

# HOLIER THAN THOU



NUMBER 6

by

MARTY CANTOR

DENNIS  
ETELSON

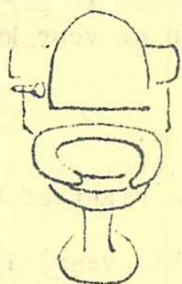
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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Cover (Unicorn Discovery on Spadra III)
2. Table of Contents
3. Why You Received This
4. Editorial
5. The Bride Stipped Bare
6. Revised Solution
7. The Geography of the Horror Film
8. The LoC Ness Monster



A HOLE IN THE HEAD

9. Budget Science Fiction Stories
10. Addresses
11. Bacover

Dennis Ellefson	Pg. 1
	Pg. 3
	Pg. 4
	Pg. 5
Gary Deindorfer	Pg. 7
Mike Glycer	Pg. 13
Darrell Schweitzer	Pg. 16
	Pg. 20
Dan Deckert	Pg. 21
Beth Goldberg	Pg. 23
Alexis Gilliland	Pg. 24
Buzz Dixon	Pg. 26
Jan Brown	Pg. 26
Suzi Stefl	Pg. 28
Eddie Anderson	Pg. 28
Kipy Poyser	Pg. 29
Donald Franson	Pg. 29
Guy H. Lillian III	Pg. 29
Arthur D. Hlavaty	Pg. 30
Bally A. Syrjala	Pg. 31
Harry Jarner, Jr.	Pg. 32
Luke McGuff	Pg. 33
Georges Giguere	Pg. 33
Bob Lee	Pg. 34
Barney Keufeld	Pg. 35
Bruce Townley	Pg. 36
David Thayer	Pg. 37
Matthew B. Tepper	Pg. 38
	Pg. 39
	Pg. 41
Adrienne Fein	Pg. 42

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## Artists:

Ellefson - cover  
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       28, 34  
 Markham - 9, 11, 12  
 Dalkey - 10  
 Schweitzer - 16  
 Hanke-Hoods - 18, 19  
 Williams - 21  
 Fox - 22, 36

Garrett - 23, 38  
 Gilliland - 4, 24, 25, 31, 35  
 Klein - 26, 30, 33  
 Poyser - 29  
 Hlavaty - 30  
 Pearson - 32  
 Harvia - 37  
 Fein - bacover  
 Brenner - 3  
 Beckley - 40  
 Neeters 41

# WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS

- \_\_\_ Surprise, surprise.
- \_\_\_ You have achieved the ultimate state of being more warped than I am.
- \_\_\_ /e Trade.
- \_\_\_ You locced.
- \_\_\_ You contributed.
- \_\_\_ I would like a contribution from you.
- \_\_\_ Very tasty artwork. More, please?
- \_\_\_ You subscribe.
- \_\_\_ Your subscription runs out with this issue. Please resubscribe if you want any more issues.
- \_\_\_ Editorial whim/wher.
- \_\_\_ /ould you like to trade?
- \_\_\_ You gave HTT a bad review - you will probably receive HTT in perpetuity.
- \_\_\_ You gave HTT a good review - you will have to get down on your kness and beg for another issue.
- \_\_\_ This is part of my plot to get you to visit me.
- \_\_\_ This is part of my plot to get you to stay away from me.
- \_\_\_ If you respond to this issue I will send you the next one.
- \_\_\_ Your fanzine is reviewed within these pages. You have right of reply (but do not delay - HTT always beats its deadlines).
- \_\_\_ If I get no response from you by approx. June 1 (of this year) I will send you no more copies of HTT.

SO I DRINK MY COFFEE  
IN A STEIN. NEXT YOU'RE  
GOING TO TELL ME I CAN'T  
WEAR MY LEDERHOSEN?





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HOLIER THAN THOU is published in the  
first month of each quarter and is  
available for contributions (written or  
artwork), trade, letters of comment or editorial  
whim. Also available for \$1 per issue (4/\$3.75).  
Except that it usually comes out a week or  
two early.

# HOLIER THAN THOU



## NUMBER 6

Of late life has been a series of small frustrations. The apartment building in which I live uses a large hot water heater to serve the hot water needs of all of the eight apartments in the building. Somewhere between the hot water heater and all of the interior faucets has developed a leak - this keeps water running through the hot water heater, said water not remaining long enough in the heater to get any more than barely luke warm. It was about a week and a half before the plumber was able to get out here to find and fix the leak. It was a week and a half of shivering showers and shampoos (plus heating shaving water on the stove) every morning.

At work the telephone ceased working sometime last Friday morning. We have been experiencing torrential rain during the past half week, and all of the telephones in our building (and many of the other buildings in the area) are out. On Friday evening, after getting home from the shop, I called the telephone company from my apartment. They told me that they would not be able to get a crew out to work on the lines until the following Tuesday. Aside from the inconvenience to my customers of not being able to call me, I have the major inconvenience of not being able to telephone in my usual Monday afternoon order to one of my major tobacco suppliers. (The delivery truck goes by my store on Tuesday, so my order must be on Monday placed.) Urg. This means that I must drop by the wholesaler early on Monday morning to place this order.

Oh, well - I will survive all of this. After all, these are really minor problems compared to those besetting our globe. And these are solvable.

It is not given to many of us to become significant movers and shakers in the events that occur on this planet. We all have in our power, though, the ability to decide that we do not have to become part of any problems.

Granted, there is little of significance that any of us can do that will affect the large movement of history as it occurs before us. Still, I believe

that we can all cease to contribute to the decay of civilised values that seems to be happening all around us.

I do not mean that we will all suddenly cease to kick over garbage cans and stop writing graffiti on every wall - I doubt if many of my readers are that gone in barbarity that they are committing those kinds of vulgarisms. That about which I am talking are those everyday thoughtless acts that, in total, add up to increasing the problems of everybody else.

I do my grocery shopping once or twice a week, and I notice things whilst doing this shopping - things which are indicative (in a small degree) of an inner rot that seems to be afflicting American culture. These are things which make me doubt that Arthur Hlavaty is correct when he writes in *DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP* #12 that *ME* decade of the seventies is really over. I see little sign that "me-ism" or rampant selfishness is over. In the realm of politics the apartment house owners who brought us Proposition 13 (which lowered their property taxes whilst they continued to raise rents - giving them more money from both ends) are again proposing new legislation to lower their taxes. I have this dreadful feeling that their proposals are going to wind up extracting more money from my wallet whilst, at the same time, forcing government to curtail more services that I deem important. Oh, well - let us move on the super market.

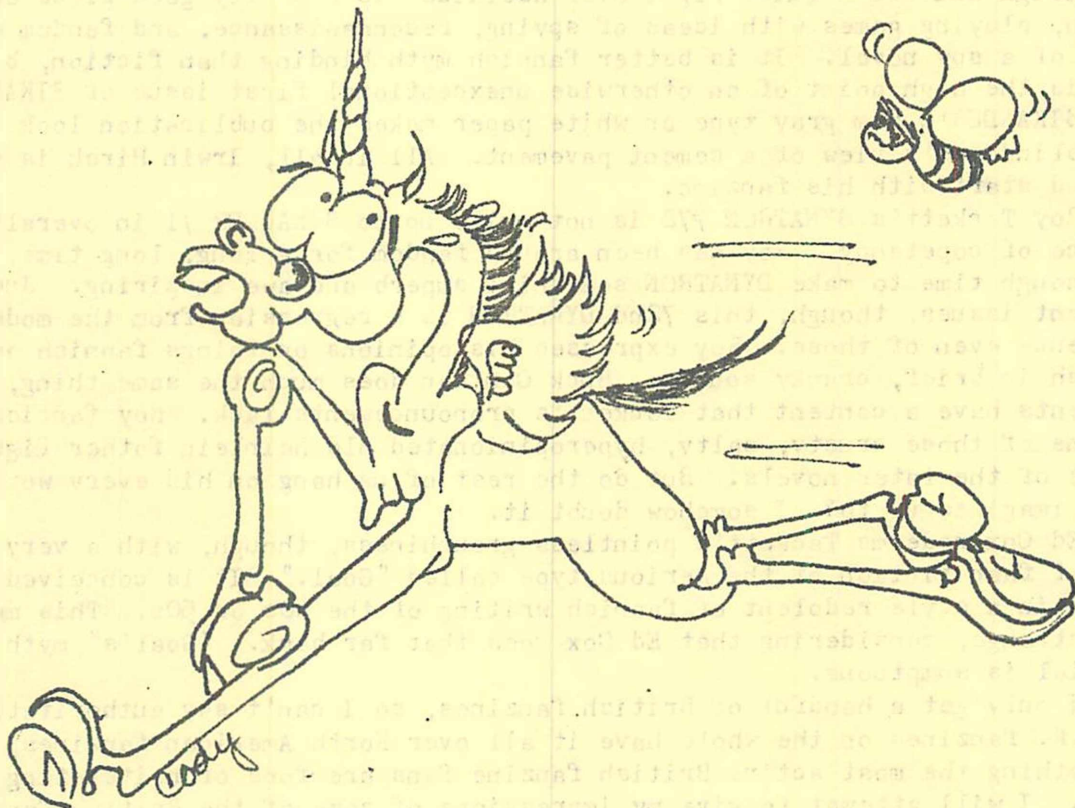
When you park your automobile in the market parking lot, do you take care to properly place your automobile between the white lines? If enough people park in what seems to be becoming the norm of sloppy parking, that means that, when the parking lot becomes full, several people who would have otherwise been able to park in the lot will now have to park elsewhere.

In the market itself there are many problems. Examples. There are those who open packages, leaving the open (and now unsaleable) packages on the shelves. There are those people who change their minds about purchases, leaving packages at whichever point in the store where they changed their mind about the purchase of those items. Many times this means that perishable goods are left out of refrigerators and freezers. There are people who open packages to eat some of the contents, placing the packages with the partially consumed contents back on the shelves. There are those who eat quantities of fruit whilst browsing in the fruit and vegetable sections. These forms of theft (which are very bad examples to the young who observe it) happens often enough for them to be a significant cost in overhead to markets - causing markets to have to raise the prices of everything to make up for these losses. These forms of theft, like every other form of theft, costs me money - it costs everybody money (even the thief) - and it contributes to the general malaise that seems to be afflicting western civilisation.

You wheel your shopping cart out to your automobile and then transfer your groceries from the cart to the automobile. What, then, do you do with the cart? If you are like all too many people, you leave the cart not more than one parking space away from where you unloaded it -- and again become part of the problem. It really takes very little time and effort to trundle the cart to either the market door or to one of the many places set aside in the parking lots for the placement of carts. By not placing carts in these places you force the markets to spend more money for the help necessary to gather them up - and the randomly left carts get in the way of both pedestrian and vehicular traffic in the parking lots.

To put an identifying finger on the basic problem that all of the above exemplify is to point to that which is causing much anguish within American society today -- me-ism. Otherwise known as selfishness. This is an attitude of mind which basically says, "I do not give a shit about anybody else - I'll take mine first." The ramifications of this attitude really require a dissertation longer than the space that I can allot to it here in *HTT*. I feel that I have done my part by both always trying not to become part of the problem and by pointing out the problem in this editorial. Now think about it - and try, yourselves, to become not part of the problem.





## THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE

A fanzine review column by Gary Deindorfer.

Does this column need preliminary sounding things to get it going? Maybe, but I can't be bothered, and so I'll mention the fact that Irwin Hirsh lives in Australia and he has come out with *SIKANDER* #1. I will also inform you that the late 50s and early 60s were my first years in fandom. In those days faan fiction was rife and rampant. I am talking about fiction dealing with fans and fandom, real fans, fictional fans, or a mixture of both (not fan fiction, amateur science fiction). When it was well written, by such people as Terry Carr and Bob Shaw, or even when it was less well written (and it usually was), it provided a mythological element that helped give a kind of microcosmic binding continuity to fanzine fandom.

We don't see much faan fiction any more. I, for one, though, have a fatal soft spot for it, since I am one of those diehards who think that fandom isn't as esoterically mythological as it used to be. I am all for faan fiction, even if it is not top drawer writing, because it helps replenish the waning esotericism.

Leigh Edmonds' "Quiet Night Over Adelaide" is a pretty good piece of faan fiction, playing games with ideas of spying, reconnoissance, and fandom as a parody of a spy novel. It is better fannish myth binding than fiction, but for me it is the high point of an otherwise unexceptional first issue of SIKANDER.

SIKANDER'S dim gray type on white paper makes the publication look like a colourblind man's view of a cement pavement. All in all, Irwin Hirsh is not off to a bad start with his fanzine.

Roy Tackett's DYNATRON #72 is not quite up to SIKANDER #1 in overall ambiance of competency. Roy has been around fandom for a long, long time, more than enough time to make DYNATRON something superb and awe inspiring. Judging by recent issues, though, this 72nd DYNATRON is a regression from the modest competency even of those. Roy expresses his opinions on things fannish and real worldish in brief, cranky spurts. Buck Coulson does much the same thing, but his statements have a content that Tackett's pronouncements lack. Roy fancies himself one of those crusty, salty, hyperopinionated old Heinlein father figures in some of the later novels. But do the rest of us hang on his every word the way he imagines us to? I somehow doubt it.

Ed Cox redeems Tackett's pointless grouchiness, though, with a very good piece of faan fiction of the serious type called "Goal." It is conceived and written in a style redolent of faanish writing of the 40s or 50s. This may not be so strange, considering that Ed Cox goes that far back. "Goal's" myth binding potential is sumptuous.

I only get a handful of British fanzines, so I can't say authoritatively that U.K. fanzines on the whole have it all over North American fanzines, which is something the most active British fanzine fans are fond of reiterating endlessly. I will attempt to give my impressions of some of the British fanzines I have on hand, and see what I can come up with that might help throw light on this popular dogma of British faanish fans.

