begging for more U.S. Marines and Reagan is resisting pressures
in Congress to either limit the stay of the Marines or to remove them from Lebanon alto-
gether. A few years back the government of S. Korea got extremely upset with one of Presi-
dent Carter's proposed cost-cutting measures; the one which would have removed our troops
from S. Korea. Now what was that, again, about how the U.S. military is interfering all
over the place when they are not wanted there?

I must protest about your selective editing of this portion of my letter; there were
one or two other facts enumerated therein in addition to the training of ex-Somoza Nat-
ional Guardsmen in Florida, and your deletion of them -- given that you cannot deny them,
and that their inclusion would undermine your position -- smacks of censorship rather
than editing. Quite apart from which, Florida is a training base for Nicaraguan "rebels"
(so-called); Honduras is the base for their operations.

Things are edited out of Nessie, that is true. As it is, Nessie is still the largest
lettercol in any current genzine; and, considering the things negative to me which I have
put in Nessie, I daresay that you are being unfair in this criticism. Believe it or not,
there are size limits to this thing and I cannot print every part of each letter - and the
size of Nessie should show my attempts at fairness. * Anyway, Florida used to be used as
a training ground for foreign troops/rebels/whatever; this, though, was mostly for the
abortive invasion of Cuba. Since then we have reverted to training foreign troops in our

bases in Panama. Currently we are also Honduras as a training ground. Considering two things (cost and much public antipathy to the Reagan stand on this matter) it is absurd to train troops in Florida. I do not know where you are getting your misinformation on this matter.

Page 55. "Is Japan part of this Western dominance? I doubt it." Well, yes it is, actually. Member of the OECD, full partner in economic summit meetings, the yen one of the world's strongest currencies...if you're interpreting "West" as relating solely to the hemisphere, to North and South America and Europe, then you're being literal (and perhaps even simple) minded in the extreme. The term "the West" includes nations as scattered as Australia, South Africa, Israel, Chile, the UK and the USA...and refers to a political grouping, not a geographical location.



True in one way, but not in the way you used the phrase. The Japanese do not consider themselves as part of the Western World, but allied to it in many ways for economic and self-protection purposes. They firmly consider their main relationships and influences as Eastern and feel that they have more in common with the ASEAN group. They certainly aren't in NATO nor the OAS nor the EEC (though there's talk of this last as a means to counter the economic dominance (not imperialism, mind) of the U.S.). Of the four non-U.N. groups the Japanese belong to, only the OECD is filled with "Western" nations. Besides, using your statement as a base, one must conclude that because the U.S.S.R. belongs to nine of the same groups as the U.S. that they are also a "Western" nation.

"Yet their (the Japanese) economy is doing quite well," you continue. Do not forget that they were the recipients of large amounts of aid in the years after the Second World War, in much the same way as the Marshall Plan was used to rebuild the shattered European economies, so it's not really suprising that they're now doing "quite well". Is this really competition, free and unfettered, controlled only by the natural economic forces that dominate the international markets, completely beyond the manipulation of the governments concerned? Come on!

Well, if your explanation of why the Japanese are doing so well is accurate, they why, pray tell, are the European countries, which were also recipients of aid, doing so poorly? Besides, I never said that free and unfettered competition controlled by only natural economic forces was the answer. I said competition was. There are many ways for a nation to compete - the free market approach is only one, and not always the best.

Come on, yourself, you political and economic nincompoop! If nations had the control of economic forces which you seem to believe that they have, they would never let themselves get into the economic messes which periodically beset them (at least the economically "strong" ones). Governments are not known for their masochistic tendencies.

Further down page 55, you mention Eden Pastora for the second time in your response. I think you ought to be aware that he's now sold out to the opposition, and is no longer a socialist; and as a bourgeois revisionist is thus in urgent need of liquidation by the people's courts. Or, failing that, subjected to a period of political re-education in a people's work camp, or possibly flown to Moscow for "specialist medical treatment", or perhaps even... All right, all right, I'm joking; but his credentials are tarnished, and he no longer represents the legitimate will of the people. Most of his opposition to the current regime derives from the fact (he claims) that the revolution hasn't gone his way, that his ideas have not been implemented. Is one man's egomania really a basis for the touting of freedom? Seriously; in less than four years, the Sandinista regime has almost eradicated malaria, reduced illiteracy and innumeracy from 83 percent to 12 percent, given every previously landless peasant their own plot of land...and is the single most popular government in history. (Not just Nicaraguan history; but history, fullstop.)

The Sandinistas are the most popular government ever in the history of the planet? Tell it to the Mosquito Indians whom that government is trying to genocide out of existence. Tell it to the Jews - every Nicaraguan Jew was exiled and their synagogues burned. As is usual with such a government, only those of whom they approve are helped (and I do give the Sandinista government good marks for trying to improve the physical and economic lot of many of the citizens whom the rotten Somoza regime neglected). Anyway, to give just two examples to show the idiocy of your statement about the relative popularity of governments I have but to mention Churchill and Napoleon - during parts of the administrations of both of those worthies their governments were more popular with their constituents than the Sandinista government is popular with its people. As for Pastora - he continues to stand by his democratic principles even though it has weakened him militarily as he refuses to have anything to do with those supporting the ex-Somozans. You seem to have conveniently forgotten that the Nicaraguan revolution was broad-based with support from the left through to the non-dictatorial right. It is the Sandinistas who have betrayed the revolution by eliminating the non-far-left from their government and who have abjured the democratic principles for which the revolution was fought, the same principles still upheld by Pastora. A pox on your bullshit, sir!

I write a mere two -- *less than two*, in fact -- pages in response to Ian McKeer's letter and your reply thereto, yet in your reply to me you manage to fill, or feel it necessary to fill, at least *three* pages. Unbelievable, absolutely unbelievable. If you were to tell me, or anyone else, that you're not being defensive, I think we'd all laugh in your face.

There were two of us replying to you, not just one (and both Robbie and I are talky blighters); so is it that unusual for two people to use more word space than one? Even so, just because Robbie and I chose to puncture your fatuous arguments with more words than you used in your original arguments does not mean that we were being defensive. And it is indeed a queer position which you take here, equating length of argument with its defensiveness quotient (and implied quality, or lack of same) or something. A very non-logical position which you have taken, sir.

* ARTHUR D HLAVATY * I have noted Joseph Nicholas's remarks on world politics and economics, particularly the part about how you don't have a free market unless all participants have equal resources. I think Joe has finally discovered a field about which he knows even less than he does about fan writing. I wouldn't have thought it possible.

I would call that a cheap shot, Arthur, if I did not know that you had written it on an expensive computer. Still, you will note that I included it here. And I want to say that I disagree with you about JOseph's knowledge of fan writing.

* HARRY WARNER, JR. * The enormous new issue of HTT isn't suited for coverage in a two--
***** page LoC. I could devote one full page to praising the front
cover. It must be the baroquest fanzine illustration in many
moons in addition to being one of the finest.

When anyone condemns media fans as "parasitic" I get the impression they are speaking with excessive vigour about the quantities of media fans who turn up at the larger cons, creating overcrowding of certain functions, impelling concommittees to spend money on features that will keep them occupied, and otherwise creating problems. I don't think media fans are parasites, but I do understand their ability to annoy fans who remember how cons were in the old days before science fiction exploded on television and in the theatres.

There is one possible explanation for silkscreening's popularity in the early years of fanzines and its decline since then. Those early fanzine editors had a tendency to imitate the prozines. It showed up in such ways as the useless custom of putting the month of publication and even the price on the front cover, frequent use of the editorial "we", and interior illustrations in styles resembling the most popular prozine artists. Prozines had full-colour covers and it was very difficult to get more than one colour on the front cover of a mimeographed fanzine, because of registration problems and the mess resulting from changing inkpads. Silkscreened front covers could turn the trick, and as far as I can remember, they appeared only on mimeographed fanzines; hektoed fanzines could have coloured covers via hekto pencils and the gelatin tray.

I confess that I didn't read every word of the first few pages of the LoC section this time. It was so exciting that I felt it might be bad for a person of my age. Besides, I found myself wondering at one point whether Judith Hanna's interest in the arts might some day cause her to be appointed art editor of HTT and if, after that happened, she would turn out to be so merciless in her judgments of submitted artwork, so harsh in her rejection notes to contributors, that she would come to be known as Hard Art Ed Hanna. Fortunately, I resumed reading thoroughly after that, so I didn't miss such things as the Joseph Nicholas letter, with its priceless volley of such remarks as "you'll allow me one last stab at the fucker.... An attempt to deny his point without for a moment getting to grips with what he actually says.... Her appalling ignorance.. .. Robbie's statement is hence utter nonsense.... The assertion is fatuous beyond belief.... You wouldn't recognize cultural imperialism if it came up and bit you in the bum.... That's what so bloody depressing about the fanzine.... You believe you're always in the right...." And then the climactic, impassioned outcry: "I prefer reasoned debate to rude remarks."

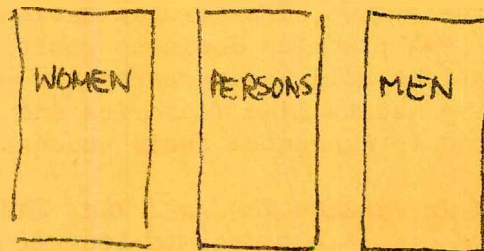
But Harry, do not you realise that you are quoting Joseph out of context?

It's sad to read that Mike Glicksohn is retrenching on his LoC career after a mere fifteen years. That's the trouble with these youngsters: they can achieve a brief spurt of fanac and then they can't keep up the pace they've set.

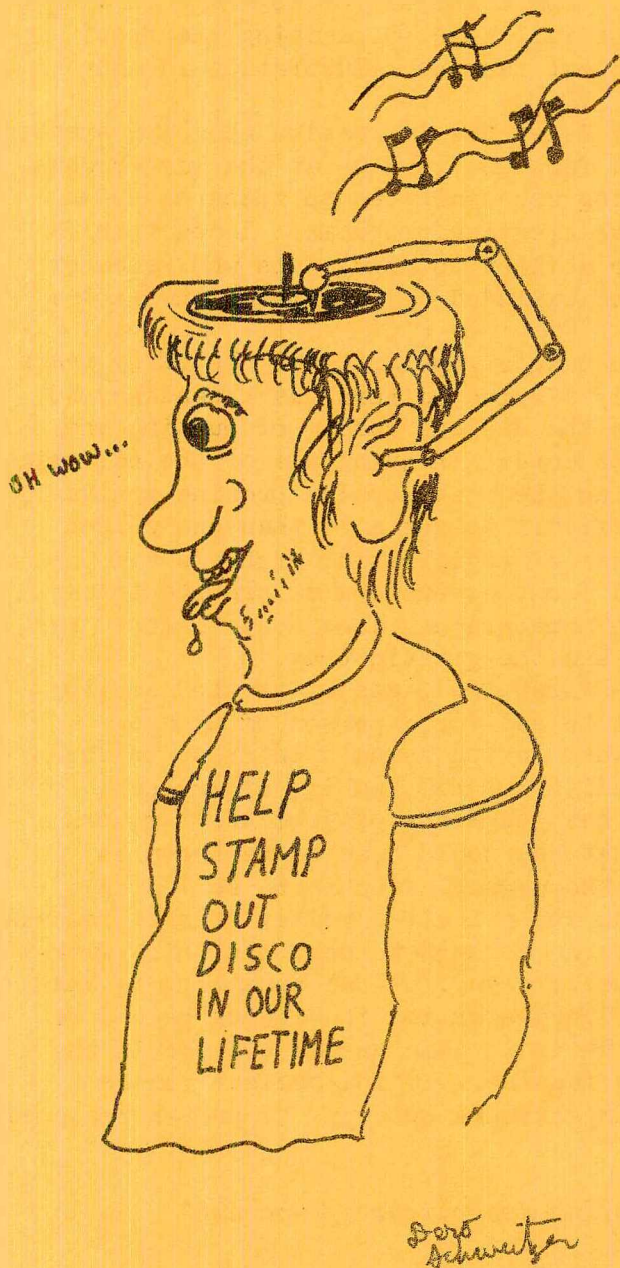
Ever since Mike started searching for pop-up vaginas he has not been the same.

* JOHN MITCHELL * Robbie mentions non-parasitic
***** media fen in her editorial.

I'd like to mention a group of them who deserve note. Queen to Queens' Three, a local (Chicago) Strek group, provided a member of the Chicon IV Board of Directors, as well as Chicons' office staff, a large chunk of Chicons' logistics crew, Chicons' original



Lee



Registrar and a host of hands and minds used elsewhere in the convention. Parasitic relationships often evolve into symbiotic one; that may be happening here.

