



Holier than thou

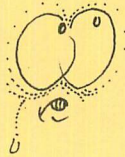
c 79
Joan
Hanke
Woods



progenitor:
Marty
Cantor



... those who believe that you can mow your lawn with
humorous words actually believe that the pun is mightier
than the sword.



... and then there are those
who would deputise grass cutting machines
so that they could get some lawn order. (sigh)

Singularly yours,
Marty Cantor

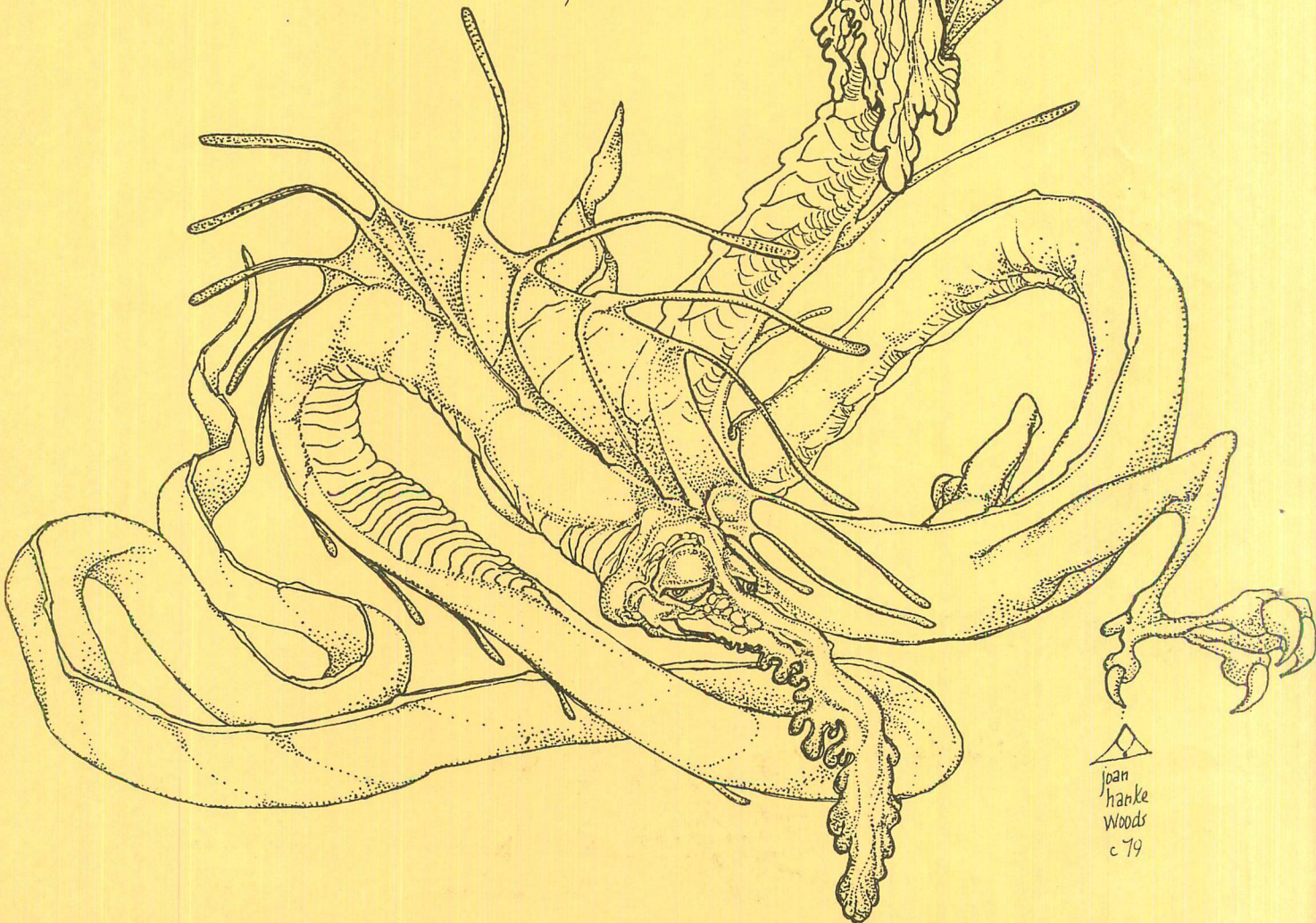


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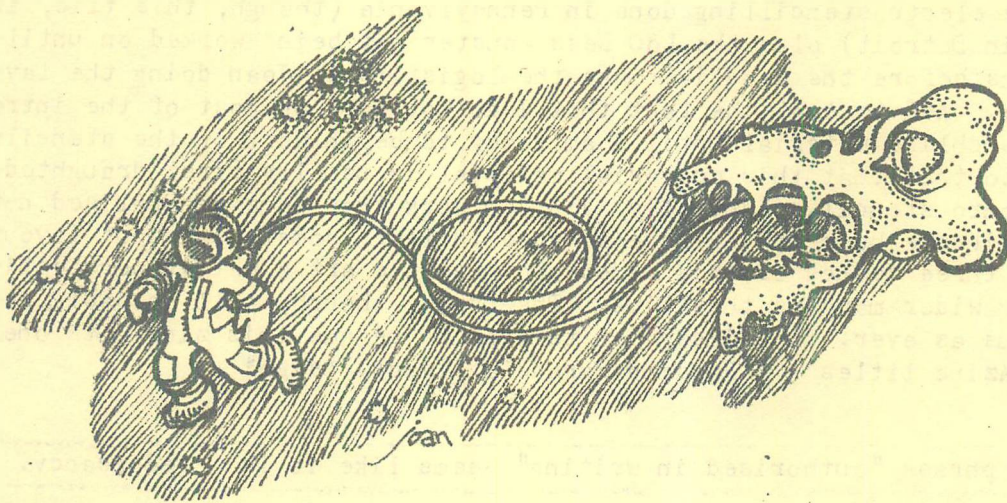
Every piece of art in this issue was drawn by JOAN HANKE-WOODS.

