

18

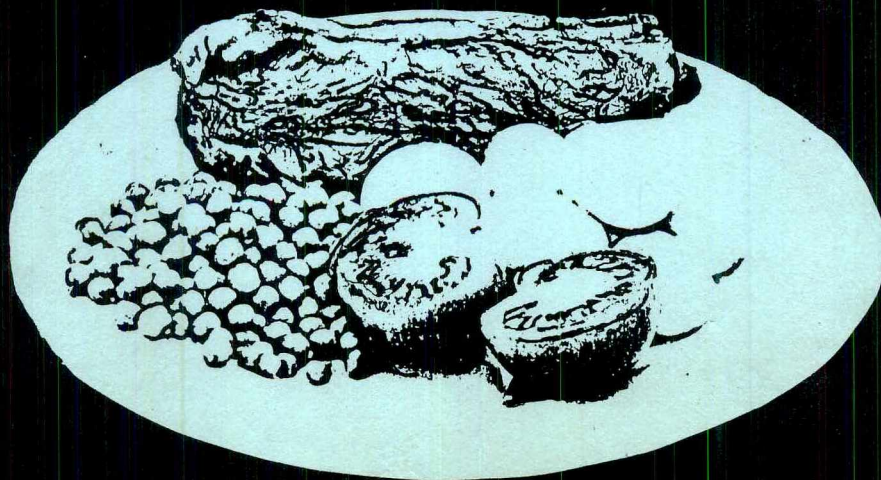
**This is what happens
when a fly lands on your food.**

**Flies can't eat solid food,
so to soften it up they vomit on it.**

**Then they stamp the vomit in
until it's a liquid, usually stamping in
a few germs for good measure.**

**Then when it's good and runny
they suck it all back again, probably
dropping some excrement at the
same time.**

**And then, when they've finished
eating, it's your turn.**



Cover food. Cover eating and drinking utensils. Cover dustbins.



The Health Education Council

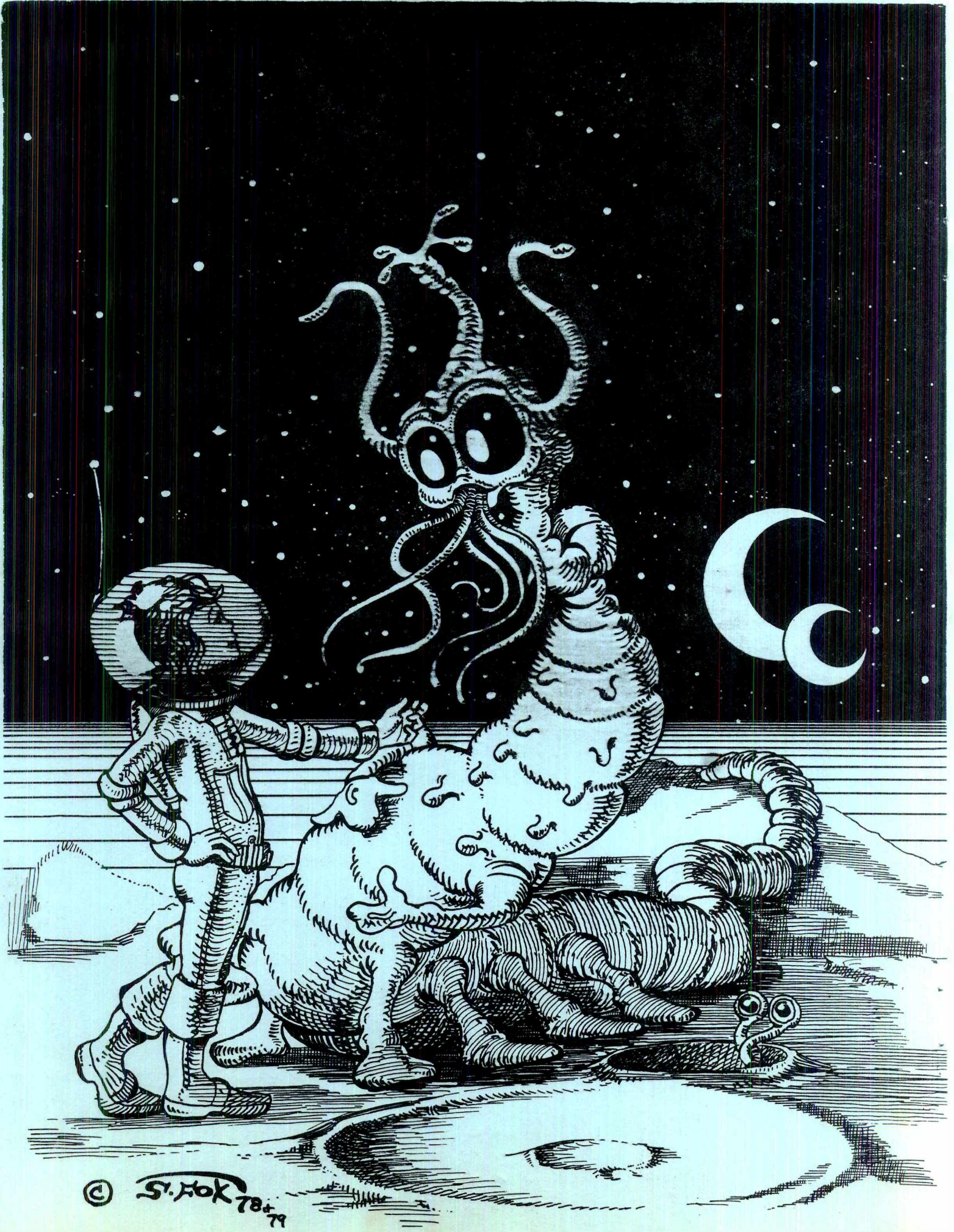


TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Cover	John Langford/The Health Education Council	Pg. 1
2. Inside Cover	Steven Fox	Pg. 2
3. Table of Contents		Pg. 3
4. Why You Recieved This		Pg. 4
5. Colophon - A Quickie Editorial	Marty Cantor	Pg. 5
6. How to Write a Joseph Nicholas Letter	Don D'Ammassa	Pg. 8
7. Towards a Stereotype for the "Fan"	Jack Herman	Pg. 11
8. The Pied Typer	Mike Glycer	Pg. 15
9. Strine Slang	Terry Frost	Pg. 19
10. ACI - A Non-Issue	Ed Rom	Pg. 23
11. Through Paris in a Sports Car	Skel	Pg. 27
12. The Law & Order Handbook, Chapter 5	Richard Weinstock	Pg. 32
13. Entropy Reprints	Terry Carr	Pg. 36
Renaissance	Creath Thorne	Pg. 37
14. The LoC Ness Monster		Pg. 41
	D.M. Sherwood	Pg. 41
	Dennis D'Asaro	Pg. 41
	Richard C. Rostrom	Pg. 43
	Jack Herman	Pg. 44
	John D. Owen	Pg. 44
	Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 45
	Roy Tackett	Pg. 49
	Barbara Tennison	Pg. 51
	Leigh Strother-Vien	Pg. 52
	Diane Thome	Pg. 53
	Ed Rom	Pg. 53
	Lynne Holdom	Pg. 55
	J.R. "Mad Dog" Madden	Pg. 56
	Don D'Ammassa	Pg. 57
	David Schlosser	Pg. 59
	Sam Long	Pg. 59
	Leland Sapiro	Pg. 59
	Dave Locke	Pg. 60
	Larry Carmody	Pg. 61
	Bruce D. Arthurs	Pg. 62
	Edd Vick	Pg. 64
	Keith Asay	Pg. 66
	Charlie Belov	Pg. 66
	David Palter	Pg. 66
	Lee Hoffman	Pg. 67
	Allan Beatty	Pg. 67
	Arthur D. Hlavaty	Pg. 67
	Brad Foster	Pg. 68
	Arthur Thomson	Pg. 68
	Eric Mayer	Pg. 69
	W. Howard	Pg. 71
	Tony Alsobrook-Renner	Pg. 72
	Richard Brandt	Pg. 74
	Sakura Allison	Pg. 75
	Meg Stull	Pg. 75
	Bob Lee	Pg. 75



15. We Also Heard From
16. CORFLU
17. Addresses
18. Closing Natter
19. Inside Bacover
20. Bacover

Joy Hibbert	Pg. 76
Ian Covell	Pg. 79
Richard C. Rostrom	Pg. 82
Harry Warner, Jr.	Pg. 82
John D. Owen	Pg. 83
	Pg. 86
Marty Cantor	Pg. 87
	Pg. 88
Marty Cantor	Pg. 89
Jeff Wilcox	Pg. 91
Taral	Pg. 92

Copyright (c) 1984 by Marty and Robbie Cantor. One-time rights only have been acquired from signed contributors, and all other rights are hereby assigned to the contributors.

ARTISTS

John Langford: Cover	Steven Fox: 2, 12, 14
Terry Frost: 5, 18	Randy Clark: 7, 10, 39, 65
Jeff Wilcox: 8, 91	Robert Whitaker: 9, 16
Alan White: 11, 13(2), 15, 32, 33, 34, 35, 86	Cody: 14
Mike McGann: 22, 75	Terry Jeeves: 19, 20
Buzz Dixon: 23, 25, 71, 73, 81	Schirm: 18
Charles Lee Jackson II: 27, 29, 30	Brad Foster: 26
Dave Ryan: 36, 85	Ray Capella: 31
Mel White: 3, 40	Roman Scott: 37
Dennis D'Asaro: 41, 87(2)	Wayne Brenner: 41, 60
Darrell Schweitzer: 45, 47, 49, 50	Edd Vick: 43
Sakura Allison: 55	Bob Lee: 52
Charlie Belov: 62	ATom: 57
Arthur D. Hlavaty: 68	Mary Bohdanowicz: 63
Pete Lyon: 77	Linda Leach: 69
Elisheva Barsabe: 83	Stephanie Klein: 79
	Taral: Bacover

*This fanzine supports: Rob Hansen for TAFF in '84
Marty and Robbie Cantor for DUFF in '85
Britain in '87*

Voting is closed in the '84 DUFF race - I hope that Jack Herman was the winner - we shall all know soon.

WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS

- ☒ We trade.
- ☐ Would you like to trade?
- ☒ You locced/contributed/sent old fanzines ((many thanks)).
- ☒ 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.
- ☐ If you nominated HTT for a Hugo place an "X" here and thank yourself from us.
- ☐ If the previous line made sense to you place an "X" here.

HOLIER THAN THOU 18

Edited and published by Marty and Robbie Cantor,
11565 Archwood St., North Hollywood, CA 91606-
1703, U.S.A. Tel. (818)982-1746.

Hoo Hah Publication No. 328. A Production of
Foot-In-Mouth Press. Published in January-
February, 1984. Electrostencilling by the
LASFS's Gestefax. HTT is published thrice year-
ly and is available for the usual or \$2.00 US
per issue (3/\$5.00 US). Also available for
seven International Reply Coupons per issue
(17 I.R.C.'s/3 issues). Australian agent is
Ken Ozanne, 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge,
NSW 2776, Australia. A\$2.00 per issue or
A\$5.00/3 to Ken.

WHAT KIND OF FAN
READS 'HOLIER THAN THOU?'



[SURVEYS SHOW THAT 71%
OF H.T.T. READERS ARE VIBRANT,
AWARE, SOPHISTICATED PINHEADS
WITH LIBERAL ARTS DEGREES!]

a quickie editorial

BY

marty cantor

Many faneds manage to bore readers by utilising editorial space with endless maunderings about why their zines are late. In this editorial I will mention that this issue of HTT will probably be a bit late; however, instead of running on at great length about the lateness (and this is merely late by HTT standards - remember, HTT once put out an issue a month *early*), I will merely mention that the *possible* lateness was caused by a rather abrupt move to another domicile. Basically, then, I wish to explain the changes in the colophon.

The original draught of this editorial was written in early December - it is now the Friday before New Year's and work on HTT is getting off to a much later start than usual. Much of this was due to having to fire my clerk for taking things without paying for them. I did manage to hire a new clerk almost immediately afterwards, but, as it takes a while to train people to work in this shop, I needed Robbie's help on Saturdays - a usually busy day.

Trying to train new help at the same time that I am trying to take care of many customers is not the easiest thing in the world, especially in December, the busiest of months in the retail trade; it was a great help to have Robbie working in the store. As a non-parenthetical aside I would like to point out that Robbie (as a pipe smoker who has worked in the store before) is a competent and knowledgeable employee - and she is paid a regular wage for the work which she does in the shop.

Having her work in the shop on Saturdays (through the end of December) is not the only thing which would otherwise cut into the time needed for her typing share of HTT - as the more perceptive of you already know (we sent out hundreds of CoA cards and our new address is both stamped on the envelope and typed as part of the colophon), we have just moved our

abode. (Not that this will necessarily mean much to most of you, but I do want to give public mention here of those who helped us move: Pascal Thomas, Jim (Frog) Hollander, Mike Shupp, Ken Rowand, Steve St. Onge and Lee Ann Goldstein. David Schlosser arrived too late to help with the actual moving, but he did help put away some things.)

I will not bore everyone with a description of the new place, suffice it to say that this was the first (and only) apartment at which we looked after we decided to move. We liked it well enough that we decided (based on what I know of apartments in this area) that we would not find anything better at the price. It is not at all typical of apartments in this area (such as the fact that it is more like a house than an apartment).

I would, though, like to explain why we decided to move at a time of year which is quite inopportune for me. (And inopportune for the production of HTT.) Mostly because of the bastard upstairs at the old place. But not completely.

The old neighbourhood was not a slum, but there was not much nice to say about it. During my 5+ years of residency in the old apartment there have been several killings on the block (including a shoot-out 'twixt occupants of a passing automobile and some of their relatives standing by the kerb. That is right - *relatives*. Milt Stevens (long-time LASFS member who works for the police department) looked up the report for me.). Gang territory began at the end of the block - and Robbie had to walk through that area to and from the bus each day. This gang's penchant for graffiti'izing every wall in sight is not their best attribute - nor, unfortunately, is it their worst.

But the bastard upstairs (who moved in with the building manager when she separated from her husband) ranks as the most obscene blot on that neighbourhood's escutcheon. He does not work, so he sleeps all day and tends to make noise most evenings and many nights. Making a long, agonised story very short, we were unable to make this obnoxious character turn his stereo system down to a more civilized level; so, desirous of no longer living in what it must be like inside a bass drum, we both decided that enough was very much more than too much, and we moved.

I want to briefly mention another change in the colophon - a price increase for the zine. As those of you who have been getting HTT for a while now already know, I consider the zine a medium for communicating with people. So I much prefer the fannish usual as a means of getting HTT to selling it for money. Trades, letters of comment, contributions - all these are what I prefer. However, as it does take money to produce this ever-growing zine, I am not loathe to help defray expenses by accepting money.

There are two things which prompt me to raise the price, and one of them is the upcoming postal rate increase which is "promised" for some time this year. The other thing is the value of the zine vis-à-vis other zines and their prices. I feel that the new rates compare more than favourably with prices charged for other zines (especially when both the quantity and the quality of the material is taken into consideration). Whilst it is not fair to compare HTT with media zines, I still want to point out that most of them sell for a *far* higher price than my zine and many of them are quite smaller. As I value my relationship with Robbie, I will not write about the relative merits of the material.

Please note that currency exchange rates give Aussie buyers a bargain inasmuch as we have not adjusted the rates to reflect the fact that the Australian dollar has been running between 18-20¢ less than the American dollar. You might consider a lower sub rate for HTT one of the fringe benefits of moving to Oz. (If you do consider that seriously, you are certainly reading the right fanzine.)

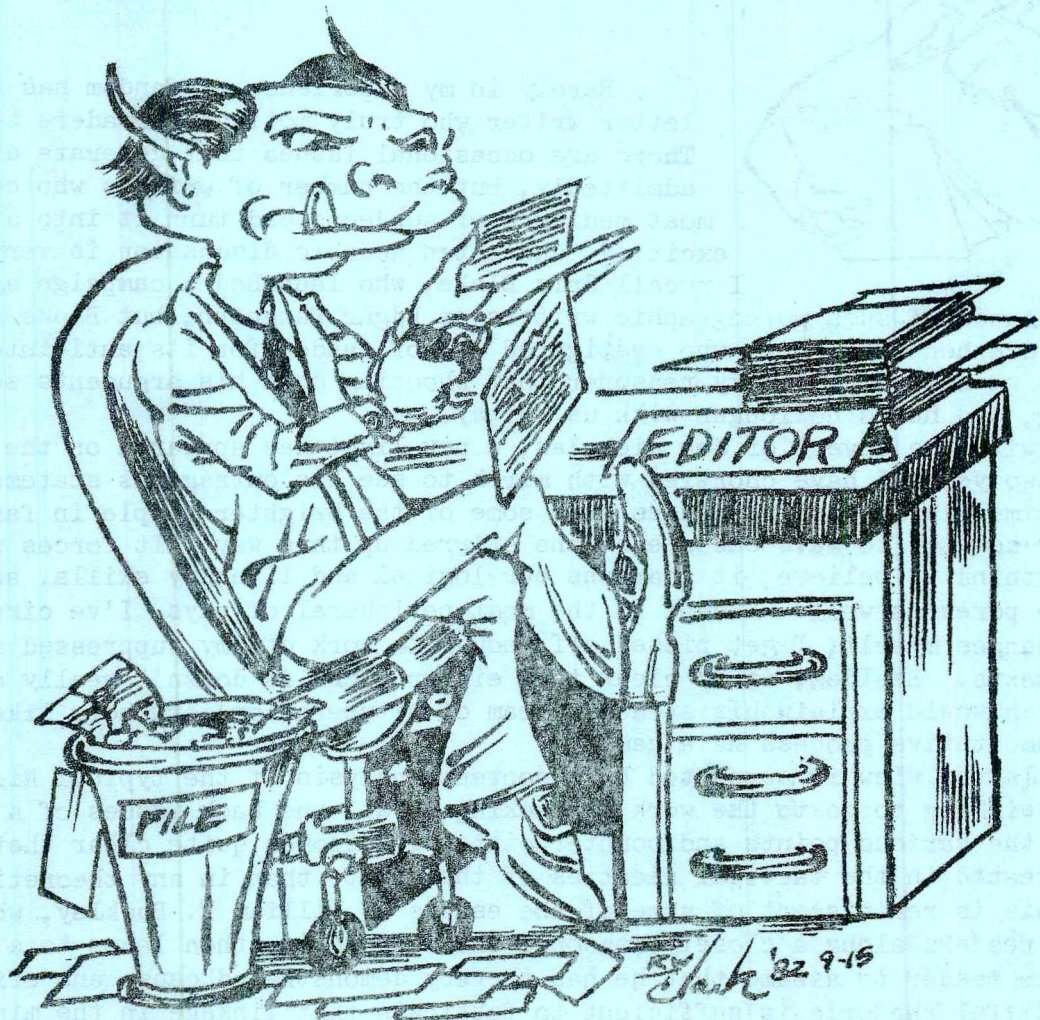
Anyway, the vast majority of our readers will not be concerned with this new rate as they (you) trade/contribute/loc like any good trufan.

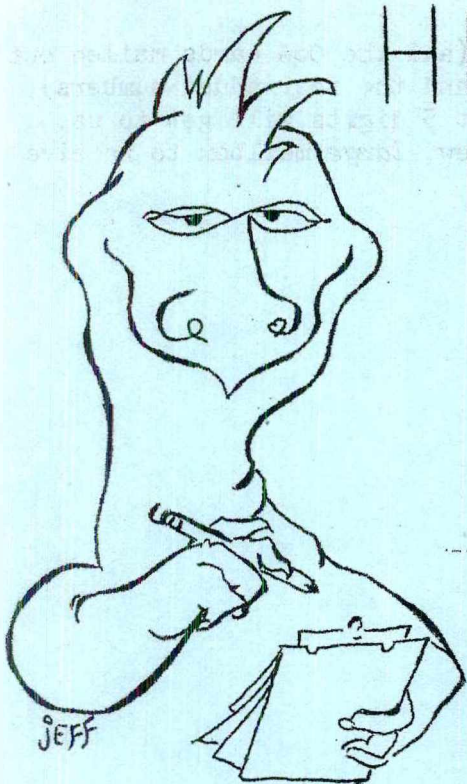
Along with the new abode we have a new telephone number. My previous number on River-ton Avenue was the same as the one I had had at my previous apartment in Studio City. The new place is 3 miles further north from Studio City than the Riverton Avenue apartment, too far (I guess) for the old number to still be valid. So a new number was issued. We did not, though, move into a new area code. The new area code is courtesy of the telephone company - they have just split the old 213 area code into two sections and this part of Los

Angeles is in the 818 section.

And just *after* having our new address rubber stamp made (and the CoA cards mailed out) the Post Office notified us of our *complete* (note the hyphen and the four added numbers) zip code. Wunnerful. We assume that mail with just the first 5 digits will get to us. For that mail which does arrive we have installed a spiffy, new, *large* mailbox to receive it.

--- Marty Cantor





HOW TO WRITE A JOSEPH NICHOLAS LETTER

BY don d'ammassa

Rarely in my experience of fandom has there been a letter writer who truly motivates readers to respond. There are occasional issues that generate a lot of letters, admittedly, but the number of writers who can take even the most mediocre of subjects and turn it into a controversial, exciting, and often acerbic discussion is very, very small.

I recall Eric Blake, who launched a campaign against the sexual explicitness of such pornographic writers as Edgar Pangborn, but Blake was a hoax. There was Stephen Pickering, who castigated all of fandom for its anti-intellectualism, but Pickering was such a leaky reasoner that shooting down his arguments seemed somehow unsporting, and he is no longer with us anyway.

But, with the advent of Joe Nicholas, a new light has appeared on the horizon. For the past two years I have chortled with mirth to see his outrageous statements provoke livid, sometimes irrational responses from some of the brighter people in fandom. I think it is very healthy to have one's emotions stirred up this way. It forces us to re-examine things we think we believe, it sharpens our logical and literary skills, and probably clears the pores as well. Except in the most peripheral of ways, I've circumambulated these exchanges myself; I get pissed off enough to work off my suppressed aggressions in other contexts. Besides, it is clear that either Nicholas doesn't really care to exchange views (which would explain his steady stream of vituperation) or, more likely, views the whole argumentative process as a game.

This latter view is supported by a content analysis of the typical Nicholas exchange. If one is willing to go to the work of looking up all the back issues of a fanzine and diagramming the various points and counterpoints, it becomes quite clear that Nicholas is more interested in the tactical niceties of the debate than in any theoretical exchange of ideas. This is reminiscent of some of the essays of William F. Buckley, who frequently leads his readers along a closely reasoned chain of logic, then leaps to a conclusion, leaving the reader to assume that he has thereby demonstrated cause and effect. He hasn't, but his skilful rhetoric is sufficient to fabricate that linkage in the mind of many.

Joe is no slouch. He is genuinely talented in debate, has an excellent grasp of the language, and possesses enough psychological insight to know best how to push his opponents across the line from earnest reasoning to irrational reaction. Listed below are some of the more noteworthy techniques to be found in his prose; study them well and you should be able to write controversial letters of your own.

1. Look for small errors of fact or phrasing. Insist that they are major failures of logic and that they invalidate whole sections of the writer's argument. It is not necessary to prove this, merely make some comment such as "Clearly this reduces your whole point to absurdity" or some variation. An example of this is that in

one recent argument, Joe seized upon a mis-statement of the full name of a country as evidence of faulty reasoning.

2. Ignore completely arguments which cannot be refuted, or which can be refuted weakly. This is easy to do in fanzines; the lapse in time between issues is likely to tax our memories to the utmost, and few of us are willing to dig out previous issues to check which points have been ignored. A variation of this is to make a statement such as, "Your statements about _____ were so obviously illogical that I see no point in wasting the time necessary to refute them."
3. Patronize whenever possible; an angry respondent is less likely to develop his points in a logical manner and will think less clearly. Make small jests at your opponent's expense, point out grammatical errors. Express sympathy for your respondent's inability to grasp "even the simplest logic" or some similar phrase.
4. When possible, make small assumptions about your opponent. "Clearly, you are unfamiliar with _____" is always a good approach. Again, the gap in time between fanzine issues will allow your damning statement to stand. Denials in the following issue can be riposted later along the lines of: "You completely misread my statement, as usual" or ignored completely.
5. Use loaded terms. I'll take a few examples from a comparatively short Nicholas manuscript that appeared in a well known American fanzine: "forsaken her country", "unfair", "has no objectivity", "with the deepest disdain", "they sidetrack, misstate, or ignore", "glaring errors of fact", "her appalling ignorance", and "fatuous beyond belief", my personal favourite.
6. Accuse people of being defensive, even when they aren't. This will almost invariably make them defensive and you score the point.
7. Introduce emotionally loaded irrelevancies. Allusions to the invasion of foreign countries, atrocities, civil rights violations, etc., are all good for this.

Once you have mastered these techniques, you should be able to scratch and kick with the best of them, reduce your fellow fans to quivering piles of rage and frustration. You will also put new life into letter columns, and probably wear out your typewriter ribbon (It also helps to be so wordy that the few readers who can retain their cool are unwilling to go to the effort to refute you. This also provides additional smoke screening if you get caught in a tactical blunder.).

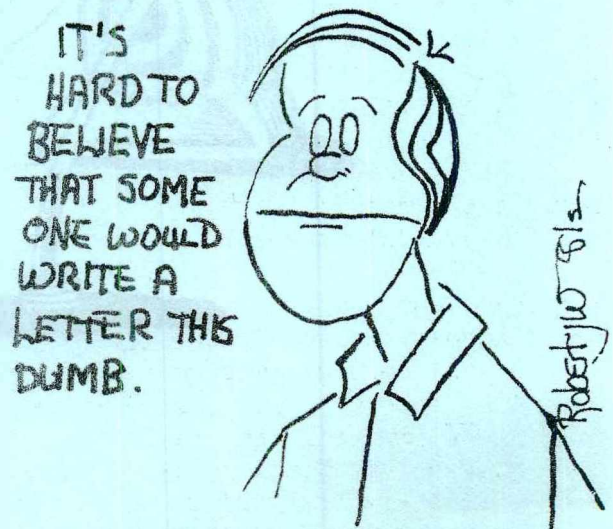
The final step now is to put into practice the techniques I have described. The best example I can think of is for me to write Joe Nicholas' response to this article, which will simultaneously save him the time, thereby allowing him to use it more fruitfully against those who will rise to the bait.

TO: Editor

FROM: Joe Nicholas

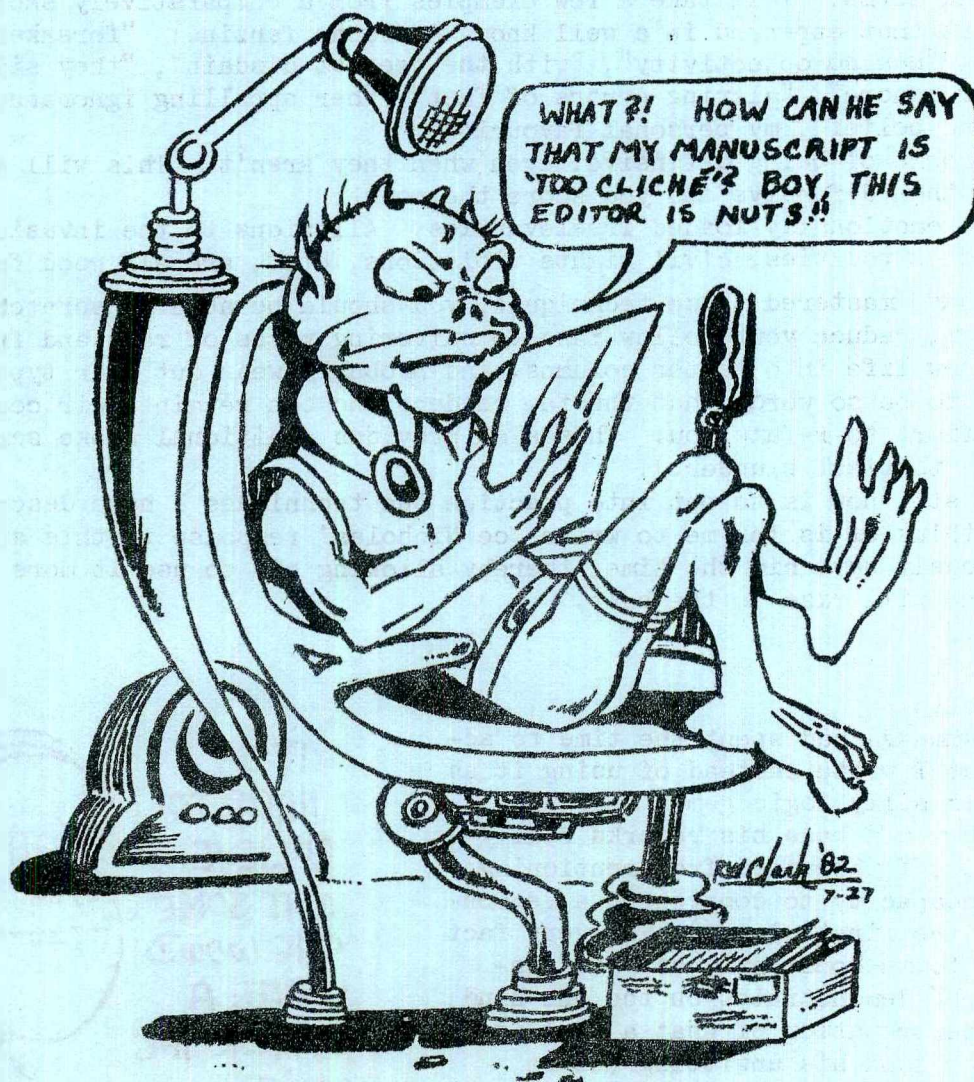
If Don D'Amassa had spent the time to actually *read* what I wrote instead of using it as the basis of his silly logic game, he would have realised how off base his remarks really are. (You notice I refrained from mentioning his apparent incapacity to comprehend a reasoned argument in the first place.) The very fact that he refers to me constantly as "Joe" instead of "Joseph" demonstrates on the one hand his liberal interpretation of what a *fact* is, and on the other hand his unwitting (to be charitable) rudeness. That alone should invalidate everything else he says in his lame excuse for an article, with its appallingly unfair and fatuously oversimplified remarks.

I will ignore his efforts to ascribe a pat-



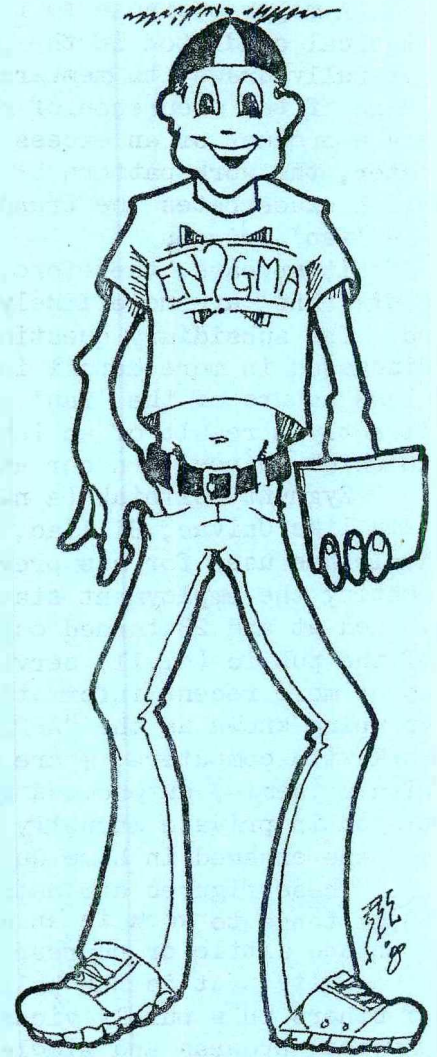
tern of confrontation to my letters. After all, what can we expect from the willing follower of a government that uses its overwhelming force to invade a peaceful country such as Grenada. Don is more to be pitied for his simpleminded adherence to the established order, and I should perhaps mercifully ignore his scurrilous comments, recognising them as the mewling outcries of a second-rate mind spinning its web of acrimony to conceal a half-recognised insecurity. What else can one expect from a semi-literate cultural imperialist anyway? The patterns he claims to see are so transparently a product of his own imagination that I see no point in responding to them. Clearly, he is unfamiliar with even the most basic techniques of logical reasoning, and it would be futile to attempt to instruct him otherwise.

--- Don D'Amassa



TOWARDS A STEREOTYPE FOR THE "FAN"

A TREATISE BY jack r. herman



The recently published works of Johnson(1), MacDonald(2), Lentz(3) and Schumacher(4), which were closely followed by the shattering work of Keegan, Bremmer, Bekenbauer(5), and that of Riggins and Csonka(6), have opened up an entire new field of investigation in generic/anthropological compartmentalism of self-contained groups on the basis of obvious characteristics and behaviours.

This paper which builds on some of the early work in the anthropology of the group self-styled 'sci-fi fans' (or, occasionally, 'SF fans', 'Stf fans', 'science fiction fans' or, even, 'scientifiction fans') carried out by an investigator who posed for a time as a fan (using the pseudonym Marc A. Ortlieb(7), which last name, it should be noted, is an anagram of blot-(t)ier, an obvious in-group reference to fandom's use of liquid inebrates in its gatherings and celebrations).

Ortlieb's work (or, to use his true name, Noble's work - since it now appears that Ortlieb has turned into one of fandom's most successful 'hoaxes', which has only just now been exposed in Australia to be the work of well-known hoaxer Jon Noble) studied the 'ecology' of fandom, outlining some of the intricate folkways and mores of this unique grouping and looked briefly at some of the inhabitants of the 'fanosphere'. It is not my brief here to follow Noble's lead and merely chronicle the rises and falls within the social customs of the fandom group. I am more concerned with isolating any genetic and social distinctions that mark the 'fan' and might help the independent observer identify him/her by his/her looks and behaviour.

For it is basically my contention that there are identifiable characteristics, some genetically-linked, others socially induced, which are intrinsic and extrinsic in the 'fan'. By the use of an empirical approach, I intend to draw my conclusions - that there is, at least, a male 'fan' genotype and that there is heavy social homogeneity - from rigorously tested data, gathered at a number of (admittedly Australian) 'fan' convocations and occasions.

The first and obvious gross physical characteristic of the fan (male and female) is the tendency towards having a greater mass for his/her height than the national average or, more particularly, the level recommended by responsible medical authorities. This should not cause surprise since, in Australia, the major form of malnutrition is obesity. However, its pronounced existence and the extent of the characteristic amongst the higher ('BNF') levels of the fannish group causes the observer to consider whether the matter is genetically linked. If we were to assume that there is a genetic link between entry into fandom (and, perhaps, rise in fandom), then we must consider whether the observed obesity

is linked to the genotypes which will be built.

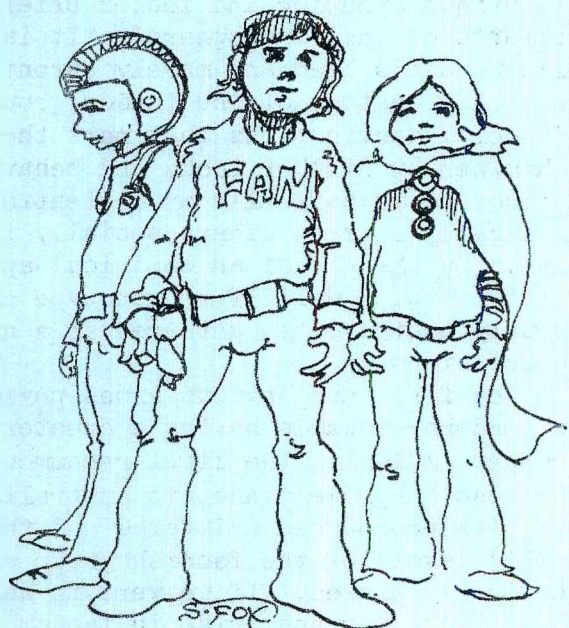
A major obstacle to the induction of a genetic link is the prevalence of a similar physical condition in the public, generally, amongst the class of people from whom fandom generally draws its membership. Since the same observations that account for the knowledge of the occurrence of obesity in 'fans' also suggest that, to a great extent, 'fans' are a product of an excessively middle class background. Additionally, as we will observe later, the work pattern of the 'fan' places him/her in a consistently sedentary situation which exacerbates the trends to obesity arising from the bourgeois background from which the 'fan' emerges.

It appears, therefore, that the gross physical characteristics observed and noted about 'fans' are more likely attributable to the social milieu rather than genetically linked. The subsidiary question as to whether the sedentary occupation bias, which will be discussed in more detail in the ensuing section, is itself an outgrowth of the middle class nature of the 'fan' or arises from another cause, and, therefore, the obesity is indirectly a result of an intrinsic attribute that can be identified in 'fans' is a matter to which we now turn our attention.