Lon Atkins' "The Boogie Woogie Budget Blues" is a good example of the personal essay that drew so much comment in the Monster. Certainly it draws on fannish writing as practiced during the Sixth Fandom period, and thus on a two century old tradition in English literature, but that is insufficient reason by itself to either laud or blast the piece. Would the piece have been more effective had Atkins written in a style more to the taste of those "contemporary critics" cited by Gregg Trend? I doubt it, but the question is meaningless. Atkind provided a humorous look at his job, and a look at American corporate games in an effective and personable manner. In a word, it worked.

"The New Hugos" is an idea whose time is coming. But why the inherent sexism in refusing to "entertain thoughts of having alternate male awards?" When Ms. LeGuin, Wilhelm, Randall or Lee next win a Hugo, I'd like a chance at being the trophy. Why should male and lesbian authors and femmefans have all the fun?

Probably because of the complexity that having both male and females awards entails. You would almost be obligated to give out both a female and male award for every category.

There are several points I'd like to make on Nicholas' long letter (pp. 53 - 58), even if you think my points too serious for HTT. I'd like to know how the Bretton Woods agreement "rigged" the world economic system to the benefit of the Allied First World powers over any other group of nations. The current 'system' represents an evolution of trading techniques evolved in medieval Europe rather than any sort of planned attempt at cen-

tralising economic power. Those nations whose people have amassed capital have power within the system, less frugal nations don't. I find the concept of the Allied leadership in 1944 planning dominant positions for the Japanese and German economies ludicrous. Those nations hold their respective positions today because they used money to build productive assets like factories and universities, not because the world economic system was rigged to guarantee their success.

Not to mention the fact that the Bretton Woods agreement has not been being adhered to by the U.S. since the mid-seventies.

The three institutions which Nicholas cites as dominating the world economy appear to do so only because they have the backing of the major free governments, and even so are only important to First and some Third World countries. I would think that most Third World governments bless their continued existence, as a loan from the World Bank to a country serves as notice to private lenders that they aren't throwing their money away, that they will probably be paid back, and that the risk to their capital investment is not absolute. Joseph, do you burn money for sport? No? Then why do you advocate that banks and governments do so? And with other people's money (depositors or taxpayers, it doesn't matter. If them as loans the money ain't them as built the capital, it ain't theirs.), to boot!



Second and Third World countries which don't want to conform to World Bank rules are welcome to apply to the Soviet bloc for aid, but aren't likely to get much except weapons. Otherwise Poland and Romania wouldn't have gone to Western bankers for development funds when their planned economies proved incapable of generating capital. For a more concrete example, just look at all the Soviet investment funds flowing into the bulging coffers (read 'pockets' if your glasses aren't rose coloured) of the government of Nicaragua under Butcher-of-the-(Indian) Peepul Capt. Daniel Ortega.

Nicholas' argument about why people buy First World goods is equally fatuous. The reason that Second and Third World producers cannot compete in the world market has more to do with greed, poor quality control and bureaucratic inefficiency in those nations than with economic manipulation by any nation or group of nations. Nicholas says, "the Third World has had enough of being fucked over by the West ((Japan? Saudi Arabia? Australia?)) and is beginning to agitate . . . to rerig the system in their favour." In the real world, that means that Western (i.e., productive) workers and enterprises would be taxed to provide subsidies for the likes of Flt. Lt. Jerry Rawlings (a fine, strong ~~arm~~ leader if there ever was one) and Col. Quaddafi, the madman of the Mediterranean. It means that the venal officials in Ethiopia who caused the deaths of thousands of their countrymen by selling donated grain while people were starving for its lack will be rewarded with even bigger opportunities to steal -- unless the subsidies are absorbed at a higher level.

Given the profundity of Nicholas' thought in the letter under discussion, I'd bet that he believes that the Afghan tribesmen fighting for control of their own country (self-determination, remember, Joseph? How about anti-imperialism? Do I ring a Pavlovian bell, Joe?) are actually tools of the decadent imperialist West impeding the progress of the Glorious Socialist Revolution. Yeah, and that he believes in the Easter Bunny, too.

The following is from a second letter written by John, a few weeks after the above.

In my letter of a couple of weeks ago, I took a potshot at Ghanaian dictator Flt. Lt. Jerry Rawlings. The following was written by John Gellner of the *Canadian Defense Quarterly*, and is excerpted from the *Toronto Globe and Mail* by *World Press Review* (Aug. 1983, pg. 14).

"In the drift to a state-controlled economy the current Ghanaian dictator, Flt. Lt. Jerry Rawlings, instituted policies that led to falling production in agriculture and

mining, rundown manufacturing, rampant inflation, and widespread poverty for all except those who involved themselves in some illegal activity."

Meanwhile, Quaddafi divides the O.A.S. with his support of rebellion in Chad, and "Heeroe of da Peepul" Daniel Ortegas' government continues to supply Soviet & Cuban arms to terrorists in El Salvador & Honduras...

It's wonderful that a fanwriter of Joseph Nicholas' caliber (0.15"?) can find so many ~~democratic~~ leaders worthy of his support. I, however, will reserve my support for leaders who represent their people by *not* getting involved in war and self-aggrandisement.

* TED WHITE * Foster's cover is excellent -- probably the best cover you've run and
***** right up there with his lovely "locomotive cover" on NEW CANADIAN FANDOM --
and additional proof that Foster is one of the best artists in current-day
fandom.

I never thought I'd see the day when I would feel impelled to defend Brian Earl Brown, but I must point out to Robbie that she has misunderstood Brown's point and his useage of the word "leech" as applied to "media fans". Media fans are "parasitic" in the sense that they have taken from us much of our language and structures, not that they as individuals "leech" off our fandom. Media fans are far from unique, of course: the "sub--fandoms" like comics fandom have been with us for thirty years, with a variety of cross--over members (like me) who participated simultaneously in both fandoms and carried fannish ideas and terms over with them into these other fandoms. I think Brian's point is that *we* invented "fandom" and its language and that as each new "fandom" comes along it makes free use of our ideas and terms rather than inventing its own. In this sense media fandom *is* "parasitic".

I think media fandoms can be characterised by the lack of creativity to be found in most of them. Most media fans are "fans" in the Hollyw-od sense rather than the sf fandom sense: they are the adoring audience who fawn upon the "stars".

My only real objection to the media fandoms (inasmuch as I'm basically a live-and--let-live anarchist, as well as an occasional participant in comics fandom) is that they have a far less idealistic cast than our fandom and are much more money-oriented. I noticed this first in comics fandom. In the early fifties comics fans did not sell comics back and forth: they *traded*. The "huckster mentality" was entirely absent. This was in part because we were idealistic and in part because we had little money to spend. But by the mid-sixties comics *dealers* were competing to set the *highest* prices, and that situation has continued to this day. The earliest comics conventions were programme-oriented, but within a few years comics cons were dominated by the huckster/dealer room where thirteen-year-olds bought and sold comics for hundreds of dollars a copy.

All sf cons were originally non-profit and altruistically run. But as media fans discovered there was Big Money in Putting On Conventions, starting with the Trekkie cons of ten and more years ago, we've seen the incursion of for-profit cons in sf as well. This has driven up the membership fees in lacklustre local cons to the \$15.00-25.00 level, which is not only outrageous, but legitimizes the *truly* outrageous fees now routinely charged for Worldcons.

I think this taints our fandom, and occasionally it spills over into outright nastiness, as in the case of the Southern California "fan" who not only puts on cons for profit but tries to drive out his "competition" like the Westercon with a variety of forms of harrassment.

To the extent that people have discovered they can make money from fandom, these people will exploit us. Worse, they attract into fandom more people like themselves. In comics fandom the mercenary fans have all but driven the real fans out: It is impossible to put together a decent collection of memorable comics without spending a fortune. I'd hate to see that happen "here", but in fact where cons are concerned it has already happened.

In that most sub-fandoms have "taken over" sf fandom's terminology and such then all can be considered parasitic. But, it can also be argued that new fans (sf) do not create too many new ideas or terms but merely re-explore and re-use those of their predecessors, which is (or can be defined as) parasitic also. "Trekdom" and "Whodom" are not actually from sf fandom but were devised by media fans to describe aspects of their fandom. I hate to be the one to mention this, but I've seen more than a few "adoring" crowds around sf writers - younger sf fans, readers who adore their favourite authors as much as any young media fan adores his favourite actor.

I, too, decry the "huckster mentality", as do other media and comics fans. Back in Ottawa, the most popular comic store was one which would trade comics as well as buy and sell. And the fans - of all ilks - traded things back and forth when they could. A younger fan with nothing to trade for an item he desperately wants, though, will stoop to buying what he wants.

Begg Trend has somewhat simplified my arguments, I think, and drawn inferences with which I cannot agree. "Ted does not seem to think ... that quality work is possible if one breaks with tradition, which accounts for his attitude toward the /recent/ RUNE (which makes me wonder what he thinks of Cheryl Cline's *THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRITING*)."

Well, I like Cheryl's fanzine, Gregg, and I gave it a good review in FILE 770, too. My criticisms of RUNE and the RUNE kiddies had nothing to do with tradition and/or breaking with tradition, and a lot to do with quality. I didn't think there was much quality in RUNE. I thought it was mostly a graphics disaster, and that much was sloppily written and produced. (When the Kiddies did their own separate issues I liked Garth's best, for what it's worth.)

Getting back to tradition, just what is being said when one uses "tradition" in a statement like Gregg's? To begin with, if one has a broad enough view, can *anything* be said to be truly a "break with tradition"? James Joyce (whose name has been flung about as an author which Ted White must surely detest and would reject as an editor -- how well some people think they know me!) surely made a major break with tradition with *Ulysses*, but *was it really*? Had no "stream-of-consciousness" work been written before -- or was it simply (and actually) that nothing had been done *at that length* before? The question is, then, *which* tradition?

Getting back to fanzines, the "tradition" of fanzines -- the actual historical record -- is loaded with all sorts of odd-ball and unusually produced fanzines, from the Simply Awful (THURBAN-I) to the exquisite (ORB). *Nothing* in the last incarnation of RUNE struck me as outside the tradition of fanzines. For that matter, nothing in *THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRITING* seems to me to be tradition-shattering, either. I've seen a lot of fanzines, Gregg.

So to me this question, *is "quality work possible if one breaks with tradition"?*, has little bearing on my approach. I don't use the "tradition" criterion in the first place.

Gregg wonders why the italics in "My generation followed the Big Acts". Well, it was mainly to emphasise the point that my generation was not Willis's -- a point I thought

A CONVENTION 15: #16

TRYING TO REMEMBER SOME ASSHOLE'S NAME



necessary since so many people seemed to think that I venerated Willis because I was one of his generation. In fact, I was a minor neofan during most of Willis's heyday, which climaxed in 1952. I did not begin to gain prominence as a fan until at least five years later.

When Gregg decides that, in my frame of reference, "there is room for a fannish Hemingway, for instance, but there is no room for a Dos Passos, or Ghod forbid, a Joyce," he is fundamentally misreading me. (In fact, I always thought Hemingway overrated, and if I never read *Ulysses* for entertainment, I did enjoy Joyce's *Dubliners*.) Does Gregg think the fanwriters I admire were all stamped from the same mold? Does he think that they are all "fannish Hemingways" and none of them fannish Dos Passos or Joyces? It's an arguable point, but one with which I cannot agree.

Finally, I'm amused that Gregg makes much of my supposed use of "professional standards when judging fan writing", but ends his letter with criticisms of HTT's art from his own cited professional artistic point of view. Gregg, the standards of good English writing are not solely "professional" standards, and never have been. A few generations ago most literate people upheld those standards in their personal correspondence (and, truth be told, those standards prevailed in my family for many generations; both my mother and grandmother are excellent authors of non-professional prose), with no thought of professional publication.

Joseph Nicholas's letter in this issue was fascinating. And at last I know why he believes that "past tradition" and "progress" are antithetical: he doesn't believe in the dictionary definitions of the words! "Dictionaries are good places to find out what words meant." I gather that in Joseph's part of the world even an up-to-date edition of a dictionary is just a historical record of what a word *used* to mean, amber in which dead words are trapped for perpetuity, no longer of any use except for admiration of an occasional passerby. And the *living* words? They mean what Joseph *wants* them to mean, bygolly, and don't you forget it! This, from an advocate of "better writing and clearer thinking"!

Very well put. Thank you.

It's equally fascinating to read Nicholas on economics, where he marshalls a few facts with great precision but overlooks others. I gather, from his precis, that in his part of the world the Arab oil embargo, OPEC, the massive inflation of the seventies, and the shift of monetary power to "third world" oil-producing nations simply never happened -- much as sexism, and thus the need for women's liberation, never happened there either.

I'm charmed by his "Let's hear it for Heroes of the People" line too. I'm always charmed by people who are for The People, a category which never seems to include any of the people I know, nor indeed usually even people of my nationality. I guess some people are more People than other people. Or maybe some people think in catch-phrases.

