

holier · than · thou ·



Margaret  
Lanette









Before I hear too many ~~will~~ ~~snickers~~ about my proposed quarterly schedule (or at least laughter about my keeping to that schedule) let me explain to those of you who do not know me that as a past Official Collator of APA-L and as the current Little Tin God of LASFAPA I am used to ALWAYS making the deadline. Only a lack of money will cause me to delay an issue of HOLIER THAN THOU.

#### FOR MY NEW FRIENDS

Most of you who are reading this already know at least a little bit about me. I beg your indulgence whilst I type some biographical information for those readers who are ~~perhaps~~ not with me acquainted. This will be short.

I am forty-three years of age and a tobacconist by trade. I have been reading Science Fiction since about my tenth year, I have been in the retail tobacco trade for seventeen years, and I have been in fandom ever since I discovered it almost four years ago. My main interest in fandom has been APA writing (at one time contributing to seven of them).

For some time I have been thinking of starting a genzine; however, my APA commitments have not given to me enough time to do much of any kind of fanac except for APA writing (and the occasional party plus LASF3 meetings). I have now reduced my APA commitments to one (LASFAPA - of which APA I remain the Little Tin God) and I am now ready to commence on this new form (to me) of fanac.

#### A SHORT EDITORIAL

I hope that this genzine turns out to have a heavy emphasis on humour. This depends, of course, on the type of contributions that I for it get. Naturally, in this first issue I have prepared some totally non-humorous material - but do not let this discourage any potential contributors of humorous material. This first issue is being put together in just slightly more than one month, and I have not had the time to gather much in the way of material for this issue. I am doing much of the writing for this issue (a condition that I hope will in the future change). I really do not want to put out a personalzine ~~I have~~ ~~deliberations~~ ~~of~~ ~~travelling~~ - I prefer to include the efforts of some of the many fine fan writers with whom I am acquainted. It is my hope that I can persuade some of the writers who usually confine their work to APAs to allow me to present that which they write to a (maybe) wider audience. And, in the future, who knows which authors will these pages grace?

This genzine will rarely be heavy with illos and other art-work. (Everybody will notice that there are no fan-type illos in this issue (there was no time to get any) - the illos that I have included are various things that I had laying about the shop.) I solicit ~~of~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ fanart, and I will include fanart within these pages when I receive some; however, I really prefer to spend my time ~~xxxxxx~~ at the typewriter to cutting and pasting stencils. It is also an expense to electro-stencil illos - and I am perennially short of funds. (If any of the issues of HOLIER THAN THOU are late it will only be for the reason that I am temporarily out of money for postage.)

((Digression))

The one thing that I seem to have less of than money is time. I work in an old-fashioned industry, the retail tobacco business. Most of the things about the retail tobacco trade I love, but the hours are horrendous. I manage the shop in which I work (I am paid a salary, not an hourly wage), and I work all of the hours in which the shop is open. I also put in about a half-hour of work each day before the shop is opened to the public. This amounts to about 56 hours per week. By modern day standards, this is slave labour (though it is fewer hours than I used to spend when



I my own shop owned). It does help to love the work that you do to earn a living - and I do love my work. (And, at the money that I make, a lot of love for the work is necessary.) There is not much money made by either the help or the owners in the retail tobacco business. I am, more or less, allowed to run the shop as though it were my own store - I hardly ever see my boss. He knows that the shop is in good hands, so he can concentrate on his other job, being a sales representative for several firms in the wholesale pipe and tobacco trade.



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Ed Buchman, writing in APA-L, reports about the new German microwave oven - it seats six.  
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As may be noticed by the state of the typo'ing in these pages, I am not the most accurate of typists (though I hope that I have managed to correct most of the typos before this zine is printed). It should also be noted that this is being typed on a Smith-Corona portable typewriter that my parents gave to me circa 1950. I really need a new typewriter, and I plan to buy one Real Soon Now - in about another decade or three.

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The next Rev. Jim Jones Kool-Aid flavour of the week - Cyanara.  
.....Jack Harness  
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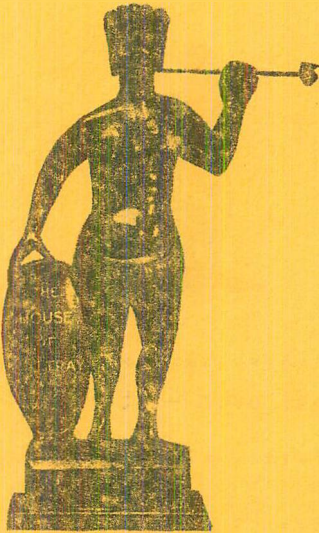
((End digressions))

Not only do I want humour for this genzine, I should say that I will be most appreciative of sick, putrid humour (as the above two interlinos should attest). From the reactions of other genzine editors I gather that getting humorous articles for their genzines is usually difficult. Well, I am willing to print things that are not humorous ~~XXXX XXXX / XXXX~~. In judging whether or not an article should be included here my first consideration will be the quality of the writing, with everything else second. ((Translation: I will take that which I get.))

((One last thing before we to the good stuff get.))