Zygmunt Poliniak (a name which suggests pseudonym - with references to computer systems like Univac, Silliac, and Multivac - and is very much like many of the names that Noble has used for his previous hoaxes) in a recent survey went part of the way to documenting the employment statistics of the average fan. In 'Poliniak's' sample, 30 fans were looked at and 23 turned out to be either students, computer operators, teachers or members of the public (civil) service.(8) My recent expansion of that sample has taken into account more recent information about the sample class - members of the fannish informal grouping known as the "APPLESAUCE groupers". Of 44 'fans' looked at, 8 were students, 6 work with computers, 7 are teachers or their equivalent, 17 work in the public service or with a (semi-) autonomous government agency (other than teaching), 4 were known to be employed in private industry (of whom 3 have definitely sedentary jobs), one was unemployed, and one engaged in home duties.(9)

These figures demonstrate an undeniable trend in the stereotyping of the 'fan'. (S)he tends to work in an area with little or no productivity, little or no physical exertion and little or no responsibility. The first is, perhaps, an outcome of the lack of creativity that is the hallmark of most 'fans'. They prefer to live off the experiences of others in a purely vicarious way. The second is caused by and reinforces the lack of physical prowess and middle class outlook of the 'fans' or, perhaps, is the cause of the tendency towards obesity. The third is a demonstration that the 'fan' in his work as well as his hobby prefers to see other do the work while passively accepting what is presented. This passivity is not meant to indicate that the fan is uncritical. (S)he is amongst the most hypercritical of the community as several perusals of various fan publications would immediately and amply demonstrate.

It is my contention that the stereotypical genotype of the 'fan' would directly cause the 'fan' to be attracted to the sort of work that the survey above indicates is attractive. 'Fans' are, by tendency and admission, on the reclusive side of the human spectrum. A basic insecurity that often manifests itself as shyness or inability to communicate in a face-to-face mode leads to both the behaviour characteristics of the 'fan' and his/her choice of profession. It is only in the comfortable surroundings of other



'fans' and with the use of the fan cant that the 'fan' feels at all at ease.(10)

If 'fans' are genetically selected by a predisposition towards shyness and insecurity, what then are the physical characteristics that accompany this genotype?

The first and obvious such is a tendency towards weakened eye-sight. While a simple explanation may appear to be connected with the amount of work done by the eyes when reading or viewing grainy prints of cheaply shot audio-visual material, it is more likely that the predisposition towards eye-sight so dysfunctional that corrective lenses are necessary arises from some genetically connected selective process for fandom: a co-incidence in the genotype that means that those who are likely to lean towards 'fan' activities will also have a flawed eye-sight gene. It is observable that the 'fan' type has a propensity towards wearing corrective lenses, although there does seem to be some movement towards contact lenses at a higher 'level' which can cause some observers to mistake the generality of the problem.

The average Australian fan appears to be a balding, bearded male with eye-glasses, working in a non-productive, 'public' office, obsessed with his own insecurity and happy only in the company of other 'fans'. All of these characteristics are genetically linked and produce a composite personality predisposed toward the sort of artificial society ('granfalloon') that is created by 'fans'.

It is well established in psychology that a balding man is more concerned with self and more inwardly directed than one who is sure of the maintenance of a full head of hair. Similarly, the growing of a beard, which is, often, a youthful, anti-social (and mild) form of protest, also demonstrates the possession of an insecurity which is fairly deeply ingrained. Thus, it is often found that those suffering from (premature) baldness show a remarkable co-incidence with those who feel the necessity to grow a beard. This is both an obvious form of 'compensation' and a reinforcement of the self-doubt that obsesses the insecure man with a family history of baldness.(11)

This has shown that there is a very rigid line of proof from the genetically-based predispositions towards baldness and beard-growing to the basic insecurity that underlines those with this genetic structure.(12) It is fairly simple to extend this model to take in the other observed characteristics of the 'fan'. Each, in its turn, can be linked to the gene structure and the physical/emotional situation which they give rise to.

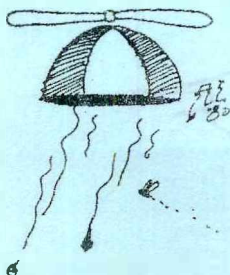
We began, true to scientific method, with a hypothesis: that there is a genetic link between those that gravitate towards the strange sub-culture, 'fandom', and the picture suggested by the hypothesis. We have tested the theory in the well of factual evidence, observed and quantified. For the purpose of the experiment, we confined our ground to Australia but have no doubt that the theory is equally applicable to fandoms in other countries.

The genetically-linked stereotype fan is an overweight, balding, bearded, eye-glassed fan, who works in a 'sheltered' situation, in a non-productive, non-responsible job, abhors creativity and most physical activity, is often in need of social lubricants to break down his considerable insecurity and shyness, and is only ever comfortable in the company of the rest of 'fandom'.



FOOTNOTES

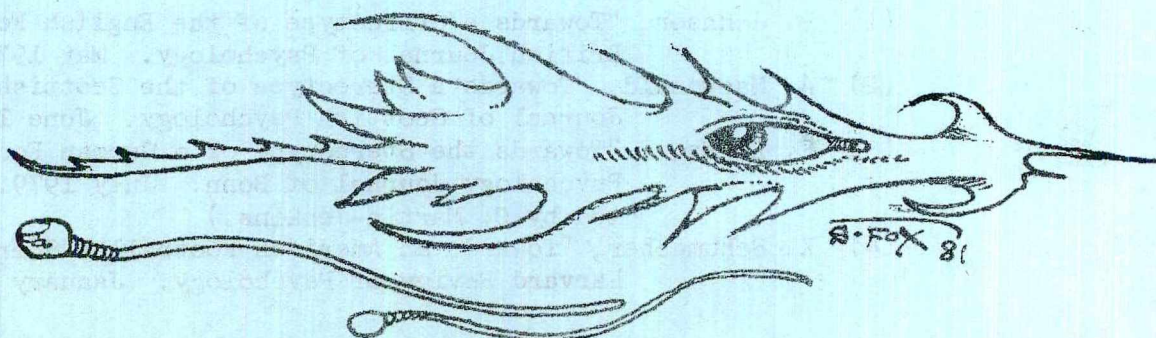
- (1) B. Johnson, "Towards a Stereotype of the English Footballer". British Journal of Psychology. May 1979.
- (2) A. MacDonald, "Towards a Stereotype of the Scottish Footballer". Journal of Scottish Psychology. June 1979.
- (3) F. Lentz, "Towards the Stereotype of a German Footballer". Psychology Journal of Bonn. July 1979. (Translated by C. Martin-Jenkins.)
- (4) X. Schumacher, "Towards an American Footballer Stereotype". Harvard Review of Psychology. January 1980.



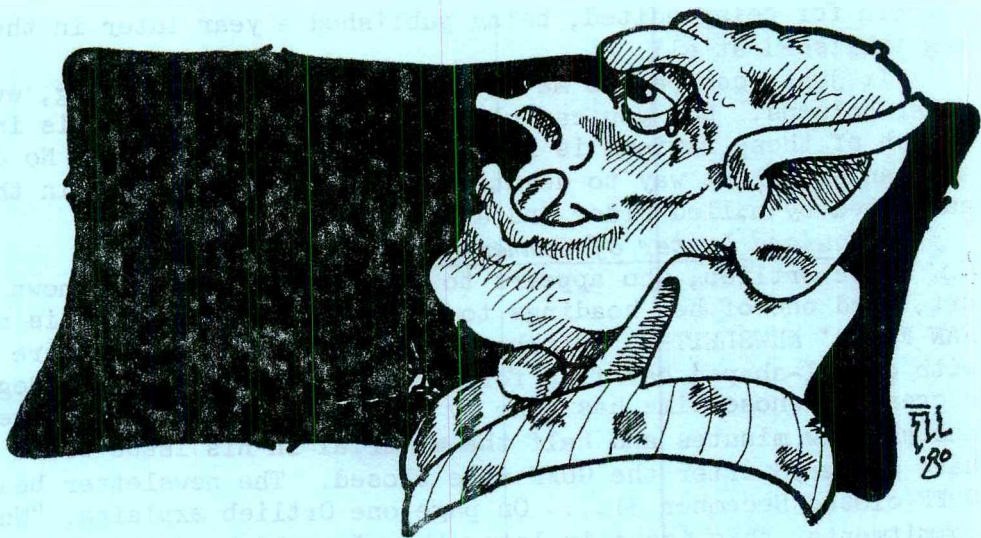


- (5) K. Keegan, W. Bremmer, F. Beckenbauer (as told to H. Davies), "Toward a Stereotype of the Idiotic Psychologist". Association Players' Journal. September 1979.
- (6) J. Riggins and L. Csonka, "We Ain't Like That". People Magazine. March 1980.
- (7) M.A. Ortlieb (J. Noble), "Notes Towards a Treatise on the Ecology of Fandom". Apple Sorcery 4. APPLESauce November 1979.
- (8) Z. Poliniak (J. Noble), "Fans and There(sic) Jobs". Zider the Fourth. APPLESauce May 1980. (13)
- (9) J.R. Herman, "Comments to Z. Poliniak". The Silver Jubilee Applejack. APPLESauce June 1980.
- (10) Bob Tucker (J. Noble), "The Neo-Fan's Guide to Science Fiction Fandom". Fifth Edition. March 1978. (14)
- (11) P. Lebon, "L'Etudes d'Hirsutement" and P. O'Leary, "On Hair and Things". Catalogue of the Sirs' Toupee Co. May 1980.
- (12) G. Marx, "Memoirs of a Mangy Lover". New York. 1980. pp60, pp67 et seq.
- (13) The internal evidence of the misspelling of 'there' and the fact that both Ortlieb's and Poliniak's articles appeared in the fourth issue of their respective magazines reinforces the view that J. Noble must have been behind the Poliniak hoax as well.
- (14) "Tucker" is probably a hoax as well: 'tucker' is a well-known Australian term for food, especially barely edible fast-food, of the sort most favoured by the 'fan' while at a convention. It is presumed that, like the anagram of blot(t)ier, the use of the esoteric term 'tucker' is meant to be a sly pun at the expense of 'fandom' by the tricky Noble.

--- Jack R. Herman



THE PIED TYPER BY mike glyer



Once upon a time.
Mike Glicksohn wrote
fanzine reviews for
my genzine SCIENTI-
FRICTION. In the
first installment of
his column "The Zine-
Phobic Eye", he claimed
a perverse reputation

for his column as a fanzine killer -- two pre-
vious zines having folded out from under him. In the sense that I admired Glicksohn's
writing and expertise, it was unfortunate that SCIENTIFRICTION enjoyed a far longer life
than "The Zinephobic Eye". Yet look around, and you'll observe very few fanzine reviewers
persisting over the years in regularly-appearing columns of intensely analytical reviews.
Giving that category a liberal definition, Buck Coulson, Ted White, Keith Walker, Dick
Geis and Leigh Edmonds are the lot who spring to my mind, who are still at it after a min-
imum of five years. Coulson and Edmonds review fanzines within departments of their own
genzines. Geis likes to carve up a few zines each issue whether or not the activity is
classified under its own title. Keith Walker is the worst fanzine reviewer of all time,
but he gets in on the longevity test just the same. Ted White's faithful interest in fan-
zines is equalled by an amazing energy for writing reviews, which appear in his and others'
fanzines. Myriad fans have had fmz review columns; the majority write a few installments
and burn out. Since I am entering my fourth year as HOLIER THAN THOU's resident fanzine
reviewer, and this vaguely resembles A Long Time In The Saddle, I think I have all the ex-
perience I need to answer the question: why do so many fanzine reviewers burn out?

They just run out of things to say, that's all. A comparatively small number of fans
in the universe of fanzine editors possess the kind of credentials that will strongly mo-
tivate people to try and *learn* from their critiques. The majority of fanzine review de-
partments never aspire to provide anything more than a listing and buyer's guide -- they
get correspondingly little feedback, and their authors become bored and wander off. The
faneds who have real expertise and strong opinions about how to create successful and/or
quality fanzines for the minority -- they may be controversial, but they will somewhat ex-
plain the technical skills and human interactions influencing the reception of a fanzine.
However, it doesn't take long for most of us to review enough fanzines to completely ex-
haust our accumulated wisdom, unique observations, technical mastery (usually something on
the order of "scotch-tape the stencils, and don't overink"), and every last one of our pet
peeves. Thereafter fanzine reviewing begins to feel repetitious. Even if our readers and
editors think the stuff is fresh as a daisy -- even if they've all forgotten everything we
said before -- *we* know that in April 1981 so-and-so point was made, and what do I need to
say that again for? Once that happens, the teaching function of fanzine reviewing has
ended; the review column ends too without new motives for doing one.

Milton F. Stevens' concept for the fanzine review column he ran years ago in THE PASS-
ING PARADE solves for all time the problem of what to put in a column if you're caught in-
between philosophical observations. He wrote fanzine reviews that were frankly letters of
comment, and good ones, too. Since he published them in his own zine, he eliminated any

concern for being edited, being published a year later in the zine's next issue, or not being published at all.

It just occurred to me to acknowledge that borrowing, even though I've applied it to other columns. Now you can play the guessing game in this installment of "The Pied Typer", "which of these reviews is really a letter of comment?" No doubt many of you will find that an excellent way to devote a cold winter's evening in the company of your friends, sustained by mulled cider and a cozy fire...

Disguised Letter of Comment #1

Marc Ortlieb, who appears to own the world's last known reserves of Sheryl Birkhead art, used one of her headings to emphasize the title of his newest venture, THE AUSTRALIAN FAN FUNDS' NEWSLETTER. Birkhead's benignly smiling creature looks vaguely Pre-Cambrian with a gill-shaped ear flap forming the back of its puppy-dog-sized head. Using an illo of a creature whose time has gone by was appropriate, since time nearly passed Ortlieb by -- another few minutes and half the material in his issue would have been obsolete, as it would have appeared after the GUFF race closed. The newsletter bears a December pub date, and GUFF closed December 31... On page one Ortlieb explains, "Unfortunately, due to my school commitments, this issue is later than I would have liked, and so, if you are voting for GUFF, please do that as quickly as possible. If this reached you too late, then please donate money anyway. It can be used for next year's race."

Problems of timing set aside, Ortlieb has an excellent idea -- to publicize the fan funds by letting candidates for them take more than their limit of 100 words (the maximum size of nominating statements run on the fan fund ballots) in self-promotion. Four candidates, representing three different fan funds took up his offer.

Bob Shaw is the sole qualified candidate for THE SHAW FUND -- designed to transport the famous Irish fan and s.f. writer to the 1985 Aussiecon. Shaw is in top humorous form writing about an illicit gathering in an Irish pub on Sunday morning, and what happened once the police got wind of it. "I doubt that any pubs in Australia, or anywhere else, can offer experiences like that -- but I'm ready to give them a try," says Shaw, providing a tenuous connection between his essay and the theme of the NEWSLETTER. Of course, he was under no obligation to make any connection, since the excellence of his storytelling is all the advertisement anyone would need to want Shaw brought to the 1985 Worldcon.

On the other hand, Jack Herman's "Fandom's Laws Are Asses" is all the advertisement anyone would need to vote Hold Over Funds in this year's DUFF race. In terms of saying The Right Thing, Herman can utter the finest maxims you would want to hear coming from a prospective Fan Fund Administrator (you know, we always vote in terms of who we want to take the trip, but the fact remains that we also have to live with the winner for the next two years as operating officer of the fund). Herman views the major governing factors of fan funds to be: "(1) That every eligible fan is given the optimum opportunity to participate, either through nomination or voting. (2) That fair play be the judgment of whether or not an administrator is doing the job correctly. (3) That maximum publicity be given to the Fund. (4) That any decision should not favour any particular candidate(s) at the expense of other candidate(s)." One cannot argue with his summary of the main points. Nor can one argue when it comes to a practical application of these factors, Jack

THIS IS MY
FIRST TIME IN
A FANZINE.
PLEASE BE
GENTLE.



has a real gift for missing the boat.

You see, the first half of his essay develops points raised in the paragraph quoted below:

The main problem with the world is that there are too many people who would rather see the *letter* of the law applied than its spirit; who would rather use some abstract (possibly outdated) set of rules than consider the morality of the affair. I think it was Mike Glycer who misquoted the legal maxim to say "Justice should not only be done but should *appear* to be done." In fact, the maxim is "Justice should not only be done but be seen to be done." The difference is enormous. Justice may appear to be done in any number of cases where, in fact, gross miscarriages occur as a result of several factors.

Since Jack and I are both abbreviating a quote, the reader can decide which of us did violence to its spirit. Wrote Lord Hewart in *Rex v. Sussex Justices* in 1924: "It is not merely of some importance but it is of fundamental importance that justice should not only be done but should manifestly and undoubtedly be seen to be done." Obviously the man is *not* telling us that court actions are sometimes merely an illusion of justice. He is telling us that society does not fully benefit from the administration of justice unless this abstract end is achieved where they can see it and in a manner that they can recognise. In pursuing the effect of the 1983 Minicon weekend on DUFF voting, my point has been that the information leaks may not have changed the winner, but that that alone cannot cure the damage done to the fund's credibility by the fact that there were leaks. Fans will not be satisfied that fan funds are properly administered unless the behaviour of their administrators is above reproach. That is justice "seen to be done". Maybe having former Australian DUFF administrator Toluzzi out of the picture will be sufficient, since he was blamed for the leaks by those who heard them. But since Jack Herman seems incapable of understanding the problem, I have no faith he would solve it as DUFF winner.

Herman's rival for DUFF is John Packer, comparatively unknown to Americans, and who will remain unknown on the basis of his comic strip in the NEWSLETTER despite its humorous tone.

Two GUFF candidates wrote for the NEWSLETTER, Shayne McCormack and Jean Weber. Neither won; Justin Ackroyd claimed that honour. Then again, Jean Weber advised everyone to vote Hold Over Funds, so her defeat cannot be termed a surprise.

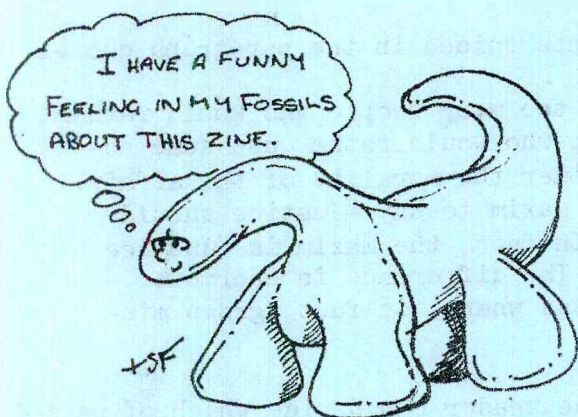
Both in the NEWSLETTER and Ortlieb's genzine Q36, he warns that his fanac will take a dive due to coursework commitments, so we may never see another issue of THE AUSTRALIAN FAN FUNDS' NEWSLETTER. Yet I would like to see many more issues. Fan funds have proliferated to such an extent that the news about them, and interest in them, could easily support such a zine. Hint, hint: some aspiring fan fund candidate could hardly harm his chances of winning if he took up the torch of publishing such a newsletter.

Disturbance from Alpha Centura

Albuquerque's Star Trek/media-oriented s.f. club Alpha Centura is bidding to upset the existing hierarchy of America's best clubzines. For some time it's been pretty well settled that the Seattle club's WESTWIND is the most beautiful clubzine, and the NESFA's INSTANT MESSAGE is the superior club service zine.

Bi-monthly I receive the ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR, which has been rapidly improving under the editorship of Craig Chrissinger so that it now rivals both of the others in some areas. ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR is phototypeset, with graphics and headlines of various fonts. It publishes a great many small screened photos to illustrate media-oriented news and reviews. The layout is flawless. No fanzine I receive other than SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE shows such attention to detail and/or takes such obvious care to assure that its graphic design does not interfere with its readability. The COMMUNICATOR lacks WESTWIND's pro-quality art, but surpasses it in all other aspects of production.

What do I mean by attention to detail? FILE 770, LOCUS, or SFR all have a workmanlike appearance -- the latter two, though, are comparatively ambitious in their use of graphics, photos or art. But there are always things that ought to have been better -- articles divided between pages in a distracting way, crowded type, ragged paragraphing, overly busy pages, false economies of space (crowding). The three editors are satisfied to produce a



usable zine; they are not perfectionists. Chrissinger must be -- how else would his aine look this good?

The contents of the COMMUNICATOR form a real potpourri of s.f./media/fantasy interests, suggesting that the club takes an interest in a wide diversity of topics, and must be a fascinating group of people to hang around. Following the expected list of announcements, events, and constitutional business necessary to any club, the COMMUNICATOR summarizes news clips of movies and films (THE DAY AFTER, BRAINSTORM, CHRISTINE, STAR TREK III, HIERO'S JOURNEY, DICK TRACY, MAD MAX III, in the November issue). It lists the 1983 Hugo winners, runs Space Shuttle news, and any number of well-written movie reviews. The January/February issue added

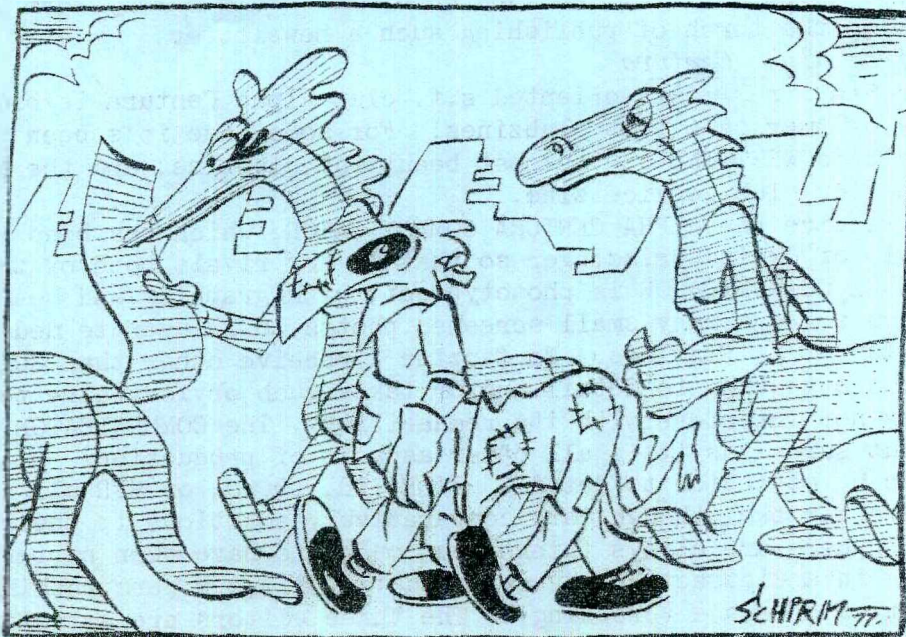
to its usual features a brief interview with David Bischoff, and a report on Stephen King's address to 850 people at the Truth or Consequences (NM) Middle School gym. The COMMUNICATOR is one of those rare clubzines that deserves wider circulation because of the quality of its writing and the nationwide scope of its news. Its colophon mentions only 200 copies produced -- but I'm sure they would be willing to run a few more if you people motivated them with trades or bucks.

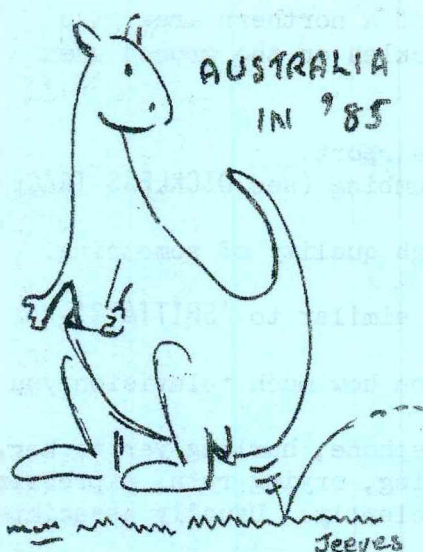
How To Get These Zines:

THE AUSTRALIAN FAN FUNDS' NEWSLETTER #1: Marc Ortlieb, GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, AUSTRALIA. Available at whim.

THE ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR #87: c/o SF3, SUB Box 120, UNM, Albuquerque, NM 87131. Bi-monthly. Subscriptions \$3/year. Also available for contributions and trades.

--- Mike Glycer





STRINE SLANG: A GUIDE FOR POMS, SEPTICS, REFFOS, BALTS, AND YER UPPER CLASS TYPES BY terry frost

// A little something to help prepare for your next trip to Oz.....in '85, perhaps?/*/*

"Australians are a stocky, brownish people with craggy features --- they love a sun-burnt woman --- their eyes are screwed up against the constant harsh glare of the TV sets."

- William Rushton 1970

Australian slang can be a real bugger for those not born to its colourful convolutions. Therefore, in case you are desirous of visiting what has been called 'this brown unpleasant land', I have prepared this little aid-to-comprehension. Mainly because I hate repeating myself; even to American fans who, in my experience, are a uniformly lovely shower of bastards. And partly to prepare any visitors for cultural shock should they stray out of the Macdonalds-packed and neon-lit parts of Australia.

GLOSSARY

AERIAL PING-PONG: deviant mutation of football played primarily by Victorians. It involves goal-posts without cross-bars and thirty-six louts wearing shirts with no sleeves. It is considered a religion by its followers.

APPLE-MUNCHERS: European-descended Tasmanians once known for their penchant for genocide and now for the way they complain when people leave Tasmania off any maps of Australia.

BANANA BENDER: term used to describe caucasian neanderthals of a northern area also known as Queensland. NB: not all Queenslanders drag their knuckles on the ground when they walk, just most of them.

BASTARDS DOWN SOUTH, THOSE: Victorians, a.k.a. 'Mexicans'.

BLACK STUMP, THE: a place nowhere near a Sydney hotel or an airport.

BLUES, THE: officers of the law, irrespective of personal plumbing (see DICKLESS TRACEYS).

BONE ORCHARD: cemetery.

BONZER: used in the manner of an adjective to express the high quality of something.

BOWSERS, PETROL: garage petrol-pumps.

BUGGER ME!: not an invitation but an exclamation of surprise similar to 'SHITTAY?'

BUGGERED: exhausted from hard yakka.

CHRISSIE: Yuletide or else commercial conspiracy, depending on how much television you watch.

CHUNDER: throwing one's voice, laughing at the big white telephone, hurling yer tucker, parking a tiger on the lawn, technicolour yawning, liquid laughing, crying ruth, expressing oneself orally - to regurgitate one's food involuntarily and violently. Usually associated in one's mind with John Foyster for some reason.

COATHANGER, THE: the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

CROOK (AS ROOKWOOD): to be sick, Rookwood being a popular Sydney bone orchard.

CROW-EATERS: South Australian persons, known both for their liking of fermented grape fluids, and German ancestry.

DICK HEAD: a term, less than endearing, used to describe Queenslanders, politicians, aerial ping-pong aficionados, the New York Yacht Club, feminists or damn protesters, depending on where you sit in society.

DICKLESS TRACEYS: female police officers, a.k.a. Miss Piggys.

DILL: the same thing as Richard Cranium.

DRONGO: see DILL.

ELITIST: a dick head holding the dissident viewpoint that there is room for improvement in Australia.*

ESKY: insulated beer cooler, *de rigueur* for *al fresco* sporting events or long country drives.

EXPATRIATE: (a.k.a. 'expat') a traitor.*

FEMINIST: a sheila, usually ill-favoured, in whom the film-making instinct has pre-empted the maternal.*

FULL AS A FART: goog, seaside shit-house on Boxing Day, private school hat-track - a state of extreme inebriation.

GOER, A: woman fond of amatory arts, said to be highly skilled.

GOOG: henfruit, cackleberry - an egg.

GRUB: a slatternly person.*

KING'S (bloody) CROSS: Sydney's sin centre, once even more Bohemian than Paddo. Known as 'The Dirty Half Mile'.

KOALA: a small arboreal marsupial, considered cute by natives of the U.S.A. until they get clawed by one.

LARRIKIN: a mug-lair, likeable rogue (common examples include Robin Hood, Harry Lime, the Australia II yachtsmen and Ronald Biggs).

LOUT: hooligan or thug, 'the thick ear mob'. One brand of lout was called "The Toe-Cutter Gang" due to their novel use of a pair of very large wire-cutters.

LUG-HOLE: ear.

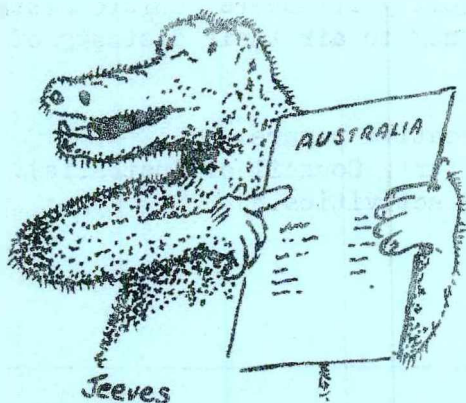
MIDDY: 10 oz. glass of beer.

MOLL: obsolete chauvinist's term for a woman with a complicated personal life. The phrase "as lonely as a moll at a christening" still does the traps, however.

MUDGE MAILBAGS: female mammary glands of unusual volume favoured by men who were bottle-fed as infants. See NORKS.

MUG: American tourist, entertainer or self-awareness councillor who visits Australia. Or else an easy mark.

MUG-LAIR: show-offish person with a touch of the larrikin in his personal makeup.



WORKS: see MUDGE MAILBAGS.

PADDY: Paddington, a Sydney suburb once known for its bohemian element and now for its gay population. Has some good restaurants and nasty coppers.

PETROLS: rhyming slang for trousers (petrol bow-sers = trousers).

POM, POMMY: person from the motherland, usually not too bright.

POOFER: term for homosexuals primarily used by repressed latent homosexuals.

PREZZIE: diminutive for a gift, esp. at Chrissie.

RATBAG: a dill or dick head. All flat earthers, astrologers, astral travellers, Von Danikenites, Freemasons, religious zealots who knock on your door early on Sunday morning and some media-fen are believed to be ratbags by the majority of non-ratbags.

RAZOO: (pronounced rah-zu) a small amount of

money, even smaller if made of brass.

REFFO: short for refugee. New Australian resident or citizen (anything less than three generations, if non-anglo-saxon).

RICHARD CRANIUM: posh talk for dick head.

RIPPER: see BONZER.

ROOT: to be extremely friendly with someone under private, carnal and (usually) horizontal circumstances.

RORT: enjoyable event (that con was a bonzer rort).

ST KILDA: Melbourne's "King's Cross". Seems slightly more B & D than the Sydney equivalent.

SAND-GROPER: Western Australians.

SCHOONER: 15 oz. of beer.

SCONE-GRABBER: the immature human animal, whose known habitat is the kitchen. Also known as an ankle-biter.

SEVEN: a 7 oz. glass of beer usually only drunk by weak-bladdered Victorians.

SEPTIC: rhyming slang for an American person (septic tank (a primitive commode) = yank).

SHEILA: complimentary term for a woman.

SHELL-LIKE: romantic synonym for the lug-hole of a loved one.

SHIRT-LIFTER: see POOFER.

SHITTAY?: exclamation of extreme surprise, a contraction of "Shit, eh?"

SHOOT THROUGH: to take one's leave, sometimes in the manner of a Bondi tram.

SNAGS: sausages.

SPEED GORDON: a person that another person in dire circumstances is said to be in more trouble than.

SPIFLICATE: to cause bodily damage of an uncertain but extensive type.

STRINE: phonetic way of saying Australian in the 'Strine dialect.

THOMMO'S TWO-UP SCHOOL: legendary and, according to political authorities, mythical haven for gamblers in the Sydney urban area.

TINNY: diminutive for steel container of the amber fluid.

TOMS, A TOUCH OF THE: gastric upset (toms = tom tits = shits).

TRAPS, TO DO THE: to make the rounds, paint the town red - go to all the popular places.

TROUSER SNAKE, ONE EYED: pyjama python, serpent of the Stubbies, beef bugle, the unemployed, wife's best friend, tassle, organic acupuncture needle - some people call it a penis.

WOG: a disease like flu or a cold when you aren't sure what it is. (Formerly used to describe Mediterranean fruit and vegetable merchants.)

WOOP-WOOP: a place where a Sydney taxi-driver will take you to en route to your hotel; somewhere adjacent to the black stump.

WOWSERS: persons with anal-retentive traits. Moral Majority followers, Comstockists, censorship officers and repressed personalities with a tendency to air their distaste of other people's pleasures are wowsers.

WRITE-OFF: totally destroyed (your car's a write-off).

YAKKA: physical activity, usually of a constructive or creative nature.

YARTZ, THE: cultural endeavour on a high-brow level (the Yartz Council of Australia).
Not recognised as including football, cricket or trade union activities.*

*borrowed from the works of Mr. Barry Humphries, Esq.

Kibbitzing by Peter Bismire.

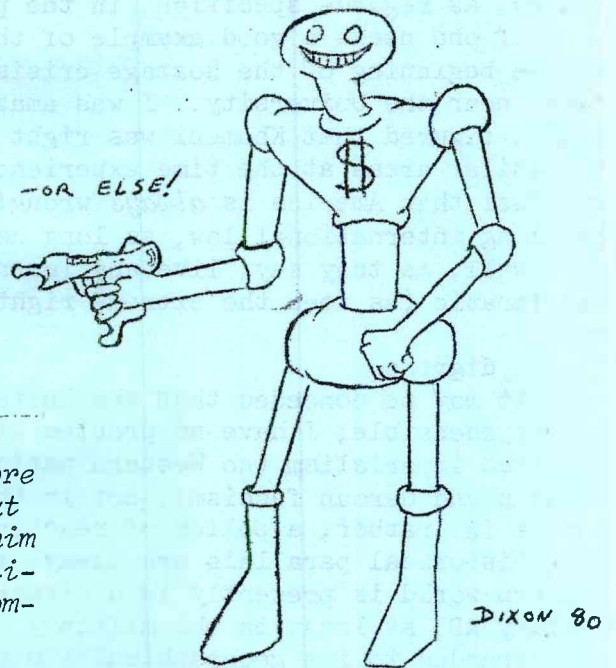
--- Terry Frost



AMERICAN CULTURAL IMPERIALISM - A NON-ISSUE

BY
ed rom

HI! I'M A CAPITALIST
ROBOT! BUY ME!



/*/ I get the impression that Ed Rom is much more conservative than I am -- conservative enough so that his distance from Liberal thinking appears to give him no perspective on that broad chasm which separates liberalism from socialism and (farther to the left) communism.

The following article was removed ~~klacking and~~ ~~scribbling~~ from Ed's LoC on HTT #17 -- it is printed here with very little editorial change being perpetrated upon it (one of the major exceptions being some ad hominem of certain fans, said ad hominem doing nothing for his arguments).

Not that I completely agree with all of Ed's conclusions, but I think that he has certainly brought forth an important argument as to why "American Cultural Imperialism" can be considered a non-issue. Certainly, I can find no fault with his disquisition about how the extreme left views America.

One last thing: when Ed writes "Left" and "left-wingers", he seems to almost certainly mean those who are the farthest from the centre rather than the left as a whole. /*/

It seems to me that there is a terrific dualism in political thought today, and that this dualism is worldwide. On the one hand, we have the Left, and, on the other, we have the Right. There is, to be sure, a continuum (communism-socialism-liberalism-"middle of the road"-moderate conservatism-conservatism-extreme conservatism-fascism), but, no matter where one falls on this continuum, he is almost sure to orient himself politically/economically in terms of this continuum and its basic Left-to-Right bias. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are few -- the Discordians come to mind, as do the Libertarians. The vast majority have never heard of the groups I have just mentioned.

There are two types of extremists (here I go -- dualistic thinking! -- but I think that it is sometimes valid): those who are True Believers and those who think for themselves (I like to think of myself as one of the latter). One of the characteristics of the True Believer is that he has a tendency to swallow an entire package of beliefs, whole, and then ignore or rationalize away anything that contradicts any part of that package. This sort of mental structure is most common among extreme leftists and Christian fundamentalist right-wingers.

An important part of the Left's ideological package is its fundamental anti-Americanism. No matter what America does, according to this set of beliefs (note that it is a set of beliefs), America is always wrong. It would be very convenient for the Left if America was to behave in as nakedly brutal a fashion as does the government of the U.S.S.R., but it does not. The U.S. government, while it is certainly not a group of real nice guys, at least tries to refrain from real nastiness. So where does that leave the Left? They must

clutch at straws, so they yap about such silly ideas as "American Cultural Imperialism", ignoring quite a few facts in the process. I won't get into nuts and bolts right here because I feel that supporters of the existence of the "ACI" belief have been sufficiently rebutted, as regards specifics, in the pages of HTT #17.

If one needs a good example of this sort of knee-jerk anti-Americanism, just think back to the beginning of the hostage crisis with Iran. I myself was living in Minneapolis at the time, near the University. I was amazed to find that many of the chic left-wingers actually had it figured that Khomeni was right in what he did! I'm sure that others who were living in similar areas at the time experienced the same thing: the discovery that there are people who feel that America is *always* wrong! Who feel that medieval fanatics are justified in breaking international law, as long as the victim of the crime is the U.S.!

Well, as they say, live and learn. The left-winger has much in common with the medieval fanatic (as does the extreme right-winger), so that sort of thing no longer surprises me.

I digress.

It may be conceded that the United States' foreign policy may often be best described as reprehensible; I have no problem with this, for I am not an extreme right-winger. It is not true imperialism (no Western nation has engaged in true imperialism since the demise of Italian and German fascism), not in the sense that the Soviet Union engages in imperialism, but it is, rather, a policy of reaction.

Historical parallels are always suspect, but I think that I can see one here. The Western world is presently in a situation similar to that of the Roman Empire in the 2nd century AD, at least in the military and foreign policy spheres. The Empire at that time had expanded to its geographical limits, while at the same time classical thought had reached its mental limits. The only solution the Roman government could think of for its most pressing problem (mounting barbarian pressure on the Rhine and Danube frontiers) was the military solution; they saw the situation as one of "kill or be killed". So they killed barbarians, in droves. But the barbarians kept on coming.

Note that I said this was the Roman *government's* solution. What the people thought can only be inferred; primary sources for ancient times are much scarcer than we would like. But it's true that by the 3rd century, certainly by the 4th, local inhabitants often *joined* the barbarians when their lands were overrun. Why is this?