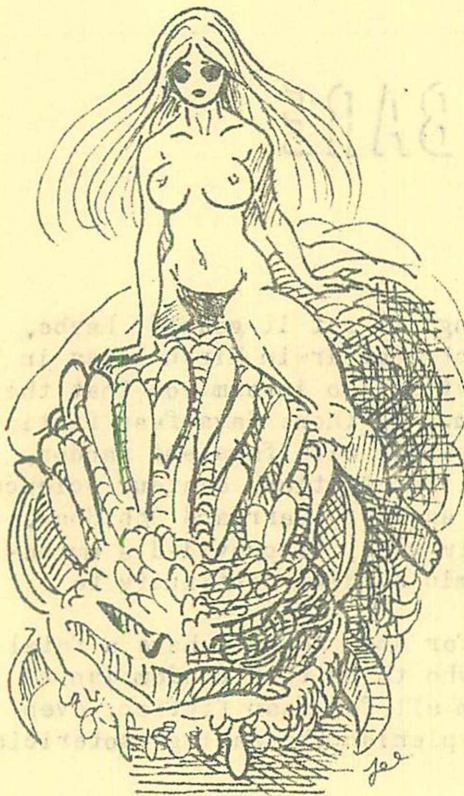
EGEO SEXTARIUS is a onewhot sent to TAFF contributors. Terry Hughes serves up a too cute and rather fawning piece of Anglo-philiac humour. Mike Glicksohn offers a much funnier piece about how North Americans should comport themselves in English pubs.

The contributions by the English fan writers are for the most part irritatingly British-fandom-chauvinistic.

"We blokes here in the Isles can hold our blog better than you Yankee riffraff and we can write better too, and don't you love to kiss our asses?" That's the over all impression conveyed.

Dave Langford does an intricate and darkly funny piece about sf writers as imposters of wordsmithery. It is not the shameless puff for the veddy Britishly faanish way of life that the rest of the articles tend to be.

NABU #8 (Ian Maule) has a beautiful Shiffman cover of a Babylonian fannish clay tablet. It also has another Langford piece which tells us horrbly ingenious ways to assassinate people running from A through Z. It is clever (and Langford finds it easy





to be clever) but it left a black cloud in my mind. Perhaps that is the fault of my mind, not of Langford's article.

Terry Hughes does a mock interview with himself that manages to be clever without the overcute "Look at me, folks, I'm a loveable teddybear!" attitude he sometimes conveys in his writing, in MOTA and in other people's fanzines. His hyper-Anglophilia is not quite as shameless as in the EGEO SEXTARIUS piece.

Alan Dorey's con report is funny in spots, but I don't find his overbearing sense of superiority that manifests itself in his writing to be quite as valid as he obviously does.

Joseph Nicholas slashes and trashes fanzines in his "K is For Knife" column as well as it can be done. Sometimes I think he trashes when he fears it would be unhip not to.

In the lettercolumn, Ian Maule challenges Mike Glycer to a feud on grounds that are banally inconsequential. British fans like to insist that fandom is only a goddamned hobby. To judge by Ian Maule's throwing of the gauntlet here, he regards the challenge to a feud as archotypically high chivalry. Defending his honour, dontcha know. Stiff upper tit and all that, chap.

NABU is a good fanzine but there is also something strangely and indefinably musty about the mood it conveys.

Open up INCA #1 from Rob Jackson and that ubiquitous lad Dave Langford has an article about being "slightly Welsh." I think Dave's writing ranges wider in topic and mood than the work of any other fan writer around today, but I found this piece remarkably boring. To me, it is indeed something remarkable for Dave Langford to write a boring piece.

Jim Barker's article on his hassles as an artist is a solid, stolid piece of writing that any faned would be glad to get. It is also rapidly forgettable.

It is not true that everything that Bob Shaw writes is first rate, but "Confessions of a Philistine" is nearly so. It has a very original premise that should have been obvious to the rest of us before Bob thought it up, but wasn't. It is developed virtuosically with wondrous brilliant details. And yet it lacks that extra spark of divine madness that you will find in Dave Langford's writing at its frequently brilliant best.

Alan Dorey discusses fanzines with a quintessentially Doreyan sense of his own sanctity. The man is an annoying fellow in so many ways.

The letter column is well edited and uninteresting.

INCA is off to a good start, now that Rob Jackson has turned his back on the pseudoCampbellianism of MAYA. But there is a tameness and reasonableness about it that could stand some kind of goony recklessness to shake things up. (Bruce Townley please note.)

Help me you sons-  
of-bitches help me!



In his own fanzine, TWLL DDU #16, Dave Langford takes his writing that extra step towards mental imbalance that he mostly holds back from in his contributions to other people's fanzines. TWLL DDU is the most original British fanzine I have seen, and the one that would be the hardest to imitate. My favourite part of #16 is, as usual, Dave's hilarious replies to those of his loccers chosen for quotation.

DRILKJIS is coedited by Dave Langford and Kevin Smith. In #4 Dave serves up a long, morbidly detailed article on mankind's fiedish ability to invent even deadlier and more mobile weapons of thermonuclear destruction than we have now. Dave is already a full fledged scientist, and I hope his relish for his subject does not someday push him off the edge of whatever sanity he has left into full fledged mad scientishood.

The rest of the issue has interesting writing on sf by Kevin Smith, Dave, and Joseph Nicholas, plus an attempt at surrealist humour by Jon Langford that falls on its face. DRILKJIS is most notable for its freedom from the British fansom chauvinism that oozes out of the pages of EGEO SEXTARIUS (to the point of nausea), NABU, and, to a lesser extent, INCA.

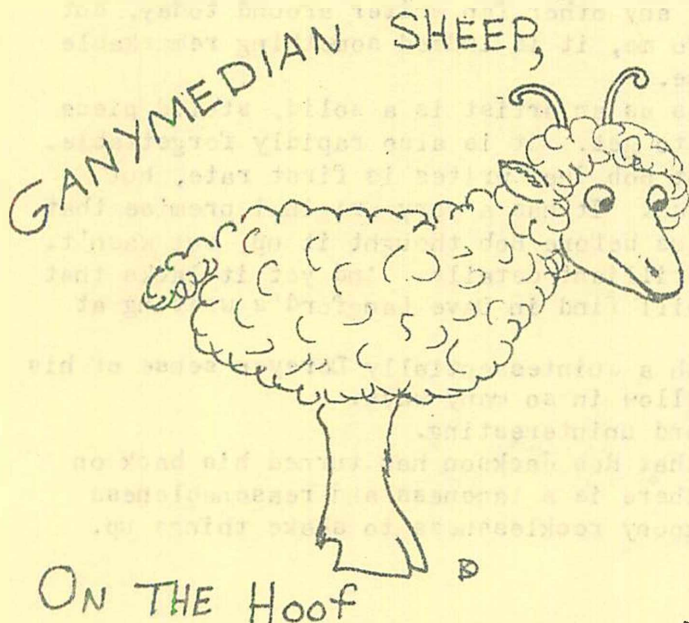
To return to North America, RUNE #58 (Lee Pelton and Carol Kennedy) continues the time honoured tradition of Minnesotan mas superfaenishness. If anything in the world of fanzines is greater than the sum of its parts, then RUNE is. Taken individually, the two editorials, Carol's fanzine review column, the book reviews and the articles are nothing special, except for Jeanne Gomoll's very clever "I was a Sercon Spy for Ladif" and Dave Wixon's thoughtfull in depth survey of Simak's recent works. The attempted humour of the John Bartelt and M.K. Digre articles is below par, in fact.

Yet everything is tied together by the cleverness and lightness of the well edited lettercolumn and the copious artwork, serious and cartoons, especially Ken Fletcher's inimitable on stencil creations. This over all ambiance that transcends the parts is a mystery about RUNE, but I find it one of the most consistently fun fanzines I get.

I've always been kind of a sucker for RUNE. It is faenish, but unlike even some of the best British fanzines, it doesn't give the impression of having been written and edited inside Robert Morley's underpants whilst he was wearing them.

Mark R. Sharpe is an American fan who is currently serving in His Majesty Jimmy Carter's Navy, stationed on the desolate western coast of Australia. THE

RUPTURED ROO #3 is a light-weight little fanzine in both content and appearance, but I like it for the perhaps very banal reason that Mark seems like such a nice guy. THE ROO has a rudimentary editorial, rudimentary articles and a rudimentary letter column. One of the articles is one of those faenish parodies by me that people are either indifferent to or are indifferent to. There's no middle ground.





The comic strip bacover by Steven Martin (not that one, I don't think) is drawn in a cute, cloying style that heightens the sarcastic idea being conveyed. Watch for art by this man -- he is an original.

THE RUPTURED ROO is not, to sum up, an awfully good fanzine. It is possible that it won't even get much better than it is now. But I like it because Mark R. Sharpe conveys such a pleasant personality in his little editorials. This is an indication of the lopsided, imbalanced critical standards (and/or lack of such) that I threaten to bring to this column. But I'll write the column in my own perverse way, thank you, and reap whatever mutated harvest I find in the fields of the letter column of the next issue of HTT.



BRA33OR #5 is from Marty Levine. Marty is not interested in either faanish or sercon dogmas. He writes what he wants to write when he wants to write it, however unfashionable it might seem by prevailing faanish or sercon standards. Sometimes he writes with his heart nailed to his sleeve, sometimes he wraps himself up in layers of sophomoric sarcasm. But he doesn't let himself get locked in only a limited repertory of styles or attitudes. Sometimes through this freedom from the tried and true he manages to capture a fleeting truth in a few words. He writes editorials, essays, poetry, fiction, replies to loccers, and the boundaries are indistinct enough between different kinds of Levine writing that it is sometimes unclear what is what.

BRA33OR #5 is different in format, content, mood, attitude and writing style from #4. #4 was just as different from #3. Marty Levine shows a rare ability to change from issue to issue of his fanzine, and he is basically a good writer and an honest man. For all its brilliant evenness, I think BRA33OR is THE fanzine to watch in issues to come. There's no telling where Marty will go with it next.

I haven't commented on all the written contributions to each issue of the fanzines mentioned in this column. I have only fleetingly mentioned the artwork and formats of the fanzines surveyed. I do not offer the balanced, symmetrical, total appraisal of each fanzine here that such urbane reviewers as Brian Earl Brown and Taral are so adept at. This is partly because my idiosyncratic, lopsided critical faculties render me incapable of doing what Brown and Taral do. In compensation, I hope that the imbalance of my evaluations enables me to hit upon a truth now and then that would have eluded me if I had tried to imitate Brian Earl Brown or Taral.

Please send me your fanzine for revêw. However, please note that this does not mean that your fanzine will automatically get reviewed. I will not bother to mention a fanzine that for some reason I do not think is interesting enough (in some way) to take up space in this column.

End.

#### FANZINES REVIEWED:

SIKANDER #1 -- Irwin Hirsh, 279 Domain Rd., South Yarra, Victoria 3141, Australia. Available for trade, loc, accepted contribution, old fanzines (but write first) or editorial whim. Or #1, but as a last resort.

DYNATRON #72 -- Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107 U.S.A. Mostly available in trade for your fanzine. Otherwise, 50¢.

EGEO SEXTARIUS -- Mike and Pat Leara, 61 Borrowash Rd., Sondon, Derby, DE2 7QH, U.K. Oneshot sent to TAFF contributors. Perhaps a contribution to TAFF will still get you a copy.

NABU #8 -- Ian and Janice Maule, 5 Beaconsfield Rd., New Malden, Surrey, KT3 3HY, U.K. Available for all the usual reasons or two international reply coupons.

INCA #1 -- Robert Jackson, 8 Lavender Rd., West Ewell, Epsom, Surrey KT19 9EB, U.K. Available for editorial whim only. \$1 for an initial sample copy, but "no-one can subscribe for more than that initial issue."

TWILL DDU #16 -- Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Ave., Reading, Berks, RG2 7PW, U.K. You can perhaps get a copy if you convince Dave to send you one for some reason.

DRILKJIS #4 -- Dave Langford, address above. Kevin Smith, 7 Fassett Rd., Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, KT1 2TD, U.K. Locs, "brilliant contributions," trades with both editors, or ("if you must") 50p/\$1.

RUNE #58 -- Lee Pelton and Carol Kennedy. Address all RUNE mail to: Lee Pelton, 2726 Girard Ave. S. #101, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Available for loc, artwork, written work, or trade. 50¢/copy, U.S.: \$2/year. Australia: \$2/year from Leigh Edmonds, P.O. Box 103, Brunswick, Victoria 3056. Great Britain: \$ £1.50/year from Dave Piper, 7 Cranley Dr., Ruislip, Middlesex HA4 6BZ.

THE RUPTURED ROO #3 -- Mark R. Sharpe, Public Affairs Officer, USNCS Harold E. Holt, FPO San Francisco, CA 96680 (from the U.S.A. only). From elsewhere, PAO NCS Harold E. Holt, Exmouth, 6707 A.A., Australia. Available only for the usual.

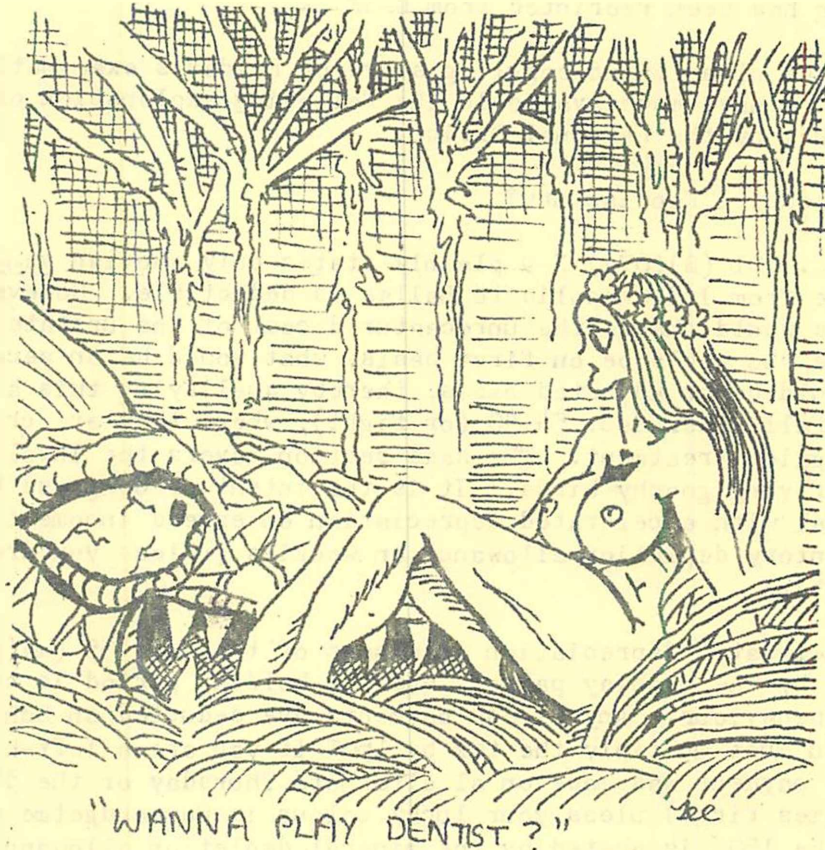
BRA33OR #5 -- Marty Levine, 6201 Markley Hall, Ann Arbor, MI 48109, U.S.A. Available for locs, verbal flights of fancy, art, all-for-all trades or \$1.

