

HOLIER
THAN
THOU?²



CRAM 79.

THE TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Cover
2. Table of Contents and art Credits
3. Why you received this
4. Mea Culpa and Thoughts about HTT #1
(editorial)
5. Protocols of the Elders of Slandercon
6. Notes From Armageddon
7. Say It Isn't Snow, Joe
8. Half an hour til Hell
9. In Lieu of Moon Over Miami
10. The LoC Ness monster



11. Addresses

ART CREDITS

Jeff Siegel: 5
 Cody: 6
 Tad Markham: 7, 12, 15, 20, 24, 34
 Kara Dalkey: 9, 13, 21, 29
 Teddy Harvia: 10
 Neeters: 11, 18
 Joan Hanke-Woods: 12, 16, 31, 36
 Bill Rotsler: 3, 14, 27

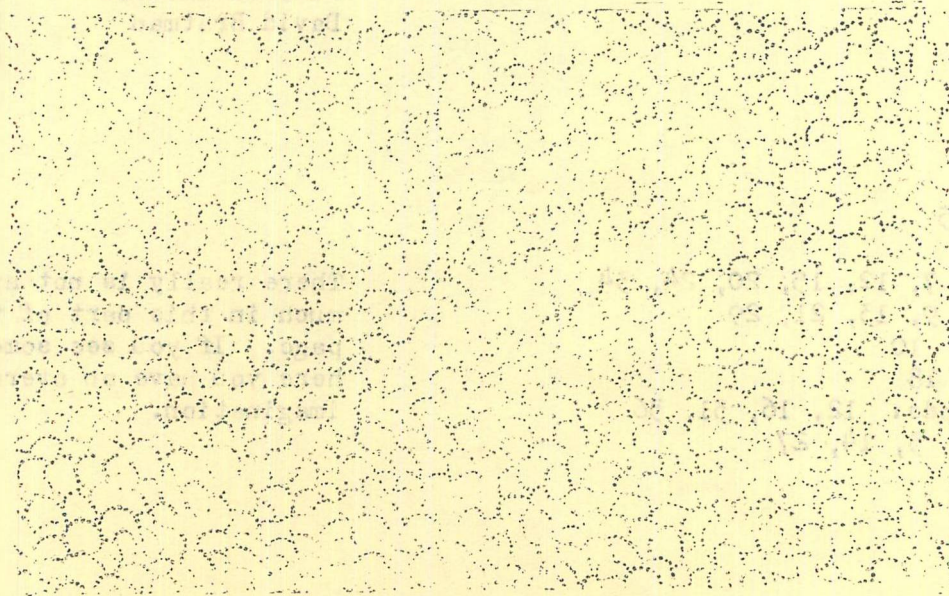
Cram	Pg. 1
	Pg. 3
	Pg. 4
	Pg. 5
Slandercrow	Pg. 6
Sheldon Teitelbaum	Pg. 9
Alan Prince Winston	Pg. 11
Mike Glyer	Pg. 13
Sally A. Syrjala	Pg. 15
Bruce Balfour	Pg. 17
Mike Glicksohn	Pg. 18
Lee Pelton	Pg. 21
A mention about Steve Tymon	Pg. 22
Ken Ozanne	Pg. 22
Arthur D. Hlavaty	Pg. 23
Eric Lindsay	Pg. 24
Sally A. Syrjala	Pg. 24
Mary Long	Pg. 25
Ben Indick	Pg. 25
Rick Sneary	Pg. 26
R Laurraine Tutihasi	Pg. 28
Mary Jane & John Hertz	Pg. 29
Tad Markham	Pg. 30
Joan Hanke-Woods	Pg. 31
Adrienne Fein	Pg. 31
Nicki Lynch	Pg. 32
Harry Warner, Jr.	Pg. 32
Barney Neufeld	Pg. 34
Miranda Thomson	Pg. 34
David Bratman	Pg. 35
	Pg. 36

There really is not anything much in this part of this page. If you see something here you have an overactive imagination.

WHY YOU RECEIVED

THIS

- ☐ We trade, I believe
- ☐ Would you like to trade?
- ☐ I have seen some of your artwork (*drool*) - would you like to contribute some to HTT? (Not drool -- artwork!)
- ☐ I would like some more of your lip-smackingly good artwork
- ☐ You contributed
- ☐ You locced
- ☐ You subscribe (I LOVE YOU)
- ☒ As you are a premier fanwriter, I would like to arrogantly order you to produce an article for HTT. Instead, I shall merely nicely ask you if you would care to contribute something, and I will take no for an answer. *sob*
- ☒ I do not really know you -- please feel free to place x's in the correct boxes and then to take the appropriate actions.
- ☒ You are mentioned in this issue: on page(s) 20
- ☐ You should have been mentioned in this issue
- ☐ I do believe that you may be interested in this
- ☐ You are one of the selected members of FAPA or its waitlist whom I have decided should receive this
- ☐ I believe that you exist - I want you to know that I exist
- ☐ You requested a copy
- ☐ I am trying again. I am having a temporary attack of persistance.
- ☐ You are supremely unlucky in life
- ☒ Editorial whim/wher



HOLIER THAN THCU #2

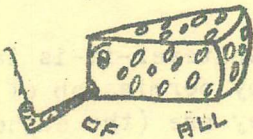
Marty Cantor
5263 Riverton Ave.
Apt. #1
North Hollywood, Calif. 91601
(213) YU LACK 1

Hoo Hah Publication No. 226
A Production of the
Foot-In-Mouth Press
Published in April, 1979

HOLIER THAN THCU is published in the first month of each quarter and is available for contributions (written or art-work), trade, or letters of comment. It is also available for 75¢ per issue (\$2.75/4 issues) or editorial whim.

THE BIG CHEESE

HOLIEST ONE



OF THIS GENZINE

MEA CULPA AND THOUGHTS ABOUT HTT #1

Umph. (((So what else could I say, with this ish's cover misspelled?))) I did use more corflu than usual in #1; however, my usual practice is to just 'X' out the mistakes - if I catch them, that is. I am a sloppy typist - and I am lazy. I feel that HTT deserves more typing care than my average APAzine, and I did try to give care to the typing of HTT. At the end (and the beginning and the middle) of the pro-

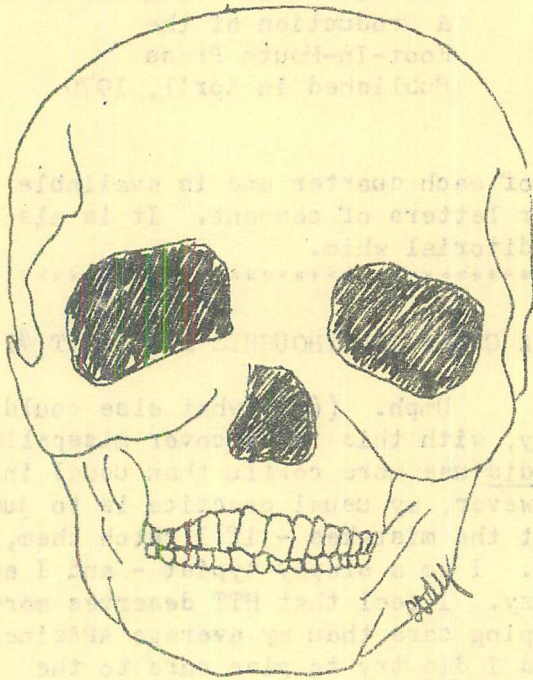
duction of HTT #1 I was rushed - slightly less than one and a half months from beginning to end (and in the busiest time of the year for me) -- and all that I produce is eighteen pages. *sigh* This and future issues will be larger.

That picture of me on page three - it did not repro well at all, did it? And those really were not fannish illos in there, were they? If any of the promised illos show up (this page is being typed on January 22) they will be in this issue included (or, at least, some of them will in here be). Maybe some of the unsuspecting artists to whom I sent HTT #1 will send some fanart my way. If not - I do have this 1947 English Tobacconist's magazine that has some nice advertizing that I can electro-stencil. (For those who came in late, the above illo by Jeff Siegel refers to my LASFAPA title (Little Tin God).)

The production of HTT #1 came at a particularly inopportune time for me. After finishing my LASFAPAZine for December, I produced resignation zines for both AZAPA and MINNEAPA. During this time I was beginning work on HTT #1. I also had to write and print my LASFAPAZine for January as early in December as possible due to pucoming twelve hour work-days (and two Sunday openings) at the shop later in the month - the crush of Christmas business. Naturally, the promised articles for HTT #1 came in later than I wanted, and I am not the fastest and most accurate of typists.

Then there was the problem of the paper strike. There was not enough paper available of the same colour from the same company to complete the print run for HTT #1. As I wanted the interior pages of each copy to be the same colour, that meant that I had to run 187 copies of each sheet on Cascade goldenrod, I copy in blue, and 37 copies in substitute goldenrod. (The blue copy was for Carol Kennedy - she detests goldenrod. ((I had better get a good review in RUNE, Carol.)) ((There will be NO more special colour/copies run.)))

No sooner than I had finished printing HTT #1 (and my January LASFAPAZine) then I received twenty-four stencils from two other LASFAPA members. And then thnee stencils each from two of our overseas members (Belgium and Australia). On the Monday before the January collation I got a call from Minneapolis - a member wondering if



thirty-six stencils could be for printing mailed. After picking myself from the floor up, I politely declined to receive said stencils (all of which would have had to be printed on Wednesday night, my only free night before the collation. After all, I slipsheet each page - and my machine is hand-cranked only. Fans are nuts - up to a point.

And I beat my self-imposed deadline for getting out HTT #1 by one week. *applause*

Noting (as you cannot help but to have done) that I have some fannish illos received, let us now get on to the better stuff.

((This first, er, well, whatever-it-is is reprinted from APA-L #712 by permission of its authors. WE know who they are (the authors, that is); however, they have signed their work under a pseudonym.

((The fans who are being slandered are not named (you can enjoy yourself guessing their identities - though they are mostly (?) local fans - I think); however, it is not necessary to know the identities of the

slanderees to enjoy the putrid humour of this piece. For purposes of layout please pretend that the parts of the following that are in single parentheses are in italic type. I have no Selectric or similar typer - and the standard convention would entail too much underlining. As per usual my own comments are double parenthesized before each article and triple parenthesized within and after said article.))

PROTOCOLS OF THE ELDERS OF SLANDERCON by the Slandercrew

GAME OF FANDOM Third Series

(The Game of Fandom was created in the early/middle 1960's by Bruce and Dian Pelz. It was played on an "Uncle Wiggly" type board, and the players had to make their way via the role of dice. If a player landed on a 'card' square, he or she had to draw one of the Game of Fandom cards, which gave special instructions. Along with the special instructions was a reference to someone or something then current in local or national fandom. A few years ago, the Elders of Slandercon decided to update these cards, for which they received quite a few laughs and much controversy. At the 14th meeting of Slandercon, it was decided that the time was ripe once more for new updates. If you think the following are nasty, you should see the ones we didn't print. The identity of those referenced is left as an exercise for the reader.)

01. In 1974, the Aussies thought you were as dull as a marsupial.
(Lose two turns and check your pockets. You were duller.)
02. You recently had an operation to change your sex.
(From none to some. Go ahead one.)

03. You were chosen as Slandercon's favourite topic of discussion.

(Advance two squares because you already knew that.)

04. Your nearlightedness became a topic of discussion in APA-L after you painted Bill Warren green at a recent workparty.

(Trip over one space and blunder into the next.)

05. You said Sylvia couldn't make a pun about your name.

(I, personalleigh, Strother-Vien Philadelphia. Lose one turn for encouraging her.)

06. You didn't notice we insulted you in the last set of cards until someone pointed it out.

(Lose one turn. You probably don't remember and won't notice this time, either.)

07. "You call this a Class A Hotel? They won't let drunks fry eggs in the employee's cafeteria at 5 am!"

(Lose two turns waiting for the Hotel Liaison to bail you out.)

08. You moved to Guadalajara to avoid a famous pro and ex-bridge partner.

(Go ahead one. You can have your proctology professor remove the chair.)

09. You crammed 28 fans into a jacuzzi.

(Lose one turn trying to clean out the filter.)

10. It's been decided that you rub some people the wrong way.

(Scratch one turn.)

11. "I'd rather have a million and a half copies in print than win your damn award."