The fact of the matter is that in order to preserve their civilization, the Roman emperors destroyed it. The Principate became the Tetrachy; an authoritarian government became a military dictatorship. Beginning with Marcus Aurelius, in the late 2nd century AD, the Roman military was massively expanded, and, to maintain this tremendous expansion, money was necessary. Thus the level of taxation had to be tremendously increased, and an unprecedented degree of regimentation was imposed on the peoples of the Empire.

The ironic thing about this is that classical civilization created its own enemies. Where do you think the barbarians learned things like metallurgy and the rest of the military technology of the times? From the Romans, of course, from whom they also learned to have a taste for civilized luxuries. Roman "cultural imperialism"?

Our situation today has certain similarities, in a basic sort of way. The Western world has stopped expanding geographically, and has spawned all sorts of enemies, who seek to use our own technology against us, and who also seem to like the type of amenities we have developed. We enjoy cultural prestige, but are also much hated. Not just America, but the West as a whole.

This anti-Westernism is very much a set of mixed feelings, and has draped itself on a framework of Marxist ideology, which is also a convenient credo for those of Western origin who are alienated by their own culture. If there were no Marxism or socialism, people who now express their belief in these systems would still find something to believe in that would confirm their feelings of hostility to the systems which they, for one reason or another, hate.

This is where the tragedy lies. Far too many of us feel that if there is something we don't like, there must be only one alternative. This is two-valued thinking, which is the most primitive of cognitive processes (if he isn't with me, he must be against me - a self-fulfilling prophecy, to say the least).

The natural impulse most of us feel, given today's ideological climate, is to take sides -- thus the Left-to-Right spectrum. But what will the consequences be?

If too many of us in the West embrace Marxist/socialist thinking, we will probably be overwhelmed by communism. In a few generations the conquerors will have been Westernized, but that is little comfort to us right now.

We could go the other way, in the direction that the Reagan administration is apparently headed, and we'll still be in trouble. In the worst case, we will have nuclear war, and, while the consequences of that are not entirely predictable, none of them could possibly be good. In the best case, the West would evolve into a set of authoritarian militarist regimes, and we would be regimented and oppressed as badly as anyone in the Eastern bloc. Beating them by joining them does not strike me as really being a valid solution. The Romans may not have been able to know any better, given their level of consciousness, but I think we do -- maybe.

There is a joker in the deck, one that both the extreme Right and the extreme Left (and nearly everyone else, as well) tends to ignore: the rate of technological growth in these times. Technology has usually been advancing (even in the Middle Ages, where only social and political developments were stagnant), but only in the last century or so has it been at an easily noticeable rate.

One thing about technology -- the more power Man has over his environment, the less power some men have over others. There are exceptions to this rule, but if you take the long view, you will note that the evolution of civilization has been in the direction of more freedom for the individual from less. A corollary of this is the idea that the higher technology you have available, the less need there is for massively hierarchal bureaucratic organisations. One man in a bulldozer can move more dirt more quickly than a hundred men with picks and shovels; one man with a printing press (or a mimeograph!) makes a roomful of scribes going dictated to look silly. The technology will soon be available that will make all our bureaucratic edifices a great deal less necessary than they are now.

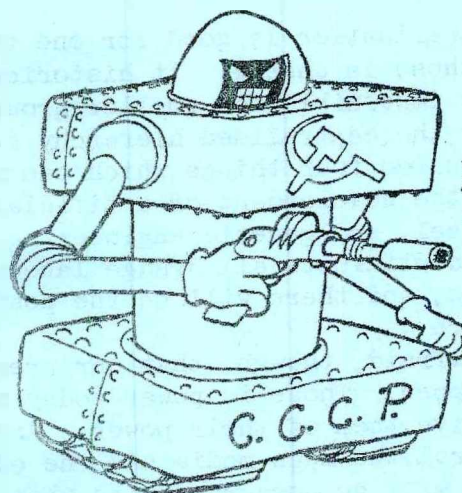
I'm afraid, though, that a wholesale change for the better is presently not possible. Our bureaucratic institutions are at this time too well entrenched; they will not *allow* things to change too rapidly, because the power of bureaucracy is always threatened by change. So it is my feeling that one of the situations outlined above will, after all, come to pass. If the Left takes over, it will be short and painful, but over with in a comparatively short period of time, for the Left is hopelessly neophobic, and would resist real change so fanatically that something would have to give somewhere.

If the Right was to get its way, the result is less predictable. The Right likes high-tech, as long as it is of the type that can be described as *big*, especially if it can be used for killing commies. So a Rightist dictatorship in the West would possibly more open to unforeseen changes spawned by technology. If everything didn't go up in atomic smoke first.

The real issue today is not the conflict between East and West, Left vs. Right. The main problem is the question of stagnation vs. progress, freedom vs. control. Our culture has spawned massive institutions which tend to act as brakes upon progress, giant bureaucracies with a vested interest in keeping things the way they are now.

Socialists and close-thinking left-wingers are aware of the nature of things in sort of an incoherent way; they see things wrong with Western civilization (corporate exploitation

GREETINGS! I AM A
COMMUNIST ROBOT.
WE ARE COMRADES...



... LIKE
IT OR
NOT...

DIXON 80

of the Third World, the increase of militarism, etc.), but their solution to the problem is all wrong. They fail to see the essence of the problem, which is *over-centralisation*. There is an optimum size for an organisation, something on the order of magnitude of a pleasant village. As an organisation gets larger, the people in charge find themselves making decisions for people they have never seen. This is what is wrong with Western civilization today, and the socialists and communists seek to solve our problem by centralising even more.

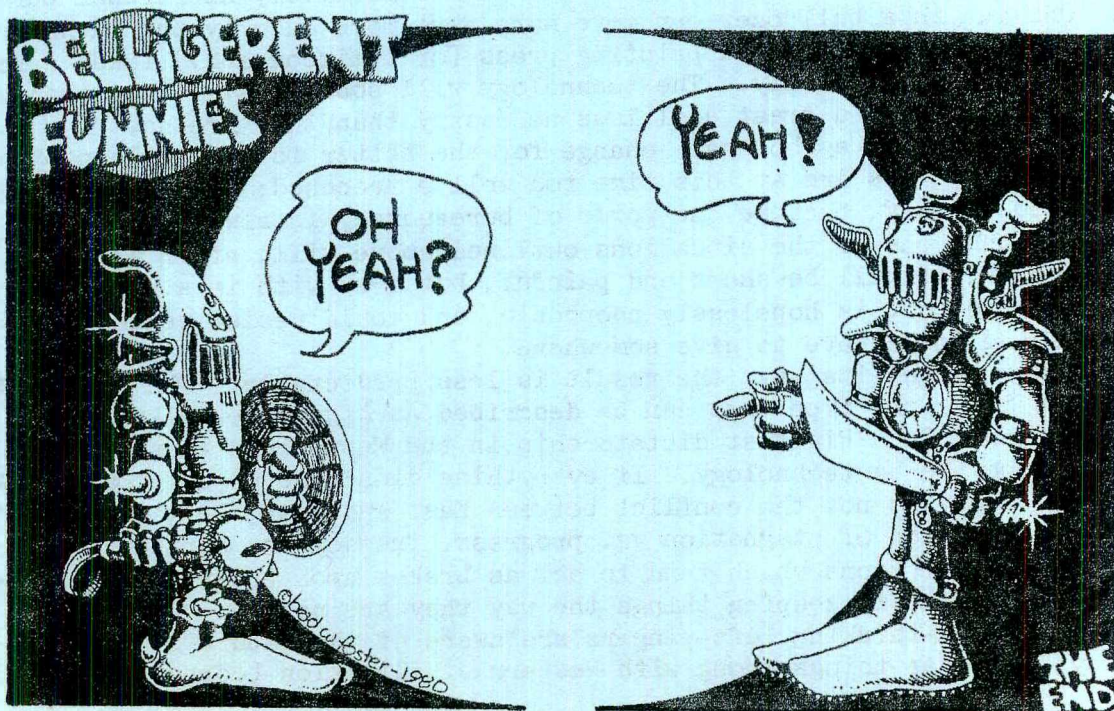
Centralisation is good for one thing basically: the enhancement of the power and prestige of those in charge. It historically has had the side benefit of making it possible to do things impossible for smaller groups. The development of ever higher technology is now rendering the centralised hierarchy ever less necessary for any rational purpose.

I can see four things which can make a big difference fairly soon (the next 50 years or so): the development of artificial intelligence, truly cheap energy (fusion power), space travel, and genetic engineering. If these things are developed, we will have the machinery to eliminate all drudge labour and the power to run it, the ability to go anywhere we need to, and there will be the possibility that our descendants will literally be better than we are.

I'm afraid, though, that our present civilization will probably collapse before these things happen. Those in power today are certain to resist this type of change because it will deprive them of their power. And they may, in the short run, be successful because they control the mass media and the educational systems. This means that the vast majority of people will be concerned with what are essentially non-issues, such as "American Cultural Imperialism" because most people are indoctrinated to not see the possibility of positive change, except in the most limited way. Like extreme left-wingers in general, who think their ideas are daring and progressive while they are actually ideas which promote the primacy of the State.

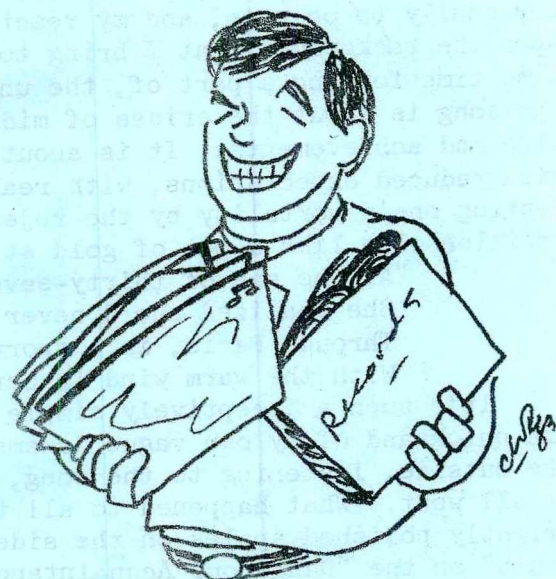
The State in its present form will soon be obsolete; have we the wit to see it?

--- Ed Rom



...THROUGH PARIS IN A SPORTSCAR...

BY skel



/*/ Skel does have a way with a reminiscence./*/

It was Gerald Lawrence who re-introduced me to Marianne Faithful. I was not optimistic. Gerald, However, was terribly enthusiastic, so it seemed best to humour him. I girded my mental loins and prepared myself for a couple of wasted hours listening to the two LPs Gerald had brought round for taping. Gerald does not have any record-playing equipment but, with a typically fannish disregard for such minor technical difficulties, does not let this happenstance prevent him from buying LPs. He has friends who do have such equipment and they are only too pleased to tape things for him, often taking a copy for themselves as a sort of *quid-pro-quo*. This time, though, I doubted if the *quo* would be worth a cent, let alone the "*quid*" required to buy a decent blank tape.

My recollections of Marianne Faithful were fairly negative. I remembered her from the sixties, my impression being of a no-talent nobody who had strutted her brief hour in the spotlight and then returned, via drugs and Mick Jagger, to the oblivion she merited. She had been gang-banged by The Biz. The system had chewed her up and spat her out. She appears, however, to have been made of much sterner stuff. She chewed back.

The LPs Gerald had brought, at the time her latest albums, were "Broken English" and "Dangerous Acquaintances". Despite my prejudices I was impressed. She has a voice like a garbage-disposal and it mangled me, prejudices and all. I survived, but my prejudices didn't, at least not intact. The pictures on the album covers supported the image I'd started with - a slag. Someone you wouldn't touch with a bargepole (good grief, you don't know *where* she's *been*!). Well, yes, she would appear to have lived neither wisely nor well, but then we already knew this. The years do not appear to have been kind to her, and yet... she has *lived*. Life has moulded her, and her life is mirrored in her voice and in her songs.

I have neither the specialised knowledge ~~nor~~ the vocabulary to discuss the music on these albums. Nor do I particularly wish to. It works. It supports the lyrics. It is never boring. Where it needs to be "driving", it drives. It does its job. It enhances the lyrics without distracting from them and is sufficiently catchy to get you humming bits of it, bringing the lyrics back to mind once more. Like I said, it works, but you do keep coming back to the lyrics. It is the lyrics which make the powerful statements on these albums. The lyrics delivered by a voice which rapes your soul.

Oddly enough, I don't particularly want to discuss the songs either. Not here and not now. It's just that listening to these songs, and particularly to "The Ballad of Lucy Jordan", has set my mind to wandering through landscapes of its own, and I must follow it, down well-worn pathways of my past. Odd that someone who sings with a voice like a barbed-wire turd should make me wax poetic.

"The Ballad of Lucy Jordan", from the "Broken English" album, is about many things. I have the feeling, whenever I listen to it, that this song has singled me out and is speaking personally to only me, and my reactions to it depend not only upon the song itself but also upon the background that I bring to my appreciation of it. They depend upon, whilst at the same time forming a part of, the unique interface area between the song and myself. To me the song is about the crises of middle-age, of the re-appraisal and re-evaluation of one's life and achievements. It is about the dreams and hopes of our youth, about coming to terms with reduced expectations, with realizing that one's course is already set. It's about accepting one's mortality by the rejection of the never-never-land in which one's unfulfilled ambitions lie like a pot of gold at the end of life's rainbow.

"At the age of thirty-seven
She realized she'd never ride
Through Paris, in a sportscar,
With the warm wind in her hair."

It's such a deceptively simple little lyric, yet every time I hit it I get trapped in the quicksand of my own vague dreams. In a way it's a bit like "Tron". One minute I'm on the outside, listening to the song, and the next I'm inside, living it.....wondering where it all went. What happened to all those vague dreams and hopes which sat like a bowl of brightly polished apples on the sideboard of my future? Like she says in "Truth, Bitter Truth" on the "Dangerous Acquaintances" album:

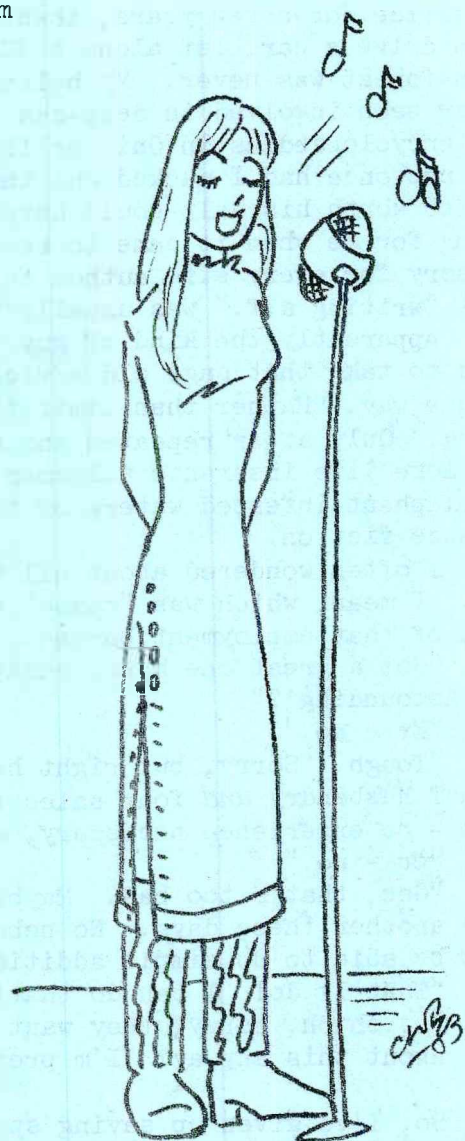
"Where did it go, my youth?
Where did it all fade away to?
Who was it told the truth,
The bitter truth,
The truth we didn't want to know?"

In my own case, I suppose that just about everybody was a sayer of bitter sooths, not that I ever paid any mind. I don't remember too much about my own youthful expectations, over and above the fact that they were fairly optimistic. For those of us who sprouted through the fifties and ripened during the sixties, optimism was the norm. I wasn't aware at the time that I was basically an under-achiever. The future, in a reasonable degree of rosiness, would take care of itself. I'd be satisfied just to get by, providing I didn't have to actually work at it. "Getting by" translated as having plenty of money, a nice lifestyle involving being virtually my own boss, lots of free time, travel all over the globe, all the material wants I might reasonably require (a nice house, a better-than-average car, etc. Nothing too ostentatious). Later on, as I grew older, I added a stunningly attractive nymphomaniac wife with a terrific personality. The problem was that "getting by" at this level, without working at it, is a bit tricky - unless you happen to be Prince Charles. And even he works at it. Still, I always assumed that I'd make it to the top and earn the respect, the admiration even, of my colleagues in whatever field I happened to settle upon. Actually, truth to tell, I suppose it was a little more specific than that.

As a child, a lot of my time was spent at school. I never actually did much while I was there, but I *was* there.....most of the time anyway. At school you find yourself in a very special hierarchy. Most of the time very low down in the hierarchy, but one climbs inexorably upwards with the passing of the years and so it seemed to me only natural to assume that this process would continue almost indefinitely until one got to the top. Kindergarten - Primary School - Secondary School (first years, second years, middle school, upper school, sixth form) - University - Teacher Training College - Teacher - Senior Master - Head of Department - Assistant Head - Headmaster - ...God. That basically was the hierarchy of the environment I found myself in and therefore this was the direction and progression I assumed my career would follow. One of my careers, anyway. There was more than one.

(In a way, isn't the s.f. concept of parallel universes stemming from decision points in history simply another example of wish-fulfillment? You make the decisions and march off down your ever narrowing road, but you haven't *really* cut off all those other options. They're still there somewhere. Does the popularity of the "parallel universe" concept really just stem from the desire to avoid responsibility for the results of one's actions, one's decisions? I don't know, but I hate making decisions and have always been a sucker for stories like the "paratime" series.)

Another one of my vaguely imagined futures stemmed from another environment in which I spent a lot of my time - science fiction. I was always reading s.f. It was important to me and, again, what could have been more natural than to assume it would become even more so? This career prospect was far more enticing than going into teaching as there were far fewer steps or stages to go through before one attained the pinnacle of one's profession: s.f.-reader - s.f.-writer - hugo-winning s.f.-writer - best-selling, hugo-winning s.f.-writer - God - Heinlein. For an idle, good-for-nothing like me this speedier path to the top was a far more attractive proposition, for, again, I didn't want to actually work at it. Why should I? After all, I'd no real desire to write, no burning ambition, no driving need. I just wanted to "have written". The fawning adulation of my peers (no, of course, that I'd actually have any peers, but I wouldn't want to hurt their feelings) would have been perfectly satisfactory. I'd have been quite happy to write all of my stunningly successful best-sellers in my sleep. In fact, this would have been downright preferable as it would have left my days free to eat more lotus (notice how the sportscar motif is rewoven into the piece there. Don't believe it when they tell you that my articles aren't carefully structured). I never expected to make it right to the top, at least not quite as laid out in the progression above. Mind you, when Heinlein came to shuffle off this mortal coil I didn't expect it to take people too long to realize who his natural successor would be (.....and so young too!). It never occurred to me that Heinlein would die by installments, his brain several novels ahead of his body. Even with his latest opus, "Friday", which he apparently wrote in order to prove that he could still write stories like he used to, he displays further evidence of his decaying mental faculties. He absent-mindedly left out the story. However, back in my salad days, all this was as unthinkable as nuclear war actually breaking out, or Ronald Reagan becoming President of the U.S.A. The future, my future, still beckoned from behind an s.f.-writer's typewriter.



The best part about this vague dream was that it was fairly open-ended. The one in which I took the teaching profession by storm was shot down in flames when my lack of scholastic effort resulted in grades so abysmal as to convince all and sundry, even me, that my best prospects lay in other directions. Any other direction. My competence was called into question. "Why," they said, "if he was running a lavatory, he'd end up with less shit than he started with." I could sense that they lacked confidence in me. However, it was always possible that one day a latent talent would develop. One day I would emerge from my chrysalis and ~~start eating cabbage leaves~~ astound the world. I would show them! Of course, to keep this dream alive it was essential that I never do anything quite so silly as to try writing.

I'm not quite sure exactly when I realized that this devoutly-wished-consummation was also a non-starter, but I suspect it came about as a gradually accumulating awareness based upon my reading the potted biographies of the authors that are found inside the dust-jackets or on the lead-in pages.

Until then I'd never really thought about how unsuited I'd be for winning all those huggos and nebulas year after year. Foolishly I'd left school and gone straight to work in an office for a few years, then gone to work in another for a few more. Why, I couldn't even drive a car, let alone a JCB.....and the last time I'd drilled for oil in the Amazon rain-forest was never. My helicopter-piloting experience was sadly non-existent and I'd *never* been involved in deep-sea salvage work on a sunken aircraft-carrier. Strangely, selling encyclopaedias in Ohio or life insurance in Afghanistan was also missing from my resumé and not once had I mucked out the elephants for one of the Ringling brothers. Any blurb-writer worth his salt could have told you at a glance that this meant there was simply nothing for me when it came to becoming a writer of science fiction. It appeared to be compulsory for every s.f. author to have at least a dozen exotic jobs on his brag sheet, so that "writing s.f." was usually the dullest, squarest entry.

Apparently the kind of guy who went on to become an s.f. author was also the kind who used to take that sage old advice, "Write about what you know, kid", to heart in a rather unique way. Rather than limit themselves to what they knew, they attempted to know everything. Only after repeated and unsuccessful attempts to write the Great American Novel about one lone life insurance salesman's battle to salvage an aircraft-carrier from below the murky, elephant-infested waters of the mighty Amazon, did they give it up and turn to writing science fiction.

I often wondered about all these weird jobs that filled out the s.f.-writers' biographies. I mean, which was "cause" and which was "effect"? I'd love to have been a fly on the wall of that employment bureau...

"Got a great one here, buddy - 'Camel Sexer' for the French Foreign Legion. Ever sold to 'Astounding'?"

"Er - no."

"Tough. Sorry, but right here under 'qualifications required' it says - 'Degree in Animal Husbandry and four sales to Campbell'. Never mind, how about this one - 'Brain Surgeon - no experience necessary, must have at least one hugo'?"

"Er - no."

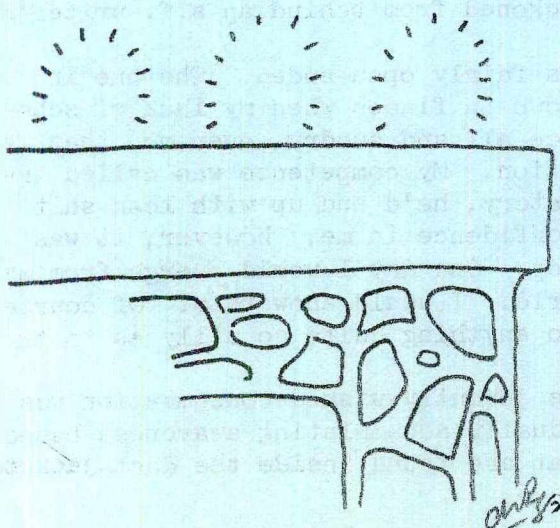
"Gee, that's too bad. Maybe they'd accept a nebula. One qualification is pretty much like another these days. No nebula, uh? How about this one then? 'Nuclear Physicist - must be able to do simple addition and subtraction...'"

"That'll do! I can do that!"

"...oh,oh, sorry, they want a hugo too. Tell you what, why don't you go along and see them about this anyway? I'm pretty sure they'll accept a losing nominee....."

So, I've given up saving space on my mantelpiece for all those rocketships. I'll never be a chapter in a history book. I haven't done much of anything with my life. I even flunked the material rewards. Money is tight. My pleasures are, of necessity, inexpensive. (I cannot help but give a wry smile when pompous asses, who lack the imagination to envisage people in circumstances significantly different from their own, say that TAFF is obsolete, basing their assertion on the premise that "Anyone can afford to visit the States if they *really* want to". Hah!!!)

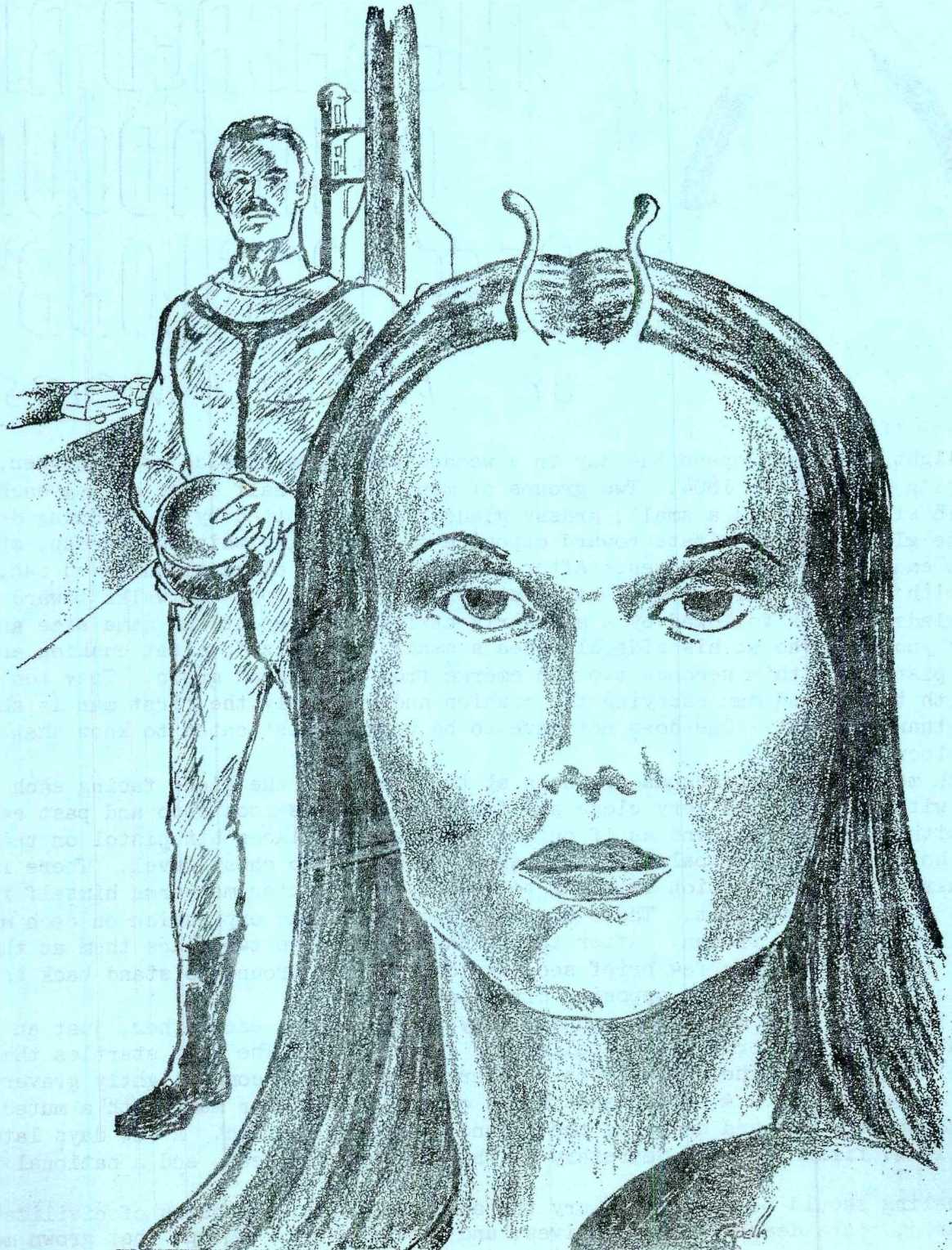
Double hah! As I write this I don't even have a secure job (hopefully about to change), never mind one in which I am my own boss. I even owe some rent-arrears on my somewhat dilapidated council house. As for my "better-than-average" car, I couldn't even afford to run an old banger. I have a push-bike. Nope, it does not take a Sherlock Holmes to discern that I haven't attained the lifestyle I naively dreamed of.....but do I feel sorry for myself?



Too fucking true, squire!

Well, I must admit that there are moments when I'd cheerfully settle for another probability-line but, what the hell, there's too many bleedin' sportscars in Paris anyway. At least I got the good-looking nympho.

-- Skel





THE LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK-CHAPTER FIVE THE SACRED RIGHT OF HANDGUN DEFENCE & LOBBYING BY *richard weinstock*

A light grey dawn opens the day in a wooded area just outside of Weehawken, N.J., on the morning of July 11, 1804. Two groups of men, about a half dozen strong each, walk their mounts in silence toward a small, grassy glade, wet and dotted by the morning dew. As they enter the glade they gravitate toward opposite sides, and, within each group, start conversing with each other in low tones. After a few minutes an elegantly dressed man, slim, fiftyish, with coiffured silver-grey hair, steps out of his group and walks toward the centre of the glade. He is followed by a similarly attired man, about the same size and build but slightly younger, who at his side clutches a small, book-sized velvet cushion and an even smaller pistol. Within seconds two men emerge from the second group. They too are dressed well, with the second man carrying the cushion and gun, only the first man is shorter and stouter than the rest. One does not have to be very sophisticated to know that these men are aristocrats.

Both men and their seconds are soon at the centre of the glade facing each other. The two men without guns come very close and for a few seconds look into and past each other's eyes. Without any words, and as if on cue, each second places his pistol on the small pillow and, holding it in the palms of his hands, raises it to chest level. There is much drama at this point. The action is about to begin. The stouter man arms himself first and then the other follows suit. There are still no words, the expression on each man's face unrevealing, serious, frozen. After taking their guns, the two place them at their sides, stare at each other for a few brief seconds longer, turn around to stand back to back, and slowly pace out ten steps in opposite directions.

At ten paces both men turn around. They no longer see each other, just an image of a sacred duty to be performed. The taller man fires first. The shot startles the silence but nothing happens. The expressions on everyone's faces become slightly graver as the stouter man takes aim. A second shot rings out and the taller man, with a muted choking sound, slumps forward and drops to the ground, mortally wounded. A few days later, Alexander Hamilton, first American Secretary of the Treasury, is dead, and a national furor erupts.

"Duelling should be outlawed," cry the self-proclaimed advancers of civilization. "It is barbaric, costs dearly in human lives, and proves nothing except that grown men can act

like babies."

"Nonsense," rejoin dueling advocates. "Dueling is an important means by which gentlemen defend their honour. It is a traditional institution and enables them to settle their differences consensually in a reputable way - without the involvement of government and other crutches necessary only for the unwashed."

Despite the arguments of its advocates, the public outcry against dueling grows, and dueling advocates are forced to form the National Dueling Association. The National Dueling Association publicizes the many positive virtues of dueling, argues that dueling is protected by the new republic's Constitution, and makes visits to legislators and other important officials to block anti-dueling legislation.

The efforts of the National Dueling Association fall short. For one thing, at National Dueling Association conferences there is widespread disagreement about policy and other matters. After each national convention the membership is halved, as during the convention and afterwards disputes are honourably settled. More importantly, this is a young organisation in a young country just learning to use the legal and political system to the advantage of its members. Anti-dueling laws are passed by the Federal Government and the various states, sweeping the National Dueling Association and a venerable tradition of personal defence of honour into oblivion.

Influence Doth Illuminate

The year is 1981. A boyish-looking young man professing to be some fictionalised movie character walks into a Dallas gun shop to buy a gun.

"Are you going to shoot a famous rock star?" inquires the suspicious proprietor, feeling that he has some duty to protect the public from a person who might use a handgun in a socially destructive manner.

"Who?" inquires the young man with a slightly nervous twist of his head.

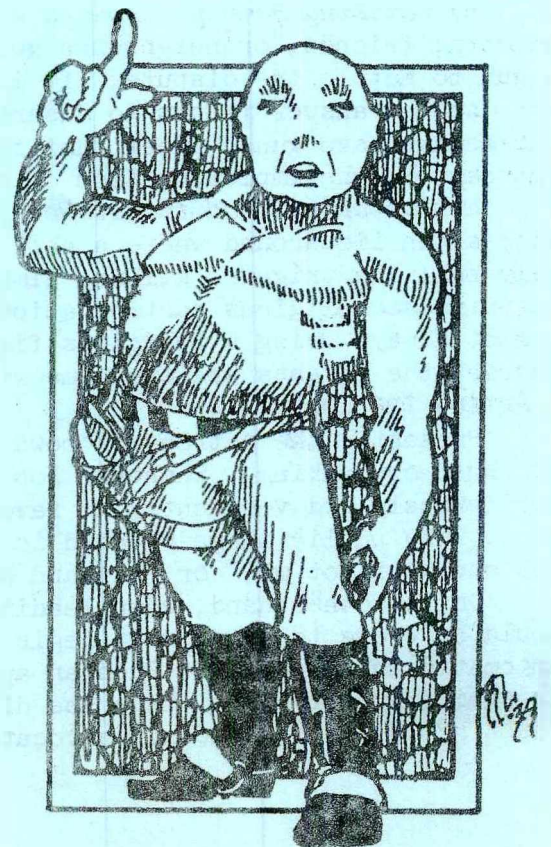
"A famous rock star," the proprietor repeats forcefully, eyeing the young man suspiciously.

"Oh, no." The young, prospective buyer responds now with more self assurance in his voice. The proprietor, satisfied, takes the man's cash and wraps up the rod that has been chosen.

A few days later the young man is in Washington D.C. and, as the recently elected President of the United States, Ronald Reagan, descends the steps of the VIP exit of the Hilton Hotel on the way to his limo, the young man fires the pistol point-blank at the President and some of his aides. This is, of course, history.

Once again, as in Alexander Hamilton's time, a furor ensues about traditional means of self defence. This time the question involves handgun control. President Reagan not only recovers, but publicly reaffirms the right of gun ownership for every man, woman and assassin in the United States. What greater tribute to gun lovers than to have the top official of the world's most powerful nation justify the very conditions under which he was gunned down? And this is as it should be, because the right of self defence and the value of guts in pursuing it are so important that assassins, psychopaths, and anyone else on the edge should have the right to purchase guns to defend themselves just like anyone else. Our motto is, "I do not agree with whom you shoot, but will defend to the death your right to shoot him."

But it is because of another right that the sale and use of handguns has not suffered the same fate as dueling - the right to lobby. We may ap-



plaud President Reagan on his courageous stand against handgun controls. But it is important to remember that, in politics, behind every great man is a lobbyist. Special interest groups have indeed been instrumental in preserving some of our most basic rights, and we are indebted to them - especially if we are politicians.

The attempted assassination of President Reagan may seem to be a pinnacle for the National Rifle Association in terms of its lobbying activities inasmuch as not a single serious bill on gun control with any chance of survival has been introduced anywhere. But this can be just the beginning. Ever since the dueling death of Alexander Hamilton, the NRA and its predecessors have been on the defensive about the right to own and use handguns. Perhaps this is so because, of the forty million or so handguns owned by private citizens in the United States, only a dozen or so a year are actually used in self defence as legally defined. NRA officials may justifiably feel a bit vulnerable on this account, because, with the increasing popularity of the new "cost benefit" method of analysing issues, some present anti-gun control advocates may weaken resulting in new attempts at anti-gun legislation.

The answer to these threats is to promote an expanded concept of self defence, so that the many other uses of a handgun will be valued and protected.

Defence of Values = Defence of Self

Here are some recent uses of handguns that can be totally justified:

a) *Preservation of the Family Unit* - Recently a disheartened father shot and killed his fourteen-year old daughter when he found out that she planned to run away from home to live with her boyfriend, a member of a minority race. Obviously the girl was too young to leave her family, and she is now buried in the family plot.

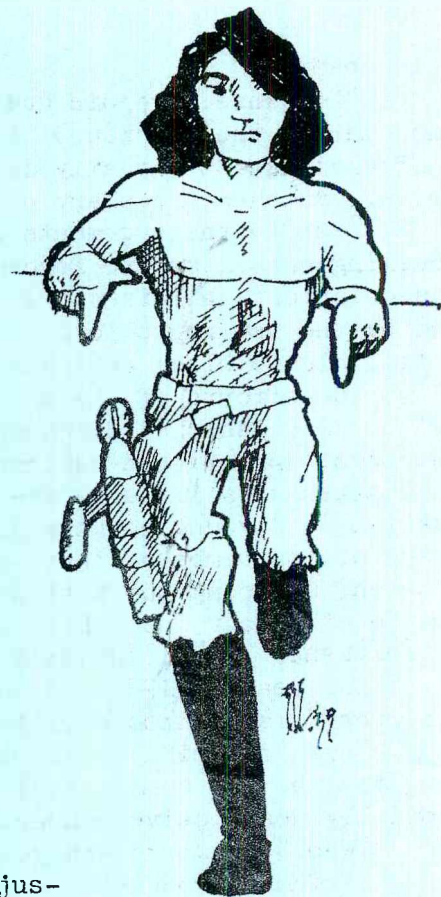
b) *Settling Family Disputes* - One of the most common uses of a handgun is when family members, friends, or neighbours get into an argument, and one of the people involved pulls a gun to settle the dispute. It is desirable to have people work out problems on their own, so the answer is not to disarm the family member with the gun, but to arm the others who do not have guns. Most families will be able to afford more than one gun, but for those who cannot, the implementation of a Federal Gun Stamp program may be necessary.

c) *Fostering Traditional Religious Values* - One common mishap involves carelessly letting a gun lie around where a child can get at it. The child may play with it and accidentally pull the trigger, killing himself or one of his siblings. This kind of event is bound to increase religious participation. For one thing, sad though this occasion may be, deaths almost always bring a religious figure into family circles for the burial ceremony. And, of course, the parents are overcome with grief and guilt. God to the rescue.

