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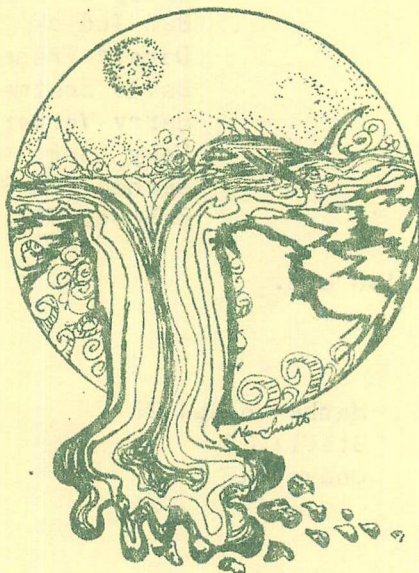
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This magazine is fictional. No resemblance is intended between any character herein and any person, living or dead; any such resemblance is purely coincidental. Except to Bill Bridget. As in the case of providing temporary shelter for humour, all puns are in-tent-ional.

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? Artwork preferred -- drool accepted only if it is mimeo reproducible
- ☐ I would like some more of your tasty artwork
- ☐ You contributed
- ☐ I hold your contributions/artwork in my files - they will be used in future issues
- ☐ You locced
- ☐ You subscribe (I LOVE YOU)
- ☐ Would you care to contribute something to HTT? I would prefer that it be written in some semblance of the English language.
- ☐ We really should get to know each other better - please keep in touch
- ☐ It is possible that you may enjoy HTT
- ☐ I love you - HTT is your reward
- ☐ I hate you - HTT is your punishment
- ☐ 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) _____
- ☐ You should have been mentioned in this issue
- ☐ You requested a copy ~~the appropriate~~
- ☐ You purchased this copy
- ☐ You are supremely unlucky in life
- ☐ Your name is Larry Niven
- ☐ See what happens why you are in fandom?
- ☐ Editorial whim



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Holier Than Thou 3

Hoo Hah Publication No. 244

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Published in July, 1979

HOLIER THAN THOU is published in the first month of each quarter and is available for contributions (written or artwork), trade, letters of comment or editorial whim. Also available for \$1 per issue (4/\$3.75).

EDITORIAL OF SORTS

The price information in the colophon is correct - I have raised the price of HTT. After putting out two issues of this zine I now have a good handle on the expenses entailed in putting out an issue; and, even though I cannot at all afford to put out HTT, I find that I can somehow manage to put it out if I make a few changes in that which I have been doing. One of these things is the price hike. I am also going to limit production of the amount of the print run - I have given up my plan of printing as many copies as the demand warrants.

You see, HTT is in the process of growing into a giant zine, and I like too many parts of this zine to want to cut the size of it. Particularly I like having a large lettercol. I will be cutting the letters more now than I did in HTT 2, but the LoC Ness Monster will still be the largest section of HTT (at least half of the total pages of each issue).

In FILE 770:13 Victoria Vayne wrote about the costs of producing genzines, particularly giant genzines. I agree with her that it does cost more money to put out one of these things than most editors seem to want to lose. As she points out, smaller genzines lose smaller amounts of money, amounts of money more or less comensurate with the amount of fun received in putting out the zines. Mike Glycer, in reply, wrote that the letters and responses are even more important than the money received from the sale of a few copies - and I agree with that. I really appreciate the letters more than the money - but I need some sales to help defray some of the expenses -- there is a limit to the amount of money that I can put into each issue of HTT.

Very honestly, I really do not want HTT to stay at its present size - it will continue to grow. Up to a point. I do not know what I will eventually say will be its maximum size, but it will be some number of pages more than the present amount. Probably not too many more pages, or else I will have to implement a further money saving device -- producing fewer than four issues a year. To quote Victoria, "But economic realities trap the most generous of fannish hearts in time, and more than anything else, I think it's this slow eroding of bank balances that is killing the giant genzines of fandom." I will continue sending out HTT for the fannish usual, and HTT will probably reach "giant" size. I will resist putting a high price on the zine - I do not consider it fair that those who do opt for purchase rather than for the usual should pay too much for the enjoyment that I am getting in putting out this zine. Also, HTT is not yet up to my standards of quality - but it improves. I am willing to subsidise my own enjoyment - up to a point. I am not yet at the crunch. And those who have subscribed to HTT at the old price will continue to receive it at that price until their subscriptions run out.

LASFS

by BRUCE PELZ

POKER

/* This first saw print in 1974 as part of Bruce's FAPazine. Bruce pretty much supplies his own introduction, so I will not say too much here. Suffice it to say that any questions and clarifications should be addressed to Bruce, not I. Poker is not my game, although I do appreciate the idiocy involved in LASFS Poker. Bruce has mentioned that he intends to update the games listed herein; mostly the addition of new poker games that have been, er, invented. // An asterisk before the name of a game indicates its general unplayability - according to Bruce. I do not consider any of the following to be playable by anybody not enjoying some sort of dementia. */

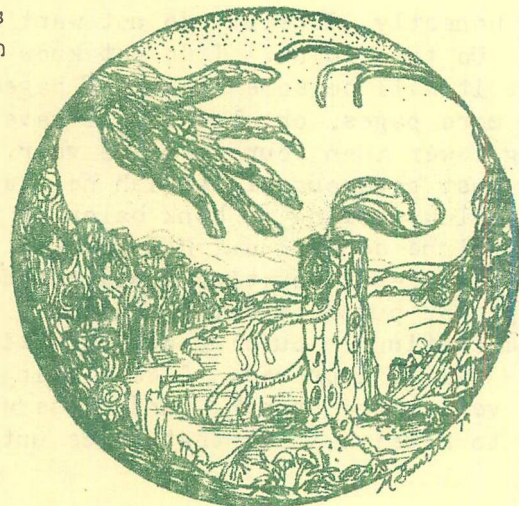
The LASFS is, to say the least, games-oriented. We have gone through various fad games such as Diplomacy and Risk, through such mundane competitive games as bowling and miniature golf, and through various gambling games such as Brag, Bouree, Hearts, and Oh, Hell. There are also segments of LASFS that are, or have been, fanatics toward chess, Go, Bridge, etc.

The most enduring and universal game has been, of course, Poker. There was a time when it was played penny-ante, dime-limit, and losing two or three dollars in an evening of play was thought to be terrible. Recent years have changed things. Although some of us still think it terrible to lose two or three dollars in an evening of play, the days of penny-ante and dime-limit are long-

gone, replaced by table stakes and pot limit betting. The amount of money that changes hands during the evening is sometimes appalling -- especially to those on the minus-side.

A typical LASFS after-meeting poker session has two games. At the so-called cheap table, the players buy in for a couple dollars, and may play with as little as a dollar in front of them each hand. As long as they still have a dollar, they must play with that minimum, unless they are near to quitting the game, and announce they are "playing down" the loose change -- at which point, they can't put any more money into the game if they lose. At the expensive table, there is a \$5 minimum buy-in, and no "rat-holing" is allowed. If you win, your entire stack of chips stays in front of you and subject to being tapped. Needless to say, it is at the expensive table that swings of \$100 plus may happen in an evening.

With that much money involved, one would think that the LASFS would play reasonably sensible kinds of Poker, for which the odds can be easily calculated. One would, of course, be



completely wrong. The games played are a collection of the most ridiculous inventions known to as motley a crew as ever attempted to shuffle a deck of cards. The purpose of this article is to catalog these games so we can keep track of them; the probable result of the article is that the inventive lunatics among us will use it to see what hasn't been invented yet -- and then invent new games to fill the lacunae. So let it be.

As a base of information, it will be assumed that one knows how to play standard Poker: 5-draw, 5- and 7-stud, and their low-ball equivalents. With a few exceptions, LASFS plays a wheel or bike (A-2-3-4-5) as the best low hand. When used at all, the Joker is called a Bug, and can be used in straights, flushes, low hands, or as an Ace. (Generally, the cheap table doesn't use it at all, and the expensive table uses it all the time.) All split pots must be declared for, except the Maria games and Baton Rouge, by players taking two chips under the table and bringing up a clenched fist on top of the table, to be opened simultaneously with those of all other players still in the hand. If the fist contains no chip, the player is competing for best low hand, one chip, he is competing for best high hand, and two chips, he is competing for both best low and best high hand -- or "going Pig." A player declaring both ways must beat all other players in the directions they declare in order to win; should any of them even tie him, he loses everything. Thus the screams of anguish when two players pig, each beats the other one way, and the guy with the pair of fives splits everything with the guy who has the 9-low. However, with table stakes, it is sometimes worthwhile pigging a hand even when one knows he is beaten, if the guy with the winning hand has tapped out early, and you can get a large side pot established, since a player can have no effect on a pot to which he has not contributed.

Visitors to the LASFS card games are almost always welcome; we're glad to take your money. Of course, if you only play standard Poker...

ACE MARIA: 7-stud, high only. Highest spade in the hole splits the pot with best hand.

(See also BLACK MARIA, QUEEN MARIA.)

ANACONDA: Seven cards dealt face down immediately.

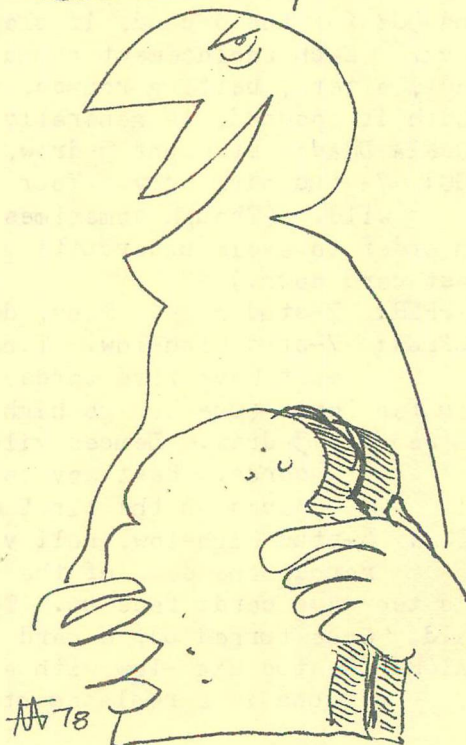
Player passes three cards to left, receiving three from right. He then passes two, and finally one card. Two cards are then discarded and the remaining five arranged in order to be rolled and bet as 5-stud, high-low. A high full house and a wheel are usual winners.

ARCTIC CIRCLE: 7-stud high-low. Your middle hole card is wild both ways. If you have a pair down, both are wild. Aces swing, and can be split to make the third down card wild if you have two aces down. (Blame J. Minne.)

ASSASSINATION: 5-stud high-low. A thoroughly nasty game where low hands get blown by face cards and small pairs on the last card, and a J-9-8-5-2 is probably a decent low hand. (Blame R. Geis.)

*AUCTION-A-CARD: 7-stud high-low. Each round of up-cards, the cards are auctioned to the highest bidder as they come up. Once a player has a card in a particular round, he may not bid further during that round. Generally unplayable.

PEANUT BUTTER AND
JELLY USUALLY DOES
QUALIFY AS A HERO
SANDWICH!



BASEBALL: 7-stud high. Threes and nines are wild, fours get you an extra card at the end of the round. If a three is dealt as an up-card, it costs a quarter.

(It can be played that up-threes make the player match the pot, or fold, but that is too much even for LASFS Poker.)

BATON ROUGE: 7-stud high low. High spade in the hole, low diamond in the hole, best low hand, and best high hand split the pot, but player must declare all portions for which he is competing. (Player takes a red chip, a blue chip, and three white chips for declaration: red chip for low diamond; blue chip for high spade, 1 white chip for low, 2 white chips for high, and three white chips for both high and low poker hands.) As usual, if you lose any part of your severalway declaration, you lose it all. Playable, but mess, and has been banned at times. (Blame J. Pournelle.)

BIG SQUEEZE: 6-card high low with a burn. (After the sixth card -- 1 down, four up, 1 down -- player may discard any card, in turn, and get a replacement. If he discards an up-card, the replacement is dealt up, etc.) In this and its variants, the best low hand is a 6-4-3-2-A, not all of the same suit. Straights and flushes count against you for low. The burn is not mandatory, but it is sequential for those who want it, thus giving dealer some advantage.

BLACK MARIA: the original 7-stud high with the high spade in the hole splitting the pot. As originated, the Queen of spades was the highest spade, then Ace, King, Jack, etc. It got too confusing as to what was meant by the high spade, so the game mutated to either ACE MARIA or QUEEN MARIA, q.v.

BLOODSUCKER: VAMPIRE, without the final burn. See under VAMPIRE for rules.

*BUY-A-CARD: 7-stud high low. At each round of up-cards, the player may reject an offered card by paying a fee into the pot. For the first he rejects, he pays 5¢, for the second on any one round, 10¢, for the third, 15¢, etc. The card is offered in turn to each player, who may pay to reject it or may take it. If all players eligible to do so pay to reject the card, it goes into the discard pile and another card is offered. The round continues until each player has accepted a card, at which time there is a betting round. Then another round of offered up-cards. The seventh card is dealt down, as usual, with no choice. After the betting round that follows the down card, there are two replacement rounds, costing 25¢ for the first and 50¢ for the second, if players wish to replace a card with the next one on the deck. Each replacement round is, of course, followed by a betting round. At long last, after 7 betting rounds, the hands are declared. This, like AUCTION-A-CARD which it spawned, is generally unplayable.

CALIFORNIA DRAW: straight 5-draw, open on guts.

CHICAGO: 7-stud high only. Your low hole card and all others like it in your hand are wild. (Though sometimes played with the option of receiving the last card up in order to avoid undercutting your wild card, LASFS plays it with mandatory deal of last card down.)

DR. PEPPER: 7-stud high. Tens, deuces, and fours are wild. Playable, but not very.

DR. TEPPER: 7-stud high-low. Tens, deuces, and fours are non-existent cards, and you must have five cards in any low hand, so three non-existent cards kill you for low. (One can go high with anything.) (Blame J. Harness.)

DOUBLE JESUS: 5-draw. Deuces wild, and 1-eyed jacks (hearts, spades) count as any two cards. Best way to play is to fold immediately without one of the 1-eyed jacks on the first deal. High only, by the way.

ELEVATOR: 6-stud high-low, roll your own. All cards dealt face down, two the first round, one each of the next four rounds. Each round, player turns one of his two down cards face up. The one still left down, and all like it in his hand, are wild. Once turned up, a card may not later be turned down again.