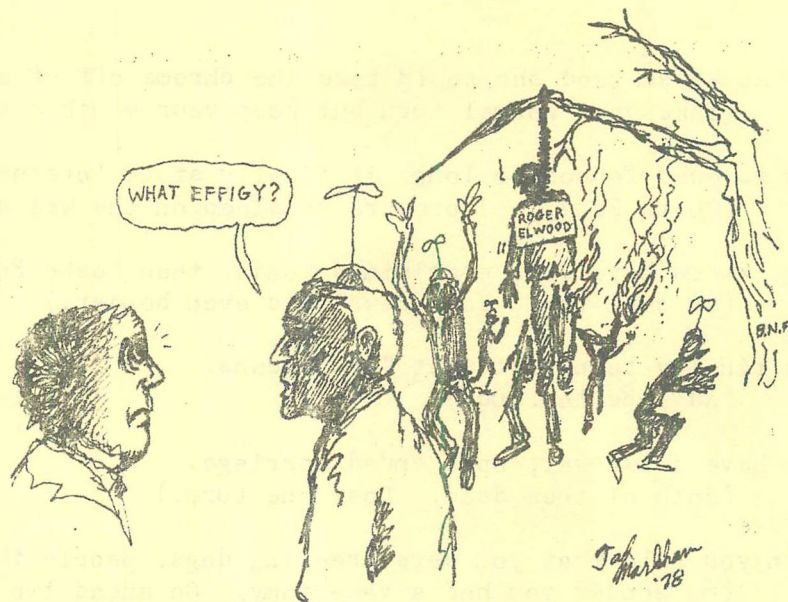
(Go ahead two. It's probably sour, anyway.)

12. The pair of you are the first known case of the spontaneous generation of crab lice.

(Take an extra turn. They were his...ah, hers...ah, his...ah, hers... ah...

13. You tell Jerry Pournelle about your story idea for a 2 million ton armadillo hitting the U.S.

(Lose one turn while you see your proctologist.)

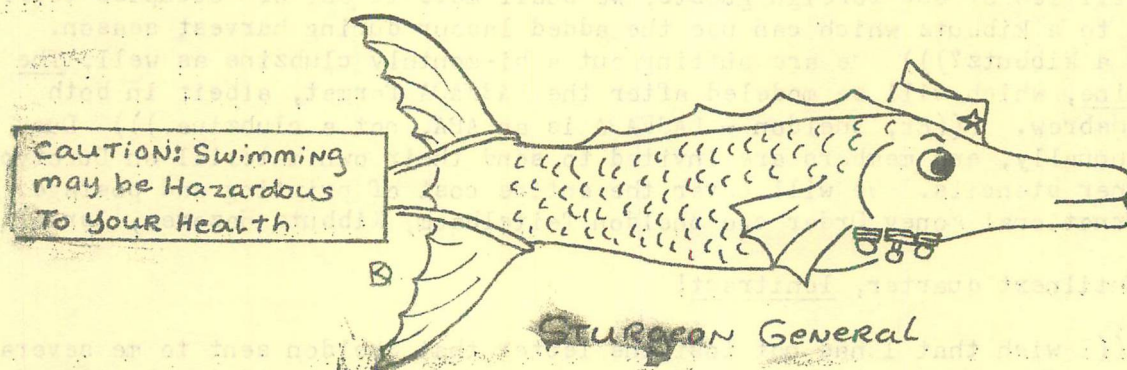


14. She sucks so good she could take the chrome off of a trailer hitch.
(Take your normal turn but keep your mouth shut next time. Damn 15 year olds.)
15. You screwed fandom so long, it finally stuck together.
(Go to Feud, and prepare to sleep on the wet spot.)
16. Your knees have been proclaimed bonier than Moshe Feder's.
(Go back two. Your newzine's even bonier.)
17. You finally found out what "ito" means.
(Advance to feud.)
18. You have a two-way, open ended marriage.
(Both of them dead. Lose one turn.)
19. When you said that you were breeding dogs, people thought you meant...
(No wonder you had a vasectomy. Go ahead two and take the pick of the litter.)
20. Your open marriage has been ordered closed by the Health Dept.
(Go to slanshack.)
21. Your new boyfriend is a step up.
(And two to the left. Lose one turn doing the mind warp again.)
22. You went to Mexico to become a proctologist.
(You already are an asshole. Lose one turn pulling your head out.)
23. You decide to commit suicide, but find you can't practice the martial arts on yourself.
(Better luck next time. Take another turn (and get the non-chaka out of your wazoo).)
24. Your D&D character has 15 strength points for body odor.
(You have 20. Move back ten spaces. Please!)
25. You bore everyone with your screenplay, "Killers of Time".
(Unfortunately, you can't tell your assassin from your elbow. Lose one turn while you consult your proctologist on how to get it out and into the theatres.)
26. You order a French Dip in a restaurant.
(Why not, you've already got a Jewish one. Go to Slanshack.)
27. You almost threw an Iggy ConCom member through a wall.
(Better luck next time. Take an extra turn.)
28. You came home after Bill Bridget said he had raped your girlfriend and you found your dog was pregnant.
(Lose one turn starting another APA.)
29. You told Bob Tucker about your liquid diet.
(Lose two turns listening to him tell you about his.)

30. You left the party early because you and your escort had something to do.
(Go ahead two. Better than you should copulate on the floor.)
31. You have 3 sets of table manners -- milchdich, fleischedich, and grossedich.
(Lose two turns (and three friends) demonstrating the "proper" way to eat shrimp.)

The preceeding has been brought to you as a public disservice by Evil, Rotten, Mean, and Nasty, attorneys-at-law.

((And I only want to say bout the preceeding that I hope that I can get more material like this. ~~The grosser the better.~~)))



NOTES FROM ARMAGEDDON: AN ISRAEL SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION NEWSFAX
by Sheldon Teitlebaum

Chuzpah, Israel's principal export commodity, may be defined as "gross effrontery and gall." It can therefore not be thought outrageous of me to discuss the current SF boom in Israel while the economy inflates at an annual rate of 82%. In fact, if I've got my figures straight, the SF industry grossed more last year than our own military expenditure, a sorry condition which has our Chief of Staff sifting through old copies of Analog. The fact is, folks, that its raining chicken soup, and the deserts are starting to bloom. Consider these facts:

Israel television put Star Trek on the air five months ago, almost ten years after the series first came out. This is no mean feat when you figure that the Messad stole the prints from the Saigon Television Authority just before it was taken over by new management. Mind you, they took two years to get cleared through the bureaucracy; but this, as is common knowledge to most Israelis, owes to Spock having become embroiled in the "Who is a Jew" controversy. The case was finally resolved when Jordan Television sprung its own insidious propaganda weapon upon an unsuspecting Israeli populace, daily showings of Space 1999. (((Gad - to what new depths will the Middle Eastern warring States fall?))) We expect to retaliate in kind, and are negotiating for reruns of Lost in Space. (((Quickly, before all is lost - everybody please sign the non-Bull Shit Galactica proliferation agreement.))) If this current rate of escalation continues, Carter may find himself forced to host a Mid-East Worldcon.

Asimov himself made the front cover of the Jerusalem Post Weekend Magazine not long ago. The Old Boy, in one of his most lucid moments, suggested that, as nationalism is apparently a losing proposition, we Israelis ought to set the pace for the rest of the world by giving up the ghost and going back to where we came from.

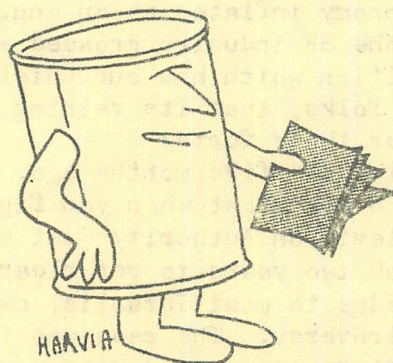
Some of us found this a trifle surprising, especially in lieu of his recent six figure contract with Am Oved Publishers, which will translate his material into Hebrew. However, it is never wise to underestimate the Good Doctor, and it is my own hunch that he intends to write us off as a txx loss.

I hope the same may not be said of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, which is supplying Israel's first Hebrew language Prozone with its short fiction. Fantazia 2000 is a bimonthly featuring stories by the top names in the business, and articles of a Judeo-Israeli bent. Edited by Eli Tehna, it is well worth planting one less tree for the Keren Kayemet, and picking up a copy. Each issue is available at \$2.00 U.S., c/o Fantzia 2000, P.O. Box 33293, Tel Aviv.

Finally, a word on my own project, ISFA, which contrary to a previous communique, will not host the 1980 Worldcon in Jerusalem. In deference to the political sensitivities of our foreign guests, we shall move it out of "occupied territory" and on to a kibbutz which can use the added labour during harvest season. (((Boston is a kibbutz?))) We are putting out a bi-monthly clubzine as well, The Opiuchi Hotline, which will be modeled after the LASFAPA format, albeit in both English and Hebrew. (((Er, Sheldon - LASFAPA is an APA, not a clubzine.))) Dues are \$10.00 annually, and members are invited to send their own material on Durotype n. 62 Gestetner stencils. We will cover the entire cost of printing and postage. Send an International Money Order c/o Sheldon Teitelbaum, Kibbutz Hazorea, Israel 30060.

Untilnext quarter, lehitract!

(((I wish that I had not lost the letter that Sheldon sent to me several months ago. In that letter he explained about how he sort of accidentally formed the Israel Science Fiction Association. Sheldon is a former Canadian who is now in Israel living. He would appreciate the sending to him of any extra sercon fanzines which anybody might have.)))



Adhere to a
rigid publishing
schedule? Us
little tin gods
can!



Isn't
that a
rather
presumptuous
opening?



((It should be noted that I am known for my intense hatred of that horrid white stuff known as *yetch* snow - and for cold in general. In MINNEAPPA and, especially, LASFAPA, this is common knowledge. The following should be self-explanatory.))

SAY IT ISN'T SNOW, JOE
a chanson du jest
by Alan Prince Winston

10:00 pm 12-29-78

THE NIGHT WATCH

LASFAPA house, with the usual card players and a new gang of idiots. They mill about, and speak in hushed tones, punctuated by brief, quickly suppressed outbursts of hysterical laughter.

Still, they show-- these loons from here and elsewhere--a sense of purpose that makes them special, that makes them strong.

They are fans united for a purpose.

They are---The Snow Trekkers.

Our Leaders, strong and fearless in their bright new blue pickup with the long cold bed. What had given them their inspiration?

A long history of making puns had trained them to combine disparate pieces of information toward an antisocial result.

THESIS: There is snow on the mountain.

ANTITHESIS: There is no snow on Marty Cantor's porch.

SYNTHESIS: Let there be snow.

The rest was easy.

10:30 pm 12-29-78

NIGHT IN WHITE SNOW/FLAKES

The unruly mob ruled its way into three automobiles. Our Leaders in the front of their pickup, with a plastic sack in back, others in a vehicle with license plates referencing STAR WARS and an olive-drab beast with an Italian name.

Your narrator sat next to a chocolate cake, and, when came the crucial moment: "Drive" he said.

Charge!

(Time lapse)

and then we piled out of the cars, into the snow and ice next to the road.

Shovels were issued to four maniacs, and the rest attacked the great white enemy with implements ranging from gloved hands to wastebaskets, fighting with tooth and claw and every ounce of inanity at their command.

The snow lay on the ground in abject surrender, stunned by the ferocity of the unexpected attack. He took many soldier-flakes prisoner, binding them with plastic to keep them from escape or suicide by melting.

12:20 am 12-30-78

SNOW WHITE HEAT

Some of our number were still crazed with the lust of battle, and fought many and pointless skirmishes after the truce. "Trust in Ghod" the cry went then, "and keep the powder cold."

More human requirements drew the rest of us back to the pickup, whereat were miraculously found hot coffee, brandy, sugar cubes, creamer, and leaky styrofoam cups. These last insured that coffee would warm you, at least momentarily.

Warmed within (and sometimes wet without), we set to satisfying the outer fan. The natural dark induced the formation (as though by gravitational attraction) of a hydra-medusa, and the closeness and ***crypto-sexual*** excitement naturally induced noises of cat, dog, owl and seagull.

Lots of chat, lots of chatter, and our true natures came out. Volume rose, and many began to produce noises reminiscent of felis domesticus when excited.

"Shut up! Be quiet!" cried a woman with a name like that of an infamous fangroup.

At first, silence, and giggling at that silence. Then we could hear the howls of a batch of coyotes.

"Coyotes won't attack people." said the same woman.

"Yeah," I said, "but we've been making noises like coyote food."