Harry Andruschak has started another Los Angeles based APA - SCAPA FLOW. Andy started LASFAPA (and he has proved that he has the facility for starting APAs - the proper running of an APA is a whole 'nother thing). Andy initially made it difficult for Los Angeles area people to get spec. copies of LASFAPA, and he is doing the same with SCAPA FLOW. It does seem odd for him to be doing this, giving his stated reason for starting these APAs: "to allow out-of-towners to connect with Los Angeles fandom" - I mean, just how possible is it for out-of-towners to contact Los Angeles fans within these APAs if there are few Los Angeles fans in these APAs? (Needless to say, I run LASFAPA much differently than the way that Andy did when he was in charge of it.) Andy intends to send out spec. copies of SCAPA FLOW to out-of-towners even though local people will not be able to acquire any spec. sopies. \*sigh\* \*rampant fuggheadedness\* If Andy were not, personally, such a nice guy I could get to hate him.





ESTABLISHED 1854.

The first sign of the Tobacco Shop was an effigy of Princess Pocahontas of which this is a rare example. - *Circa 1920.*

JENNY MONTAIRE  
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## THE MIRACULOUS ORANGE TREE

"Once upon a time," said old farmer Hogtooth, "there was a very unusual orange tree hereabouts. It had seeds that were able to talk."

"Oh, really," said his listener skeptically. "And just what did they talk about?"

"Oh, various things. Philosophy, religion, weather - things like that. Folks would come from miles around to listen."

"Kind of like an oracle, huh? Go on."

"Well, one year, on a humble branch, an orange was born which contained only two seeds. Now by day these two seeds were models of propriety. But when darkness fell, they shed all respect for their elders. They ridiculed them, heaped abuse on their old customs, and acted just like naughty kids. This went on for weeks, and folks passing by in the evening began spreading rumours."

"Then one day a stranger came along. He was hungry, so he picked an orange, this very same orange, would you believe, from the tree, and ate it. It was so sweet and juicy, he hardly noticed when the two seeds fell to the ground as he walked on."

"Then what?"

"Well, the tree was happy, of course. All the other seeds felt their reputation had been saved by a strange twist of fate. They even started a new philosophy about it. But people had stopped listening; and so, after many years, the tree grew old and died."

His story complete, the old man turned to leave.

"But wait," his companion exclaimed. "What happened to the seeds that fell on the ground?"

Old Hogtooth seemed surprised by the question.

"Why, nothing happened to them. Nothing at all. They were just two pips that sassed in the night."

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((The following is reprinted from the LASFAPAZine that Guy H. Lillian contributed to the 26th distribution of that APA -- this short exposition expresses my thoughts on the matter discussed.))

I don't really admire the average American, the common man ... he's a vulgar, stupid character most of the time... but I love him. I'm of him -- and that does sound like Ellison at Iggy, doesn't it? He is frustrating, infuriating, revolting and more than occasionally despicable ... but he's mine. The Russians would have to cut their way through me before they could hurt him and his. Besides, the common man in America is probably not as bad as we think ... He Got The Message on Nixon, and Vietnam. Took him a while, but he got there. And no matter how disgusted I get with the common man and his common life, it's his choice to live it that way, and that's a choice he keeps if I have anything to say about it. Of course, he does not have the right to silence, so let's keep up an active racket and wake the asshole up.

((((That pretty well says it all right there. Both Guy and I consider ourselves to be liberal Democrats (in a fannish sea of right-wing kooks, conservatives, Libertarians,



and assorted other weirdos - and we love it here.) I would like to think that if Walt Whitman were alive today and writing prose he would have written something similar to what Guy wrote in the above paragraph (though I am certain that Whitman would not have Guy's irrational belief that what Ellison writes is Science Fiction). Had I written the previous paragraph I would have utilised grammar that had sentences in verbs ending. I also would have not used any of those damnable contractions.)))

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((I am not particularly thrilled by Con reports; however, as Alan has personally told me, there is something inherently putrid about a Con with eighteen attendees. Therefore, being a fan of putridity, I hereby present ---)

SNOW FALL

or

NEWTON'S REVENGE

or

"A Con the size of a small room party is better than a room party the size of a small Con."

by Alan Prince Winston

1450 San Remo, Pacific Palisades,  
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Half-a-con report by Alan Winston

Sometimes I wish I kept a journal. I never have kept one, and probably never will, since I cannot with pleasure engage in the crude transfer of ink to paper by pen for very long.

Instead, I look at my old appointment books, and at the innumerable spiral bound notebooks I have accumulated. The notebook in which I first draught this is left over from high school, and contains the first three pages of a comic sword and sorcery novel, one page of script for a musical vampire film, and three haiku, all written in tenth grade and just resurfaced.

The trouble with these external memories is that they record what I created and what I meant to do, leaving me with no true record of what I actually did and saw and felt.

I'd like a true copy of my Half-a-Con experience, to play over in my head in detail. Even now, barely a week later, I can only reconstruct rather than replay.