All of those whose fanzines were reviewed by Gary will be sent a copy of HTT #6. (It is my hope that some permanent trades will result (I already do trade with some of the above).) Above and beyond that, though, I do intend to make available some space in HTT #7 for replies from these faneds. (Remember, HTT is always out early, so please try to get your replies to me by the early part of May - if you can possibly do so.) If enough of those whose fanzines are reviewed do reply to Gary's column, I will set up a section separate from the LoC Ness Monster to handle these specific replies. Be it known that I do not from controversy shrink.

Gary has promised to have a column in each HTT. It should be noted that Gary lives some 3000 miles from me. Therefore, those who want to have their fanzines reviewed should send copies to Gary. I still need copies sent to me from those who wish to trade for HTT.







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# REVISED SOLUTION

## FOR INSTALLMENT SALES EXAMINATION PROBLEM

by Mike Glycer

(The following has been reprinted from LASFAPA.)

Due to the class' mind-boggling score on Friday's examination problem, your instructors have made available the following explanation of the solution provided to them by the National Office:

(4) Can you deduct a Moovian urn?

No! Sec. 101 (B)(67 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) X-9 plainly states only Moovian vans expense for Moovian people from Indianapolis to Dallas is deductible. However: under sec. 007 (2x4) this would change the unrecaptured cost of the unstated interest of the urn, therefore who would be on first basis, what would be on second basis, and I don't know would be on adjusted basis, thereby qualifying this as a van johnson. Van johnsons fall under Sec. 54-40 (or fight), where they are crushed, qualifying for casualty gains treatment. The same section covers the involuntary conversion of backwards-flying goochy birds. It is the intent of Congress that Sec. 54-40 (or fight) deal with accelerated depreciation on excess income for giant snakebirds less the inventory depletion allowance on wookies (unless you drop back five yards and punt).

All accelerated depreciation in excess of the Sec. 55 (m)(p)(h) limitation is recaptured by the highway patrol, and the holding period is computed with time off for good behaviour. Any excess payments are deducted on Schedule Under-the-Table, but you must multiply the ttx by 150% if you are a left-handed Albanian dwarf and the payment was made on an alternate Thursday or the 31st of February (whichever comes first) unless your lucky colour is Comeandgetme Copper. In the latter case the 150% is abated by the mineral depletion allowance for lead. If the abatement is less than the Great Juju's shoe size, then you must reduce the amount by  $E \text{ equals } mc^2$  times the number of dependents claimed. This results in a greater ttx, the underpayment of which is assessed at a ratio of sixteen to one. This ruling rescinds Sec. 65 (m)(p)(h) for everyone except truckers.

IRC Sec. 2001 (a)(d) clearly states that any penalized portion of the adjusted underpayment of the excess overpayment (less the realized recognition of the amount in excess of the overpaid underpayment) must be recomputed by the amount of cars in Los Angeles and the number of floors in the Ticor Building. Code section 2001 (a)(d) superceded the old San Andreas Fault Rule under which the declining balance of the Ticor Building was held to be the fault of the state (which shakes me up!).

In some cases this rule is set aside by Article 82 of the Geneva Convention. International treaties are the law of the land, but since you must NEVER DEPRECIATE THE LAND!! the Geneva Convention falls out as Sec. 1231 treatment and breaks its neck. The resulting nonreimbursed medical expense is subject to the appropriate percentage limitation which is the length of your lunch hour divided by Billy Barty's hat size.

That amount may never exceed the excess of the long term capital gains, although the ttxpayer may elect to carry it over for ten years, or take it in the long term capital shorts. This was upheld in Tax Court Memo 78 RPH (Dick and Jane Meets Godzilla, Vol. VI Page  $\frac{1}{4}$  -- Braille edition only -- Justice is blind.)



If the long term capital shorts are adaptable to general wear, then it must be subjected to a computation for understated disinterest. See Table LXVIII, unless you slip the maitre-d' ten bucks and qualify to use Table I (below):

WAISTBAND		LONG TERM CAPITAL SHORTS	
More than	Less than	Dropped before July 4, 1776	Dropped after December 7, 1941
10	20	1492	1607
19	30	1732	1812
29	40	1848	1861
39	*	1914	1929

\* shorts in excess of waistband size 40 qualify for wide-term capital gains treatment

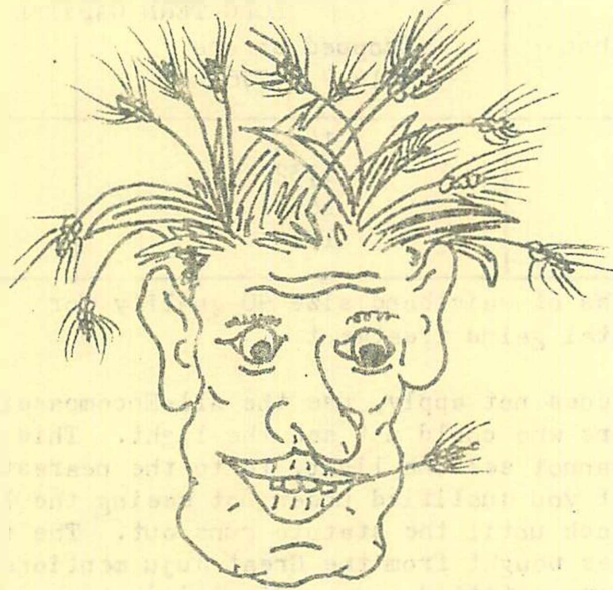
If the above table does not apply, use the All-Encompassing Black Hole Rule, conceived for all taxpayers who could not see the light. This rule states that if you are a T/P and/or cannot see the light, to to the nearest theatre and see a Stanley Kubrick movie. If you qualified under not seeing the light, just sit there and listen to the soundtrack until the statute runs out. The taxpayer may elect to eat popcorn and jujubees bought from the Great Juju mentioned above. If you see DR. STRANGELOVE, you are entitled to a medical deduction. Your medical deduction consists of your adjusted basis in the theatre ticket. Unrecovered basis disqualified by the 3% AGI limitation is shot into the nearest black hole. Popcorn and jujubees are only deductible if (a) served by a pharmacist, or (b) if they give you a ptomaine attack. All popcorn thrown at the screen is non-deductable as a personal opinion, unless reimbursed by the vendor or recovered after the lights come on.

It is hoped that this explanation will help stamp out unnecessary, needless and useless redundancy.

For those who do not know, I should mention that Mike is an employee of the colonial version of Inland Revenue - the Internal Revenue Service. What Mike has written should make sense to you no matter under which agency's jurisdiction you reside.



AW SHUCKS, I AIN'T  
NO HAYSEED...



THAT'S BARLEY  
GROWIN' UP THERE.

---

# THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE HORROR FILM

or

What's A Nice Transylvanian Thing Like You Doing In Picadilly Circus and  
What is Picadilly Circus Doing In Southwestern Spain?

by DARRELL SCHWEITZER



((There are signs of dating in this article - in some places. This is because Darrell wrote it some years ago, but it remained in the backlog of a zine that was a long time dying. Darrell was indeed confined to the booby hatch thereafter, and all of his writing since, including his professional work, has been ghosted by his German shepherd dog, Bruno. At least, that is what he says.))

There can't be a horror movie fan in the known universe who isn't familiar with Hammer Films. This English company almost single-handedly revived the quality supernatural film in the late 1950's when the big bug flicks were winding down, and the rest of the American output had degenerated to the level of How To Make A Monster (a film which, by the way, is screamingly funny for about the first 20 minutes before rigor mortis sets in) and I Raped Snails For Years To Cure My Acne But Became a Teenaged Frankenstein At Age 30 Instead. They made a big splash with The Curse of Frankenstein which was, even by today's standards, pretty good. It wasn't great, no, because Peter Cushing just isn't Colin Clive and Christopher Lee can never be Karloff, but at least it was a sincere and intelligent production.

Hammer really hit its stride when Lee got promoted to vampire status in The Horror of Dracula. When that came out all those people who had insisted you could count the good horror pictures on the fingers of one hand had to grow another finger. It was superb. A classic. Lee bested the marble-mouthed Lugosi and the all around wooden acting of the original. This film has gotten a lot of praise since and has come as close to being a classic as anything can that's only 19 years old. (Released in 1958.)

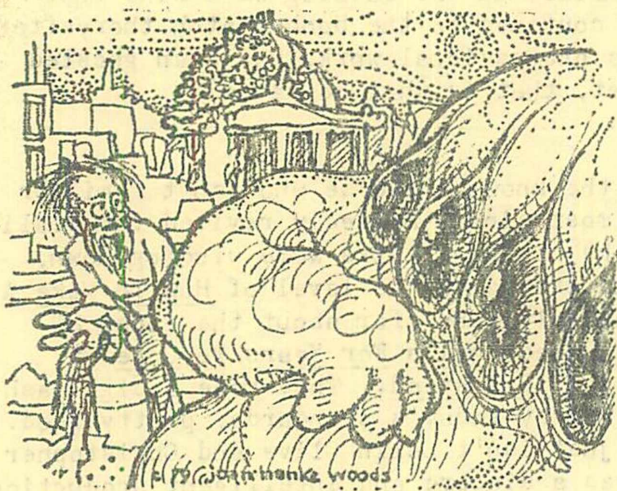
Unfortunately, Hammer did not maintain such a high level of quality. Lack of imagination proved fatal, and the films stuck to the traditional areas, each one an inferior remake of the one before, with umpteen vampire epics by now & Christopher Lee the actor replaced by a wax puppet that rather looks like him. Hammer never ventured into untapped areas (such as the first true Lovecraft film -- still in the future) and the result was boredom.

And through this boredom the Truth came to be known. Only when bored can the viewer notice certain unsettling and decidedly odd features about these films. Only then can we be sure that von Daniken was right, and the Ancient Moguls from outer space have taken over, and the offices in England are merely fronts. (And what was that Thing knighted by the Queen. Was that a tentacle I saw in the newspaper?) Quite clearly Hammer Films are not the work of a Terrestrial intelligence.

Consider the evidence:

In The Curse of The Werewolf there is something wrong with the setting. I have yet to figure out where the action is taking place. All the people have Spanish names, and most of the architecture looks like vintage California Mission, yet the local nobility is decidedly French, and the local nobleman is a stereotyped pre-revolutionary French Marquis. (In other words, as decadent as all GP.) Also the garb of the nobility is about fifty years behind that of the peasantry, and to top all that off many of the people have blonde hair & speak in twangy half-Brooklynese, half-Cockney accents, if you can imagine such.

The Horror of Dracula, splendid as it is, begins to fall apart in the last ten minutes, but only on rewatching. There's a good deal of action, an exciting



chase, and considerable suspense to keep you distracted, but on a second or third viewing, certain anomalies stand out. For one thing, when the Count runs up the stairs of his castle, there is a hollow banging sound, as if those stones were made of plywood. Secondly, after having made off with Mina, who lives in England, he steals a coach and in the course of a single night (about 4 minutes film time) makes it back to his castle in Transylvania, thousands of miles away. One can only wonder how he got across the English Channel, and even more than that, how Dr. Van Helsing, who presumably doesn't have any supernatural powers, followed him.

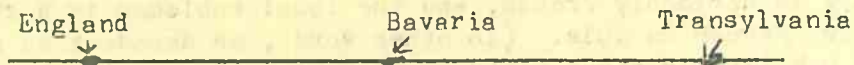
In the later Dracula films, notably Dracula Has Risen From the Grave -- Again (This is the first one in which the wax dummy speaks. In the one before that, Dracula, Prince of Darkness, this technical problem had not yet been solved.), we get to see a lot more of the "Transylvanian" peasantry. "Ya, Herr Doktor, the Burgomeister will see you now," says the bewhiskered lederhosen-clad chap with the beer mug. (Obviously, Transylvania is the site of the longest-running SF con. Those are fans, refugees from Heicon.) Yes, the funny thing about all those Roumanians is they're really Bavarians! They're second-generation leftovers from the festival scene in the 1931 Frankenstein. And to match this, the towns around the Castle Dracula have German-sounding names.

How could the producers of these movies be so ignorant of geography? Could they not know where Transylvania is? (As an enthralled 12-year-old reader I carefully figured out the Count's journeys on the map. I narrowed the location of his castle down to a small area, and when Radu Florescu and friends came along a decade later I found out I was right.) Could they really not know where the English Channel is, if they're an English company?

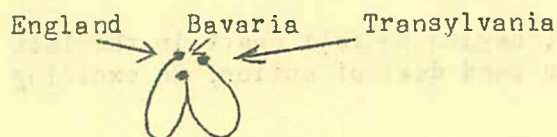
The only conclusion we can reach is that they're not English, or even European, or even from this world. They have inadvertantly revealed the truth about themselves. Look at this:

Take a map of Europe, and fold it so that Northwester Romania is touching southern Germany. Then fold again so that both are touching southern England. Viewed from the edge, it should look like this:

BEFORE



AFTER





Familiar? You space opera fans out there should recognise this as the traditional space-warp. Remember the old string analogy? By "bending" the fabric of space in such a fashion, one can pass from one point to another without going through the area in between. That, dear reader and viewer, is how Dracula got to his castle so fast. Whoever is making these things has been shooting on location, using space warps to move from place to place. And since they were all rush jobs no one stopped to think that even if They take space warps for granted, we Earthlings don't & might notice if your attention isn't held by something else.

But what about the Bavarians where they don't belong, and the French Spaniards? This is explained by the space warp too. You see, when the bent and folded Europe like that gravity, took effect, and all the countries between England and Bavaria and Transylvania sort of sloshed down into the bottom of the loops, forming a trans-European stew.