The other birdbrain suggested that we make collating noises, like people:

<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>6</u>
collate	staple	ah, shit	Gunderloy's	collate	collate
collate	staple	ah, shit	zine ran	collate	collate
collate	staple	ah, shit	twenty	collate	fuck
collate	staple	ah, shit	copies	collate	fuck
collate	staple	ah, shit	short!	collate	fuck

The coyotes shut up, and abashed at assuming the powers of nature, we went away from there to complete our mission.

(Time passages)

12:30:78 About 1:30 5263 Riverton Avenue,
Apartment One

SOYLENT NIGHT

The final act! The hopes and dreams we'd held so dear for so long were at last to be realised!

Songs bubbled through our brains:

"Marty, the little tin god
Had a very shiny pipe..."



PAGE TWELVE AND A HALF,
A Special Emergency Supplement to
Holier Than Thou #2

Hoo Hah Publication No. 228
Written on March 30, 1979

Wherein I make a most necessary correction of a most egregious error, to wit:
the unexplainable excision of the end of Alan Winston's article. Also some talk
about printing errors.

Now, if you have read this far, you know of the many typos that are contained
in this issue. If you read farther on, you will discover that page 24 is printed on
the back of page 21, and that page 22 is printed on the back of page 23. When I got
to the printing of this issue (about two weeks earlier than I thought that I would),
it took me a total of ten hours to do the job. During the last three of those hours
the machine began acting up. I was getting tired and frustrated - and I for the
wrong stack of paper reached. *sigh* // I have NO explanation as to why I forgot
the end of Alan's article. Alan discovered it when I handed to him his copy at the
LASFS last night. Therefore, this addition to HTT #2 is being hastily pubbed. I
will attempt to get this to the few who have already received their copy of #2.
The rest of you will find this stapled between pages 12 & 13 of HTT #2.

Below this line is the continuation of Alan's article on page 12.

"I'm dreaming of a white tingod
With every shovelful I scoop..."

The pickup glided into the driveway with lights hooded and oars muffled, and
the bed full of dirty snow.

"Quiet!" someone hissed. "I know he's in there, he's just out of sight!"

From metaphoric woodwork all over the street came crazed fans. With shovels
and buckets, hands and enthusiasm (cold enthusiasm), a porch grew drifts.

The stairs became invisible.

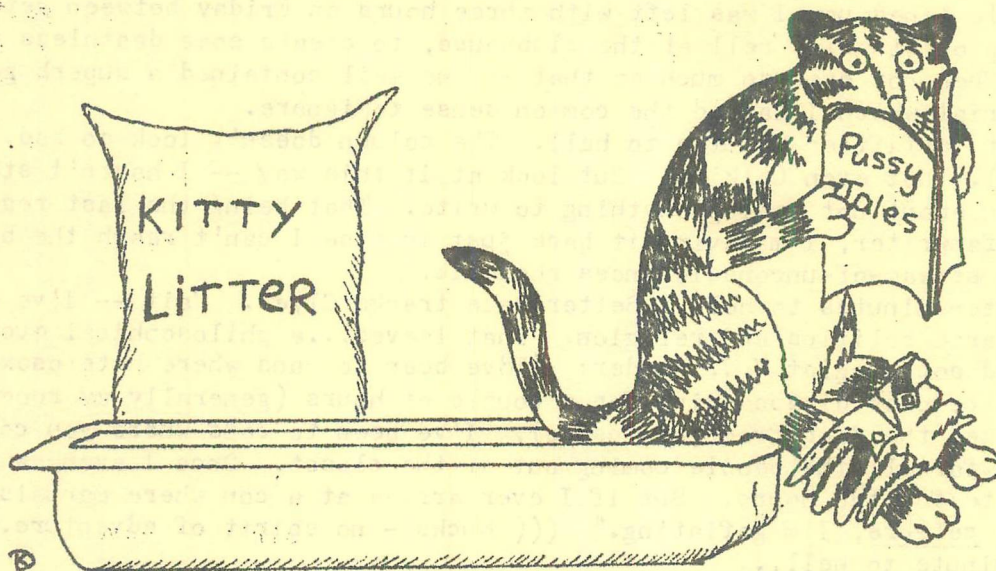
As the pile grew higher, our hearts grew lighter, until the bed of the truck
was as empty as our heads.

Those neighbours of the tingod who happened to be strolling about on New Year's
Eve Eve Morning joined us in a heavily muffled cheer.

Then, spontaneously, there was a second of silence and stillness before we
broke for cover.

Soon we would disperse, our memories made immeasurably richer by the experience,
but with a void in our lives only to be filled by the next time we are called together
to serve justice, lunacy, and love.

THE END



HALF AN HOUR TIL HELL
by Mike Glyer

Marty Cantor slipped up: he let me know that HTT #2 had not quite gone to press without a column from me. Just a few more hours and the fait accompli would have been safely achieved. But Cantor said, "Hey, Mike, I'd like you to write something for issue #3."

Algebra I can be fooled about. But even I can count the issues of a fanzine that has only been published once.

"What about my column for number two?" I asked innocently. (I know it's hard to imagine, but just see if you can expand your consciousness to fit the concept of my asking an innocent question. I haven't asked an innocent question since about five years ago when I asked Dr. Pournelle how he liked my fanzine. He's been telling me ever since...)

"Why, I have too much material," replied Cantor. "I don't have any room for any more columns." (((Um -- I did have too much material scheduled, but three articles did not show up.)))

I forget who it was, maybe Walter Winchell, but somewhere I got the idea planted down deep that when you agree to do a column for somebody you have to make every deadline -- whether he wants your damn column or not... Not only that, but getting way back psychological, I wish there had been as much fanzine publishing happening in the LASFS when I joined it eight years ago. I have this seldom-tapped reserve of enthusiasm for contributing to local genzines. ~~A time to be press without~~ me? (((Now I know why I make so many typos -- trying to type with this arm of mine that you have twisted. All right ~~damn~~ Mike -- you have talked me into letting you have a column in every issue of HTT.)))

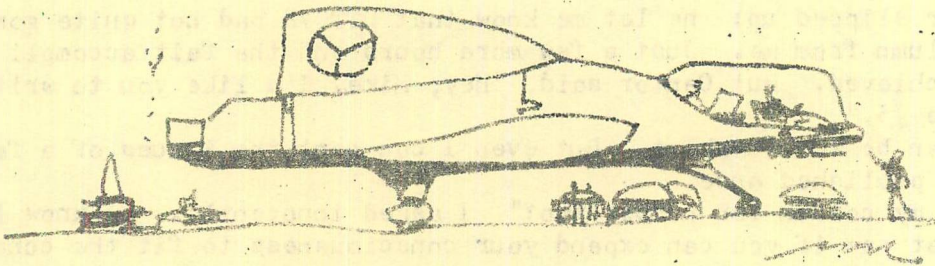
However, Marty just spilled the news last night at LASFS. The way my work and sleep schedule lined up, I was left with three hours on Friday between getting home, and rushing out to play hell at the clubhouse, to create some deathless piece of fanhackery. Then not even so much as that -- the mail contained a superb gem of provocative material which I lacked the common sense to ignore.

Now it is fifteen minutes to hell. The column doesn't look so bad. No, not quite Grenell. Not even Calkins. But look at it this way -- I haven't started to write anything about not having anything to write. That being the last resort of the incompetent fanwriter, I'm saving it back just in case I can't reach the bottom of the page with stream-of-unconsciousness rhetoric.

Only ten minutes to hell. Better make tracks Glycer. Wait -- I've got it. I've already covered politics and religion. That leaves...a philosophical quote from the distinguished sociologist V. I. Rander: "I've been to cons where heterosexuality was predominant, couples disappearing for a couple of hours (generally my roommate and somebody who locked the door from the inside). I've been to cons where you couldn't hang up a shirt, for all the people coming out of the closet. Once I even saw Mike Glicksohn celibate for two hours. But if I ever arrive at a con where manualsexuality is the new cause celebre, I'm gafiating." (((Shucks - no spirit of adventure.)))

One minute to hell...

(((In a letter from Mike Glicksohn (printed later in thisish), Mike (Glicksohn) states that many people consider Glycer one of the best and one of the most underrated fanwriters around. I am not all that familiar with fanwriters to rate Glycer as good or bad in comparison with the other good fanwriters; however, I do consider Glycer to be a fine fanwriter, and I intend to continue pubbing his column. His column this time shows what can be done in a hurry when one has writing talent.)))



((And now we from lunacy move - to something of more serious import.))

((I know Sally Syrjala only through her LASFAPAZines and her letters. In addition to her comments to the other members she always natters of her small community. Sally is an interesting stylist, and her writings never bore me. Of Finnish descent, Sally also writes of the Finnish enclave on Cape Cod and its relationship with its neighbours. Let me lead off with the covering letter that with this article came.))

Okay, you asked for it. Here it is. Now I have no promises to make for its quality. You are free to reject, edit or whatever.

The words were just at the point of coming forth from finger to typer key so I let them and this is what emerged. I tend to go with whatever wants to come out. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't.

We finally had some snow flurries today. Tonight and tomorrow morning promise more of the white material. However, it is supposed to change to rain so it shouldn't be with us too long. Going from 7 degrees today to the 40's tomorrow will be a change. Maybe the mercury figured people were getting bored and needed a change to keep their interest. I'm not complaining. It can remain at 40 for the rest of the winter and I shall be quite happy and content.

Saw Superman for the third time this week. (((*GAAAK*))) Plan on seeing it again next week. I LOVE that movie. (((Well, there is no accounting for perverted tastes.))) I was figuring I would have to go alone this time, but I think I have found a body who is willing to go. Seeing as I plan on flying by myself to Michigan come May, it might be a start to go to the movie house by myself. Any excuse will be used to see the movie again!! It has gotten a grip on the being.

It is Friday and the end of the week has a way of causing all the week's enervation to descend at once so am a little weary. That is putting it mildly. So shall close for now. Just wanted to ship this off to you.

((Now step with me into the personal world of Sally Syrjala.)))

IN LIEU OF MOON OVER MIAMI
THIS IS
DARKOVER WEST BARNSTABLE
by Sally A. Syrjala

West Barnstable is the village where this body was born and still resides. It is a village unique in its attractions of no nightspots, no supermarkets, no movie houses, no motels, no department stores, no gross commercialisation. The village DOES have two cemeteries, a general store, and a post office. It is a quiet little village that wishes to remain the way it is.

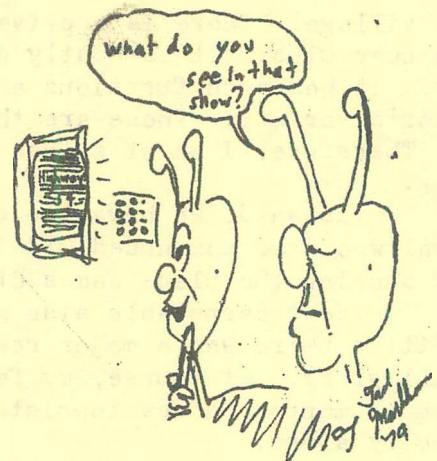
The Civic Association might have a little in common with the ruling class on Darkover. Both groups are interested in protecting their people and land from outside influence.

West Barnstable is located in the historic district of the Town. This means nothing which does not conform to "colonial" architecture can be erected. There is even a list of accepted colours which may be put on houses. If the colour you like is not on the list, you pick one that is. You may not even have a fence over five or six feet tall without a hearing of the historic commission. Yea, even if you wish to stand a flag pole in your yard, a hearing would have to be sought to obtain permission.

Like Darkover, change is resisted for all the bad influence it often brings with it. Change was looked upon by some of the other villages as part of the price of progress and something which had to be adopted. They lost their character and became one more bland spot on the map. West Barnstable saw that and didn't wish to become one of the pod-like communities.

If you ever wanted an advertisement for a form of regulation of signs, architecture and the type of business permitted in an area, all you have to do is take a ride on Route 28 in West Yarmouth. After seeing the display created there, you would do all in your power to make sure nothing like that happened in your community.

There is a tract of land in West Barnstable which was to see developer's bulldozer scrape it clean. Word reached the Civic Association who promptly issued edicts on minimum lot size. As West Barnstable has neither town water nor town sewage treatment, it was also deemed advisable to have minimum requirements for



space between a person's cesspool and his neighbour's land. Space requirements between cesspools and wells were also brought into the black and white of health department regulations. As it is not nice to have those two bodies of water merge with each other, it seemed the right and proper thing to do. Town meeting seemed to agree as the measures were approved and the developer decided to go elsewhere. One small victory for West Barnstable in its never ending fight for the American way, not to mention truth and justice.