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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
- ☐ Allegedly we trade - so where is your fanzine, huh?
- ☐ You contributed
- ☐ I have seen some of your artwork (bleech) and I guess I am stuck with sending you copies until I can bring myself to use it
- ☐ Your name is Larry Niven
- ☐ I hold your contributions/artwork in my files - they will be used in future issues.
- ☐ You locced
- ☐ You sent a contribution that I may someday be sufficiently hard up for material to use
- ☐ You locced - if three words on the side of a postcard can be called a LoC.
- ☐ You would be off the mailing list like a shot if I could just figure out how you typed on the edge of the postcard.
- ☐ You subscribe (I LOVE YOU)
- ☐ You are reputed to be stupid enough to subscribe to fanzines
- ☐ You purchased this copy
- ☐ Editorial whim
- ☐ See what happens when you are in fandom?
- ☐ You are supremely unlucky in life
- ☐ You requested a copy
- ☐ You requested a copy ~~the appropriate~~
- ☐ You have been in fandom for such a short time that you may not have seen any fanzines better than this.
- ☐ You are a loyal worshipper at The Stannous Church
- ☐ Would you care to contribute something to HTT? I would prefer that it be written in some semblance of the English language
- ☐ Please disregard any seeming nastiness in the explanation after the check marks in your copy - the so-called nastiness is for humorous effect only.
- ☐ Please do not disregard any seeming nastiness in the explanation after the check marks in your copy - the nastiness is meant in your case.
- ☐ We really should get to know each other better - please keep in touch.
- ☐ It is possible that you may enjoy HTT
- ☐ It is not possible that you will 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.

My thanks to Ken Ozanne who suggested some of the above "reasons".



HOLIER THAN THOU #4

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Hoo Hah Publication No. 238
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HOLIER THAN THOU is published in the first month of each quarter and is available for contributions (written or artwork), trade, letters of comment or editorial whim. Also available for \$1 per issue (4/\$3.75).

Art Director for this issue: Joan Hanke-Woods.

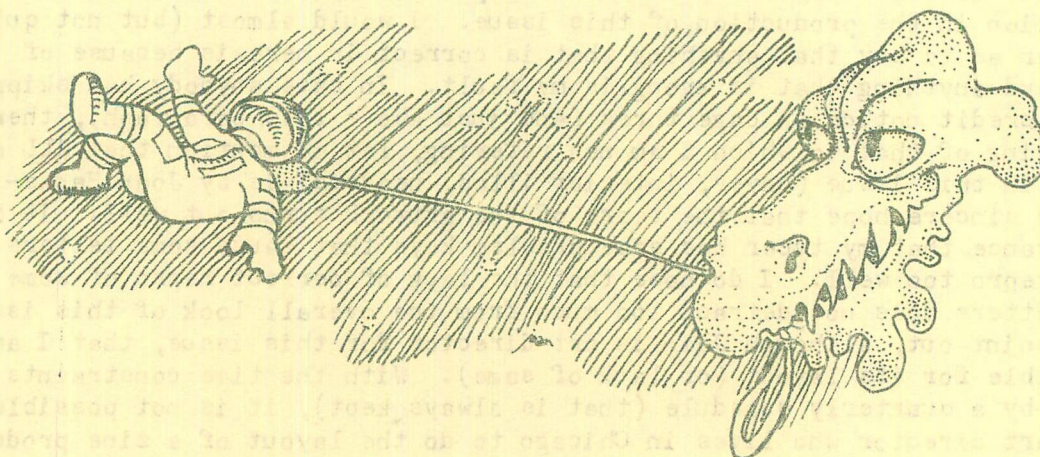
This is best started by me offering profuse thanks to Joan for her cooperation in the production of this issue. I would almost (but not quite) go so far as to say that anything that is correct in here is because of Joan - and anything that is wrong is my fault. In case anybody has skipped the art-credit notice on page three (and just above this paragraph), therefore not knowing of that to which I am now referring, let me mention that ALL of the art in this issue (cover, interior illos, headers) is by Joan Hanke-Woods. It is my sincere hope that the repro of the artwork turns out well. It is my annoyance that my typer has some problem keys that cause some letters to not repro too well. I do hope that the lack of perfect repro of some typer letters does not detract too much from the overall look of this issue. I will point out, although Joan is art director for this issue, that I am responsible for its layout (or lack of same). With the time constraints imposed by a quarterly schedule (that is always kept), it is not possible for an art director who lives in Chicago to do the layout of a zine produced in Los Angeles. At least, not when this is a product that is put out after

normal work-for-a-living hours. Umph - aside from the fact that this would entail Joan making a complete mock-up of the zine and then sending it to me. Not only is this too much to ask of her, but the necessities imposed by having the electrostencilling done in Pennsylvania (though, this time, it was done in Detroit) plus the LoC Ness Monster not being worked on until about a few weeks before the deadline make the logistics of Joan doing the layout impossible. Add to that the fact that I do not work on most of the introductory and suchlike material until I am ready to begin work on the stencils. Also add to that that this editorial material is usually first draughted directly onto stencil. (Actually, I often work from some generalised notes.) It is my sincere hope that I have managed to learn something about layout in the first three issues of this zine. To give the art a better perspective, I am using wider margins this time. The typos, though, will probably remain as numerous as ever. At times I am tempted to rename this zine with one of my old APAzine titles - A Passing Parade of Typos. *sigh*

To me the phrase "authorised in writing" seems like it is a reduncancy.

In DNQ 22: Taral, writing about the just announced FAAN awards (particularly about Joan Hanke-Woods winning as Best Serious Artist) - "Joan Hanke-Woods I'd only seen two pieces of in all my years in fandom. I was astonished when Joan won! I hope to hell when I've seen more than I think the decision is justified." Taral, I do hope that Joan's work in HTT #4 will show you why Joan won the award. I hope that you will consider her work in here as part of her credentials for being again nominated for the award next year.