I know for sure that I fell down a lot on the suddenly icy streets of Bisbee, Arizona. The first time was just after arrival. I had driven the last hundred and fifty miles at hair-raising speeds over the icy (and snow covered) Arizona 80, using the experience I'd gained driving a different Gremlin in New York, in January.

As we left the warm lobby of the Copper Queen Hotel to get our bags, I explained to Dave Klaus, my passenger and roommate for the Con, that he'd been in no danger, that the difficulty with ice came not in going quickly, but in trying to stop or to turn sharply.

It was then that I fell down the steps in front of the hotel. Klaus was luckily too tired from the fourteen hour passage to fully appreciate the situation.

From that point on, I became tripedal, very seriously using the cane I'd brought from Los Angeles as a frivolous prop. It now seriously propped me up.





The next time I fell down was on the expedition through Bisbee that three quarters of the Con took. There must have been 12 people there! George Lucas (me) found a number of worthwhile mystery books, including a Henry Kuttner paperback that caused Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett (Marty Massoglia) to express frustration while Marion Zimmer Bradley (Cata Spalding) looked on. Harlan Ellison (Don Markstein) found a Frederic Brown mystery first edition for ten cents.

With my package of Manning Coles, Fred Brown, Eric Ambler, and Henry Kuttner overflowing under one arm, and my cane in the other hand, I set off down the sloping street with Curt and Mahala Stubbs. And fell down. Mahala very kindly gathered my far-flung books while Curt picked me up and leaned me against a wall.

The last time I fell was when we all set off to visit Sandy Kahn. I did not lose my footing on the long and treacherous stairs to her house, wherein were contained all manner of wonders: marvelous paintings and drawings (even linoleum block prints of unparallelled detail), and sculptures including genuinely fire-breathing dragons, and a chess set whereupon ignorant armies clashed by night.

Rather, I fell on the safe and level Brewery Gulch. More precisely, I almost fell, but was snatched out of the air by John Locke (Jim Somethingorother-beginningwithW), who later said, "I wish I was a doctor. What I could do in this town with thirty gallons of K - Y jelly..."

I did not fall whilst playing nickel and dime poker, nor while inventing five-card stud and draw crummy, wherein the most middle hand wins.

Nor did I fall when, encouraged by Gigi Dane, I had my face fluorescently painted by "Harlan Ellison" in a manner remarkable to behold, nor while being smoothed (almost the only time I drink), nor even while discussing with Paul Schnauble his well thought out and distressingly reasonable theory that the universe as we know it is a computer simulation.

Nor, finally, did I fall when the Dead Duck party (this was, after all, a Southern convention) invaded Mexico, passing the border in a three car caravan with a nonchalant "Those two cars are with me," "I'm with the cars in front and behind" and a hearty "We're with them." In the town of Naco we had tacos, and very good they were as were the Chivin chigas, tostados, and so on.

Bright and early the next afternoon, Klaus and I headed back for L.A. I left him in Phoenix, pointed the car for Venice and went home, sort of.

As I got out of the car in front of the house in which I am now staying, I teetered a little but safely regained my balance.

I was glad that I'd gone to Half-a-Con. The pleasant fragments I'd recall of that relaxed Con would, in future years, be something to fall back on.

((Considering all of the falling down and such, I would have to agree that Half-a-Con was, indeed, probably a very relaxed Con.)))

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MIKE GLYER  
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"AND IN THE DARKNESS LINE THEM..."

Broxon Street was nothing but a name to me, so I found LORD OF THE RINGS by looking for the longest line in Westwood.

The night before Charles Curley had told me at LASFS that he was buying tickets for a lot of people going to the Friday 8:00 P.M. showing, and that he would get one for me if I liked. I would trade \$4, and a fifty cent commission, for a ticket and the time saved standing in line. This was agreeable. Not so much because I loathe standing in lines, but because many fans would be going and I generally will not go to see these things by myself however interesting they promise to be.



I walked up and down the crowded sidewalk looking for Charles. Two lines extended to the north and south of the Regent Theater: one for ticket purchase, one waiting for admission to the program. He did not appear in either, nor did I recognise anyone. However there was the promised group of Mythopoeics in costume at the head of the line. One I vaguely remembered for the half hour that he spent on a slow Thursday night at LASFS explaining how he wanted to cast Warner Bros. cartoon characters in an animated version of Star Wars.



It was an hour before showtime. I decided to take a place in the ever-growing admission line. That was the big theory in Sheckley's MINDSWAP, on how to find a missing person. The odds against two bodies encountering one another increase if both are moving: therefore stop moving and you will more likely find your quarry. Besides, a few minutes later people came down the line with tickets for the 10:00 showing, so if Charles didn't come by with my ticket I wasn't going anywhere anyway.

I stopped waiting for Charles -- and started taking in the strangeness of Westwood Friday night.

"I will come within a tenth of a second of being killed for your amusement!" announced the wimpy looking youth in a reedy voice. He stepped out into the street promising astounding gymnastic feats -- and ducked back to the kerb as three more cars rolled down Broxon. He dashed out again, checked both ways, and set himself. He did three backflips on the cracked concrete. The people in line cheered.

"While I'm waiting for the next break in traffic, let me remind you that this is my living. I am a college graduate..."