Most fascinating of all was Joseph's examples of "economic imperialism that can result in the native culture being subverted or destroyed", of which I liked best "the inculcation in the youth of Western Europe during the fifties of a desire for blue jeans and rock 'n' roll records". I really had to wince at that one: think of all the "native culture" of poor old Europe being "subverted or destroyed" by blue jeans alone! And rock 'n' roll! Well, you know what the Soviets have said all along about *its* subversive decadent qualities.

Of course it doesn't say a lot for the spine and spunk of "the youth of Western Europe" that those kids could be so easily manipulated with that "inculcation". But I'm sure JOseph has it on good authority that but for the "economic imperialism" of the Nasty US all of the youth of Western Europe would now be happily dancing polkas and all their other quaint native folk-dances in the quaint native garb of their countries.

Sure.

"Better writing and clearer thinking."

Yup.

Darrell Schweitzer seems to think that I am unique in my ability to put together a good prozine letter column, even though in the letter he is responding to I pointed out that Lou Stathis is doing it right now in HEAVY METAL.

But then, Darrell seems to have misunderstood much of what I wrote about prozine lettercolumns, including my "successful formula" for a good lettercol in a prozine.

I guess I should point out that I am a fan of lettercolumns -- all lettercolumns, from those in the magazines I read to those in the daily newspaper here. I almost always read the letters in TIME and NEWSWEEK as well as CONSUMER REPORTS or CAR & DRIVER or STEREO REVIEW first. Different publications have different styles and criteria for lettercolumns. But basically there are only three kinds, allowing for the fact that most are mixtures of these three: 1. letters which offer information or rebut information previously given; 2. letters which give the readers' reactions to items in previous issues (usually expressing agreement or disagreement); and 3. letters in which discussions range *between* readers from issue to issue. Most non-fiction magazines print a mixture of 1 and 2 (CONSUMER REPORTS LEANS STRONGLY TO 1). Traditionally, sf magazines included the full mix, ranging from mostly puff-letters ("Gee you have a great mag!") in some magazines (IMAGINATION was notorious) to information-exchange (in ANALOG), but with free-wheeling discussions being the backbone of prozine lettercols since the mid-thirties. It is true that none of the present-day prozines offers a good discussion--oreinted lettercol like the ones I had in AMAZING and FANTASTIC, or of the sort which were common in PLANET, THRILLING WONDER, and STARTLING back in the forties and early fifties, but this is not because such lettercolumns are "things of the past", nor were "the lettercolumns in my AMAZING ... an anachronism". The problem today is that prozines are edited by people who have little interest in a good lettercolumn and who edit out the very letters they should be publishing. These people have very little comprehension of what makes a good *magazine*, and distressingly little imagination. The Darrell Schweitzers of this field find it easier to say "no one else has been able to put together a lettercol like that in a prozine since the 1950s" than to *try* to do it themselves. The only reason there are no good lettercols in contemporary prozines is that no one has tried to do one. My experience has showed me that once ther readers know a forum for their discussions exist they will flock to use it.

Darrell confuses two things. One is that I learned how to edit letters in my fanzines, and applied what I learned to my prozines. And the other is the fact (or question) of participation in prozine lettercols by active fans. The two have little to do with each other, and the fact that few active fans are into prozine letterhacking (a common avocation in the forties and fifties) is irrelevant.

When I became editor of A/F in 1968 I ran around fandom telling everyone, "Hey, I'm gonna have a lettercol in these zines, so why doncha write me letters!" I was met by a vast and yawning apathy on the part of most fans, for whom letterhacking no longer held much, if any, appeal. *However*, these people were not for the most part reading prozines, either. And the people who *were* reading AMAZING and FANTASTIC were real pleased to find a forum for their letters. The magazines generated *lots* of letters, especially once the lettercols had been around for a year or so and had already generated momentum. And in the course of ten years, a sizable percentage of those lettercolumn writers *became* fans. Every so often I thumb through an old issue and stumble upon a letter from someone whom I came to know years later as a fan, like, say, Allyn Cadogan (whom I thought male when I published her first letter).

So Darrell's inference that I pulled my fan friends into AMAZING's lettercol, and that you, Marty, could do the same thing, is a) wrong as it applies to me, and b) undercuts his own point if in fact you do it successfully.

Finally, I strongly resent his cheap shot at me: "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." In plain fact, that's a lie. The sales figures for AMAZING do not show anything approaching the loss of two-thirds of the readership, and I seriously doubt that any readers were lost because the magazine was too "cosy and fannish" (to whatever extent it may have been).

Ted then
proves his point
with four long
paragraphs of facts
and figures. We
now skip to...

I deeply re-
sent the glib sneers
of Schweitzer, who
sees easy answers
in difficult ques-
tions and knows
less than he thinks
he does of the
facts. I put out

two prozines of good quality for ten years at wages lower than even Darrell gets, com-
pletely without any paid staff, working with the tiniest budget seen by any editor since
Robert Lowndes (whom I have always respected, knowing what he had to work with), and I
don't need to hear from another jerk fan who got his start in my magazines that I lost
"two-thirds of my readership" because I "went too far" in making my magazines "cosy and
fannish".

I agree with Harry Warner that there is much of value which comes to us from other
places, and it doesn't bother me any more than it does him. I have an extensive collec-
tion of imported rock albums (from Italy, Germany, France, Spain, Eastern Europe, Scan-
dinavia, Australia, Japan -- *even Canada!* -- can you believe it?) and it never occurred
to me to regret that these were all created by non-Americans. Good art, good music, good
whatever, is wherever you find it, and the mark of an intelligent person is that he or she
doesn't put it to a Political Correctness Test before deciding if it's any good.

I've been driving German cars since 1971. My next may be Japanese. Viva the world
market.

* TERRY CARR *

I suspect Robbie's editorial about mediafen will touch off a new round of
arguments to fill your LoC Ness Monster. I do recognise the fact that
some media fans have enriched fannish fandom, and among them people like
Teresa Nielsen Hayden and Robbie are prominent. You are exceptions -- not just because
you've contributed to the fannish side of fandom, but mainly because you're *literate*.

See, that's the thing I and others have against the influx of mediaites: most of
them seem to be functionally illiterate, in that most mediaites don't *read* sf or much of
anything else, or so it seems, and few can write decently either, which further promul-
gates the image. (How unfortunate that teevee and fillum freaks have come to be called
media fans or variations thereon: it makes it seem that faaans think "media" means only
tv or movies, which is an illiterate idea in itself; books and magazines are just as much
media as anything else.) Fillum is a grand and potentially noble medium itself, though
the tv shows and movies we've had in sf haven't yet shown it -- I always vote for "No
Award" in the Best Dramatic Presentation category, for instance, and don't think any
true contender in that category since 2001 has been worth much. Well, maybe *Alien* and the
Star Wars movies, all of which were at least enjoyable on a rather minimal level. But
none of these has gone beyond the basics of the sf genre (printed sf passed them by
thirty years ago), so the influx of fillum fans has mostly been a retrograde influence
on sf in general.

As Kim Neidigh states in his letter, I cannot think of any media fen of my acquaint-
ance who don't read. And most read extensively - at least, most of the ones I know.



It's kind of funny, in a weird way, to see so many people responding at this late date to concepts and treatments that the more experienced of us (who include people who read the earlier sf stories years after they were published) enjoyed so long ago -- I mean, hell, current sf movies and such just repeat the stuff we read when Truman or Eisenhower were Presidents. Is it any wonder that we feel the current "media" generation is composed of latecomers who haven't done their homework? Especially since most of this generation not only neglected to read the sf achievements of the past but also didn't deign to study grammar and spelling and the writings of non-sf writers like Mailer and Salinger, not to mention Steinbeck and Fitzgerald? As best I can tell, most of the media freaks of today in fandom think John Varley and Joan Vinge invented the English language.

Not that I am aware of.

I agree with Terry on this and I think that I can expand on this thoughts in a manner with which he will probably agree. This is really not some sort of generation gap here as much as it is an attitudinal gap (as it were). When those of us who were reading sf back when Truman and Eisenhower were Presidents find newcomers to fandom reading this material it is not uncommon for us to encourage them, often making recommendations of other good sf (including good newer sf ~~if we know of any~~). We welcome such signs of literacy and are even more happy when these neos begin contributing written fanac. Our tendency to seem withdrawn around newcomers stems from the fact that so many of them do not seem to share our values, our "reverence" for the printed word - their mind-set seems alien to us. We cannot help but wonder what they are doing, wandering about in our hobby, a hobby based on the love of words and ideas.

You may well find much of the above inaccurate and snobbish, and I have no doubt you could cite a number of mediafen who are unknown to me who write subtle and graceful critiques of various movies and tv shows; I'd have to reply that the most trenchant commentary on most of what passes for sf in the visual media strikes me as a waste of time and talent, like Pauline Kael reviewing *Superman III* (which she trashed). I don't think I'm quite a snob, though -- I consider myself an elitist, and if that term seems to you to be a synonym for "snob" it only shows how strongly current society has turned away from recognition of good taste in favour of the ultra-democracy of the lowest common denominator. I think that's a result of the youth revolution of the past fifteen years, which as Bob Silverberg has said, in retrospect, succeeded less because of the innovations of the young than because of the hot equations of the '50s baby-boom. When such a commercially important segment of the population -- i.e., a large segment or even a majority -- is young and uninterested in the standards of the past, not only must the wheel be re-invented over and over again, but so must all the techniques and achievements of writing. And as we know, to our chagrin, education in this country and others has deteriorated alarmingly in recent years.

No, elitism is not snobbishness. I, too, consider myself an elitist. I sidlike stupid people (people who do not make the most of the intelligence with which they were born), but I find myself much less inclined to throw all media fen into a category such as "stupid" or "parasitic". Nor can I include all faanish fen within the grouping of "intelligent" or "creative". There are those from each group who are stupid or parasitic as well as those who are intelligent or creative.

I hate to mention it, but the whole 63F fooforah is part and parcel of this trend. Experienced fans, even those oldpharts who are now in their late thirties, are now seen by many as people out of touch with current fannish events, harking back to a mythical golden age when giants stalked the fannish landscape writing things that are irrelevant to current realities. The very word "standards" is anathema to many of today's fans who see those standards as applying only to the past, as if we were talking strictly of Plato's

Ideals. It's an erroneous assumption: standards change as they grow, and I haven't noticed Bergeron, rich brown, or Ted White missing this fact. All of them seem clearly aware that many innovations are good; when they criticize new fanzines or fanwriters they happily acknowledge changes that are contributions to widening and enriching the field, and dismiss only those that lead fandom backwards or introduce new brands of stupidity.

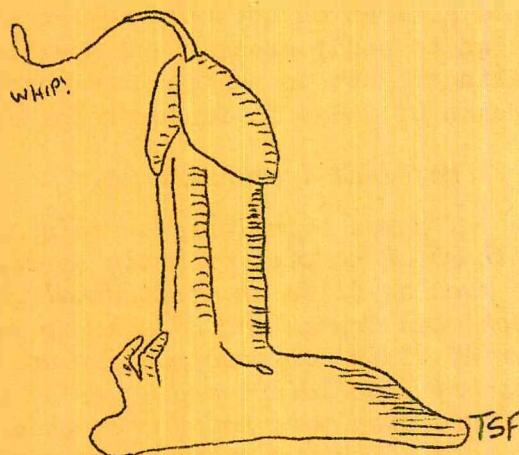
Ted has stated his opinion that fandom is a meritocracy, which I believe it inevitably must be; the 63F stuff, to the extent that it exists at all, simply states that certain things have been done before in fandom (and in sf) and that current fannish efforts are to be judged against the highest standards of the past. This does *not* mean Willis's writings alone -- Willis, wonderful as he was in his writings, had a lot of respect for fannish achievements before him and tried to build on them. There have been fans since Willis who did the same with admirable results -- not copying the earlier achievements but adding new things to them. As Ted says, the people who grumble about "6th Fandom Fans" evidently know so little about the past that they often confuse 6th Fandom with fannish periods both before and after it. Burbee, for instance, did most of his best and most influential work in 5th Fandom, and fans who came along, or developed, long after 6th Fandom get confused in the minds of current fans with that ole shibboleth 6th Fandom, simply because they predate the memories of so many current fans. ("Before me, the deluge.") It's easy to foresee a time in the near future when new fans will consider Susan Wood a 6th Fandomite, simply because she's (alas) no longer around and she was an excellent fan-writer. It is to laugh -- and weep too. ("Terry Carr wept." No, I guess that line doesn't make it.)

Speaking of current fans' misconceptions about the fannish past, Mike Glycer's belief that "the Chorp dimension" is a reference to a 10-year-old APA-L joke brought somewhat choked chuckles from me. "The Chorp dimension" goes back to sometime before 1961, when I used it on an INNUENDO stencil; at that time it was a reference to some earlier fandom, possibly to some stuff in SPACEWARP of the late '40s or even to FAPASTUFF from the early '40s. (I wish I were as good a fanhistorian as I try to be.)