In FILE 770: Mike Glycer mentions that he has received many letters commenting on Victoria Vayne's article about giant genzines. That would have been my LoC on the subject never got written as a LoC to Glycer - it was incorporated as part of my editorial in HTT #3. In a similar vein (Vayne?), I am going to write my LoC to DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP #9 into this editorial. (Sorry, Arthur.) ~~That is one way of being assured that one's LoC gets printed.~~

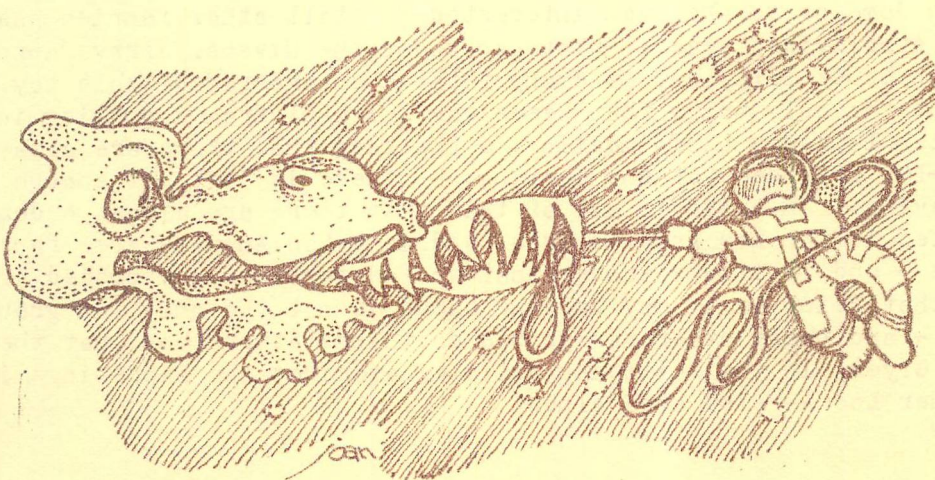


When I received DR #9, I sat down and read it. As I did not have the time, that evening, to write a LoC, I brought DR to my shop and hand-wrote a LoC 'twixt waiting on customers. My intention was to type the LoC at home at my first opportunity. Well, good intentions and all of that. LASFAPA printing and collation was soon upon me, and then it was time to type and print HTT #3. And then I was (again) suffering from a case of the lazies. This means that I am going to put part of the DR #9 LoC here. But first a little bit of introductory material to set up some sort of background.

Firstly, Arthur sometimes writes things in his zines under a pseudonym. Adam Weishaupt is one of these. He uses these pseudonyms to write at length about philosophical systems and/or positions which he does not want to fully, himself, espouse. Or espouse at all. Secondly, a discussion of Arcadia vs. New Jerusalem as idealised societies is a sometime theme in DR (see DR #5 for a full discussion of these terms). Also bear in mind that Arthur likes to consider Adam W. as one of the many parts of himself. (I am not fooled, Arthur.) One last thing before I get to my comment to Arthur. Let me quote that which he has written that set off my comment.

"Let us look at the word 'technology,' a source of much idiocy. There are those who say that technology is good because it will help us conquer nature. What moronic arrogance! They are fleas dreaming of raping elephants. On the other side, we hear that technology is bad because it alienates us from nature. Of course it does; that's what it's for."

My commentary on that is as follows. Arthur, that is really a bunch of crap, and some unemotional thinking will show you why this is so. You seem to be busy finding where lines should be drawn when all such lines are really imaginary. To wit: the difference between "natural" and "unnatural." Like the difference between "natural" vitamins and "artificial" vitamins. If a vitamin is of a certain chemical formulation it will work in the body precisely the same, no matter whether it is "natural" or "artificial." As a matter of fact, a vitamin is exactly what it is only if it is a precise chemical formulation; therefore it works (chemically) in only one way in the human body, regardless of its origin. To go one step further, there is no dichotomy between "natural" on the one hand, and "unnatural" or "artificial" on the other hand. Technology is a product of the mind, and the mind is a natural manifestation of nature. Anything thought up by the mind is natural, though some of the ideas thought up by the mind are considered (by



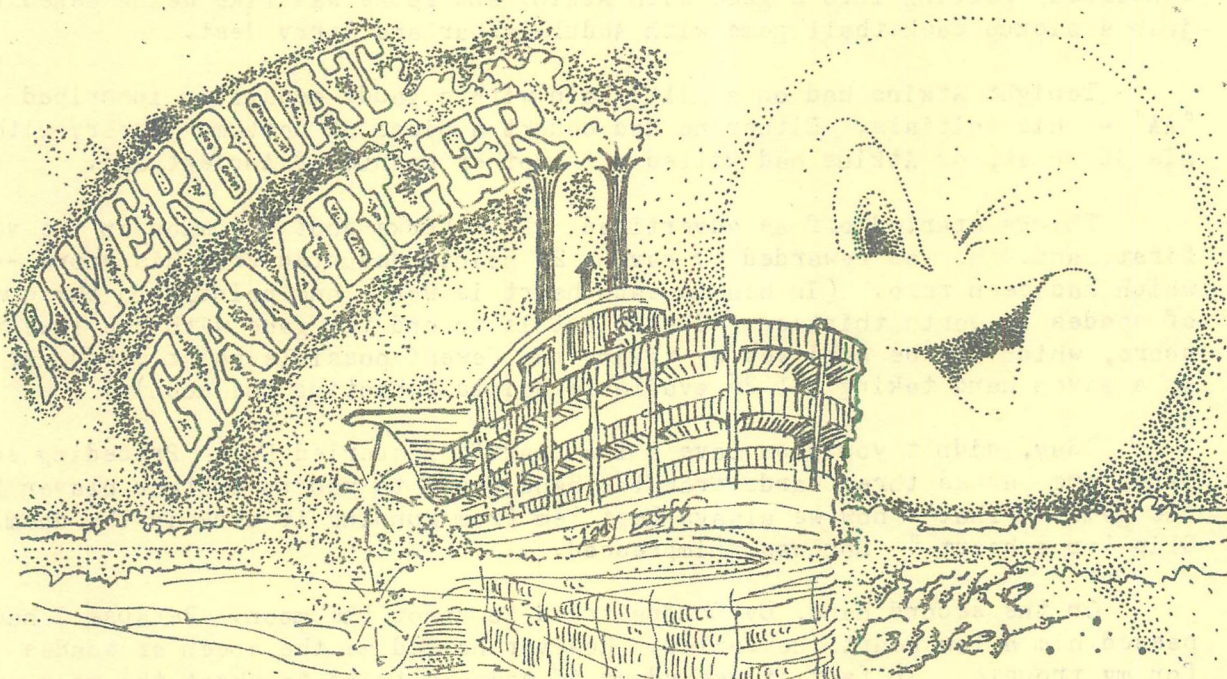
some) to be "obscene" or "tyrannical" or whatever - but these things are still natural, even though some people's value systems abhor them.