ESCALATOR: 5-stud high-low with a burn. Played as ELEVATOR except that the sixth round is a replacement round instead of adding a sixth card to the hand.

FIRE SALE: basically 6-stud high low, but played only when there are 8 players. After the players are each dealt 6 cards, the remainig 4 are auctioned off, one at a time (the others remaining face down in the deck), to the highest bidder. The money is paid into the pot. After the fourth auction, each player discards enough cards to reduce his hand to five cards, which are then put in order and rolled.

***FLYING outhouse:** 5-draw high. Deuces wild, 1-eyed jacks count as any two cards, and the King-with-the-Axe (diamonds) counts as any three cards. Fold any hand that doesn't have either the diamond King or both wild jacks. Unplayable.

FOLLOW THE MOPSQUEEZER: See *MOPSQUEEZER.

***1492:** 7-stud high, with aces, fours, nines and deuces wild. Unplayable.

FRANKENSTEIN: WEREWOLF without the VAMPIRE -- see BIG SQUEEZE. (Blame J. Harness.)

GIRDLE SALE: BIG SQUEEZE at WOODWORTHS. BIG SQUEEZE played with 5's and 10's wild.

GRODNIKONDA (also called GROD): 7-stud high-low. All seven cards are dealt immediately. Player makes his best 5-card hand, discarding the other

two cards, and rolls the cards as in 5-stud.

HA-HA-HERMAN: 6-stud with a burn, roll your own. Generally BIG SQUEEZE, but with all cards dealt down and player deciding which to roll. At any time a player may decide to keep both cards down -- announcing "HA-HA-HERMAN" -- and from that point until the burn round, his cards are dealt face up. The burn may be, as usual, either an up or a down card. (Blame Fuzzy Pink.)

HIGH-LOW: 7-stud high-low. One of the closest things to actual poker played by LA3F3.

HOLD ME: 7-stud high low. Each player is dealt two cards, and five cards are dealt face down in the center of the table. One of the center cards is turned, followed by a betting round, then a second card is turned, followed by another betting round, etc. The "gun" (first chance to be) passes, from the player on dealer's left at the first round, to the next player on the left at the second, and so on. Each player may use as many of the five center cards as he wishes to make up his best hand either or both ways. A low hand must have five cards.

HONG KONG: 7-stud low only. High hole card wild, and all like it in your hand. (The opposite of CHICAGO: same mandatory last-card-down rule.) (Blame Fuzzy Pink.)

HOO-HAH: se HIGH-LOW. (A corruption of the words.) (Blame B. Pelz.)

HOT PASTRAMI: 5-draw high-low. ("It's MURDER without the roll.") (Blame J. Harness.)

***INCINERATOR:** ESCALATOR, with a burn of a down-card permitted every round: A player is dealt two down cards. Everyone who wants to burn one of his cards does so. Each player rolls a card, and there is a betting round. Another down card is dealt around, and everyone who wants to burn a down-card does so. Then another card is rolled, followed by a betting round. Etc. The final burn, following the fourth betting round, may be up or down. Generally unplayable.

INDIANAPOLIS: 7-stud high-low, roll your own, with a final burn, and then a drive (a bet after the declaration). The drive doesn't happen too often, as most players are tapped out by that time.

***INSANITY:** 7-stud high only. Deuces are wild if you have a 3 in your hand; threes are wild if you have a four in your hand; fours are always wild. And a natural pair of sevens rakes the pot. (If two people have a pair of sevens, they split it.) TOTALLY unplayable.

IT: 6-stud high-low with a burn. Five cards are dealt down immediately. Four rounds of roll-a-card-and-bet follow, then a sixth card is dealt down, followed by a betting round, a burn, and a final round of betting before the declaration. (Blame G. Knuth.)

JACKS BACK: 5-draw high only, open on a pair of jacks or better. If no one can open, it becomes 5-draw low only. This one is almost poker.

JACKS PROGRESSIVE (or REGRESSIVE): 5-draw high only, open on a pair of jacks or better. If no one can open, the hand is redealt, and opener must have at least a pair of queens (or, in REGRESSIVE, tens). Not playable in a Dealer's Choice game, as it ties things up. (Also, in Dealer's Choice, only Dealer ante's to start the pot, and PROGRESSIVE works best when everyone has to ante, then, if the hand cannot be opened, everyone ante's again for the second deal, which is

dealt by the next dealer.)

LET'S MAKE A DEAL: ANACONDA, but after the final pass of a card, each player must offer one of his seven cards for bid to the other players, keeping whatever money it brings. (If you have a hand that isn't worth playing, you can sell off a good card, otherwise, you sell off -- or try to -- one of your cruds.) (Blame J. Minne.)

LIEBSCHER: 7-stud high only, with the addition of three not-generally-recognized hands being possible winners: The Blaze (all face cards) beats any two pair but loses to three of a kind. The skip straight (A-3-5-7-9, 2-4-6-8-10, 3-5-7-9-J, 4-6-8-10-Q, 5-7-9-J-K, 6-8-10-Q-A, or A-4-7-10-K) beats three of a kind, loses to a straight. And the round-the-corner straight is allowable as the lowest straights (viz., a 4-3- or 2-high straight). The skip straight may not go around the corner. (Blame D. Hulan, though the hands are cited in Hoyle.)

LINGERING DEATH: 7-stud low only. (Blame Fuzzy Pink for the name; see also SUDDEN DEATH, SLOW DEATH, and TERMINAL ACNE.)

*LITTLE SQUEEZE: 5-stud high-low with a burn. SQUEEZE Rules (straights and flushes are bad low hands). Not playable because of the tremendous D.A. (Dealer Advantage.)

*LOW-FLYING OUTHOUSE: 5-draw high-low, deuces wild, 1-eyed jacks count as any two cards, the king-with-the-axe (diamonds) counts as any three cards for high, and as a zero for low, so the best possible low hand is 0-A-2-3-4. Quite unplayable.

MACINTOSH: 5-stud high. Your hole card is wild only if it is paired. A player with a pair showing pays a quarter penalty into the pot.

MAKEABLE SEVENS: 7-stud high only. Sevens wild, and lower-value cards may be combined to make a wild seven, as long as the player has five cards in his final hand. Example: A-3-3 makes a wild seven, but you have eliminated two cards by combination, so you may not, in addition, combine a deuce and a five for another wild seven, since that would leave you with only four cards out of the seven you were dealt. (Blame L. Atkins.)

MARIA: See ACE MARIA, BLACK MARIA, QUEEN MARIA.

METAPHYSICAL HYENA: BIG SQUEEZE, but both down cards are dealt first, instead of one down, four up, and one down. (Blame J. Harness.)

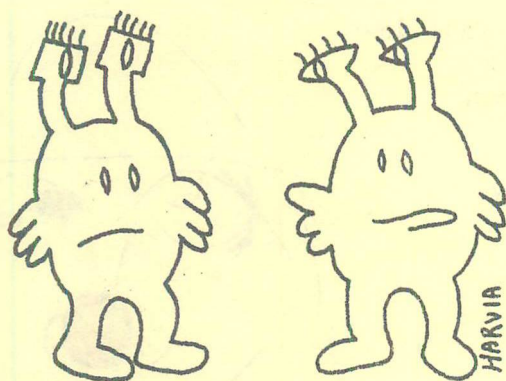
MEXICAN STUD: see ESCALATOR.

MISERY: 7-stud high-low. Your low hole card is wild for high, your high hole card is wild for low.

MOPSQUEEZER: 7-stud, high-low. (As originally presented, it was high only, but... .) If a queen is dealt up, the card following it is wild, and so are the other three like it -- until/unless another up-queen is dealt. Wild cards dealt up cost a quarter, unless the recipient prefers to fold his hand. If the dealer's last up-card is a queen, there are no wild cards. After the seventh card (down), there is a burn. (Blame L. Atkins for presenting this thing originally, and see VAMPIRE, WEREWOLF and BLOODBUCKER for what the LASFS turned it into.)

MURDER: 5-card draw, high-low, and roll. After an initial betting round, players draw to their best high or low hand, then arrange their cards in the order they want them to be seen, then turn them one at a time, with a betting round following each roll.

NIGHT BASEBALL: BASEBALL combined with NO-PEEKIE. Seven cards are dealt face down to each player, who may not look at them. Eldest hand turns a card, and a betting round follows. Next player turns cards until he beats the card turned by the first. (If it was a face card, he may have to turn a pair to beat it.) Rules are as in BASEBALL: 3's and 9's wild, 3's cost you 25¢ into the pot, fours get you another card (face down at the bottom of your stack, in this case). If the second player turns a combination of cards to beat what the first is showing, a betting round follows; if he cannot do so by the time he runs out of cards, he is out of the hand, and the next player turns his cards. Each in turn rolls cards until he beats the previous high hand, after which there is a betting round. Game continues until there is one winner.



How can you look me
square in the eye and
say that?

NO-PEEKIE: 7-stud high only, played as in
NIGHT BASEBALL with players
rolling cards to try to beat the pre-
viously rolled high hand. None of the
wild cards, or extra cards, however.

OPTION, 5-CARD: 5-stud high-low, with a
burn. After the first round
down-card, an up-card is offered to the
eldest hand, who may take it or refuse
it. If he refuses it, the card passes
to the next player, and the eldest hand
receives the next card on the deck,
which he must take. Each player may
refuse one card offered to him each
round of up-cards. When all players
have received their card for a round,
there is a bet, after which another
round of offered cards is dealt. When
all players have five cards, there is
a burn round. If the burn is an up
card or a down card, it is without
choice of refusal. A final betting
round follows the burn.

OPTION, 7-CARD: 7-stud high-low. Dealt two down without choice, four up with choice of
refusal as in the 5-card version, and a final down card, without choice.

P.O.P.: see OPTION, 7-CARD.

*PARADISE LOST: 7-stud, in which one takes his best high hand, and goes low with it.
TOTALLY unplayable. J. Minne invented it, keeps threatening to deal it,
and is informed he will be killed and defenestrated if he tries.

PASS THE GARBAGE: ANACONDA, without the second and third passes of cards. Seven cards
are dealt face down immediately, players pass three to the left,
discard two, and roll the hand, betting as in stud, high-low.

PASS THE TRASH: Same as PASS THE GARBAGE, but with SQUEEZE rules -- straights and flushes
are bad low hands.

FIG SQUEEZER: MOPSQUEEZER, but with the cards following threes being wild. (Blame
J. Harness.)

PIGGISH MOPSQUEEZER: MOPSQUEEZER, with cards following queens wild for low and cards
following threes wild for high. (Blame J. Harness again.)

PISS OR PASS IT: See OPTION, 7-CARD.

PROGRESSIVE: See JACKS PROGRESSIVE.

QUEEN MARIA: Same as ACE MARIA, but the queen of spades is the highest spade for the
purpose of splitting the pot with the best poker hand. It is followed
by the ace, king, then jack, etc.

RAZZ: 5-stud high. The player with the high card up must bet on the first round. He
may not check, and he may not even fold until he makes the initial bet. (Those
unwilling to abide by the rule may fold before being dealt any cards.)

SCRIBE: 6-stud high-low. A combination of 6-card GRODNIKONDA with ESCALATOR. Six
cards are dealt face down immediately. Players make their best 5-card hand,
putting the cards in the order they want them seen, so that the bottom card -- the
final hole card -- is wild, together with any like it in the same hand. (Blame
S. Burns.)

SLOW DEATH: 5-card stud low only, with an optional burn after the fifth card. (Blame
Fuzzy Pink for the name; see also SUDDEN DEATH, LINGERING DEATH, and
TERMINAL ACNE.)

SMEGNACONDA: 5-card stud high-low, with all cards dealt face down at once. Players arrange their hands in the order they want the top four cards seen, and roll them, betting as in stud.

SOUTHERN CROSS: 7-stud high-low. Each player is dealt four cards, face down, immediately. Five additional cards are arranged, face down, in the form of a cross, in the center of the table. The center cards are turned one at a time, with a betting round following each turned card. The card in the middle of the cross is turned last. Each player may use any 1, 2, or 3 cards in either arm of the cross to improve his hand; if he elects to go both ways, he may use cards in one arm for low and cards in the other arm for high. The central card and all others like it are wild. The gun passes -- each round, the opportunity to make the first bet passes to the next player to the left.

SPEEDWAY: See INDIANAPOLIS.

SPIT IN THE OCEAN: 5-draw high only. Four cards are dealt to each player. During the deal, at some random time, a player calls "Spit," & the next card is turned face up in the center of the table. This card is common to all hands, and it, and all like it, are wild.

SQUEEZE: See BIG SQUEEZE.

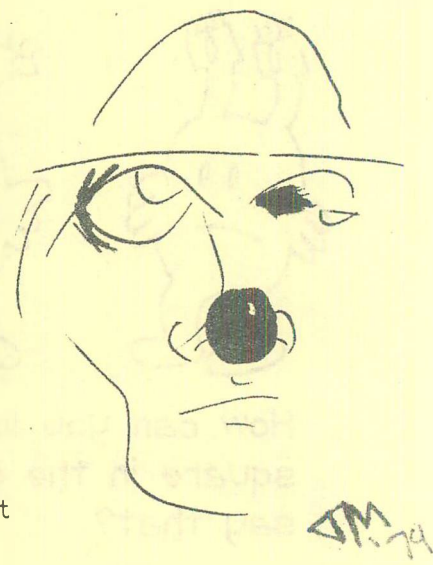
STAN BURNS: 7-stud high-low, but after the seventh card one may replace a card at a cost of 25¢ into the pot. A betting round follows the burn. Then one may buy a second burn for 50¢, after which there is a final betting round. (Blame 3. Cohen.)

SUDDEN DEATH: 5-stud low only. (Blame Fuzzy Pink; see also SLOW DEATH, LINGERING DEATH, TERMINAL ACNE.)

SUPER-LOW: 6-stud low, but begun with five cards dealt face down. Players discard two, roll one of the remaining three, and bet. The remaining three cards are dealt face up, one at a time, each followed by a betting round, as in regular stud.

TERMINAL ACNE: LINGERING DEATH, with a burn. (Blame Fuzzy Pink.)

***TIC-TAC-TOE:** Each player is dealt four cards face down, and nine other cards are set face-down in rows of three in the center of the table. Two cards in the center are turned two at a time at the whim of the dealer, though the central one is usually turned last. The game is high-low, and each player may use any 1, 2, or 3 cards in any tic-tac-toe row to improve his hand. (Cf. SOUTHERN CROSS). The gun passes each round. (Blame J. Harness for developing this from TWIN BEDS.)