Lon Atkins's piece brought to mind the fact that his business travails are not a bit worse than those that try every sf editor and no doubt every "executive" of however large or small a company. Everything that happened to Lon frustrated me when I was an editor for Ace Books fifteen years ago -- the deadlines, meaningless and endless meetings, etc., and in fact lots more -- except that we didn't have beautiful women and men to distract us. I wish we *had*: if sf editors were always subjected to such distractions, I'm convinced that editors would be much more cheerful and the sf field would be a happier place for us all. (But then, I might still be in NYC instead of so pleasantly ensconced in my own home on a wooded hill in California, so I guess the tradeoff is to my advantage.)

* DARRELL SCHWEITZER * HTT 16 didn't impress me as much as some of the others have. I think many of the arguments are running down, and some of the articles this time were pretty weak. The joke ran thin on Weinstock's "Law & Order Handbook" very quickly. "The Ghost of Waggles" continued to be mildly amusing, but, again, the novelty had been blown in the first installment, and Fleckenberg failed to make the conclusion notably stronger than the first half of the story. In a humorous story you have to pace things, so that your best gag is saved for the climax. Otherwise you have a great opening, and the rest seems downhill, or at least

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRIFFIDS



routine. Unfortunately in this case, all the good material had already been presented. Lani simply failed to top her previous performance.

Glyer's "The Man Who Murdered Funk & Wagnalls" is overdue. I agree with it completely, *while* at the same time admiring your fair-mindedness in printing something so critical to yourself.

A faned whose tastes were quite *vilst*
Too often changed while into *whilst*
And harbor to harbour
And labor to labour
I bet that his shit comes in pilsts.

On the subject of writing, Gregg Trend's announcement that *The Elements of Style* is now out of style is news to me. Writers and editors still recommend it, I assure you. The forms we use at AMAZING point the more turgid or illiterate types in the direction of S&W quite firmly. If anyone doubts the book is still of value, let them take a look and decide for themselves. Strunk & White are basically saying that writing should be clear and direct. You should write "It rained every day for a week" rather than "A period of unfavourable weather set in." You should know the difference between "which" and "that". And so on. These standards have *not* changed, at least in the publishing world, which is where they count. If *The Elements of Style* is out of favour in colleges, well, I can only point out that academics have seldom been noted for being good writers. (Right now I am editing a critical book about horror fiction. The really awful submissions are all from academics. The good ones come from professional writers and scholarly fans.) College "creative writing" courses seldom contain anything of value to the writer. In fact, they contain much which is actively harmful. I know one professional writer who says he was so badly wrecked by what they taught him in college writing courses that it took many years of painful unlearning before he could get anything published.

Standards of writing do change, but very slowly. 18th century prose was expected to be convoluted and elegant, for example. Later, it was expected to be simple and a bit more colloquial. It's the evolution from Johnson to Mark Twain. In this century there has been a trend toward very plain, very simple prose, particularly in the post-Hemingway period. However, this is swinging around again, and whilst we still have the plain & simple stylists (e.g. Stephen King), we also have many more complex ones. It would be hard to imagine, say, the English translation of *The Autumn of the Patriarch* being published in 1950. Fantasy fiction has been affected by these trends (it would be hard to imagine Lovecraft or Clark Ashton Smith starting out as newcomers, with their complex styles, in the prozines of 1950), but since fantastic literature wasn't critically respectable for much of this century, it didn't necessarily follow such trends as closely.

But for the most part, in a given field particularly, standards are just raised and lowered. Science fiction standards were lowered enormously in the early part of this century, first in the Munsey magazines (where a writer could be completely illiterate as long as he could still tell a story), then in the Gernsback ones (where you could be completely illiterate and no story was necessary). The early sf genre writer didn't have to be able to use language very well. It was okay if the broad sense of his writing was clear enough. If you *read* the text of Doc Smith or some of the others of that period, what is actually on the page is ludicrous. But it didn't matter that the descriptions didn't describe, that words came together in absurd combinations. It also didn't matter that there were no characters in the stories, just the crudest sort of types. And, as I said, the Gernsback Era story *wasn't* a story by modern standards. It was usually just a sketch presenting an idea, sometimes with a little flurry of action at the end (usually destroying the invention). There didn't have to be any plot development, let alone character development. Of course there was no subtext. The language of early sf never had shades of meaning, only the broadest, approximate, literal meaning.

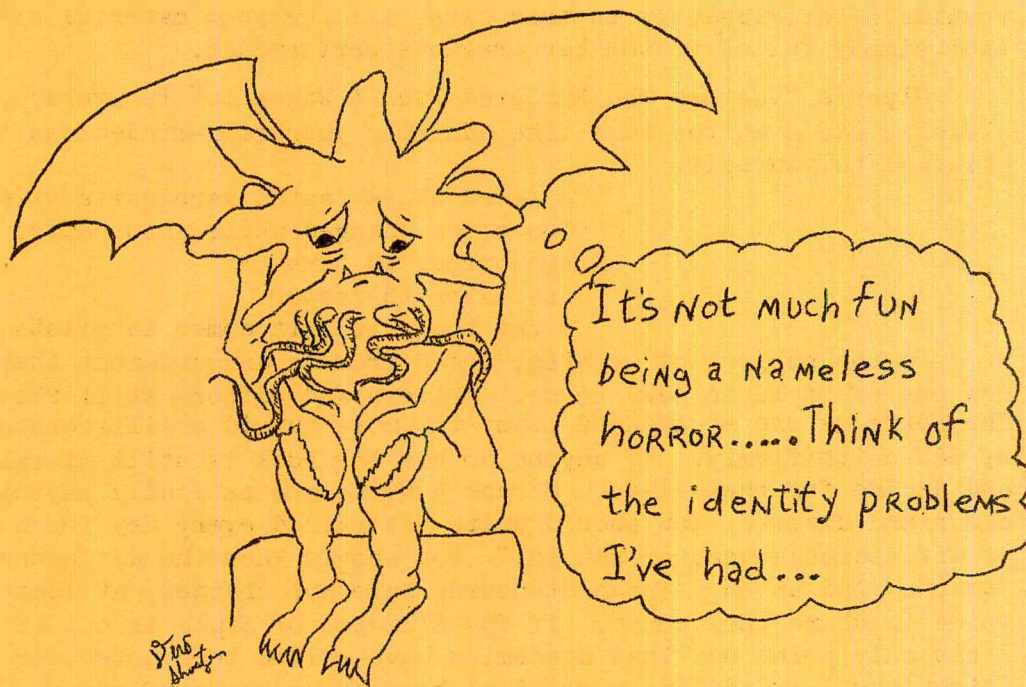
This all changed with time. There was also a phase (mid-40s mostly, in the more

juvenile pupils) where a "story" consisted of nothing but action. No point, character development, etc. These too would not be considered stories by modern editorial standards. But after a while sf reached the same sort of standards that were to be found in general fiction. These standards hadn't changed much. SF had merely forgotten them for a while. At the same time the standards of mainstream literary magazines had changed to the point that what is considered a story in, say, THE PARIS REVIEW is very

far removed from what is considered one in the general book publishing industry. But this is a case of extreme specialisation (and loss of audience). Overall, standards of fiction writing haven't changed a whole lot in the past 150 years or so. The big shifts have been toward more explicitness, less moralising, an absence of Dear Reading (considered fine writing in Thackeray's day, unacceptable now), control of viewpoint, and narration in scenes rather than synopsis. (This last one is the big change. 18th century fiction is almost all synopsis/summary. There are very few *scenes* in the modern sense. Today such synoptic writing is one of the most common reasons for a story's being rejected. To see the difference, compare *Vathek* with a modern novel.)

I'm not sure the standards of fanwriting have changed much over the years. They have just been abandoned at times. Good writing in 1940 was the same sort of thing that is good writing today. Or in 1950. Of course there *were* a lot of fine writers in the old fanzines, along with some bad ones we don't remember. One of the big changes I see is that there used to be a lot more good writing about science fiction in fanzines. Nowadays, this is found mostly in semi-prozines. (Though there are still some good sercon fanzines, like NYCTALOPS, MYTHLORE, SCIENCE FICTION COMMENTARY, etc.)

I might point out that (contrary to whomever said it in this issue's lettercol), it is *not* true that only the great fannish writing of the past survived, whilst all the sercon stuff was consigned to the dustheap. You can find the sercon writing of the 40s and 50s in books: *In Search of Wonder*, *The Issue At Hand*, *The 8th Stage of Fandom*, etc. Damon Knight's classic essay on van Vogt originally appeared in a fanzine. HYPHEN published James Blish's criticism. There is a lot of fine sercon material to be found in INSIDE. Some of it has been reprinted. Much of it deserves to be. A great deal of fanzine material associated with the WEIRD TALES/Lovecraft group has survived. HPS's own *The Supernatural Horror in Literature* was published in a proto-fanzine in 1927, serialised again in a fanzine in the 1930s, and has since gone on to be published in books, and as a book (at least twice, by Abramson in 1945, and Dover recently). It is now a standard and classic reference work. Fritz Leiber's "A Literary Copernicus" was published in a fanzine in the 40s, and has had several book printings since. So a lot of sercon material from the fanzines of 30 and more years ago has been reprinted. More recently, if you want to consider the Harrison/Aldiss SF HORIZONS a fanzine, there's an example of a fanzine which has had its entire run (two issues) published in book form.



In my own experience, several articles that I've written for fanzines have later been published professionally. I have also edited critical anthologies which draw from fanzines as a primary source. So it does happen. A lot. And as the market for secondary material about sf continues to grow, it will happen all the more. (I'm not the only one who edits such books. Cy Chauvin did one a few years ago which was deliberately designed as a showcase for the best sercon writing from fanzines. My books just happen to take a lot of material from them.)

Parting thought: Do you realise that this year's Hugo ceremony represented the tenth anniversary of the last time a fanzine won a Hugo? Very few fans even know what a fanzine is anymore, alas.

I think that there are more fans aware of fanzines than you think that there are. And not just aware of them, but interested in them as well. My experiences at the last two worldcon show me that there is a "clamouring horde" of fans interested in this aspect of fandom. Anyway, we shall see what we shall see - this tenth anniversary of non-fanzines (of the semi-pro variety) winning the fanzine Hugo is really the end of an era - the WSFS Business Meeting at CONSTELLATION ratified the fanzine Hugo amendment which, with great effort, we passed at CHICON. Starting next year only the amateur zines will be eligible for the category. Let us all go out and vote for the real zines, folks!

* IAN COVELL * Beautiful issue, well printed and illustrated, entertaining, funny, contentious. Someone who will also probably LoC this issue has already told me he considers it the best issue you've done - and he was already a fan of yours!

What?!? We have fans?!? They will certainly let anybody into fandom these days, will they not? Or, as Groucho Marx once said, "I wouldn't belong to any club which would have me as a member."

THE BOOGIE-WOOGIE BUDGET BLUES: even now I'm not sure how much of this piece is fiction. It is delightful, funny, mildly sexy and very well paced. Lon Atkins can probably write straight fiction if he tried, and wanted to. Well worth its reprint.

*I certainly wish that Lon would write for general circulation zines (like HTT *hint*) rather than bury his stuff in limited circulation APAs. Granted, a circulation of 300 is not all that much larger than, say, 65, but there is more of a chance of material being saved for "posterity" in genzines than in APAzines. Lon is one of fandom's better writers and his work deserves wider distribution. Here that Lon?*

Darrell Schweitzer's verse proves three things: 1) he can use "proper" mediaeval English correctly; 2) he's right, it's a lousy poem; 3) yet again he directly translates sexuality as death. I tell you, the man is *strange*..

So why else do you think that Darrell has found a home in HTT?

Lani Fleckenberg's conclusive piece is just as funny as the first part. I lost track of the jokes, puns, explanations and attacks on genre plotting. Great work, well done. Reminds me that I came across a 1940s paperback (The Pocket Mystery Reader, 1942) including quite a few stories and articles of the time. One of the articles was by Rex Stout and proved conclusively using lines from the stories themselves that not only Holmes' Watson a woman, but that Watson is married to Holmes.. I mean, who else could get away with a relationship they had *except* a husband and wife?

This letter by no means does HTT justice. The covers and illos range from stunning to incomprehensible, the contents would inspire me to write three times this much were I

not - by my own pledge - restricting myself to two pages. I don't think I can really comprehend how much time, effort and expense you put into it. By the fact almost $\frac{1}{2}$ of it is letters, many others find your work as enjoyable/interesting as I do. Clever people.

Clever is possibly not the only word which can be applied to them.

* ROBERT WHITAKER * I'm afraid Ian's ((cove11)) note made me feel a little odd. His
***** "question to ask a feminist", that is, "Do you regularly make love to a man?" struck me as being vividly uninformed about people and the toles and situations people can get themselves into without that sort of participation. A lot of people within fandom know one or more gay personages. This does not mean that you cannot understand them. You do not have to have sex with someone to understand them. (If anything -- sex can cause a lot of misunderstandings!) Your degree of involvement with a person has nothing to do with sexuality (at times) but involves the empathy that develops and expands with the joy of being together.