It would seem our fame is spreading. The cartoon in the only daily newspaper covering the Cape and Islands portrayed a couple celebrating New Year's Eve in WEST BARNSTABLE!! The couple were shown as the only patrons in a restaurant with the caption reading "Stop Complaining. YOU'RE the one who wanted to spend New Year's Eve in West Barnstable." Now the thing I see wrong with this cartoon is the fact there are NO night spots in West Barnstable. Therefore, how COULD a body find a public spot to spend New Year's Eve in West Barnstable?

There is a small sandwich shop/restaurant which is open only in the summer and only serves breakfast and luncheon. It is called Ojala Farms. Eight tables and a booth were pictured in the cartoon. That is enormous. No such spacious spot exists in the village. There is a private club located in a wooded area -- The West Barnstable Deer Club. It is mostly a social club, but it would not conform to the cartoon either. It has such functions as golden wedding anniversary celebrations, not the New Year's variety. These are the only gathering spots in the village that come to mind. Therefore, I am at a loss to determine what spot is being depicted in this drawing.

As said, we have two cemeteries. One contains the remains of Mad Jack Percival who once commanded Old Ironsides. A short distance from this is a stone marker showing the place James Otis of Revolutionary War reknown was born.

West Barnstable also houses the 1717 Congregational Meeting House. During the fifties there was a major renovation project which brought the building back to its full glory. Of course, my father was one of those working on the project. During the summer months, a few tourists come to look at the building and take a photo for the family album.

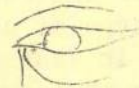
As on Darkover and in West Barnstable, people can become too set in their ways and too provincial if a little change isn't worked within the community. Change comes by itself whether it is welcomed or not.

West Barnstable now has both the Cape Cod Community College and the Cape Cod Conservatory of Music within her boundaries. Too, there are many new housing units springing up and with them, new people are coming into the community. The status quo versus the onward push of progress and change.

As on Darkover the questions and problems are the same regarding this ageless dilemma. In both cases, a retention of identity, but a bending on both sides would seem the most appropriate compromise.

It is amazing to see a yellow sun and but one moon shining over the village as she continues to retain her identity and remain different from her sister villages in the town.

((((Sally's world is calm - and a balm to a troubled spirit. Sally writes with self-effacing simplicity - and I enjoy her style with our language.)))



((((I do not have an illo of the same shape and size as this blank spot. Oh, well, I guess that I do not now need it now.)))

LETTERS

THE LETTER SECTION - otherwise known as the LoC Ness monster.

This is where my readers get to say their piece - and I get my right of instant reply.

((People quite often go through life with a multitude of facades - a work personality, a home personality, a play personality etc. I have noticed that fans seem to sometimes carry this to extremes. Take my friend ~~xxxx~~, AZAPA member Bruce Balfour. In person he is a quiet, thoughtful person. His writings, though, show a warped side of him that he usually conceals in many of his in-person reactions with others. Here is his letter in its entirety. Incidentally, this was the first LoC that I received.))

BRUCE BALFOUR

Dear MARTY CANTOR PERSON TOBACCONIST,

HOLIER THAN THOU #1 is the most incredible example of a truly intelligent discussion of the interaction of high-energy beams of subnuclear particles that I have seen in recent months. Yet it was not a completely serious effort and piqued my interest even more by being the only humorous discussion of subnuclear particles that I have ever seen.

While smoking page seventeen, I read the entire thing through a second time and laughed at every word. Certain lines stand out in my mind as the funniest of all. They include:

"...for postage."

"...decade or three."

"I shall assume that you are not interested in receiving further copies."

"...which the shop is open. I also put in about a half-hour of work each day before the..."

The single words I found the most amusing were:

"inclusion," "deadline," "tobacco," "tobacconist," "salary," "eggsucker,"
(((Humbug - I did not that word use))) "verbs," "unusual," "conglomerate," and the funniest word of all, "human."

Tobacconist indeed. Everyone knows you sell corrective footwear to underprivileged Ganymedian sheep. You're even listed in the phone book that way. Just look under "FOOTWEAR FOR GANYMEDIAN SHEEP" in your yellow pages. (((Only a few of us Creative Scrabble freaks are going to understand the "Ganymedian Sheep" reference.)))

End of commercial message. Fnord.

Rutabaga,

Bruce J. Balfour

a.k.a. God

a.k.a. Hey you

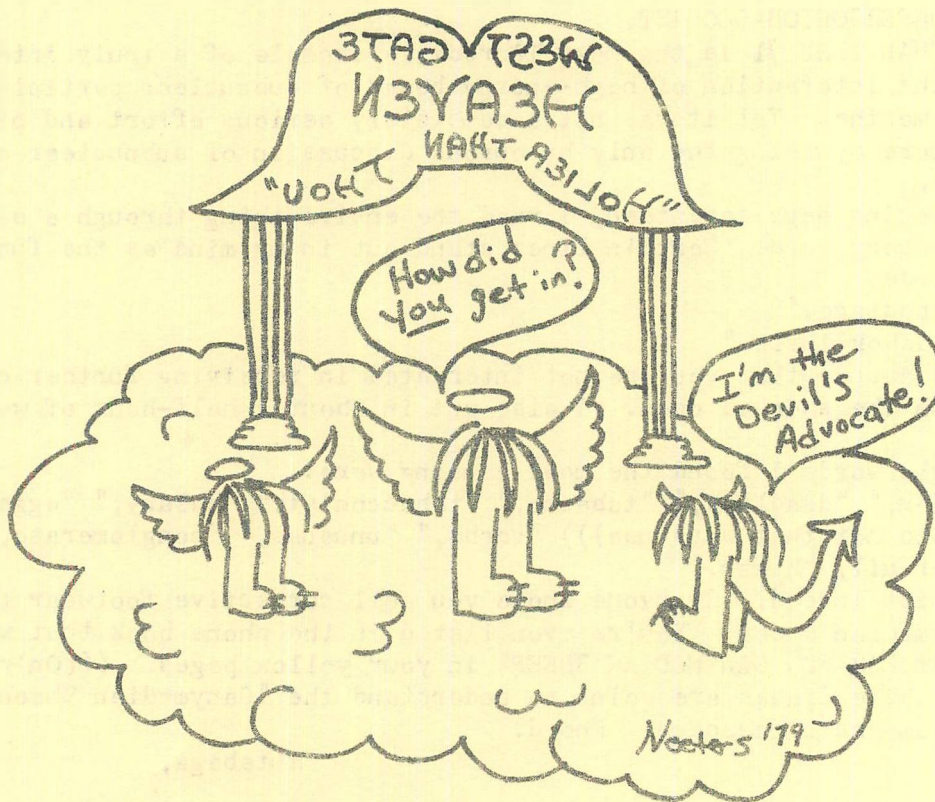
a.k.a. Flea Gyhecologist

a.k.a. a.k.a.

((I think that I should Creative Scrabble explain. Invented by Nate Bucklin, it is played with a normal Scrabble board and letters. And that is all about this game that is normal. Every word used must be made up - but there are some restrictions. Normal (Hah!) English letter combinations must be used (e.g., a 'u' must always follow a 'q' etc.). When a word is spelled on the board it must be pronounced by its maker - and a definition given. The word holds this meaning throughout the game (except as modified by additions to either end of said word). The scoring of points is only secondary - the point of the game is humour. Those without a sense of humour

will find this game uninteresting. Those with exceedingly warped senses of humour (and punsters) (such as Jack Harness) are marvelous players of this game. Oh, yes - any real English word is not allowed.

((As Science Fictional settings are quite often by the players used, this should somewhat explain the reference to Ganymedian sheep in Bruce's letter. In a game some years ago (I believe that Dan Deckert and Kara Dalkey were two of the other players) I referenced a word to something or other about Ganymedian sheep. This game was quite hilarious, with many other words relating to Ganymedian sheep being created. Always willing to beat a good thing into the ground, I have usually managed to bring Ganymedian Sheep into other Creative Scrabble games - and I believe that Balfour also does this.)))



MIKE GLICKSOHN

The flicko finger of fannish fate seems a copy of your fanzine brought me to have. Some time have I in reading it spent. Say I may that your stylistic quirk stupid sounds? But the rest of the fanzine most interesting is. All kinds it takes, guess I. Some of which we could readily without do. So it goes.

Actually that silly tendency to lapse into an inane writing style is one of the few things about the first HTT that put me off. As a first issue it reads really well and has much interesting material in it. Is there any reason for writing in such a dumb way? (In case you hadn't picked up on the subtle way I'm voicing criticism of your writing, I thought it occasionally lacked in grammatical integrity. But that's just a personal opinion you understand.)

((((Some people like to end their sentences with prepositions - I prefer to end my sentences with verbs. Some sentences, that is. Actually, it all goes back to when I mislearned German in high school. Ever since that time I have had a tendency towards a form of pseudo-German word order. I am one of those people whom LASFAPA member Greg Chalfin chides when he writes that we seem to believe that we own the English language. I was an English major in college, and I consider the language a fun plaything -- I like to see how far that I can twist it out of shape and still communicate. Sometimes. At other times I like to be pedantically correct. And, remember, this is supposed to be a humour genzine ~~It's not~~)))

You really ought to have listened to Mike Glycer's advice you know. I've written a couple of articles based on just that theme and I've meant them semi-seriously. As much fun as publishing a fanzine can be it can also entail a wearying load of dull and mind-deadening labour. Not to mention the consumption of one's time and money involved. I think every would-be faned should be severely warned by an old-timer that shooting heroin is probably a more enjoyable and less debilitating hobby than publishing a fanzine: then if he or she still decides to publish the chances are we're dealing with a trufan who'll end up having as much fun as the rest of us have while slaving over a hot mimeograph.

((((I thank you for the warning, Mike - but it is already too late. I am that APAhacking nut who was concurrently OC of APA-L (a weekly) and Little Tin God of LASFAPA (a monthly) whilst also contributing to MINNEAPA (a tri-weekly) and AZAPA (a monthly). At one time I was pubbing in two weekly APAs. Of course, I am also the person who minacked out of WOOF, so you never can tell. Anyway, the only parts of genzine pubbing that do not have me bubbling with glee are cutting and pasting illos and hand-cranking and slipsheeting - but I can live with all of that. And I really do not have the money to pub and mail this thing. *sigh* So it goes.)))

I wonder what "APA-L collating privileges" are? I knew LASFS was getting crowded again but surely they don't have shelves in the washrooms for collating the ape bundles? (((Uh, oh - I am afraid that you have just given Bruce Pelz an idea.)))

Then there's the optional prize of a night in Indianapolis with Bridget which would do more to discourage entrees in the contest than just about anything I could imagine you offering. Hell, I'd cheerfully spend a month on the wagon reading back copies of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY before voluntarily spending an hour with Bridget! (It took me a long time to figure out just why there is a Bill Bridget but it finally came to me: Ghod invented him when he got tired of trying to define "fugghead" in words.) (((And, instead of resting on the seventh day, He cloned Harry Andruschak to keep Bridget company.)))

Because I've as sick a sense of humour as the next fan I chuckled over Jack Harness's Jim Jones joke but it also made me realize how we attempt to put distasteful subjects at arm's length by making fun of them. I'm sure to the friends and relatives of those unfortunate hundreds of victims -- or to the families of people who've gone into similar monomaniacally-led cults -- such a remark has no humour in it at all. Just as jokes about the gas ovens in concentration camps aren't funny to Jews generally. (I wonder how Jewish fans would feel about the updated version involving the German microwave? One suspects that younger Jewish fans would be too far removed from the horrors of World War Two to be all that upset but anyone who lost family in that war might be extremely upset by such a callous-sounding remark. I'm not suggesting you ought to change your sense of humour but I do wonder if you've stopped to think about such things?) (((Ed Buchman, who made up the German microwave oven joke, is Jewish. I am Jewish - and I lost relatives to the Nazis. I told you that my humour is sick. And I am sensitive to the feelings of others ~~It's not~~ - I warned Sheldon



Teitelbaum about that joke in advance of sending to him (HTT #1.)))

For the last few days I've been thinking about possibly starting to keep a notebook on my daily activities. It wouldn't exactly be a diary or a journal because I doubt I'd record any deep philosophical musings but for the reason that Alan Winston mentions -- having a true record of what I've actually done and seen and felt -- I'm tempted to start one. (This probably has at least a part of its motivation in the fact that I can't clearly recall exactly what I did at a recent con in Ann Arbor and it

was only three weeks ago!) Besides, this is about the third mention of keeping a journal that I've seen in recent fanzines so it seems to be The Thing To Do.