You contend that technology is something at variance with nature - and is, in fact, an attempt to conquer nature. With that I do not, at all, agree. Technology is merely one form of nature, and is that form of nature by which humans (another form of nature), using their natural powers (minds), attempt to modify other aspects of nature. As such it is no more unnatural than a predator eating its prey or cows eating grass. A predator killing and eating its prey and a cow eating grass changes our common Earthly environment as irrevocably as does a human with his technology. The fact that a human's technology alters the environment much more than the altering caused by non-human animals is merely a difference in degree, not a difference in kind.

And so many people seem to forget that our environment is dynamic, not static. Studies in many different disciplines show that there is a dynamic tension in nature, much like a tightrope walker who keeps his balance by constantly compensating for slight movements from side to side. Oh, well - I have been environmentally aware since sometime in the late 1940's, and I guess that it will take some time for these johnnie-come-lately environmentalists to absorb enough information to keep from going off on weird tangents.

And, in case you have not seen the correlation, the "Little Spaceman" illos on pgs. 5, 6 & 7 tell a story.

LASF3 members do think about things other than card games, even though, at times, it does not seem that this is so. The fact that HTT #3 ran an article about LASF3 poker by Bruce Pelz, and the fact that SCIENTIFRICTION #11 (pubbed at the same time as HTT #3) devoted some space to the current favourite LASF3 game (Oh Hell) - that does not mean that Angeleno fans think of nothing but cards. The fact that most parties at the Niven's have legendary poker games is beside the point. The fact that most Pelzhaus parties also include Hell and/or poker games is beside the point. The fact that those of us who helped Bobbi Armbruster and Ron Bounds unpack their books in their new house after their move back from Germany - and ended up the day playing Hearts - is beside the point. The fact that there are always one or two tables of Hell operating at the LASF3 on Friday nights is beside the point. The fact that there are card games being played at the LASF3 second Saturday open houses are beside the point. Even the fact that I will take on all comers in Gin Rummy is beside the point. After all, some of us partake of some other fannish pursuits (such as drinking beer and enjoying sex) ~~if we can find the time to do so between card games~~. Some of us are even interested in still other fannish pasttimes - such as the Atari video games. (You can count the Nivens, Jerry Pournelle, Drew Sanders, Bruce Pelz, and me amongst those enamoured of this toy.) Of course, about the only thing that keeps the faithful from indulging in cards at the regular Thursday LASF3 meeting is the fact that there are always between 100-140 attendees at the meetings -- there is just not enough room for card playing. Hm. Add to all of this that there are almost a dozen APAs being collated in the Los Angeles area (and many Los Angeles area fans are multi-APAs) - and is it any wonder that so few genzines are pubbed around here? All that being as it may be, the LASF3 is not the only fan group in Los Angeles - and these other fan groups do things other than what the LASF3 does. Mike Glycer, in the following article, examines the happenings in one of these other Los Angeles area clubs.



People who gamble well are boring. Fortunately there's nobody in LASFS who need fear being accused of boring play, when it comes to the fish and chips sessions. In fact, Craig Miller was trying to explain to us one evening after the club meeting that "Happy Family" was a popular European card game. We must have been slow catching on, because Miller needed this analogy: "LASFS cardgames are like a Happy Family. They spend all of their time together yelling at each other."

Even though the cardplayers of the LASFS are now more relics of past glory than a vital force in club events, there is plenty of past glory to go around. I have already written for SCIENTIFRICTION about hell and poker. However at a recent Petards meeting I was surprised to see yet another breed of cardplayer coming out of the closet.

Petards is a party group whose key members are inactive LASFSians (Locke, Hulan, Cox, Lewis, Condra, Grennell, Gillen, Stevens and their wives and girlfriends) plus longtime active members with a sprinkling of youth (Moffatts, Pelzes, Rothstein, Glier, etc.). Although Petards originated as a sercon discussion group to balance off the social orientation of LASFS, that image has long since been shucked off. It's strictly party time. In fact, things have so far degenerated that there might even be the occasional card game...

CY CONDRAS: "Hearts? Yeah, I guess I'll play."

LON ATKINS: "Can you teach me the rules?"

DAVE LOCKE: "Can you play this game for money?"

Now even I knew better than that. Legendary Hearts Player Alonzo Atkins (to use a TIME magazine style sheet) is mentioned amongst rabid Hearts Players of the South in the same breath as... Hank Reinhardt... Don Markstein... Guy Lillian... ~~God! I used to think Atkins was an okay guy!~~ As far as I was concerned, getting into a game with Atkins and Locke was like being asked to join a pickup basketball game with Abdul-Jabbar and Jerry West.

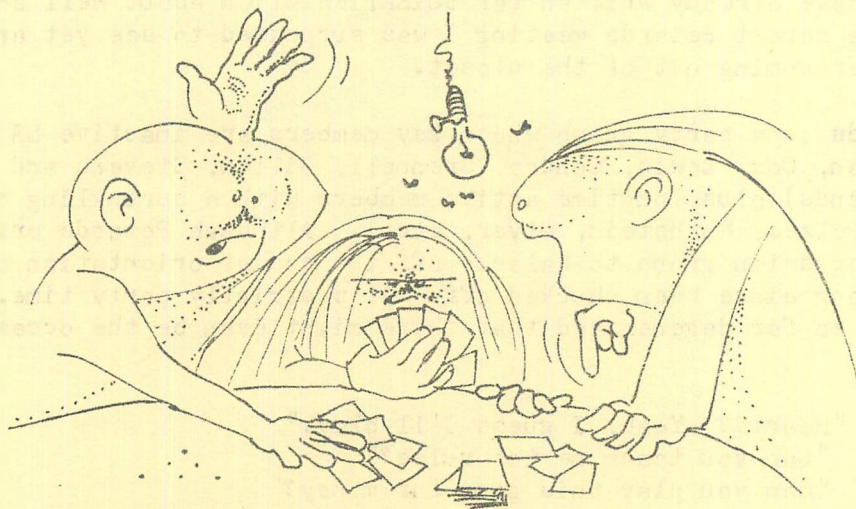
Tonight Atkins had on a gilt chain with a gaudy medallion inscribed "AA" -- his initials. Either he had bought a piece of costume jewelry with his ID on it, or Atkins had killed off another magnum of Ancient Age.