By and large, most people love their parents without ever having slept with them.

* VICKI ROSENZWEIG * "Cultural Imperialism" strikes me as a bogus concept, it reminds
***** me of *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, where the peasant shouts, "Help, I'm being oppressed!" Nobody in Canada (or anywhere else) is being forced to watch American TV. Not even Americans -- the only show I watch is Monty Python. That's not cultural imperialism -- it's pandering to my taste for cruchy frog.

Ian Covell's question for feminists misses the point. Most feminists do not make statements about "all men", at least not as I would define feminist (and yes, I am one). People just aren't that simple. Besides, does Ian feel that deep knowledge of one man would entitle a woman to make statements about all men? It may even be easier to comment on men without that sort of personal involvement. (Assuming one is foolish enough to think in that sort of category: dividing the human species up into male and female is perhaps the ultimate granfalloon).

Yeah - what about us grils?

Sorry, no entries for your contest. I'm suffering an attack of good taste.

A likely story; especially after just reading HTT.

* RICHARD FAULDER * No argument, there, Robbie, but then it has never occurred to me
***** that mediafen were in any way parasitic. My regret is that so few mediafen, who are bred by the media in such large numbers (relatively speaking), make the transition to fanzine fandom, which I see as being threatened by the continued decline in the level of literacy of the general community, so that increasingly the only place that fanzine fans will be able to be drawn from will be mediafandom.

Personally, I think that fanzine fans will be continually drawn from the ranks of the readers who find fandom. It is my contention (as will be exemplified by the Fan Room at L.A.CON II) that we should make them welcome, part of said welcome being the introduction to them of fanzines. Need I say that the Fan Room will have a Neo-Fan's section?

Marty, your British spelling I can only commend (and I must exhort Robbie to encourage the practice), and your free-thinking grammar live with I can (even if it does make you sound like Yoda at times). Spelling, though (or, to be charitable, a weakness

typos, perhaps) is the thing about your publishing that I find it most difficult to live with. Would Robbie feel that she was overworked if she was to do some of the typing of your lettercol?

Robbie would not feel overworked, by Marty likes to formulate his answers to LoC's as he types out the LoC's.

Marty does not like typos, either. But what would Nessie be without them?

I would like to think that a recent dictionary could be the final arbiter on the meaning of words. Unfortunately, words change their meanings so quickly these days that I find it unlikely that any dictionary would be up-to-date by the time it hit the bookstores. This is not to say that a person is necessarily correct when s/he uses changes in the meanings of words as a defence, but this does not detract from the fact that it is a valid defence.

It's only a valid defence if it can be shown that there is no other appropriate word already in the dictionary. If such a word or group of words exists, it's absurd to insist upon changing another word's meaning to suit your purposes. Communication will tend to break down if we go that way.

Or we can always insist that Joseph, for example, provide an up-to-date lexicon with his current word-meanings with every letter and article.

Yes, well, Joseph has always been rather much of an ideologue. His position that the West in general, and the U.S.A. in particular, is engaged in a deliberate attempt to oppress or enslave the rest of the world is obviously nonsense. I have no doubt that those people in the U.S.A. who think about the problem at all genuinely do want to make the world safe for democracy everywhere. It's another classic case of the road to somebody's hell being paved with somebody else's good intentions. Sure, I talk about American cultural imperialism, but I use it as a shorthand for something which exists by default rather than as a deliberate act of will. I guess what I am really asking for is for more Americans to think about the effects of their actions rather than just exporting the various things which their culture has produced. Make no mistake, I am perfectly prepared to eat at McDonalds or Kentucky Fried - indeed, when I am in the mood I will do so preferentially if the opportunity arises. However, I always find it rather off-putting to be asked if I want some strange dish called french fries (which always used to be called chips) or to have to put my rubbish in a bin marked 'trash'. I have no objection to Americans wanting to make money from our television audiences. However, I would rather that they did so by funding Australian programmes than by simply exporting whatever they had lying around on their shelves. As you can imagine, the list goes on and on.

Well, that would be nice, wouldn't it? But not too likely.

Then again, Jean Weber would think that fifty years was too short an acquaintance-ship to be married on.

* ROBERT TEAGUE * Very nicely done cover. Signifying something, I'm sure.

***** The Editorial "Parasites" I heartily agree with. When I was introduced to mainstream Southern Fandom, I was the ex-President and a founding member of a Star Trek club. I was also a regular "fan" in the sense that I had read SF for many years beforehand, even though I was a complete neo as far as others were concerned.

My first regular sf con was B'Hamacon I/DeepSouthCon 15, and I had my eyes opened. But even though I have graduated to other things, I have kept in touch with my "roots" and don't put down the media fen.

I, also, do not down the mediafen put so much as wish that they would elsewhere their media interests take. Ted White complains about the fees charged to members of Worldcons; well, part of that money goes to fund space needed for media fans' interests. If media fen would stop intruding their hobby into our hobby things would be less expensive for us at Worldcons.

I must say there's been a marked Decrease in the Putridity Content of HTT, and that observation has been made by more than just me. Maybe you are mellowing out since you're married, but just won't admit it.

And maybe you've gotten used to HTT by now. Actually, you are right about the lessening putridity content of the zine, and that is a situation which I do not like. Part of the problem lies with not having the proper putrid material sent to me, part of the problem lies in my not having the time to search it out (and, yes, I do know where to do some research to find more but I do not have a few spare days that I would need to dig it out). Anyway, though, I think that the PQ (Putridity Quotient) of thisish is up a bit over the previous one.

* KIM NEIDIGH * In my naivete, I had believed that sf was a force for tolerance and
***** open-mindedness. I quickly learned my mistake. Fans are just as
arrogant and insecure as the rest of the population.

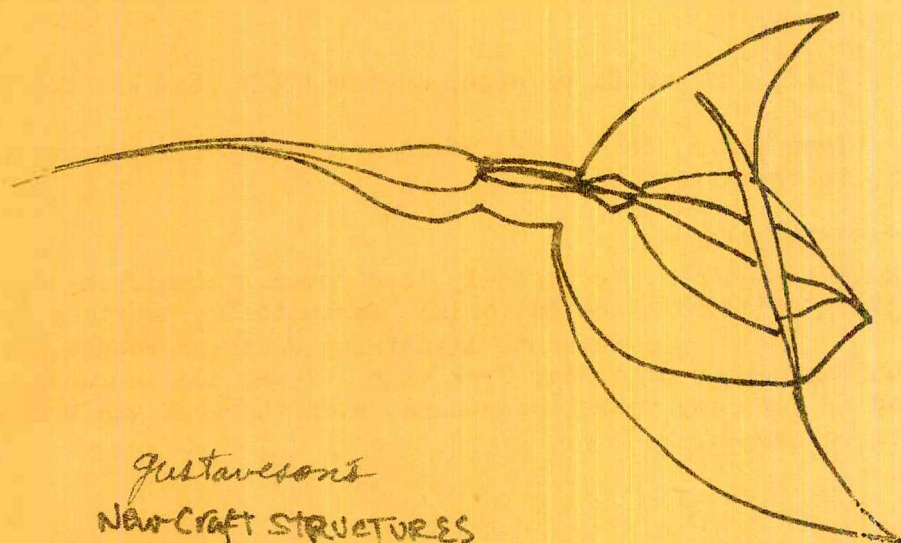
I first noticed it among literary fans in their dealings with so-called "media" fans. (And doesn't the written word count as a medium/) I resent the implication that people who watch TV never read. All the "media" fans I know are also heavy readers. I further resent the assumption that just because it's printed it's better. (It may be sacrilegious, but I found *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* poorly organised and tedious whilst *Blade Runner* was completely satisfying.)

I don't feel anything is gained by labeling fans parasites or trufen. In a way, fannishness is parasitic by its very nature. So, if we can't appreciate its multiplicity and have fun, what good is any of it anyway?

First we mention that I just had my new Selectric delivered to me at the shop (where I am typing this (and making the same kinds of typos, I see). This is a reconditioned machine, so let us hope that there are no problems with it. Now let us get to replying to your LoC.

Mr. Dick did not write a coherent sentence in the last 20+ years of his life - he stopped writing sf decades ago and turned to producing "arty" and mindless shit.

Now, about trufen vs. mediafen. What you are interpreting as intolerance



is answerable on several fronts. There is the natural tendency of intellectuals (and voracious readers are often that) to look down their noses at non-intellectuals because of the very warranted assumption of intellectual superiority. At the same time intellectuals tend to look at other intellectuals as equals; in fact, many would like it if all people were intellectuals as dealing with clods can be a drag.

Then there is the problem perceived by the intellectual, literate fan - those hordes of non-readers suddenly infesting his hobby. Well, if any of this dross do any reading it is not readily apparent; in fact, they often seem like anti-readers. Talk to many of them and you find that they are not familiar with many (or any, at times) of the stories which make up the background of our field. (Over heard in a huckster room: "Let's go, man - there's nothing but books in here." You can bet your bottom dollar that those two were not trufen - and those two exemplify the kind of people railed against by trufen.)

Final point as to why this is not arrogance or intolerance: the trufan-type person holds nothing personal against the media-type person. Fandom is, after all, just a hobby. As such what we all do here is silly, but it is our silliness. We do not look down on mediafen as such; rather, we would just like for them to take their silliness off and proactice it as part of their hobby. Those who have interests in both spheres can partake of both areas of interests. All that we ask is that mediafen do not try to change our hobby to suit them - and we will reciprocate by not trying to change their hobby to suit us. Fairness, after all.

* EDD VICK * That's a damfine cover by that there Foster person. But then he's that
***** rarest of persons: someone who is willing to put all the effort necessary into something to make it look just so.

There's not much I can say about the editorial on B.E. Brown, since I haven't as yet seen any of his zines. I tried to send him a copy of MU, but it was returned marked 'wrong address'. Too bad. The points about mediafen are well taken, though. From my experience - mostly good - with them, I have found them to be dedicated and hardworking, if a little intense and often humourless, at least as concerns their own likes.

I remember the time I was going to appear on a fanzine panel with Jeannine Hennig, publisher of Far Realms, one of the leading Star Wars zines. As I understand it (and I could be wrong - I didn't follow up), she told the moderator that what I put out was not a fanzine and convinced him not to ask me to attend.

That reminds me of something which is supposed to have happened at LOSCON 9 last October. A huckster (selling media fanzines) looked in on the fanzine panel with Mike Glycer, Mark Sharpe, Elst Weinstein, and Marty (all present or past faneds) and said that it wasn't a fanzine panel as there were no faneds on it, and she knew because whe was selling over 40 zines at her table and knew "all" the faneds there were.

Barf

I suppose the main enjoyment I get from what little mediafic I read is in seeing the possible crossovers between series, like say, having Dracula meet the New Avengers.

Or Marty Cantor meet the mediafen!

Surely that's enough said about mediafandom. Most of the time I'm quite happy to go my way and let them go theirs. And here I've spent four paragraphs on it. I'm getting garrulous in my dotage.

Cover Charge is great. I look forward to seeing more installments. This first one hit close to home, since I came that close (holding finger and thumb a fraction of a millimeter apart) to silkscreening the cover of MU3 in red and green. We came down to the wire and nobody in the entire Metroplex (Dallas-Ft. Worth) stocked the fixative we needed.

* TONY RENNER * It seems to me that the fanzine fans gearing up for CORFLU would do more
***** for the cause by *publishing fanzines* than by holding a covention. By
holding a separate convention, these fans become *convention fans*. If it
is conventions that are killing of fanzine fandom, how does holding a convention help
fanzine fandom? Of course, it doesn't. CORFLU is simply giving those fans who are un-
comfortable within convention fandom as it exists now their own little convention fandom.
CORFLU will do very little for the STATE of fanzine fandom; at most, CORFLU will provoke
a spate of convention reports. I'm not opposed to CORFLU, I'm just pointing out the
simple fact that it *will not* mark the beginning of a fanzine publishing renaissance.

There are fanzine fans who are forever bemoaning the state of fanzines and its fan-
dom. Well, fanzines are not dead, and large fanzines are not dead (witness this very
issue). There are fanzine fans who bemoan how dreadful it is to go to cons because of
all of the drobes in attendance. Were these fans to seek out the fanzine lounge (such as
at Worldcons, the largest of all cons) they would find a very nice con-within-a-con
going on there.

The reason why fanzine fans go to cons, any cons, is that we like to socialise with
each other. Not just that, but we get positive reinforcement by being around like-minded
fans.

There are times when one wants to be in the company of strangers; more often, one
usually wants to be in the company of friends. Every once in a while, though, one wants
to be in the company of friends with no strangers at all around. So one holds a party.
If it would help any, just consider CORFLU a party.