I must admit, though, that I was a mite puzzled by Alan's claim to have invented "five card stud and draw crummy" unless this is not two games as I initially thought but one with a longish name. As a poker player of some enthusiasm (((I know - I have read Linda Ann Moss' Con reports))) I doubt I'd enjoy the arguments that would ensue as to which hand was the "most middle": it sounds like a typical LASFS poker game, though. (((After Alan got back from Half-A-Con he found out from Bruce Pelz that "crummy" was, indeed, an extant game.))) I was exposed to a short session of cards at a party at Bruce Pelz's place last summer and I've never seen such convoluted games in my playing life. It takes so long to explain the different rules that by the time you reach the end you've forgotten the beginning and thus no non-LASFS types have much of a chance of winning. (They wouldn't know the odds anyway.) I was lucky to keep my losses to three bucks in the hour I played at poker there.

((((Never fear, Mike - Bruce has given me permission to reprint his LASFS poker zine. All eight pages (or whatever) of LASFS poker will be in HTT #3.)))

Many people consider Mike Glycer one of the best and also one of the most-underrated fanwriters around and this piece certainly shows that Mike can find one hell of a lot to write about in a pretty ordinary situation. He has the knack of actually seeing what is going on around him and that's one of the most important attributes a writer can possess. This is a damn good piece of writing: it's amusing and at the same time has a few things to say about people and about the world we all live in.

((((I agree with you about Glycer's ability. So much so that I am going to take him up on his offer to do a regular column in HTT. (Glycer - do you think that the kind of praise of your writing of the kind which Glicksohn and I are now indulging is another way of getting a fine writer to contribute to a genzine? If so, pass it on to Dave Locke (another fine writer) so that he can write an article about it - and I will pub it in HTT.)))))

Another thing I've noticed about lines is that most of us are rather easily put upon by the small minority of people who abuse the concept of the queue. I know that I'm somehow most reluctant to make a scene if someone cuts into a line in front of me and I'm not the most quiet unassuming guy around. But if someone does barge into a line-up you'll normally see a lot of dark faces and hear muttered imprecations without anyone actually doing anything about it. Oh, I know that sometimes someone will insist the jumper line-up at the back but I find that to be the exception and

not the rule. I guess a lot has to do with the fact that there isn't much you can actually do about it in most such situations; especially if the queue-hopper is joining a large group of friends and you're all alone. About all you can do is try to embarrass the clod by speaking out loudly and the chances are that anyone with the gall to jump a queue probably isn't easily embarrassed even if you do call attention to his/her actions. I think there ought to be a law allowing us to carry a small hatchet and dismember anyone who jumps a queue ahead of us. Whether they're the size of a Mike Glycer joining his LASFB buddies or not! (((We could always bring back duelling. The fact that a queue jumper could be called out would discourage most queue jumpers. Only those queue jumpers who were good duelists would persist in their doltish behaviour. Duelling did tend to make societies in which it was common to be polite societies.)))

The Rothstein piece is a splendid piece of writing because it's the first article I've seen that actually discusses the first-hand effects of Proposition 13. In fact, Prop 13 has become such old news that one very rarely hears anything about it or about what effect it's had since being passed. (((Not around here, where there are daily reports of its continuing reverberations. And we have not had the worst of it yet - the huge State surplus is still cushioning local governments.))) Allan manages to show just how dangerous the situation might be in this truly effective piece of writing. He is calm, lucid, eloquent and reports the situation clearly and with seemingly little bias. As I said, a truly interesting article and I agree with you whole-heartedly in hoping to see more of his material in fanzines from here on.

Excellent fanzine, even if you do have your verbs stuck up your ass. (((No, the verbs are on the ends of my sentences stuck. I have other things up my, er, posterior.)))

~~~~~  
LEE PELTON

Interesting cover by the talented Maureen Garrett. It does much to confirm the image I have of you as an oriental assassin. (((LASFAPA in-joke funny only to Lee. I keep telling him that I do not assassinate Orientals.)))

My comments about Guy Lillian's opinion of the great mouth, Harlan Ellison, is that if he's Guy's, Guy can have him. As much as Harlan decries fan politics, and fans in general, for that matter, it's amazing how often he participates in them. The man's a fraud, and a loud one. (((It is my opinion that Harlan was never a good Science Fiction writer and that he has not written Science





Fiction for many a year (I do not consider New Wave and related crap to be Science Fiction). I consider Harlan to be a fantastically good writer, though - his non-fiction is excellent. I have had a few personal contacts with Harlan (as a customer in my shop), and I have nothing negative to say about him vis-a-vis my encounters with him.)))

As for your section on daydreams/novels in the head (in the john?). I think what you should do is get together with those many burgeoning pros in LASFS and work out a collaboration or two and then run them in HTT. (((Boy - are you a glutton for punishment.))) Then you'll really know if they have any merit to them. The proof of just how good an idea may or may not be is in the execution of same. Either you get a decent story or you commit homicide on it. The major function of Daydreams may be the simple fact that you have the ideas down in writing so you won't forget them and also it allows you to go on and think up more. See if Bill Tuning, Greg Chalfin, or.....what's his name? Oh, yes, Jerry Pournelle. Get these guys or others to help you out. It might be curious to see the results. (((As I said lastish, I am not a writer of fiction - except in my head. Here I to attempt to write any fiction in collaboration with anybody ~~it would be a waste~~ I certainly could not use the story that I detailed in HTT #1. That was totally atypical of what I mind-write -- I wrote it up only because it illustrated what my daydreams have turned into -- and because it was the one on which I was currently working.)))

((I have mentioned that I was hoping for a long lettercol. By that I meant a long column of letters. Not a column of long letters. But then I went and sent a copy of HTT #1 to Steve Tymon - and I received from him one of the shortest letters that he has undoubtedly ever written -- only six pages. Steve did go on ~~and on and on and on~~ at some length on a Proposition 13 related topic - the funding of the police. Steve is very anti-police, and he would like to see their funds cut. I do not intend to reprint his three pages of anti-police "lecture". In fact, I do not intend to quote any of Steve's letter here; but I do want to say that Steve has shown me a collaborative effort (with Bruce Balfour), a quite humorous piece of fiction. It is crazy and it is short. With any sort of luck (your choice - good, bad, or indifferent) it will be pubbed in a future HTT.))

KEN OZANNE

Thanx for HTT #1, which arrived with the 3rd section of LASFAPA today (5 days later than the first sections of LASFAPA - does this have some sinister meaning?) (((I do not know - are you left-handed? Probably the only significance is that the Australian Post Office is as anti-fan mail as is the American Post Office.)))

O.K., so Beverly Kanter took the photo at the top of page 3. Who blacked it out again? (((My mimec machine seems to have arrogated to itself the function of censor. ~~it's a shame~~)))

I'll be delighted to submit humorous material to you if and when I write some, otherwise I may just have to LoC sometimes and hope it is often enough to stay on your mailing list. (((I am touched. Of course, you could always earn my undying gratitude and subscribe. But then I would be forced to rely on your LASFAPAZines for my total Ozannewriting fix - and that is not near enough. So please continue the letters.))) I really do enjoy your humour ((you are sick, Ken))) and I want to continue to see whatever you write ((how about my grocery list?)) ~~it's a shame~~ ~~it's a shame~~. (((Foo!)))

Eric told me a story about an Irish wolf. I fancy that it is more usual in the US to direct jokes about racial stupidity (well, stupidity as a national characteristic) against Poles rather than Irish. (((Hell, I am an equal opportunity insulter.)))



So, here it is, translated into American: Did you hear about the Polish wolf? Apparently it was caught in a trap. Three hours later, it had gnawed off three legs and was still caught in the trap. (((By any chance was the Wolf's name Bridget?)))

On your story. I think it was Bradbury who had some guy go back in a time machine and kill a butterfly and then return to an entirely different present. So why not something like:

"A drop of rain fell, near but not quite on the continental divide. It eventually flowed into the Pacific.

"In the next parallel world the corresponding drop fell a little nearer the divide. In the next nearer still... in the tenth the drop split and half went to the Pacific and half to the Atlantic. In the eleventh it went to the Atlantic only. In the twelfth it was a little further over the divide...

"In the tenth world a human race developed."

(((Plausible - if one believes that such a minuscule event can have such enormous consequences. I, for one, do not believe that it would. But your scenario could solve the problem of why the human race developed on only one of the parallel worlds.)))

ARTHUR HLAVATY

A few words on ~~THE~~ HOLIER THAN THOU. I like it. (((You are sick, too.))) You have earned the undying enmity of Carol Kennedy by doing it in goldenrod (which I like), but you can't win them all. (((But I won this one - I printed 224 copies in goldenrod and one copy in blue -- and I sent the blue one to Carol.)))

Your publication of Jenny Montaire's little jest offers evidence of your devotion to putrid humour (you may spell that word in your preferred quaint manner, if you feel so inspired). (((Actually, I spelled it correctly, rather than in your quaint manner ~~for colonial barbarism~~.))) You forgot the part where the farmer noticed 2 puddles in front of the tree and concluded that it was two saps that pissed in the night. Now you see what you've started? (((I also see that which you have continued.)))

That was a terrible thing to say about Guy Lillian. If Whitman were alive, he'd have written something much more bombastic and tedious. Nonetheless, I disagree with everything in that paragraph except for maybe one comma. (((Gee, Arthur - you are generous tonight.))) I do not love the average American. He definitely isn't mine, and I would no more stand between this citizen & the ravening Russkies that I would die for socialism when Rev Jones was handing out the Kool-Aid. Nor am I overly impressed by Our Hero getting the message on Nixon (after electing the sumbitch twice). One thing, though: You know what happens when you wake the common man up, don't you? He sics a cop on you & goes back to sleep. (((Actually, I tend to alternate between being the complete egalitarianistic liberal democrat and elitist aristocratic snob - depending upon my mood. When I pubbed HTT #1 I was feeling egalitarian. In #2 I am feeling elitist. I usually feel elitist.)))

You are wise to keep HTT from becoming a political zine (~~especially with your political ideas~~), so all I'll say about Allan Rothstein's article is that unless L.A. is very different from all other large cities, criminals there already operate on the assumption that the police, courts, probation depts., etc. have insufficient resources to deal with them properly. And they are right. (((Except for the multitudes of criminals that are filling our bulging jails.)))

Your projected novel sounds interesting, but you might have trouble selling a straight mainstream novel with a science fiction sequel. (((But, Arthur - I thought that I made it clear that this was merely my mindwriting and that I do not believe that I have any fiction writing ability - ~~I am only a political genius~~ - there is no way that I am going to turn that daydream into a series of mainstream and Science Fiction novels.)))



ERIC LINDSAY



I haven't received a copy of Holier Than Thou 1 as yet, but Ken Ozanne has, and since he lent me it with LASFAPA, I thought it was only right to attempt a few comments upon it. Especially since I'm typing this at work; the only place at which I have time to type comments. (((That certainly is a nice bank at which you work, Eric. Not only do you get six month holidays (and 36 hour weeks when you do work), but you can also do fanac there.)))

First, I commend you for attempting a humour fanzine; they are all too rare. I would contribute, were I a writer of amusing stories, but alas I am not, so would appear fated to appear in your WAHF pages. (((Nope.)))

I rather enjoyed the Proposition 13 idea, and wish something of the sort could be arranged for this country, with its 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ % income tax rates for those under \$16,000 a year. (((That does seem an excessive rate.))) About the only good thing about such tax rates are that they make tax avoidance a respectable growth industry... and they

promote a fine flourishing "grey" market in cash goods and services, leading to a general disrespect for government services that I think laudable (it is the disrespect I think laudable, not the government). On paying for government services, I believe the user should pay; in the case of criminals, let them work to pay for their upkeep. No work, no food. If someone isn't willing to refrain from damaging property and hurting the people in a society, I fail to see why said society should feed them. Find an island, hire patrol boats to prevent escape, and dump repeat criminals there (with an initial supply of food, plus seeds), and if they happen to survive their term, then let them back into a society they may appreciate a little more.

(((\*sigh\* Those with Libertarian tendencies (such as you) certainly can come up with barbaric and uncivilised solutions (such as they are) to problems. Well, I have given you a forum - I just want to go on record as opposing what you have just proposed -- I do not want to stoop to the criminal level.)))

SALLY A. SYRJALA

See that you had two of your very favourite things included in the illo gracing the cover of HTT #1 -- a delightful cat on a satin pillow and snow descending from the heavens outside your window. (((Bah, humbug, and foo on both cats and snow.)))

Alas, I cannot enter your multiple choice quiz as someone included the answer with my copy of the zine. (((Rats!))) The first line had an 'x' standing proudly on its balcony. Therefore, it would not be fair for me to even try to participate in this test of acquired knowledge. However if a round-trip ticket to collating headquarters goes along with the one hour of APA-L collating privileges, I might reconsider my stance and submit an entry. Anything to get a small vacation from the January delights of snow/ice/sleet in this land of winter chill.

Being in need of all the affection I can extract, I am thinking of sending in for a subscription. However, I am still debating whether I need any more of the commodity THAT badly, so the decision is still pending. (((Even if you had not sent in the subscription I would still send to you waves of love for your writing - it is a joy to read.)))

Party, as a deity you shall ALWAYS make a deadline. Such a state of being does not scare an ~~immortal~~ immortal from its presence. This may be the reason mere mortals fear to tread too closely to that line and always manage to keep a far distance



from it. However, with the rank of Little Tin God firmly in hand, such things as deadlines would have no dread for those of your rank. (((I also love your attitude - yaz, I do.)))

I pretended appreciation for your pretend illos. The others were pure propaganda trying to tempt people to fall into the evil trap of the tobacconist and his wares. Have no fear, the character necessary to pass them up was at hand!

Also, as the deity, you ALREADY have immortality as your gifted right. Therefore, there is no reason to make up rationales as to why such a state exists. You may go on being the hero in your mind-stories in any century you wish to depict them. (((But, Sally - I am not certain that I believe in myself.)))

Your daydreams sound a little like the theme of "The Fall and Rise of Reginald Perrin." This adventure is currently being shown on the airwaves of PBS. In his dream/reality, Reggie even hires his ex-boss who had sacked him. You see, he (Reggie) runs this HUGE company that sells rubbish. Everything in his stores is guaranteed to be completely worthless with no practical use whatsoever. Naturally, it is an instant success. Hmm...could this be a parable foretelling the future of HTT??? (((No - HTT is already worthless.)))