He did four backflips, stood up and set himself to do another four before the light in the next block changed to pass more cars. We applauded enthusiastically.

"Now the most dangerous stunt of all -- my grand finale! I will do seven, count them, seven backflips before the next group of cars catches up to me!"

In the northbound lane he started tumbling head over heels -- completed his series of seven, and stumbled dizzily back towards our side of the street to pass the hat. By the time he got down to my place in line the Dodger cap was half full of dimes and quarters, and there were at least fifty people in line behind me.

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A few minutes after he disappeared down the line came two cops from LAPD in their Galactic Patrol black and silver uniforms. One tipped open the lid on a street musician's guitar case. Of course the show had just started and nothing was inside -- perhaps if loose change had been inside he'd have been chased off, or ticketed for some obscure offense. The cops ambled along the sidewalk with jaunty smiles and a kind word, until they paused by a silver BMW with a "For Sale - \$7600" sign on its back window.

Like an artist examining his draughtsmanship, one cop stepped out from the gutter to see how the car lined up with a red strip on the kerb intended to provide a gap between metered parking spaces. The front bumper transgressed, so out flipped the ticket pad and the cop settled in to write up the bad news. His partner strolled around the car, perhaps examining the stitching on the upholstery, or just nonchalantly ignoring the line of college youth who now silently stared.

When the police had gone, a well-dressed woman in her 30s who seemed cast for the part of expensive-car-owner, stepped out around the car, lifted the windshield wiper, removed the ticket and read it. But she replaced the slip in its mailer envelope, stuck it back on the car and walked off. A few minutes later a couple of women strolling down the street came up short. They stepped out in the gutter and gaped closely at the ticket. Then they wandered away. Almost as if a museum display, every ten or fifteen minutes (while I was there) some stranger would give the ticket a once-over and walk away.



Line behaviour is sort of fascinating. Or at least it seems fascinating at the time. In the first place lines are very fannish. Fannish by existential right if not by design -- when I think how the ticket lines at IGGY queued up. If you can get three fans in a row anywhere two hundred more will stand behind them lest they miss anything valuable. Elst and I considered recruiting a third fan to form our own line at IGGY -- we'd just yell out "line forms here!" and see what happened. But tremendous fear held us back. I related to Elst the reason why breeders of turkeys never leave a barrel open in the yard. Turkeys will leap into it, one after another, and be crushed to death. Since our stunt would require Elst and I to be at the beginning, the logic was transparent...

Two other things fascinate me about lines. First, people loathe to be caught making eye contact with one another -- while standing together in close proximity that would never occur except during intimate conversation, lovemaking, or a fistfight. Second, when a petition-passer or market-research questioner works down the line, people who would normally knowck such a person down if accosted on the way into a market greet the person with a warm smile. I wonder if this has more to do with relief from boredom, or the relief of making personal contact with some part of this impersonal crush of bodies.

Charles finally wandered by with my ticket -- he was going in with the Mythopoeic Society members, in costume, who had saved a spot at the head of the line. Consequently he hadn't been in any great rush to arrive. Bernie Zuber, also in costume, came by to survey his handiwork. Bernie acted as fan publicist for Bakshi's picture in the months before release, showing art and slides from the work in progress at conventions.

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There was a growing jangle and rhythmic beat down the sidewalk as I said hello to Bernie. After he went up to the front of the line the sound became quite loud. People started turning around to see what was up. One woman with acute eyesight looked, and cringed back against the wall muttering, "Oh no..."

Hare Krishna was out on night patrol. A troop of some forty in robes, street clothes, even ski jackets, was working the streets. Cymbals, big drums, chanting, all sounded lively and exotic -- while they, with their stubbly shaved scalps and designs applied between their eyes had the most lost and jaded expressions in contrast. One carried a box of saffron in baggies, for sale. One had a carton of BACK TO GODHEAD. A platoon of women was relegated to the back of the formation that wound along the crowded sidewalk and into the next block. A few minutes later I could see them silhouetted, standing in front of another theater leaping and dancing -- the theater was showing DEATH ON THE NILE.

Before long came 8 o'clock and it was time to go in and see LORD OF THE RINGS. Everybody will review that. But most will have forgotten the floor show that preceded it...

((Instead of some putrid comment, I would like to mention the time that Sheckley was wrong -- at least this one time, anyway. Boiling this down to the essentials, I went to Las Vegas once at a time that I knew that an acquaintance of mine was also visiting that city. We actually (physically) bumped into each other on Fremont Street.)))

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DREAM MASTER3, a new art gallery of fantasy and science fiction art has opened in Los Angeles. 6399 Wilshire Blvd. Present paintings include items from Freas, Egge, Sternbach, Kirk, Eddie Jones, Alicia Austin and others. This unpaid advertizement will now end because I am running out of page.



POop

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90022



It has been said (with increasing frequency, as the rate of technological development continues to increase) that we live in a "Science-Fictional World." This always seems to relate to the hard science type of Science Fiction, as the mundanes who make the statement believe that all SF deals with gadgetry. I wish to propose, however, that we are living in a soft science fictional world as well, one of the "if this goes on" type; and that where we are headed, and how we handle the changes may change the nature of our society beyond all recognition.