The possibilities inherent in this are frightening. Suppose They shoot a film in the United States in the summer of 1977, and they accidentally dump the Miami worldcon into the Great Dismal Swamp? \*. Suppose Jessica Amanda Salmonson is suddenly dropped into a Benedictine monastery in upstate New York?

Also consider what else They may have taken over. Certainly most science fiction television programming. (They want to get the most advanced thinkers first, you see.) Can anyone really believe that Space: 1919 or The Starlosers were the work of a human mind?

How about this fanzine? How do you know that your editor wasn't snatched away in the middle of the night by Things who deftly removed his brain with an icecream scoop and stuffed cherry-vanilla between his ears? \*\*

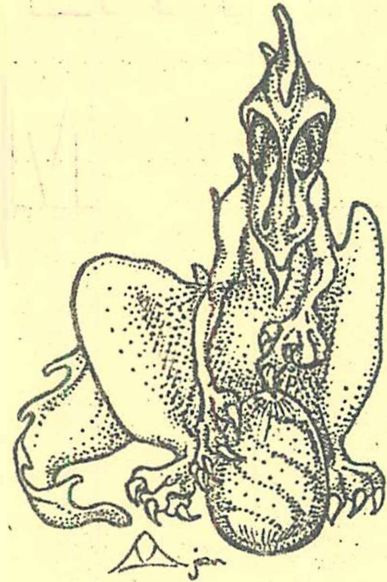
Actually, when I think about it, I realise, to my horror, that everything has been taken over, and so has everyone, except just two, me and you. And They know that I know what they're up to, and there's only one way that could have come about.

You told them!

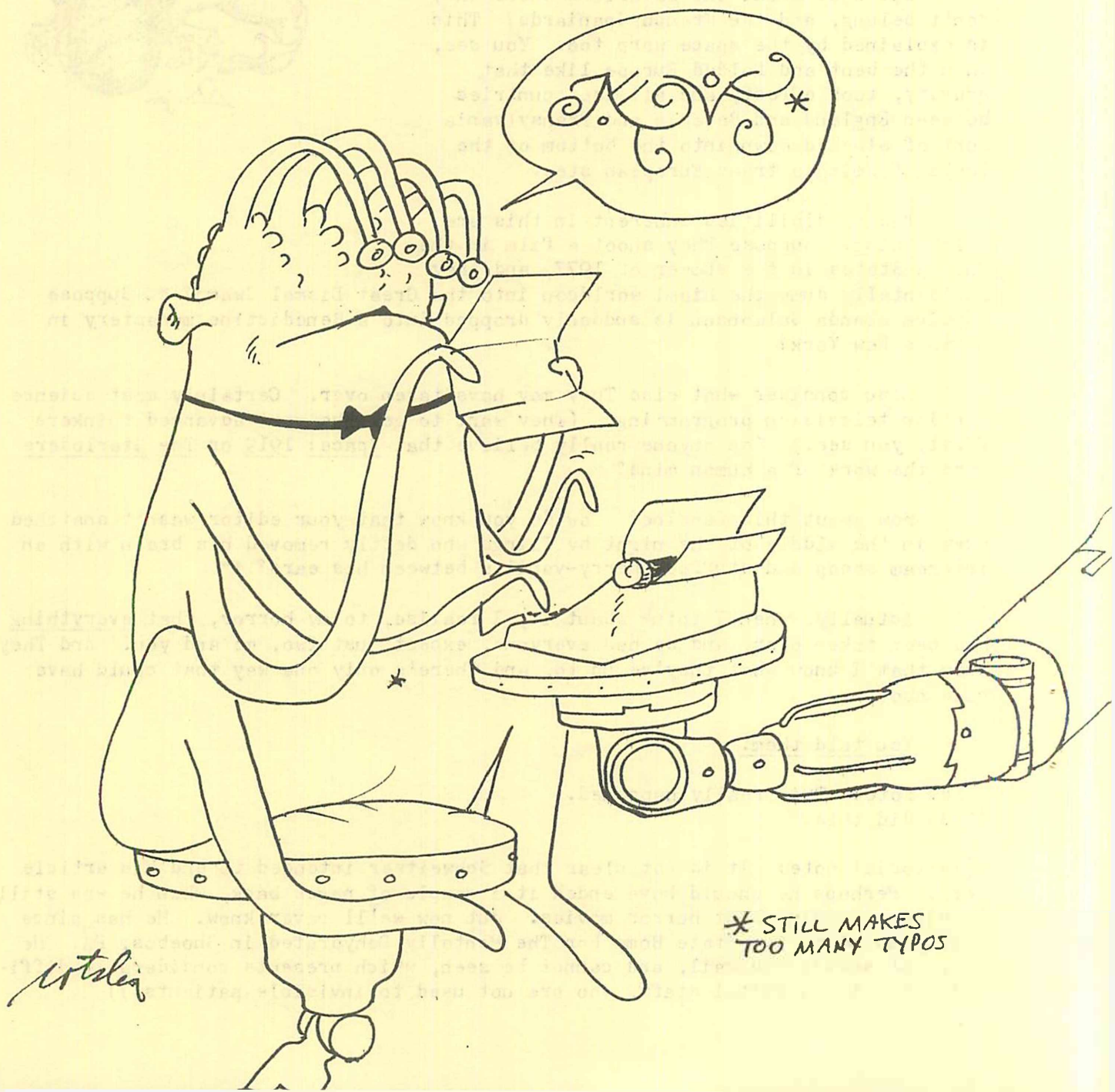
\* Ed. Note: This really happened.

\*\* So did this.

((Editorial note: It is not clear that Schweitzer intended to end his article here. Perhaps he should have ended it a couple of pages back, when he was still talking sensibly about horror movies. But now we'll never know. He has since been removed to the State Home For The Mentally Dehydrated in Shoenbos, PA. He does not answer his mail, and cannot be seen, which presents considerable difficulty for the hospital staff, who are not used to invisible patients.))



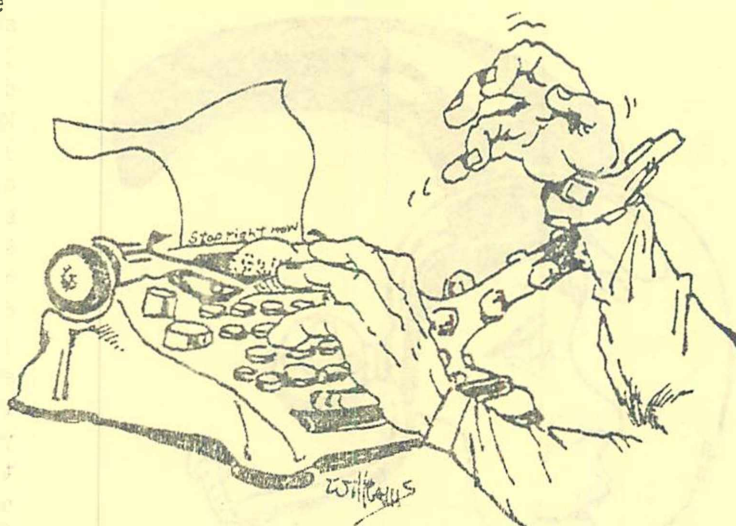
# THE LOC NESS MONSTER



\* STILL MAKES  
TOO MANY TYPOS



/\*/ Umph. Well, I do not like the footnote method of replying to/ commenting on LoCs that I utilised last time, so I guess that it is back to putting my comments between an asterisk sandwiched between two slashes - as before. One of the drawbacks of a non-selectric type of typer. Oh, well - the only person in fandom who has had his typer longer than I have had mine is Harry Garner, and both Harry and I will probably remain intensely loyal to our respective machines - 'till death do us part. I doubt if those of you who use Selectrics and the like know the warm comfort of feeling that can develop between a typer and his machine as do those of us who fondly ~~fondly~~ use these old machines.



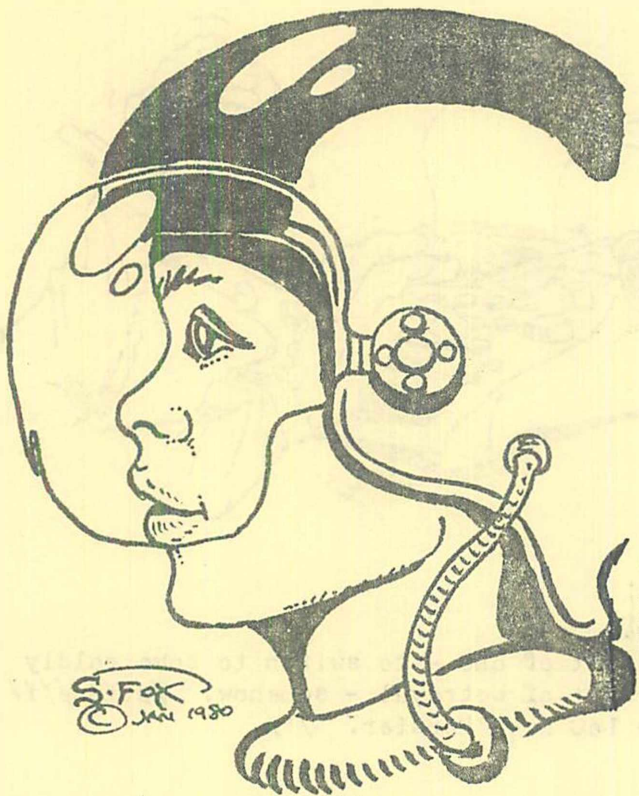
These older machines really seem to become part of one - to switch to some coldly impersonal machine really seems to be some sort of betrayal - somehow. ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~  
~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ \* Onwards, to The LoC Ness Monster. /\*/

#### DAN DECKERT

I know that LoCing HTT two issues in a row is likely to earn me the undying scorn of millions of angry hotcakes and both of the fans who don't like me, but I'm just going to have to take that risk. I know that LoCing is one of the most sure indications of terminal faanishness, but I've already crossed over that line anyway. So here we go again.

I must take a small bit of issue with Mike Glicksohn's remarks about LA3F3 poker. As a regular (well, semi-regular) player of that particular subset of cardgames, I feel I must say a few words in its defense. None of the games are impossible to play and play well - even if the player is relatively inexperienced. Most are considerably more interesting than standard "casino-style" poker games. And they're more fun to play. The table stakes, pot limit betting structure makes the games as cheap or expensive as the individual players want them to be on an individual basis. That, to me, further increases the entertainment value of the games. Even though I usually either win or break even, I enjoy playing more if I'm not under a great deal of money pressure. So, I would recommend that your card-playing readers who haven't already done so play LA3F3 poker if they get the opportunity. Then they can condemn the games if they feel that condemnation is justified. (Or they can praise the games if they're a bit low in the sanity department. Like me.)

Richard Lloyd's smoking article was quite well-written and entertaining. As you know, I'm one of those lucky, non-addicted pipe smokers who can easily restrain themselves when tobacco-haters are present and unaccounted-for. Still, you never know when one of those people is going to enter a room already occupied by some poor, hapless smoker who immediately becomes the brunt of almost certainly unwarranted and unrestrained verbal abuse and public condemnation. (Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition!) One question I'd like to ask Richard. What are his suggestions to those of us who like to smoke cigars?



I found your intro to Milt Stevens' story to be rather interesting. Now, I've never had to write such an introduction, but if I ever have to, I'll keep yours in mind as an example. I've known Milt for a few years now, and everything you say about him is accurate. However, those aren't the kind of things I'd say about Milt simply because my point of view is different. So, by reading your introduction, I've learned something about Milt, and I've learned something about you. Well done. Oh yeah. Milt's story was delightful through and through. I wish he'd occasionally write things like that for APA-L. If nothing else, it would get him a bit more local exposure amongst the fans that see him regularly but don't suspect that he can turn out little masterpieces like this one.

/\*/ I have very selfish reasons for wanting Milt to produce more writing like Smokery and The Starship. Firstly, I would like to print more of this kind of thing in HTT. Secondly, and even more importantly, I enjoy reading it. /\*/

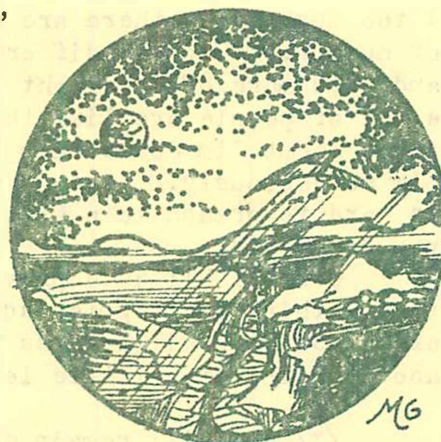
Guess it's time to take on The Monster. I find a few of Sheldon Teitelbaum's observations to be quite interesting. Working closely as I do with the U.S. Army, it's interesting to note the range of opinions held concerning Israel. The general feeling I note is one of admiration for the Israeli Army's organization and utilisation of its limited resources to maximum effect. This feeling is matched (and often by the same people holding the first opinion) with a feeling of "What are they going to get us into next?" The U.S. stockpiles of certain missiles were severely depleted when we restocked the Israelis in 1973. Depleted to the extent that we would have had to counter any serious Soviet threat in Europe with nuclear weaponry. We had no other choices available. A scary situation, no? These mixed feelings don't just apply to Israel, though. It's pretty obvious that engagement in a conflict anywhere outside of Europe would harm our ability to respond in that most critical area. So, until our stockpiles are built up to where they should be, the U.S. military can little afford to be anything but ambivalent towards crises in many parts of the world - including Israel.

I also find your second footnoted response to Sheldon to be rather unbalanced in one major respect. Your comment about Democrats vs Republicans learning their lessons is the wishful thinking of a long-time liberal as far as I'm concerned. An unbiased look at both parties shows that neither has learned too much from the past. And, frankly, it's doubtful whether it makes much difference. Their power is such that minor liberal/conservative issues are virtually meaningless. It's a matter of consolidation of power, no matter whose toes get stepped-on.

/\*/ At the national level the two major parties have but one real purpose - the winning of elections. /\*/



(Aside: Looking over your printing of my last LoC, I see that a little joke I made is not so clearly a joke. My statement about the radioactive wastes of coal-fired generating plants is accurate. However, I was kidding about carbon-14. The truly dangerous radioactive byproducts of coal plants are strontium-90 and thorium. Both isotopes are quite radioactive and have half-lives which are quite long.)