~~~~~

MARY LONG

Thank you for the copy of HTT. I'm not sure why we were sent a copy, unless it was that you have seen something of ours elsewhere; but, anyhow, although I have not completely read it, it was interesting. (((And the next part that you read will probably be uninteresting. Oh, well.))) The first thing I noticed was that you live in North Hollywood. Do you by any chance know the Palomino?! (((The Palomino is on the other side of North Hollywood from where I live. I have never been inside that club as Country and Western is not amongst my varied musical interests.))) (((I read both your and Sam's articles in Mad Scientist's Digest 5.)))

I don't believe that I ever heard of any other fan who worked in the tobacco trade. (((The only other fans who have, to my knowledge, worked in the tobacco trade have been three local fans who have for me worked - in part-time capacities. Alan Winston is now in my employ at the shop.)))

I was very interested in your novel-musings. Now all you have to do is write it (((HAH!))) - it sounds an interesting thing. This gateways thing is one of the most popular subplots around, have you noticed? Of course, it is very flexible - think of the difference between, say, Lewis and Cherryh, both of them of the "gateway" types. Could be material there for an interesting article, but it's not one that I see myself writing, somehow (((nor me))) - not my bag, as they say. But I offer it for someone else to use, at least.

Daydreams are curious things. Sometimes I get lost in a brown study and go off on wild imaginings, yet they are usually fairly mundane things - you know, what are my family doing in England right now, or whatever. I suppose one would have to distinguish between daydreams and fantasies, of course -- the latter being often much more lurid!

~~~~~

BEN INDICK

Thanks for HTT #1 -- Good luck, and fun with it! I report that I have pretty much gafiated from actifandom - EOD, the Lovecraftian APA is my last bastion. (((What-\* Ben Indick, whose letters I have in many a genzine read, is gafiating from fandom? Say it is not so, Ben.))) If you find you have spares of HTT #2 with the article on Israeli fandom, I'd appreciate seeing that issue when it appears, and will try to



reciprocate, perhaps with a loc. (((I hope that Sheldon's column will be in every issue of HTT - and that you loc each one - and, that way, we can keep you active enough until you find that it is more pleasureable to stay than to leave. Stay well, Ben.)))

RICK SNEARY

\$ \$ \$

I was glad to see a new gen-zine starting up in the L.A. fan area. While a fairly strong believer in letting other people enjoy themselves in whatever way they find agreeable, I've had a long standing feeling that the local APA's are draining the creative life out of local fanzine fandom. While they encourage openness and communication, they also encourage sloppy writing and because of their limited circulation, have little impact on the rest of fandom.

(((I find that I must disagree with you about your views of the local APAs, Rick. Whilst the weekly pace of APA-L does tend to have writers doing sloppy work in them, this is not always the case. And many fine writers (recently) have gotten a push into writing for other than APA-L after getting their fingers wet (as it were) by for that APA writing. Cases in point being Alan Winston and Allan Rothstein who both more or less started their public writing careers in APA-L. Sally Syrjala (whose writing abilities I find to be admirable) is a Massachusettes contributor to LASFAPA. I started my public writing career writing poetry for the "little magazines" in the late 50's and early 60's; however, I had not written anything for about 16 years until I discovered APA-L, at which time I again started writing. I feel that APA-L and LASFAPA have had a stimulating effect on local writers. And two new APAs have appeared on the local scene in the past few months. There seems to be a demand for APAs around here (I believe that seven (!) APAs are currently being collated in the Los Angeles area) - and there are good writers around who like to write for them. The LASFAPA waitlist is usually over twenty - fans seem to want to belong to that happy family ((free plug)).)))

LASFAPA has had a great reputation as a fannish center and hot bed of activity, at the times when it was the home of top fanzines -- in the mid-40's and again in the Bjo-era of the early-60's. In the early 50's, LASFAPA was very large and the meetings were very well attended and well organized, but because there was little or no mention of it in fanzines, it passed some fan historians as a part of the dead period that lasted into the mid-60's. A local fanzine, using in part local talent, will help publicize L.A. fandom, and the exchange zines you will get will help lighten the provincialism that seems to be growing. I also feel that writing for a gen-zine is better training for a writer than the scattered comments in an APA, which I've seen seems to have all the literary style of cocktail party conversation.

(((Some of what you say is true in many APAs - even the local ones. But you must realize that comment writing in APAs can be a minor art-form in itself. In the hands of its better practitioners, mailing comments can be a joy to read. We have a few excellent comment writers in LASFAPA.)))

My second reaction was shock at the 40¢ postage you paid to get my copy to me. I know that postal rates are as unreasonable as gas and meat prices (((tell me about it))), but there must be some cheaper way. (((There is. When I get to the point where I have enough people who get HTT (for whatever reason (subs, contributions, locs, etc.)) so that I can send out 200 copies of a single issue - then I will send them out to EVERYBODY (including the local people) on my employer's bulk mail permit. (This is good only for domestic mail.) It might seem odd to mail a copy to a person whom I see every Thursday night, but my overall postage bill will go down by almost half (including the cost of the envelope) if I can mail 200 copies at a time. So go out and get me subscriptions to HTT.)))



I am a very economy minded person, so I don't mean it wrong when I try to tell you that I think you are wasting money in mailing it the way you do. (((At my present number of pages and print-run, Third Class is the cheapest method.))) Some of the top fanzines of past days used to come folded over and stapled together, with the stamp and mailing instructions on the back. (((Bleah - that violates my sense of order and the fitness of things. I like mailing envelopes.))) The wide use of mailing envelopes nowadays seems to me an unnecessary expense, except for fanzines too thick to bend easily, or with art so valued that they don't want it bent. Yours doesn't have to worry on either points. (((Thanks.))) It is another constant theme of mine, that with the brains there are in fandom, some better system of exchanging information should be worked out. My own idea -- which I have no way of knowing whether it is possible or not -- is to reduce a fanzine to micro-dots on a card, that could be read by placing in an attachment connected to one's television screen. (((Horriboars -- as a book reader of old I must say that I prefer to hold what I read in my hands -- I have no wish to place a television set on my lap.)))

I'm rather surprized at your art work, or lack of same. I have never thought that art made a fanzine, or that it was nearly as important as the written word. Thus, I don't mind if a fanzine has no art, other than reasonable neat and well laid out pages (which I would say yours were - at least up to my standards). But your art work is rather poor. If that were all, I wouldn't think anything of it, as I've seen tons worse, that made no apologies for it.. but you say you couldn't get anything. That is surprising. I have noted that the quality of fan-art and artist have fallen off badly in the last five years, but I hadn't thought there was any real shortage.. Being out of touch with so much I don't know hardly anything about you - other than the occasional mention the Moffatt's make of you. Nothing bad. (((Naturally not, he says modestly.))) I can't imagine you are so unpopular that no one would help you, or so green that you didn't know how to ask. And, though I've never edited a genzine, you should write and politely ask for art work from the artist you like, and not wait for it to come flooding in. The same with material. You may for a while have to use what ever you get, but it is better if you keep asking the people who write the sort of thing you like to do something for you. That way your fanzine developes a personality, and you become an Editor and not just or publisher.

(((To set a few things straight, I would like to point out that I just did not have the time to get any art-work from anybody. November and December are very busy months for me and I had little time at all during those months for working on HTT - a very rushed production. Again, there was the fact of mail delay at that time of year - and the fact that I had to get what art-work that I had to Linda Bushyager in Pennsylvania and that she had to electrostencil it and get it back to me. The local artists are busy and I was not about to impose upon them for emergency rush work. Besides, I have probably imposed enough upon the local artists when I was CC of APA-L - needing a cover every week. And I am not familiar with out-of-area artists. As you can see, though, there is now fannish art in HTT. I hope that more of it comes in.)))





The bit by Lillian is rather pompous, and as one who has been more than once accused of writing pompous and pontifical stuff, I ought to know. Winston's con report was interesting, and I like con reports as a breed... the trouble is that there is hardly ever any comment hooks in them. You just have to read and pass it by.

Glyer's little essay was the best item in your issue. I was mildly disappointed that he didn't review the movie too, but the rest was good. The sort of light writing about local events, full of colour and good spirits, that is the very sort of thing I'd like to see coming out of this area. -- Yes, damn it, the writing is very much like the fabulous days of the 60's when LASFE was still relatively small, and the Mountain Movers did wondrous things. Mike, of course, knows what it is to write for a fanzine. (((Oh, he does? I guess, then, that I will have to try to get him to do some more writing. Yeah.)))

I was interested in Rothstein's trouble with Prop. 13. It was one of the repercussions that I hadn't read about yet. I tend to be cheap, but I knew that was a bad bill, even when the petition was first offered to me. I have done some volunteer clerical work at the South Gate branch of the County Library, and they have lost half the personnel they had last year. They are not only understaffed, but can't fill when some one is out sick, and have to borrow from other libraries. They have stopped buying books, and cut magazine subscriptions in half. And, they expect things to get worse. Yes, and they had to close Mondays. They don't want to charge for library cards, but they might have to. (((I could fill up the pages of this zine with the problems with Prop. 13, but that would be getting into an area where I do not want HTT to go.)))

Despite the fact that I am a life long daydreamer, and have had several rather involved 'tales' going for years, I didn't find your article on yours too interesting. Not so much your fault, as the subject matter is just not that interesting, unless it is used to make a point or relate to something else. I'd probably enjoy a conversation with you, comparing our different dreams/story worlds, as we could then concentrate on ideas and comparisons, but just laid out flat they are like synopses of stories. Which usually are not detailed enough to be interesting, or short enough. But -- keep in mind that I personally don't care for fiction in fanzines as some fan do. I have never tried to write fiction professionally. It isn't my spelling, but my lack of plotting or real interest in that much work that keeps me from it. I'm interested in ideas -- my own, and others -- and the people that have them. That has been my main interest in Fandom over the years, and what I'm interested in fanzines today. I hope you will feel like continuing with HTT, and that it will go on improving. (Usually the fifth issue is the proof of the pudding.) Please pardon me if I sound overly pompous and old Guardish....that would have been a fate worse than death, to me as a neo-fan in the 40's, but Time wears us away. (((You are pardoned, Rick - I liked your letter.)))

R LAURRAINE TUTIHASI

E

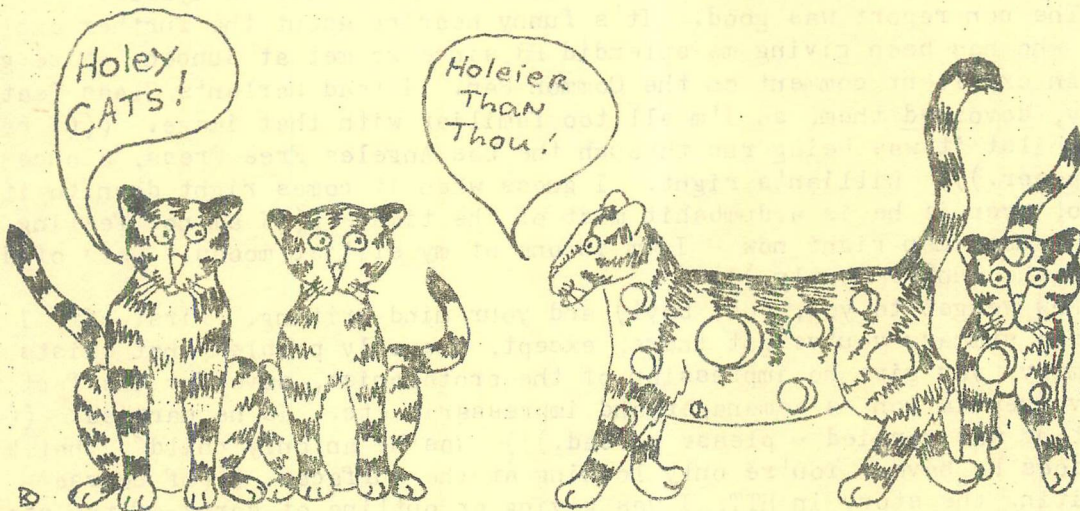