The beginnings of these changes have already occurred. The city of New York was on the edge of defaulting on its financial obligations. The Federal government stepped in to guarantee loans from various sources (including the city's own employees!). There was considerable controversy over whether the Federal government ought to do this, but in the end it was done and no drastic consequences have been immediately evident. Apparently no major city in the U.S. had ever defaulted before, and at least some of the concern was over the fact that nobody really knew what would happen if one did.

As I write this another, unexpected, example has just taken place. Last Friday the city of Cleveland did default on its municipal bonds. The situation could have been avoided, apparently, but for a political battle between the mayor and the city council over the municipally-owned but money-losing electric utility. The banks holding the bonds have apparently bestowed a grace period for the city government to work things out, but at this time the outcome is unknown.

Which brings me to my major focus of concern. I am employed as a probation officer by the County of Los Angeles. (The "PO" in the title of this article is what we are called by those on probation. To our faces, at least.) In this state, the will of the people has created by vote a situation approximating the money problems faced by other jurisdictions because of mismanagement or other problems. No, Los Angeles is not about to default on bonds (as far as I know), but it is in a severe financial bind. And, as in the two cities cited above, the effects of that bind are not yet evident.

However, Proposition 13 (the "Jarvis-Gann Initiative"), which caused the situation, was a statewide measure and must be seen in a statewide context. I'll try to recap the circumstances surrounding Prop. 13 quickly, without more than a passing reference to the pros and cons. The State of California had amassed a sizeable surplus in its coffers; the exact size is in question, but it was several millions of dollars. At the same time, property taxes in the State had increased at an ever-accelerating rate. The Prop. 13 solution was to cut property taxes drastically and use the State surplus to make up any lost revenue which was absolutely necessary. The bulk of the losses, though, would be covered by eliminating fat and inefficiency from government. The proposition also forbids raising or creating new taxes to replace lost funds, except by a 2/3 vote of the State legislature. (That 2/3 is from memory; it may have been higher.) Some points of interest: the State income, and hence its surplus, is almost totally derived from a State income tax; while cities have sales taxes and some other minor taxes for part of their income, a considerable amount comes from division of county revenue; county government's only taxing power is the property



tax; several special "districts" (e.g., flood control districts, school districts) can by law receive their funding only from property taxes. Hence the pinch that the public was feeling in property taxes was not really related to the State's surplus of funds, and severely cutting the property tax left some vital services with virtually no source of revenue.

Now, there is no question that the property taxes were crushing. In the wake of Prop. 13 the taxes on my home (a modest one, purchased seven years ago for less than \$30,000) were reduced by more than \$100 per month. The burden was especially heavy on single-family, owner-occupied homes; and of these, on the elderly or disabled, living on fixed incomes. As has been amply demonstrated elsewhere, Mr. Jarvis was the head of an apartment-owners' organization, and apartment owners and various big businesses got the greatest benefits from Prop. 13 (even though many big businesses came out against the measure). Rent reductions, or at least a moratorium on increases, as promised by Mr. Jarvis were not forthcoming ((some landlords even raised their rents))) and in some places rent controls were enacted in protest.

Nevertheless, the State surplus was used; the feared massive layoffs of government employees did not take place; and six months after the passage of Prop. 13 there is not much change that is easily visible, aside from the lowering of the property tax.

But there has been change, and there is more to come. I will examine that in the context of my own field, which is the only one of which I have any direct knowledge and the only one about which I feel that I can make valid predictions. I am sure, however, that analogous situations exist in many other branches of government besides the legal system.

In the probation department various contingency budgets were drawn up in anticipation of the passage of Prop. 13. These covered various degrees of help from the State, and at the lowest levels of help would have required massive layoffs with a sizeable increase in the workload of those not laid off. The current workload of a PO supervising a regular adult caseload is 150 probationers per officer. This means that, on an ongoing basis, each officer is responsible for counseling, monitoring the progress of, and returning to court (with a full written report containing a recommendation on what the judge should do when a condition of probation has been broken) 150 criminals. Under some of the contingency budgets this would have increased to over 500 cases per officer. As it turns out, this year the level of State help was sufficient to allow us to get by without layoffs; attrition and failure to fill various vacant positions that should have been filled took care of most of the budget cuts. Some good programs, including a couple of juvenile forestry camps, were eliminated but most programs remained intact. For this year.

What happens next year? Well, the State surplus has largely been used up. There is some left, and it will be added to because the State income tax rate was unaffected by Prop. 13. But there will not be as much to give to local governments as there was this year. The State's finances will also be affected by increased costs lowering the surplus. For instance, those juvenile offenders who cannot be kept at home because they are a danger to the community, and who would normally have gone to those county juvenile forestry camps which have been closed, will now be sent to the California Youth Authority, the State's equivalent of the adult prison system. Other counties will have to do the same thing, adding to the State's costs for its part of the criminal justice system.