ADELMAN, I WANT YOU
TO REWRITE THIS MEMO
UNTIL IT SINGS!

"SHORTNIN' BREAD"
WOULD BE NICE.



TWIN BEDS: Each player gets 5 cards face-down, with five rows of 2 each set face-down in the center of the table. Each round, one of the rows is turned up, followed by a betting round, high-low, with the gun passing. (Blame L. Jacobs.)

***2001 (A Spades Idiocy):** 7-stud high-low.

A spade in your hand is wild -- but only one spade. All other spades in your hand are dead cards, and you must have five

live cards in your hand to win, out of the seven dealt. (E.g., four spades in the same hand, and it is dead.) (Blame B. Pelz.)

VAMPIRE: 7-stud high-low, with a burn. Queens are always wild, and cards following the last up-Queen are also wild. (Cf. MOPSQUEEZER.) Wild cards dealt up cost you 25¢ to stay in, except that a wild card caught on the burn is free -- and a Queen caught face-up on the burn doesn't change the wild card. (Blame F. Whitledge for developing this from MOPSQUEEZER.)

WEREWOLF: VAMPIRE, played with SQUEEZE rules, so the best hand for low is a 6-4-3-2-A. (So the 5 may be a killing card, and is therefore referred to as Death.)

WOOLWORTHS: 7-stud high only, 5's and 10's wild.

ZOMBIE: 5-card OPTION, but half the pack -- 8's through Kings -- are "dead," and count as zeros. Best low hand is 5 zeros. Ace is a 1; highest card is the 7. A zero of the right suit may be used in a flush, but only one of them. A zero may be used on the bottom end of a straight: 0-A-2-3-4. Otherwise, they are of no use for high hands. A pair of 6's is a decent high hand, while it usually takes 5 zeros to win low. (Blame B. Pelz.)

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA:

*BRAIN SURGERY: 7-stud high-low, but all cards dealt face-down, and bet by passing the gun. After all seven cards are dealt, eldest hand draws a card from the hand of the player to his left, keeping it separate from the rest of his cards. The next player draws from the hand to his left and so on until player to the right of eldest hand draws a card from the latter's original hand. A final betting round is followed by a declaration (and several suicides). (Blame J. Harness.)

DOUBLE-BARREL SHOTGUN: Dealt as 7-stud high-low, all cards face-down, the gun passing. When all cards are dealt, players still in discard two and roll as in GRODNIKONDA, betting after each roll. (Blame L. Atkins.)

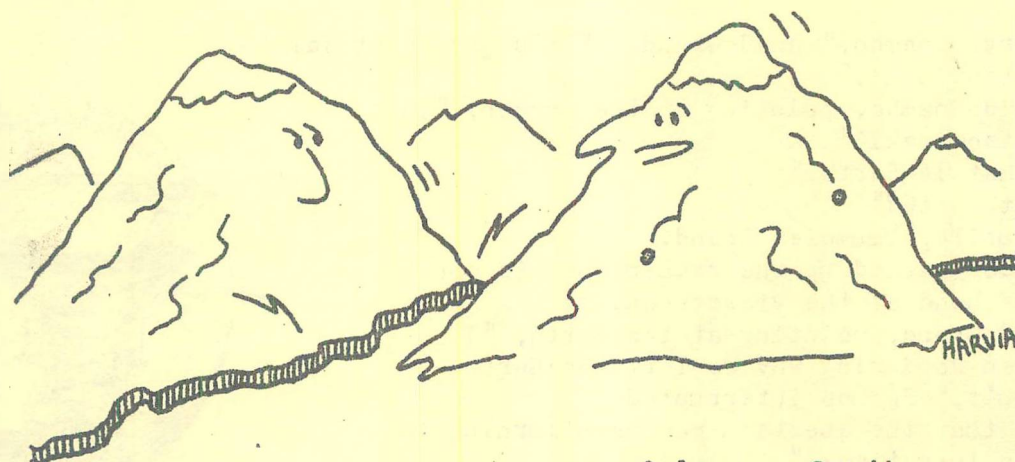
LOBOTOMY: See BRAIN SURGERY.

SLOW DEATH: Fuzzy Pink disclaims responsibility for this name.

STAN BURNS: There is a third burn, costing \$1.00, according to Sandy Cohen.

SUDDEN DEATH: Fuzzy Pink also disclaims responsibility for this name. (She accepts it for LINGERING DEATH and TERMINAL ACNE, however.)

/* Um, er - it should be pointed out that the LAGF3 has been mostly playing a much saner game these past few years -- Oh, Hell. */



Don't look at me. It ain't my fault.

SUNBURN

by Bruce J. Balfour and Steven M. Tymon

Commander Johnathan Grand entered the main viewroom. Inside, young Spambo Grand was watching the ordered array of ships that formed the galactic fleet. The viewscreen was on and the image of distant Earth filled the chamber with a cold bluish light. Spambo looked up as the door hissed shut on the Commander.

"Good evening, Spambo," said Commander Grand, ignoring the violent pains shooting through his body. "Would you mind pushing the emergency release for the door?"

"Why, Daddy?"

"I'm stuck."

"Oh. Which button?"

"The blue one, Spambo."

"Oops. I pushed the red one."

"Oh-oh. Bad Spambo. Not nice."

"I'm sorry, Daddy. What does it do?"

"Well, that was the emergency vacuum door button."

"Oh."

Commander Grand suddenly flew through the air as the vacuum door slammed shut behind him. Once he regained consciousness, he noticed Spambo was conspicuously absent from the room.

"Spambo?"

"Mmph!" said a muffled voice beneath Grand's stomach.

Grand stood and flicked some dust from the front of his black and silver field jacket. As he did so, he noticed that Spambo was lying spread-eagled on the floor, glaring up at him.

Suddenly an enormous hand crossed the viewscreen, appearing to threaten the ship.

"Daddy! Look!" shouted Spambo, pointing at the viewscreen.

"God!" cried Grand.

"I don't think so."

An apologetic voice crackled over the intercom as the hand disappeared from view.

"Sorry about that, folks. Nothing to fear. Uh, my hand slipped over the camera and...well..."

Silence.

"Don't worry, Spambo," said Grand. "It's just that idiot Lieutenant Bortzowski."

"That," said Spambo, pointing at the screen, "is Lieutenant Bortzowski?"

"No-no. That is Earth."

"Lieutenant Earth?"

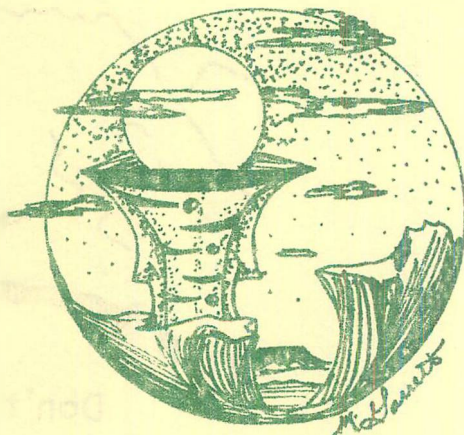
"This is futile," mumbled Grand.

The Commander picked up the remains of his son and pointed his head at the viewscreen.

"Son," said Grand, pointing at the Earth, "I know you've been wondering why we left the Earth--"

"No I haven't," Spambo interrupted.

"I realise that the question has been burning in your mind for a long time--"





"No it hasn't."
Grand clapped his hand over Spambo's mouth.

"Well, I'm finally going to tell you the story. What do you think about that?"

"Mmph!"

"Good. Well, it was about two hundred years ago when the Undawunda Empire declared war against Earth as a result of our first diplomatic mission to their worlds."

"What happened, Daddy?" asked Spambo, resigned to his fate.

"It seems the State Department Interpreter attached to the mission mis-translated the opening greetings."

"What did he say, Daddy?"

"He thought he said,

'Greetings people of Undawunda'.

What he actually said was, 'I hope you all dry up and blow away.'"

"But Daddy," said Spambo, "why should that start a war?"

"You see, Spambo, they were a race of sentient puffballs."

Spambo stared blankly at his father, who was obviously off his noodle. He wasn't going to say anything though, because he was only six years old and six year olds are not supposed to be bright enough to notice such things. This six year old in particular was not bright enough to notice such things.

"Spambo, aren't you interested in finding out what happened then?"

"No."

"Here, son," said Grand, reaching into his coat pocket, "have a banana."

"Mmph!"

"Now, where was I?" Ah yes, the war against the puffballs. They were a race highly susceptible to suggestion. As a result of the misinterpretation, the whole crowd was devastated. What do you think of that, Spambo?"

"Mmph!"

"Still eating your banana, eh? Here, let me help you."

Grand shoved the banana and its peel further into Spambo's mouth. "Gah!" Spambo replied.

"Anyway, the Undawunda Empire promptly launched its entire galactic fleet. They were to avenge the murderous attack of the disgusting Earth creatures upon the harmless crowd of puffballs. It did not take long for the fleet to reach Earth. At that time, the Undawunda fleet was the fastest in the Galaxy. We only had a handful of ships back then."

"So?"

"What do you mean, 'So?' Isn't this exciting?"

page sixteen

"No."

"Let me see if I've got another banana..."

"It's exciting! It's exciting!"

"That's better. So there they were, rapidly closing in on our world when ..."

"When what?"

"When they missed."

Spambo broke his father's stranglehold on his neck.

"You mean you built up the story to this point, making me think something dramatic was going to happen, then you tell me they missed?! What kind of idiot story is that?!"

"Let me finish. It seems that they never did learn to navigate properly in space. As a result, they overshot the Earth completely. This gave us the needed time to build a fleet, pack up and leave."

"Oh, I see. We wanted to leave before they had time to turn around and come back. We were afraid that a bunch of puffballs were going to beat us up. What a bunch of cowards."

Grand shook his head.

"No, that's not it at all. We simply decided to let them have the old ball of dirt."

"We lived on a ball of dirt? I thought Earth was primarily made up of iron with only a thin layer of dirt on the outside."

"Well, it is..."

"So why call it a ball of dirt?"

"Because that's where we lived."

"On the dirt?"

"Yes!"

"But I thought we lived inside..."

"No. We lived on the outer surface."

"But then, why do we live inside these starships?"

"This is futile. Son, I hate to admit it, but you've got the intelligence of a rock."

"If you hate to admit it, then why did you? Are you a masochist or something?"

"Forget it."

"Anyway, what's a rock?"

"Never mind."

"How come you never answer my questions?"

"Shove it up your nose, you little snot!" Angrily, Grand booted Spambo toward the airlock. Unluckily, the door was closed. There was a loud clang.

Oh well, thought Grand, looking down at Spambo's unconscious body. At least he'll keep his mouth shut for a few moments.

Grand increased the magnification of the viewscreen. The Earth now filled the entire screen. Reaching over, he grabbed Spambo and slapped him back to consciousness.

"If you look closely, Spambo, you can see that the battle fleet is now orbiting our home world." Grand pressed his son's face into the viewscreen.

"I don't get it," Spambo managed to say through the side of his mouth. "Why did we give them our planet?"

"Because we had to leave anyway." said Grand, decreasing the screen's magnification to include the distant sun.

SMOKE CIGAR OF PEACE
PALEFACE. IT EXPLODING
CIGAR; IN FIGHT, LIGHT
OTHER END, COUNT TO
THREE, AND THROW.



"But why, Daddy?"

Spambo was blinded as the screen suddenly filled with a brilliant white light.

"My eyes! My eyes!" screamed Spambo.

"Because of that, Spambo."

"Because I've been blinded?"

"No, because the sun was going to explode."

Grand turned off the screen and left the room.

"Well, so much for the puffballs."

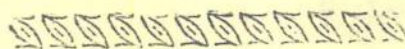
/* It seems to me that that was an efficient way of preparing a giant mess of fried puffball. */



by Joan Hanke-Woods

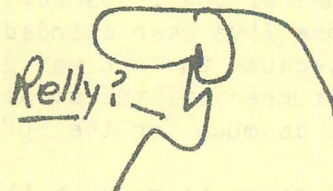
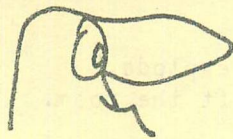
/* Faneds do receive interesting letters. For instance....*/

...Last Thursday my brother, in the company of two young Australians, kidnapped me from work and we spent the afternoon bopping about the loop... and we went to the Shedd Aquarium. Well ... There we were ... gazing about at our boggle-eyed, bug-eyed, betentacled, flippered, scaled, shelled, round, flat, bumbly, earth-toned, psychedelically be-spangled, big, little, huge, tiny, denizens of the deep - and we came upon Chico, our resident porpoise. I was glad to see him doing so well ... his hide was a lovely healthy pearly iridescent grey ... last summer he had been doing poorly. And as he wafted about in his cruelly (to my mind) small tank ... I rapped gently on his window to say hello ... and here he comes by to say hello, snuggling up to the corner and pressing close to the glass ... and as he rolled over we spotted a nice, big juicy red/black erection right out there, up to my surprized mug ... and it was so big!!! It was after all, a suitable organ as it is on such males ... a nice big $1\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter penile thing all veiny and with a head ... and bright red/black ("rubbed raw" said my Australian fellow) ... but that foreskin was so long! and pointy! It was at least 5" long! Wow! Yummy yow! ("He got absolutely no class at all" quoted my brother.) So he hung there, smiling his porpoise smile, rocking gently in the tiny tank currents, pressing his lovely self up against the glass as we four giggled and rapped and giggled and gaped again ... as I said before ... come to Chicago for a good time!!!



In several places in this zine you will notice illos by a bright new fanartist - Arthur D. Hlavaty. I just may support Arthur for some sort of fanart award next year. In the light of the above, I have decided to dedicate this entire issue to Arthur D. Hlavaty the fanartist.

Los Angeles in 1981



Well, now, I did reject the printed Los Angeles in 1981 flyer for inclusion in HTT for two reasons. Firstly, it was not printed on the colour paper that I had for this issue chosen. Secondly, I want to do all of the writing around here (except, of course, for the columns, articles and letters).

I, certainly, have nothing against either the bid nor its advertizing - I am, after all, on the bidding committee (see my name in that list of committee members over on the right?). Actually, I want to make this advertizement a bit more personal in nature than a flyer made up for broadcast to sundry outlets. So now I have to come up with some words that will help convince you to vote for our Worldcon bid.