* ADRIENNE FEIN * Re. Gregg Trend's repeating that only one's best efforts should see
***** print -- define "best". Best by how much? If someone like Res Stout
writes thirty or forty mysteries, and maybe half-a-dozen especially
stand out, does that mean only the half-a-dozen should be published? A serious, insight-
ful essay that really makes people think is probably worth more than a joke -- if jokes
aren't best work, should jokes not be published? Should one put off pubbing a perzine
until one has a huge chunk of free time, because one can't do one's very best while also
holding down a job and taking care of a sick relative?

Suppose a serious artist thinks of an averagely funny cartoon that others will enjoy.
Should s/he refrain from printing it?

Isn't it possible that feedback from fanzine readers will help amateurs improve?

I think you've expressed a more reasonable and realistic approach here. In fact,
depending on whose idea of "best" one chooses to use, it is probably very possible to
declare everything ever printed as not good enough.

I agree that complaining about cultural imperialism can be way overdone. However,
I wouldn't judge cultural imperialism by Ed Rom's *preferences* -- I'd judge by how much
chance he had to try a variety of products, and how easily he could get the products he
preferred.

Good point.

* STEVEN FOX * HTT #16 was very interesting and the Brad Foster cover was excellent!

A little public egoboo from one good artist to another good artist.

* DAVE LANGFORD * "Bloody hell," I cried in
***** my lovable way as I open-
ed HTT to find all sorts
of hideous imprecations like *Fuck off un-
less you write instantly*. "What kind of
ungrateful wretches are these people?"
Casually I broke furniture and impassively
I smashed crockery to conceal my inner
turmoil. "Did I not send them a bloody
copy of TWLL-DDU 20 not long after
Easter? Do they not clearly state you
only have to do something once a year?
Good grief, in the face of this calcu-
lated insult, I---"

"perhaps they haven't received it
yet, dear," said Hazel, poking me with
her knitting needle. "After all, you
only sent that bundle by boat to be for-
warded by someone or other..."

Faced thus with rebellion and con-
troversy from a fifth column in my very own
home, I did the only thing that could be done.
"Pardon, dear?" I said, and quickly switched
off the hearing aid.

It is so nice hearing from such a tranquil person as yourself, Dave.

I wrote something not unlike 'The Ghost of Wraggles' once upon a time: closer paro-
dy (of Carnacki in particular) and not so fannish, but infinitely more tasteless. My
friends got quite worried when they came to the bit where the occult sleuth has to get
into drag to entice the foul manifestation (an all too solid one, even worse than the
awkward 'Phantom Trumpeter' case in which the spectral elephant took solid form within
our hero's pentacle). As I remember, TWILIGHT ZONE made an instant, accurate assesment
of the story's tasteful qualities, and hastily lost the typescript. This may be just as
well.

Lost? Aw, shucks - it seems like something which we could use for this zine.

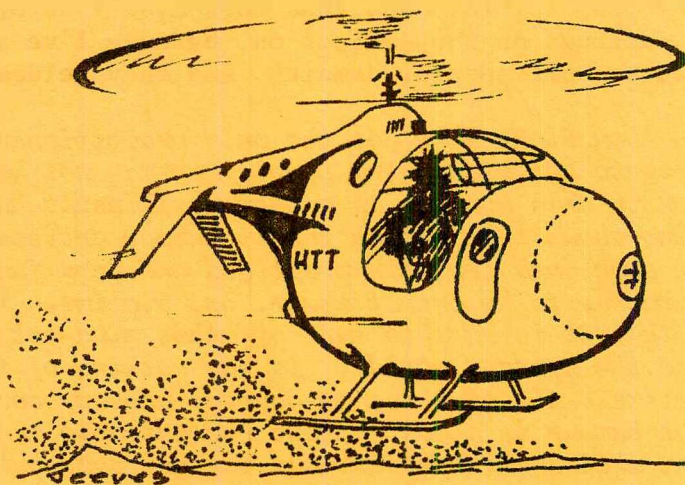
* SKEL * Lon Atkins' piece was just so bloody good. As an ex-accountant I can sympa-
***** thise. Mind you, I wouldn't have minded *some* of those distractions.

As usual the letter column was the strong point of the issue, despite
its starting off with that tedious interchange between Judith and rich.

Beats me where you young punks get all the energy and enthusiasm from. Christ,
even marriage hasn't slowed you down any. Me, I'd gafiate if it wasn't too much trouble.

I find it amazing how some of you young shipersnappers burn out so easily.

* MICHAEL MacKAY * Judith Hanna should be shot for her "I was only joking when I called
***** you a rude stupid sexist bastard" excuse. It's the lamest excuse in
the book and rich is perfectly justified in not accepting it. Un-
less he can tell from the context (which he couldn't, and which I couldn't) that the re-
mark is a joke (ironic, or whatever), he has no choice but to take it as a gratuitous



insult. An offender myself (mostly in speech), I know this from experience. Often I say something not because it's true, but simply because it's a good line. I then spend the next half hour pleading the "I was only joking" excuse. It doesn't work. I've hurt too many people I love and thus hurt myself before I learned this. I just thought I'd pass my feelings on the subject on, because I've seen this sort of thing too often in fandom. Insults hurt people, damnit! And they seldom ever *truly* deserve it.

Don Rickles is not the only practitioner of insult humour, there are many in fandom. (Note to out-of-country people who may not have heard of Rickles: he has made a reputation in this country as a master of insult humour and he makes his living at it.) The thing about the fannish insult humour artists is, after they have gotten their reputation for same (and are both practiced and very funny at their craft), it becomes something of an honour to be one of their, er, victims. The problem experienced by these practitioners is that it is hard to turn off this mind-set when moving from the usual fannish audience into the mundane world.. To say nothing of those fans who do not appreciate being, er, victims. All of this, of course, presupposes that one is purposely using insult humour. Such humour is almost always recognisable as being of humorous intent - it is my feeling that what Judith perpetrated was not same but was merely a statement which went awry and which she is trying to salvage with the excuse of humour. There is a technical term for this which I disremember.

* CATHERINE DOYLE * We were very impressed by the cover of this issue. You seem to have
***** some strange talent for making people put out that extra something
for your covers -- the last two or three have been very impressive.

Very simple - whips and chains.

And have you ever tried to draw with whips and chains instead of pens?

* JOY HIBBERT * Liked Robbie's and David's article (was it written before your marriage
***** or is Robbie keeping her identity part-time?), but don't think much of
you for trapping such an innocent woman. Perhaps you should tell her
that men can use one in back and one in top (and one in front, if they vibrate).

*Er, ah - Robbie has been married before; and, at age 31, she is not "innocent" (as you phrase it). She is, though, beautiful. *kiss* Hmmm. If Glyer were not finishing his column in the other room, we could.....*

"Humorous" is spelt with only one 'u', by the way.

Oh? I count at least 3, Joy.

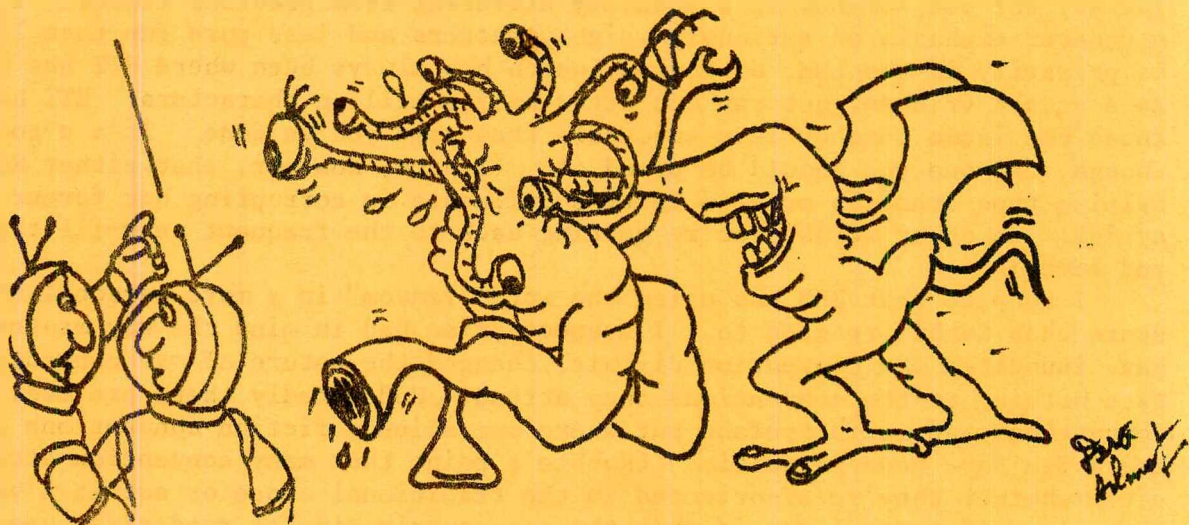
How can sleeping with a man (I hate the hypocrisy involved in the expression 'make love') help you to know anything about them. Sex is something you do with an individual, and you may get lucky and find a pleasant man, as I have. This doesn't alter the nastiness of most men. Perhaps if a woman had nothing at all to do with men - perhaps living alone on a desert island, Ian's ((Covell)) idiotic remarks might be valid, but since women have to put up with abuse from men daily, I can't see how screwing can be relevant to any argument. We have to live in a world run by men, and so any comment we make is meaningful. I'm sorry you (Ian) feels so threatened by intelligent women like Russ.. However, since you think John Norman is ridiculously outrageous, perhaps you will understand a bit better what it's like for a woman to live in a world where stereotypes like Norman's are most men's favourite fantasies.

Actually, your "pleasant man" is awaiting our signal before he shows you his true colours.

* KIM HUETT *

... OH **THAT**... I LIKE TO THINK OF
IT AS A RITE OF SPRING.

HTT #16 was a double whammy as Brad Foster and Steve Fox are very close to if not my favourite fan artists and this time they both contribute excellent covers. Brad's piece was different for him but not entirely unfamiliar. While nothing like his usual interior cartoons,



I have seen him use this style in the artwork he has been selling to the gaming companies. These days one can't look through a role playing game without finding at least some of the artwork was done by Brad and Alexis Gilliland. A lovely detailed piece and I hope he decides to do this sort of work a little more often.

An equally detailed, beautiful bacover from Steve Fox though not as surprising as Brad's even. Steve has been doing a lot of these highly detailed, complex covers of late. I agree with a comment made by Brad Foster in another zine to the effect that Steve doesn't merely draw something for a cover but creates a whole world. This time was no exception.

Looking at the interior art I see an unnatural trend, namely the percentage of art in HTT that I like because it looks good or is funny is slowly increasing. Does this mean that your taste is mellowing?

Look at that Schweitzer piece up there and then you can answer your own question.

Oh, by the way, congratulations to you both. I hope married life agrees with you. Must remember to include you both at the start of my next letter since you really seem to be having an influence on HTT, Robbie. A good thing too I say as HTT seems to have lost a couple of rough edges in the process.

Ah, thank you, I think. I don't contribute all that much, you know.

Well I think that you could contribute a bit more by looking for those pieces of rough edging which I think dropped into that pile of zines next to you.

Now, if you will all kindly go to the next page we will see what Mike Glicksohn has to say about things. I mean, it would be sort of tacky to start a letter from a BNF such as Mike happens to be all the way down at the bottom of a page.

* MIKE GLICKSOHN * HTT #16 arrived yesterday and I performed the fannishly masochistic task of reading it through from marvellously spiffy Foster front cover to...er...the backcover in a single evening. It's a big fucker, eh? yet somehow it's subtly different from previous issues. I think there's a greater emphasis on seriously weighty matters and less pure fun than I'm used to (this is primarily in the LNM, of course, which has always been where HTT has had its roots.) As a result (ribbon just ran out after half a million characters: HTT has Power...) I found the issue somehow less enjoyable than some you've done. It's a good solid fanzine, though, and one you should be proud of. (I note, however, that either Robbie has stopped helping type stencils or else Marty's influence is corrupting her former skills as a typist: in other words, you're getting back to the frequent near-illiteracy we all know and love.)

I suspect that BEB was using the word "fandom" in a more personal and limited sense than Robbie reacted to. I suspect Brian had in mind the way masses of media fans have inundated *our* convention circuit, changed the nature of *our* conventions, yet contribute nothing to the conventions they attend. Undoubtedly there are media fanzines, media conventions and media trufans but where our science fiction conventions are concerned many media fen *have* been parasitic. (Robbie's point that many convention attendees are parasitic whether they're sf-oriented in the traditional sense or not is a valid one though. The only difference I see is that the non-contributing sf reader/fan hasn't changed the nature of the basic sf con the way encostumed and beweaponed media fans have.

*Not all media fans are costumed or beweaponed. Many, in fact, consider such behaviour highly suspect and will doubt such a costumed and beweaponed fan's interest in media fandom. *sigh* Just too much.*

Okay, forget the weapons and the costumes - there are still all of those programme items with media interest, video shit in another function room, and 24 hours of movies. (I realise that a film programme is a traditional and legitimate item at sf cons but the extended film programming is something demanded of cons by media freaks. And all of this junk costs the con money and that money comes out of our pockets. Getting the media fens' interests out of our conventions will lead to less expensive conventions. Naturally the media fen can attend our cons (and I, for one will welcome them with open arms) as long as they realise that they are attending an sf con to satisfy their sf interests - and leave their media interests at their own media cons. End rant ~~temporarily~~.