As unfilled positions continue to go uncovered, and as the size of caseloads increases as a result, the same will happen on the adult side. 150 cases are already too much to handle; there are only about 160 work hours in a month and I can't just sit in my office and have them come to me -- I must see them at home, at work, and in jail, with the travel time required, as well as writing court reports, keeping my own case recording, and sometimes sitting in court all day waiting to be called to testify. The result is already that I have less than one-half hour a month to spend with each probationer, and that many POs spend many hours of overtime (unpaid) each month trying



to protect the community. As caseloads continue to increase it will become humanly impossible to work with that number of people. What will a PO do under those conditions? There is only one thing he can do, and that is to recommend, with increasing frequency, that his probationers be sent to state prison instead of being granted probation. "Well and good," you might say; "they're criminals and belong in jail anyway." Well maybe so, but consider this. It presently costs about one-tenth as much to supervise someone on probation as it does to incarcerate him; that's one reason probation exists, so that the jails can be reserved for those who simply cannot be maintained in the community. Even at that the jails are pretty well full now. As the property tax losses squeeze the ability of local government to deal with criminals at the local level without incarceration, more jails and prisons will have to be built. Where will the money come from? Will citizens clamour for an increase in property taxes so that more county jails can be built, or so that more State funds can be diverted into the building of prisons instead of subsidizing local government? I don't think so.

In Cleveland, political considerations were a factor in the situation. In a strange way they are here, too. There will be enough State funds available to keep things from crumbling completely for the next couple of years. By coincidence, California's Governor Jerry Brown has his eye on the Presidential election in 1980. In my opinion, he is not about to let serious trouble develop in this state and ruin his chances for national office. He will make sure State funds continue to flow to the local jurisdictions and keep the appearance of normality at all costs. But it cannot remain that way forever. Eventually the State money will run out, and what will happen then?

I feel we are facing a time when criminals will be walking the streets secure in the knowledge that there are not enough jails to hold them and there is little chance of a probation officer seeing them more than once every three months or so. What will such a world be like for the rest of us? The crime rate constantly increasing; the size of police forces and number of courts held down by the same financial limitations that will limit the rest of government; and no place to send the criminals anyway. Hmmm. Maybe Larry Niven had the right idea with the organ banks, after all.

I don't know what will happen. Prediction in general is not my game, and I'm like a fish out of water when it comes to economics. (Hell, I've only read one Mack Reynolds book in my life.) But the situation I've described above is one I really see coming, and I don't like what I see. If this goes on...

((I could go on and rant about Prop. 13 for pages, but I do not think that I want to turn this gazette into a completely political thing -- maybe, in the light of the incipient problems with criminals, we should repeal the laws against cannibalism.)))

((Allan Rothstein is a fine writer of fan material. Previously, though, he has appeared only in the pages of APA-L; and, nowadays, he has not even written any zines for that APA. Allan has a fine sense of humour; however, in the above article he has chosen to write in a serious vein. I hope that I can convince Allan to turn his hand to some of the fine humour of which I know that he is capable. Whatever, I am glad that I was able to convince him to again turn his hand to writing. (He told me, upon my urgent request for some material, that his only time to write this would be during his vacation at the end of December - and he gave to me nagging rights.) In view of my knowing how well that he can write I am making the assumption that I have continuing nagging rights. Allan - you are too fine a writer to not be writing.)))

There is a pretend illo in this space.



# DAYDREAMS 3

Daydreams. Most of us have them. Usually they are merely a harmless way of passing the time (except, maybe, whilst we are driving). Some of us take these daydreams and turn them into works of fiction for which we are paid, but for most of us they are just a form of fantasizing. I do it a little bit differently.

I am a person for whom form and order are important. Years ago my daydreams took on the form and substance of actual stories (plots with beginnings, middles and ends etc.). I also love to write; however, as the fiction that I have tried to write sucks interstellar chicken poo (I cannot develop characters on paper, the dialogue is stilted, the character's names are nerdish etc.), I have stayed with mind-writing, where I can stick with concepts and not have to write down every word. I can write much better fiction in my head that I can write on paper.

Most of what I write in my head is Science Fiction, though I have also written what could be termed mainstream fiction. When I started doing this I, naturally, made myself the lead character. Eventually I tired of putting myself as the hero. After all, I did like to place these stories in the far future (interstellar epics are a favourite of mine), and I got tired of having to develop immortality and such in story after story. Also, I am just not the kind of person who can do all of the things about which I can fantasize - I am not the hero type. And I am too much the realist to believe that I will live forever (thereby living to the times in which most of these stories take place). I still like to place myself into many of my stories (but not the real me, most of the time - the real me having died sometime in the early twenty-first century (most likely)) - I am usually an interested observer, a subsidiary character, much in the same manner as Larry Niven oftentimes puts himself into his stories.