Let me begin by mentioning the fact that Los Angeles has not only one of the largest group of fans living in any metropolitan area, it has more convention-running experienced fans than either of the competing bids. What this means is that fans can come to our Worldcon to have fun, not to work.

My original intention in going to IGGY was to do nothing but party and have fun amongst friends - at the time I had not had a vacation in sixteen years. Well, I wound up being put in charge of the fanzine room for many hours. This was not onerous duty - I am, after all, a fanzine fan - and what better place to meet fanzine fans than in the fanzine room? Working the fanzine room, though, was not my original intention when I decided to go to IGGY. Many other non-Phoenix fans also wound up working for IGGY. And this was really not so bad - IF your thing is working on a Worldcon.

Certainly, our bidding committee is not going to turn down those dedicated and competent fans who want to lend a hand -- we are, however, not going to require great gobs of outside talent to keep the Worldcon from collapsing around us. I believe that there are enough competent con-runners around here that those who wish to just attend the Con for the fun and games can do just that.

One other thing that none of the other bids can offer is the opportunity of visiting the LASFS on its home grounds. I can see it now: 5000 fans descending on a LASFS meeting -- Bruce Pelz SCREAMS.....

Chuck Crayne
Chairman
B.G. "Sarge" Workman
Vice Chairman
Jerry Pournelle
Pro Liason

Ron Bounds
Sandy Cohen
Stan Burns
Bobbi Armbruster
Marty Cantor
Joyce McDaniel
Dian Crayne
Mike Galloway
Virginia Bauer
and others

TO CULT OR NOT TO CULT --- THAT IS THE QUESTION
by Sally A. Syrjala



The theme of the day seems to be cults. Cults of every size, shape, creed and denomination are under scrutiny. The question is not only whether to cult or not to cult, but whether such things should be allowed.

The definition of "cult" is "obsessive devotion to a person or ideal." Using this definition the "car cult" comes immediately into confrontation with the consciousness. In the Great Cult Capital of California, it is noticed this cult of the car has an immense following. The freeways can be seen with these cultists wrapped within the cocoon of their devotion every morning and night.

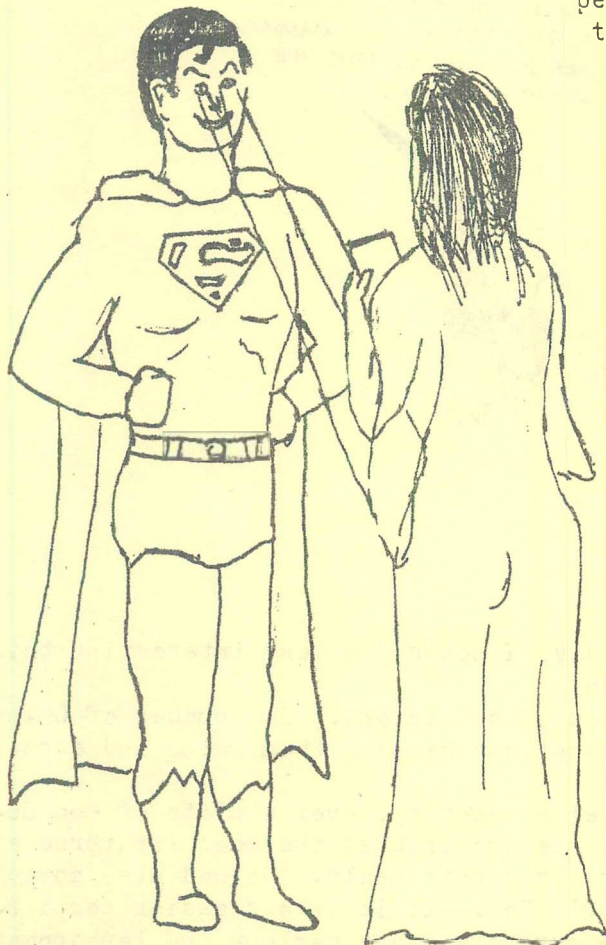
The birth of these objects is through the trial of fire. The very metal which forms their being is formed in a crucible which lets only the purest of metals escape from its cleansing process. The ritualistic use of fire is employed still again in welding together the pieces of metal that form the vehicle that will be.

Great buildings are erected to facilitate the building of these cars. If these factories be the Great Temples, the MiniTemples are built in the far flung reaches and are known as "service stations."

At a service station, offerings are made to the car in the form of liquid inserted into the petrol tank. It is believed that this satiating of the appetite will be a factor in keeping the car operational in the manner that the driver wishes.

These cultists will endure anything to be sure that the vehicle receives its ritualistic offering. Every so often a plight known as "petrol shortage/rationing" strikes to test the resolve of the cultists. It is then the true measure of their devotion comes to light. Great lines of automobiles form around the MiniTemples. The lines start before the sun rises. In this way the golden filaments can observe the true spirit shown by these cultists. Continued use of the sacrificial liquid must be observed. If not, the vehicle will not serve its followers any longer. Therefore, each follower must try to show the intuitive cunning necessary to maintain this ceremonial happening.

The High Priests of these people seem to be those like James Bond and Burt Reynolds. Each of these people have the tendencies to drive circles around other followers. They out-drive policemen, highway patrolmen, and any else who might come into competition with them.



PINK! AND I DON'T MEAN YOUR UNDERWEAR!

Outdoor temples in the form of speedways are also constructed. This way the followers can come and cheer the object of their affection with others of their kind. Priests are also crowned in this arena and great accolades are paid to them. They are even allowed to advertize automobile parts as part of their reward.

The immortality of the car is also taken into consideration by these people. Temples called museums are built where the rebirth of the auto can be viewed. Before and after photographs are displayed alongside the rebuilt automobile. A dented object ready for the junk yard is contrasted against a shining example of chrome which looks as if it just rolled off Henry Ford's conveyor belts.

This immortality is taken to heart. The cultists feel it can be transferred to them by mere presense of auto aura. Speeds are attained in excess of that which is considered safe. Reckless driving is contemplated. The personality of the driver is changed to a remarkable degree.

It also seems as if this cult is a secret one which does not make the headlines as do others with followers of such devotion. Perhaps it is because nearly all of us are members and think not of ourselves as cultists, but merely as normal devotees???



THE CHINESE RESTAURANT RATIO
by Nicki Lynch

Whilst driving through the suburbs the other day, I noticed a very interesting thing... there were two new Chinese restaurants in the area.

A look through the new telephone book confirmed my suspicions. The number of Chinese restaurants was growing! But why? Why now, and what was keeping them going and encouraging their growth?

I mulled over this problem at an after-the-meeting-meeting, over a plate of "oo Goo Guy Pan. The number of fans had grown from the three who ordered the meal for three at Chew's Chow Diner to the twenty who bravely ordered separate meals. We had also moved to a larger, more established eatery, the Dragon Lady's Den. It is in a classier section than is Chew's. Instead of being between a self-service massage parlour and laundromat (which I often thought Chew owned, he was in there so often) and Hoy's Ping Pong Parlour, The Den is located between a Chinese food specialty store (The Den ALWAYS has fresh

turtle meat) and a German Bar/Disco dance place. The food is better and the floor show (whenever the drunks decide to capture the "Japs" and end World War II) is a real, er, thrill.

The local club has also grown into better times. We have gone from a gathering of five fans in someone's basement to having up to fifty people at the local university on a Saturday. And this town is not THAT dead. The after-the-meeting-meetings over a hot plate of food and hotter gossip about the ones who weren't at the meeting (or, better yet, couldn't make the meeting-after-the-meeting) had grown from three diehards planning the next meeting to twenty-five people planning the next convention.



Then it hit me like a crisp noodle - the rise in popularity in Chinese restaurants is due to FANS! Yes, fans. Who else gets up a China Excursion rather than eat the banquet at a con? FANS! Who talks restaurant Chinese well enough to be understood in any city or country on the face of the globe? FANS! And who knows the best Chinese places in town and talks about them with an awe unseen since 2001? FANS!

I decided to carry my thesis a step farther and talk with the owner Mrs. Chen, the Dragon Lady herself.

Mrs. Chen was in the kitchen, swinging meat cleavers and ordering her "family" around even though she is a little old lady and stands under five feet tall. I asked her if fans had helped increase her business.

"You finished eating?" she said.

"Well, yes-"

"Clean your plate?"

"Well, no, peppers don't agree with me. But-"

"You order pepper steak? Well, next time you order it, say no peppers. Give you lots of meat."

"Thank you, but I wanted to also..."

But her husband was already escorting me to the door.

"You young people," he smiled. "Always questions! See you soon. Gotta let mama cook!" And he waved good-by.

With that I left Mrs. Chen to her kitchen. Thinking back, the only "young people" with questions tend to be fans! And she knew us so well, she knew how we liked our food! Well, fans must make up a large number of customers and the number of fans are growing, so...

So the next time you want to know the number of fans in a town - count the number of Chinese restaurants!



HOW TO GET POWER IN FANDOM
by Mike Glycer

YOUR ANNOUNCER: These days it's impossible to keep power out of fandom, if you're referring to the controversial discussion of nuclear power being carried on in the wake of Three Mile Island. See what you get for believing sensationalized headlines? And yes, that cuts both ways -- this column, and TMI. But whom do you trust? Tonight's main event is a heavyweight bout between two straw men, refereed by world famous logician Onan Skinner, Jr. Representing nuclear advocacy, at least as well as anybody with a liberal arts degree can, is Elmo Fogey, Jr. Countering nuclear advocacy, with a degree in Scatology, A. Jake. When the bell rings, fellows, I want you to come out debating.

clink

ELMO: You give great bell, for sure. Let's face it, Jake, the atmosphere of public hysteria surrounding Three Mile Island threatens to snuff out the nuclear power industry and deprive us of an essential energy resource.

JAKE: Better to be deprived of our air conditioning than our lives.

ELMO: Hey, I'm not making this up. I read this stuff in a science article in Analog -- you should read it, and see about how the safety precautions make a disaster impossible.

JAKE: Yes, I am familiar with Analog's value as a source of scientific information. I learned everything I know about the Dean Drive in it. Not to mention Dianetics.

REFEREE: (blows whistle) Double foul -- Elmo, called for appeal to authority, Jake called for ad hominem. Break clean --

ELMO: The nuclear power industry has the best safety record by far of any energy-producer.

JAKE: One should not be surprised, since of all major energy sources, nuclear has the shortest history.

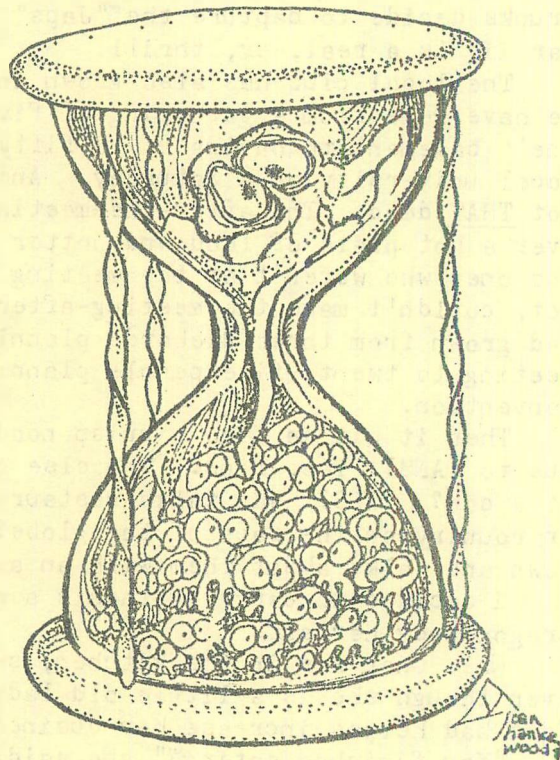
ELMO: What's history got to do with it? What about the smog from gasoline that kills people? What about the school in Wales that got buried under a slag heap?

JAKE: Oh, if we're going to get into that, what about the construction workers killed when the cooling towers collapsed at that reactor under construction?

ELMO: Okay, let's concentrate on the generation of power -- even you have to admit that nobody's ever been killed. More people have died riding in Ted Kennedy's car than in reactor accidents.

REFEREE: Advantage Elmo.

JAKE: All right -- we can point with pride to nuclear power's magnificent safety record compared to other energy sources. More people have died from sunstroke, from being buried alive in coal mines, from drowning in tides, from being hit by splintered windmills during tornados, and from running out of gas in tough neighbourhoods, than in nuclear accidents, according to the best available power company public relations agency figures. Not only has nuclear power laid a light hand on humanity, but on the animal kingdom as well. Nuclear accidents have killed fewer sabre tooth tigers than the La Brea Tar Pits, which are, I might point out, a byproduct of fossil fuel. I swear it's true.



ELMO: Sabre tooth tigers -- come on, they've been extinct since thousands of years before we had nuclear power.

JAKE: I don't think if they'd known that at the time it would have made the ones who fell in the tar pits any happier.

REFEREE (whistles) Compound foul -- Jake, you didn't have a punchline. Elmo's the straight man, remember?

JAKE: I must be losing my touch.

ELMO: First your mind, now your touch. Don't you realize that at Three Mile Island those people were exposed the whole time to radiation less than a couple of chest x-rays?

JAKE: You know, it's funny you should mention that. Didn't you ever notice, when you went in for an x-ray, that the intern taking it stands behind a lead shield? You don't suppose that's just there for PR value, do you?

ELMO: Hey -- in SCIENCE NEWS it said two chest x-rays is about 20 millirems. Those towns around Three Mile Island -- those people get 5 to 7 rem a month just from natural radiation. And I heard on Paul Harvey that one of the Senate chambers is made from stone that gives off 250 millirem -- so what's the excitement?

JAKE: 250 millirem an hour, a month, a blue moon? Paul is always a trifle loose on those details. SCIENCE NEWS also mentioned that levels of 30 to 35 mr/hr were registered at the plant gate, and from 20 to 30 mr/hr across the river in Goldsboro, quickly dropping to 1 mr/hr. I'm not exactly a health freak, but even I would be leary about getting a chest x-ray every half hour, and one a day thereafter until the radiation leak was suppressed.

ELMO: Now there you go, with all that sensationalism. If there was any danger, would President Carter have personally inspected the site?

JAKE: Hey, I can't swear that he won't go stand under Skylab when it lands, either, but I don't base what I think on what Jimmy Carter does, maybe news to you... Besides, a man his age might not live another twenty years anyway, which is not an unusual time for the results of some kinds of radiation exposure to take before inducing sickness. People from Hiroshima were even dying in the 1960s from leukemia and such.