Things started off as advertised. Dave Locke shot the moon on the very first hand. He was rewarded by having 26 points deducted from his score -- which had been zero. (In hearts each heart is worth one point, and the queen of spades is worth thirteen. The object is to end the game with the lowest score, which may be achieved by taking the fewest possible point cards, or on a given hand taking all 26 available points (shooting the moon).)

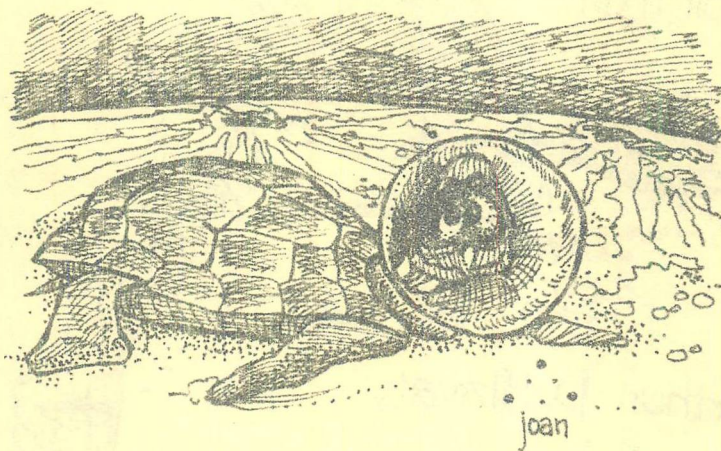
"Say, didn't you pass Dave a low heart?" I queried Lon. Preceding each hand, one passes three cards from the hand dealt to you to another player in the game. "That's how we always kept 'em from running it back in the dorm. Slip 'em a heart." Lon was unimpressed.

On the second hand, Cy Condra tried to shoot the moon. Because I had passed him a low heart, he failed. However he fed me the queen of spades for my trouble. In fact it seemed as if someone tried to shoot the moon on every hand. This is disdainful behaviour amongst hearts players. When Locke took only 25 points in one attempt to pull this coup, Marcia Hulan called it "pulling a Reinhardt." Of course, she was 2500 miles away from Hank at the time ... safer that way ...

Scores mounted. Although I was not doing well, I found myself low man at 51. (The game ends when a player breaks 100.) There was the sparkling play, the legendary invulnerability? Even I could shoot the moon on these stooges, I said to myself. And thereby proved the axiom that there's nothing wrong with talking to yourself, it's when you start to listen that you've got a problem. By the time I discovered the error of my belief, I had a score of 99. Locke dropped my 100th point on me with a smile.



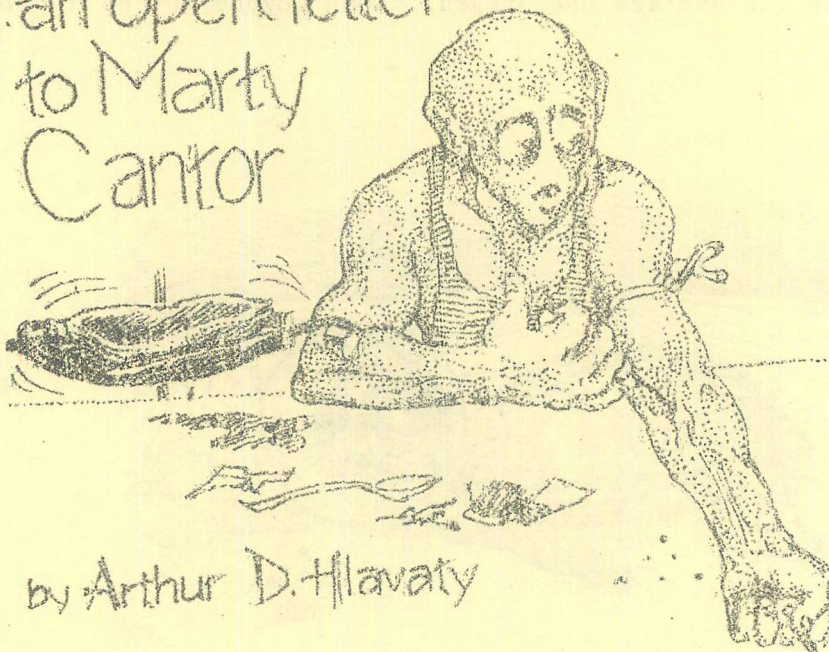
I had just expected so much more. "You know, Lon, I thought you'd be a really tough opponent." I put fifty cents in his hand. Turning to Cy I said, "Pretty close, eh?" and paid him 45 cents. "Say, Dave, sure seemed like you tried for the moon on every hand." I forked over 70 cents. "What a feeble exhibition the masters had staged. "Can anybody break a five?" I asked...



There is a theory that genzines are on the decline because too much fannish energy is going into APAzines. As we have just seen, it could be propounded that too much fannish energy is going into card playing. Arthur Hlavaty mentions the former theory in his open letter to me thisish. As Arthur points out, I am the OE of a quite large and successful APA. I should mention that I was, at one time, a multi-APAn - my early fanac was APAwriting. I came out of APAwriting into genzines - a course that may be atypical for fans. As I have before written, I do not think of APAs and genzines as being in competition (except, possibly, for a competition for the available time of the individual fan). APA writing and genzine writing are different types of fanac. For me, I need both types of writing to keep me fannishly happy. Having been completely immersed in APAhacking, and now having gotten my feet wet (as it were) in genzine pubbing, I do not find any antipathy in myself towards either type of fanac. Very honestly, I just do not understand the attitude (found mostly in old-time fans) that denigrates APAwriting as being inferior to genzine production. Well, be that as it may be.