I have mentioned in some of the APAs to which I contribute that I do a lot of mind-writing, and I have wanted to write some examples of just what it is that I do. The APA format and periodicity just does not allow me the time and scope to do this - I believe that HOLIER THAN THOU just might be the place to write on paper the latest of my mind-writings. No, I am not going to write out everything that I am mind-writing - remember, I do not have the ability to put these things on paper in anything like a readable finished piece of fiction. But I do believe that I can detail the plot and other (I hope) interesting things. At least Alan Winston did not laugh when I recently spent some time telling to him that which I was in the process of mind-writing (and thinking of putting into HTT). ~~Yip Yap No Xaxx~~ \*\* Please note that I am not going to name any of the characters in the following section - I do not like the names that I for my characters invent. In my mind I usually do not name any of the characters (though, once in a while, I will name a subsidiary character). In this work I have again written myself into the work (as myself, though this time I am financially successful enough so that I do not lose my own business). Wish fulfillment.

There are some unusual aspects of this work of fiction - unusual for me, that is. The fact that it is currently being mind-written in its third section (novel) is not unusual. I once wrote a many-multi book work that followed a family several thousand years - I do tend to mind-write long works. What is unusual about this is that I (eventually) use a Science Fiction theme that I have never used before (I will mention that when I get to it in the plot) - and the first novel in the series is entirely mainstream (with no Science Fictional concepts - even though I carefully lay the beginnings of bringing into the work the later Science Fiction).

The protagonist of this book is modded much on myself - with some very significant differences. These differences are not an idealised me; in fact, many of these differences are things that I would not want to ever be a part of me. The protagonist is a Science Fiction fan of sorts, but this is integral to part of the plot, is necessary to develop the story line, and it shows the openness of his mind - the plot would not work at all unless he had a flexible mind, as he is going to need this flexibility when he is later presented with some tough decisions. (Actually, he is



more of a reader than a fan (something like myself).) I do provide him with a wife; but, aside from making her a respected writer (and, therefore, a person with a solid life of her own, not dependent upon her husband), I do not on her dwell as she is a peripheral character - the main focus is on the protagonist who must develop into a mentally tough person so that he can cope with the events at the end of the first book and to develop into a real leader-type in the second and third (and more?) books.

At the beginning of the book we find the protagonist working as a middle-level executive in a small company. He is young, but he is in a dead-end job and he knows it. His connections with fandom and Science Fiction writers gives him an idea, and he leaves his job and starts a small business with one of the writers. (And that is a real piece of fiction - none of the writers with whom I am acquainted has the kind of mentality that would fit into this situation. I wrote it this way because it seemed like an interesting exercise.) Having previously both solely owned and been in partnership with people in several businesses, I know from experience that a partnership is usually not an ideal business relationship. I do eventually break up the partnership of the protagonist and the writer - it develops the plot in an interesting manner. Incidentally, I have the protagonist meet me in fandom, and I become a middling good friend to him (and also a 10% junior partner in the firm that he has formed - I provide practical business experience). (((Yeah - real practical business experience - I, who have had a business run out of money under me -- well, nobody said that I could not use a little idealisation, did they? Anyway, being a junior partner does keep me around in an observing position.)))

The business grows, it prospers, and it takes over several other small businesses. It becomes a mini-conglomerate, with our hero's forte being the ability to find the correct type of small businesses to buy. The company lawyer is impressed with our hero. (The company is small, so the lawyer is merely part-time with the company. He is also part-time with other firms. ((In real life I believe that this works only with small companies - I know that small cities in California share lawyers as City Attorneys)).) The lawyer, being part-time with other companies, he has connexions with important people in other firms. Our protagonist is more mundane than I in that he does not affect a beard or long hair, but he does impress mundanes as being somewhat "different." There is a major bank that needs another outside director for its board of directors, and it is looking for an aggressive person. Through his burgeoning connexions, our hero gets the position, said position enabling him to get lines on even more small companies to buy. Not only does his company prosper, but I have the opportunity of developing a fine romp through various corporate board rooms.

This was great fun to write, bouncing around my hero as he wheeled and dealt. Then he has a problem - his off and on problems with his partner (well, his original partner, the writer - they are both on the board of directors of the mini-conglomerate, and other people hold stock in the company now that it has grown - our hero's share is now down to about 10% ((my own share being minicule))) come to a head. The writer holds 35% of the stock. To keep the company from fragmenting, the protagonist leaves the company, taking one of the smaller subsidiary companies (giving up his stock in the conglomerate) along as his in what turns out to be an amicable split. This small company has been special for our hero, and he has found that time spent on its premises to be a surcease from business pressures. The company is a very small vineyard/winery (our hero is not a lush - the setting of the vineyard is pastoral and soothing). This winery is the link that provides him with the necessary connexion with the principle characters of the second book.

At the point of his severance with his conglomerate, a large aeroplane manufacturing company is rocked by a series of scandals and goes into temporary receivership under court direction. The judge, looking for a strong person of impeccable credentials to manage this company whilst its affairs are straightened out appoints you know who (the proper background detail for this appointment was fun to mind-write,



but I do not have the space to go into that here) as President of the company, and our hero spends a year keeping the company going. This brings him to the attention of the head of another company who is looking for a mentally strong person to take over from him when he retires. Book one ends with our hero as president of this very large company. Actually, there is an alternate ending (which included the Science Fictional concepts to which I previously alluded). At the moment I believe that they are better introduced in the second book - making the first book completely mainstream. The reason is that I am having some trouble with the second book (and also with the third book).