ELMO: Well, last time I looked TMI hadn't been hit with an ICBM. But even if a few lives are lost as a result of the byproducts of generating power at TMI: people crash by the thousand in cars, pollute themselves sick with other conventional sources of energy. Life is not without risk. And despite the hazards no one has proposed the shutting down of other kinds of power plants.

JAKE: I keep hearing this -- where were you during TVA, and why is it SoCal Edison can't find anybody in the Southwest who'll let them build new power plants that burn coal? There's not any kind of power that doesn't raise a protest, and some for health reasons.

ELMO: And you know why that is? It's the press --

JAKE: I thought it was the smog --

ELMO: The press is in the business of selling papers, not teaching the public. If somebody gets runover in the street, that's hardly noticed. It could happen 365 days a year and never be noticed. But if those 365 victims all die on the same day in a plane crash instead of a crosswalk -- that's news, and you'll hear about it endlessly. Same thing for nuclear power.

JAKE: I think the ref went to sleep on the whistle, there, but never mind. What's the issue -- lives, or the media embarrassment factor of different energy forms? If 50,000 people die in auto accidents in a year, and a nuclear accident kills 50,000 in the same year, there's no doubt in my mind which will concern me more.

ELMO: Computer simulations prove that the odds against such an accident are astronomical. These are experts, with far more information and insight on the matter than you or I.

JAKE: Well, I respect a professional much as the next man, but the people who designed the DC-10 weren't the three stooges either. Humans aren't infallible: the more complex the technology, the less perfectible it is, and even perfect technology is not proof against human error. This is the difference: if a carpenter builds a bad chair, you may have one

customer with a broken leg. If an engineer builds a defective plane, you may have two hundred customers dead on takeoff. So what kind of consequences does that expose us to in the case of nuclear power plants housing matter capable of poisoning anyone who has more than the slightest contact with it or its by-products?

ELMO: Pure rhetoric. The vice-chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission himself said that we learned a lot from Three Mile Island's accident that will make reactors safer.

JAKE: Yes: Dr. Plesset said that the plant operators were inadequately trained, the plant was designed in a faulty way, and that the control room instruments weren't working correctly. He's emeritus out of Caltech: anybody can see what occurred in hindsight, but if he couldn't tell this beforehand, why should we be fools enough to go back to sleep and return administration of nuclear power to his kind? If they can't handle it, very possibly nobody can. We're no longer talking at that point about potential but astronomically improbable accidents. We're merely waiting for inevitable human and mechanical failures.

ELMO: Hey, guy, are you willing to do without air conditioning this summer?

JAKE: Gee, last time I checked, my air conditioner wasn't equipped to filter radiation.

ELMO: Nuclear power is a pretty important source to some places. Are we willing to accept brownouts, and increased expenses?

JAKE: Well now, that's what it boils down to, isn't it?

/* Well, no - that is not what it boils down to. As Mike ended on a serious note, I will inject a serious comment here. Of sorts. Basically, I see most of the anti-nuclear hysteria that is in the news nowadays to be anti-scientific hysteria -- and it scares me. I realise, now, that our nuclear technology is not as perfect as it could be. However, if you question many of these anti-nuclear people you will find that a goodly proportion of them are the kind of people who feel that modern life and technology is too complicated. Their position, simplified, is that we would all be better off in some sort of Arcadia. Arthur Hlavaty, in *Diagonal Relationship*, has written about this attitude. That its adherents are so numerous bothers me. I am not ready to junk the twentieth century. */



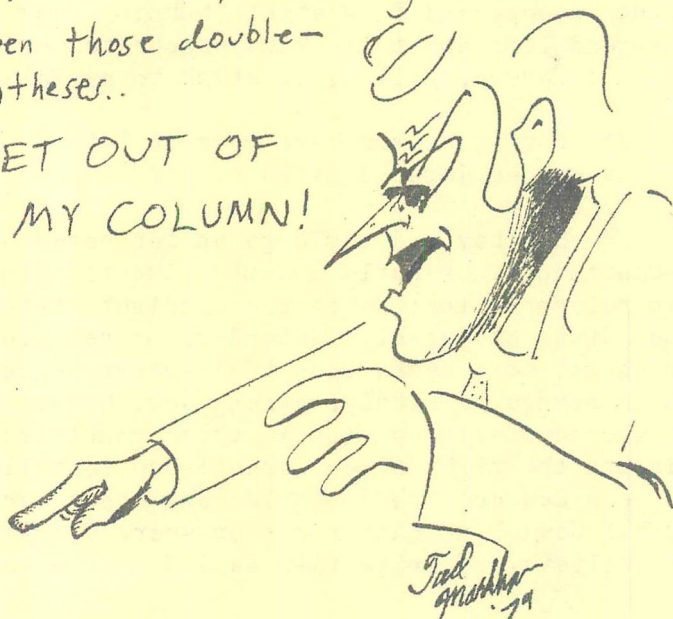
THE LOC NESS MONSTER

/* Yes sir - I have reformed my ways (sort of). I will truly try to keep from obtruding myself so much into peoples letters. I will keep my comments in separate paragraphs. I will also keep out of people's columns and articles. Well, maybe I will. One can never tell about me. Also, to try to minimise confusion (HAH!) I am abandoning the use of double and triple parentheses for my comments. My new system will be for my comments to be within a slash-asterisk and an asterisk-slash. Like in this peragraph. */

Late LoCs on HTT #1 were received from Jennifer Bankier, Zetta Dillie, Dean C. Gahlon, Joyce Scrivner, Stephen Glennon, Linda Ann Moss, and Ron Salomon. I have also been receiving many zines in trade; however, I have been enjoying, rather than listing them. // So now let us to the letters proceed.

YOU! You over there hiding
between those double-
parentheses.

GET OUT OF
MY COLUMN!



SHELDON TEITELBAUM

I buy your argument that the U.S. is as free a country as any. My response to that is 'so what?' Freedom is not my first priority, although even in the IDF /*Israeli Defense Force - ed.*/ I enjoy a surprisingly large measure of it. Let me quote a friend, Hillel Halkin, whose tome LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN JEWISH FRIEND says it for me.

"There is an unavoidable tension in the relationship between an Israeli Jew and a Diaspora Jew, a relationship which is ideally an adversary one as the Israeli is living in a community of faith which holds that it alone is the natural place for a Jew to live, and this tension can only be resolved by dealing with it directly. A Diaspora Jew and an Israeli can talk to each other as normal human beings about anything they wish, but if they are to talk to each other as Jews, there is only one relevant question with which such a conversation can begin: why don't you really come home?

"I'm not saying that you cannot live an authentic Jewish life in the Diaspora; I am saying that if the criterion is the future of the Jewish people, you are living in the wrong place. Because today, in the last quarter of the twentieth century, the wurvival of the Jews and the survival of Israel are the same; and whether Israel can survive depends (amongst other things) on the numbers and talents of Diaspora Jews who come to it.

"If we in Israel succeed, the long watch that began nearly a century ago in Europe will be over. We will be home again. We will become like the Gentiles, an ordinary people with an ordinary culture of our own which is like, in the words of the psalms, 'a tree planted by streams of water that yields its fruit in season and its leaf does not wither'. On that day, there will be no need to ask anymore who is a Jew and who is an Israeli, or what is the difference between them, because the two words will have come to meand the same thing."

The Marxists I have known argued that freedom is a nice thing, but bread is more important. I would state that freedom is indispensable, but my physical survival is even moreso. And with all the freedom available in North America (I exclude Quebec), my survival is not adequately guaranteed. Not by a long shot. Certainly not when the next resources crunch comes, and they start "burning Jews and not oil." Or when the Galut Jews buy into the good life and their kids celebrate Christmas.

Not for me, pal! I'll stick to my Galil Automatic.

/* For those who have come in late I should mention that Sheldon is a former Canadian who is now an Israeli citizen. */

/* Hoo boy -- I could go on for pages on this one -- but I will not. Let me just mention a few things. Firstly I would like to point out that there is neither Biblical nor Talmudic reference that makes the outright statement that a Jew is not a Jew unless he lives in the State of Israel. Secondly, no religion that makes some of its adherents into second class citizens based upon their geographical residence is worthy of the respect of logical human beings. Thirdly, strong Jewish communities in the western democracies can help influence public opinion in those countries to be favourable towards Israel. Fourthly, I dispute the right of an Israeli Jew to tell me, an American Jew, both just how I am supposed to be a Jew and how I should feel about Israel. My Jewish heritage allows me to consider myself Jewish no matter how or where I practice it -- my American heritage allows me to think and believe and write/talk as I damnably well please. Fifthly, I have out of room run. */

TARAL

So Rick Sneyary has noticed that the quality of fanart has fallen, has he? Indeed, has he been looking further than the end of his fly, for Rick has obviously not seen much of the excellent fanartists who are active. It is probably true that Barr, Kirk, Fabian, and Austin have never been surpassed in technical proficiency, but I think their equals, or their equals as they were in their heydays, are to be seen if he would only look. In the first place, many of the old artists are still around, and often as productive as they ever were. They are often better than they were 5 or 10 years ago too. Among these artists I can think of Rotsler, Gilliland, Steffan, Shull and McLeod without any difficulty. There are many others. They are not always prolific, witness Shull's limited visibility in recent years, but others like Rotsler or Gilliland are as universal as ever.

In addition to the veteran fan artists there are people like Schirmeister, Shiffman, Poyser, Vereschagin, Bell, Barker, Odbert, Dalzell, and myself who, it can easily be argued, are equal to the glories of the past.

There are, however, two limitations in contemporary fanart. The first is inherent in the artists themselves. To a large extent, the earlier artists were trail-blazers, and many of the artists today find the territory they wish to explore already well-explored. I wouldn't go as far as to say that their art is derivative, but influences can be seen to exist. It is often a matter of Barr getting there first, though, as I have spoken with more than one artist working in a style much like his who don't seem to have been influenced by his work. At the same time there are relatively few serious artists and many cartoonists. So while Harry Bell can be said to be every bit as good as Grant Canfield was, it is more difficult to match serious artists against Fabian, Austin, Barr and others of the past. Contemporary fandom has not the same interest in art for its own sake that it did only a few years ago. Why, as a self-professed word oriented fan, Rick Sneyary should worry about this I don't know, but the allegation that fanartists are inferior today because of a deficiency in non-humorous artists is a clear case of stylistic bias. (How odd it sounds for me to be saying that...)

The second area in which fan art is limited is in finding vehicles for art. Not that there aren't well reproduced fanzines for art to appear in, but there are fewer, and those

that are appear nearly annually. In terms of issues, there are probably only a quarter or a third the number of the fanzine-beautiful coming out in 1979 than came out in 1969. Among those that survive, the editors often waste potential showcase covers on mediocre stuff or aren't willing to put out the bucks that impressive artwork sometimes costs. This shift in fandom away from appearance and art consciousness is no reflection of the artists.

/* As a faned you are quite aware of the costs inherent in putting out a fanzine. In my case, I really cannot afford to put out any kind of genzine. Naturally, I do not let a little thing like a lack of money stop me. Two things: I agree with Arthur Hlavaty that the communication and words in genzines are more important than a genzine's looks. Despite that, I still think that good looks do not detract from the meaning of the words. Had I the money I would not scrunch up everything to get more words on to fewer pages - and I would do more on layout. // I must admit to a paucity of knowledge about fanart. Let me say it - most of my time in fandom has been spent producing APazines - over 230 of them in the past four years. These APazines have been filled with words, not art. Now that I am producing a genzine I am paying much more attention to fanart (even though I continue to share Hlavaty's concern with words and ideas - I am, after all, in love with using the English language). Personally, I am very fond of the cartoon style of fanart. One serious artist whose art has impressed me is Joan Hanke-Wood. I have seen much of her work, and a great deal of it will be appearing within these pages in the future. */

I must admit, though, that Rick is right about HTT's appearance. With the (only major) exception of the second ish's cover, HOLIER THAN THOU is Uglier Than Sin...

/* But I do not believe that there is such a thing as "Sin." */

SUZI STEFL

Thanks for sending me HTT #2 -- but how on Earth (or wherever) did you get my name and address? I'm not generally known as a fanzine fan, regardless of the fact that I'm now O.E. of APACORP3 (the O.O. of the Stilyagi Air Corps -- those who bring you CONFUSION each blizzard)... and don't let anyone know I'm a MISHAPER because it would spoil my reputation ~~in fandom~~ as a convention fan.

/* I rarely go to cons; however, I have heard your name before. Also, Lan has mentioned you in his LABFAPA zine. When Leslie David visited me in March she had with her the latest MISHAP. In glancing through that disty I saw (and read) your zine, copying down your address. Us faneds will go to any lengths to enlarge our ~~sexual organs~~ mailing lists. */

However, there was one thing I wanted to comment on ... if Glycer ever saw Glicksohn celebrate -- even for only 2 hours -- he had to be playing poker.



/* But, but, but - if Glyer were playing poker, just why would he be paying attention to Glicksohn's celibacy (or lack of same)? */

Let me tell you about the game I psyched Glicksohn into playing once (he'll deny it, but what does he know -- he'd been imbibing... again.) It's called R2-D2, a guts game. I'm the dealer (I made it up, so I get to deal -- it's in the rules), and I deal out 2 cards around after everyone antes. Then all read 2 cards (R-2), and discard both cards (D-2), and everyone but the dealer leaves the table in disgust...the dealer rakes it in... And Glicksohn fell for it... or maybe it was my deep brown eyes -- everybody knows I'm full of poop (I have this hangup about using obscene language).

/* And now I suppose that HTT will become a Glicksohn-annecdote zine. Oh, well - I guess that I had better allow Glicksohn to say something about now. */

MIKE GLICKSOHN

Thanks for HOLIER THEN THOU 2. (I assume that in progressing through the vowels in their traditional order your next issue will be HOLIER THIN THOU 3, followed by HOLIER THON THOU 4 and concluding with HOLIER THUN THOU 5. At first glance I thought this was a Shirm cover but unless Cram is Shirm's Alter Ego it would appear to be a case of imitation being the sincerest form of flattery. It's an odd feeling to discover that an artist who is a relative newcomer to the fannish scene as far as these tired old eyes are concerned has already spawned a school of imitators: sort of like discovering the existence of a cult of neofans modelling their fannish careers after that of Harry Andruschak.