Arthur Hlavaty is following a reverse course (compared to mine) in his written fanac. There are many fans who consider Arthur's genzine writing (in his zine DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP) to be amongst the finest efforts of its kind in current genzines. Arthur has recently been joining just about every APA that he could find. His LASFAPazine is admirable - and I wish that he would drop much of his other APAwriting so that he could enlarge his LASFAPA output. Arthur, currently OE of APA-69, recently folded his attempt at a cross between an APA and a genzine - MULTILOG. One of these days, if he is not careful, Arthur is going to win some sort of fan Hugo. ~~As fanatist~~

...an open letter
to Marty
Cantor



by Arthur D. Hlavaty

Dear Marty:

Well, I see that you have started your very own genzine. I have been hearing lately that we are living in an age of the decline of the genzine. MYTHOLOGIES and SIMULACRUM have folded; KHATRU and MAYA seem to be about annual, and so it's a good thing that you are coming along at this time.

It's very appropriate that you should be the one to start a new genzine, since there is a theory that one reason for the decline of the genzine is that too much fannish energy is going into APAs; and you are, as you know, the OE of LASFAPA -- one of the largest and most successful APAs. (It occurs to me that I'm telling you a lot of stuff that you know and I know and I know that you know. In fact, I suspect that I'm starting to sound like a Mack Reynolds character. This sort of thing is known in critical circles as an Expository Lump, and it may be a necessity in the Open Letter genre. In fact, Marty, I suspect that you already know all of the stuff in this parenthetical remark. Where was I?)

Anyway, I can see that, now that you have reached the peak in the field of APAs, you wish to try something completely different, and so you are publishing your own genzine.

I think I can see what is happening. You start off, of course, by writing some material yourself and getting friends to contribute. You sent out your first issue, and that, of course, was the big test.

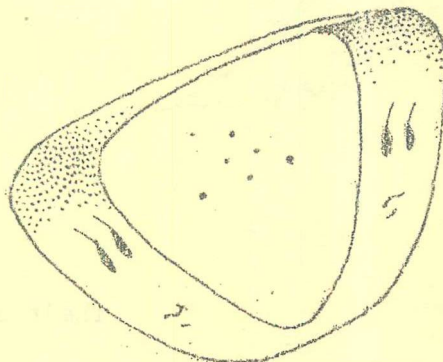
Because the one thing a genzine needs in order to survive is letters of comment. Letters of comment are the life's blood *yeuchh* of a genzine.

And now, of course, you are beginning to get other contributions -- articles, art work, and mainly ~~blood~~ letters. Perhaps you have already noticed the interesting thing about letters of comment; they increase geometrically. Each letter inspires new comments from other people.

And so you will publish more issues, and there will be more material. And mainly there will be more letters. Perhaps you have already begun to notice the problem of cutting letters. This becomes greater and greater as the zine grows larger. There are more and more letters, with more and more interesting things to say. Just when you're trying to decide which letters you wish to publish and which you wish to cut and which you will leave out entirely, you may have the mixed fortune of receiving an Adrienne Fein LoC, which typically is quite interesting, but could be used as an entire issue by itself.

And so your zine will grow. You will learn to cut your LoCs, even though you leave out a lot of good stuff. You will write more material yourself, and get more articles to include, but there will be that ever-growing letter column.

And so perhaps a short cut or two will occur to you. For instance, why retype all of those letters? You can ask people to do neat letters which can be photocopied or electrostencilled, and that will cut down on your work a bit. And then, gradually, as the work of retyping is gone, you will feel that you can print more and more letters, and less other material; as, after all, the letters are so interesting. After a while, you can print a zine, and a good one, that consists of nothing but letters. But then you may wonder --- Why are you paying to print all of these letters? Perhaps the writers could contribute a bit (or perhaps they could print up the copies) - And then you'd have your zine all set --- only, of course, it would be an APA.



The moebius strip illo which Joan drew to end Arthur's article is obviously appropriate to that article. What follows on the next page is not at all what I would usually consider appropriate to HTT; however, as I am willing to print anything that is good (even though it is not humourous), we now have some poetry by Ruth Berman. I wrote poetry back in the fifties (pubbing in several of the "little magazines" of that period, so this is a little bit of nostalgia for me.

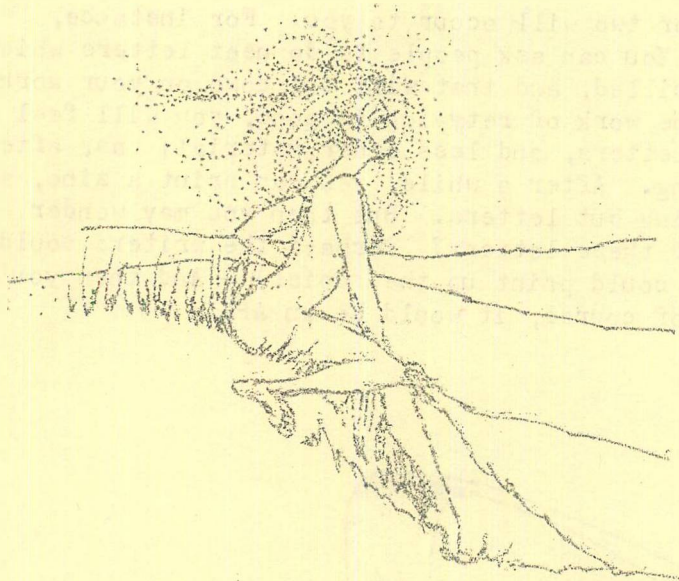
Unicorn
 Moon-beast
 One-horn
 In the east
 Walks on a silver cloud,