In the second book we find our hero still the head of the same large company in which the first book ended, and he has been there for about two years (he is now in his mid-fifties). He still owns his small Napa Valley winery.

He is visited by a representative of a firm known as the E Company. This firm wants to buy his winery, and they do not want no as an answer. Complications lead to confrontation. The E Company is supposedly organised to make money supplying choice viands and other rare goods to very rich people who want nothing to do with ordinary people. This company wants the hero's winery because of a special, private reserve wine that is made there. After many etceteras the protagonist, having proven to this company that he is a better organiser/executive than any people whom they can spare to run the operating/procurement arm of their company (it seems that they have another project going which requires much manpower, but our hero does not yet know this). As the hero has found out about this heretofore secret organisation, they have a choice of letting some of their secrets be known, hire the hero, or kill him - and they do not want their secret existence known -- they are into some Very Big Things. When our hero realises his choices, he bargains himself into being their operations manager (they have researched him well, and know that he is a capable manager).

The rest of the second book shows him getting meshed into the workings of the organisation, battling with Federal agencies (and agencies of other governments) which are trying to discover what this company is doing (their activities connected with their other project have caused suspicion), and even beating the Mafia in a small tiff (more great fun to mind-write). He also finally finds out the real secret of what is going on (catering to the 'elite' (the "E" in "E Company") is a front that raises money) - the company is engaged in the exploitation of alternate worlds. (((This is the first alternate world book that I have mind-written.)))

Very unusual alternate worlds. And so begins both the third book and my problems. I have envisaged a series of alternate Earths, eleven of them more or less on one side of Main Earth and one more or less on the other side of Main Earth. (The one that is by itself will be the relief valve for Main Earth's exploding population, the other eleven are the worlds that are being developed by the E Company. There are many reasons for this, none of which are really germane to this writing.) All of these alternate Earths (I call them 'bands') are identical to the main band - except that human life has not developed on any of the alternates. I have yet to work out a plausible explanation for this lack of human life on the alternate bands, and this bothers me; yet, the kind of stories that I envisage taking place on these bands requires that there be no previous human habitation there. \*sigh\* I have been having too much fun writing some of these developing stories to have bothered much with developing the reasons for not having any previous human life on the bands - and my leaving this loose end annoys me.

To go from one to another of these bands, you have to use a gateway, with the gateway points being different on each band. (All possible gateway points are known by the theory that makes the gateways possible, so security is relatively cheap and easy - and makes for some interesting plot-lines -- especially if I go ahead and develop an insurrection or three.) Gateways exist only between adjacent bands (so, to get from Band One to Band Three you must go through Band Two).



I have so many things about which I can write (or, at least, mind-write) that I am (at the moment) temporarily in a bit of confusion. I am having fun developing the kind of society that would exist when there are multiple Earths that are being simultaneously developed by one governmental agency (yes, the E Company is functioning as the governing body of the Eleven Bands). I am working on having the E Company Band Government being somewhat dictatorial in its overall policies, though allowing great freedom and local autonomy in the various city enclaves that develop near the Gateways (though the Gateways themselves are strictly controlled by the Company). Outside of these enclaves the Company allows no trespassing, and the development of known resources (after all, they would be at the same place as on Main Earth) is done by other companies under charter - and a share in the profits.

At the moment I am utilising Band One and Band Two as security bands, Band Three as unrestricted development (to hell with environmental restrictions), Band Four is high-environmental-control, mostly residential development, Band Five is where the shunted aside Elite (who were being catered to under the E Company front) live-- that band is also being developed as a vacationers paradise. And that is all that I think that I can go into at this time.

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((And, not least, this genzine even has a letter column. After all, what would a genzine be without a letter column? ~~Butt/et/!~~))

((Actually, hanging around the LASFS can lead to much putridity and mind-rot. I was discussing HTT with both Mike Glycer and Alan Winston one evening at the LA3FS and I mentioned that I hoped that HTT would eventually develop a large lettercol. I believe that it was Mike who asked if I would be interested in having some letters for the first issue. Being able to match Mike in putridity any day of the week, I heartily agreed - at which point followed a search for some paper on which were penned the following two letters.))

MIKE GLYER

Dear Mr. Cantor,

Congratulations on your excellent choice of contributors. HOLIER THAN THOU #1 has set new records in taste. But Tommyburgers aren't far behind.

Mike

ALAN WINSTON

Dear Marty,

The above letter was written on a chili night.

I have to second the emotions as anything like a Tommyburger keeps repeating. (((ing - ing - ing)))

Alan Winston

((Further comments on my part concerning the above two letters would be some sort of overkill.)))

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EPILOGUE

And that is it for HTT #1 (except for a possible illo on the other side of this page). I hope to hear from some of you soon. My love to all.

NEXT MONTH: A report on Israeli fandom.





Before the advent of tobacco, all trade signs were of inanimate objects, but the highest pinnacle of the wood-carver's art was only reached when tobacco merchants introduced effigies of the human figure — beautifully carved as seen above.

From the "Rattray" collection.