/* A cult of neofans modelling themselves after Harry Andruschak is a thought that is putrid in the extreme. By that I mean truly putrid, not hah hah putrid. Pardon me whilst I barf. (See my comment to Gunderloy anent Rolph Cram.) */

The joy of publishing a fanzine is that you can do exactly what you want and ignore the standards of anyone else. One of the many banes of publishing, though, is that everyone else feels free to tell you what you're doing wrong. In their eyes, that is. I'm no exception to this rule and while I expect you to ignore my comments I feel I have to at least put in print my personal dissatisfaction with the way you choose to participate in HTT. (I applaud your near-omnipresence: it gives the fanzine a very distinctive character.) In the first place I ought to tell you I'm one of those who likes neatness and orderliness in a fanzine. I'd never do what Rick Sneary says and fold a fanzine of mine to mail it, for example. And on that basis I think you intrude a little too often with your editorial comments.

/* I will attempt to keep my own comments in separate paragraphs between the paragraphs of letters from loccers. This will not be easy. I really do feel an urge to comment then and there on something that somebody else writes/says. I tend to look upon all of this as a form of conversation in print (and with me in better control of things than in verbal communication) - a legacy, I suppose, of my APAwriting. */

Obviously I don't know too many LASF3 members too well because I only identified a couple of the insults from Blandercon. For the satisfaction of those of us who don't know the vile personal habits of Los Angeles fans you really ought to produce a set of identities to go with the slanders. All fandom will be losing sleep over this otherwise.

/* Well, HTT is not intended as a sleeping pill. ##### */

I don't now exactly how you did it but HTT was delivered on April 6th and so was the worst storm of the winter. (According to police descriptions.) Out of a previously warm blue springlike sky and after temperatures a few days ago in the sixties there appeared an inch of snow, a hell of a lot of ice and winds of up to ninety miles an hour. Nine people were killed in Toronto as a result of accidents directly resulting from the snow and ice. And I note that HTT 2 contains an article about snow being dumped on your porch by friends aware of your lack of love for the substance. This is enough to make one sit up and take notice! Because I also note that you and I share a considerable antipathy for cats. Now if some of your friends should decide to dump a bunch of worthless felines on your porch as they did the snow and if someone writes it up for your fanzine and you publish it and if you send me a copy of that issue please phone and tell me it's on the way because I'm going to get the hell out of Toronto as fast as I can!

Well...er...gee...I may have said that Glycer was a great underrated fan writer but did you really have to print that opinion after this column of his? I don't mind it appearing in the lettercolumn along with all the other effusive praise for his considerable talents but it's maybe not so germane to this piece of...um...shall we say fluff? Not that this is bad but it is definitely -- if you can conceive of the juxtaposition with the name Glycer -- slight.

Speaking of fine fan writers, Arthur Hlavaty is another, even if he perpetuates bad puns. (He reminded me, though, of a time at a con -- if was four or so in the morning -- when I overheard Delany and Chicago fan Chip Bestler analysing some of the sentence structures in Delany's novels. I didn't stay though: they were just two Chips that parsed in the night.)

/* I do not believe that there is any such animal as a bad pun. Word play is an intellectual game of the highest order, and I feel that those who read fanzines should be pun-ished. */

MIKE GUNDERLOY

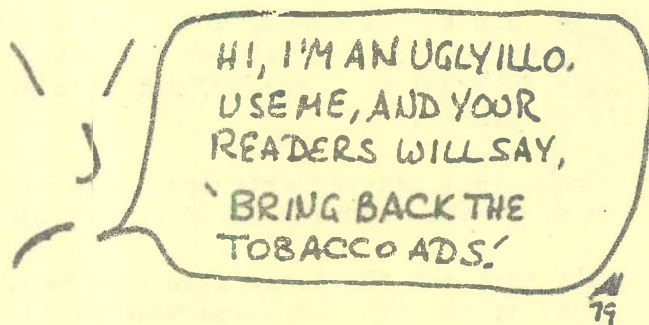
I decided to loc the second issue of HTT (mostly so I don't have to pay for the third one!) so be prepared for a lot of really deep thought. (Of course, you'll have to supply most of it yourself!)

The cover is moderately interesting. Who is Cram? Schirm drawing with his left hand?

/* Rolph Cram is a friend of Schirm's. (Schirm, for the non-initiate, is Marc Schirmeister, LA3F3 member and fine fanartist.) */

For Gawd's sake, artists, send Marty some art! Do you want to condemn us to 1947 English Tobacconists ads! Have pity!

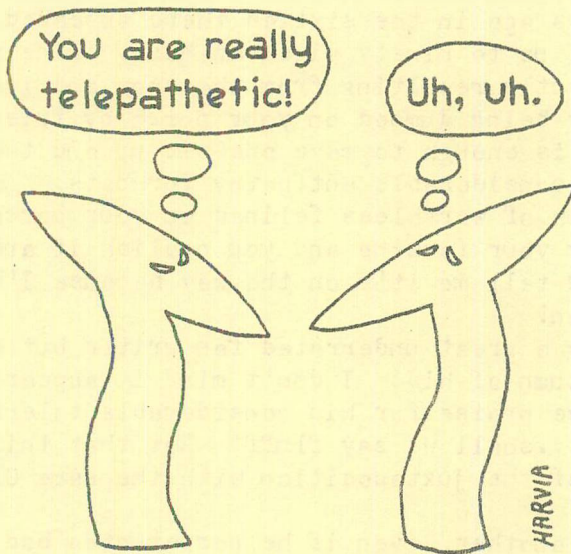
Mike Glycer's article, particularly the beginning of it, reminds me of his ability to keep scores at Hell. ("Now, remind me, does six come before or after five... Wait, I've got it, carry the 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ and then obfuscate...) I wonder if it has anything to do with his uncanny habit of coming out ahead in every fame that he scores...?



Description of an illo - somebody else will have to draw it.

In the background is a drawing of a supermarket with bars over its windows - it has gun-ports. A sign on the market says, "Post-Catastrophe Market." A customer is seen leaving the market - he is wearing a holstered pistol and he has a rifle slung over one shoulder. He is carrying a large sack of groceries, from the top of said sack protrudes a human arm.

JIM MEADOWS



The big thing to wonder about is the revelation that you are nearly as old as Harry Warner, Jr. Goshwow, he said, revving up the time machine, what's this elderly type fan doing putting out one of these fannishly decadent fanzines. Not even Bob Tucker does that, it seems. I do get the feeling that while you may not have the youthful vigour of Terry Hughes, you probably have been in fandom only about as long as he has. But who knows? That would still be ~~xxx xxx~~ a goodly amount of years. I've been letterhacking since about 1972. That's a nice 7 years, and, let me tell you, it feels like a long time. But so what? I'm only 22. A mere wart on the side of the universe's timeline, or something R. Faraday Nelson would write. It's all relative, I suppose, but then, none of mine are in fandom.

/* I am really not all that old - I just turned ~~over in my grave~~ 44. It so happens that you have been in fandom about three years longer than I have been.

LUKE MCGUFF

Just got HOLIER THAN THOU, and I sat right down and read the hole issue. Your technique of inserting comment between articles. Seems I've seen that done somewhere before ...um, like in Xenolith. Purely, but it's an interesting technique, and your style is certainly different.

/* Commentary between articles is something that I believe that I will be paying more attention to in the future - I did not do much with it thisish. */

I don't care for the cover illo too much, but I guess that's just tough titty for me, hmmm? Ooooooh, ghastly. I guess some people make racist jokes. I make sexist jokes. Are they taboo in fandom? Probably! This guy gets on a bus, the bus driver says, "Sam, you look terrible!" Sam says, "But I feel terrific!" Sam goes to work. All day long everyone---boss, boss's secretary, errand boy, co-workers--- tell Sam that he looks terrible. Sam keeps saying, "But I feel terrific!" (I'd just like to interject here that this joke, like the cover illo, is udderly disgusting. Onward.) People come up to him on the street, "Mister, you look terrible." "Hey, but I feel terrific!" Sam finally goes to the doctor. The doctor looks it up in his book of medical symptoms. "Looks terrible, feels terrific...Sam, you're a vagina!"

/* I am an equal opportunity insulter. Cffhand, I cannot think of anything that is taboo with me. */

When I read "Say it isn't Snow, Joe," the first time, I missed the intro paragraph that said how much you hate snow. That made it much funnier. Heh heh heh. Maybe next winter I can arrange with other members of L3F3 to ship a railroad carload your way.

/* But why would anybody want to dump railroad cars on my porch? */

LEE PELTON Sally's writing is delightful, as always. And hookless, as always. *sigh* But the local is magnificent, Marty. I suspect you will be once again, a de facto OE in HTT. You can't escape.

/* But escape I will. Being in charge of one APA is enough - and that will be LASFAPA, Lee. HTT will not become another MULTILOG. Not that I have anything against MULTILOG - and I like its concept - a quasiAPA wherein Hlavaty did almost all of the work (and bore most of the expense). HTT will continue to have long lettercols. */

Mike Glicksohn: Marty has had this sentence structure schtick for some time in the 2 APAs I have been in with him. I think I'll never consider it valid until he talks that way too. It is annoying, but you must realize that that is a valid goal for Marty.

/* And what makes you think that I do not this way talk? */

If you like, I'll give you that hockey story I wrote for Jim Hershberg. If you are serious about being putrid in loving detail (no comments!), I should think this would fit your strange mind. Besides, you're in it.

/* Writing me into a *yetch* hockey story is indeed putrid; however, I will pass on that story -- putrid or no, any story about hockey has just got to be boring. */

J OWEN HANNER

Well, I must thank you for the copy of HTT 2 that showed up here in a flourish of trumpets and confetti the other day.

/* Um - and just what is your postman on? */

I must agree with Mike Glicksohn that your habit of sticking verbs at the end of sentences is awkward and uncomfortable to read. Problem is, you don't do it often enough so I can just get disgusted and toss the zine aside, but you do it enough that it does get on the nerves. So what happens is I read one of the awkward sentences and my hand twitches in preparation to throw it across the room, but then I see your next sentence is a normal one so I don't and just sit there and grumble. Rather an exhausting exercise, reading your zine. Tiring on the arms, too.

/* You must look tat his as a plus; after all, just how many exercizes are there which you can perform whilst you are reading? */

NICKI LYNCH

The Game of Fandom was interesting, but I saw it before in APA-H. I didn't know it was in APA-L. One thing I did notice is that while it tried to take in current fandom things and people, it was still very much a California game. We don't have jacuzzis in Tennessee nor have the ability to rub elbows (that is hobnob with them, shame on you for what you're thinking) with pros as often. It might be interesting for various areas to make up their own fandom game.

You know, you're right...many people do end their sentences with prepositions.

/* And some people their sentences with verbs end. */

ANN NICHOLS

You are quite right - it was not necessary to know the fans being slandered in order to enjoy the game, which is just as well because I haven't the faintest idea who they are. If it's gross you want, try my brother's Nazi concentration camp jokes and cartoons.

/* I would be quite happy to look at your brother's Nazi concentration camp jokes and cartoons. Nothing grosses me out; and, if these are as gross as you say that they are, they might find a home in HTT. */

I have my window open to take advantage of that cool mountain breeze (lost cheaper than air-conditioning) and all sorts of things are now flying around the room. *sigh*

/* Well, if you open your window all of the way the pterodactyls just might fly out. */

Quite a few of the fanzines I've been getting mention a person called Bill Bridget, always in the negative. Are all of you exaggerating or is he really as bad as he sounds?

/* I have heard that Bridget is quite nice in person; however, in his writings (and some of his actions that have been to me reported) he is quite a bit worse than what some of us about him say. I had the dubious pleasure of heading LASFAPA at the time that both Bridget and Andruschak were going at each other (in the APA) with both typer and typo. Fortunately, neither of those two fuggheads are in LASFAPA at the present time. */

While I don't think dumping criminals on an island is such a great idea (too many of them and too few islands, for one,) I do like the idea of making them work. It might not be too bad to make a criminal who has killed the breadwinner of a family work to support that family or if a thief, to work until he's paid back the amount that he stole.

What have you got against cats?

/* As little of me as possible. Actually, I am passionately fond of wolves and dogs. */

Oh, good, someone else who loves/prefers good old-fashioned books to micro-readers. Micro-stuff may take up less space, but they just aren't aesthetically pleasing, as far as I'm concerned, and I will continue to ignore modern methods of storing information unless forced otherwise.

/* There is something both inordinately comforting and civilised about the act of reading a real book. */

I like orderliness but can't seem to find it or produce it except with my books, which sit neatly and in proper place on their shelves while everything else is piled on the furniture, hidden under the bed, or stacked on the floor. I know I'm living in a fire trap, but what can I do? I don't have anyplace else for the junk and I don't want to throw it out (as I am constantly urged to).

ADRIENNE FEIN

I enjoyed the GAME OF FANDOM. In fact I read it outside in the sunshine and laughed and probably scared the neighbours. (I have these allergies and I usually choke and cough when I laugh.)

/* Gee - I never thought of HTT being a zine that one would dare read in the light of day. */

I enjoyed Sally Syrjala's article - does West Barnstable get as much snow as Darkover? Have strange blue stones been turning up?

Ganymedian sheep are the ones that stand single file in the middle of Gany roads, aren't they? Highways, I mean - roads don't always have medians.

/* That is asphaltly a pun as I have recently read. */

I do hope you are sending copies of HTT to Leland Sapiro and Bill Bridget.

/* I will not my money on Bill Bridget waste. I admit of my non-knowledge of Leland Sapiro and just why he should HTT receive. */

Have you not heard the joke about the essay contest on the joys of urban living? The first prize is a week in Philadelphia. The second prize is two weeks in Philadelphia.

What Eric Lindsay proposes as a "treatment" for criminals sounds remarkably like the sort of over-simplified version U.S. students get - of how Australia was founded. And I believe that many U.S. colonists came from debtors prisons too.

You better not say bad things about cats or I will let my cat shed all over your zine and the locs I send you.

/* Oh go ahead and send me the whole cat - that way I can remove all of its hair at one time ~~and send catpaws to Mike Glickson.~~ */

Comment to Tad Markham - are we going to do jokes about things that came in the mail - like doesn't it make the mailbox sticky?

/* Only if the mailbox is equipped with teeth and a tongue. */

It is around 1 A.M. now, and I am writing in my sleep. I can write locs in my sleep. Unfortunately I cannot make much sense. If I could not make much cents I would be a lousy stockbroker and probably I should not go into the perfume business either. (That is whay my subconscious is like. It should be ashamed of itself. But I bet it isn't...)