I can't believe you don't have a deadline for LoCs. This spoils your otherwise neat and orderly game plan. (((Actually, Laurraine - even though I like an orderly and neat universe (as you well know from LASFAPA), I believe that there are times when certain kinds of rules are unnecessary and even counter-productive. I keep my shop clean and neat - orderly almost to the point of some sort of extreme. Not only do I believe that this makes a better impression on the customer, but it also helps me to serve him better. My apartment, on the other tentacle, tends to be both dirty and messy because I am entirely too busy to spend much time neatening and cleaning - there is nobody to impress but me, and I am too busy (usually either typing or printing) to pay much attention. In LASFAPA I have instituted what rules are necessary to keep the APA going (and I never miss a mailing deadline \*pat pat\*), but I have not made any rulings that were not necessary. In HTT I have a deadline for contributions because I know that I will not be able to keep to my schedule unless I have that deadline.



I have no deadline for LoCs because, as they will be put into the last part of the zine, I can add them after I have printed most of the rest of the zine. Of course, those LoCs that come in late will not get mentioned at all; and, as a practical matter, LoCs received much after my deadline for other material will be IAHF-listed. If all (or most) of the LoCs begin coming in late because of a lack of a LoC deadline I will either institute a LoC deadline (\*boo, hiss\*) or have a smaller lettercol. Whatever, I will worry about this only if the problem arises. I have a deadline for the other contributions because fanwriters are like other writers - without deadlines very little material will appear. Until too late.))) Your sense of humour shows through even on the first page (of text); I like it!

"I have prepared some totally non-humorous material." Where is it?  
(((Laurraine, dear - you know my writing better than that - most of what I wrote for #1 was non-humorous.)))

On your mindwriting, I have recently read theories which indicate that the development of life, especially intelligent life, is very rare. (((Especially on this planet.))) If you accept such a theory as being a valid premise in your universe, then the lack of human life on the alternate bands is easily explained. (((Actually, the story that I detailed in Daydreams is not set in my regular universe. In most of the rest of my mind-writing I find much non-human sentience in the universe, even though I rarely use these sapients in the stories.))) Your story idea sounds good. Maybe you can collaborate with someone who can write fiction. (((What????? Then where would I find the time for fanac?)))



MARY JANE and JOHN HERTZ

Our best wishes to you at the holiday season. (((What? Oh, I see. This seasons greetings card arrived on February 15 (it was postmarked on December 8). Has pony express been instituted from Chicago to Los Angeles? Or could not the mail get out of those Chicago snows?)))



TAD MARKHAM

((Before I print your letter Tad, let me take this opportunity to thank you for your illos. They were unexpected - and they were the first that in the mail came.)))

Your photograph reminded me of what you looked like. Thank you. (((Er, ah, I really am not as indistinct as I appear to be in that photograph.))) It makes me feel closer to the publication when I know the producer, and your writing in this issue (you're far more interesting than you let on, but I would agree with you on keeping HTT from becoming a personalzine, no offense) was a very pleasant spice added to the whole mix. (((All that I can say to that is thank you.)))

The article POop was very well done. (((Allan left it in the oven too long.))) I know hardly anything about the tax revolt in California and this told me a great deal more than what I already knew about the situation. It covered some familiar ground as well, so I was even more attracted to the article. The tax revolt's an interesting manifestation of current societal trends wouldn't you say, hummm? (((I consider Prop. 13 a case of "I've got mine, Jack - and fuck you." It was a meat-axe approach that, carried to its logical extremes, will destroy this country. And it struck out at the wrong targets.)))

Glyer's article was great. Well rounded, (((~~Like Glyer~~ - oops, there goes his offer of more contributions))) flowed nicely, good drama, delicately laced with (((~~Arsehole~~))) quiet humour and some outrageousness, and I can empathize with him. I don't like waiting in queues either, although sometimes have to make the best of it. Lines are fannish -- I seem to have more luck with lines and waiting than Mike does. Sometimes I just avoid the line and find a good seat in spite of myself.

The con report was good. It's funny hearing about the further exploits of Dave Klaus, who has been giving me splendid PR since we met at Suncon. Nice guy.

An excellent comment on the Common Man. I read Harlan's Glass Teat (both volumes) nay, devoured them, so I'm all too familiar with that image. (((I read the Glass Teat whilst it was being run through the Los Angeles Free Press, a once interesting newspaper.))) Lillian's right. I guess when it comes right down to it, I love him too, even if he is a dumbshit most of the time. (((I am not feeling too fond of the common man right now - I am in one of my elitist moods. Lots of dumbshit customers in the shop recently.)))

Now we get to you, (oh, boy!) and your mind-writing. First off, I must say that's quite a summary you've got there, except, the only problem that exists is that even in summary, you give no impression of the protagonist, save for the fact that he's got a helluva reputation as a manager and impressario etc. Is he married? (((I did mention that he was married - please reread.))) Was he an only child? What kind of background does he have. You're only looking at the surface. (((Of course - I was not actually writing the story in HTT, I was giving an outline of sorts of the story.))) It's a cold but readable bio for the most part, with the potential for being a very good work in written form. (((But not by me.)))

I am also enclosing illustrations. (((I thank you, again.))) I may very well submit something written in the near future, but right now I am sick and plowing through this only on the sheer power of will and enthusiasm for this new publication. (((Then you are as nuts as am I.))) It's the freshest, least pretentious first-issue I've seen in a long time (or second or third or fourth for that matter.) (((Least pretentious? Oh, shucky-darn -- I must have failed somewhere.))) Thanks for the looksee. (((You are most welcome.)))



JOAN HANKE-FOODS



((((Lee Pelton told Joan that I was starting a new genzine and she wrote to me a card asking to see a copy of the first issue. I sent her a copy and a letter. In reply I got the following card.)))

Your prompt reply was most gratifying... and your zine has promise. I, also, am new to zinedom and to fandom in general; and even, horrors, to SF reading. Yet!!! I do belong to "second fandom" as I was reading SF in 1949 at a young age. My grandpa and I were buddies, and he taught me to read with 30's and 40's AMAZINGS from his collection. My career expanded to men's mags, Heinlein books and MAD magazine before puberty and a heavy college prep course put a stop to all the fun in my life. It wasn't till STARTREK (((horrors))) aided in ameliorating divorce trauma, and AMAZING mag, July '76, brought me to MidAmericon, fandom, fine art developement ... and all the fun came back to my life. (((I discovered fandom relatively late in life. I have had more fun during my four years in fandom than in the total of my previous life.)))

ADRIENNE FEIN

Received HTT a while ago - meant to write instantly, too, as I have ideas for your "novel" - but, Mundane Life being what it is.....

You are thinking of parallel earths, all identical to this one, except human life has not developed - suppose on some no mammals developed, on others life was wiped out by a plague.... You could do a sort-of series developement: on one world Neanderthals and other early pre-humans killed each other off - on the next, the equivalent of the plagues of the Middle Ages destroyed all life - all human life, anyway. At this time of night I visualise a gang of really dedicated archeologists trying to take over these worlds for study. Possibly on one band God got really mad & didn't bother to save even Noah. (((Nah - I never get that mad.))) Which sounds silly, put that way, but might make an interesting story development if explorers gradually find more and more evidence of major, cataclysmic flood - possible life before, but none after.... (((I did have some thoughts along these lines, but I dropped them early. As the work progressed in the early stages I decided that I was mostly interested in power struggles and interaction amongst the humans coming from the Main Band. As it turned out (though I probably did not make this very clear in the synopsis) the major thrust was to place a mentally strong person in a position where he could influence major events - and then see just how much he could actually influence things. I did not make him charismatic, but I did give him lots of smarts and savvy. There was also a lot of intrigue - later on, there were group power struggles. At this point I petered out and started writing HTT.)))

Weird cover. (((I am certain that Maureen will be glad to read that.))) And sort of weird title page. (Especially considering Bill Bridget, who writes very interesting letters, but ... 2 weeks in Philadelphia?) (((Philadelphia?)))

Something about the content on page 4 leads me to wonder whether you have ever seen APA 69? (((With LASFAPA openness and putridity, who needs APA 69?)))

I find your zine very interesting (((I thank you for the sentiment))) and I like your tobacco figure illos. (((I am glad that somebody liked them.)))

By the way, I heard California had a really heavy snowfall where it almost never snows, recently. (((Yeah - like on my front porch.))) Our local paper was, I suspect, chuckling over that; printed a picture of a house in California with huge icicles hanging from the roof - I almost clipped the picture to give to Arthur



Hlavaty for LASFAPA. (((Arthur, and LASFAPA, already knows about snow in California.)))  
(((And I do not want to end this paragraph with just one line on the top of the page.)))

On POop - may I ask a silly question? Why do so many essential services have to be tied to property taxes? Couldn't the laws be changed to provide for other forms of revenue, or different apportionment of different revenues or something? (((That is not a silly question. A progressive income tax is the fairest of all taxes, based as it is on the neat assumption that you are earning money and therefore have the money to pay taxes. I do not like regressive taxes such as property taxes and sales taxes. I did not like Prop. 13 (even though I did not like the heavy property taxes) because it merely lowered one tax without addressing itself to the basic problem of mistaxation. Prop. 13 also turned out to be a windfall (extra money) for landlords - very many of whom continued to raise their rents after Prop. 13 was passed even though they were now able to keep more of the money that they were from their tenants collecting (not having to pay it out as taxes). Anyway, demagogues (taking advantage of the lack of economic training and emotionalism of most of the public) find it easy to selfishly ease their own tax burden (or to find windfalls) by putting forth proposals to eliminate one or another form of taxation.)))

NICKI LYNCH

I received LASFAPA several days ago and was very surprised to find an extra in the deal. I was surprised, but pleased, to see that you will be doing a zine pubbed quarterly.

I loved Jenny's story. I never expected the ending until it hit me.

I was hoping that somewhere there would be a Half-a-con report and thanks to Alan, I got my wish. It sounded like a good time.

Mike Glycer's account about seeing "Lord of the Rings" was great! (((But he only reported about the line waiting to into the theatre get.))) It reminded me a lot of our adventures in going to see "Super man, the Movie." It is showing at the smallest theatre in town and the lines are very long. We finally got to see it when we went half an hour early on a Sunday afternoon. I must admit I have noticed the blank stare that people have whilst waiting in lines. I once tried to interview people standing in line for a movie that I was doing an article about. It did not work out well at all. No one was interested in talking, just in staring. What I first noticed about crowd behaviour was the way people all stare at the theatre door, as if willing it to open will make it happen. (((So you should have interviewed the door. Anyway, as a fan of the printed word I consider no movie worth the time - and waiting on queue is time much better spent at a typewriter.)))

HTT was a good first issue. There was a lot more substance than the usual first issue and I think it set the tone for future issues very well. Best of luck with the zine. (((I know not how future lettercols will turn out vis-a-vis humour, but I hope that I can have more humour in the rest of the zine. As I have written, though, I will be receptive to well written pieces, regardless of their humour content.)))

HARRY WARNER, JR.