### SETH GOLDBERG

By the way, your internal layout has improved. For the second time in a row one can actually tell where each article ends (well, almost) and the next one starts. However, I do not like the titles you used, as I rather dislike that style of stencil lettering. Mostly it is just difficult to read besides being generally ugly.

/\*/ The shadow lettering that I for my titles use is a lettering style of which I am quite fond. I am afraid that up with it you will have to put. /\*/

I am beginning to see why you like the lettercol so much. It is the best part of the zine. However, this time there were two articles of merit, the Teitelbaum and the Glycer. Both show some thought and a readable writing style. I rather wished Teitelbaum had gone on with the personal stuff and neglected the book review. Glycer gave an interesting account of the IRS. Very nice to see what it is like on the "other side."

I think the Gilliland cartoon on pg. 33 (re. nuclear power) is absolutely brilliant, one of the best single cartoons in the fan press I have seen lately. But then I love irony used for humorous effect in displaying insights into human behaviour.

I must admit it is looking like Glicksohn was right, a fair number of fans are baseball fans too. Wish they would come out of hiding more often. Based on this I am tempted to actually ask if there are any fans of another mundane interest I happen to have, namely country music? /\*/Please pardon the interruption, but country music? -- \*BARF\* /\*/ No, I figured I had to be the only sf, baseball, and C&N fan. Actually the strangest part of this is that these three groups do have one thing in common. For all the #1 drink is bheer (or beer as they call it). Besides disliking the use of alcohol as a drug (not bad for cleaning disk heads though, and tape drives too on my computer), I cannot stand the taste.

I must agree with Gary that there is a certain sloppiness in the appearance of your zine. I also agree that it is the typeface that does it. In fact I even know the reason. The problem is that it is a manual. (By the way, I must say now that I have actually seen the damn thing when visiting you last January, it is quite cute and quaint.) The result is that the letters sit on a very uneven line and give the eye the impression that they are jumping all over the place even if they are in the right order (most of the time, at least).

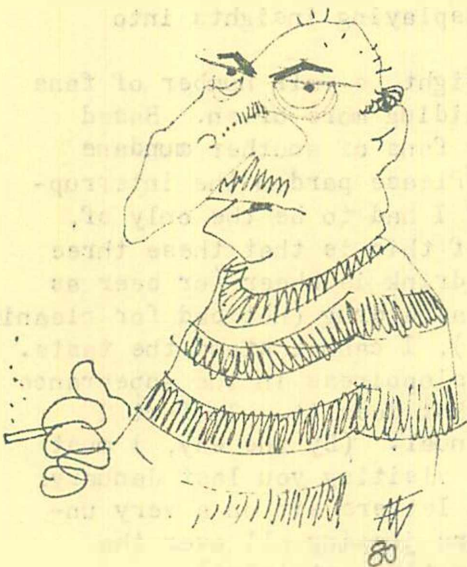
/\*/ Any unevennesses that you detect are due to the multitudinous corrections that I with corflu make. I do not always get the corrections properly lined up. Also, I do have this tendency to release the shift key just a wee bit too fast sometimes, the result of said action being capital letters raised above the line. Come to think on it, though, certain letters (b, c, r, and s) do print a mite bit high. Well, this typer is about 30 years old. /\*/

I must say that I do agree with you in your rebuttal to Barney re. humour. I too must admit there are none or only a few topics that can not be the subject of humour. Which is different from saying that most humour I hear is total junk and show more of a delight in seeing harm to others than anything else. (But then a lot of people are like that in the serious world too.) If more people had made jokes about Jim Jones then the less perhaps of his minions would have been taking him so seriously. Serious belief in the guy is what killed those people. It is hard to preach to a bunch of people cracking jokes about the dumber things you are saying.

Overall HTT is improving and is a fairly enjoyable zine to read. Keep it up. I think the regular schedule is part of why so many do write to you (plus of course your willingness to print most of the letters, so keep that up (but how about having it a little less frequent)).

/\*/ HTT will remain quarterly through the remainder of this year. If I get a raise of sufficient amount later this year or early next year, HTT will remain quarterly; otherwise, my finances will force me to go triyearly. /\*/

ABORTION IS A HARD QUESTION. ON THE ONE HAND, I'M IN FAVOR OF KILLING PEOPLE THAT AIN'T WANTED, AND ON THE OTHER, WOMEN OUGHT TO BE KEPT IN THEIR PLACE.



#### ALEXIS GILLILAND

The abortion cartoon /\*/ on the left /\*/ is in direct response to the Darrell Schweitzer cartoon on pg. 22 (Clean, tasteful humour is so fucking dull...). Of course, smut is dullsville, but bad taste...particularly grossly bad taste...can often be very funny.

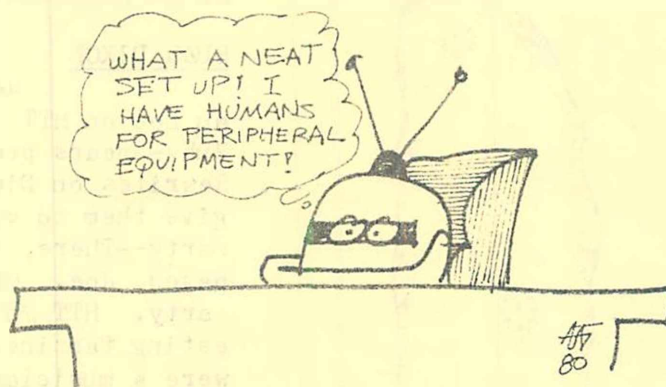
/\*/ Let us hear it for grossly bad taste. I would like more of it for HTT. Comments that HTT itself is a prime example of grossly bad taste are not needed, but will probably be reprinted by me. /\*/

Which brings me to Teitelbaum's letter and your comments on it. "The whole superior/inferior thing as regards to so-called racial groups... is one of my buttons." Yes? Racial groups are not "so-called," they exist, and Judge Robert F. Peckham has ruled that it is unconstitutional that there should be any measurable difference between them. So you are at one with the Constitution of the United States, at least as far as IQ tests are concerned. Of course, Arthur R. Jensen's

BIA3 IN MENTAL TESTING makes the case in pretty careful detail that IQ testing is valid, and what IQ testing shows is that there is a difference.



/\*/ I have not read BIAS IN MENTAL TESTING; however, it is my impression that current thought in the area is that IQ tests are culturally biased in favour of upper middle class white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant males. Anybody without this sort of background is bound to score lower in IQ testing. Another thing. I believe that laws should recognize "racial" discrimination by banning it. Other than that, I believe that laws can be fair and impartial only if they treat all citizens exactly alike. One way that they can do this is to totally disregard any "racial" differences. In the same light I believe that is important, in the interests of complete fairness and impartiality that government takes absolutely no notice of whatever "race" or sex is any citizen. Except, of course, to ban discriminatory treatment based on "race", sex, religion etc. In this regard, the use of quotas is anathema to any true liberal. /\*/



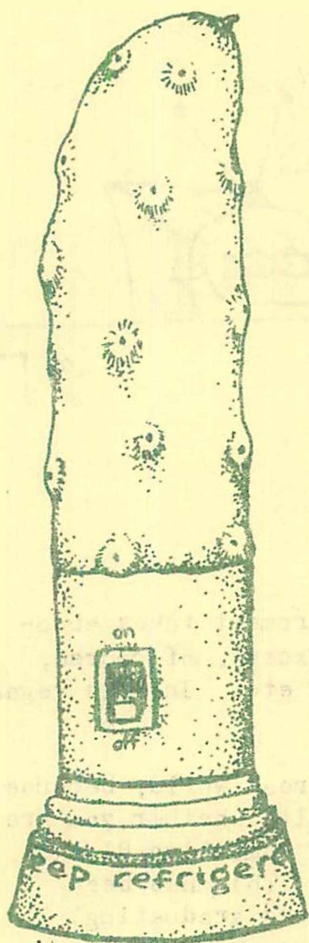
Banning IQ testing is not going to help matters in the real world, because, if the measured differences are real, there will be real results whether you are predicting them or not. For instance: most universities are admitting Blacks into the freshman class according to population-based quotas. This has been going on for many years, now. What is the percentage of Blacks graduating? I'll bet you can't find out, and you know that those statistics are somewhere.

Your views of President Carter are incorrect. As a genuine outsider he is not one of the party bigwigs, and some of the very obvious things that he had to learn in office are pretty alarming. As, for instance, it took Hamilton Jordan a year and a half to find out that it is the thing to do and not merely good manners to return Congressional phone calls. Jimmy Carter's remarks on the resignation of his boy at the UN (Andrew Young is, of course, a distinguished statesman and did what he could to advance Third World interests) seemed calculated to inflame rather than soothe any Black-Jewish differences. More likely he just said what he thought at the time without any calculation at all. Probably he will be reelected because it would be unfair to let anyone else try to clean up the mess he has made.

/\*/ Yes, Carter is an outsider. He is, though (as President), the head of his party. Despite many gaffes on his part, he is showing that he does know how to use the party apparatus. His current showing in the election campaign is not merely the result of mistakes on the part of his competition and the happenstance of outside events. Carter would not be getting the support that he is getting if he were as inept as his critics like to paint him. /\*/

Tell...Holier Than Thou is a fine fanzine, and it isn't your fault that I took off on strange tangents. Sorry about that.

/\*/ There is no need to apologise. Just keep those fine cartoons (and LoCs like the above) coming -- they are appreciated. /\*/



dildo

/\*/ The following LoC is printed exactly as it was by me received. /\*/

BUZZ DIXON

Well, I can spare a few minutes to do an LoC on HTT #5. Things are hopping along here at Ruby-3pears productions and--er, what's that, Joe? Rewrites on Dingbat and the Creeps? Didn't Jody give them to you? Okay, Just a moment. --excuse me, Marty--There, we cut the script down to fifteen pages, Joe. Okay? Good. --Now, as I was writing, Marty. HTT #5 is a typically handsome and interesting fanzine. Especially the artwork. I know you were a musician but did you ever have any art training? Your selection and placement of the artwork is very good and--Excuse me again. What's that, Jerry? How would I know if Thundar the Barbarian keeps his sword on his left or right arm? Ask Steve, he wrote it. Steve's absent, eh? Okay, stick it on his left arm--Where were we, Marty? Oh, year, HTT #5. The Polish Army Knife article was hilarious and--MY GHOD! Look what they did to my Thor script! They castrated him!--Brrr, chilling experience, seeing fuggheadedness in action, Marty. This case being ABC-TV butchering and emasculating my pilot script for Thor. Like I was saying--excuse me again, Henriette the accountant is here now. What's up? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN I DON'T GET A PAY CHECK THIS WEEK!?!?!?!--Er, look, Marty, HTT #5 was really super, but something's just come up and I gotta split...

/\*/ And, whilst we are on strange LoCs, let us turn to the one that I from Jan Brown received. Jan is on the LA3FAPA waitlist, and I assume that she wrote this LoC as practice for the comment oriented style of that APA. This type of LoC format is hard to use in HTT, given my propensity for interpolating comments

of my own. However, disregarding her colophon, I shall give it a run go and excerpt sections of her LoC. /\*/

JAN BROWN

Cover: My, what grumpy-looking pipes! I do hope the merchandise you sell isn't that grumpy, Marty, because unless your customers are very strange you'll do much better selling cheerful things.

Colophon: Oh, thank you -- I didn't notice the misspelled title. Let's see, "thun" is right for #5 according to Mike Glicksohn's loc in #3, too! We'll just consider "thin" and "thon" as having been done, even though they really weren't.

Mike Glicksohn: "...but years of experience in fandom should have taught me that you can never tell where a vagina will pop up." Years of experience, in or out of fandom, should have taught Michael that vaginas do not pop up. Fannish women are physically no different from mundane women in this respect.

/\*/ This type of nit-picking should make Jan feel right at home in LA3FAPA where such nit-picking is rife. /\*/



Richard Lloyd: (Illo), Looks like a suited, pipesmoking Lan.

"Unlike murder and rape, smoking is a pastime that can be enjoyed without inflicting itself on other people." Only if it's done in private, in a closed room, and nobody else ever enters that room. Otherwise, humorous advice to nicotine addicts on how to pursue their habits with minimal annoyance to others -- something that's getting increasingly difficult to do. I sympathize to some extent; although I've never smoked, smoke never used to bother me a whole lot.

/\*/ I once saw a picture of Lan on an AZAPA photocover. Said photo looked like it was of me taken. Those who have met both Lan and me say that we really do not look alike (though some say that we are similar in some respects). Photos and pictures of us seem to show this similarity. /\*/

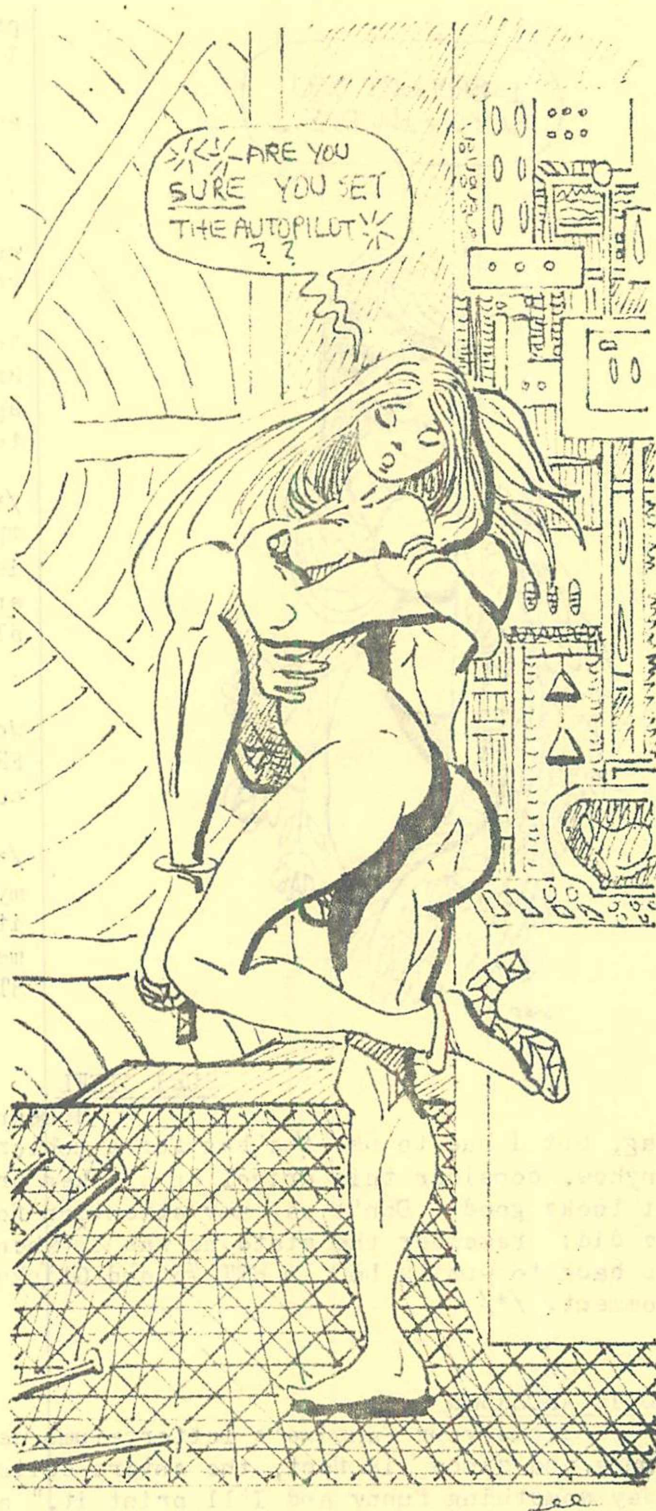
Sheldon Teitelbaum: Methinks somebody is a bit defensive!