Arming the Lobbyists

Presently the patrons of powder suffer from a poor public image which is not entirely of their own making. Whenever lobbyists or pro-gun advocates appear in public, they argue vociferously and vehemently in favour of their position, but one never sees any of them with guns. The public image created is one of hypocrisy or elusiveness: "I think everyone should own one, but not me," or "Buy and own one, but never admit to having it by displaying it."

On the other hand, when leading a delegation to block pending gun control measures, it would be wrong to enter most legislators' offices with a briefcase in one hand and a semi-automatic in the other. Such an appearance at news conferences, banquets and other events is similarly not wise. Thus the dilemma: the image of a hypocrite vs. the image of a Doubting Thomas or armchair advocate.



To get around this dilemma, meetings and conferences could be arranged in places where the wearing of a gun is viewed unambiguously as appropriate conduct by members of the public. To this end, in the future all press conferences could be held in liquor stores, and, similarly, meetings with lawmakers, which require a more intimate atmosphere, could be held in hotel rooms of the various red light districts throughout the community.

Loading the Laundry List

In the past, pro-gun lobbyists have been very limited in their legislative goals. Requiring membership in the NRA to purchase government surplus rifles, and merely blocking gun control legislation are very modest objectives indeed. Yet these advocates strongly believe that gun ownership for self defence purposes by members of the general, law-abiding public is not only desirable but of a high priority. It seems clear that gun advocates can, and should, push for more extensive measures to encourage the public ownership of firearms.

Here is a starter "laundry list" of incentives and other supportive measures which could be legislated to increase the handgun to population ratio:

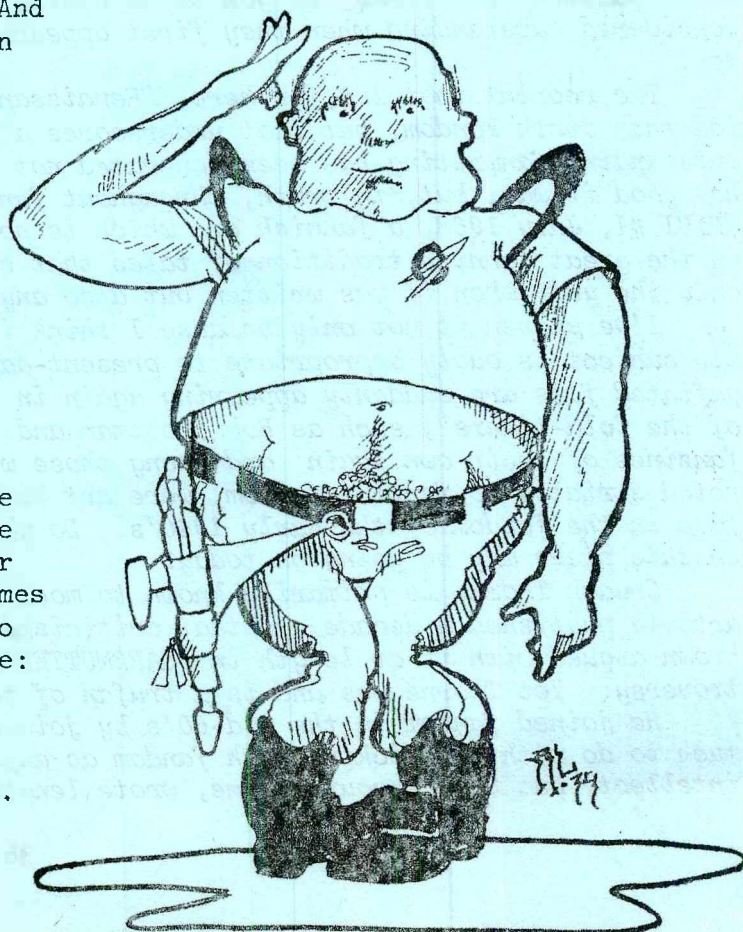
- (1) An income tax credit for gun purchases.
- (2) A criminal depletion allowance which permits anyone who has killed a criminal to claim the deceased as an exemption on his federal income tax return.
- (3) Smith & Wesson National Monument. We have Arlington National Monument to honour the war dead. What is needed is the setting aside of a substantial amount of acreage for a cemetery to honour the innocent victims of criminal shootings.
- (4) New coin and currency of the realm should be minted so the motto reads, "In Guns We Trust".
- (5) Relaxation of laws prohibiting the wearing of concealed weapons. While these laws have some validity, they are presently too tough. It should be illegal to carry ten or more concealed weapons, instead of just one.

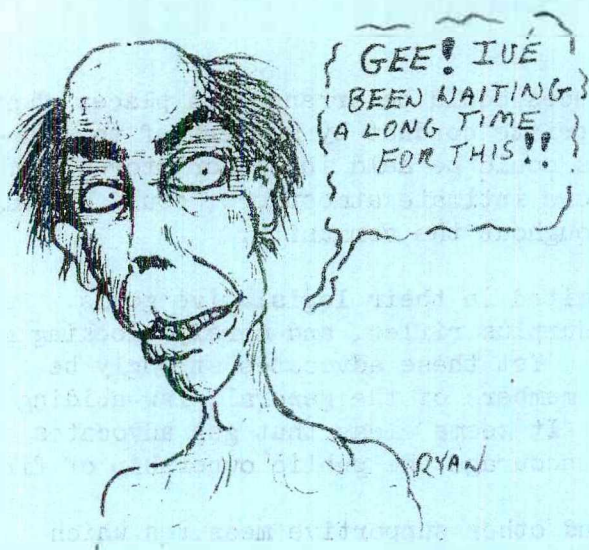
Parting Shots

Perhaps while reading this chapter you have found that you are nodding your head in complete agreement with the concepts and ideas here expressed. And yet you realize that the NRA and other pro-gun lobbying groups are not quite focussing on the wider issues involved. If you find that your mission in life is to restore some of the honour that has been lost in the last few centuries as a result of International Marxism, Communism, terrorism, Zionism, and Orgyism; if you believe that obedience to those in charge is the single most important way of insuring a well-ordered society; and, if you think that preserving your right to own a gun and use it will bring you the respect, loyalty and erection you so richly deserve, there is a group you can join devoted to these traditional male values upon which our culture so heavily depends. The Yeoman's Arms, Honour and Obedience Organisation (Y.A.H.O.O.) welcomes every red-blooded, two-fisted American male to join its ranks. For further information write: P.O. Box 45, Springfield, Michigan.

Whatever group one joins with, there is one thing we can all agree on: guns don't kill, people do. And that's why we need guns.

--- Richard Weinstock





terry carr's

ENTROPY REPRINTS

If the recent controversy about "Sixth Fandom Fandom" accomplished nothing else, it at least reminded fans that we have a fifty-year history of fanzine publication and writing, and that most of what happened in fanzines of the past has been forgotten, often unjustly so. The trouble is that it's difficult for new fans to get copies of the old fanzines, so most fans today have to write and publish without knowing much about the traditions and achievements of fandom past.

This has always been a problem, and a dozen or more years ago I began the "Entropy Reprints" in order to give people a chance to read some of my favourite fan writing of the past. This "Entropy Reprints" column appeared in half a dozen fanzines in the early seventies and stopped only because I had to concentrate on professional work that earned me money (the wolf at the door is not a fan), but I have a little more time now to devote to offering reprints of good fanzine material from the "ancient" days. Marty and others have offered to publish such items, so you'll be seeing, in this or that fanzine, some pieces that I considered outstanding when they first appeared and which I figure may still please you today.

The reprint that I offer here, "Renaissance" by Creath Thorne, comes from a later period than Sixth Fandom, but that underscores a point that I think needs to be made: that outstanding fanwriting has been generated not just during one particular period, no matter how good it was, but, in truth, throughout fannish history. "Renaissance" first appeared in ENNUI #1, July 1968, a fannish era which is not recalled as a Golden Age; yet the story is in the great fannish tradition of tales that strike to the heart of fannishness, evoking not only the year when it was written but also *any* year and any period of fan history.

I've chosen it not *only* because I think it's clever and well-written but also because its subject is oddly appropriate to present-day fandom, when a surprising number of long-gatified fans are suddenly appearing again in fanzines like BOONFARK and MICROWAVE. Some of the "old-timers", such as Bob Lichtman and Vincent Clarke, have even begun to publish fanzines of their own again; and among those who attended Corflu, the first convention devoted strictly to fanzine fandom, were Art Widner and Elmer Purdue, who were originally active in the fandom of the early 1940's. Do you suppose something like what Thorne suggests in this piece may be going on today?

Creath Thorne is primarily known to most current fans, ironically, as the author of an article published a decade ago that criticized fandom for being a snobbish society: rich brown argued with it at length in BEARDMUTTERINGS last year and it's still a subject of controversy. Yet Thorne was and is a trufan of the fannish sort, and one of the best of them.

He joined fandom in the mid-60's by joining the NFFF. "I suppose Seth Johnson had as much to do with my sticking with fandom as anyone else," he recently told me. "Not a giant intellect, but Seth encouraged me, wrote lengthy replies to my letters, and introduced me

through the mails to other fans. I could always tell when a letter had arrived from Seth. Since he was very poor, one of the things he did was to take old, worn-out typewriter ribbons and soak them in 3-in-1 oil and use them again...by the time the letter would reach me the oil would have soaked through the paper, rendering the letter barely legible and making all of my mail for that day smell like 3-in-1 oil..."

He broadened his fannish horizons from that as he was influenced by Redd Boggs, Walt Willis, Bob Lowndes, Russ Chauvenet, Jack Speer, and lots of others. By the end of the 60's he was living in Columbia, Missouri, whose fans included Terry Hughes, Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, Jim Turner, "and other assorted weirdos". He had already published two fine issues of ENNUI, and he followed that with THE HOG ON ICE, which ran for nine issues, then he gafiated completely.

He enrolled at the University of Chicago, got married, and acquired an M.A. and Ph.D. in English Literature; he became a teacher in Chicago and at Southern Illinois University, "groin of the south". He quit that to go to law school in Kansas City, MO, where he expects to graduate in May "along with all those 23-year old wonders". He has a son, 3½-years old, and another on the way. "Just your average American life," he says.

But Creath Thorne isn't your average fan; he's got too much talent for that. See "Renaissance", which he wrote when he was about twenty, and you'll realize what I mean.

--- Terry Carr

RENAISSANCE

BY

creath thorne

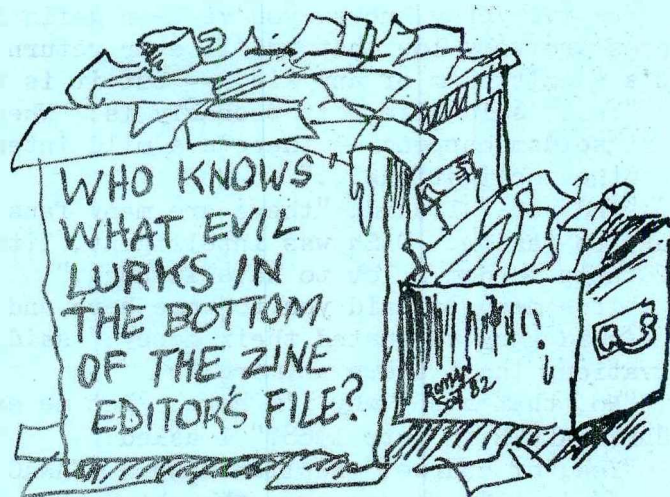
I walked up the flagstone walk to Mike Patten's house and knocked on the door. In a few seconds a middle-aged man about 5'10" in height with a kindly look on his face answered the door. He was fairly stocky, had light brown hair beginning to bald on top, and a rather prominent nose that some old-fashioned spectacles rested on.

"Hello," I said. "I'm Creath Thorne. Remember me? I was in SAPS for about a year before you dropped out."

"Ah, yes," he said, breaking into a smile. "Of course I remember you. It's been quite a while since I heard from the fannish world. Well, please come in."

I followed him through a hallway to his living-room. He was quite right; it had been quite a while. Patten had been highly active in fandom in the apa period of the early sixties. He'd joined eight or nine apas, like everyone else was doing in the particular madness of that time, and he had been quickly reduced to minac in most of them, also like everyone else. But even in his minac his sparkling wit, his clear logic, and most of all, his sense of balance and common-sense came through. It was this last quality that accounted for his popularity more than anything else, I think; and after the apa craze when he put out his genzine DASH for a couple of years it ranked with the very best.

Time had gone on, however; and Mike had lost interest. About seven years ago DASH became highly irregular; about five years ago Patten dropped out of fandom altogether. He



had never been a regular convention-goer; and after he went gafia people lost all contact with him. His name ceased to be mentioned except for a few pieces recalling the good old days of the sixties.

Now I sat in his living-room and tried, as best I could, to outline what had been happening in fandom since he'd left it. A hard task -- if you don't believe me, try it sometime. But he was interested and asked questions along the way -- most of them about old friends of his. And most, I'm afraid, had gone the same way he'd gone -- to the glades of gafia. But... Yes, Harry Warner was still highly active, and his newly revived genzine had united fandom in a way one would have thought impossible ten years earlier. ...More and more fans were selling professionally; perhaps he'd seen their names on books on the newsstands. ...Fapa, unfortunately, had degenerated into a bunch of rather crabby old fans; and there was perennial talk of killing off the old apa. ...As a former publisher he might be interested in knowing that xerography had become the main means of duplication, with mimeography taking a place roughly comparable to ditto when he'd been publishing.

Eventually, however, such talk died down, and I knew that Patten was wondering why I'd come. The explanation was going to be difficult; it always is. Because what I had to tell him was hardly a credible thing, and I knew it would take some time before he'd begin to believe me.

"I know you're wondering why I'm here," I said. "Quite truthfully, I'm not here entirely of my own volition. I've always wanted to visit you -- but I'm here representing another person -- a person who's very interested in fandom."

Mike looked puzzled, but remained silent, still leaning back in his overstuffed easy chair.

"As everybody knows, you've been gafia for five years now, and, quite bluntly, the chances are very low that you'll ever return to fandom in any active position. Not that that's a criticism of any kind -- but it is the truth, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mike, "it probably is. Whenever I get a fanzine in the mail anymore -- and it seldom happens -- there's a mild interest; but nothing like I used to feel. And I have other obligations..."

"And yet," I said, "there are many fans who would want nothing more than to have you return to fandom. DASH was intelligent, literate, and a hell of a lot of fun, besides. It would help fandom a lot to have it back."

"If someone's paid you to come here and try to persuade me to start publishing again, I'm afraid they've wasted their money," said Mike. "The simple fact is that the spark, the motivation, isn't there anymore."

"No, that's not why I'm here. Let me explain this way -- do you remember the revival of SLEEPWALKER in late 1968?" I asked.

"Yes, of course," replied Mike. "FANAC gave it a headline when the first issue came out, didn't it? No one ever thought Hogben would return from gafia -- but the way he did! And such a splendid fanzine!"

"Hogben," I said, "never returned from gafia. He still leads a quiet life in a Kansas City suburb. He runs a hardware store weekdays; he tends rosebushes on weekends for leisure. He hasn't seen a fanzine in fifteen years."

"Because we did for Hogben what we propose to do for you. I offer to take your name and recreate Mike Patten in fandom -- without you ever touching a typewriter or a mimeograph."

Patten stiffened a little, remained in his chair. He stared at me without saying anything.

"Did you ever really think that Hogben could have really returned from gafia? Surely from your own experience you know that once you're out of fandom you can never regain the impetus, the motivation for fanac. The only way you can ever return to fandom is through me."

"What I offer is to buy your name, your style, your way of approaching fanac. It's as simple as that."

Patten remained silent a moment longer; then frinned and laughed. "Very funny. I almost believed you... It would have made a good story for your SAPSzine, wouldn't it?"

"I'm not joking," I said. "The person I represent is entirely serious. And this conversation will never end up in *any* fanzine -- secrecy, obviously, is one of the most impor-

tant points. The whole effect would be ruined if fandom ever found that Hogben or Patten weren't really Hogben and Patten."

"I still don't believe this story; and, quite frankly, I'm getting a little tired of it."

"Let me explain some more. Here's what will be done. Your entire past correspondence and fanzines will be fed into a computer. In addition, you'll be given a battery of tests: the California, the Cattell, the MMPI, and so on. The magazines you've read in the past and the books you've read -- the ideas in them and the stylistic patterns will all be fed into the computer. From all this material the IBM 360 will be able to block out an extensive diagram of the pattern of your fanac.

"Then, each day new fanzines, new magazines and books will be fed into the computer.

What essentially happens then is that the information input 'bounces' off the diagram already there -- and in doing so it creates what our technicians call an 'irritation' -- that is, a piece of fanac. It could be a letter, fanzine article, anything, depending on the particular nature of the new information and the diagram."

I stopped, glanced up at Patten. The flush of anger had passed. Now, instead of being worried about being made a fool, he seemed quizzical.

"Go ahead," he said. "Whatever this is, it certainly is interesting."

"Well, each time a 'bounce' occurs, a slight change in the diagram also occurs. So that the diagram in the IBM is a changing, developing one, just like any fan in real life.

"The IBM can only produce a rough draft of output. Each day about 20 pages are fed out. These pages would be read by a person who has spent studying your style. He would select 4 or 5 pages that he thought most typical and then type them up. In the case of a fanzine, this technician would stencil your fanzine, run it off, and take care of all the other details like that. Of course, we'd find an old Royal typewriter like the one you used to use -- and we'd continue to use that brown twiltone that you liked so well."

"That paper was cheap, if nothing else," said Mike defensively. Then he laughed. "You almost had me believing you again for a moment."



I paused, thought a moment. Was this the right moment? I opened my briefcase and took out a slim fanzine.

"Here," I said. "You may find this interesting."

Mike took the fanzine, looked at the cover, then to me, startled. "DASH 29? But I never published a 29th issue of DASH."

"This is only an approximation of what we can do with your consent," I said. "But this should give you an idea of what the rejuvenated fannish Mike Patten will be like."

He leafed through the issue. I knew it was a good one. Illustrations by Rotsler, Bjo, Atom. A column of humor by Redd Boggs. Philip K. Dick on his new novel. And most of all, Patten. A brilliant editorial telling how he'd become interested in fandom again. A clear concise article on "The New Extremism" showing Patten's sharp mind at its best.

I waited while he read. He finally looked up at me. "Apparently you *are* serious."

I knew it would convince him. It always does.

*

*

*

Completing the bargain was simple from then on. Our payment to Patten: \$10,000 in monthly installments over the next twenty years. And all Patten had to do was promise to take the battery of tests, turn over his fanzine collection for data processing, and promise never to respond to fandom again.

"Can't have two Mike Pattens around," I said. "The fans might get suspicious."

And later, somewhat whimsically, Patten said, "So there really *is* a Secret Master of Fandom."

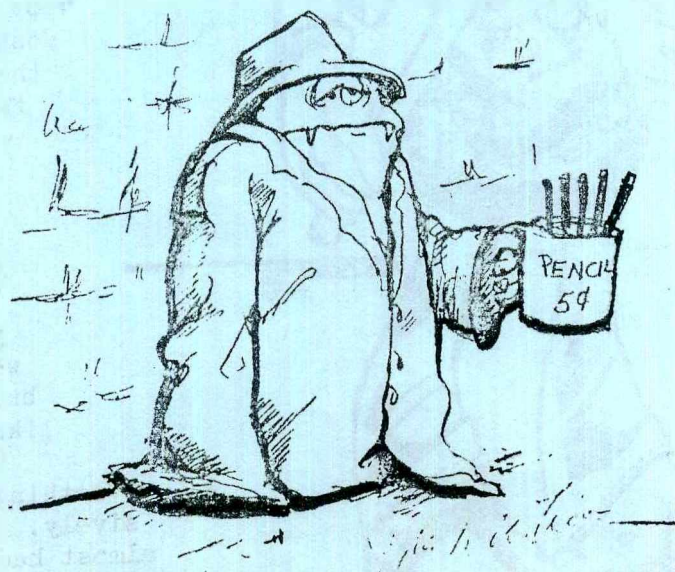
I didn't reply to that. But I wondered why Mike never thought of the obvious. If I had approached him, how many other fans had sold their souls also? That he never asked this question I can account to the tremendous egotism of almost all fans with the result in this case that Patten thought of himself as one of the few fans worth resurrecting.

The other ones never asked either -- probably for the same reason. But now that I've directly raised the question, you, dear reader, may expect an answer.

All I have to say is that the secret master of fandom is much more secret and much more of a master than anyone has realized up to now. There are a number of computers "reading" this article right now, dear reader -- are you one of them? Is your best friend?

And one final question: are you sure you are you; or are you merely a diagram in an IBM 360? And how do you go about finding out?

--- Creath Thorne



THE LOC NESS MONSTER

Before we get into Nessie let me remind you of how we handle the replies to the LoCs: *Marty replies in this here italic typeface and Robbie's replies are in script.* With that bit of essential information taken care of let us get right into the late LoCs on HTT's 15 & 16.

* D.M. SHERWOOD * Nice idea to have a picture of Marty inside front cover and Robbie inside bacover (do the hand gestures mean anything (sorry, shouldn't have asked)) but who's the bloke on the front cover?

Well, I certainly think Marty's a hunk, but I suspect you'll be disappointed if you ever meet me. I'n nowhere near that good-looking. As for the chappie on the cover - why, he's the artist, of course!

If the both of you are through being silly we will get down to some serious business.

* DENNIS D'ASARO * Well, God bless Michaela Duncan! Years ago on my very first trip to Toronto and the marvels of bilingual labeling, a really stupid joke occurred to me concerning the names of peanut butter in French and in English. I mean so stupid, not funny at all by the time you've explained it to someone. Along comes HTT #15, with a PICTURE of the first half of the joke---and I'm glad to unload the second half on you and wash my hands of the whole sticky affair!

Ah, yes! The English Canadian saying "Beurre d'Arachnides" in place of "Beurre d' Arachides"



(Spider Butter rather than Peanut Butter) and the French Canadian saying Penis Butter. - The Bilingual Pun Strikes!

Hey! I thought that I told people to stop being silly!!

Still trying to figure out what is going on. Fandom is like a tennis game in the dark with heated balls (to say the least!), and only the players have the infra-red goggles. Most of the time apparently trying to define what they are arguing about, so they can argue, huh? "No, no, NO, you *stupid mudhen*.....we're not discussing semi-nontraditional neodynamicistic forty-third fandom.....we're *obviously* discussing partially hydrogenated phonocollaborative forty-second fandom, as anyone who passed Letter Blocks in kindergarten would be able to see from paragraph eleven of my letter in MICROWAVE POODLES #61..."

You are obviously simplifying things, even though you are quoting Josphe Nicholas.

You think this is easy to follow for a perpetual neo? But I'm coming along. I figured out "FIAWOL" months ago. Still pondering "GAFIATE". ("Go And Fuck In A Teacup, Everyone"? - Gone And Forgotten In A Tempestuous Exit"?)

GAFIATE: *Getting Away From It All.*

Actually, sweets, Getting Away From It All is GAFIA, with gafiate being the person who does it. It turns out that the acronym originally meant escaping INTO fandom, away from the pressures of mundania. Nowadays the word means exactly the opposite.

Maybe I better offer you a paraphrase from Mr. Vonnegut:

"Imagine your daddy is Darrell Schweitzer, and he is the smartest fan in the world and knows the answers to absolutely everything and he is always right about everything. But 'way across the Universe is another little child and *his* daddy is Joseph Nicholas, and *he* is always right about everything too. But if the two daddies ever got together in a Lettercol (never happen!) they would get in a terrible argument because they wouldn't agree about anything! You see, the Universe is such a big place that there is room in it for both daddies to be right about everything and still disagree with one another. Well, a CHRONOSYCLASTIC INFUNDIBULUM is a place where even Joseph Nicolas and Darrell Schweitzer could finally understand what each other is talking about."

God knows it won't happen in HTT!

But the mind does sort of boggles at the thought of either Schweitzer of Nicholas being fathers - at least according to their in-print personalities.

* RICHARD C. ROSTROM * I picked up HTT #16 at the Fanzine Room at ConStellation, and
***** wish to tell just how impressed I am. I had a brief flirtation
with the fanzine world six or seven years ago, and I had forgotten
just how well produced some fanzines are. HTT is better made than some computer magazines
with circulation in the tens of thousands, and far more interesting. The contents definitely
provoked a lot of thought in me.

Clinically it was probably identical to diahrea.

Before the question "are mediafen parasites?" can be answered, the definition of "parasite" as one who pays money dues for the fan activities he participates in but does none of the organising work. This is a valid definition, and going by it the answer is clearly "no". But other definitions of parasitism may give different answers. The entity called "fandom" is a fragile, abstract thing. It exists because people called "fans" do

"fannish" things and respond to the fannish activities of others. I don't mean egoboo, but just attention, and also motivation to similar acts. This applies to fan publishing, to artwork, to costumery, to filking, even to convention shtick like beanie-wearing or "SMOOTHING" or hall costumes. All these require creativity; the dog-work of convention organisation does not. Fandom is perpetuated by the creative energy which fans devote to it. "Mainstream" fandom is perpetuated by the creative energy devoted to mainstream fandom. Maybe this is why "media" fans are resented. Media fans make use of mainstream fandom as a base or foundation, and enjoy the ambience. BUT - while they do their share of the dog-work, they reserve their creative energies for their particular enthusiasms exclusively.

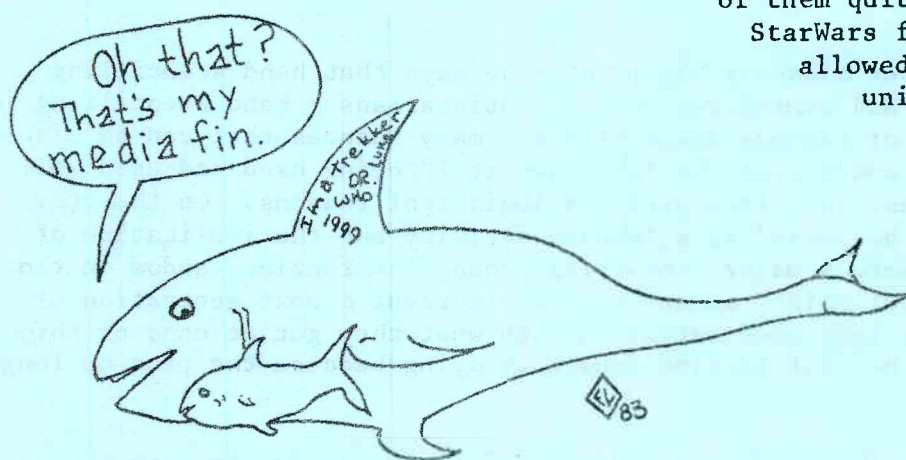
A good example of this was seen at WindyCon this year. For the masquerade, each participant was issued a grocery bag of miscellaneous items from which a costume was to be improvised.

Roughly forty costumes were presented, some of them quite ingenious. But one group of StarWars fans were offended at not being allowed to present their standard SW uniforms, so they boycotted the

masquerade and spent most of weekend in a snit. It is this sort of refusal to contribute creatively to the rest of fandom that gives media fans the image of parasites.

Please understand that I am writing in general terms only.

I appreciate the extensive convention dog-work done by media fans, and I know many people whose media interests do not blind them to the rest of science fiction.



Despite the position imputed to me by people who have blindly categorised me as "anti-media" without trying to understand my real position on this matter I should point out that those media fans who often attend and help out at cons (sf cons, that is) are part of a breed of people who are both media and sf interests and who are often quite literate (despite their media abberation) - Robbie is one of these type of people. Anyway, it is not against them that I inveigh - it is those (such as the Star Wars drobes whom you described above) whose interests are centred in the media to the virtual exclusion of sf (and I continue to maintain the impossibility of sf being anything other than a written form of expression) who are the out-of-place ignorami who are polluting the sf scene with their unwanted presence.

The "cultural imperialism" debate in the LocNessMonster has completely overlooked one thing: the U.S.A. no longer has a "native" culture to be imposed on others. The Anglo-Americans are a relatively small minority (less than 25%). Instead we have an almost cosmopolitan mixture of elements taken from other cultures. We pick and choose the best, and often become stronger advocates than the originators. So it should surprise nobody that "American" culture is influential everywhere.

(No comment, but his point is worth making note of - as are his comments re. media fandom. *sigh* Why did this have to be a late loc?)

Beyond this, in the English-speaking countries, there is a "pool" evect in literature, drama, and music. Each nation contributes to the "pool" in rough proportion to its population. This pool constitutes the common culture of the English-speaking world, and in each country becomes part of the cultural matrix. The proportion of the matrix drawn from the pool varies from high in the U.S. and Canada to low in Ireland. In the area of television, the U.S. and Great Britain dominate, but there's a simple reason for that - they are the only two markets large enough to support decent quality TV, which is expensive to produce. The same effect applies in many other areas, and gets worse the field is less lucrative (SF, for example) or requires more up-front capital (films).

The easy way out is to produce material immediately saleable to the U.S./British market. This doesn't mean slavish imitation, just that the material must be accesible. It does have the effect of eliminating some of the "native" flavour from Canadian or Australian work, which no doubt annoys many people in those countries, since there is no opposing effect on U.S. work. It must be grating to have to make frequent allowances for those who never make any allowances for you.

* JACK HERMAN * Darrell Schweitzer misses a big point - he says that hand stencilling
***** isn't practiced and remembered only by antiquarians - hand stencilling is
is a valid form of fanzine art & provides many nuances that can be missed
by electrostencilling art. But, apart from the fact that it IS being used and used well,
it is as viable now as it ever was, just less used for logistical reasons. On the other
hand, letterhacking prozines may be passe' as a fannish activity but the implication of
that is important: if prozines were a major recruiting ground for fanzine fandom in those
days & anre no longer a major focal point, whence come the current & next generation of
fanzine fans - especially as many fans seem satisfied with what they get at cons or through
local clubs. It could very well be that fanzine fandom is dying because the proz no longer
exist as a recruiting base.

*I am not convinced that fanzine fandom is dying and I feel that in the long run we
may be better off because we are harder to find than in days of yore. By being harder to
find I feel that we not getting innundated with hordes of drobes as is general fandom.
True, we may be missing a few genius faneds finding us, but there is still new blood
getting into the field. I think that Fan Rooms and Fanzine Lounges at cons are a good
way of attracting fans to our activities - properly run they can turn on potentially
good faneds (or contributors of various kinds) to our activities.*

* J.D. OWEN * What caught my eye this issue /*/ #16 /*/? Well, the art for a start.
***** Brad Foster's cover was very fine indeed - completely different to any
other HTT cover I've seen. I always like to see a faned do the unexpected,
and that cover is out of the ordinary. The rest of the art is pretty good, too, with
only one or two exceptions. Layout is generally much neater than before, with a good
touch of originality in places.

*Need I point out the cover of thisish as "out of the ordinary"? If things go accor-
ding to plan the covers on the next two issues will be knock-outs (in the good quality
sense of that hyphenated word).*

Hey, hasn't Glyer realised that English spelling (that's 'English' as in nationality,
not the language itself) is the only true form, and that the manglign that it undergoes
on your country's territory merely illustrates how far from reality you've all drifted?
I mean, we invented the language in the first place, so who's Glyer think he's kidding?
Affecting to prefer Brit spelling? Grrrrr!

Things have come to a pretty pass when proper spelling is considered an affectation.

Now, after mentioning that we were WAHF'ed by Kevin McCaw, we move on to the current LoCs. Beginning with

* DARRELL SCHWEITZER *

I don't at all like Ted White's implication that I am an ingrate who was given his start in Ted's magazines and now is making snide remarks about him. Like most fantasy writers of my generation, I got my start in the semi-pro magazines of the 1970s, and like them, I was publishing in those magazines so much because Ted White failed his basic editorial duty. He did not answer mail. Manuscripts would vanish for years. You could not even withdraw them, because he would not send them back. I know of one case where an author sold a story to ASIMOV's, when called up and said, "Sorry. You can't have it. Ted White just published it in AMAZING." The author had withdrawn it more than a year previously. After that, we had a policy of returning unread any story which had been withdrawn from Ted but not returned to the author. This left the author in a terrible bind, unable to publish the story anywhere, but there was nothing we could do. I think other editors used to have the same policy, because we used to get frantic letters from authors every two or three weeks begging us to help them get their manuscripts back from Ted White. (Some of their solutions were pretty imaginative. They claimed to have written to postal inspectors, the

Interstate Commerce Commission, & I don't

know what else. Not that it did any good.)

During this period SFWA had an ineffective "boycott" of Ted's magazines in effect.

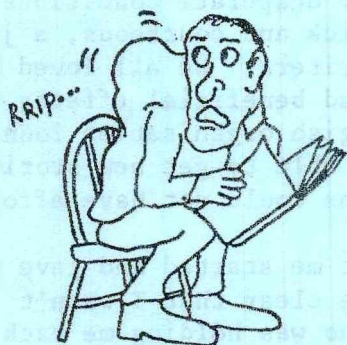
It was the official policy of the organisation that anyone who submitted to Ted did so at their own risk.

Stories published in AMAZING and FANTASTIC were not considered professional credentials.

But this is all a matter of public record. It was a major scandal at the time. The present staff of AMAZING is still trying to live it down. We're trying very hard to let people know that AMAZING still exists, but isn't like that anymore.

It worked out that I sold several author interviews to Ted during the mid to late 1970s. He never answered mail on these either. He just printed them, and then I would bug Sol Cohen for a check. (There were other problems with AMAZING which were not Ted's fault at all.) I tried to sell him stories, but.. you guessed it. No response. (Earlier, I had gotten some rejected by his assistants. The problem was, if your story got

1 AT HOME WITH THE HUNCHBACKS



2



as far as Ted, it was done for.) Then I did an interview *with* Ted (for publication elsewhere) and when it came time to send him a transcript to go over, I had a brilliant idea. I put my latest story in the same envelope, marked the envelope YOUR INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT ENCLOSED, and sent it off. *That* one, I knew, he would have to open.

He did. He even wrote back and made a perceptive comment on the ending. If I fixed it, he said, he would buy it. I did, and the story was eventually published in the September 1977 FANTASTIC. I remain grateful to him for showing me the more effective ending for the story. Mine was a classic "futility", which threw everything away at the end.

But I was not able to follow up this sale because Ted did not answer mail. Now George Scithers used to encourage new writers, corresponding with them at length, giving them special treatment (and he responded to submissions in days rather than years), and even conducting periodic solicitation campaigns by writing to all the new writers we hadn't heard from in a while. (I think we did this every three months at ASIMOV's.) That's how an editor should treat new writers. George went even further, setting some of them up with book publishers and agents, making their careers.

But Ted didn't answer mail. After that one sale, I couldn't get an acceptance or a rejection from him. So I published elsewhere. You can see many of the stories I *didn't* send him in *We Are All Legends*. They were written between 1973 and 1978, and I would have liked to have published some in FANTASTIC, but FANTASTIC wasn't an open market. The situation there was hopeless.

Toward the very end of his editorship, after I had been quite explicit about all this in the pages of EMPIRE, he said he would buy all the stories of mine he had on hand. (About six, most of which I had withdrawn years before.) When he left the magazines, the manuscripts came back. One had copyediting marks on it, so I don't doubt that Ted meant what he said.

I don't accuse him of malice. I don't hold long grudges. I rather like Ted and admire many things he has done (including the way his AMAZING was such a sharp improvement over what had gone before), but his treatment of writers was outrageously bad, the worst the field has seen in modern times. And there was no excuse for it. His successor, Elinor Mavor, working under even more precarious and financially desperate conditions, corrected all his long-standing abuses *immediately*. She was quick and courteous, a joy to work with. She practically became a cult figure among her writers. We all loved her. It's a rare editor who can arouse that sort of feeling. This had beneficial effects for the magazines: the SFWA boycott was lifted as soon as the sluggish organisation found out what was going on (it took about two years), and Elinor was able to get new stories from people like Roger Zelazny and Harlan Ellison, whose work she could not have afforded, had she actually had to compete for it with money.

You must understand that I never saw Ted as the guy who got me started and gave me a break. That one story wasn't my first sale, and, when it became clear that I wasn't going to have another one, I began to perceive him as someone who was holding me back. My career benefitted greatly when he left. Then I could really move in on AMAZING and FANTASTIC. I was published in both extensively under Elinor Mavor. I even had a novel serialised in FANTASTIC.

The semi-pro fantasy magazines flourished during the period in which Ted was editing FANTASTIC, I think, because most of the new writers found him too difficult to deal with. Therefore FANTASTIC could not compete with, say, WEIRDBOOK or PHANTASY DIGEST for material. There are now *dozens* of new writers breaking into the book market, who look like new arrivals to the mass audience. These are the people who were excluded from Ted's FANTASTIC. (Me, Charles Saunders, Jessica Salmonson, Phyllis Ann Karr, Charles deLint, Adrian Cole, and many more.) Because of his inability to answer mail, he failed to discover more writers *than* he discovered. I don't give him *credit* for discovering me. He helped me on that story, yes, but that was all.

But to get to the original remark I made, which started all this, I must apologise to Ted for my ill-considered comment that the excessive fannishness in AMAZING cost him two-thirds of the readership. First, I went through my copies and looked at the statements of circulation between 1966 (pre-White) and 1978 (late in his reign). The circulation

dropped from about 47,000 copies (on the average in a given year) to a low of 22,000 in 1976 and it rose back to 25,000 in 1978. So Ted only lost about half the readership. (His successor, Ms. Mavor, didn't know what she was doing at first. She stumbled badly in her first year and lost about half of *that*. Therefore the hole AMAZING is trying to climb out of is deeper than the one Ted dug.)