It's always a particular pleasure to get a fanzine from someone who is neither one-third my age nor one-half my age. In fact, if my memories and math are accurate, I'm even able to feel as if I'm not old enough to be your father, although it's a close matter and only a year or two separate the boy from the man in this instance. When such a fanzine arrives, I feel for a few moments as if I'm not really a total, unalloyed Methuselah in an exceptionally young fandom after all. (((I know that I am older than the average fan; however, with the wide age range of LASF3 attendees, I do not find myself feeling that I am really that much older than all but a few fans.)))



Then we have something else almost in common: an old typewriter. But this one is even older than yours. I don't remember exactly when I acquired it, but it was a Christmas gift in the mid-1940's, in all probability. Of late it has acquired in its senility a nasty habit of chewing up ribbons and refusing to reverse at the end of the ribbon, resulting in all sorts of jamups and smudges. (((Hm. Our typers must be related in some way - this one has the same ailments.))) I keep telling myself that I should replace it with an electric typewriter while I'm still agile enough to reach the socket on the floor and plug it in. But then I get sentimental and admit to myself the fact that I've acquired some bad habits in recent years, too, and I'd resent it if an electronic robot started to write locs in 423 Summit Ave. in my place, on that new electric typewriter. (((I think that both of us are set in ~~dead~~ our ways and that both of us will be using our respective typers unto the end of our days.)))

I enjoyed the first issue of Holier Than Thou. I hope you can manage to keep it reasonably small (((Hah!))), informal, and unassuming in format, now that we're threatened with an immediate future in which it will be impossible to sort out most fanzines from prozines, because they're growing so complicated and expensive-looking. (((My inherent laziness and usual lack of funds will keep me from ever making HTT an overly fancy genzine. Well, I do have plans to make #4 a special issue, but none of the issues will ever be mistaken for a prozine of any kind. I am enough of a perfectionist so that I will try to do the best that I can within the limits of my funds and energies, but HTT will always be, er, unassuming, as it were. I can learn from experience, so I hope that I can gradually correct some of the mistakes that I am making with these early issues. Also, I believe that much of the informality will be kept in the lettercol. I will probably continue to have a longish lettercol because I want to capture most of the flavour of the tone of the individual letters, and I can usually do that best by not cutting out too much of a letter. This will tend to have many things said again and again in many letters on the same topic(s), but I believe that it will give something of the personality of the individual letter writer (and allow me more scope in my replies). I am, after all, a comment oriented APAhack.)))

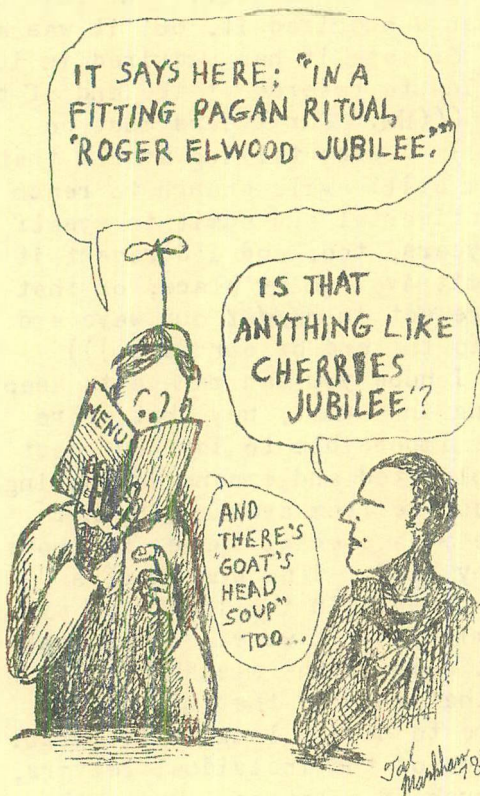
I can't quite decide if Alan Prince Winston's conreport is totally fictitious or genuine or a mixture of the two elements. (((It is genuine.))) Whatever, this was a good evening to look at it again. This afternoon I faced one of those ridiculous situations that shouldn't turn up in the 20th century. I had to go to the local museum, which is only a couple thousand feet from my home, and couldn't figure out how to get there because my auto is stuck on an iceberg in front of my house, there's no bus service in town on Sundays, the only taxi company in Hagerstown provides dreadful service since it has become a monopoly, and I didn't dare walk: the museum though so close is on the other side of a small lake and it would have meant perhaps three-quarters of a mile of slipping, sliding and falling on the solid cake of ice which covers the park in which the museum reposes. Even if the Bisbee streets weren't real, they couldn't have been worse than the situation in Hagerstown today. (I finally called a cab. It took only 35 minutes to get to the destination 2,000 feet away in that manner.) (((Sheesh. Is not the message clear? Move to Southern California where it only snows in the mountains and on my front porch.)))

Big city lines must be friendlier than lines in towns like Hagerstown. For one thing, every line I've ever been in in this city has had a line crasher, and nobody ever has the courage to do more than glaze and whisper after the crasher has taken his place near its head. Then there's the manner in which every line contains at least one man smoking a very smelly pipe (((ahem!))), directly behind a half-dozen non-smokers.

(((At this point I must admit that I have cut out much of Harry's letter despite what I have written in the second paragraph from the top of this page. That which I have cut has to do with Prop. 13. I have included only some of the Prop. 13 commentary in this lettercol, just enough to give the gist of the ideas. I really do not want to get too heavily into politics in HTT.)))



BARNEY NEUFELD



Jenny Montaire's piece was very cute. I wonder if she has considered submitting something to IASFP'S Putrid Pun contest? (This piece is much better than what I've seen published so far.)

I enjoyed Mike Glycer's "line-drawing" immensely. He has a superlatively light touch, and I found his whole account quite amusing. Nothing like this happened the last time I found myself standing in line for a movie. (It was New Year's Eve, in Minneapolis, waiting to get in to see SUPERMAN. I was doing just what everyone else in line was -- watching everyone freeze.) (((Traveling from Mississippi to Minnesota in late December in late December indicates atrophy of your critical judgement - unless you masochistically enjoy freezing off your tuchas. Standing outside in line just to see a stupid movie confirms my point.)))

Allan Rothstein may indeed have "chosen to write in a serious vein." It is needed. This is the first clear exposition on Proposition I have seen. I found his analysis fascinating, and disturbing. I have noticed with increasing

frequency that the moment a government unit faces a loss of revenue, the first things threatened with cutbacks are the safety and fire-fighting forces (with sanitation not far behind). I have vacillated between the opinion that this was a scare tactic to avert the revenue loss or a revenge for its happening. (I do not want to have to believe that politicians are so self-centered, or stupid, as to deliberately create a danger they do not have to, just to keep their patronage happy.) (((The electorate, unfortunately, rarely seems to realise the tremendous amount of service that they get (and expect) from government. I believe that it is necessary for politicians to point out the cuts that may be made in the more visible services so that they can get through to the electorate that something like Prop. 13 is decivilising. To talk about cutting this small service and that small service is useless, as most people do not seem to realise that they actually need these things (or that some of them need them). At times when things like Prop. 13 are passed, I tend to despair in the workings of democracy as a workable system. However, as a person committed to ~~the~~ the democratic system, I realise that democracy works only if it allows people to be wrong.))) Allan's concise explanation of what Proposition 13 would do to his department was eye-opening.

MIRANDA THOMSON

I enjoyed your editorial very much. Personal data about the faned always makes me feel warmer about a fanzine. (((You will learn even more about me from my interjections throughout each issue of HTT - I refuse to limit myself to the editorial.))) Your apa writing seems to have helped you develop an easy, low-key writing style. (((Hah! Just you wait until I feel emotionally involved with something. Or decide



to indulge in some insult-humour.))) Feghoots are my favourite form of fanfic. The one you printed was excellent. More, more! (((Masochist. Anyway, if anybody sends me some more good ones, I will print them.)))

Was your cover a visual pun on your fanzine title? (((I told Maureen to place a pipe in that cat's mouth.))) I mean, the poise of the girl-woman was rather suggestive. Why do I say things like that? (((It probably means that you belong in LASFAPA.)))

My second favourite form of fanfic is the conrep. I nearly fell down laughing when I read SNOW FALL or NEWTON'S REVENGE. Alan Prince Winston certainly has writing talent in his hands if not walking talent in his legs. (((Now if he had writing talent in his ... oh, never mind.)))

HTT seems to have just the right touch of humour, sercon, and typos. (((QUACK. You would not believe the amount of corflu that I used on that issue. \*grumble\*)))

DAVID BRATHAN

I've got something to talk about -- layout. Strangely, you do not commit the sin required of every first-time genzine editor -- putting an illo in the middle of the page and splitting the text around it. (I always read down each column in turn, which produces some strange English indeed.) Nor did you do what I expected and change the title to THAN THOU HOLIER. (Back to layout.) Basically, you haven't got any, (layout that is), at least it's a bit difficult to tell one article from the next. The type for titles is not larger than the type for text. (((That problem is going to be somewhat alleviated this time. Next ish should be even better. And you should know that I am APA oriented ~~(I really don't like to be APA)~~ - my emphasis on the lettercol thisish should show you that I enjoy comments.))) As it is, the whole zine looks like a letter column.

I hope Alan Winston is no longer falling down. (((So do I - we use a ladder to reach a storage loft in the shop. If he falls and breaks a leg I will have to shoot him - we cannot afford to be sued.))) The letter column is silly. I expect you meant it that way. (((Yep.)))

I ALSO HEARD FROM

Seth Goldberg, Leslie David, Linda Bushvager, and Pat Mueller.

And my special thanks to Linda Bushvager for prompt electrostencilling.

I would like to quote the last paragraph of the review of HTT #1 that Carol Kennedy pubbed in RUNE 55. "This is to be a genzine, and Marty particularly welcomes 'sick, putrid humour'. It's likely that there will be quite a bit of Marty's own writing, too, as he has an opinion on just about every imaginable topic. If you like to be alternately entertained and infuriated, this will probably suit you."

I locced this review (naturally), saying that I have opinions on EVERY topic - I do not in mugwumpery believe. I also told her that I could not guarantee that I would always alternate being entertaining and infuriating. In fact, it is quite likely that I will have two infuriating things in a row before I get to something entertaining. I hope that you, my readers, have been entertained, infuriated, and satisfied in sufficient quantities in this issue.

# ADDRESSES

Bruce Balfour: 18333 Jacaranda St., Fountain Valley, CA 92708  
David S. Bratman: P.O. Box 4651, Berkeley, CA 94704  
Cody: 3743 McLaughlin Ave. #2, Los Angeles, CA 90066  
Cram: (address not available at this time)  
Kara Dalkey: c/o Joel Halpern, 2700 Garfield Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55408  
Adrienne Fein: 26 Oakwood Ave., White Plains, NY 10605  
Michael D. Glicksohn: 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, Canada  
Mike Glyer: 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342  
Joan Hanke-Woods: 4243 1/2 N. Hermitage, 3-D, Chicago, IL 60613  
Teddy Harvia: P.O. Box 5402, Ft. Worth, TX 76108  
Mary Jane & John Hertz: 2941 N. Broadway, Chicago, IL 60657  
Arthur D. Hlavaty: 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801  
Ben Indick: 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666  
Eric Lindsay: 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, N.S.W. 2776, Australia  
Mary Long: 1338 Crestview Dr., Springfield, IL 62702  
Nicki Lynch: 4207 Davis Lane, Chattanooga, TN 37416  
Tad Markham: 2919 N.E. 13th Drive, Gainesville, FL 32601  
Neeters: 17133 Lanark St., Van Nuys, CA 91406  
Barney Neufeld: P.O. Box 359, Philadelphia, MISS 39350  
Ken Ozanne: 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, N.S.W. 2776, Australia  
Lee Pelton: 1204 Harmon Pl. #10, Minneapolis, MN 55403  
Bill Rotsler: 1525 N. Van Ness Ave. #401, Los Angeles, CA 90028  
Jeff Siegel: 11612 Kling St., North Hollywood, CA 91602  
Rick Sneary: 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, CA 90280  
Sally A. Syrjala: R.R. #1, Box 5E, West Barnstable, MA 02668  
Sheldon Teitelbaum: Kibbutz Hazorea, Israel 30060  
Miranda Thomson: 7209 DeVille, North Richland Hills, TX 76118  
R Laurraine Tutihasi: 1217 Majestic Way, Webster, NY 14580  
Steve Tymon: 1838 E. 7th St., Long Beach, CA 90813  
Harry Warner, Jr.: 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740  
Alan Prince Winston: 14140 Delano #14, Van Nuys, CA 91401



And that about raps it up for thisish. I have used up most of the illos in my file, so let me gently ask all of you artists out there to please send more.

I have just about used up all of my words for now, so let me end by mentioning that nextish will have a reprint of LASER Poker and a collaborative piece of fiction by Steve Tymon and Bruce Balfour.

My love to all.