APA-69 has no waitlist. Besides I heard a terrible rumour that LASFAPAns only talk dirty - they don't really do anything.

/* Hah! It is not for no reason at all that LASFAPA has been called the "friendly" APA. LASFAParties at Cons are, er, interesting. Two of our (if you will pardon the word) members have been compiling a chart of liasons between, er, members - and Alan Winston recently put through the APA a list of the members with their total number of, uh, "kills" of other members. We are very "friendly" with other members. */

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

HTT 2 is a worthy successor to HTT 1. I enjoyed reading it, iven though you are a spoilsport and a killjoy. By admitting to things like your misspelled cover and your breakthroughs in numerical order, you deprive your readers of the pleasure of ~~your nose in the~~ pointing them out.

Interesting slanders, even though I can't identify most of the victims. I guess one of the signs that you've made the big time in fandom, along with appearing in a filksong, is being slandered in the Game of Fandom. I must say that the Slandercrew seems to have a definite fascination with matters anal, to the point where I wonder if they can think of any other way to dispose of things. The other thing I particularly noticed in the article was the term "French Dip." Imagine my surprise on my first visit to California when I ordered one in a restaurant, and found that it was not an unlawful sex act.

/* Does that mean that you expected to be served an unlawful sex act when you ordered the French Dip in that restaurant? */

No, you don't own the English language, but everybody owns a language of their own. (The language I own refuses to accept the idea that a word which obviously refers to more than one person and does not specify their sex must be singular and masculine.) While the masses believe that there is one true English language, which they slavishly try to follow, you and I realize that we make our own language, out of such sublanguages as basic, technical, legal, fannish, dirty, etc., assembling the words in a manner close enough to the standard one to be intelligible. (Nonetheless, I find that on occasion your word order really does dead owls blow.)

Next time you fall into one of those nasty egalitarian moods, lie down until it goes away, or watch popular TV shows, or talk to a bunch of normal people, which I take it is what you did.

/* But, Arthur - I do not know any normal people. All of the people whom I know (and I am not using the biblical "know" here) are either fans or pipe smokers. */

Since this is a somewhat puny loc, I am making up for it by sending a couple of my very own illos, though I realize it would make more sense for me to use my illos to make up for a particularly good loc.

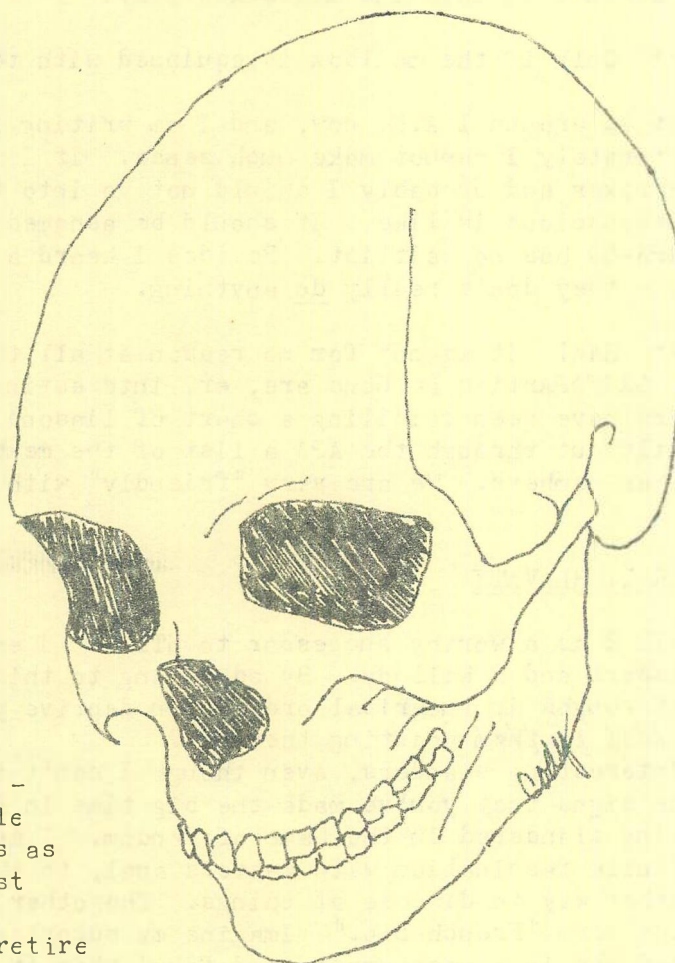
/* It does seem somewhat a putrid thought - illos by Hlavaty. You will notice that I am using your illos. ~~Buttch of the barrel and all of that there stuff~~. Maybe you should be nominated for some sort of fanart award.

SETH GOLDBERG

I notice that a lot of the letter writers seemed to want you to write up or have written up your daydreams. Like you I find the idea absurd. Assuming your methods are similar to mine, then like me the whole point of daydreaming is to have fun. It is something to do in one's spare time, sort of like one's own TV set to always have with one. Who wants it down on paper, not to mention all the work that would involve, which could be put into developing another plot line. One also gets great flexibility in plot line as one can backtrack and rewrite as much as one wants.

Take my word Marty, and get an electric. Think of it this way, after you get used to it you should be able to type faster and thus get more fanac done. What else is more important in life?

/* Typing speed is not a problem with me - I can type 55 wpm on this Smith-Corona portable manual typewriter. Of course I do make errors as my fingers spell the English language in a most erratic manner. Anyway, this typer is an old friend of almost thirty years - and I cannot retire



an old friend just like that. Arthur Hlavaty, writing in AZAPA (apropos of Leslie David writing an AZAPAZine on my typer) mentioned that he would recognise this typeface anywhere. Just how would anybody know me without this typer? */

JOHN HERTZ

I've heard of running odd things in lettercols. But a Christmas card? Even if it did arrive three months after mailing.

/* Well, I do not run through here my utility bills. */

Your artwork is improving. Maybe, the way some people have frogs all over their houses and some people fill their zines with blimp illos, you'll run hole cartoons. It has possibilities. /* Yes. */

If I hadn't known that a bunch of L.A. weirdos dumped a pile of snow on your porch, I'm not sure if I would have figured it out from Alan Winston's article. We thought of you during the Great Blizzardy Winter of '79. On Serbian New Year's, which is in the middle of January, we had planned to go hear the legendary Popovich Brothers in a club on the south side. The far south side -- about 106th Street. The busses were down, the trains were down. We kept phoning friends and planning and replanning. Finally we gave up and went to see SUPERMAN. Actually, for a night in the middle of a blizzard, it was quite pleasant. The snow was falling lightly, hardly any wind, temperature about 30°. The trouble was, the snow had been coming down like that for days, and as everybody in the world knows by now, Chicago's snow removal plans weren't working. We were cheerfully walking home until the wind picked up -- then we had to send out tractor beams to pull in a cab. Twenty-five mph is crawl-like for an Angeleno. But think some more: it's faster than walking, faster than horses, and warmer inside a car than inside a carriage. Speed is relative.

/* Speed, indeed, is quite relative. Think, for instance, of your typical, fast-moving Angeleno ~~speeding through~~ waiting on queue at a petrol depot. However, whilst awaiting the arrival of one's transportational device at its nourishment pump one can always be on APazines working. */

LAURIE MANN

"Game of Fandom" was words cannot express well, since I know little about L.A. fandom, I filled in the "references" with people I "knew and loved" and it worked out quite well. I think all of Blandercon should visit their proctologists (loose one turn).

/* Um. Do not you mean, "Lose one turn?" Or maybe you mean "Loose one turd?" */

Sally Syrjala amazes me. Not only does she write very well, but she also depicts a Cape Cod community which has not yet succumbed to the "dreaded" "tourist blight."

Creative Scrabble sounds like FUN! My husband gave up playing Scrabble with me last winter. After I'd had surgery and was confined to the hospital for about a week, he'd stop by daily and play Scrabble with me. I beat him almost every game we played. As soon



as my recuperation was over, he never played Scrabble with me again. If I ever get out to North Hollywood, CA, can I challenge you to a game??? /* Yes. */

Having particularly convoluted grammar myself (and being an English Writing major in college at that), I don't find your bizarre grammar difficult to deal with.

/* Horriboars! That sentence with a preposition ended! */

Jim Jones jokes are generally very offensive to me, because the entire Guyanna mess really bothered me. When a frat here at Pitt announced it was holding a "People's Temple Purple Passion Punch Party," I was really annoyed. I think the Jonestown massacre is something we've got to learn from - that no one should even let someone else control his/her life. When people start making dumb jokes about the situation, it seems they've already forgotten what could have been learned from it.

/* I, too, found the Jonestown massacre to be gut-horrible. The most mind-numbing part of that episode is the way that some people refuse to be complete human beings, wanting others to do their thinking and deciding for them - even allowing others to tell them that they should die. I am not surprised, though, that there are people like those who allow others to tell them how to live - in a small way I run into that often in my shop. I do get customers who want me to make buying decisions for them. Anyway, I should point out that my sense of humour is warped enough so that I can find humour in just about anything. I lost relatives in the Holocaust, and even non-violent me would probably attempt to do deadly damage to any surviving Nazi (were I to ever meet one); however, I can thoroughly relish sick humour dealing with that dreadful part of history. I never make the mistake of taking myself too seriously. */

Aha, Marty; something I can disagree with you on! Although Harlan Ellison has not written anything along the lines of sf or fantasy since "Jefty is Five" (Dancing electrons do not count), most New Wave writing has been sf of one persuasion or another. My own definition of sf is "speculative fiction," which includes fantasy and writing that just might not fit into other categories. A story like "Occurance at Owl Creek Bridge" is, at least, marginally sf by my very broad definition. I agree with you that Ellison's nonfiction is generally excellent.

/* I consider New Wave and similar fluff to be mere literary primping. Good Science Fiction, by my definition must have a good, solid plot. In fact, ANY story must have good plotting and good direction - it will also have a beginning, a middle, and an ending. In other words I enjoy stories written in the true, traditional sense. The posturings penned by the New Wave poseurs are just the warmed-over leavings of the experimentalists of the 1920's - vainglorious puffery that good writers got away from after they realised that it was only pretentious nothingness. There is nothing new in New Wave - it is all forty and more years out of date. I also do not understand how some people can consider the Old Wave/New Wave controversy dead. After all, some of that New Wave crap is still being pubbed under the misnomer of Science Fiction. */

Actually, the favourite party of your zine was your title - "wonderfully pretentious" !!!!!!!

/* But my title is not pretentious - it is actually quite modest. */

Some of your artwork is pretty good; I've become a real fan of Teddy Harvia's lately (the first person to ever use my name in a cartoon - thanks Teddy!) (seriously, even before then). Your cover is strange, emphasizing your own bizarre sense of humour. Since I'm a mistress of typos, I won't harp about yours; Ghu save me if I ever do pub a fanzine!

GARY DEINDORFER

Your fanzine seems to be one of those publications that has a lettercol exchanges that go like this: "The cover was Udderly Fascinating! (((Thanks for your milk of human kindness remark!)))" You know, the letter writers have a good time, you have a good time, all one big happy mediocrity. I don't know, your writing doesn't seem bery infuriating, or even outrageous. The predictable kind of thing, I think. The editorial makes agreeable sounding noises -- amenities all in order, sailor?

/* Of course I have not written anything infuriating or even outrageous - I never write like that. I always maintain a very even temper in my writing - it is other people who get upset when they refuse to see the obvious truth in that which I write. */

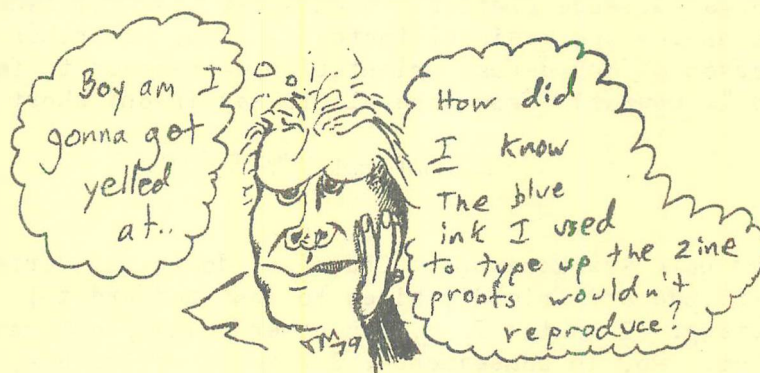
Now we're supposed to make amenable jokes about your being a God, huh? Not me, lad.

/* To deny my being God is merely showing your lack of understanding. */

Let's name names here, laddies, in the Game of Fandom, 3rd series -- names of those slandered and the slanderers. Then slanderers and slandered can get together and bash it out happily. Some good lines, especially the ones that didn't apply to me. I especially liked: 32. You write bland material which you and your readers pretend in best games playing faanish fashion is infuriating. (Go ahead one and publish another tired issue.)

/* And then there is 33. You write sappy LoCs which pretend to be nasty. (Trip over your tongue; however, you keep from falling because your head is stuck in your mailbox. See your proctologist.) */

I'll compliment something if I like it, but if I don't think much of it, such as your zine, I don't. What have I got to lose? I'm not running for TAPF or any of those deals, and nobody's likely to nominate me, so I don't have to be a fan politician.



VALERIA BEASLEY

Uh, oh, this happens every time I get wiped out on backmail, apa-membership savers and/or the ditto fluid blues: the mailbox starts playing subscription sweepstakes. You know, when some poor fannish sould mails a genzine to someone who doesn't even qualify as a fringe fan... Anyhow, you "win," Marty. A free (my money, not yours) subscription even. After all, can a genzine that still (?) takes potshots at Bill Bridget be all bad? Maybe,

but we'll discuss that later. (After I take time to figure just who in fandom's state you are... well, one thing's for sure, I won't be calling you pretentious...)

ToC -- why bother listing the people who LoCed if you're going to print the letters anyway in addition to the address list on the back cover?

/* I like listing the loccers in the ToC - not only does this give me a pleasing layout, but it also provides the loccers some more egoboo. It is also helpful for those who might want to reread any given letter at some future time. */

Say it is Snow...is adorable. Disjointed, but adorable.

/* If I print this piece of egoboo I probably will not have to give Alan a raise. */

I've just been informed that West Barnstable not only exists, but I'm not allowed to poke fun...something about some ancestors (I take it that relatives stop being relatives when they dies more years ago than can possibly be remembered) being buried in one of the cemeteries...