Also, I don't seriously suggest that the fannishness of the magazine drove all those people away. I know it was far more complex things. We're struggling against the same factors with AMAZING today. At the same time, I remember a bookstore owner I met once who told me how he'd liked what Ted was doing at first, but then felt he'd wrecked the magazines totally with over-emphasis on "the social aspects of science fiction". He did not use the word "fandom". He was definitely not a fan. He wrote Ted a long letter (which he did not publish) and then quit reading AMAZING. I suspect that some mundane readers felt that way.

As a fan at the time, I liked it a lot. However, as an AMAZING staff member now, I am still leery of including actual fannish content. If this is done, it will be done in moderation.

Ted is in no position to know what is being left out of the AMAZING letter columns these days. I am, because I sometimes edit those lettercolumns. Virtually nothing is left out. We publish every letter of substance we get, and then some. Ted's principles of lettercolumn editing are very sensible, but they just don't apply when there's nothing to work with. If half of HTT's correspondents wrote one letter to AMAZING a year, we might have a more interesting lettercolumn.

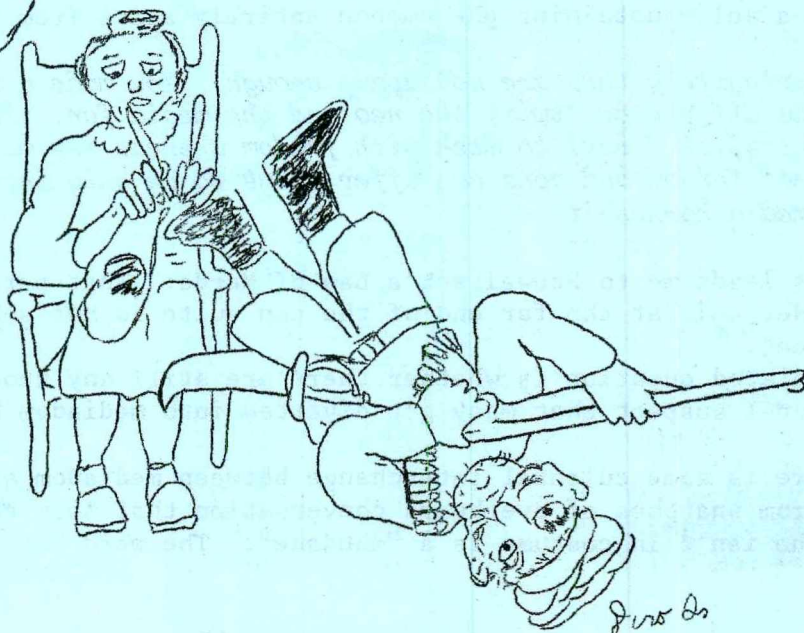
Some of this *does* reflect low sales. When we took over the magazine, the sales were as low as they ever got (about 9000 with less than 1000 subscribers). The magazine had just gone quarterly, and I guess everyone figured it was dead. There were *no* letters on hand. Now that it's bimonthly again and the circulation is steadily climbing, we're still not getting the letters. It's going to be a long, hard struggle to rebuild the lettercolumn, like everything else.

People keep not listening on this point: George Scithers never, never, not ever, not even once edited an ISAAC ASIMOV'S lettercolumn. We used to bundle the letters off to Isaac. That was the last we saw of them until the lettercolumn was assembled. Therefore George has edited less than a dozen prozine lettercolumns, all under very reduced condi-

tions, and it is hard to say what he can or cannot do with one.

What are you knitting, Grandma?

Oh, just an Afghan.



Actually I agree with Ted on the ASIMOV'S lettercolumn. I never liked it much. Isaac once announced that he wanted short letters. Ted wrote in and very sensibly argued that this would deprive the column of substance. I agreed, but there wasn't much I could do about it. The IASFM lettercolumn is still full of "Gee, that's swell!" letters, but again, that's the sort of letters *mundanes* write to prozines.

We're actually trying to edit the AMAZING lettercolumn along the lines Ted recommends but we just don't have the correspondents to do it.

On the Malzberg matter: I agree that my unconsidered outburst in SFR was a political mistake. That kind of candor just isn't acceptable in professional circles. But Ted has no idea how much adulation I received when I did it. He also doesn't seem to realise how widely Malzberg is perceived as a pathetic joke: a failed writer few ever cared about, who makes an endless and self-pitying public spectacle out of his own failure. There are many other writers of the New Wave era who became unable to sell, after the editors stopped buying non-stories. Many of them, James Sallis for example, have left quietly. Malzberg could learn a lot from Sallis.

It was very naive of me to think I could actually speed Malzberg on his way, but it's even more naive to take him seriously. He has now - almost - retired from SF. I suspect this is more from an inability to sell than from any deliberate decision on his part.

Re Terry Carr's letter. The sort of media fan that people are complaining about are people who have probably unaware that there is such a term as "media fan" or that there are discussions about them in places like HTT. We mean the (mostly young) people, mostly in costume, who take up a lot of space at conventions but don't make any attempt to mix with us, or to find out what the convention is all about. They don't know that "fandom" as we know it even exists. Last year at Balticon there were hundreds of media fen around, but, it was pointed out significantly, none of them were in the room for the fan guest--of-honour speech. Jack Chalker made the comment that when you begin to feel that you're the last people at a con who can read, you tend to draw the wagons into a circle. He had just noted that less than a quarter of the tables in the huckster room had books on them.

These people are *not* neos. In my day (said the old-timer anciently, recalling the dim, dark late 60s when there weren't any trekkies yet) a neo was someone (usually a kid) who was trying to do the usual fannish things: write for fanzines, join in the discussions, read SF, or whatever. He usually did them badly, as is only to be expected, but some neos grew into regular fans. They were new members of the community. The media-fans are not members of the community at all. They have nothing in common with organised, participatory fandom. They just seem to have wandered in to some of the conventions. Now they are a self-sustaining phenomenon entirely apart from fandom.

Unfortunately they are not apart enough. You made a very important distinction here - the difference 'twixt the neo and the media fan. The neo tries (not always successfully, at first) to mesh with fandom whereas the media fan, instead of trying to absorb what fandom and cons can offer seems to be only interested in his narrow, non-SF--related media horseshit.

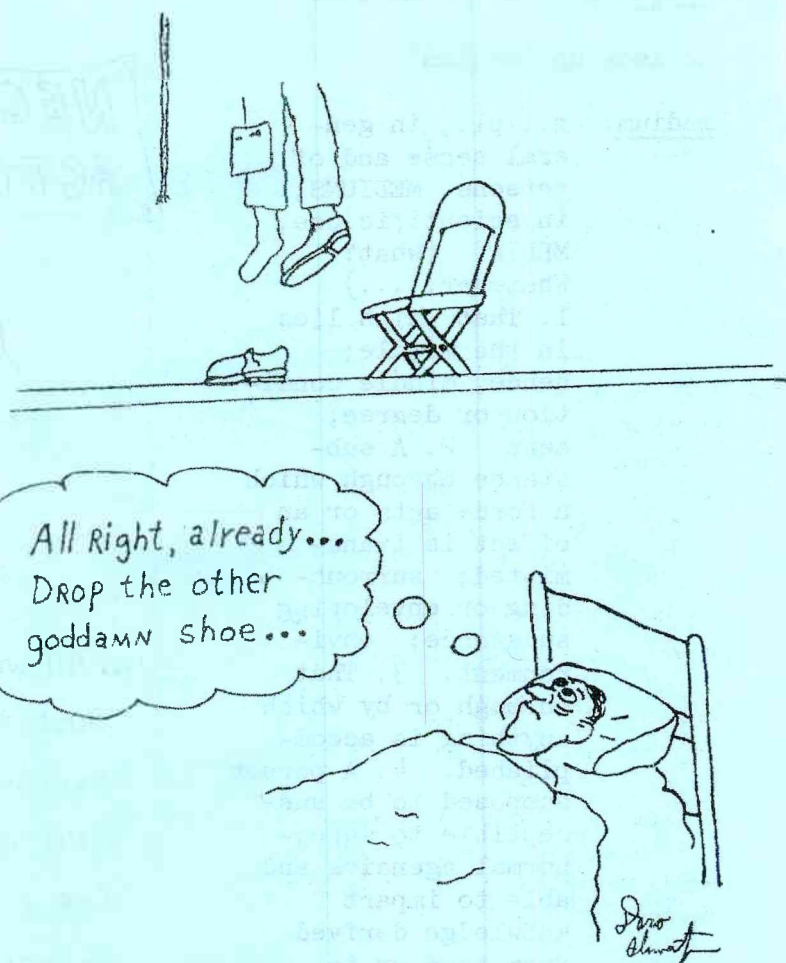
This leads me to Schweitzer's Law of Nerds: That person in the sword and cape or Darth Vader suit at the far end of the con suite is *not* someone you have come a long way to meet.

A related question is whether there are still any neos around. There are a few, I think, but I suspect that many get diverted into mediadom before they ever discover fandom.

There is some cultural interchange between mediadom and SF fandom, by the way. I gather from snatches of overheard conversation that *they* call us "mundanes". Apparently anyone who isn't in costume is a "mundane". The word has changed its meaning entirely.

I'd like to see a fannish anthropological study of mediadom. I've sometimes wondered what it would be like to go to a convention incognito, wearing a costume (with mask) all weekend. I would of course be ignored by the fans. But I think a whole other world would open up.... But no, I haven't the nerve to do it. Where's Margaret Mead when we need her?

Ian Covell is getting overly Freudian again. Does my "Poem From the Late Homo Sapiens Period" really equate sex with death? I think it's the much more ordinary situation of someone being lured to his death by the promise of sex. This actually happens, as police reports will show. Or, the idea of literature. Actually, the ending of the poem is taken from Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*, with the difference that there the characters are lured to their deaths by greed. Does Ian think Chaucer was a sickie for equating money with death? Then again, can't he see that my poem is entirely too frivolous to hold up under such analysis? I shall have to have a hooker with a poisoned vagina visit him, lest he outlive me and end up writing a learned book which will distort the perception of my work for all time.... He is right, of course, that I am completely mad, but beyond that we must part company. I wonder what he'll think of my "Necrophile Action League" cartoon.



* ROY TACKETT * HTT #17 is at hand and I am ~~amused~~ amazed. You take two pages to explain how you edit your letter column? Why? You have a bunch of idiots for readers? You assume, maybe, somebody cares how you edit your letter column? Or more likely you just had to fill up two pages?

No, it was a belated answer to complaints about Nessie (which has also gotten some negative reviews in the fan press.

And Robbie: you mention something to the effect that you have not outgrown your media orientation. That's a statement which has me somewhat puzzled because I'm not at all sure what it is you mean. I dug out my Webster:

media: 1. One of the sonant mutes (voiced stops) in Greek, or their equivalents in other languages, so named as intermediate between the *tenues* and the *aspirates*. 2. The middle coat of the wall of a blood vessel.

Neither of those make a hell of a lot of sense in conjunction with Robbie's statement. Anything else? Ah, yes:

media: Plural of MEDIUM.


So look up "medium"

medium: n., pl., in general sense and of persons, MEDIUMS; in scientific use, MEDIA. (What? Whatever.....)
1. That which lies in the middle; hence, middle condition or degree; mean. 2. A substance through which a force acts or an effect is transmitted; surrounding or enveloping substance; environment. 3. That through or by which anything is accomplished. 4. A person supposed to be susceptible to supernatural agencies and able to impart knowledge derived from them or to perform actions impossible without their aid; as a spiritualistic medium.
5. Biol. A nutritive mixture or substance, as broth, gelatin, agar, for cultivating bacteria, fungi, etc....

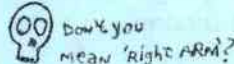
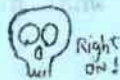
NECROPHILE
ACTION LEAGUE



EQUAL
RIGHTS
FOR
CORPSES

Try it!

NECROPOLITAN
CREAM PIE

... All we want is a little respect...
Just the other day two of the
brothers were going by the MORGUE,
and one says, "Hey let's stop in
for a cold one." But the guy says,
"SORRY boys, we don't serve NECROS."
Do we have to put up with that?
It's nothing to get stiff about...



Forthright

Robbie, none of that really makes sense in the sense of your "media orientation" unless you are making some reference to the 4th definition and are claiming to be a spiritualist. Commune and communicate with the dead, do you? Any messages from Laney?

No, try definition 2. Or as my Oxford puts it: "intervening substance through which impressions are conveyed to senses". Media fandom therefore means a fan of various media -- film, t.v., and, ghod! yes! even the printed page *ghasp*

Have not any of you been listening to my pleas to stop being silly around here? All that I get from the above is that a media fan is a person who likes to watch dead agar write t.v. shows about the environment. *Futz*

Stuart Shiffman's article has me somewhat puzzled. There's just enough there to lead me to think he's telling us some actual history and yet I can't escape the feeling that he's having us on. If it is the latter he's done a good job of it. Either way (and I'd like to know which) Shiffman did a good job.

Stu did a marvelous job of putting us all on.

Let us skip lightly from page 12 to page 45 for we aren't really going to miss anything anyway. 32 wasted pages. It usually takes me more than two issues of my zine to waste that much paper.

What! You passed Skel! And Ortlieb's piece - described elsewhere as "the funniest two pages I've read this year" (Eric Meyer) - you skipped lightly over that! Horrors!

Camphor, did you mess up when you were putting Joy Hibbert's letter on stencil? She doesn't really write in such a confused and almost unintelligible fashion, does she? Owell. Joy Hibbert: there are millions and millions of us native Americans on this continent. If you are referring to the American Indians then say so. American Indians. Got it? AmerInds, if you want a short form. If you are attempting to make a distinction between the American Indians and the rest of us immigrants from Europe, Asia and Africa, remember that the Indians aren't "native" either. They simply got here from Asia a bit before the rest of us climbed aboard the continent from the old world. Or, more properly, before our ancestors did. (Got to be careful about subtle distinctions.)

* BARBARA TENNISON * In the interests of improving this already delightful zine, I have
***** suggested to Marty that, as he obviously considers media fandom a rotten, foul, morally vicious thing, it should perhaps be counted as putrid and therefore among the subjects to be explored in HTT. (Marty replied that mediafandom is beneath putridity. The man has no consistency, but he's fast on his feet.)

Isn't he just, though!

Not all that fast, though; after all, Robbie and I caught each other.

There is also a major point of confusion, since the term "mediafan" is being used (by fans such as Marty and the Boskone committee) as a code for "troublemaker"; but many of us who enjoy visual-media products use it to designate that interest. (And, as Robbie has said, we read a hell of a lot, too.) Perhaps we movie-watchers should start calling ourselves "visual fans", which avoids that dreary argument about print being a medium too. I have no objections to condemning troublemakers, but why don't you call them "loudnoisykidfans" instead of picking on their one redeeming quality? They are surely less obnoxious when immured in the theatres and movie rooms (along with the *real* visual-fans) than playing loudnoisykidfan-games in the halls. It is not the loudnoisykidfans in their presumed illiteracy who are likely to pick up HTT. Those of us who happen to like movies and TV as well as print-SF, who *do* see HTT are apt to resent its one-sided view.

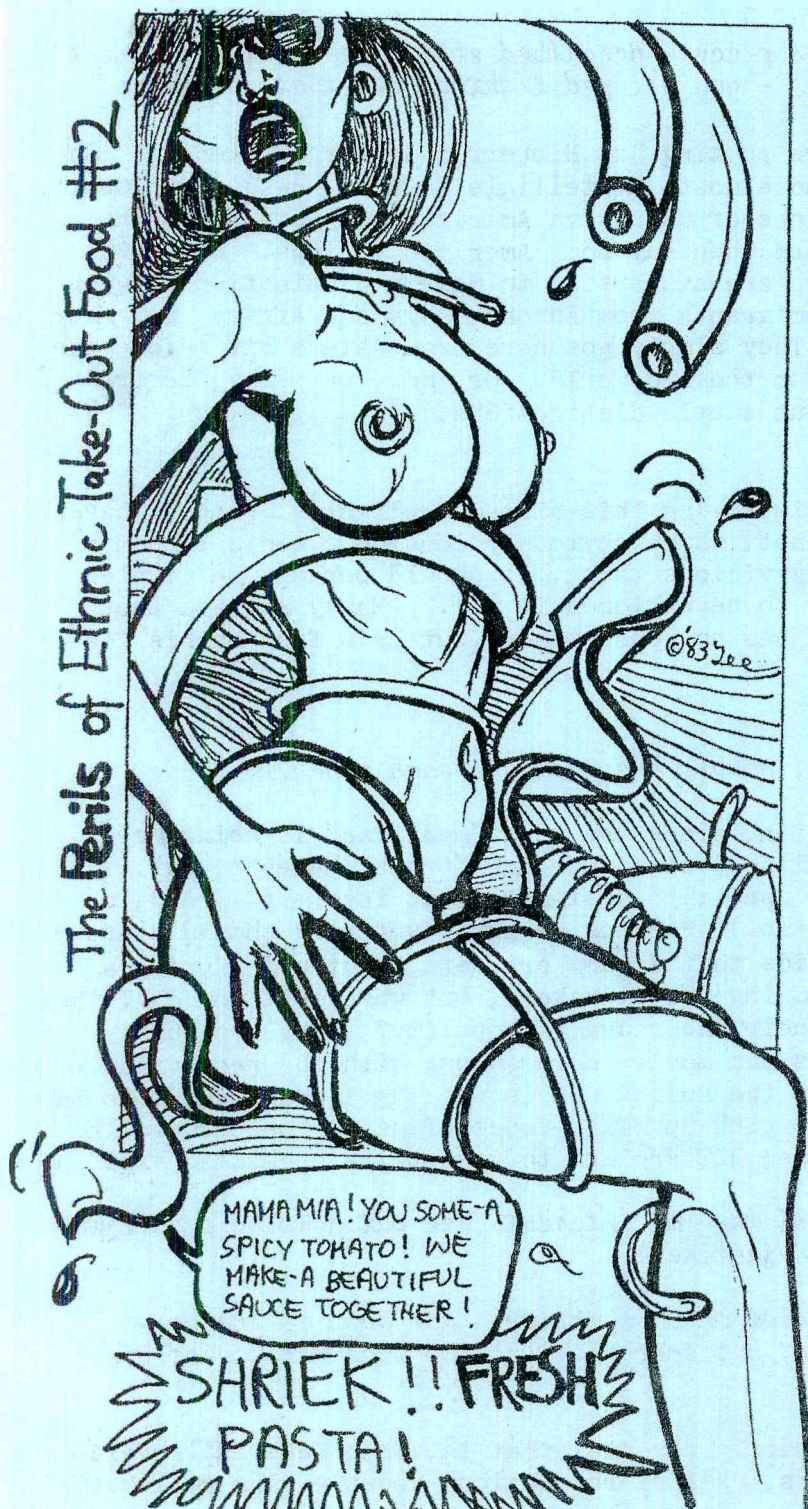
I fully agree. I get pretty pissed off when my interests are put down by people who share only one or two of them (SF reading & fanzines).

But... HTT does not have a one-sided view on this matter. Not only do the co--editors have disparate views on this matter, but there is also the wide variety of views which are held by its various loccers.

I'm feeling quite mellow toward HTT, partly for its (that is, Jean Weber's) revelations about shooting horses and its (that is, Skel's) revelations about eating at least

one of every critter in the world. Oops, there went any good taste in this loc. Also liked the illos on pp. 5, 68, 72, 81, and 90. Oh, well, there went any hope of good taste.

Good taste? In this zine? You gotta be kidding. The illo below is more an example of something which tastes good rather than good taste.



* LEIGH STROTHER-VIEN * As a
***** fan
who is

also a mediafan, my theory of mediafan-dislike is simply that the influx of mediafen threatens the traditional framework of the subculture. Of course, the "younger generation" of any culture usually challenges traditions. And, of course, the world in general has changed drastically in the last half-century; society is now much more visually oriented by tv to be entertained rather than to participate. Of course this shows up in neofen. Those of us who are also avid readers tend to be willing to participate in traditional fandom, and to not be monomaniacal about our "media" interests.

Well, at least only in spurts.

Your short loc really has too much in it for me to cover in some sort of brief response. But it does need some answering.

For example, I think that you are incorrect in ascribing the dislike to a perceived threat to the traditional framework of our subculture. I say that because I do not see these people (remembering, as I hope that you do, that I am differentiating 'twixt those who have interests in both "media" and in SF (and about whom I am not here talking) and those who are solely mediots, these last being the ones under discussion in HTT) as a real threat to the framework as I consider the framework to be fanzine fandom and the mediots are merely in-

infesting a part of an area (cons) where many fanzine fans like to socialise. As long as cons devote some of their time/space to programming which can interest fanzine fans I expect that we will attract some new blood to our hobby.

I would like to point out that fanzine fandom, despite the paper-personality-curmudgeonly-ways of many of us, generally welcomes those neos who look like they could grow up to become part of our group - there is really very little of that "younger generation challenging tradition" crap in fanzine fandom except that used as a ploy to generate interesting verbiage.

* DIANE THOME * Regarding all the comments on media fandom and trufandom, etc., I submit
***** for your edification a paraphrasing of comments overheard from an SF fan at a convention: "Why the fuck a fan guest of honour? What the hell do they do of any interest to me? Why the big deal for him? Conventions are for science fiction, not that stuff".

Ahh! Wonderful!

The person whom you are quasi-quoting is ignorant of cons and the history of fandom. And sounds like a very sercon person, indeed. He or she does not understand that fandom is really only about itself and that cons are merely a place where fans can get together and celebrate that very fact. Science fiction exists to be read whereas cons and fanzines and such are places where fans can get together in various ways and enjoy being fans.

I think my point is that conventions can be for lots of different needs. While I might often feel the wish to send the strictly media fans away to an event of their own, I must look at the situation in perspective. And I'm not certain how much cutting back on media programming would reduce the costs of large conventions such as Worldcons. (Sometimes I suspect the promoters have discovered that the market will bear those inflated prices, and thus become sloppy in their budgetting of many conventions aspects.) However, if you can prove me wrong, this could be another matter.

That could be an interesting project. Any takers?

Not the co-editors of HTT, thank you - despite the fact that we are both on the L.A.CON II concon. Too busy, and then some.

Please define corflu.

1. Correction fluid, used to remove earlier typos from mimeo stencils prior to inserting newer errors. 2. The name of a con in Oakland, a con where the vapours of the title liquid (amongst other things) will no doubt wipe out the remaining brain cells of its attendees.

* ED ROM * I feel that I had an interesting insight the other day. I was browsing in
***** one of the local bookstores, and ran into a couple of individuals in the SF section, one of whom was an employee of the store helping the other person to find something. I engaged these people in some conversation.

You see, the conversation got onto the topic of SF conventions, the latest Minicon in particular. It wasn't a very good con, as the employee (who had been there) agreed. The kid making the purchases said he'd never been to a con, and wasn't really all that interested. This is where I found my insight. It was the way he phrased it: "I've never really been interested in going to see one of those conventions".

"Seeing" a convention? How passive! I don't think *any* real fan of science fiction would ever say it that way! You and I, Marty and Robbie (I know you're still a media fan,

Robbie, but I feel that you're atypical), and other fans of sf (no matter how we became sf fans -- I know a few people who came in from Trekdom, comics fandom, etc.) do not go to cons with passive "seeing" in mind! We go to *participate*, even if it's not to a great degree. If we aren't there to do great things, we at least go to meet people and get ideas. And this is why so many of us have such a hard time tolerating media fen -- they are not there to participate, they are there to be entertained, pure and simple. The greatest degree of participation that most of them can manage is to dress up in costumes and ape their heroes.

I don't consider myself atypical for a mediafan. Most of the media fen I know are not passive observers.

I agree with you when you say that you are not an atypical media fan - in fact, you are not a media fan at all. You are a fan with interests in both SF and media.

What I am trying to say here (pardon me for my doubtless rather clumsy writing, but I'm tired right now and staying awake in order to get my schedule back in order) is that the biggest difference between the sf fans (largely fanzine fans) and the media fans is that the media fans tend to lack imagination, and thus are much more mundane. This is what makes most of them so annoying to sf fans; we tend to sense the difference (*not* a cognitive process), and we react stridently, perhaps unreasonably.

Again, I know many imaginative media fen.

You know, I was first exposed to *Dungeons and Dragons* back in 1975, and found myself hating it within about two hours of that exposure; it wasn't so much the game itself, but rather the attitudes of the people who were really into it. I couldn't figure it out then, but I think I have it now: those people were mediafen, and I'm an sf fan. Their shit literally drove me up the wall.

Say that to a gamer, and you could be torn limb from limb!

Which just points up the difference 'twixt gamers and SF fans - trufen, if they violently disagreed with you would either excoriate you orally or in print whilst the gamer (another non-SF fan in the same leage with media fen insofar as neither belong in the SF scene). Anyway, Ed, the gamer is not a media fan, but is just as out of place in SF as the media fan.

I don't know if mediafen have similar prejudices regarding sf -- somehow I doubt it. On the whole they strike me as being insensitive to the point of being oblivious, while people w-o like sf, I think, tend to be rather thin-skinned. I suppose this comes from having been outcasts when youg: I know I was. It could be that this very sensitivity which led so many of us in the direction of sf also leads us in the direction of over--reaction.

*Do you have any conception of the number of times I have heard media fen complain that sf fans were insensitive crud because they never gave mediafen a chance ... *sigh**

Note that I speak in terms of *tendencies*. I am not making any truly blanket type of statements -- it just looks that way.

I'm glad you've qualified all that. I prefer reasoned debate to shouting matches.

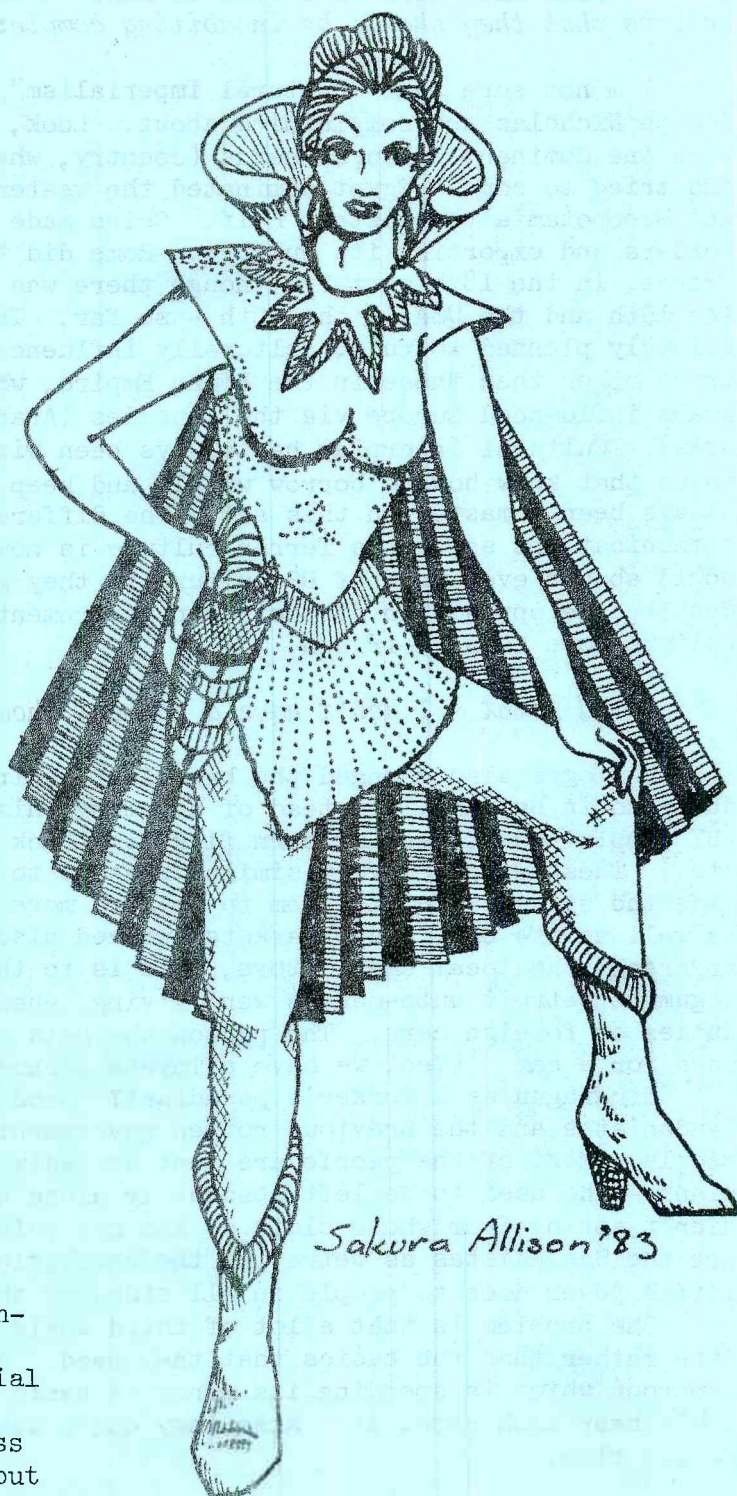
*Well, that is better then being silly, even if it does spoil all of the fun. *foof**

* LYNNE HOLDOM * Media fen -- I actually
***** attended a media con last
summer. My first. It
was an enlightening experience. First of
all they charged me \$30 just to enter their
con and that without much in the way of
partying or programming. There was more
programming than at a relaxicon --
but they they don't charge \$30 for a
relaxicon. Also there weren't a lot
of people running around in costume.
(I understand that this is much more
rampant on the west, as opposed to
east, coast.) They did have a book
dealer in the huxters' room. And
there were a LOT of people selling
zines most of which cost a fortune.
However they were products of ob-
viously literate minds. Since I
didn't buy any, I can't say just how
original they were. Most were STAR
TREK oriented and since I once asked
who Nurse Chapel was, you can see
just how qualified I was to read
these. Since the con was produced,
directed and brought to you by media
fen -- mainly Trek -- I certainly
think they qualify as hard-working
and not parasitic.

They do have relatively narrow
interests however. One asked me "Who's
C.J. Cherryh?" and few seemed to know
much about SF outside of Trek or Star
Wars or... I did learn a lot about
subgenres of Trek such as K/S in which
Kirk and Spock are assumed to be lovers.
You need to sign an age statement to buy
one of their zines. Two of the fans
selling this sort of zine - from Ontario -
were complaining that they couldn't send
zines first class because the Canadian govern-
ment assumed that anything you needed an age
statement to get was obviously obscene material
and this couldn't be sent through the mail,
especially to the USA. Zines sent third class
are generally overlooked regarding content, but
are slow and often lost. Listening to these fans,
it became apparent that the Canadian P.O. is much
more creatively obstructionist than the US one.
But then perhaps the Canadians can read and write.

*Well, actually, the Canadian Post Awful is not so much obstructionist as trying
desparately to keep itself from having to W*O*R*K!*

Anyway, it seems to be more of a case that SF fans and media fans just want complete-
ly different things from fandom than that either is rotten, mean, nasty, etc.



SF fans and media fans seem to want things so completely different from fandom that I believe that they should be inhabiting completely different fandoms.

I'm not sure that "cultural imperialism" is the right phrase for what Ian McKeer and Joseph Nicholas are complaining about. Look, guys, study history. In every age there has been one dominant cultural nexus (country, whatever) that other countries envied, hated, and tried to copy. Egypt dominated the western half of the fertile crescent circa -2000 and Mesopotamia the eastern half. China made a policy of absorbing the people around its borders and exporting its culture. Rome did the same. Later Spain (in the new world), France, in the 18th century (though there was a Chinese undercurrent there), Britain in the 19th and the USA in the 20th - so far. This doesn't mean any of these countries consciously planned to rule, culturally influence etc. other countries, necessarily. Countries other than those in the Roman Empire, where influenced by Roman language and culture. Arabs influenced Europe via the Crusades (Arabic numerals, algebra, alchemy, coats-of--arms). Cultural interplay has always been with us and the most successful countries are those that know how to borrow wisely and keep their own basic culture intact. Japan has always been a master in this art. The difference today is that we now have instant global communications so that a Terran culture is now possible. As others have remarked, Russians would absorb even more of US culture if they got the chance and have picked up quite a bit despite the opposition of their own government. The Chinese also seem to like "western" culture more than their own.

(Good point - I don't have a comment though.)

Kelloggs also changed the breakfast habits of Americans long before they thought of doing so in Britain. Instead of assuming this is an American plot, you might consider WHY people took to eating corn flakes. (Lack of time to prepare a hot meal? Convenience? etc.) These might be very similar reasons to those given by Americans years ago when they made the switch. People seem to be much more in a hurry today and this is true in Britain as well as the USA. Supermarkets succeed also because they serve a need. And if they can undersell the local small store, this is to the consumer's benefit. This is the sort of argument Detroit auto-makers were giving, when asking the government to put heavy import duties on foreign cars. The person who gets shafted here is the consumer who has to pay more for a car. (Yes, we have a Toyota because we consider them better made than US cars.)

Nicaragua as a worker's paradise?? Good heavens. The only difference between the Sandanistas and the previous rotten government is that they serve a different 10% of the people. Most of the people are just as badly off as ever and some - like the Moskito Indians - who used to be left absolutely alone are now being persecuted. The opposition didn't spring from whole cloth of ALL get bribed by the CIA. A lot of earnest patriots see the Sandanistas as betraying the revolution once they achieved power. Amazing what a little power does to people on all sides of the political spectrum.

One problem is that a lot of third world countries want things like a national airline rather than the basics that they need. One country that isn't going this way is Cameroon which is spending its money on basic education. But this isn't flashy so you don't hear much about it. Also they don't want massive aid from either the West or the Soviet bloc.

* J.R. "MAD DOG" MADDEN *

Regarding "cultural imperialism", based on personal experience, the USA has a very long way to go towards dominating the culture of the Canadians. When I was working in Sarnia, Ontario, a few years back, I found that ultimate of American virtues had yet to penetrate the grocery shelves of that fair city. I am, of course, referring to the basic, sustaining factor of the American ideal -- CHILI!!

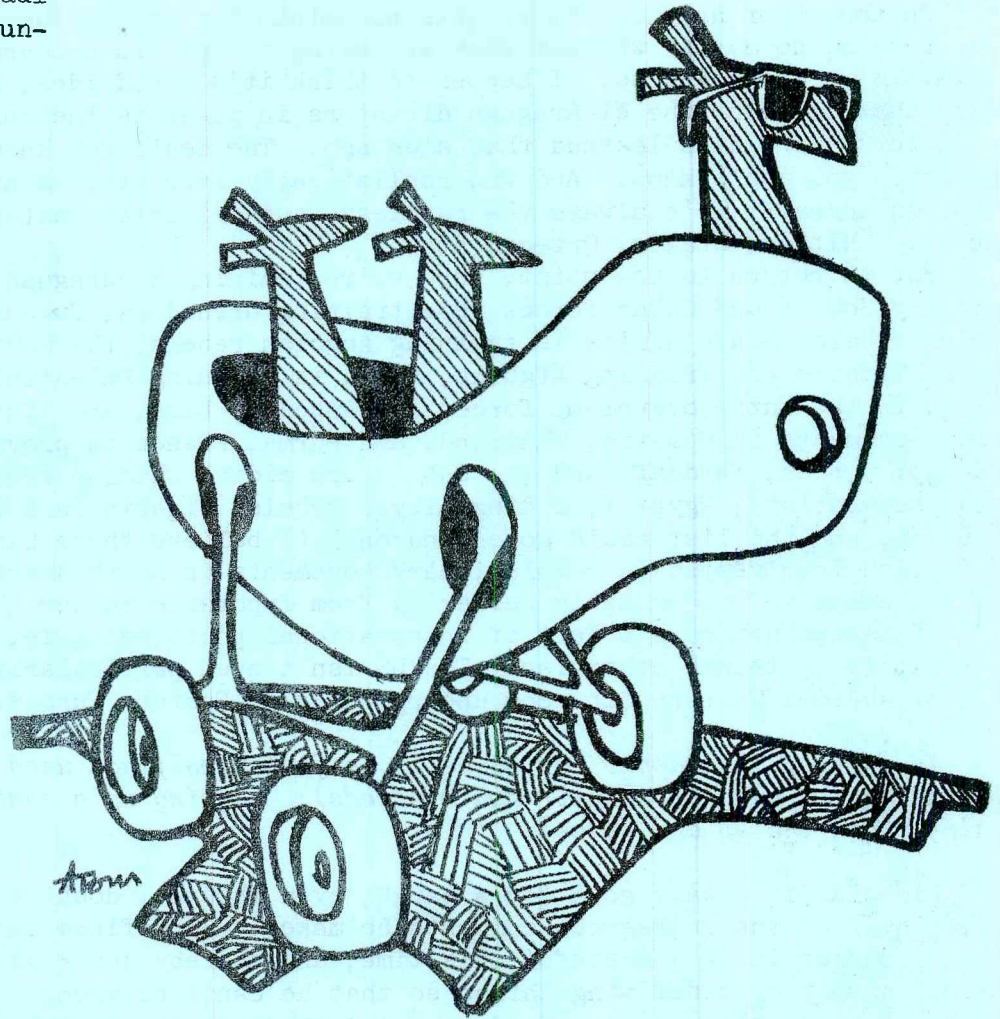
BUT, chili is a product of MEXICAN Cultural Imperialism!!!

* DON D'AMMASSA * Richard Faul-
***** der's ennum-
cation of

"cultural imperialism"
comes closest to my own
interpretation. Ian
McKeer does make a good
argument, whether one
calls it imperialism or
dominance or whatever.
Economies of scale are
inevitable, and the
fact of life is that
US influence is going
to be pervasive
throughout much of
the world. Canada is
closest and absorbs
the most. The effect
of a (comparatively)
free market economy
is such that stronger
and more popular
ideas and attitudes
will prevail, regard-
less of whether or not
good taste or fairness
or national cultural
identities are violated.
No one ever said free-
dom was easy. It isn't.
We have to assume (or at
least hope) that the
worthwhile aspects of
various national cultures
will survive, despite the
overwhelming financial
support given to US imports.