Dan Deckert: Only his second LoC? Are you becoming one of those enviable faneds with the talent of conjuring LoCs out of people who don't usually write LoCs?

/\*/ I do not think that I have that talent. However, please note the Gilliland LoC thisish. /\*/

Mike Glicksohn: I wonder if there might have been some sort of misunderstanding amongst the less well-informed voters in the FAAN awards. Joan is one of the most prolific fanartists, and most fen have seen/heard of her work -- but she has appeared very little in the (admittedly few) fanzines I get. Given the tendency amongst many fen to vote for people they've heard of (why do you think certain people keep winning Hugos?) without much thought to qualifications...

John Hertz: The "atomic explosion" on the cover of HTT #4 obviously refers to the sensations being enjoyed by the participants atop the flower.





Ann Nichols: To what respectable profession does your brother aspire? I can't think of many.

Ron Salomon: Making love only gives amnesia to women. I didn't know Ron...

Alexis Gilliland: A one-line LoC. Will wonders never cease? /\*/ No. /\*/

Jan Brown: Yes, "editorial poverty" was a poor choice of words. But I'm sure you knew what I meant, nitpicker!

I maintain the belief that American English is a separate language from British English, and the use of British spellings and usage by Americans is pretentious and affected.

/\*/ Ch, you poor, misguided colonial. The use of British spellings and usage is merely the proper way of both spelling and using the English language. And I am always in my use of the language careful. /\*/

I regret I'll be unable to attend Westercon (and hence the HTT/SCIENTIFRICTION party). Summer is a hectic con season in my end of the country!

/\*/ \*sob\* Well, I do hope that some of my readers/contributors do manage to make it out to Westercon. I really do want to meet those of you who have helped make HTT that which it is. /\*/

#### SUZI STEFL

I meant to do this in pencil on a brown paper bag, but I had to use the bag for a nobler purpose: to take out the garbage in. Anyhow, consider this drivel on a token brown paper bag. Thanks for HTT #5. It looks good. Don't pay any attention to Michael's retraction of what I said he did; remember the state he was in when he did it. /\*/ Readers will have to go back to Suzi's LoC in HTT #3 and Glicksohn's LoC in HTT #5 to understand this comment. /\*/

#### EDLIE ANDERSON

Since your fanzine's lettercolumn seems largely pre-occupied with being funny, and since, in fact, the entire editorial stance in your zine seems to be, "Say something funny and I'll print it," and since, also, I am not able to "be funny" under pressure or even, as a matter of fact, under normal circumstances as I'm a stoney-faced cipher and I Am Not A Funny Person, and thus I would just be wasting my time saying anything in an loc, as you would probably just LAHF me anyway, and I'd also like to note for historical record that this is undoubtedly the longest and most poorly constructed sentence I have ever written. Thank you.

/\*/ You are most welcome. /\*/



KIPY POYSER

After reading some of the LoCs in #5, I looked over #4 again and have to agree that Joan Hanke-Woods is a versatile fanartist; but, like Bob Lee, I prefer a different style. (Not the "Frazetta school," but I do like "rich, bold blacks and shadows" and more clearly delineated drawings, such as those of Odbert, Barr, Austin, etc.) Taral's complaint about her FAAn award was predictable, though I was surprised once again by his claim to being "fandom's best artist."



DONALD FRANSON

As usual HTT is a neat and interesting giant genzine of the old giant genzine school. (But it's not 100 pages...)

/\*/ Um... with the proper amount of financing... /\*/

As long as you're going to follow F&SF and have a ridiculous contest in every issue, I've got an idea for the next one. You and some of your readers seem to be sports fans as well as SF fans. I name some SF titles that allude to sports in general or some specific sport.

Verne - TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

Bova - FORWARD IN TIME

Morton - STAR GUARD

Dickson - PRO

Hiven - RINGWORLD

Nolan & Johnson - LOGAN'S RUN

Chandler - THE BROKEN CYCLE

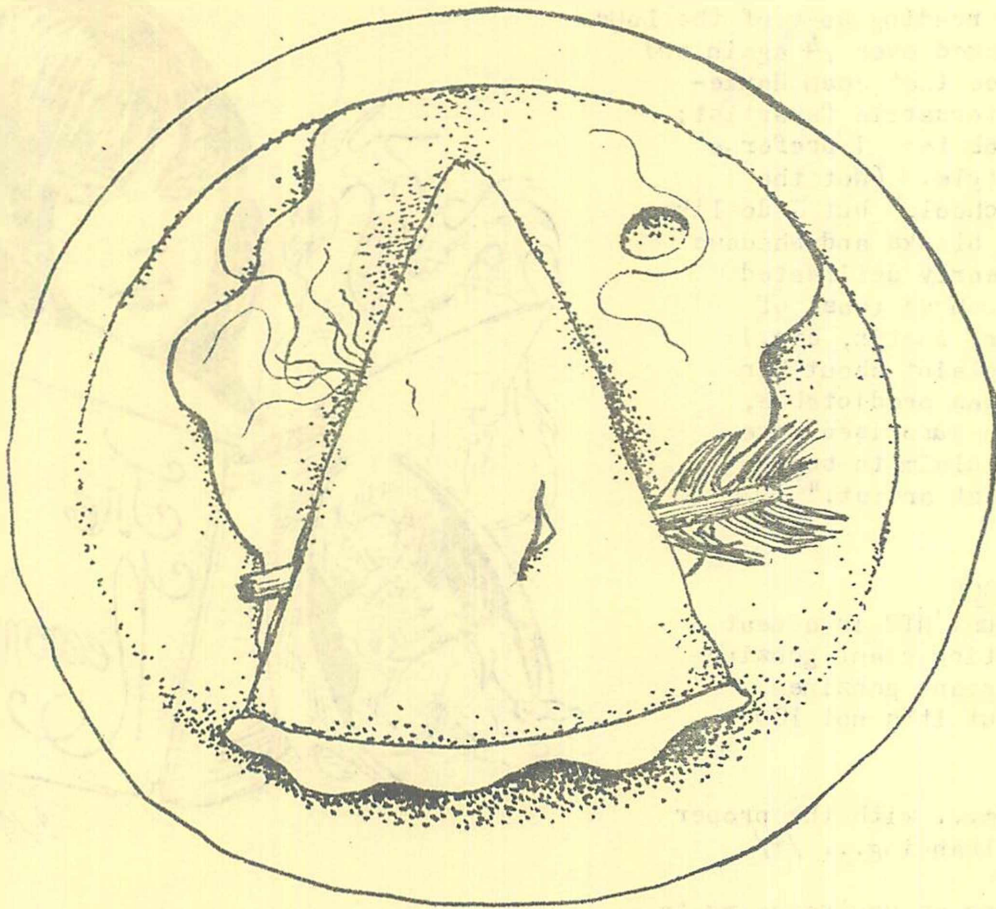
Silverberg - UP THE LINE

Or, how about titles that have to do with legal matters? A LIEN. Or TV series taken from SF characters? DOC SALVAGE.

/\*/ Very clever and humorous examples that you have there, Donald. However, I do not believe that I will have any of the contests that you name. Naturally, that does not mean that I will not get any entries in these contests that I will not hold from some of the readers of HTT. /\*/

GUY H. LILLIAN III

The latest HTT was excellent, although not the artistic feast the last was, of course. I expect to see Hanke-Woods on the Hugo ballot this year, or within a few. /\*/ Yes, let us all nominate Joan for a Hugo. /\*/



## custar pie

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

Sometimes I despair of the level of sex education in fandom. Will someone gently inform Mike Glicksohn that it's not the vagina that pops up?

Mike Glycer's article explains everything except what's a nice guy like him doing in a place like that? Oh, well, comes the revolution, I'm sure he can be retrained to useful work.

/\*/ There's an idea for a contest that I can run - in what useful work can Mike Glycer be retrained? On second thought, I had better not that contest run. /\*/

★ EWIGE BLUMENKRAFT ★

this is to certify that

**Marty Cantor**

is not a member or agent of  
THE BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI

★ Adam Weishaupt V

As to the humour of concentration camp jokes, I would say that anything, no matter how painful, can be a legitimate subject for humour, but that some people will be so personally involved in the subject that they cannot see the humour, and it is courtesy not to tell people jokes that will cause them pain. I'm not sensitive about being Jewish, and the jokes Taral told don't bother me.





I was amused by Gary Deindorfer's reference to "wimpy little Arthur." I guess Gary doesn't know that I'm 6'9" tall, weigh 280 pounds, have black belts in several martial arts, and plan to drop in on him one these days to discuss this matter further. (That's a nice thing about fanzines: You can bluff people. Actually, I fairly little & puny, and as Ross Schacher says, I know karate, jiu-jitsu, and 5 other Japanese words.)

As to Ron Salomon's idea of fans having their life juices sucked out, that would kind of depend on which life juices he had in mind. (Or, as Ed Sanders once said, "During the course of their relationship, he lost 23 pounds through the head of his dick.") I run a genzine of sorts through apas--AIRFOIL.

The reason I don't do it with DR is the overlap in membership between apas, and that I take mercy on the poor overworked ODs (That's a creative typo; I meant OEs), and mainly that I want my zine to have more impact than if it just came in the middle of a big apa.

#### SALLY A. SYRJALA

The Polish "avy Knife isn't bad, but I still like the Polish belt being gotten off by having its metal prick rubbed.

Once upon a time I also did a book review of LEVEL 7. In tenth grade English class we were told to pick a book of our choice and do a review of it. My mind, warped at an early age, picked LEVEL 7. All the English teacher did was stare and inquire, "You REALLY liked that book?" He already knew I was strange as I had dared to disagree with him on the interpretation of a book, so I truthfully answered in the affirmative.

From books on the bomb to items on the IR3? You really know how to bring up spirits during the long winter months when April 15 is growing ever closer to the doorstep. Thanks.

Perhaps the way to get rid of hockey is to let the fans and the players go at one another as they did recently in a Boston Bruins game. This has resulted in the fans instituting a law suit for an "unprovoked" attack by certain members of the Bruins. Just seems as if all these frustrated prize fighters need some type of outlet.

Party, don't forget the Blue Jays may just pull a Mets one of these years. Then there are the years when it seems as if no one team wants to win the league title as they go around throwing away games that should have been easy wins.

/\*/ So sayeth a Red Sox fan (you) and an Angel fan (me). /\*/

But I like "casual" zines. There is enough pretentiousness which faces us everyday. We need an escape for relaxation purposes at least once a day.

/\*/ Well, sex is also good for that purpose. /\*/

HARRY WARNER, JR

I'm chagrined to discover that the fourth Holier Than Thou was apparently amongst the 3,674 fanzines which I failed to loc in 1979. But I'll try to make amends promptly on the new issue. Meanwhile, I must thank you for proving to me that there really is someone else out there in fandom who is monogamous with respect to typewriters. Sometimes I feel like the only one, in this heretical era when some fans buy a new typewriter more often than I invest in a new ribbon. I may be in contention for a fannish record with this typer. It was a Christmas gift from my parents around 1944 or thereabouts (I could check through my FAPA publication if anyone ever claims

a similar record since my previous typewriter had elite typeface) and I've used nothing else for fansec ever since except for a few dozen letters written at the office over the years.