Aha! I knew we'd get to the lettercol eventually! (My favourite part of a 'zine, you see, unless of course I'm in it.) Hm... Glicksohn complains that you've got a stilted word pattern and you one better that with a no structure insertion on page 21. Hm... maybe now I've heard of you. (Oh, and you spelled my name right, too!)

SALLY A. SYRJALA

Baseball fans everywhere thank you for the cryptic way you managed to get a mention of the game into HTT #2. I quote you, "I love your attitude, YAZ, I do." /* Two paragraphs of baseball natter are here deleted. */ You did want a baseball column, didn't you? That was why you included that coded message for me to read and comment thereon, correct??

/* Hm. I do believe that I should have worked in some reference to the Angels, not the Red Sox. (Sally and I are baseball fans, though we follow different teams.) You know, Sally, it is not hard to find oneself a member of one or another minority. You and I are in a minority known as fandom. You and I are also members of a minority within a minority - we are amongst Science Fiction fandom's few baseball fans. I also share with Arthur Hlavaty a passion for professional football. And, as Arthur has written, "It is now possible for a person of any sexual orientation whatsoever to feel like a member of a persecuted minority." Howzat? From baseball to sex in one short paragraph. */

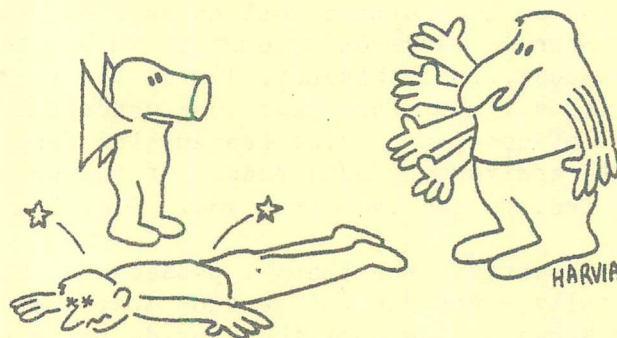
BEN INDICK

Your comment on my note was generous. Indeed, I do think I erred in dropping out of fandom; it gave me friends and friendly zines to look forward to, and kept me interested in SF and book collecting. I wanted TIME, for other things, but haven't gotten it, and do not have energy at that. So, in consequence, I gave something away for nothing, an unwise bargain. However, I still do not figure to try to barge back in. Deservedly, I should be ignored!

/* Ben, as long as you keep writing printable LoCs, I do not think that it can be said that you have out of fandom dropped. The last sentence of your loc, however, sounds suspiciously like either self-pity or an angling for some sort of "We can never ignore you, Ben" type of comment from people. From the little that I know of you, Ben, such an attitude on your part ill becomes you. Of course, I could be completely misreading you. */

DONALD FRANSON

Thanks for HTT #2. Don't expect me to subscribe, though. I sort of half-believe in the principle: "I spend enough money on my own fanac, why should I pay for everyone else's?" However, with the price of postage fast becoming a threat to the existence of fanzines, I think I'll modify that to the practice of sending stamps equal to the postage used on the issues I do receive. After all, I shouldn't expect other people to pay for my fanac, either. I think that almost any fanzine can be edited to go for 15¢ first class (1 oz.) or 20¢ third class (2 oz.). The sudden rise in cheap book rates may mean the end of big pretentious fanzines, not of smaller ones.



You're going to have to watch that patting those Earthlings on the back like that, Dexter. They can't take it.

/* What with my diarrhea of typer ~~and the concomitant constellation of thought~~ I see no way of keeping HTT to 20¢ third class postage. I also like long lettercols, so I see no way that HTT will always be some sort of size larger than small. Mike Glycer came up with a postage saving device that I am utilising this issue (and I hope to use whenever the opportunity presents itself. Those fans who are on both Mike's and my mailing lists are receiving both HTT #3 and SCIENTIFRICTION #11 in the same envelope, sent bookrate. Not only will this cut postage expenses for both of us, but it will also save on the cost of envelopes and mailing labels. Now if only more genzines were being locally produced...*/

I think you can save about four pages in the lettercol by having only 2 sets of parentheses instead of 3 in your interpolations. Not that I think frequent interpolations are barbarous in themselves, but they could be limited to one per sentence.

/* (((((((((((((Not hardly - methinks that you exaggerate.)))))))))) */*

Anyway, I'm glad to see someone going from apazines to genzines, instead of the other way around. That's always been a great brain drain in fanzine fandom.

/* It has been my experience (the reading of many APazines in many APAs) that APA writing, rather than being debilitating of writing as you seem to imply, is actually quite helpful to those with the ability to interestingly string together words. I am somewhat amazed, in fact, at the vehemence with which some old time fans (not you) castigate APA writing. APAwriting and genzine writing are really two different types of fanac - except for time constraints, neither form of fanac really competes with the other. I enjoy both forms of fanac. In fact, I would go so far as to say that I would not be happy if I had to confine my fanwriting to just one or the other forms of expression. I also have to admit, though, that LASFAPA is a special place for me (and not because I am in charge of it). */

DAVID BRATMAN

Sentence of Comment: Kara Dalkey does excellent fake Kliban.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

I'm impressed by the things that Los Angeles fandom accomplished for you, when there was snow on the mountain but no snow on your porch. Something just occurred to me. Julie Andrews lives on a mountain in Switzerland. Julie Andrews is not on my porch. Do you suppose...probably not, I'm so far from Los Angeles and Switzerland is so distant from both of us....but fans have done wonderful things in the past, and I need something as a symbol of hope, and maybe Los Angeles fans are already plotting to do something nice for my 50th anniversary as a reader of the prozines and are keeping it a secret for the time being from me and even from you. Gee, I'm getting nervous already.

/* Consider the thought passed on; however, you do create for us a rather untoward difficulty - you did not mention just what is the date of your 50th anniversary as a reader of prozines. I do hope that you do not mind if we deposit Julie Andrews on your porch on a date other than your anniversary. Of course, were we to deliver her on the wrong date, that would be sort of upsetting to my sense of doing things rightly and properly -- I guess that we had better pass this time. Remind us in time for your 100th anniversary. */

MARY LONG

Your Ganymedian sheep reminds me of this terrible pun which was recently inflicted on us by a Florida friend. I don't propose to inflict it upon you in full /* shame */ but the punchline is about an overdue Io ewe...

BERNADETTE BOSKY

"As I set these words on paper, the cockroaches cling to the walls wildly, or fall writing to the floor." Surrealism? A Thomas Disch nightmare? No, alas, campus apartments being what they are and all, we just had the men in for a most odiferous but apparently lethally successful spraying, piling our uninvited little hexapodal houseguests up and making of our kitchen one mass open grave. Ugh. But while waiting outside for the roach spray to clear out of the apartment, I read your HTT #2 -- no implied comparison, though you may make of it what you will. Hence my first real (can you believe it?) LoC.

/* It does seem singularly appropriate to be reading HTT whilst awaiting for fumigatory fumes to dissipate from one's apartment. There are probably some who would say that HTT should have been in the apartment left. Anyway, some sort of linkage between roach spray and HTT does seem to be appropriate. */

HTT #2 was a nice blend of personalism and humour - and I did, for the most part, like the humour, having a rather sick sense of humour in certain ways myself. (As my family's from Chicago, I have a considerable stock of John Wayne Gacy jokes. Q: What's the coldest spot in Chicago? A: John Gacy's basement - it's 29 below. Or, Why does it take Gacy's construction company so long to finish a job? A: Because they work with a skeleton crew. These last two courtesy of my oldest sister, a Chicago police officer.) The letters pages were my favourite, and I was very glad to see them given such a large proportion of the zine; they were interesting because one gets a sense of likes and dislikes. Some of the judgements I found to be too glib to be valid, and most I disagreed with (the statement "I do not consider New Wave and related crap to be Science Fiction." struck me as so paleolithic an attitude that I was amazed to see it still actually being bandied about-- not because it may not be true, though I'd give you an argument there, but simply because that seems so outmoded and unhelpful a way of putting an argument of that sort), but seeing them was interesting and informative nonetheless. And, of course, there's always the possibility that at least some of those kind of comments were being

said merely to be outrageous - which is often a good way to get things across to people, if the people react when hackles are raised.

/* I do not understand why you consider my statement, "I do not consider New Wave and related crap to be Science Fiction" to be paleolithic. Granted, I have been reading Science Fiction for about thirty-four or so years - this should be read as me having a wide and varied exposure to the field. My viewpoint of what is and what is not Science Fiction may be more restrictive than that of some fans; however, if you consider my viewpoint outmoded I do believe that you may be surprised at how many fans (and Science Fiction readers who are not fans) consider New Wave and other "literary" endeavours of that ilk not to be Science Fiction. Many of these people consider New Wave and such to be good writing (though I do not - please read my comment to Laurie Rann on pg. 36 - I consider this stuff to be more obfuscatory than clarificatory in story-telling), but not Science Fiction. // It is true that I sometimes say things just to be outrageous - sometimes I even believe in the things that I so outrageously write. */

End of letter. End of my tether, and back to studying. Do you suppose if I waited until my apartment-mate got home from law classes she might sweep up the 'roaches in the kitchen?

/*Instead of waiting for your apartment-mate to get home to sweep up the roaches, why do not you surprise her with some sort of cake? All that you have to do is to grind up some of that protien that is lying all around your kitchen. */

REBECCA JIRAK

Uh, I noticed a proliferation of many titted women in your zine (well, females - even a cow). ORAL FIXATION TIME!

/* Just let me put down my pipe and say to you that I do not believe in anything known as "Oral Fixation" - unless you are talking about putting a certain minister into cement. */

I figure I better say this now, I type not so well. And I like the way you order your write, uhm, I'm not so much at it good.

/* And I, singlefingerly, a corflu factory support. */

I do not like Science Fiction. I like New Wave, fantasy, etc. Science Fiction is enjoyed by those people who understand what the writers are doing with regular science. I like it occassionally. Not hard core ever. Should I still read your zine? I don't consider hard Science Fiction crap, but then at the moment I am not hard core elitist either.

/* At least you understand that New Wave and Fantasy are not Science Fiction. Actually, Science Fiction is a specialised subset of Fantasy -- personally, I find that I enjoy that subset, yet I find all other parts of the Fantasy genre to be boring. // Considering that what I pub in this zine is not Science Fiction (or will rarely be Science Fiction), I see no reason that you should not continue to read my zine as long as you enjoy doing same. */

Dear Eric, do you smoke pot? Drive when you drink? Steal a little from work? Or maybe have you ever come close to killing someone with a car? Hmmm? Well! You were very close to being in jail! Jail is not fun, Eric. You can get killed, raped or etc. AND

NO ONE WILL CARE. You can be sent to the strip detention, and go without clothes for weeks, without bedding, with only a hole to shit in and anyone can come and watch whenever they want. In one women's jail a woman who was menstruating was sent there and given nothing but a towel she was to use for other purposes. And anyone was able to come and watch her. If she didn't want to shit etc. on the floor she was to be escorted down a long hall nude between two men. And there are many men. Hey, Eric? GET THE SHIT AWAY FROM STUFF YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT! No one in jail wants to ever go back. It's not working and it is bad. Read Off Our Backs for more information on jails. The preceding was brought to you by a one time believer in harsher treatments for jailed persons.

Oh, and Eric? If we did put criminals on an island and only those who were still alive at the end of their terms were freed we would be weeding out the best criminals from the normal citizens gone wrong once or twice. The real killers, thieves etc. would survive. NO THANKS.

/* Thanks, love. You presented one of the good arguments against Eric's scheme of putting prisoners on an isolated island and letting them fend for themselves. It has long been my contention that Libertarians do not have a good grasp of how the real world operates. Eric is a nice enough person, but his political (and other, related) thinking is as askew as that of other Libertarians. */

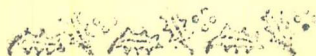
I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Barney Neufeld, Steven Tymon, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Leslie David.

ADDRESSES

Bruce J. Balfour: 18333 Jacaranda St., Fountain Valley, CA 92708
Valeria Beasley: 1 Deer Run Drive, Wilmington, DE 19807
Bernadette Lynn Bosky: 1915 Erwin Rd. Apt. G, Durham, NC 27705
David S. Bratman: P.O. Box 4651, Berkeley, CA 94704
Linda Bushyager: 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076
Cody: 3743 McLaughlin Ave. #2, Los Angeles, CA 90066
Kara Dalkey: 4503 Washburn Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55410
Gary Deindorfer: 447 Bellevue Dr. #9-B, Trenton, NJ 08618
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Donald L. Franson: 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606
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 Ken Scott: 2901 N. Chamberlaine Ave., Chattanooga, TN 37406
 Suzi Stefl: 14764 Washtenaw #B-1, Ann Arbor, MI 48104
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 Sheldon Teitelbaum: Kibbutz Hazorea, Israel 30060
 Harry Warner, Jr.: 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740



It is now the evening of June 12, and all that is left to type is this page and the ToC page. This coming Sunday I will start printing. For the first time I am going to experiment with printing some of the illos in a colour other than black. If I find that the experimental work is not coming out as I would like (I have never before attempted any sort of multi-colour mimeo work, though I have printed multi-colour ditto), you will find that all of the illos will be printed in black. From what I understand the simple colour work that I am planning on doing is not too difficult; however, knowing me, I just might still manage to somehow foul up the works. Well, we shall see.

Considering the fact that I am continuing to get HTT out early I guess that I had better say something deadlines and all of that. Linda Bushyager does my electrostencilling for me, and she is prompt in getting back to me soon the art that I send to her. Still, as I hate to have to do all of the work in typing and printing HTT at the very last minute, I do like to get to her the artwork about five or six weeks before my announced pubbing deadline. Artists take note - please get your stuff to me as early as possible. And on that topic, let me say that I really do appreciate the artwork that has been sent to me. My illo file is now almost empty, and I hope that those artists whose work I have used will send some more.

It would help me if all articles and columns were in my grubby little hands no later than the end of the month preceding my pubbing deadline - earlier, if possible. And LoCs that get to me after the 10th of the month preceding my pubbing deadline will probably get also heard from in the next quarter or some such thing.

Next issue: well, let me say that there will be a slight departure from format in HTT #4. If I get all of the promised articles in time #4 will be quite something a bit better than the first three. As an extra added fillip, though, I am going to present a bit of art from the follio of Joan Hanke-Woods. **till next time.....