It's true, this influ-
ence does have its deleter-
ious effects. But it also
has its advantages. I don't
imagine third world countries
would be better off without our medical advances. Call me chauvinist, but on balance I
think the contribution of the US (and many other countries) to the world would tilt fa-
vourably over the unpleasant contributions we make. Certainly our record is a lot more
admirable than that of, say, the Soviet Union. Roger Sjolander also makes excellent points
in this regard.

Using Lebanon as a point in response to Nicholas is a poor tactic. Gemayel and his
government exist almost entirely because of the support of the US. The Christians are a
definite minority, and they have unfairly dominated Lebanon for years. The only reason I
continue to support the peacekeeping force there is that Gemayel may slowly be forced to
concede his power to the Moslems. The US and Israel both believe (probably correctly) that
a peaceful solution is possible only if Syrian influence is reduced, and that isn't likely
so long as they support the minority Christian faction. Since the only way to get the



"Don't you just hate it when they've
been watching TAXI' and keep
making wisecrackers"

Israeli army of occupation out is to get the Syrian army of occupation out, we are left with accommodating the Moslem majority as the only useful course.

On the other hand, Nicholas gets no points for mentioning the US support of Nicaraguan rebels, no matter whether they are being trained in Honduras, Florida, or Detroit. Certainly we are doing so. I happen to think it's a bad idea, because I suspect the only thing that has kept the Nicaraguan dictators in power is the constant outside menace. You'd think we'd have learned that ages ago. The devil you know is always preferable to the devil you don't know. And who realistically ever expects the nice guys to win a revolution anyway? It's always the ruthless, authoritarian bastards who seem to make it to the top - Hitler, Stalin, Ortega, etc.

But to return to the point, sure we're training Nicaraguan rebels. Similarly, until recently Soviet and Cuban forces were training Grenadans, Cubans are also training Venezuelan rebels, South Africa is training Angolan rebels, the Soviets are training the Kurds, the Pakistanis are training Afghans, Syria is training Palestinian and Lebanese, China is active in the anti-government forces in Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam, Vietnam is financing rebel movements in Sumatra, Thailand, and Burma, France is providing covert aid to anti-Khaddafi forces, Khaddafi and the Cubans are aiding Chadian rebels, Sudan is aiding Eritrean separatists, Egypt is aiding Libyan rebels, Nigeria is active against the government of Ghana, and the list could go on and on. (I believe there has been some mention even of British involvement in revolutionary movements in South America.) The countries who are not doing so are probably suffering from impotence rather than a lack of desire. This kind of manipulation is a fact of international political life, and Joseph had better grow up a bit if he thinks otherwise. The US isn't even particularly good at it, hence the lack of serious Western financed undergrounds in Eastern Europe.

You forgot the capper (or maybe it is just persiflage used by other countries to keep attention away from their own misdeeds): keeping up a constant barrage of invective against both the US and Israel.

Nicholas is always good for a laugh, even though I doubt very seriously that he believes half of the outrageous comments he makes. He defines the West as any country that becomes commercially successful this time, and thereby destroys all arguments against himself simply by redefining things so that he can't be wrong. Wonderful tactic. Really contributes to the exchange of ideas. And where did he ever hear of an economy "completely beyond the manipulation of the governments concerned"? That's a pretty big swallow for anyone to make. Nicaragua as the "single most popular government in history" is even better. Why do you waste your time arguing when he sits there and makes up "facts" to refute you? By definition, you can't win. He even goes on to tell you that you are being defensive (which you weren't) with the result that you immediately become defensive about being defensive, and hand him an uncontested point. He is very, very good at this, possibly the best debater I've encountered in fandom.

I've never encountered Joy Hibbert before, so I may be unfair to her here, but she seems to have picked through HTT looking for things to be outraged at. As you know, Marty in particular, I disagree with an awful lot of things you say (I didn't miss the reference to Phil Dick as not writing SF for 20 years; I'm just ignoring it.), but if she is really as offput as she comes across in her letter, she should perhaps follow an example I set myself recently. I've asked three faneds to drop me from their mailing lists because I don't like the methods they use to create controversy in their lettercolumns. Nicholas is, actually, rather tame compared to some people.

Always a good way to avoid things that hack you off too much.

A last point before leaving. Joy seems to interpret Ian Covell's comment that he doesn't care for Joanna Russ' fiction as meaning he feels threatened by her intelligence. By the same reasoning, I could claim that Joy does not care for the fiction of John Norman because she fears *his* intelligence. Come off it people. We're supposed to be grown-ups

here. Sometimes I don't know whether to laugh or cry when I see this kind of posturing, poking at each other, trying to get a rise out of them. I think Nicholas does it as a game; I envision him sitting in his study (or whatever) chuckling as he plots which buttons to push to enrage which fan. But a lot of other people lately seem to have convinced themselves that everyone who disagrees is evil, and that all of their comments should be interpreted in the dilliest and most damaging possible way. We're getting to be as bad as muncanes.

Spoilsport.

So saying, I take my leave. I haven't written this long a letter in ages. I think I actually enjoyed HTT this last couple of times. Probably for all the wrong reasons though.

Do you mean to imply that there are actually correct reasons for enjoying HTT? Gorsh.

* DAVID SCHLOSSER * I have to confess that, suspicious as I am of anything which appears
***** in these pages, I was unable to fully convince myself of the specious-
ness of Stu Schiffman's article. I kept telling myself that this had to be a put on, but there remained something in the style and completeness of the information that wouldn't let me shake that germ of a doubt. I suppose that means I should be very careful if I ever find Stu in the used bridge business.

It says something good about the genius of Stu's writing style that those with knowledge of things Yiddish can find his article "authentically true" even though they have these nagging doubts about it because they just cannot find the relevant facts in their memories. Stu's article definitely belongs in any FANTHOLOGY '83 - it is a major work.

* SAM LONG * I much enjoyed Stu Shiffman's article. I know there have been anthologies
***** of Jewish SF, but Yiddish films were news to me. But why not? Is fandom not oy vay of life?

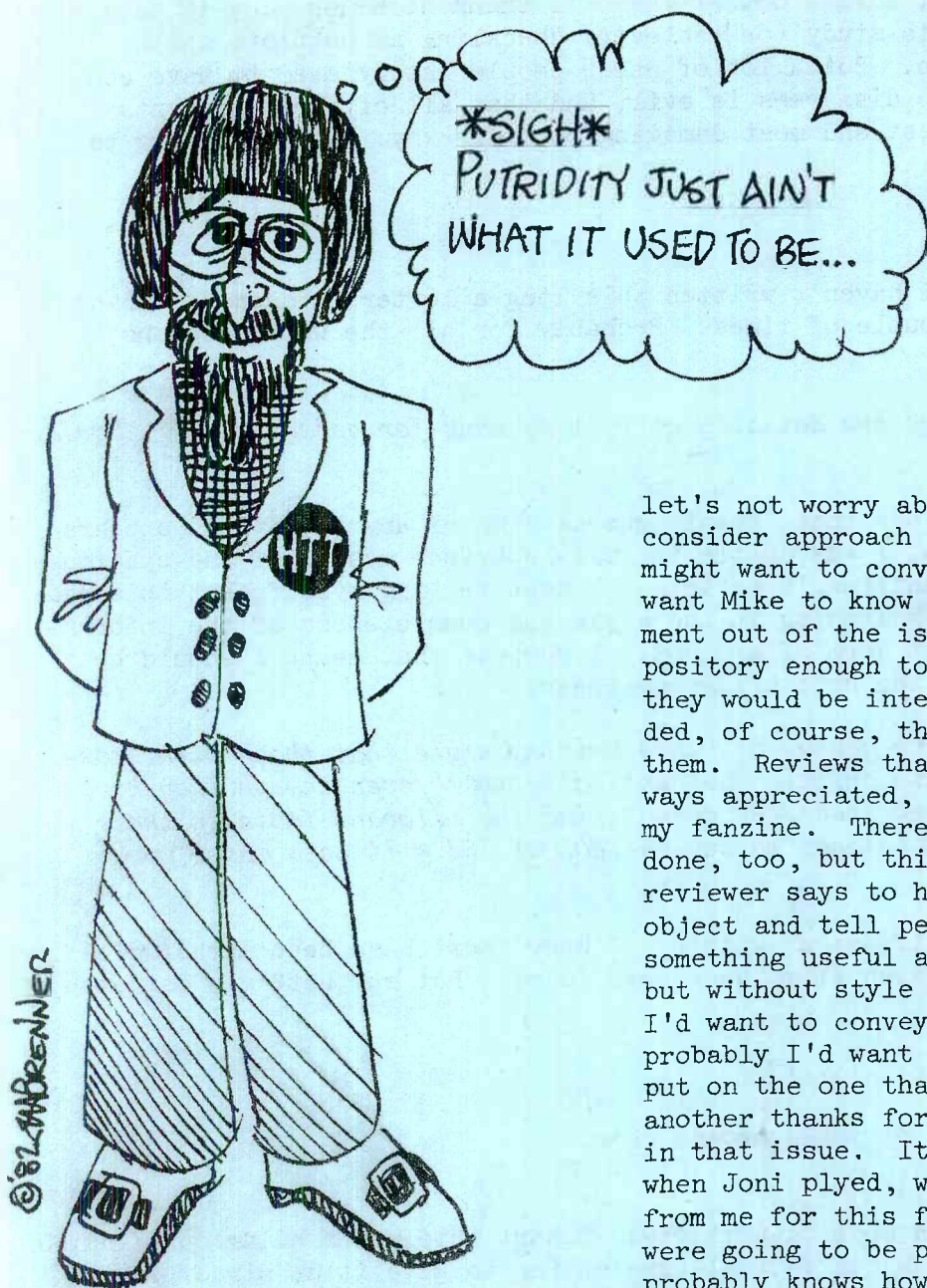
**GROAN!* Time for Yiddish jokes, is it?*

It is always time for any kind of jokes around here.

* LELAND SAPIRO * Unquestioned high spot this time was Stuart Shiffman's hilarious Yiddish
***** film history, with its factual type ending to give it an air of verisimilitude. But I'd hardly say Yiddish is a dead language. Recall how Mayor LaGuardia once offered to debate with another candidate--who accused the mayor of anti-semitism--provided that the debate be conducted in Yiddish. Of course the debate never came off because the mayor could speak Yiddish and his opponent couldn't.

I'm happy about HTT's decreasing emphasis on putridity. What with today's inverted standards--e.g., a president who robs the poor in order to pay the rich--the boundary line (if it ever existed) between "good taste" and "bad taste" is growing ever dimmer.

*(The illo on the next page is meant to tie in here.) Actually, there is no decreasing emphasis on putridity in HTT - what there is happens to be a (temporary, I hope) slackening of putrid material being submitted here. Even though I prefer putridity, I am not going to cease pubbing if most of the items we get are not putrid; after all, our stated goal is to pub any well written/drawn material which we can get. The emphasis will always remain humour/putridity/etc. but we will even pub *gasp* sercon material if we like it.*



* DAVE LOCKE * So. "Your
***** fanzine has
been re-
viewed in this issue. You
have the right of reply."
I do? Really? Is it ex-
pected? Am I, figuratively
speaking, to grab Mike
Glyer and say something to
him as a result of his
words on the Stopa/Locke
FALLIMAUFY #1? Or should
I address others, and
speak to the things which
this man has said? Well,

let's not worry about that right now; before I
consider approach I should ponder what it is that I
might want to convey, if anything. I guess I would
want Mike to know that I'm glad he got some enjoy-
ment out of the issue, and that his review was ex-
pository enough to allow most anyone to decide if
they would be interested in trying a copy; provi-
ded, of course, that it wasn't already too late for
them. Reviews that do this sort of thing are al-
ways appreciated, even when they're not looking at
my fanzine. There are other ways that reviews are
done, too, but this is the kind where the writer/
reviewer says to himself "I'm going to pick up this
object and tell people -- who haven't seen it --
something useful about it". With style, of course,
but without style clouding up the picture. Anyway,
I'd want to convey that to Mike, I suppose, and
probably I'd want to take off my faneditor's hat,
put on the one that ways "fanwriter", and toss in
another thanks for the kind words on my editorial
in that issue. It was written back in early 1979
when Joni plyed, wheedled, and cajoled an article
from me for this fanzine that when Dana Siegel
were going to be putting out real soon now. Mike
probably knows how frustrating it gets watching
some of your wordwhipping grow moss as it awaits
publication, so it all becomes clear that this
coeditorship is only the desperate move of a fan-
writer to expedite his own material... What else

might I want to convey to him? No, scratch that. I'd *want* to convey to him, but wouldn't,
a thought concerning this particular article, albeit one that got rewritten in 1983 and
magically transformed into an editorial. I would want to ask him if he wouldn't agree
that whoever does the 1983 FANTHOLOGY, if it happened that they were in the market for
fanhumour, probably wouldn't be too ill-advised to read or reread this piece for possible
consideration. I would want to ask that, but the urge would only be a momentary one
brought about by Mike's "perhaps he's bidding to become the Ellison of genzine editors?"
and the sudden realisation that -- by Ghod -- I'm short enough.

In reality, of course, it would be very unDave-Locke to use this disconcerting "right
of reply" for something so blatant as dropping a plug in the middle of the floor and then
standing aside so everyone can look at it. It's not that I like to trade in false modesty,

you understand, but just that I often become confused when I reread some of my older material. The puzzle isn't that I might find it bad, but that at one point I might have considered it good. This serves to keep me somewhat humble and occasionally reticent.

Other than all that, which I wouldn't want to convey to him after my madness had passed, I would want to say that I hope everyone realises how timely the September 1983 GALLIMAUFTRY 1 turned out to be in publishing an article which gives a fan/student's account of the Grenada revolution and invasion...

"It may be the only fan article ever published before it was written". Sorry, Don D'Amassa. My S.A.F.E. 1984, a Reverse Entropy Preprint, was written in 1984 and first published in 1983. Good to see more preprints, though. And it's nice to know from Don's year 2001 fanzine reviews that I'll still be alive and wordwhipping ("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 guess now that when Glicksohn gets around to asking me for this article I won't be able to stall him with mumbled and fumphered words to the effect that I don't know what to write about.

Glicksohn is right: Lon Atkins rates as "one of the least-known top fanwriters of our time". Skel is right, too: "Lon Atkins' piece was just so bloody good". The fan who can slicktalk Lon into producing a column for their genzine is going to have himself a coup.

* LARRY CARMODY * Thanks for the latest HOLIER THAN THOU, which wended its way through
***** the mail slot this morning. Nice issue; I particularly liked the future fanzine reviews. I don't believe anyone has attempted that sort of thing since the early '70s (I could be wrong as I do not receive every fanzine that is published).

I really can't comment on Stu Shiffman's article other than saying that I read it a couple of times during its writing, offering a suggestion now and then. I think Stu did a pretty good job. He's always been keen on alternate history.

In "The Pied Typer Part 2", I notice that Mike Glycer is again off and running at his 90 words per minute without checking out his facts (I refrain to add "as usual").

"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!" Glycer writes in the column. Oh, really? Is Glycer a fan of alternate history, too? In RAFFLES #6.5, I *did* devote my editorial to the abolishment of the fanzine Hugo. Perhaps Glycer was offended by this paragraph: "And imagine how ludicrous it would be to have a small circulation Hugo category. A fanzine with perhaps 200 or so circulation ending up on a ballot that will be perused by thousands of people who can vote but who have never seen the zine strikes me as rather absurd. If even only 50 of those ignorant types vote, the results could be drastically altered from what trufen might want. The time of Ionesco will have definitely arrived."

That is one of nine paragraphs in the editorial. Nowhere does the editorial mention Glycer nor FILE 770 nor any other fanzine. So, the charge of my "devoting part" of an editorial toward a FILE 770 "domination" of the small fanzine category is absurd. The editorial in RAFFLES 6.5 clearly states that I am against the concept of a small circulation fanzine Hugo. That's all.

I will say that in the letter column of RAFFLES #7, in answer to a missive from Mike Glicksohn, I *did* write: "Mike, I'd really like to see the new category work, and since the apparatus has been set in motion, we might as well see it through. But I'm a pessimist, I'm afraid. I keep seeing visions of FILE 770 sweeping the award year after year.." But that was buried in the letter column. I did not devote part of my editorial in any issue writing something along those lines. There's quite a difference between the two. I really wish that Glycer would be more accurate in checking his facts because such mistakes cast aspersions on the rest of his column. I mean, if you are inaccurate in one place, why not another?

Let me stick a few fingers into this argument to point out that one way which fanzines are distinguished from other publications is that faneds often put their editorial pre-sense quite strongly in lettercolumns and it is not that unusual to consider what a faned says in a LoC reply to be part of his editorial stand. So, even though Glyer may have been technically incorrect in ascribing your stand as having been stated in your formal editorial he just might have been correct in calling this a part of your editorial stand. My wording should not be construed as favouring one or the other side of this argument.

As a further example, look at his review of NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION #6. "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'". That's what Glyer wrote. To check his accuracy, I looked at the item in question and made a quick count. There are 65 quotes in "Fly On The Wall". Only seven of them are attributed to Alina Chu. Even a rudimentary knowledge of mathematics would indicate that that is not "every third quote" by, pardon me, any stretch of the imagination. Perhaps they were the most striking quotes?

And perhaps he's got an Alina Chu fixation. After all, he quoted an article of hers verbatim from the first issue of NOTHING in an issue of FILE 770. But, conversely, he's never sent Chu a trade copy. So coy.

My view is that he has a particular conception of NOTHING, and now that it has evolved into more of a genzine than a gossip zine, he's disappointed. He's not the only one. He's in good company with Brian Earl Brown...

But opinions are opinions, and he is certainly entitled to his. I just wish Glyer would get his facts straight. It must be the sportswriter in me.

As to the rest of HOLIER THAN THOU, Marty what are you complaining about? You've got some nice art in this issue; I wish my files were as nifty. And the cover by Charlie Williams is really super.

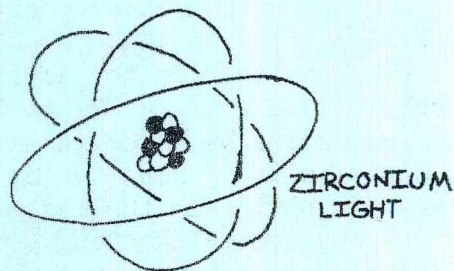
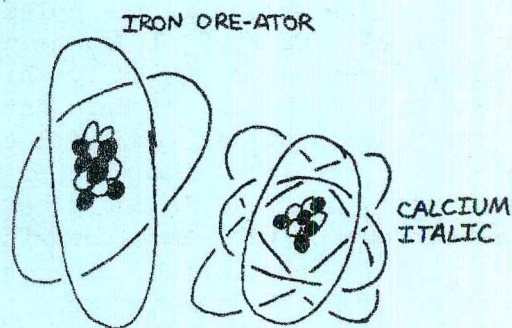
I thank you for the good comments about HTT's art. Now go back and read previous Nessie's, particularly the very negative comments about the art.

Glad to see you reprint the piece by Boyd Raeburn. I met him for the first time at last May's Disclave, where he was brought kicking and screaming (just joking) by Terry Hughes. We quickly adjourned to the bar (called GAMBIT'S, by the wa-, and you should have seen Ted White scramble for match-books...) along with Jeff Schalles and had a great conversation. A point of information should be made here: Boyd, from what I understand, was the first Canadian to stand for TAFF, not Taral.

Spraeling, but interesting lettercol as usual. One thing I would recommend is that you get even more distinct typefaces to differentiate your answers.

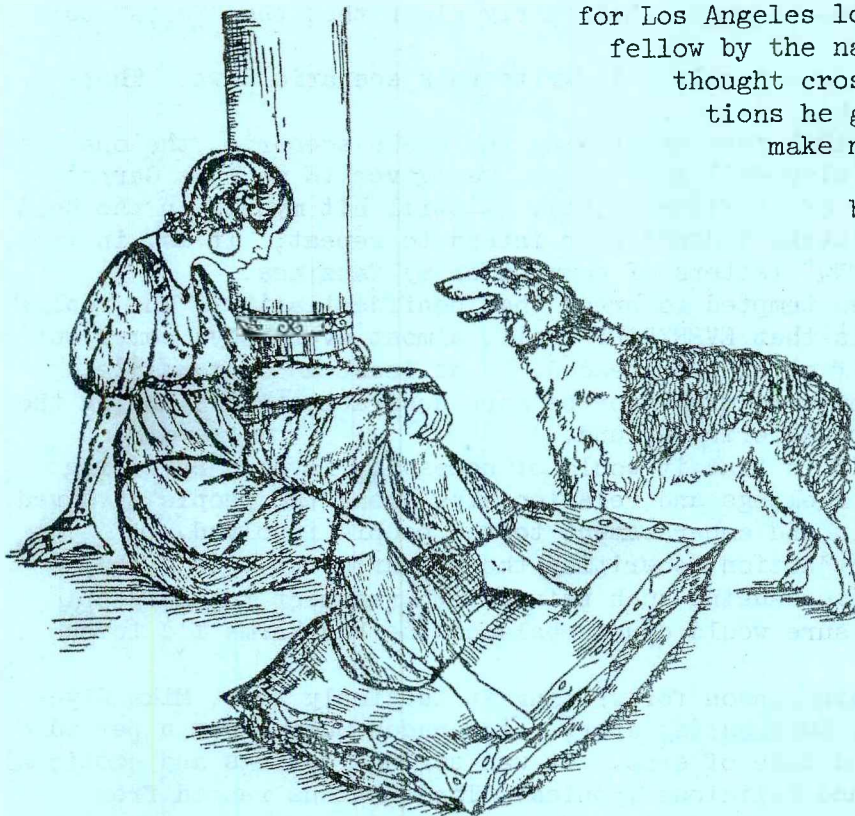
You mean like those over there on the right?

* BRUCE D. ARTHURS * Mike Glyer seems to be trying
***** to discourage the idea of my
writing a history of Iguana-
con. The thought crosses my mind, possibly uncharitably, that perhaps he simply doesn't like people to be reminded that the person most singly responsible



MORE ELEMENTS
FOR MARTY & ROBBIE'S
SELECTRIC™

JD



for Los Angeles losing its 1978 Worldcon bid was a fellow by the name of Mike Glycer. The reason this thought crosses my mind is that the justifications he gives against such a history don't make much sense.

IGUANACON BLUES, the fanzine I brought out between Rusty Hevelin's firing on Black Saturday and Iguanacón a month later, specifically stated that I could not understand *why* the people in the Garret had forced Rusty's firing. Their actions seemed totally senseless, and guaranteed to cause *more* friction, animosity and difficulty in running the convention than could possibly have been caused by their gritting their collective teeth and putting up with Rusty's outspoken criticisms. A lot of people felt that the people in the Garret were, quite literally, *insane*. Others felt that it was simply a naked power grab, the Garret's way of saying "FUCK YOU, PEOPLE, FANDOM IS A MERITOCRACY AND WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WITH MERIT!"

Neither of these interpretations was very happifying to me. I felt that there had to be *some* kind of rational reasoning behind their actions, however wrongheaded those actions were. In fact, a good part of my reason for publishing IGUANACON BLUES was to try and provoke the people in the Garret into making some kind of public explanation for their actions.

Which didn't happen, much to my mystification. There was *no* explanation forthcoming. Even fandom's much vaunted rumour mill was almost totally silent on any reasons for their actions beyond the two possibilities I mentioned above.

Which meant I had to figure it out for myself. I had to try and determine what the facts had been, who had actually said this, who had actually done that. I had to try and figure out the mental state and attitudes of the people involved, enter into those minds and try to see the events through their eyes. I had to examine and re-examine everything I'd seen or heard or told. I had to try and determine what was fact, what was exaggeration, what was out-and-out lies.

And I think I've done it. Larry Carmody's confirmation that the Garret had been recruiting people to work in Iggy Operations even before Rusty arrived in Phoenix, which Glycer tries to poo-poo, merely adds another bit of support to the scenario I've envisioned surrounding Black Saturday.

This scenario explains why the Garret was recruiting Rusty's replacements before the events that supposedly inspired his removal. It explains why it was *only* the people in the Garret who found Rusty so objectionable. It explains why they felt compelled to use methods that bordered on criminal extortion to force his removal. It explains why they've maintained vows of silence for all these years, and why the account Bill Patterson gives in *THE LITTLE FANDOM THAT COULD* is so flawed and inconsistent. (It doesn't help TLFTC, of course, that Patterson deliberately omits material uncomplimentary to his side of events,

and that he's unwilling to admit instances where it's fairly clear that the "facts" told to him were a pack of lies.)

The question now is whether I ever actually will write this scenario down. There are arguments both for and against the idea.

Against the idea is that the central fact underlying the whole scenario, the one piece of information that makes everything else fall into place, was given to me by a Garret member only in conjunction with a vow of confidentiality. I still hit myself in the head for agreeing to it, and that's one mistake I don't ever intend to repeat; it is, in fact, the main reason I no longer accept "DNQ" letters of comment on my fanzines.

Which doesn't mean I haven't been tempted to break that confidentiality. The really interesting thing about my scenario is that EVERYBODY (well, almost everybody) comes out *in a better light*! Black Saturday, if still wrongheaded, is at least *understandable*. I can't help but wonder if breaking my word might not be more desirable than allowing the "insane" or "powermad" ghosts to keep wandering around.

Another reason against writing it is that it would of necessity involve revealing many personal details of the private feelings and relationships among the people involved. Many of these details would cause pain and embarrassment to the people involved.

Which in itself causes another objection to writing the scenario out. In a couple of instances, I find that I would *enjoy* causing such pain or embarrassment to the people involved. I have my doubts such pleasure would counterbalance the bad karma I'd invoke on myself.

On the plus side, I think the main reason for writing it is simply that, Mike Glycer to the contrary, *it is one heck of an interesting story*. Iguacon Summer was a period filled with pathos, bathos, and a good dose of eros. It was strong feelings and emotional conflicts. It was grave deceptions and delicious ironies. The emotions ranged from worshipful love to murderous hatred.

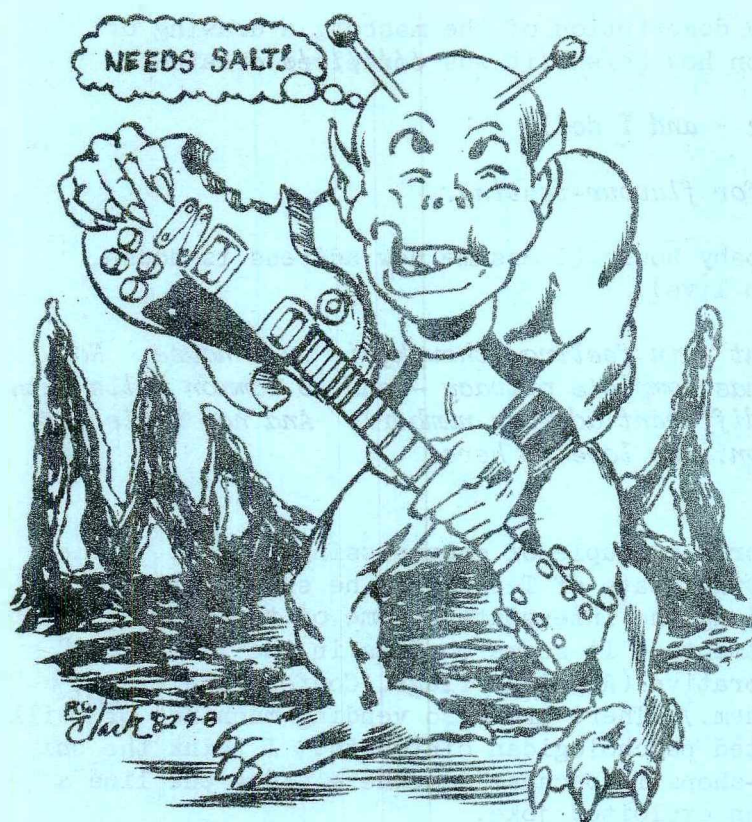
In fact, if I could figure out some way to translate the fannish events into mundane life, I'd simply sidestep this whole shit completely, write it up as a mainstream novel, watch it climb the bestseller lists, become fabulously wealthy from the paperback, movie and video game rights, be a hit on all the talk shows, turn down a Presidential nomination, turn to drink, beat my wife, neglect my kid, lose my millions at roulette, and die penniless and forgotten in a Skid Row flophouse.

Unfortunately, I don't think there *is* any way to turn Iggy into a mainstream novel. In the real world, people would have to be *our of their minds* to turn a project the size and complexity of a Worldcon over to a group of unqualified amateurs. There's simply no way to make what really happened believable as a piece of fiction.

Iggy Summer (as you phrase it) was a wonderful and confusing time for me. My few previous years in fandom had been merely at the local level, involved with LASFS. Earlier in 1978 I had joined AZAPA, my first out-of-area contact with fandom on a non-personal meeting level. I found the experience exhilarating, eventually meeting many of the Phoenix members of the APA at Westercon in Los Angeles (1978). I attended Iggy, soon thereafter founding HTT. Lots of good times, this time of my graduating from local fandom into international fandom. Unfortunately, it was also a time of pain as I found many of my new acquaintances fighting with other new acquaintances. I still refuse to take sides in that conflict.

* EDD VICK * Nice cover. My first guesses as to artist would have been Steven Fox or
***** Howski. Then I saw Charles Williams was the creator. Well done, Chas.

Skel's reminiscence reminded me of a couple of quotes from a book I've just finished, *An Irreverent and Thoroughly Incomplete Social History of Almost Everything* by Frank Muir. It is basically a collection of disparaging remarks on various topics culled from the diaries, books and newspapers of the world. The first quote concerns the lack of variety to be found in the usual British diet:



Go back, you dissolute English,
Drink your beer and eat your pickled
beef.

La Repentance des Anglais et
des Espagnols, 1522

The other concerns a man whose taste for
variety rivals Gerald's:

Dr. Buckland used to say that he had
eaten his way straight through the
whole animal creation, and that the
worst thing was a mole - that was
utterly horrible... Dr. Buckland
afterwards told Lady Lyndhurst that
there was one thing even worse than
a mole, and that was a blue--
bottle fly.

Augustus J.C. Hare
(1834-1903)
The Story of My Life,
4 June 1882

Muir went on to say:

Dr. Buckland was a popular and
respected visitor to the London
Zoological Gardens, where his little
hobby was well known. He lived near
the zoo and would be observed hovering
when a rare beast was taken ill. One day,
when Dr. Buckland was away on holiday, a

leopard died and was interred, as was then the custom, beneath a flower bed. On his re-
turn Dr. Buckland seized a spade, disinterred the corpse, and enjoyed a somewhat gamy
leopard steak.

Wonderful fellow - a real gourmet.

The S. Fox illo on page 57 is nice, but I think it makes more sense when run with the
original article and other illos that accompanied it in its original printing in Neil
Kaden's Nekromonikon #7. His bacover illo is also nice; that's what I thought when I
accepted it a few weeks ago for my zine. I'd be a bit peeved if I thought Steve was re-
submitting stuff so soon on purpose, but I'm sure it's all a mistake. Steve has mentioned
that Brad Foster prevailed upon him to put his records in order. I'll just have to keep
track of which pieces of his I've seen elsewhere recently.

The Joseph Nicholas lexicon mentioned on page 75 wouldn't work. Somebody would take
his meaning one way, and he'd say that person had not understood his definition of the
word. You'd need a whole Nicholas dictionary, complete with synonyms and antonyms.

With monthly updates.

*Which would make it impractical for most fanzines as the updates would be out of date
before each issue of most fanzines were typed.*

Author's query:

I'm thinking of writing an article collecting all the weird mascots of sf clubs past
and present, like NorTAF's Sydd the Anchovy and Big Wac Skiffy's Armored Dildo. Would

anyone with info on mascots contact me with a description of the mascot, a drawing of him/her/it (if possible), and a little info on how he/she/it was ~~conceived~~ created.

(Should see print if we want the article - and I do!)

But only if we send it first to Gerald for flavour-testing.

Congrats on the birth of your bouncing baby house (I assume new address is house, not condo or other poor excuse for a place to live).

Technically the new place is an apartment - in feeling, though, it is a house. Not only is the layout somewhat unusual, but it has complete privacy - and no common walls with the other structure on the property (plus a different address number). And no, it is not a one-house-in-back-of-another-house situation. We love it here.

* KEITH ASAY * Marc Ortlieb's article was worth a couple of embarrassing laughs. If he
***** should ever happen to travel the state of Tennessee, he should stop into a
cheap gas station anywhere along the interstate. Some of the stations
caught me off guard with their amazing assortments. It seems condoms in the "Volunteer"
state come in colours, shapes, and quite decorative (American flags, Confederate flags,
striped, and some with messages written on them.) There are also vending machines of "will
power cream", placebo Spanish Fly, and assorted psychological ointments. I think the only
reason no one ever mentions the restroom sex-shops is because somewhere along the line a
good idea (birth control) got to be more of an exploited joke.

* CHARLIE BELOV * Robert Whittaker and Vicki Rosenzweig make excellent points in response
***** to Ian Covell. An extension of Ian's logic might imply that hetero-
sexual men need to have sex with other heterosexual men in order to
understand said others. It makes about as much sense.

* DAVID PALTER * It is admittedly a bit strange for me now to be writing to you, because
***** I long ago gave up HTT as being too putrid for my taste, and subsequent-
ly gave up fandom in general for somewhat more complex reasons. I am
forced to confess that my previous announcement that I am giving up all fan writing and
conventions forever, has proven to be inaccurate. The main influence which deflected me
from my previous resolution was a phonecall I received a while ago from Neil Stein, a
Canadian fan, who told me that he, along with another Canadian fan, Ron Kasman, were dis-
pleased at my announced intention of not attending the 1984 WorldCon, and so in the hope of
changing my mind they bought me a membership (which I have since discovered they actually
did do; I have received a progress report.) The money is not an important factor - I could
easily have afforded the membership myself - but I am touched that these fans cared about
me that much, and I have agreed to attend. Having taken that step, I now feel that I can
indulge in a bit more fan writing as well - if only so that my appearance at L.A.CON II
should not come as too much of a shock to anybody. However, I do not intend to resume my
former career as a fanzine letterhack. I do not want to encourage all of you out there to
send me your fanzines, as my responses are going to be rare. I am making only a few
exceptions for special purposes. My reasons for giving up letterhacking remain valid
(for a fairly thorough discussion of these reasons, see "From Out Of The Ashes, A Voice"
#5).

*Welcome back, David. I always enjoyed your locs (probably more than you sometimes
"enjoyed" HTT) and I hope that you favour us with a loc or three every now and then. Any-
way, now that you are attending L.A.CON II, you can also attend our jelly bean party there.*

In the case of HTT, it happens that the editors are among the very few fan editors who live not too far from me, whom I periodically get to see in person (at LASFS meetings, on those rare occasions when I attend). Such encounters have been enjoyable, and I am encouraged to make one of my special exceptions for HTT - which, in addition, is a remarkable fanzine. I am going to try valiantly to cope with the putridity, which in any event seems to have become more tolerable (although I guess I shall have to see what kind of editorial response is made to this letter.)

Mild response, really, as I am in the process of getting over a combination of at least two illnesses which afflicted me just before CORFLU (and got MUCH worse immediately after my return home).

Now that I have explained why I am writing, I do have some comments about HTT 17. It has lots of very interesting stuff in it: in general it's quite excellent. My favourite article is Stu Shiffman's "Jews In Space" which embeds its fiction in such plausible detail as to create an effect comparable to Philip Jose Farmer's "DOC SAVAGE: HIS APOCALYPTIC LIFE." The pun about Dejah Tsois of Mars is priceless.

It is a bit odd that Joy Hibbert objects to the phrase "make love" and instead uses "sleeping with" - the two are equally euphemistic. Sex, as we know, does not *necessarily* entail love; equally well it need have nothing to do with sleep - in fact it is normally done while one is awake. I also want to put in a word for sexual equality here. Joy (surely an inappropriately named person) indicates that having sex "doesn't alter the nastiness of most men". I have found humanity in general to be a nasty species, but I don't think that men are notably more nasty than women (although they have a slightly different style of expressing their nastiness, quite often).

* LEE HOFFMAN * I want to share my thought of the day with you. Question: What would
***** be more delightful than hearing that Jerry Falwell had come down with
AIDS. Answer: Hearing he had passed it on to Jim Bakker.

Better answer (considering that Reagan just announced his candidacy for re-election) would be hearing that Falwell had passed it onto Reagan. Somehow I sort of doubt that Reagan would get much of a Gay sympathiy vote.

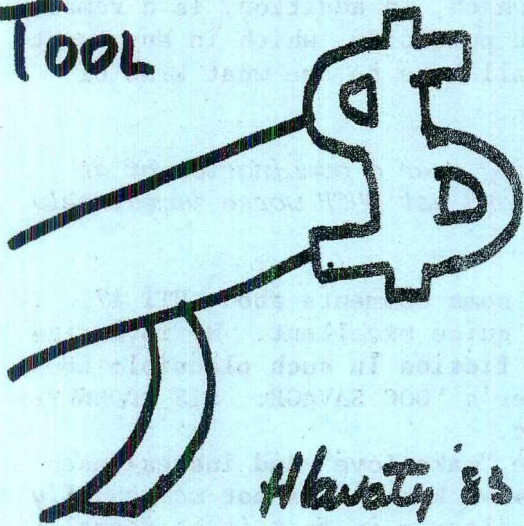
* ALLAN BEATTY * Marty, I'll resist the urge to tear you to pieces for saying "In the
***** twentieth century it is absurd to speak any language other than English."
I shall be charitable and assume you meant it is absurd *not* to speak English, among whatever other languages one might also speak. (English itself is full of absurdity, even when by Marty Cantor now written and typed.)