Thoroughly enjoyed the Atkins piece (Lon has always impressed me with his writing and probably rates as one of the least-known top fanwriters of our time) although the changes in tense bothered me a bit. I would have suggested a re-write to tighten things up, I think. But it's good to see him getting a little wider exposure.

A little wider exposure? Gee - I do not know whether to ask him to contribute to HTT more often or to zip up his fly.

The article on the new Hugos was, despite the Foster illustration, completely pointless and in poor taste and hence perfect for HTT.

Enjoyed Glycer's fanzine column although I think he gives Danielson a little too much publicity for an influence that, if it exists at all, shouldn't be offered any notoriety. Personally I never minded Garth publishing on the back of old purchase orders: at least it ensured that half his fanzine would be worth reading.

I'm amused to note that with the exception of Robbie the only Canadian actively involved in your lettercol isn't much interested in this current raging debate about cultural imperialism. So I'll just sit back sipping my scotch and let you Yanks and Britons yell at each other. It surely do shorten one's locs, though!

* BRAD FOSTER * HTT #16 - starting from the rear, an absolutely knock-out piece by
***** Steven Fox. Wish you could have held onto this one and used it for a
front cover with the offset printing you are owed. That's got to be
one of the most detailed and fascinating pieces yet I've seen from Steven, and that is
going some since I'm always being knocked over by his work.

Both you and Steve are amongst the finest current fanartists - you are also both
perceptive enough to recognise the worth of the other. I appreciate that both of you
contribute to HTT. Hell, we are fortunate enough to have many excellent fanartists con-
tributing to this zine.

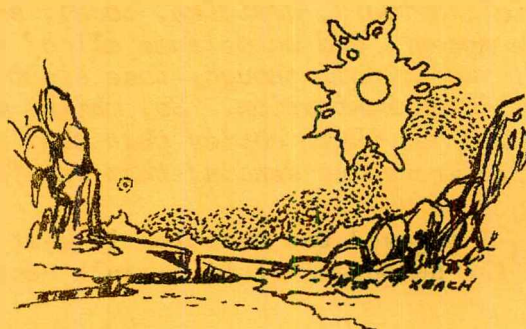
Favourite line of Atkins piece (and there are lots!) was the one about how the
sprinklers were turned on in order to catch certain personnel. I often get the feeling
that sprinklers and other things are timed to operate only when I am around.

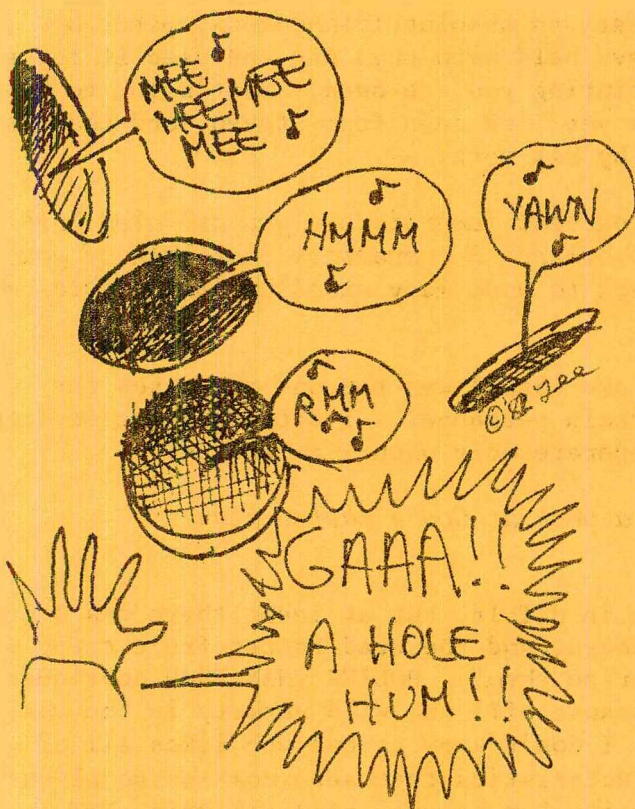
Awww - it seems that you must have gotten a peek at God's master plan.

* JOHN HERTZ * There weren't any hole cartoons in HTT 16, but at least there was a draw-
***** ing of Marty with an Assyrian beard, and the Brad Foster front cover was
wonderful, the best since "Vaporize them". HOLIER THAN THOU continues
to be a strong, strange success, despite (of because of?) the wild variety in the quali-
ty and direction of the material it publishes. I don't know anyone who likes all of
this fanzine; I've heard it said that the characteristics that seem most personal and
Marty-like are the most offensive; and yet despite (or because of?) all this, HTT does
something so right that it continues to be one of the most vivid, energetic fanzines we
have. Sometimes I grit my teeth, but I look forward to each issue, and I am eager to
see how Robbie's contributions will develop. In HTT 16 I especially liked Glycer's and
Taral's columns. I suppose it's to be expected that you have people like Taral and ATom
writing you things, whilst your illustrations are, um....

I suspect that HTT will continue to have a wild variety of material in it - that is
the way I like it and Robbie has no objection. The day that everybody likes all of an
issue is probably the day that I stop pubbing it - and I do not expect to see that day
soon. Anyway, John, them's good words which you just writ - please keep us in mind when
it comes for nominating the Best Fanzine category next year (er, um - considering what
I just typed, you can forget nominating me for Best Grammar category although I probably
qualify hands down for the Best Typo on a Continuing Basis Award). *free plug* Speaking
of which, you continue:

Congratulations on the ratifying of the "semiprozine" Hugo amendment. LOCUS, of
course, went down laughing. A propos of ATom's comments on the proposed fanzine fans'
convention in Britain, the fanzine lounge at CONSTELLATION seemed
friendly and enjoyable, and I am all for your similar
effort for L.A.CON II. No doubt yours will be well
stocked with jelly beans. Have you thought of dis-
playing, not only historic fmz of the past, but
a variety of fmz of the present, in addition
to or in connexion with the now-famous Cantor
Fanzine Sale? Before we groan too loudly
over how ignored we are by the crowd of illi-
terate upstarts, we might take a few more
steps to get acquainted. They might discover
that they like us.





And maybe we will find that we like some of them. In one of the next two HTTs I expect that I will probably detail my plans for the Fan Room in '84. At this time, though, I will mention that I plan on running as complete a fan room as possible - and this will include a Neo-Fan's section.

But no jelly beans; that will be reserved for my jelly bean party on Thursday night. Tradition, you know.

But I wonder about something, and I hope that the fanhistorians amongst the readers can research this. You refer to "the now-famous Cantor Fanzine Sale". In IZZARD #7, Jerry Kaufman writes apropos of the same subject, "...Marty Cantor seems to have started something".

In fandom's earlier days fanzines were easier to get via sub/sales than nowadays when many faneds seem to consider it some sort of tarnishing of their amateur credentials to have their fanzines available for money. It seems to me that having the kind of in-house fanzine huxter tables is something that either existed at earlier cons (or, at least, should have existed). I find it a bit hard to believe that I invented the concept as it seems like such a natural thing and merely something which I have brought back after it had fallen out of

disuse. I am willing to take any credit due me; it is just that I am dumbfounded to hear that I invented the concept or something. I mean, this has not been done before? Well, instead of giving me kudos or anything like that let us all try to make sure that future Worldcons continue the concept - let it become as important to cons as masquerades and art shows. I think that its success is proven - it fills a need. This year, like last, we sold over \$1,000 worth of fanzines.

Oh, John - up above is a hole cartoon.

* RICHARD BRANDT * I've read that copy of HTT 16 that I picked up at CONSTELLATION (for money -- goodness!), and feel pressured to compose a LoC, so's to avoid being ranked among the parasitic hordes who contribute nothing to fandom but grease for the wheels....

No need to be apologetic, boss - we needs the grease. Some people contribute material (artwork, articles, locs), some people trade their ishes, and some people contribute money - and we welcome all of it as helping in one way or another for us to get out HTT. We do not, though, lose sight of the main purpose of HTT and similar zines, and that is communication. So, whilst we are appreciative of the money paid to us by the few who get their copies that way, we are not about to allow too many copies to be sold in preference to sending them out for 'the usual'.

I enjoyed the articles in what other editors might call the "main body" of the zine, but the humourous stuff doesn't necessarily inspire comment. I must say I enjoyed "The

Ghost of Wraggles II" even without having read the first installment; Lani not only gives the appearance of tight plotting, but has a gift for succinctly-put sarcasm that might be better put to use in locs, fanzine reviews or feuding. (Then again, maybe not.)

I'm not too familiar with Randy Clark, but I liked his heading for the Glycer column and the inside back cover; the inside fc was so routine in subject matter that I can't see anything in it at all. And whilst I've come to enjoy Brad Foster's cartooning, his detailed, rich cover comes as something of a shock! Pleasant enough to recover from, though.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Considering the number on the bottom of this page (plus the rest of the material which is being placed after Nessie) I think that the rest of the LoCs are going to wind up here. Sorry 'bout that, but them's the breaks, folks.

I have heard from Brian Earl Brown several times: he appreciates my offer to give him his say but he is afraid that whatever he says will rile up Ted White and he does not need that. (And I assume that a full response would have added another ten pages to Nessie.) Personally, I think that Brian has been jumped on enough and I respect his wishes to to remove himself as a future target. Terry Jeeves wonders "just how can a fan be a leech?) - they suck, Terry, that is how. Bob Lee wrote, in his own inimitable and adorably cute style, "ICKY. BLEAH. RAZZ. MARRIAGE IS NO EXCUSE." He was complaining about some of the marks in his copy of the Why You Received This section. "You want more contributions from me? USE WHAT I'VE ALREADY SENT YOU, YOU MONKEYING MISERS, YOU TIZZYING TWITS, YOU SILLY SALADS!!" And here we thought that we were just letting him know that we still liked his stuff. Gee - he's so cute when he's angry. Mary Long sent us several envelopes of clippings. She also mentioned that her husband, Sam, has lost his job - so I will not subject her to the usual WAHF-column smartass as they have enough troubles right now. D. Carol Roberts, who wrote "Gosh, that Foster cover is lovely.", now wants to be known as Elisheva Clare Barsabe ('Shay' for short). I will respect her wishes whilst, at the same time, wonder about her sanity. But then, as a fan, she probably does not have much in the sanity department, anyway. The nuber of pages of HTT thisish certainly proves that Robbie and I certainly do not have any. Robert Whitaker considers "wife beating a serious problem in society" and I agree with him - everything seems to be in short supply in these parlous times. Ian Covell sent another note (along with an article about sexual harassment on the job). I need that information: Robbie has been working for me in my shop on Saturdays and has been sexually harassing me there - I was wondering to whom I should be complaining about this. Sam Long decided to be a surrogate Mary Long and also sent some clippings. Joseph Nicholas joined the clippings parade with something from some wrong-headed boffin writing in the NEW DEMOCRAT expatiating on how Nicaragua is a paradise on this Earth. This only proves that there are air-heads in Britain, something already proven by some of our loccers.

Which ends the WAHF column, allowing us to turn to a short bio of Lani Fleckenberg. "The Ghost of Wraggles" has elicited many comments and some of the loccers expressed curiosity about the author. Here is the information.

LANI FLECKENBERG - A Short Bio
by Bernadette Bosky

Lani Fleckenberg's fame has been hindered only by the fact that she was writing twenty years too late for the hey-day of the pulp market and thirty years too early for the total illiteracy of the American people. Still, some of her

† SELF-PORTRAIT



works survive in old issues of *Sexy Tales of Battling Wild West Aces* or *Spicy Seasoning Stories*, and in her one novel, *Sex Kittens of the Boarding School Go on a Murder Spree!!!!!!* (The number of exclamation marks vary from edition to edition, but always exceed four.) These alone, to the connoisseur, would stand as evidence of her genius. *The Ghost of Wraggles* probably belongs to her major cycle of work. This is difficult to tell, however, since although Ms. Fleckenberg has ten recognizably-different occult detective heros, seven female and three male, not one of them is named.

Lani, the only daughter of Adolf Karl and Brunhilde Walkure Fleckenberg, began her literary career while attending St. Elvira's School for Nasty Little Girls, run by Our Sisters of Venery, in which her parents enrolled her after a scandal involving Lani, two of her male schoolchums, and a Great Dane. It is there that Lani met her good friend, the renowned poet Henrietta Fowler, and encountered the pulp fiction that was to shape her life. Years later the two friends met again in California, where they'd both landed jobs at Nathaniel's Worm Farm near greater Pomona. Henny was a fifth-heart tester; Lani worked primarily in the crop and gizzard department, though occasionally she was called in as a trouble-shooter on the clitellum line.