Unicorn



Unicorn

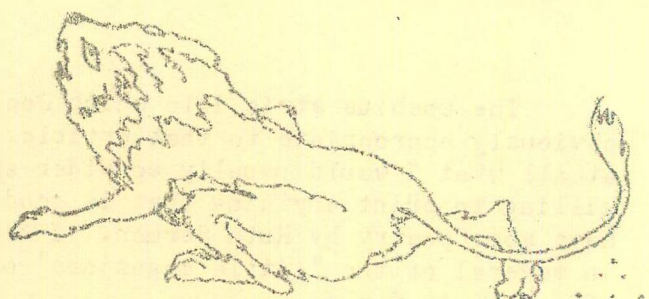
by Ruth Berman

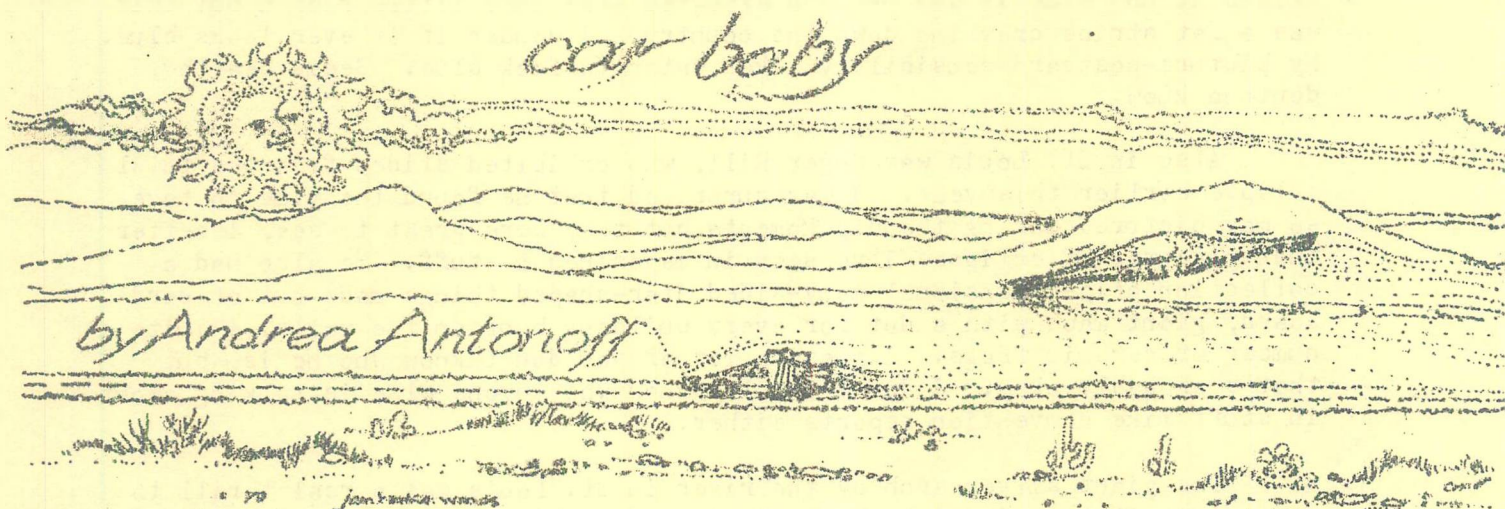


Over land
 Over lake
 Leagues spanned.
 Beasts awake
 In silver darkness proud.
 In the grass
 Lions roar
 To see it pass
 To see no more

Their match for brutekind's majesty,

Unicorn
 Moon-beast
 One-horn
 In the east
 Sighting the stars and eternity.





Car Baby drove across the country again, this time in a dented brown Drive-away auto; dubiously documented; stuffed with illegal-to-transport-across-state-lines champagne, emergency chocolate bars, too many clothes, a camera that went blooey in St. Louis, a CB radio, 2 packs of Trident sugarless gum, & a tremendously entertaining travelling companion. I am now temporarily affixed to a wickerish chair in my parents' new TV style yellow kitchen in Lake Success, New York, but in one more week should be winging my way back to Hollywood to face the music (no money, no job, unregistered, uninsured half-wrecked car for which I hear it is barely possible to buy petrol, & much more), but enough of that.

The first stop was Las Vegas, certainly one of my favourite cities, if it is a city (it seems more like a spaceport on Mars -- exotic, degenerate, a little seedy & weird), where I actually won at roulette several times, then lost all but \$5 of it in machines & stuff. Then there was Utah, one of the stranger states, with giant sand-blasted rocks all over the place, forming natural arches or just sitting there, looming, I should say, by the side of the roads (all the roads) looking awesome. Everything was shades of red & brown & the whole place had an exceedingly Elsewhere feeling to it. It seemed almost nobody lived there amongst the giant stones, but as soon as they get one of those teleportation machines working right I'd like to go plant myself on the highest rocks to be grim, inaccessible & snotty in a proper setting. Till then, I think it'd be too much of a climb.

In St. Louis I saw the flooding Mississippi, which had insinuated its muddy self a couple of blocks into town. I've now seen the 'Sip twice (last year in New Orleans, ~~next year in Jerusalem~~) & both times it looked brown & messy. Maybe I should check it out when it's not misbehaving or dumping its

load at the end of a long ride. When I saw it once from a plane, I was surprised at how wide it was --- I'd expected some puny little ribbon but this was a fat stripe crawling down the country. I wonder if it ever looks blue. My picture-postcard sensibility likes water to look blue. Seems healthy, dontcha know.