Please , not to be charitable - I meant exactly what I said. To maintain the necessity of languages other than English are useable for anything other than building the Tower of Babel on Earth is to babbling idiot.

* ARTHUR D. HLAVATY * Thanks for yet another delightful HTT. People say your zine is
***** getting snotty, and I'm afraid Jean's article, and the appropriate cartoon accompanying it (HTT picks a winner) are evidence for that.

Ian McKeer: Economies of scale do exist, but as the dinosaurs proved, more increase of size is not always a survival trait. In the business world, as a company gets larger, its internal communications get more confused and it becomes more ineffcient. In a free market, the big companies would lose business to smaller, more efficient rivals, but what in fact happens is that they get the government to protect them from such competition.

CAPITALIST TOOL



In a really free market economy there would be no small companies in any business area where a large company existed for the simple reason that the large companies will always squash their competition if they have the opportunity to do so.

It is in the nature of the beast (big business) to try to maximise profits; and, as profits are in themselves amoral it is neither moral nor immoral for big business to maximise its profits by squashing its competition in the arena of a free market. In actuality, big business can always maximise its profits by hewing closely (in any society which allows its operation) to what any society in which it is operating considers a "moral business climate". In the nineteenth century big business maximised its profits by operating in a "robber baron" mode. In today's much more "government controlled for the public good" environment the most successful companies are those with good labour relations, good relations with its customers and the communities in which they are located, and other good stuff like that.

Of course Harry Warner quoted Joseph Nicholas out of context. He was just repeating the parts of Joseph's loc that excite him. (Do you believe that?)

I do wish that Joy Hibbert wouldn't complain about euphemisms in the very same sentence where she uses the obvious (and often factually untrue) euphemism "sleep with".

* BRAD FOSTER *

Nice textual work by Williams on the cover, what with the use of both various zip screens alone, and over-laying them. And yet *another* fine Fox bacover, even if the printing on my copy is a bit pale. Man does no

wrong.

Clark's toon on page 15 is *the* funniest one I've seen in over a year's worth of HTT, and a damn sight funnier than 95% of just about everything else I've seen this year. Somehow that is just the perfect line, and perfect expression! *Great!!!*

Damn, but this cultural imperialism stuff is certainly taking up more and more space. I think you should just reprint Ted's statement "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 Plitical Correctness Test before deciding if it's any good".

Hey, what's this about whips and chains to get your artwork for HTT? You mean you didn't want me to tell people about the drugs and 14 year old school girls you've been sending my way?

Shucks! Now you've let the cat out of the bag!

Anyway, Bob Lee gets to test the school girls first.

* ARTHUR THOMSON *

I did note your comments about artwork comment so I'll have a run through of my likes in the art side of things. Like, I thought the cover particularly well crafted. The effect the artist wanted to achieve, of two figures looking out over a landscape to a horizon was successful. The combination of line work and shaded areas were well worked out to give the perspective

and lead the eye towards the star. The figures themselves were a little 'blocky' but effective nonetheless.

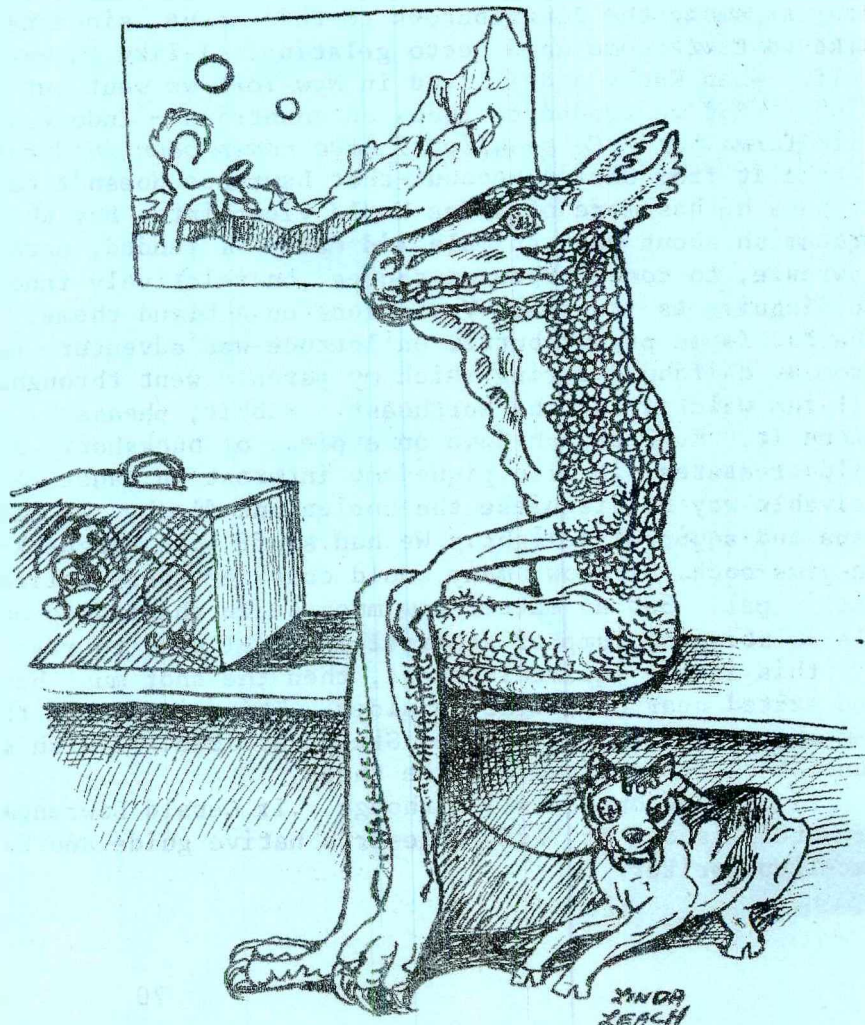
Particular interior work I liked were...all of the Brad Foster illos, he has created a style and look to his work that immediately marks it as his. Notice too how his work has progressed from the illo of his on page 33 (signed '80) and the others signed '83. His lines are much more assured in his later drawings. Another competent drawing was Mel White's one of you, for the 'Monster'. I must make mention of Stu's two 'figure' drawings on the centre pages of his article. Really nice, in that they complement the actual story and writing...sometimes Stu's drawings whilst technically excellent do not seem to be relevant to the surrounding text, but maybe this is due to faneds sticking his single stuff in where they like. The Fox illo on page 57 was one I liked very much, this style of sketchy linework when done this well is a delight, particularly to another artist, who can appreciate the what seems effortless yet cunning flow of line to give the effect the drawer wanted. The Alexander illo on page 65 is an entirely different style of line work yet a forcefull and well crafted illustration. Gilliland's page 86 cartoon is beautiful, a prime example of his work. Last but certainly not least was the illustration of Kermit and 'Darth' Reagan...on page 90..this was a completely professional and polished drawing by someone who must be a trained and working artist or I'll eat my beret. The name in the art credits reads Marvano and must be someone who is selling his/her work on the professional market.

The Marvano 'Darth' Reagan illo was sent to me by Kees van Toorn with the proviso that I send him an extra copy which he could give to the artist. I know nothing about Marvano but I believe that his/her work appears in European zines. I would certainly be happy to run more of it.

* ERIC MEYER * Maybe I can get
***** some useful information from

Robbie. Kathy is a big fan of Doctor Who - not in the sense of attending cons or anything - but she manages to stay up for the damn thing which is on late here and reads everything she can get her hands on about it. Conned me into joining our local PBS station to get the Dr. Who game which we couldn't find around. She gets some "pro" type magazines, like Whovian Times and the English (I think) thing put out by Marvel. But I was wondering if there are any scruffy little fanzines-as-we-know-them about the Doctor?

Yes, lots of them. Ranging from Brit zines like "Oracle" and "Fendahl" to short-lived American versions like my own "Time Meddler" which I hope to revive RSN.



SSSSSCREEEEEEEEAMMMM!!!!!! Just what the hell is going on around here! I turn my back for just a second and the two of you start spouting gibberish at each other - media gibberish, at that. Even my own fanzine is no longer a haven of sanity. Futz.

Some thoughts on lettercolumns...don't you hate it when people claim "yes, but, if only you'd printed that one word you didn't..." It's OK for someone to sit down and type up five pages, and I'm sure you feel complimented etc. and hope lots of people do. But when someone then expects an editor as a matter of course to retype it, print it up, on five sheets of paper, which have to be bought and mailed with expensive stamps...Yet, a very few loc writers (luckilly a very few) expect it.

At CORFLU there was some talk about lettercols - somebody asked me how many letters I get. I mentioned that I usually received between 30 and 40 letters per issue. This is not a terrific response in and of itself (as I pointed out) but I also mentioned that many of the letters were between 5 and 10 pages in length of usually VERY GOOD QUALITY writing. That is well over 100 pages of letters through which I must edit my way in putting out what is what I can consider a very anemic Nessie (which also includes illos and responses from two editors).

I better just also single out Boyd Raeburn for his clever piece. I'd never thought about it like that, but he's right. In fact, although HTT #17 looks forbodingly thick it turns out to be full of good, shortish articles - nary a 36 pager in the lot, and Ted White's letter is only...well... I guess I'd better make like BEB. The highlight for me was, Skel's piece closely followed by Marc Ortlieb's - two genuinely funny bits. I have nothing to say about Marc's, aside from it being about the funniest two pages I've read this year, since I've never been in quite the situation he describes. (I do await Harry Warner's comments though). As for Gerald Lawrence, I rather regret you didn't print his address among the contributors to this issue, since he truly was one. Maybe he would've like to taste some used hecto gelatine. I like to experiment with new sorts of food myself. When Kathy and I lived in New York we went out of our way to sample various cuisines. But we tended to focus on countries - Indonesia, Lebanon, India - rather than life forms. /*/ Personally, I have never been interested in nibbling on any country. /*/ I take it from Skel's account that Lawrence doesn't care where his squid hails from. Perhaps he has more of a One World viewpoint. But then, I, in particular, was somewhat squeamish about what animals I'd eat. I tended, perhaps being more decadent than Lawrence, to concentrate on sauces, on relatively innocuous creatures like chickens, in disguise as it were. Variations on a bland theme. I wouldn't go near a braised shark. To me peanut butter on lettuce was adventure enough. Maybe this was a carryover from my childhood during which my parents went througha bout of hunting. I got to sample all the wildlife of the Northeast - rabbit, pheasant, venison - even squirrel. And I hated it. Ever crunch down on a piece of buckshot? Not only did this dissuade from eating wild creatures, it also piqued my interest in sauces because my mother tried every conceivable way to disguise the unpleasant flesh. We had the most bizzarre casseroles. Tuna and squirrel delight. We had stuff like Ringneck with mint jelly. Chicken gravy on game-cock. I know, many would consider these delicacies, not the least of whom being Skel's pal. But no matter how much sauce she ladled on it always came down to a big, black, steaming lump of squirrel meat. I used to rrace the entrance wounds, figuring, if this is the squirrels chest, then the shot must have passed through the left ventricle and exited near his right shoulder. This was around the time of the Kennedy shooting, remember. Anyway, I enjoyed Skel's article. I wish someone would one day collect a bunchof character studies like these.

I do have one question though...If Gerald Lawrence is one of life's losers then what pray tell is one of "life's loser's native guide and bearer", aside from being an excellent writer?

* W. HOWARD *

It has been a number of years since I've been involved in the hustings of zine loc-ry. In fact, I started to just write this to Ted White himself, and have only not done so because of the fact that he doesn't know me from Adam, and might throw this out unread. So, in the hope that you may find this adequate for inclusion in a later ish, here goes:

I. There is a community of interest between SF&F fen and comics fans because of the nature of the hobbies: both items are read and collected. Beyond that, the similarities of zines, hobbyists-wanting-to-be-pros, cons, etc., are pretty much ad hoc. Doubtless the fact that both use the same jargon for some things is because of double fen and general borrowing; but had this not been done then the hobbies would use different labels for the same thing, with the result of confusion for folks interested in both.

Now movie/tv fans also use some of these labels, yes. However the activities of movie/tv fans are not primarily reading & collecting. This is where the similarity breaks down. The question of is a person primarily an SF&F and/or comics fan on the one hand, or a movie/tv fan on the other, is admittedly hard to answer. Part of the problem is the pervasiveness of movies and tv. People who hardly ever read do watch; and you can be a Star Trek or Dr. Who "fan" without doing anything more than going to a local K-Mart: they have T-shirts, buttons, and bumperstickers available, and you can certainly *look* as if you were fairly fannish. (If you see someone with a "I LOVE Doc Smith" T-shirt, he's *got* to be a real fan: he had to go out of his way to get it. If he's wearing a Trek T-shirt, the same does not apply.)

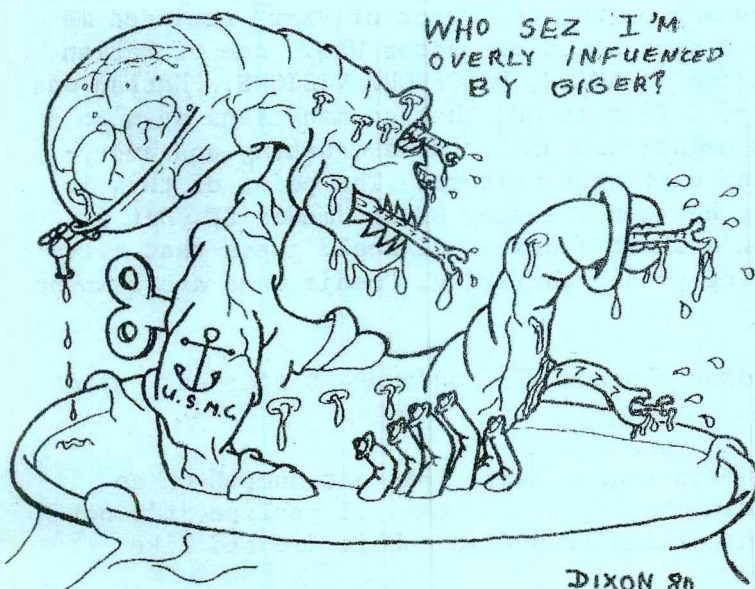
So I see a community of technique, at least, between SF&F and comics fans that does not necessarily exist with movie/tv fans.

II. The huckster mentality. This is one of the shabbiest usages I've seen. What is a "huckster" mentality? Well, I think it can be best exemplified by some of the SF fans who bought warehouses of pulps for scrap paper value (2 or 3 dollars per hundred *pounds*) and then priced the things \$5 to \$25 each at cons. Oh, yes, many of these guys got "pure fan" tables to sell their stuff at, too. They weren't considered dealers because they had regular 5-day a week jobs. Some of them now get to be Fan GoHs at cons, and are right up there sipping sour mash with Wilson Bob & the smooth crew. THAT is a huckster mentality.

I note that if anything, back issue comics prices have moderated in the last 4 years. The notion that a "memorable" collection of comics can't be assembled without spending

hundreds of dollars is false. What do you mean by memorable? If you don't have to have the most popular titles, the titles with great demand, the price can be low. Something like 85% of all comics ever published catalogue than \$5 each in readable condition, and over half under \$2. Thousands of back-issue comics are worth less than the cover price of a new one. Yes, if you *MUST* have high-grade, nice condition copies, the price goes up. And if you *MUST* have the books everyone else wants, the price goes up then, too: you're in competition with a lot of collectors.

Harking back to the 60s, collectors traded because no one was selling back issues: the only source was other collectors. But then the emphasis was on comics of the 40s, and probably few of these



now exist in quantities of more than a few hundred. So naturally the price went up. When the price went up, "legitimate" bookdealers became willing to handle comics, and fans and non-fans alike got into comics as a business. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with this. (Though I have heard *stockbrokers* who collect decry the fact that someone is making money on what they buy.) What does Joe Phan do for a living? Sell soap? Teach school? (then he's selling a service). Everybody sells something.

In fact, the early comics dealers did publish both buy and sell prices. (These were far apart, true: that is a function of the intensity of demand, not a justification for vilification of the dealer.) If there was (and is) no tight two-way market, at least the perspective collector could see what he was getting into.

In fact, I rather think the large number of comics dealers today is caused by the wide mark-ups: persons with comics to sell decided to become dealers themselves rather than sell for 10 to 40% of retail.

The biggest god-damed hucksters on earth are the publishers, who occupy a position of respect in both SF&F and comics fandoms. It just about makes me sick, seeing photos of honest dealers in *LOCUS* captioned "huckster Sam Dhealer", etc., followed by a photo of an adored publisher. He is not described as a huckster. Remember: new book prices are determined by what fans will pay. If a dealer sticks a big price on a book, and it doesn't sell, he is stuck with it. (And a lot get stuck: thumb through a few ads to see what can be obtained for less than original issue price.)

Wonder how Mr. White feels about collectors paying as much as \$5 for first Lancer printings of *PHOENIX PRIME*? He should take it as a compliment.

Robbie wanted this loc included even though she did not have anything specific (other than agreeing with the "huckster mentality" material) to say. I, however, will take this opportunity to point out something which annoys me - science fiction writers just do not seem to understand entrepreneurs; inevitably, merchants are always presented as greedy. Well, the general run of the populace also does not understand that it is the profit motive which brings them not only the goodies which they enjoy but also the basics such as food. As a merchant I know that I need to have a reasonable profit to be able to pay the overhead and to purchase the new merchandise which my customers want. I can get by with a smaller markup on my goods only if my overhead is low or if I am moving a large volume of goods. Also, if my risks are greater I need a higher markup to cover possible losses. This gets too complicated and long, so I will spare you a dissertation here; needless to say, I believe that sf writers could write more realistically if they had some retail or wholesale experience. The general populace would benefit by acquiring some practical economics in school (except that it probably is not taught there).

* *TONY ALSOBROOK-RENNER* * Robbie's comment on Doctor Who in "Point of View" reminded me
***** of the first place I ever heard of Doctor Who: one of Harlan
Ellison's introduction in *AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS*. Harlan was,
as usual, praising the series to high heaven -- I find it odd that so many fans seem to
think of Harlan as being a nattering nabob of negativism who hates *everything* and every-
body when he writes so positively about so many different writers. The point of this is
that there doesn't have to be such a dichotomy between literary SF and media SF. It is
possible to like Doctor Who and Harlan Ellison's short stories. I would guess that every-
one knows that but one wouldn't think so reading people shrieking, "media fans are ruining
fandom", in every other letter column.

*Oh, it is quite possible to like both Doctor Who and Ellison's short stories; after
all, neither are Science Fiction.*

Going a little further, I'd say that the main reason media fans get dumped on so
much is their insistence on dressing up in media character costumes. I realise it's not
fair, but it's hard not to smirk at a grown man walking around in public dressed like
Luke Skywalker.



DIXON 80

Jean Weber's article was very fine. Very gross, too. The use of the Randy Clark illo with Jean's article was brilliant. Jean's illo, while appropriate, was a bring down. I'm of the opinion that if you can't draw a picture of a face that looks pleasing to the eye you shouldn't make people look at your attempts. I mean, let's face (?) it, that illo is a poor attempt at a serious -- disregarding the stitches -- portrait. But enough of this, Jean's writing is *wonderful*. So wonderful, in fact, that I regret that I've thrown a wet blanket over the whole thing by being such a nattering nabob of negativity about one little illo I didn't care for.

As good as "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" was, Skel's "I Remember Gerald Lawrence -- Vaguely" was the best piece in the issue. Only the British would write an article about someone in which they say about the subject, "He is truly one of life's losers", and then *send the article to that person*. I understand, though, that most of the article is overstatement and jokes. At least I would hope that Cas and Skel didn't really despise poor old Gerald.

"Robin Hood and the Lincoln Green Condom" was alright, but nothing special. It started well but sort of petered out, never coming to a convincing climax.

Mike Glycer's "Pied Typer Part Two" was marred by Mike's blatant Hugo lust. I guess I can't blame him, though. Be that as it may, Mike's reviews were pretty interesting. There is a problem, though: Mike's reviews don't make me *want* to see the zines he reviews. And making the reader want to see a fanzine is, to me, the whole point of fanzine reviews. I guess what it is is that Mike spends too much time on details like specifying Skel's objections to MICRO-WAVE 5. I understand what Mike's trying to do -- create discussion about the same topics in HOLIER THAN THOU -- and that's all well and good, but Mike tends to carry it so far that he's taken away the need to read the fanzines he reviews. Mike, you may not mean to do it, but you're stealing peoples' thunder.

I believe that Joseph Nicholas' writings are meant as some sort of joke. Joseph says something, some poor dumb son-of-a-bitch somewhere disagrees with it, Joseph then disagrees with the disagreement, the poor dumb s.o.b. attempts to defend his position, Joseph takes that attempt to task, and the poor dumb s.o.b. -- usually an American fan, it seems -- struggles more and more and gets increasingly tangled in Joseph's web. I remember a couple of years ago when Joseph's column in NABU caused a major turmoil and in the end Joseph said something like, "you fuckers, I was joking and you fell for it."

Well, that's a more charitable view of Joseph than my own.

I loved Ted White's letter. I like Ted White, although I have to admit I've invoked his name to gain attention/provoke a knee-jerk reaction. The first prozines I read were FANTASTIC and AMAZING and my favourite part was always Ted's editorial. Everytime I read Ted writing about his early days in fandom I feel saddened that I didn't rise as quickly or as high. I think he erred in directing his comments on tradition specifically at Gregg Trend. Doing so makes it look like Ted is *arguing* with Gregg -- which I don't think was the case -- and that gives Ted's comments an emotional charge they could do without. On the other hand, Ted's handling of Darrell Schweitzer seemed dead-on.

O.k., Marty, it's easy for you to say, "Mr. Dick did not write a coherent sentence in the last 20 plus years of his life -- he stopped writing sf decades ago and turned to producing 'arty' and mindless shit", but let's see you back up your argument. What's "arty" about CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON? TIME OUT OF JOINT? THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH? And what is mindless about DR. BLOODMONEY? THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE? DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? I wanna see an article, Cantor, do you hear me?

If we can get a consensus on this, I'd like to see an article, too.

No arkle from me on this for two reasons - lack of time and lack of desire to waste what little time I have rereading Dick. Anyway, as the latest of the stuff quoted above was written more than 15 years ago, Tony certainly has not proved any sort of theory that Dick has written anything that could be considered SF in recent years.

I loved "Dero"'s RITE OF SPRING cartoon. I should send Kim Huett those cartoons of mine that were too putrid for you to print.

I returned to you your cartoons not because they were too putrid (they were not that) but because they were not funny and they were not well drawn.

P.S. Robbie, it's slag, not slang. You slag off things you don't like; slag off is a slang expression.

Um... the only "slang" I remember using lastish was that Ian and I could have a real "slanging match". Now, in Canada, that means to trade nasty remarks back and forth. I haven't the vaguest why Tony thinks I meant "slag off" there as I've never even heard that term and therefore can not even imagine myself trying to use it.

* RICHARD BRANDT * Perhaps it hadn't occurred to anyone that we might see quite a few
***** media fen's zines ending up on the fanzine Hugo ballot? Especially if
they are God's Only True Fanzines, as you and Edd Vick have been told.
(I'm willing to accept media zines as a legitimate brand of fanzine, but the fact that I'm more fairminded and all around a better person than some isn't always a great comfort.)

I do not worry about media zines getting on the Hugo ballot because the qualifying language in the rules states something to the effect that the zines have to be related to SF - and that damned media horseshit sure ain't SF related. Of course, The Bible qualifies as some sort of fantasy, I guess.

I really miss Ted White's loccols in AMAZING & FANTASTIC; the art form reached a new low when George Scithers was editing ASIMOV's. The lettercol gave the impression of not being edited at all; what else is one to think after twelve letters in a row saying, "I am enclosing 25 cents for a copy of your guidelines on submissions"? The new AMAZING lettercol isn't much of an improvement, but the one over at ASIMOV's seems to be.

If you have read Schweitzer's loc you should realise that the good doctor was responsible for ASIMOV's loccol, not Scithers.

Of the art in this issue, I was the most taken with three of the cartoons: Wally the Letterhack Vampire, the Panda Bandit, and John Alexander's "A Convention Is #16". (I've probably been the butt of that last joke more often than the reverse.)

Although I didn't care particularly for it, my wife, who works as a newspaper copy-editor, was highly impressed with the use of different "screens" on Charlie Williams' cover.

* SAKURA ALLISON * /*/This loc
***** seems to be
by both

Sakura and Mike McGann./*/
We compliment you on your
layout of your zine. It's
good to see that you also
publish a wide range of
different styles of art-
work. Mike wishes to
thank you for giving his
artwork a go.

A good genzine
should carry a wide range
of styles both in art and
writing. And, anyhow, I
like a lot of different
styles, including Mike's.

* MEG STULL * I'm not
***** quite sure
why I wish
to continue receiving a
zine such as HTT; its
humour is definitely crude,
articles such as "They
Shoot Horses Don't They"
are downright disgusting,
and I'm embarrassed if HTT
is on the coffee table when
the neighbours come over
for coffee. In spite of
these obvious drawbacks I
find myself wondering when
the next issue will arrive.

* BOB LEE * If this reaches you too late
***** for whatever strange Jewish/
French-Canadian ritual holiday

you undergo around this time, you have only yourselves to blame. NYAA!! /*/ As Bob
mailed this on Dec. 29, I cannot help but wonder what kind of strange New Years' he cele-
brates. We were invited to two different fan-run parties and neither the Warrens/Roth-
steins nor the Nivens planned anything strange.

I am still in a daze from those shattering insults in the last HTT WAHF. "Cute!"
"Adoringly cute style!" (LISTEN, I DON'T ADORE ANYBODY OR ANYTHING. I'M THE ONE WHO
GETS ADORED.) You absolute burritos.

I haven't been talked to like that since high school.

To add insult to injury, you reject several of my naked girl drawings. Am I supposed
to give equal time to naked guys now that there's Robbie in the household? It's no fun
drawing raw hunks - self-portraits bore me. I have to figure out a way to deal with the
chicks you returned. I mean, they're annoyed. I promised them you'd make them big stars



in Hollywood. They keep wriggling back out of the desk drawers, and their nails are sharp.

* JOY HIBBERT * Thanks for HOLIER THAN THOU 17, the last fanzine received last year.
***** Liked the cover as usual.

I wonder what you will think about the cover of this one. Anyway, it seems as though HTT took much longer than usual to get across the pond this time. Poot.

The problem with the argument between Marty and Ian is that they both believe that the news they receive is complete and unbiased when it probably isn't. I believe that a wide range of news sources are necessary to receive anything like the real news. And the unfortunate thing about any real world argument between Marty and Joseph is that while I know that Joseph receives a wide range of news sources, there is no evidence that Marty does. And, as a good American who won't hear a word said against his country, Marty would probably dismiss some of Joseph's news sources as Communist anyway, showing the usual American inability to tell the difference between 'USSR' and 'Communist'.

Whoa there, Joy! You have made a whole passel of assumptions and come up with an unwarranted conclusion. Firstly, whilst I will take your word that Joseph receives a wide range of news input, you have not made the necessary point that these sources themselves dig out the facts themselves rather than relying on hand-me-down information from other sources. A large number of input sources (many different newspapers etc.) is no guarantee of accuracy, anyway. I happen to know for a fact that my news sources have large numbers of reporters in the field - and I know the biases of their editors/publishers so I am able to usually tell when something is being slanted.

Secondly, as a "good American" I most definitely DO NOT follow any sort of "party line" as far as taking any position. Certainly I will support my country when it is unfairly attacked - please note the word "unfairly" as I have been publically harsh in my criticisms of positions taken by the current (and, at times, other) administration in Washington. If you have been reading many of the things which I have written in HTT you should have noticed that I am VERY anti-Reagan, anti-republican, anti-right wing in my positions.

As a matter of fact I do not believe that Joseph and I are privy to too much in the way of varying information so much as how we interpret that information. I admit that some of our differing interpretations have to do with our different backgrounds, but I feel that our differences have more to do with how we interpret the information (the same information, I believe) that we receive than with our differing nationalities. Remember, Reagan is closer to Thatcher in beliefs than he is to me, just as Joseph is closer in beliefs to me than he is to Thatcher. I feel a lot more kinship to Joseph than I do towards Reagan.

It's an editorial secret, I'm sure, but I must ask: how do you know whether your mailing lists have done something for 2 years? If there's a secret camera or taperecorder in each HTT, I suppose I'd better stop handing them on to unsuspecting friends. (Yes, I still have some.)

And just what do your friends suspect about you, hmm?

'Invaded' is another word. We have not been invaded, but I wonder if we'll be able to get the American army out of our country when their lease runs out? Assuming they don't manage to get us all nuked by then. US cultural actions against Canada are the main subject under discussion, agreed, but I wonder if you have any particular reason for keeping the discussion at that narrow level? Such as not being so confident of America's perfection in some of the areas I mentioned in a previous letter.

ill love Man.

I was not aware that the subject under discussion (supposed American Cultural Imperialism) had restricted itself to American-Canadian relations. Granted, it started at that point and much discussion continues at that level given Robbie's knowledge of things Canadian; however, and even though we have discussed other areas of the globe, I dare you to find anyplace on this planet where you can find anything which I have written which claims that America is perfect. If you try to put somebody else's words into my mouth I will shove them up your nether opening.

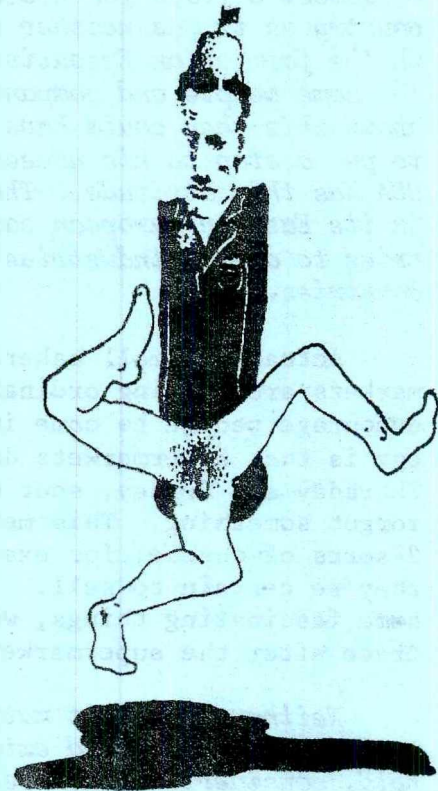
The actual word 'America' has some relevance to the problem. In the same way as un-British people use "England" to mean both "England" and "Britain", an awful lot of non-Americans use "America" to mean both "The USA" and "North America" (occasionally all of America). So it isn't really surprising that Canada feels imperialised (or it is surprising that they don't feel imperialised) when due to bad terminology, they are often referred to as part of the USA.

I certainly hope that the fact that people in parts of the globe other than in the USA and Canada seem to (or may seem to) get our two countries confused with each other is in any way some sort of USA plot? If you actually do believe that sort of nonsense then it is an indication of unthinking anti-Americanism on your part.

I know I'm a selfish bastard, but I can't help thinking that America's current foreign policy, which consists of wrecking every country that's trying to drag itself out of feudalism because of mythical communist infiltration, is better than the alternative, which is actually starting the last war.

Now, now, that is just a bunch of emotionally loaded words which imply more than the actual situation. America's current foreign policy (which is the usual mish-mash of conflicting ideas with the usual large minority (or maybe even a majority, in this instance) against it) is to attempt to achieve certain goals amongst which is the support of certain governments which many in our country consider reprehensible. Much as I personally despise much of our current foreign policy I realise that "country-wrecking" is a phrase which cannot be applied to it - doing so releases much heat and absolutely NO light. The fact that our administration's foreign policy is detrimental to the souls and the health of the citizens of many small countries is a fact - another fact is that the phrase "country-wrecking" is inaccurate and misleading when applied to this morally bankrupt policy.

Robbie - slang is often the next generation's respectable language. "New Wave" is a short-form for "New Wave of SF" (or whatever). Is Ian's attitude arrogance? Or is it simply that the more you're used to some sort of wrongness, the less likely you are to notice it? Lots of countries build factories in other countries, but only the USA has the attitude that companies that deal with its companies in other countries adhere to its laws.



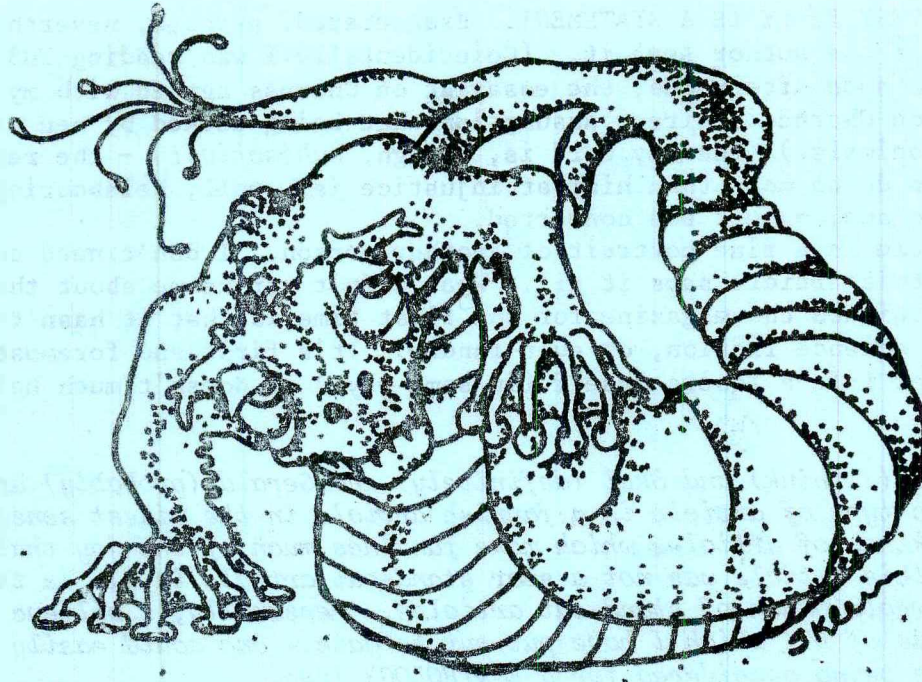
As you have stated that it is but a load of sniveling claptrap. Firstly, all countries always try to control things which effect them as a matter of survival for both themselves and their citizens. Secondly, even though all countries try to do this on a basic level, it is never politic to enunciate this. Therefore, Reagan got a lot of domestic flack for his enunciated position (which, by the way, is not a law in this country as it was neither passed by Congress and signed by the President nor was it put in the form of an Executive Act - so all that Reagan was doing was creating hard times for some people and companies -- if enough members of congress wanted to do something about this they could have stopped him, and the judicial system could have also been used to put a stop to his nonsense. Anyway, you are incorrect when you state that ONLY the USA has this attitude. The USSR more directly controls the manufacturing etc. activities in its Eastern European sattelites than the persent administration in Washington even tries to direct industries in this country, let alone controlling industries in other countries.

Actually, small bakeries are causing trouble at the moment because the big super-markets are selling ordinary bread (i.e., white sliced) at a loss (i.e., 28p) in order to encourage people to come into the supermarket and buy more things. The hole in the analogy is that supermarkets don't keep very long hours - our is 9-5:30, most days, 9-8 Thursday and Friday, shut on Sunday - so the small shopkeeper gets trade from people who forgot something. This means that they tend to stock very basic things (our only stocks 2 sorts of cheese, for example, neither a type that I like, except for cooking) that they're certain to sell. 'Basic' is a matter of opinion, of course - ethnic grocers sell some fascinating things, which are basic to their community. So the small shopkeeper gets trade after the supermarket has shut. America doesn't shut.

Neither, for that matter, do our supermarkets (which seem to stock much more in the way of both basics and extras than you describe yours as doing). So Robbie's analogy does hold, considering that most supermarkets around here are open from 8 or 9 am to 9 or 10 pm, 7 days a week. The place where I shop on Wednesday morning opens at 6 am and closes at 1 am - 7 days a week. As an aside - except for the particular kind of peanut oil and soy sauce (both of which come from mainland China) which I pick up in Los Angeles' Chinatown, I can get all of the veggie necessities for my usual wok cooking at any of the supermarkets in this area.

Most Americans probably are "stupid clods etc." as are the majority of any other population. Unfortunately, some American bleating seems to have caught on over here, largely due to our government's doglike attitude towards your government. I can remember a time when pacifists, anti-nuclear people, and even Eomunists were not subject to the abuse, deliberate confusion of the 3 groups, and general 'go back to Russia' attitude that they are subjected to now. But then I expect Marty will tell us that the McCarthy era never happened.

Oh, now it is America's fault that yourhome-grown bigots and right-wing bastards are vociferously vocal. Well, that will not wash around here. And I was as anti-Mc--Carthy back when he was riding high as I am now. I wonder just what kind of jollies you get by imputing to me positions 180 degrees away from positions which I have taken in this zine? Maybe it is just that you are not used to reading things written by a rational person, a person who thinks things through to their logical position and who, therefore, does not take stands which are neatly pigeonholed. In other words, I am not afraid of thinking and do so fairly often whereas you seem to operate on the basis that as I am an American I am allowed (in your very restricted universe) to hold only certain narrow opinions. Fie on your three anemic brain-cells.