Unfortunately, there was a scandal in which several inadequate worms had to be recalled, at great embarrassment to the mgt. But the fisherman's loss is the gain of all artistry and culture, because during her time in the Pomona Correctional Facility Lani began to write those thrilling tales we know her for today.

For a short time in 1969 there was a rush of interest in Fleckenberg's works because of the way, the scholars said, the violation of convention is carefully crafted to bring to the reader's attention the text's nature as an artificial construct, hence making a comment on life by its removal from life. When, however, they discovered that the real basis was Lani's stupidity and confusion, they dropped her like a hot potato. A small critical revival has come in the single and singular person of Professor J. Norbert Snert of the Department of Extaneous Studies of Tunette University. Professor Snert's careful analysis of Lani's works has virtually doubled the nonexistent demand for the reprinting of her old stories; *The Ghost of Wraggles*, reprinted in HTT 15 & HTT 16, was originally printed in the July 1971 issue of *Real Weird Tales*.

--- Bernadette Bosky

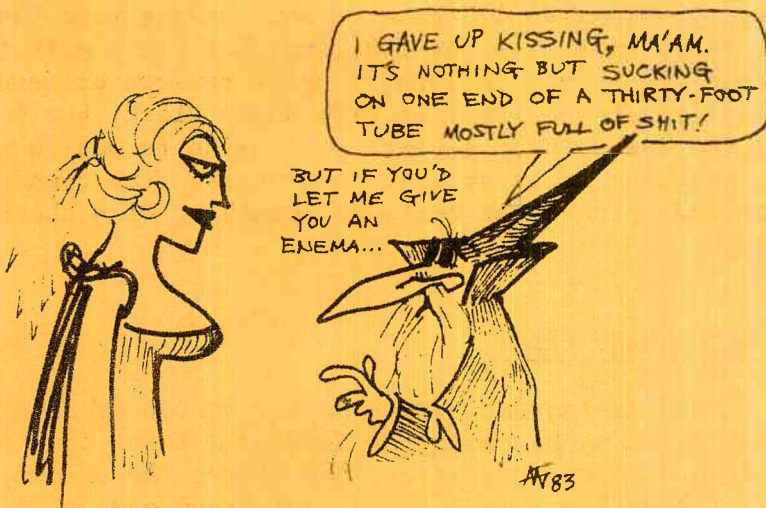
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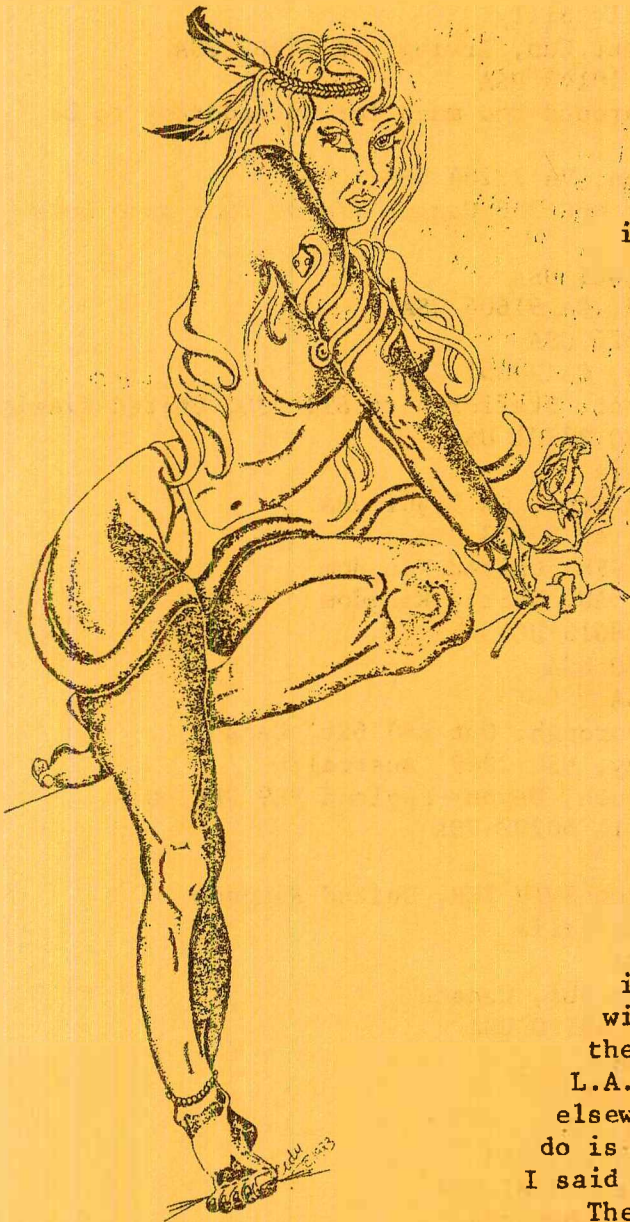


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HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

by
Marty Cantor



Actually, this is more like how I let myself in for all too much work for the coming year. The only person to blame is myself.

We all know that there will be three issues of HTT each year. There WILL be two more issues of HTT 'twixt now and the next World-con. Of course, as I am in charge of the Fan Room at L.A.CON II, there is quite enough fanac other than HTT to keep me busy 'twixt now and Labour Day 1984 so that I really will not have too much free time until then so, between the Fan Room and HTT that will be enough fan work for me.

Well, there probably WILL be a *little* time, so I really DO need some small project to fill up the interstices. Which means that Leigh Edmonds' letter agreeing to my small project came at just the right time. The project? Just gathering all of his Orrite Ornithopter Production Systems (OOPS) material into one fanzine, the proceeds of which will go to DUFF. Tentative title: *Flaps of Fancy*.

At CONSTELLATION Linda Bushyager asked me if I would be interested in taking over (along with Mike Glyer) the Neo-Fan's Guide and publishing the sixth edition. With a co-editor and having the L.A.CON committee funding it and getting it printed elsewhere, this meant that all that I would have to do is to help Mike rewrite it. No sweat - of course I said yes to that.

Then there is this other little project being funded by the concom, one in which I also found myself being involved. The concom is putting out two books, one each to honour our two GoH's. The one for Dick Eney is FANCY III. Bully. Really, though, this *is* a good and important project. Bruce Pelz is in overall charge of it with Lee Gold being the editor-in-charge. Your ever-lovin' Los Angeles publishing giants, the ubiquitous Cantor and Glyer, are on the

editorial board of this particular project. *sigh* FIJAGDH has just been redefined as FIAWOL and this coming year promises to be very interesting, indeed.

The WSFS Business Meeting at CONSTELLATION ratified the amendment which split the Fanzine Hugo into two awards, one for the semi-prozines and one for the amateurs. We have gotten back our Hugo; and, next year at L.A.CON, an amateur fanzine will win one, the first one in a decade.

There is an almost dead certainty that one of the L.A.CON committee critters will be receiving a nomination (probably two of them, as is his wont) - Mike Glycer. There is a *very* outside chance that, without the competition of the semi-prozines, HTT also may be on the final ballot. The WSFS constitution does not allow committee-critters to be eligible for the Hugos; however, and as the committee does not want to lose one (with the vague chance of losing two) of its members because of this rule, the concon has taken advantage of a rule (technicality? loophole? damnifino) which allows them to place the people handling the Hugos into an autonomous sub-committee or some such thing, and this they have done in preparation for the eventuality. Needless to say, neither Glycer nor myself have anything to do with this subcommittee. So Glycer and I continue to work on the concon whilst Mike (and possibly Robbie and me) maintain our eligibility for the Hugo.

Possibly HTT will receive a nomination, possibly it will not. There are, after all, quite a few nice fanzines which have been pubbed in 1983 (maybe even *this* one) which not only deserve to be nominated as Best Fanzine but five of them actually *will* get a nomination. So ponder this matter carefully - with the Best Fanzine category now going back to the amateurs for whom it was intended, let us nominate 5 *very* good zines. ~~And we will~~
~~submit a nokey book down that lists it for do not nominate it!~~

The Sunday night of CONSTELLATION marked the anniversary of when Robbie and I met for the first time at CHICON IV. We marked the occasion by having Chateaubriand at a fine restaurant. It marked the passage of a very good year, a year in which the bonds between us have grown even stronger. Most people have viewed our precipitous rush from first meeting to living together to marriage as being rather abrupt. That it was. We have no regrets.

Linda Blanchard and rich brown were even more abrupt - they met for the first time at CONSTELLATION and decided to get married before the con was over. Mazel tov! to the both of them. We wish them all kinds of happiness.

I probably owe some of my readers an apology for my lack of attentiveness to them at CONSTELLATION. Often, at Worldcons, I am busy, confused, bewildered, in a daze, etc. - and, when I meet people with whom I want to converse, sometimes I believe that I give them less attention than they deserve. Part of this is due to sensory overload. Part of this is due to my definitely wanting to spend some time with friends whom I see but once a year. Part of this is due to my sieve-like memory. I remember (hell, no! - *Robbie told me later, I have no memory of it*) - anyway, I introduced Robbie to Malcolm Edwards four times. Had the con been longer I probably would have introduced her to Malcolm a few more times. She said that I multi-introduced her to several other fans. I do remember asking her if she had met so-and-so and her replying that I had already introduced her to him/her/it/them.

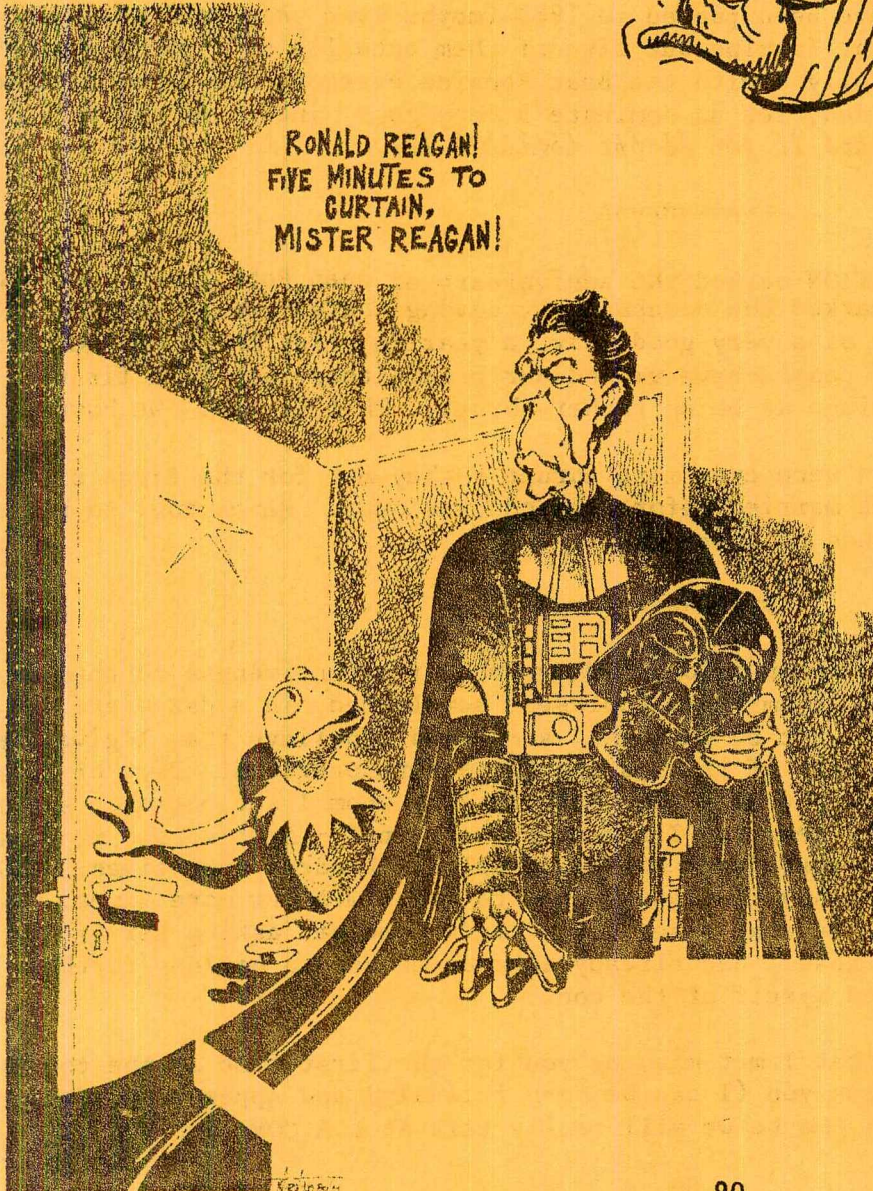
I certainly hope that I enjoyed myself at the con.

But I do have the impression that I met many of you for the first time at the con; if so and if I did not effuse towards you (I can be *very* friendly) and appeared distant and cold - well, I really am sorry. Maybe we will really talk at L.A.CON II.

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RONALD REAGAN!
FIVE MINUTES TO
CURTAIN,
MISTER REAGAN!



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