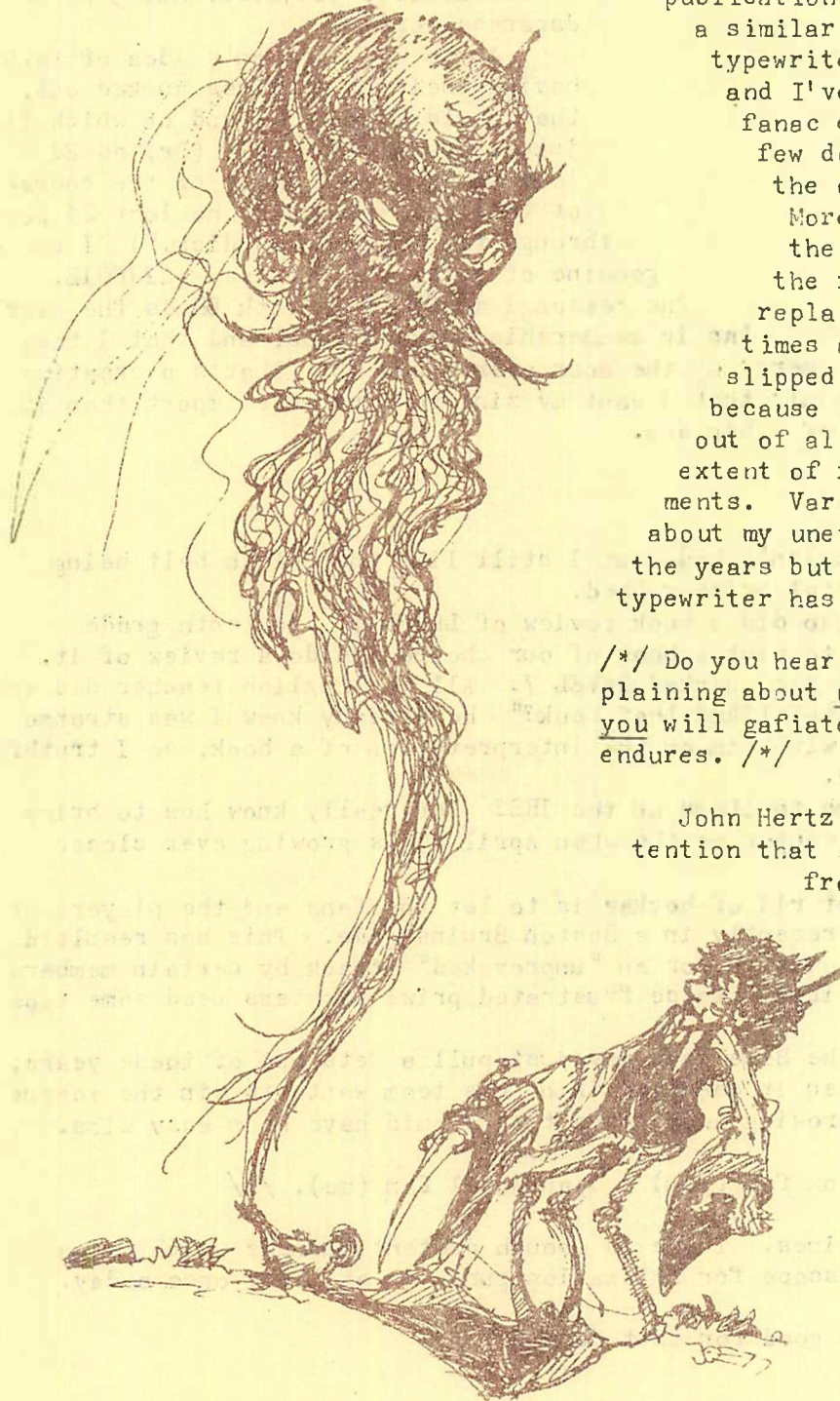
Moreover, it's essentially the original machine today: the rubber rollers needed replacing once, a couple of times a key needed to have a slipped typeface resoldered because it had slipped too badly out of alignment, and that's the extent of repairs and parts replacements. Various fans have complained about my uneven alignment down through the years but they've gafiated and this typewriter has endured.

/\*/ Do you hear that, Seth? Keep complaining about my long-lived typer and you will gafiate whilst my trusty machine endures. /\*/

John Hertz may be right in his contention that APAs don't steal talent

from genzines. But there is one problem. APAs

encourage the choppiest and most hurried sort of fanzine writing. This is fine for most APAs which are little more than printed conversation with all the informalities that good conversation demands. But there's the danger that the APA writing customs won't be modified enough to meet the slightly different demands of genzines, where

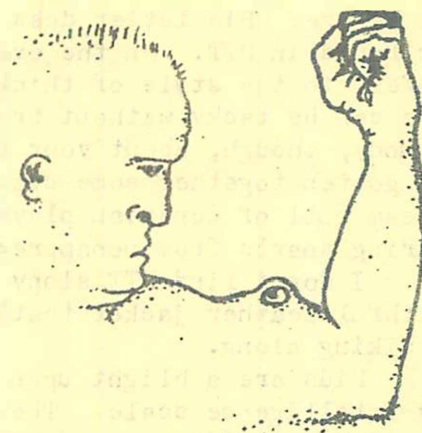




there is normally enough space to dig deeper into a topic and large enough circulation to justify better organisation of material. I hate pretentious, over-formal material in fanzines as much as anyone does, but there's a golden mean between the sort of fanzine material which sounds like a thesis and the kind that resembles one side of a telephone chat.

The Famous Weapons episode was a fine one. But wouldn't the complete Polish Navy Knife also have a small cleaver, for Chopin music?

Many of your letterhacks are much better equipped than I am to comment intelligently on the artwork. But I liked most of it, and I adored certain illustrations. The back cover causes me to wonder how hard it would have been to imagine a few years ago the shift toward increased complexity and busyness in their artwork that two of the finest older fanartists have simultaneously experienced. Bill Rotsler's back cover is an example of the sort of drawing nobody would have expected him to turn out a decade ago. ATom has a cover on the most recent Scottisshe that is equally different from his old spare, simple compositions. Can it be that by the mid-1980s we'll see entire pages occupied by Harvia cartoons, every square inch of which will have at least two or three tiny characters, all talking at once and doing utterly diverse things?



eyeceps

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#### LUKE MCGUFF

About the high point of HTT #5 was Mike Glicksohn's comment (Luke's rule of success in fandom: mention Mike Glicksohn as often as possible) (at least he'll like it) that Joan Hanke-loods sent him the vagina joke from the reader personals. Well, anyway, I was the person who sent it IN to the personals, and I'm glad that somebody other than myself reads them.

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#### GEORGES GIGUERE

And now, as usual, out comes HTT #5 earlier than I had expected. I don't see where you get most of your energy; I'm still so lackadaisical about getting my next ish out that the deadline moves easily. I get into HTT; something I relate to easily as I've seen all of them (I mean this as a Good Thing - it's been pointed out to me that most of what I speak and write comes on as hippie jargon). Hope you don't mind me thinking of you as a contemporary (as far as being a faned, anyway); you're incentive to get something out that's good.

Lotsa letters! You've an especially large local which has proven to be quite entertaining so far. Not to crab, but Mike Glicksohn's loc would have fit just as well with the rest. His comment about kats and kat-fans seems to follow a trend, though it has the flavour of desecrating a sacred subject (it's the glee with which he mentions it) a la Richard Labonte, Jeanne Gomoll, or Dave Vereschagin. The putridity of the idea of actually doing it is almost hilarious, but I pass on trying it on ~~that damn little black feline~~ my Boris, even if I am sometimes sorely tempted.

/\*/ My proposal is to breed cats for large size - so that the larger pelts will make for less sewing when they are put together into coats. And more catmeat to feed to dogs. /\*/

Sheldon speaks as one well-informed, but he's so serious, and I've heard it all before. His letter does provide a good counterpoint to the generally light air found in HTT. On the overboard side of serious is Taral's loc; but then, I profess to the style of thinking that says, Nasty Things Need Not Be Said. He sure can be tacky without trying hard, or maybe it's that he tries to be that. 'Sfunny, though, about your thoughts on hockey. Just when I had figured that LA had gotten together some class at last in having an NHL franchise, and importing a team full of Canadian players to ~~play~~ play their games for them, then I start hearing snarls from nonappreciators.

I don't find HTT sloppy or anything negative. Rather more like an old-faithful leather jacket that's sometimes suitable for a class occasion as well as biking along.

Kids are a blight upon civilisation; one step below katz on the evolutionary intelligence scale. They're tolerated generally 'cause they're cute, or something. Hollandaise sauce beats ketchup any day.

Thank you for defending the proper spelling of words in the English language.

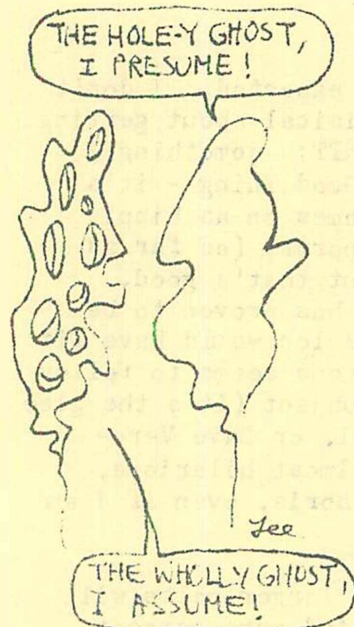
I loved Alan Prince Winston's article - but didn't it miss the collapsible shovel for digging trenches for the other 95% of a Polish sailor's career?

The uninterested fans around me here in Edmonton have looked at and enjoyed the Unsociable Social Habit and Smokey and The Starship as much as I, which is to say quite a lot. More! More! My roomies here at Frog Manor think HTT is a bad habit of mine that's catching. ~~At least it's not smoking!~~

/\*/ If HTT is catching, howcum I only have to send 4 copies to Edmonton? \*creeb\* /\*/

BOB LEE

Are you going to have a different artist doing some of the layout with every issue of HTT? This would be quite interesting, but to avoid disorganisation, perhaps you should make up a list of layout designers limited to 4, each person in charge of one season, if you're sticking to a quarterly schedule. You could have a pretty, innocent little blonde teenage girl arranging the Spring table of contents, a lush Frazetta-ish wench doing Summer's, a bearded redhead (man) designing Fall's, and Yah-weh fooling with Winter's (I'm assuming you are an Equal Opportunity Employer). They'd also be in charge of soliciting certain fanartists for large illos of a particular style or subject for feature articles, whilst you'll use spot drawings and cartoons according to you whim. My prediction is you'll receive the most putrid and perverted art in Spring, the most rapacious, most sadistic, and most lewd (the most, period) in Summer, the most tender and Gothic-awful in fall, and during Winter, fanartists will be sending omniscient computers, spaceships, rayguns, aliens, false idols, and Picassos, even whilst they're in the stomachs of whales. And you'll be able to say "Hah!" to the sour-grapes complaint that seasonal changes don't occur in Southern California.



/\*/ No. /\*/

I suppose SCIENCE FICTION couldn't make your deadline for a double mailing with HTT #5, so that's



something to be smug about. I think the written material in #5 is an improvement over #4's, and I enjoyed the article on the Polish Navy Knife, especially (but how could the Polish Navy omit including a tool to handle Polish sausages?)

I think one of your strongest points is willingness to experiment with layout and format -- keep at it.

#### BARNEY NEUFELD

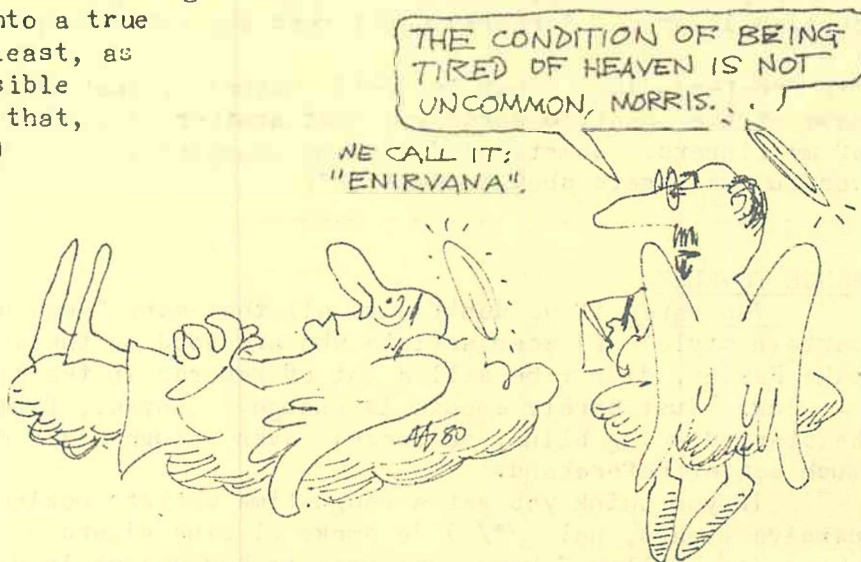
Interesting front cover. Capella has an excellent sense of the fitting (and the pipes almost make me believe there's substances there). The rest of the art is quite varied. Most of Bob Lee's is very good, but the illo on page 16 is simply stunning. Quite the best thing in the issue. Layout looks better, too, but still needs some work. Too many of the spot illos lead the eye away from the print.

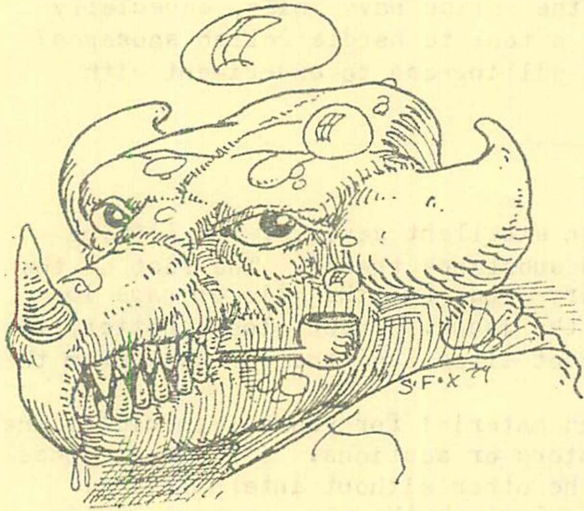
I've had an intense dislike of footnoted material for years, especially when the notes are tucked away at the back of chapters or sections. I'm one of those who likes to read something from one end to the other without interruptions. This makes end-of-the-section footnotes particularly bothersome, especially in a dialogue situation, which is what HTT essentially is. Please go back to your old system of interpolation. Somehow, that wasn't distracting, as footnotes are, and besides, it made for much more interesting reading.

/\*/ As you can see, I am responding to your wishes more than instantly. Actually, I was quite unhappy with the footnote method that I used last time when I was about halfway into the Monster; however, as December is really a terribly rushed time for zine production, I felt that I just did not have the time to go back and redo the zine, so I kept on with the same format until the end. One of the problems with mimeo reproduction is that one does much work directly on stencil. This means that one has to have a fairly good idea what one wants to do before one actually does it. There is never enough time to lay everything out firstly on paper (which would amount to typing the whole zine twice \*shiver\*). This problem is obviated in photo-offset zines where you only have to type things once - and can then cut and paste the words into any kind of layout formula that one desires. /\*/

/\*/ I must say that you have put your finger onto the reason (or, rather, the cause) of that which makes HTT work. My interpolations have grown from being an interruption into a true dialogue situation. Or, at least, as much of a dialogue as is possible in this medium. Please note that, whilst I can (and usually do) have the last word, I really try to give the loccers their say. /\*/

The Polish Navy Knife is indeed a marvelous device. But, as an instrument of self-preservation it cannot hold a match (lighted or otherwise) to that most ingenious of inventions: the Jewish Joke. Just one of these has been known to flick





a chicken clean from a kitchen's-length away. And two (in a row) will reduce the strongest opponent to a quivering mass of tears in seconds. It is in fact so powerful a weapon that the secrets of exact delivery are taught only to the highest echelons of the Israeli Secret Service (who masquerade worldwide as Big-Name Comedians).