* IAN COVELL * Your massive parcel containing HTT #17 and SCIENTIFRICTION took exactly two months to traverse the ocean and thus arrived on Christmas Eve of last year. It arrived in a state that hinted it had travelled *under* the ocean - edges soaked, ripped, and mostly not there, but it *was* intact. It made an excellent start to the season, and I read it as slowly as may be. Only now dare I begin to try and say something about it (or rather, them). It had been so long travelling its return address was no longer yours.

Robbie's column on her confrontation with Ian McKeer reminds me that I am in almost the same situation as regards a feminist fan publisher (she has a letter in this ish of HTT). Like Robbie, I found myself in each letter having to answer each single sentence as it appeared because each sentence was permeated with the same - in my opinion - wrong-headed approach to the subject. I told said feminist that our 'argument' would best be solved face-to-face where the direct dialogue you attempt to create in the lettercol (by interjecting comments) could clear up more rapidly our points of difference. Like Robbie too, I have my mind-set and she hers, and once I had stated my basic thesis and she (I think) rejected it, it became obvious this dispute can't be solved by discussion. (The thesis? That the basic unit of society is/should be the paired couple of a man and woman. I'd suggest this is the point at which many people feel antipathetic to 'feminism', but being the agreeably sensitive fellow I am I daren't use the word 'many'..)

CELLULOID FANTASIA III is so good, it almost made me believe it. Damn it, I still almost believe it. In an alternate reality, these serials were made and fairly well received (I doubt any world would equate such serials with art). There is something a mite gruesome about connecting real Nazism to fake fantasy - no doubt, it's a parallel case to saying that films reflected (as they did in the 1950s) the encroachment of repression, or of 'communism', but perhaps Shiffman is saying he wishes popular 'entertainment' *had* reflected the menace more clearly? Which again reminds me of this feminist argument. Said *Lady* woman says that S.M. Charnas's books are warnings, not statements; I deny this, I

have the maxim EVERY STORY IS A STATEMENT. Exaggerated, perhaps, nevertheless a statement about the world as the author sees it. (Coincidentally I was reading THE FEMININE EYE edited by Staicar soon afterwards, the essayist on Charnas agreed with my opponent - though failing to mention Charnas's direct assumption that being fucked by men was wquivalent to being fucked by animals.) The key word is, though, *subjectivity* - the reason why popular entertainment can do no more than hint at injustice is.. well, belabouring a point.. cant persuades no-one, except the converted.

Skel's article is a fine portrait of another person. I don't need to know Gerald to know Gerald, this article says it all. What didn't strike me about the piece until long after I'd finished the magazine for the first time is that it hasn't got a blind thing to do with science fiction, or even fandom. It's first and foremost about life, and people. As one of life's losers myself (in some ways) it doesn't much help to know others exist, though..

And yet, Cas (I think) and Skel (definitely) and Gerald (probably) are fans - and I believe that this type of article is a fannish article in the widest sense of the word and is one of those kinds of articles which make fanzines much of the joy that they are. The only reason why this article was not a star stand-out article in #17 is that that particular issue had a whole bunch of stand-out articles. Personally, I believe that #17 was the best overall issue of HTT which I have put out to date - one could easily contemplate many of its items being considered for a FANTHOLOGY 1983.

D'Ammassa's article - and Glycer's follow-up (that was a beautifully arranged piece of sequilising)-is marvellously written. I wonder how strange it was to you - as one of those mentioned - to consider just what you might be doing in 2001? D'Ammassa cleverly introduces technological and social changes (probably less than there will be).. I probably miss all the in-jokes (while catching some) but all in all this extremely witty piece proves that while Don has been silent he has not been idle, and he has certainly *not* been absent.

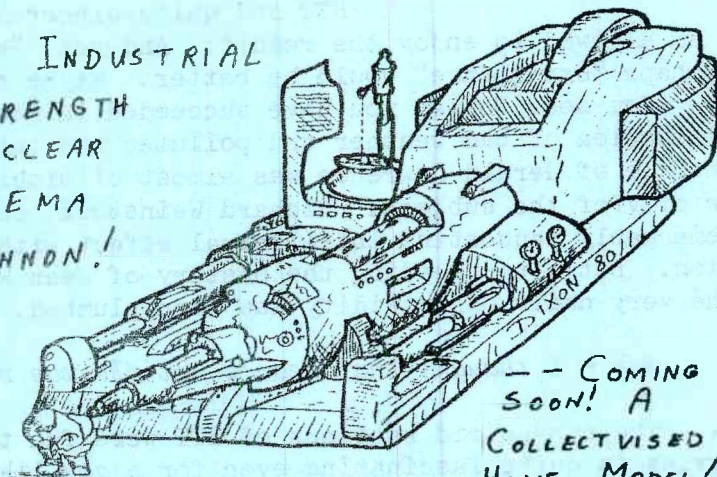
Prior to CHICON I could have probably easily answered the question of what I probably would be doing in 2001. After meeting Robbie, though, I find that many of the things which I thought that I would be doing years from now are probably non-operative. As our relationship develops and we modify our individual goals to take each other into account I assume that there will be things different in my future, things which my life pervious to meeting Robbie had not really prepared me. You must realise that I have spent the previous decade more or less reconciled to permanent bachelorhood - and now that is not to be. Anyway, I expect that both Robbie and I will remain in fandom for a good long time - that is very basic to the both of us. HTT? Well, somehow I have the idea in my head that HTT will probably have been retired sometime before 2001, but not sometime soon. Maybe I feel this because the zine has a bit less importance in my life now that Robbie is here. Whatever happens, though, fanzine fandom is that part of fandom where I feel most at home.

I couldn't take Richard Weinstock's article seriously after the sentence "In short, they crave law and order". What he describes is order and stasis. (I grant he is obviously not being serious anyway - as witness 'crooks don't vote', when the main 'truth' seems to be that the biggest crooks either control the voting, or vote themselves into office). Taking it as a serioius article - because, unfortunately, the techniques he describes *work* - I'd like to say that 'people' do want order, byt 'they' (read: I) wanted 'natural' law, a system probably unattainable in a sufficuently complex society but consisting maily of common sense, and sensible redress for wrongs. (If I could define it better, I'd either be in politics, or author of the most prestigious speculative fiction book on the market..)

The letters on ACI continue. I had a thought while reading (p46) Richard Faulder that others - including Robbie speaking directly to McKeer (p52) - took up in their own manner. Imperialism (like all -isms?) has to be a positive act, an act with *motive*. American culture may be exported/imitated/prevalent but I do not think it is a premeditated

influence. (Immediately challenged, perhaps, by realising I cannot talk about *individuals* who set out to infiltrate American culture in the low-level terra-forming thought that all other lands would be best with a social system like America.) Influence seems to be restricted to the commodities of America that spill over by association into social changes. The more I read of McKeer's letters, I have the supposition he isn't really talking about ACI at all - but using this political myth to explain the unease he feels at WHAT SEEMS TO BE American values being imposed on his country. Peculiarly enough, for example, although UK TV is restricted to about 15% American programming, they *seem* to be - perhaps because the papers give them so much coverage? - on every minute of the day and night.

LATEST SOVIET INVENTION--
AN INDUSTRIAL
STRENGTH
NUCLEAR
ENEMY
CANNON!



-- COMING
SOON! A
COLLECTIVISED
HOME MODEL!

Bah! I have looked at the so-called quality tv programmes imported into the USA from the BBC and the only difference (aside, sometimes, from the accents of the performers) 'twixt the UK and the USA product is (also only sometimes) a certain reticence in the delivery of the performers' lines in UK productions as opposed to a sometimes "brash" delivery of lines on the part of USA performers. There is absolutely other difference 'twixt the products of either country - it is almost all boring mindless shit. No wonder you seem to find your tv programmes to be sort of Americanised - there is almost no difference 'twixt the products of either countries. Only idiots watch more than a modicum of tv as very few shows (which can sometimes be very good, indeed) are worth watching. Personally, I wouldst rather be writing fanzines.

As to Robert J. Whitaker & Vicki Rosenzweit's answers to my question-to-feminists, I think I've been misunderstood, but won't argue. I wasn't advocating a sexual relationship (intercourse) as a means of communication (intercourse) but as a source of absolute trust and mutual liking. I was saying that - in my opinion - someone who has not lived (in a full sense) with a certain type of person has no right to make general comments about that type of person. (The 'full sense' of a relationship between parent and child, pace Robert, is not sexual, but had someone grown up parentless, say in an orphanage, any comments they might make about parents would be, should be, subject to interpretation.) Vicki amusingly says 'Most feminists don't make statements about "all men"..' when the facts are: a) I doubt she knows *most* feminists, as neither do I, and b) I know quite a few feminists who make comments on *all* men, even if it's only by saying "most men are insensitive bores" which presupposes the rest aren't but necessarily results in a comment about *all* men.. if you see that?

(I must admit when she also says 'dividing the human species up into male and female is perhaps the ultimate granfalloon' I got another twinge, because: a) who else *is* there?, b) what are the more vociferous feminists doing than trying to split the sexes in just such a manner?)

(Oops, response is: "Not the feminists I know". No, the feminists *I* do..)

* RICHARD C. ROSTROM * Much thanks for HTT #17. Sure, I sent you a couple of bucks and a
***** loc. But I am still awed by the talent and labour that goes into
HTT and quite sincerely grateful to the Powers of the Universe that
I am allowed to enjoy the result. And yet, "enjoy" may not be the correct word for HTT #17;
perhaps "experience" would be better. Maybe even "endure"...

You see, folks, you have succeeded in reaching new depths of vileness. Adrienne Fein's
discussion of bad weather and polluted was only mildly disgusting. Skel's skin-peeling
profile of Gerald Lawrence was almost clinical, and thereby lost much of the inherent pu-
tridity of the subject. Richard Weinstock, on the other hand, succeeded in creating a
remarkably nauseating intellectual effect with his detailed exposition of political perva-
sion. But after reading the history of Jean Weber's nasal travails I think that possibly
the very nadir of putridity has been plumbed.

Nah - I thought that Jean's article was rather bland.

The non-putrid sections of HTT were fun too. Stu Shiffman's history of Yiddish SF
movies is quite fascinating even for a *goy* like me, but that last paragraph requires an
answer, since Shiffman obviously failed to check some of his sources. Joseph Tura was such
a notorious ham that three of his movies were declared *trayf* by a special conference of
film-loving rabbis. Even the Nazis were down on him: Heinrich "Gestapo" Muller once said
"What Tura did to Shakespeare, we are doing to Poland".

Looking Rearward From The Year 2001 was fresh and funny, but Glycer's *Pied Typer* I was
not only funny, but thought-provoking. The spread of home computers and electronic mail
systems may cause yet another revolution in fandom. Fans I know who have access to net-
works through work have expressed frustration at the relative slowness of fanzines and
APAs. When such systems are as public and universal as the mail or phone system is now,
fanzine fandom will take an entirely new shape, and much of what Blyer forecast in *jest*
may come to pass.

*With no due respect, all that I can say about that is that you do not know the fan-
zine trufan quite well enough if you really believe what you have just written. There
is no way that fanzine trufen will ever enjoy electronic folderol as anything more than
just the toy that it is - we want fanzines which can be held in our hands. Amongst the
many pleasures which fanzines give is the tactile one of holding these little (and some-
times not so little) beauties in our hands.*

On to the LoC Ness Monster, wherein I am surprised by the civility of your replies to
certain writers: those who blithely conclude that because Robbie is Canadian, her oppo-
sition to McKeer's anti-American leftism must be rooted in ignorance, and those who in-
sinuate that if Robbie had wanted to support McKeer, Marty would have censored her. That
you manage to keep your lid on in the face of such insulting *ad hominem* arguments is very
impressive.

*You give me too much credit; after all, why should I get upset when cretins prove
their cretinism?*

* HARRY WARNER, JR. * Though it's not particularly a comment on the contents of this issue,
***** I should offer you a resounding commendation for your efforts toward
making fanzines and fanzine fandom a part of worldcons. Maybe I
would have made the trip to Baltimore last year if I could have known it would be so easy
to find some of the people I would most like to be with at a worldcon. Los Angeles is too
far for me but I suspect it will be attended by some fanzine fans only because of the
efforts you and a few others have been making for the tradition.

* JOHN D. OWEN * I'm beginning to realise why some of my own readers say that the Ship is
***** a bit too forbidding to loc. It's all to do with size and content. If
the zine gets beyond a certain size, and contains a wide variety of material, then the loccer is faced with a mammoth task of whittling down the pile of possible subjects for a letter to the few that he has the time, energy and postage costs to reply to. HTT is therefore forbidding in extremis, on the grounds of physical size and mental torture required to assimilate everything that's in it. But, never let it be said that I shirked a challenge, so I'll try to forget the clock, and the state of my wallet (depleted sorely by the print bill for SC8, which is on the way somewhere), and get down as much as I can before I drop from exhaustion.

It is possible that the size of the typical issue of HTT daunts some of my loccers; however, on the evidence, I would say that this is probably reflected only in the locs which I do not receive, given the fact that most of the locs which I receive are multi-page ones (sometimes up to 10-12 pages in length). Your loc, for example, is 3½ pages in length. At least my loccers know that I will play them fair; that is, when I use (and not WAHF) a loc I will always use enough of what they write to allow them to present their ideas (or those that I choose to use) properly. I do excise large parts of most letters; usually, though, this amounts to cutting out entire subjects whilst allowing other subjects to be covered in either all or most of the words used by the loccers. This, of course, has led to the charge that I do not edit Nessie. This is an incorrect charge, probably based on Nessie's large size leading the critics to think that I print most of most letters. Actually, I use less than half of the wordage I receive.

First off, that's a darned nice cover. Very different from recent HTT covers, but just as good. Come to think of it, the last few covers have been amazingly diverse, yet consistently among the most effective cover art around in fandom at the moment. I commend you for your taste, and your artists for their imagination.

**Snickers* Well, at least you can say that the cover for this issue continues this tradition of diversity. And shows that I have not lost my taste for putridity.*

What's next? Ah, yes, your editorial on the reasoning behind your editing of the Monster. What a sensible chap you are - your attitude towards the locs is very much mine too, though you do have a bit more room to play with, so that less has to get dumped in the WAHF column. I got slammed by Richard Geis (no hurt, I take it as a compliment that he disagrees with me) for 'blah' responses. I think he missed the point that a lot of the time I choose *not* to give a response at all, since I'm letting the loccers speak for themselves to the other readers, and response by me might just nip the dialogue in the bud. I'm not as opinionated as you, Marty, and like to lett the loccol run itself, with just a prod or two here and then to keep it flowing, and a debate stewing. You like to get in there, stirring things up, which is fair enough, you do it well. Ultimately, it's down to the locwriters to keep the ball rolling, though, and it's up to the faned to provide enough space for them to stretch out and enjoy themselves.

Sometimes I also choose not to respond to locs. However, when I do, well, I do not believe in mugwumpery - my readers will know where I stand.



Ooh, it could only have been printed in HTT. I mean Jean Weber's unexpurgated account of her cancer ops. Thank ghod I don't read fanzines at the dinner table, or anywhere near dinnertime, for that matter. I used to think that my bouts of hay fever and catarrh were bad enough, but now... Well put together, graphically described and real stomach-turning...yeuch!

Considering your delicate condition and strained financial condition - I have just thought of a simply delicious way for you to save money on food, money you could use for fanac. Firstly, just prepare half of your normal meal. Secondly, read HTT whilst you are eating. Just think - you can eat the same food at least twice, that way.

Skel's piece was excellent, well up to his normal standards of fannish humour. There's always something rather sneaky about a Skel article - it tends to lull you into a false sense of security, laughing at the antics of these funny people, until you're suddenly brought down to earth by the thought that Skel may very well be making notes for a similar article on *you*, if you happen to know him. Suddenly thoughts of all the silly things you do that might make their way into such a fannish dossier flood into your mind and you realise that it would be best to gaffiate *now* before he has the chance to find the hook that gathers it altogether into a humourous, telling little tale that will shred your reputation forever - the man has no mercy, I tell you, no mercy at all!

*Another *snicker* as I realise that I am over here and Skel is over there and that he will not be able to do this type of article about me - and that I will gladly pub any and all articles he sends me, articles about other Britfans. Heehee!*

Mmm, skipping umpteen pages I come to the Monster, and the Battle over Imperialist America. I think the argument has taken an interesting turn into more fertile, and more accurately described, areas. I'll buy the 'Overwhelming Influence of American Culture' rather than the Imperialist stance, because I don't believe that influence is deliberate. The 'export from a large domestic base' idea applies, too, as any economist will tell you - you have only to look at the Japanese home market to realise why their car companies can compete so well on the world markets: compared to Japan, the rest of the world is a piece of cake to sell cars to! (Whoops - what would a piece of cake do with a car?)

Robbie, your answer to Ted White on the parasitism of sub-fandoms is spot-on, especially when you point out the fact that SF fans *do* merely re-explore and re-use the ideas of their predecessors. That's one of the things I've constantly felt about fandom in Britain, that it's quite often merely regurgitating the same old material time and time again. To the best of my ability I'm trying to encourage writers, artists and other faneds to try something different, not to follow the lead of the BNFs currently ruling the roost, but to 'do their own thing' (if you'll pardon an archaism), to look for the way of expressing themselves that suits *them* best. Of course it's a harder road to travel - it's easy enough to gather kudos by successfully apeing your elders, but much harder to push against them to your benefit *and* theirs. British fandom seems to have become over--conservative, forgetting that the BNFs of today did just that thing once, when Pickersgill took over the top spot by using a ruthlessly abrasive style of fan-publishing that scandalised the old-timers. Now Gregg's followers are in the same situation, of trying to maintain a status quo that's past its prime. Time for a new revolution, chaps. After all, that *is* in the fannish tradition, isn't it?

Your railing against the anti-readers is fine, Marty, as long as you realise that there is also another kind of 'anti-reader', those that put down the very field that has brought them into fandom, namely SF itself. It may be more prevalent in Britain than America, but over here, the 'in thing' seems to be that no trufan ever *reads* SF anymore since its far too badly written (though quite how they know if they won't read it is a bit beyond me). This is a form of inverse snobbery that I find distasteful in the extreme. If they are that pissed off with SF, then what the hell are they doing in SF fandom? And, more ironically, still, what the hell are they doing organising a con (Mexicon) for the benefit

of those fans that are into written SF fandom. Strange times we live in, brothers and sisters, strange times!

I do not know if I can be brief with this, but I will try to be. Firstly, there is the matter of those who are making a joke about necessity. By that I mean that many fans have so much fun with fandom that they find it taking up so much of their time that there is no time for reading anything - even SF - so they joke about it in the manner you state. Secondly, many of those of us who have been reading SF for some time are of the opinion that most (but not all) SF being written these days is execrable - we acquire this viewpoint by occasionally trying out a story or three. So we joke about it as you state. Thirdly, there may be a few fans who have outgrown (as it were) their enjoyment of SF (even though they still enjoy the social life of fandom) - whether or not they realise this they find it convenient to joke (or even be serious) about their dislike of current SF. Fourthly, and much the most important point: SF may have begotten fandom, but fandom has grown completely away from SF in the eyes of most long-time fans (and even many of the newer fans such as myself). For those of us of this persuasion fandom is an enjoyable lifestyle in and of itself and reading SF (if we still enjoy it - and I do) is something which we do in what little spare time fanac leaves us. From our viewpoint we are in fandom for reasons other than the SF which attracted us to fandom in the first place. For me it is the social interactions with the interesting people I see at weekly LASFS meetings and at the few cons which I attend, and it is also the various aspects of fanzine production (most especially the locs and other fanzines) - all of this is why I relegate my SF reading to that which I do at the shop 'twixt taking care of customers. Rather than read SF in the evenings I would prefer to be typing stencils or the occasional loc. Not that fandom is a way of life, but it is certainly an engrossing hobby, one which takes up more time than is available to mortal man. Verstest?

Yer know, I'm beginning to believe that the only truly sexist person I know of in fandom is Joy Hibbert. She's at it again in the Monster. "...You may be lucky and find a pleasant man, as I have. This doesn't alter the nastiness of most men." This is a downright, out and out sexist attack, of a type that, if perpetrated by a man in the direction of the opposite gender, would have Joy crawling up the walls in fury. Why should we mere males be any different? Joy, it's time you learned that a sweeping statement like 'most men' implies that at least 26% of the human population (that's just over half of the male half) are all drooling idiots ready to treat women like doormats, and is bloody insulting in the extreme. If Joy has never heard of the 'equal and opposite reaction' principal as applied to human relations, then it's time she learned. People, male or female, react to each other perfectly sensibly if they are approached sensibly. It's only the small percentage of cretins, of either sex, who make life difficult for themselves and others by behaving in an irrational fashion. I wish Joy would start living in the latter-half of the twentieth century!



This is not a comment on the previous loc but merely a slight preamble to the WAHF column which follows this. Actually, it is more of a comment that a multitude of reasons have caused me to be typing this much later than is my usual wont; therefore, many of the latter locs in Nessie were included at the end (out of the order which I had set before commencing typing the stencils) because they got here whilst I was still typing and I still had the time to put them in. This, of course, means that the late loc section of the next Nessie will be a bit smaller than usual. It also means that Robbie has not yet finished the first part of the zine. One more meaning - all of you had best get your locs to me earlier next time as there will be (I most assuredly hope) less of a gap 'twixt 18 and 19. We shall see.

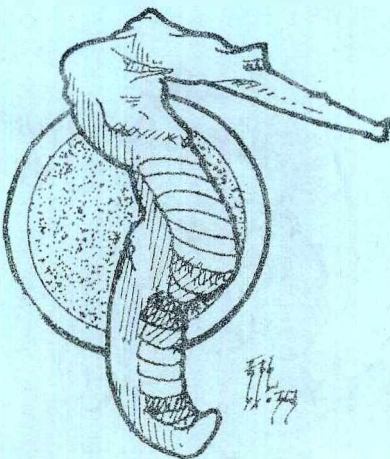
WAHF:

John Purcell wrote to tell that he is "...really, truly, you-better-believe-me, am out of fandom". "I do not want to receive any more fanzines." I wonder if he is also changing his name to Harlan? *Val Douglas* writes concerning Jean Weber's nose operation: "Anyone who can experience something like that and look back on it with a sense of humour deserves a medal". Hung from her nose, no doubt. *Gary Mattingly* said: "San Francisco is usually only cold, soggy, & gloomy gray in the winter months". To which I reply from these warmer southern climes that it is always winter in San Francisco. *Ben Indick* wrote: "Go win a Hugo already." So go vote for HTT already. *Tom Dunn* sent two postcards: one mentioned that The Pipe Smoker's Ephemeris will be sent out in 1984 (it is a very irregular quarterly), the other mentioned that he sure loved the illos, especially Mel White's. Mel has had had some illos in TPSE (as has Bob Lee). *Leland Sapiro* mumbled something about the "quiet desperation" of midterms. I would advise a primal scream, myself. *Catherine Crockett* liked the latest HTT and volunteered to help in the Fan Room at L.A.CON.

THEREFORE

Anybody who would like to work in the Fan Room next Worldcon just write to: L.A.CON II, P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409, USA - Attn.: Jeff Copeland. Just mention that you want to work in the Fan Room and I will find a nice, undemanding job for you in VERY congenial surroundings. I mean, what could be nicer than attending a Worldcon whilst being surrounded by fanzine fans?

To continue. *Kim Huett* sent a card expressing amazement at the CoA card he received from us. You mean that Australia does not have that civilised amenity? Tsk. *The North-West SF Society* sent a card expressing thanks for the CoA card. As a fellow faned I understand the sentiment - life is MUCH easier if those on our mailing list would let us know when they move. *Robert Whitaker* sent a short note which is sort of amazing insofar as I can think of nothing waseass to say about it. Poot.



CORFLU

I recently saw, in one or another fanzine, an illo showing two fans talking (at a con, presumably). One was saying to the other, "Are we having fun yet?" That illo did not apply to CORFLU.

About 100 fans attended the con, mostly fanzine fans. Approximately a third of them were from areas other than the Barea: Ted White, rich brown, Ron Salomon, Stu Shiffman, Pascal Thomas, Elmer Perdue, Pat Mueller, Sarah Prince, David Hartwell, and others. There were several fans from Seattle and Vancouver. All in all, a very relaxed meeting of the clan.

Other than those who enjoyed some substance abuse in private or semi-private, there turned out to be no need for private parties - in the evenings we *all* partied in the con suite. Those who had been planning to hold private (or at least separate) parties moved them to the con suite as there was nobody at the con anybody felt like excluding from their parties. On Saturday night I held my Britain in '87 bidding party (with jelly beans, of course) in the con suite.

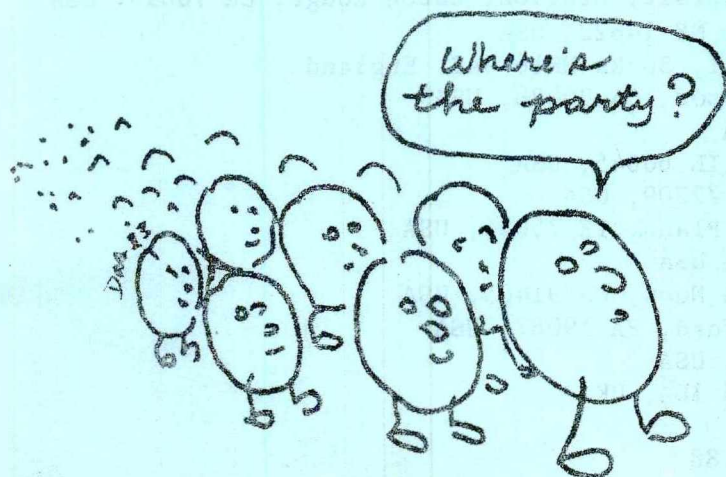
Those who had attended cons in days of yore made comments to the effect that CORFLU was just like those cons of old - being surrounded by people who *shared* their interests in fanzines. Whoever said that fanzine fandom was dead was sorely incorrect: these people, this con, FANZINES were proven to be very much in the land of the living.

Unfortunately, I was ill when I went up to Oakland and I wound up going to bed even earlier than usual (for me) because the flu (or whatever it was) was making me feel physically rotten (even though I was mentally exhilarated by the con and the interactions with the other attendees. Also unfortunate was the fact that our finances obviated Robbie going to CORFLU with me.

My thanks to Elisheva Barsabe and Allyn Cadogan and the rest of the concom for putting on a MAGNIFICENT con, a con enjoyed by ALL of the attendees.

Next year, over the first weekend in February, CORFLU will be held in Napa, California (that is up in the wine country of Northern California). Hm. Maybe there will be a winery tour or three. Well, I do not want to second guess the concom, so I will

not speculate here. Most definitely Robbie and I will BOTH be there. I hope that the readers of HTT will consider attending this con as it is something we all need. It is sort of like inventing fandom all over again - and this time setting fandom off on the *correct* course.



Ed Cox doodle here.

ADDRESSES:

Sakura Allison: 194 Corunna Rd., Petersham, Sydney 2049, Australia
Tony Alsobrook-Renner: 3842 DeTonty Ave. #3W, St. Louis, MO 63110, USA
Bruce D. Arthurs: 3421 W. Poinsettia, Phoenix, AZ 85029, USA
Keith Asay: 4111 South Third St., Louisville, KY 40214, USA
ATom; 17 Brockham House, Brockham Dr., London SW2 3RU, UK
Elisheva Barsabe: 368 2nd Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118 USA
Allan Beatty: P.O. Box 1906, Ames, IA 50010, USA
Charlie Belov: 2269 Market St. #134, San Francisco, CA 94114, USA
Mary Bohdanowicz: 36 Cleveland Ave., Westfield, MA 01085, USA
Richard Brandt: 322 Limonite Circle, El Paso, TX 79932, USA
Wayne Brenner: P.O. Box 2089, Casselberry, FL 32707, USA
Ray Capella: 217 W. Grand Ave., Alhambra, CA 91801, USA
Larry Carmody: 629 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, NY 11218, USA
Terry Carr: 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, CA 94611, USA
Randy Clark: 9617 Robin NE, Albuquerque, NM 87112, USA
Cody: c/o 3555 Bentley Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90034, USA
Ian Covell: 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS3 7BP, England
Don D'Ammassa: 323 Dodge St., East Providence, RI 02914, USA
Dennis D'Asaro: RD 1 Box 244A, W. Coxsackie, NY 12192, USA
Buzz Dixon: 8961 Yolanda Ave., Northridge, CA 91324
Brad Foster: Jabberwocky Graphix, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75062, USA
Steven Fox: 239 Buckingham Pl., Philadelphia, PA 19104, USA
Terry Frost: c/o Ken Ozanne, 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia
Mike Glycer: 5828 Woodman #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401, USA
Jack R. Herman: Box 272, Wentworth Bldg., Univ. of Sydney, Sydney, NSW 2006, Australia
Joy Hibbert: 11 Rutland Street, Hanley, Stoke-On-Trent, Staffordshire ST1 5JG, UK
Arthur D. Hlavaty: 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701, USA
Lee Hoffman: 350 NW Harbor Blvd., Port Charlotte, FL 33952, USA
Lynne Holdom: P.O. Box 5, Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442, USA
W. Howard: c/o Super Giant Books, 38 Wall St., Asheville, NC 28801, USA
Charles Lee Jackson II: 14140 Delano St. #14, Van Nuys, CA 91401, USA
Terry Jeeves: 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield S11 9FE, UK
Stephanie Klein: 265 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801, USA
John Langford: c/o Dave Langford, 94 London Rd., Reading, Berks RG1 5AU, UK
Linda Leach: 42622 Postiff #58, Plymouth, MI 48170, USA
Bob Lee: 1720 Burgundy Rd., Leucadia, CA 92024, USA
Dave Locke: 6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati, OH 45236, USA
Sam Long: 1338 Crestview Dr., Springfield, IL 62702, USA
Pete Lyon: 33 Haddon Place, Leeds LS4 2JU, England
Mike McGann: 194 Corunna Rd., Petersham, Sydney, NSW 2049, Australia
J.R. "Mad Dog" Madden: P.O. Box 18610-A University Station, Baton Rouge, LA 70893, USA
Eric Mayer: 1771 Ridge Road East, Rochester, NY 14622, USA
J.D. Owen: 4 Highfield Close, Newport Pagnell, Bucks MK16 9AZ, England
David Palter: 1811 Tamarind Ave. #22, Hollywood, CA 90028, USA
Ed Rom: P.O. Box 685, Mankato, MN 56002, USA
Richard C. Rostrom: 7344 N. Hoyne, Chicago, IL 60645, USA
Dave Ryan: 13 Rolling Lane, Little Rock, AR 72209, USA
Leland Sapiro: Box 863-388 Wildcat Station, Plano, TX 75086, USA
Schirm: 1555 Vista Lane, Pasadena, CA 91103, USA
David Schlosser: 6620 Hazeltine Ave. #9, Van Nuys, CA 91405, USA
Darrell Schweitzer: 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, PA 19087, USA
Roman Scott: 39330 Idleman, Sandy, OR 97055, USA
D.M. Sherwood: P.O. Box 23, Port Talbot SA13 1DA, UK

Skel: 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW, England
 Leigh Strother-Vien: HHSB 3-84th FA, Box 337, APO, NY 09176, USA
 Meg Stull: 54349 O'Keefe Rd., Dowagiac, MI 49047, USA
 Roy Tackett: 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107, USA
 Taral: 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4, Canada
 Barbara Tennison: 1834 1/2 Selby Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025, USA
 Diane Thome: P.O. Box 1708, New Milford, CT 06776, USA
 Creath Thorne: 7537 Walnut, Kansas City, MO 64114, USA
 Edd Vick: 1601 Darr #106, Irving, TX 75061, USA
 Richard Weinstock: 1108 Winthrop Lane, Ventura, CA 93001, USA
 Robert J. Whitaker: P.O. Box 7709, Newark, DE 19711, USA
 Alan White: 1025 N. Serrano Ave. #208, Hollywood, CA 90029, USA
 Mel White: 302 S. Purdue #29, Lubbock, TX 79403, USA
 Jeff Wilcox: Waite Hollow Rd., Cattaraugus, NY 14719, USA

"HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPT: 'Get rid of that scourge and yiy wukk gave a geatgt rekatuibsguo,'
 (from a letter by Roger Sjolander in HOLIER THAN THOU #17)"

Ted White in Egoscan 1

I wonder if I could convince Ted that Roger was just lapsing into his native Swedish.

CLOSING MATTER

There is too much space 'twixt the end of the address list and the Inside Bacover to just write on it "Ed Cox Doodle Here" as I put in the small space at the bottom of page 87. Besides, it would not look too good. Probably the same if I filled the space with illos. Anyway, there are a few things about which I would like to write.

Such as the fact that you are holding in your hands a fannish first for me. No, not the size of this issue - it is the same size as #17. You see, this is the first issue of HTT which is, sad to say, late. There are reasons.

We moved into a new apartment last December (and I trust that all of you received the CoA cards which we sent out). This meant that all of the time in November when we would have been doing things on/for HTT was spent in packing and/or moving small boxes and stuff like that. Early December saw HTT production time taken over by putting things away. In effect we did not get started on HTT until January.

In the midst of all of this there is the time which I have been spending on two of my other projects - preparing the Fan Room for L.A.CON II (on which project I have not really spent enough time - I will concentrate more on it after this issue of HTT is mailed) and working on FANCY III. The early stages of this latter project are more difficult and time consuming than any of us working on it at first thought. As of this writing we have accomplished the following: read through FANCY II and other materials and re-categorised (where necessary) the entire zine, decided which items needed updating, decided which new items to add, and decided whom we would ask to do specific rewritings.

We have also decided that many items would be best rewritten by either the staff (at several *long* conferences, the first of which will be an all-Sunday affair at this apartment on March 18) or by individual staff members. I seem to have wound up with about 14 items which I will either rewrite entirely or will merely update. I hope to have these ready by March 18.

By the 18th we hope to be ready to send out letters requesting aid from a multitude of fans. These letters will either be requesting articles on specific new items or will be requesting updates/rewrites on FANCY II material and will include the pertinent excerpt clipped from FANCY II. Considering the work necessary to get *that* part of the project

done, March 18 *may* be a little early on that.

So, many of you will be getting L.A.CON II envelopes with FANCY III requests in them. If we are to make our deadline there is just no way that the four of us (Lee Gold, Bruce Pelz, Mike Glyer, and myself) can do this alone, so we are making it a fandom-wide (of sorts) project.

And FANCY III will be the better for it. Even with our collective massive egos we do not believe that we have the requisite knowledge to do the *entire* project without informed input from other fans. After the work we have done so far our estimation of the work Dick Eney (and those who helped him (with information) put out FANCY II) has gone up - there is massive work involved in putting out material like this.

So please, if you receive a request for assistance from us, will not you give us the benefit of your knowledge and send us the desired material? This is a project for all of fandom and your assistance is needed.

If you do not receive a request for assistance please do not feel left out or ignored - there really *are* more fans in fandom than there are topics which need covering in FANCY III. Besides, if you are missed this time around you might still find yourself being asked for assistance by whatever fool is putting out FANCY IV.

As you can see, I have cleverly turned what started out as a description of the reasons for the lateness of HTT #18 into a plea for FANCY III assistance, thus (I hope) using the banality of what all too many fanzines use as editorial filler into something more in keeping with the interests of fanzine fans.

Which leads us (notice this cobbled-together segue) a small amount of writing about an item which has bothered some fanzine fans: why bother to attend Worldcons - they are too big and one can never find the fans one wants to meet. Sloppy thinking there, Meyer. At least since Denvention II there has been a natural meeting-place for *all* fanzine fans at Worldcon, the Fan Room (or whatever each Worldcon calls it). This is a place where all fanzine fans can hang out, eventually meeting most of the other fanzine fans attending that convention. There *will* be a Fan Room at L.A.CON II and I hope to turn it into a place where *all* fanzine fans will want to spend a goodly number of their waking hours. I hope to meet (and re-meet) many of you there. And I promise Arthur Hlavaty that I will not bring any ragwee-flavoured jelly beans.

Another topic. I hope to soon be appointed an official North American agent for Britain in '87 (possibly before this goes into the mails, but probably not).

Still another topic. I am quite willing to trade HTT for interesting old fanzines; however, because of what I am now about to mention, those of you sending old fanzines for trade purposes please label them as tradezines.

You see, I am (for the duration) acting as the local repository for TAFF/DUFF auction material for L.A.CON II. Those of you who want to donate material to this auction at this year's Worldcon should send it to me with one of three markings on it: "all proceeds to TAFF", "all proceeds to DUFF", "proceeds split 50-50, TAFF/DUFF". Knowing fannish proclivities as I do, let me say that I doubt if the fund administrators are interested in handling splits in percentages other than 50-50 -- and fans can be mightily inventive when it comes exercising their so-called senses of humour in matters like this. Anyway. I am assuming that anything which I receive from Avedon or the TAFF winner will be TAFF material and that anything which I receive from Jerry or the DUFF winner will be DUFF material. I have already contacted Jerry about this and will soon do the same with Avedon.

On behalf of both funds I am making arrangements for a room for the auction - it will be probably held in the main hotel on Sunday afternoon.

By ghod, I hardly believe this, it has taken so long to get to this point; but, as soon as I finish this page, the only stencils that still need typing are pages three and four. This issue has been longer in preparation than any other. Next issue sometime in late spring/early summer. Until then, happy fanning.

---Marty Cantor

COSMIC LUST

WHAT IF CTHULHU AND SHUB NIGGURATH GOT TOGETHER?



OR

WHY SHUB NIGGURATH HAS A THOUSAND YOUNG.

HT 18