Sheldon's letter makes some telling points, though I don't know that what is happening in the Soviet Union can entirely be called assimilation. More likely, it is a form of iaranoism, the public profession and practice of the dominant belief whilst preserving and practicing Judaism in secret. In

the West, however, assimilation is considered a major problem by many. I'm not so certain.

Many young (i.e., my age) Jewish couples are returning to such discarded practices as keeping a kosher kitchen, or getting involved in Temple services and activities. True, it's not the same Temple as existed in grandfather's (or even father's) day, but the mark of a vital entity is change, or so we say quite often, and Judaism cannot be faulted in this regard at least.

Ron Salomon isn't talking about any APAs I know. Reflex-replying gets you into much more trouble than it's usually worth (unless it's a humorous response) most of the time, and the smaller audience makes all goofs and faux-pas that much more noticeable. The best APAs are a fairly good training ground for the quick-think, and an excellent opportunity to practice one's editorial judgement where it is usually most needed.

You left two significant words out of a sentence in my comments on artificial, thereby rendering it incomprehensible. The sentence should read, "Many of the 'artificial' foods use substances which are detrimental to certain physical conditions." (Underlining shows omission.) This was merely a case of sloppy proof-reading, I trust? Whilst I do enjoy abusing the ambiguity to which English is prone, I really don't need any extra help in this area.

/\*/ Proof-reading? What is that? Actually, that which probably happened in the case of the omitted words was just another case of my eyes getting too far ahead of my fingers. Sometimes I wind up skipping whole lines - and my budget for corflu again gets shot to hell. /\*/

#### BRUCE TO/MLEY

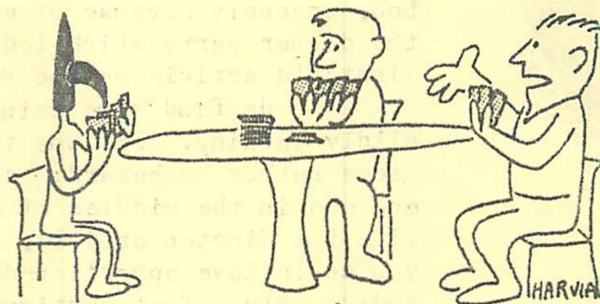
Who cares if we don't have all that many "good artists" that draw in a certain style? (I mean artists who are good in the words of Mike Glicksohn, like Fabian, didn't he sell a lot of records in the Fifties?) To quote Phil K. Dick, "Just barely enough is enough." Anyway, Thurber wasn't any good until he started going blind, so there; even though his renderings, technically, were much better beforehand.

If you think you get a rough time whilst smoking a pipe try smoking expensive cigars, ha! /\*/ I do smoke \$1 plus cigars - it helps to work in a smoke shop. /\*/ Fellah I know, who used to box whilst in High School (professionally, I think), was walking down the street smoking only a cigarette when some dildo



walks up to him and slaps the cigarette out of his mouth, still lit. So this guy slugs him in the gut. A cop standing nearby took no action at all against the two -- my friend seemed to be able to take care of himself.

LEVEL 7 was one of the first 3F books I ever bought and read, so I was glad to see Sheldon's brief yet penetrating treatment of it.



Can you believe the poker  
face on that guy?

#### DAVID THAYER

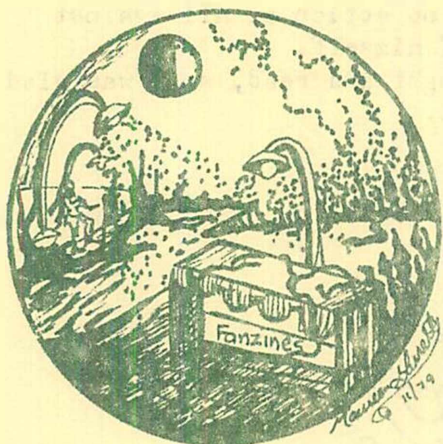
You failed to edit my last LoC to make me sound articulate and intelligent. Argh! You misread my praise of highlighting a single artist as enthusiasm for a one-person show. A number of fanzines highlight a single artist amidst the art of others. The work of the very talented (such as Gomoll, Henke-loods, Durer) looks even better next to that of the lesser lights (such as Hlavaty, Harvia, and myself). But I repeat myself.

/\*/ But David (or whoever you style yourself this time), you are supposed to supply all of the articulateness and intelligence in your LoCs. My job is merely one of supplying the typos. /\*/

## A CHANGE OF PACE

HTT #5 was mailed much later than usual (the copies were sitting in envelopes at Mike Glycer's house awaiting his finishing of the FILE 770 YEARBOOK - which did not get finished by the time that I felt that I just had to get #5 in the mail). I have since ascertained that at least some fans had not gotten their copies of #5 ONE WHOLE MONTH after I had mailed it out. As some of these fans usually provide me with interesting LoCs I have decided to hold off finishing the Monster for an extra week or so in the hopes that they get their copies and send to me LoCs. In the meantime ---

HTT is in need of more material, both written and drawn. A single issue of HTT will use between 40 & 50 interior illos, so I use art rather rapidly and can always use more art and cartoons. I need more monsters for the LoC Ness Monster page. Also -- I NEED articles (Humorous preferred). Those of you who have been receiving HTT on a regular basis know the type of articles that I print. So dust off your typers and put some words on paper.



/\*/ It has been over a week since I typed page 37. I dare say that at least a few copies of HTT #5 did not at their destination arrive. \*grump\* Well, I did get an unexpected LoC last week, so I will end this unexpectedly short LoC less monster with said letter. /\*/

MATTHEW B. TEPPE

HTT #5 is enjoyable but thin. Nevertheless, this is the first one I've felt moved to LoC, probably because of my participation in the dinner party which led to Alan Prince Winston's article on the Polish Navy knife.

I do find some things about your zine mildly lacking. For one thing, your layout seems rather haphazard; some articles begin and end in the middles of pages. Often, as with the Winston article, it occurs to me that you could have apportioned the space more judiciously. That particular article could have fit on a single page, and an illo (un-

related) faced it across the staples. This would have avoided the unpleasant "begins and ends in the middle" effect that I am complaining about. I do note with pleasure that you are heading the articles well and fannishly with lettering guides. In your first issue, I worried about you a bit for the profligacy of typed headings; maybe that's what has made your genzine look so much like an APAzine. Mind you, I don't mind the occasional editorial remarks, though they don't look quite nice here as they would if you had a Selectric and put them in italics. I hope you win a Selectric in a contest or find one in the street or get willed one by one of your customers or something; you deserve to have one.

/\*/ Or maybe my readers (who help make HTT that which it is by contributing such fine LoCs) can get together and ~~hold a party~~ buy me one. I thought not. Anyway, you have put your finger on a problem that I have (in common with many faneds, I am certain). I just do not have the time to type out a draught of HTT so that I can see just what fits where. When one does a photo-offset zine, one can always cut and paste an article, shifting blocks of type here and there and making everything all neat and orderly. However, when one is putting out a mimeo zine and one has not much time, one tends to type on stencil as one goes. Oh, it is not as sloppy as that sounds. I always have a general idea as to goals, which articles are going to go where and just about how much space (approximately) each article will take -- which illos will go with which articles and their approximate placement on the pages. I JUST DO NOT HAVE THE TIME TO BE QUITE AS ORDERLY AS I WOULD WANT (and you would desire). I do try to neaten things up and tie everything with my draughted-on-stencil comments. I do believe, though, that this type of packaging has some sort of charm for some of my readers. One last thing. I promised to Winston that I would lead off his Polish Navy Knife article with the Joan Hanke-Joods illo which, indeed, did lead it off -- Alan was quite taken with that illo. /\*/

Milt Stevens' "Smookey and the Starship" is a gem! I've always liked Milt's sly, understated humour, and his penchant for letting dull, ordinary ideas and names do double duty for the fantastic and the silly. It's too bad he's not publishing "The Passing Parade" any more, but if you get more stuff like this out of him, I'll feel assuaged. Cyclamates, indeed!



# BUDGET SCIENCE FICTION STORIES

Arrgh! This "contest" was entirely too successful. By that I mean that LoC after LoC had contributions. A complete listing of all of the entries would add ~~hundreds~~ pages to this ~~hundreds~~ fanzine. Instead of listing all of the contributions I will merely list the names of those who sent in entries and then give some sample entries. I hope that I do not give too many repetitions -- my time for this is limited, there being no time for much cross-checking. I will say, though, that a quick scan of the entries has shown much duplication. Some loccers also sent in entries that were funny but were not really "Budget" Science Fiction Stories - these others being funny title twisting.

My, er, thanks to Gary Deindorfer for suggesting this topic.

Those who entered: Jally A. Syrjala, Arthur D. Hlavaty, Vicki & Kipy Poyser, Harry Bose, R Laurraine Tutihasi, J. Owen Hanner, Donald Franson, Seth Goldberg, Allan Beatty, Jan Brown, Suzi Stefl, Bruce Townley, and Matthew B. Tepper. Allan Rothstein promised a list, but it has not yet arrived. The topic heading was also placed on the LASFB blackboard - which promptly became covered with entries, some of which will appear here.

Jally A. Syrjala: A Boy & His Puppy; The Hour of the Triffids; The Fabulous River Raft; Level 1.

Arthur D. Hlavaty: The Big Space Kiss.

R Laurraine Tutihasi: Child of Dune; Rent Jupiter; The Hugo Runners-up; A Treasury of Mediocre Science Fiction; Slower Than Light; The Man in the Low Castle; The Man Who Bent Himself; Brave Second-hand World; Less Than Human; Microscope; Lizard Beach; The Moon is Purgatory; Blake's Lack of Progress; The Short Arm of Gil Hamilton.

J. Owen Hanner: The Left Hand of Dusk; Late Afternoon At The Well of Souls; Lucifer's Thumbtack; The Cosmic Assault and Battery.

Donald Franson: The Six Dollar Man.

Luke McGuff: Time Perhaps for Liking.

Allan Beatty: Villages in Flight; Fahrenheit 65; The Long Coffeebreak of Earth; The Breezes of Darkover; Science Fiction Hut of Fame.

Jan Brown: Callahan's Crosstime Lunch Counter; The Forbidden Hut; The Space Peddlers.

Suzi Stefl: Revolt in 1900; Rosemary's Fetus; 8 Princes in Amber; Township. Anthologies -- Carr: Solar System; Carter: Flashing Pricks; Silverberg: Used Dimensions.

Bruce Townley: Sandbox.

Matthew B. Tepper: The Pothole of Aluminium; The Catdoor into Summer; Glory Alley; 19.98 -- A Space Discount; Dreamworm; Pin; The Genetic Corporal; Star Tiffs; The Voyage of the Space Chihuahua; Three Dukes in Lucite; Day Thousand.

The LASFS Blackboard: The Tepid Equations; The Weapon Pushcart of Isher; Star Dinghy Trooper; Argument of the Worlds; Tingworld Engineering Student; Dangerous Leftovers; The Saliva Push; Journey to the Center of the Vacant Lot; The 2nd Underassistant of the Rings; The Moon is a Harsh Girlfriend; The Cat, The Rudist, and the Suitcase; 3 Leagues Under The Sea; Spitball in the Sky; The Rolling Pebbles; The Bit Players v Destination; Time Enough for A Quickie; 3 Princes in Gum Arabic; 201: A Space Vacation; Sandbox Messiah; A Fetus and his Dog; Moon Trek; Suburbs in Flight.

/\*/ And that is all for that topic. I do believe that I will give everybody a rest - there will be no "contest" for HTT #6. /\*/

I Also Heard From: Dean Gahlon, Harry Bose, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Allan Beatty, J. Owen Hanner, Stephanie Klein.

Late Locs on HTT #4 (and some of them very good, too) were received from Dave Wixon (who also sent very late locs on 3 & 2 (that is 3 separate letters, folks)), Laurie D.T. Mann, Suzi Stefl, Zetta Dillie, Kees van Toorn, Harry Bose, Marc Ortlieb, Sheldon Teitelbaum, Marty Levine, Allan Beatty & Laurel Beckley.

Joan Hanke-loads (who promises a LoC on #5) asks, "Taking orders for the Polish Navy Knife?"

News of note from a nut: By the time that most of you will have received this issue of HTT the LASFS Board of Directors will have decided whether or not to fund a revival of its genzine, SHALGRI L'AFFAIRES (affectionately known as SHAGGY). In every expectation that this will come about, George Jumper (Club President) has appointed Mike Gunderloy and I as co-editors. Well, we did tell him that we were interested (and produced a written proposal). Some people never know when they are well off. \*sigh\*

Next issue: At least one surprise (which will not be a surprise if I tell you what it is -- Gary Deindorfer promises another fanzine review column -- Thom Digby idea tripping at LO3CON. And more.

Special Thanks: Are due to Lee Ann Goldstein and David Schlosser who have helped me collate several of the previous issues of HOLIER THAN THOU.

And that is all until next quarter. I thank you for your kind attention. You have my apologies for the fact that this issue is shorter than usual.

More special thanks are due to Adrienne Fein who designed the bacover thisish - and she also printed it for me at her expense.

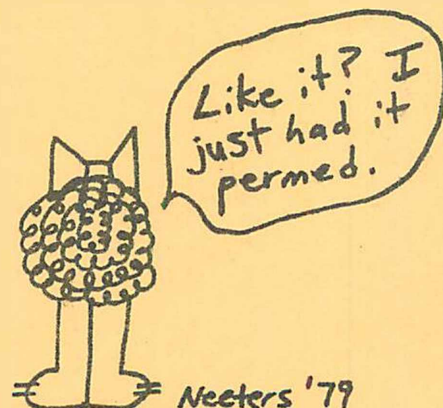




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I do hope that I get to meet many of you at WESTERCON this year. Remember, Mike Glycer and I are going to be holding a SCIENTIFRICTION/HOLIER THAN THOU party at that con for all of our contributors, artists, loccers, readers etc. Please look us up.





O sibili, si ergo,  
fortibus es in pro.

O nobili, demis trux!

Siwat sinem?

Causan lux!

scribed for HOLLER THAN THOU by  
Adeline H. H. H.