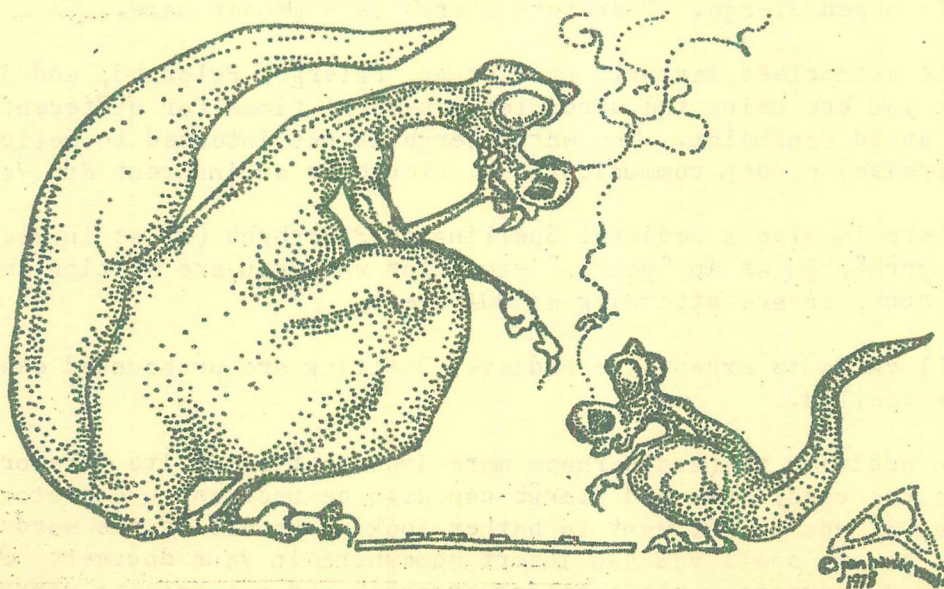
Also in St. Louis was Roger Hill, who exhibited slides from the total eclipse earlier this year. I was surprised that he found the time to take so many pictures during the Big Moments but they were great to see, & better than pictures of eclipses I've seen in magazines & stuff. He also had a collection of 3-dimensional many-sided star-shaped things made out of cardboard, giant maps with a dot for every building hung on the walls, & quite a number of ceramic frogs. I guess a lot of you don't know who he is, but that's probably okay. I don't usually know who anyone else is talking about in stuff like convention reports either.

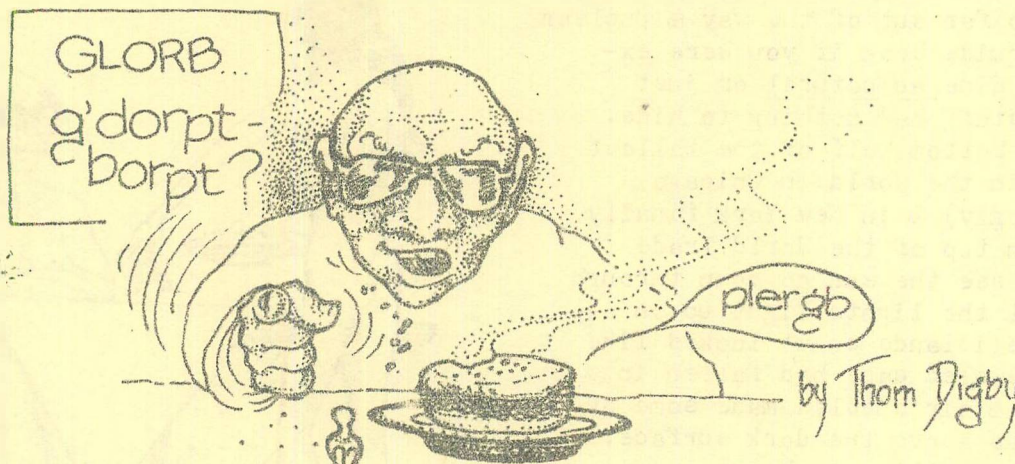
The giant silver arch by the river in St. Louis was a real thrill to see, since it turned out to be a million times bigger than it appeared it would be & it was all shiny & strange-looking & when you stood at one of the bases & looked up you could believe you were on Ringworld or something. It cost a dollar to ride up to the top inside it in little claustrophobia cars that jerked their way up the curves, but all the tickets had been sold out. After a brief interval of horror at the thought that we were going to have to miss this spectacle, our little party hit upon the idea of offering people \$10 for their tickets & hadn't walked more than 2 feet with a small sign detailing this outrageous situation when we were accosted by someone willing, nay eager, to divest himself of his ticks. I thought the whole thing was an inspirational example of how you can get anything you want for money. It's true. Anyway, the top of the arch was full of screaming kids (why do they always scream I wonder? I don't recall screaming as a child) but you could see the ~~mighty~~ Mississippi in all its rampaging splendor & the rest of St. Louis & like that.

In Kansas City I continued my search for the Best Hamburger in the World at Winstead's, recommended by Calvin Trillin & it was certainly good, but I think it has been outshone by several Los Angeles and New York productions. They might have had the best french fries in the world, though. Calvin Trillin comes from Kansas City & also believes that Arthur Bryant's, with which some of you may be familiar, is the best restaurant in the world & maybe it is if you like that stuff (barbecue) but I thought it could have been vastly improved by the addition of a small shower stall at the door so you could remove the grease & barbecue sauce (special recipe) from your person before getting back into your car for another 6-hour stint. I don't think I believe Kansas City is the gastronomic capital of the country. Later, in Philadelphia (I'm giving up all pretense at chronological presentation, you realise). Antonoff's Travelling Hamburger-Rating Service experienced the (alleged) Best Ice Cream in the World (Bassett's) & it was pretty good, though I still think I prefer Haagen Dasz, though some call it ~~tfasson~~ slimy.

Uh-oh, running out of space & I haven't even told you about how much fun it was to read LABFAPA in the car & issue verbal rebuttals which will probably never make it onto paper, lucky you. And the CB guys, who really do call women "beavers" & the women don't seem to mind a bit & all have handles like "Tender Lover" or "Candy Kisses" but seem to ignore most of

the men's requests for rendezvous at truck-stops. Another world. We passed up the nudist restaurant because it was too far out of the way & unclear from the guide book if you were expected to dine au naturel or just that the staff had nothing to hide. I saw the bottom half of the tallest building in the world in Chicago (it was foggy) & in New York finally went up on top of the World Trade Center to see the sun go down through haze & all the lights light up on all the little islands so it looked like a giant jeweled cape had fallen in the water & air bubbles made some of it stick up above the dark surface. It was just getting to be spring in N.Y. & the trees were blooming in pink & white & light green. It all looked so nice & I thought it might be fun to live here again sometime, but not now, not yet. So I drove up to Grahamsville & filled the car with all my stars & cubes & books & stuff to have them shipped to California. Many people live by no plan & things just happen to them. Why should I have thought I could decide about everything?





It seems possible that some people reading this may not be familiar with the word Plergb.

The word Plergb is sort of an all-purpose word specializing in noun uses. If you need a name for a new planet that you have discovered, or for your cat, or a new euphemism for something the existing euphemisms for have taken on bad connotations, or a word to describe a concept you can not really think about yet because you have not come up with a word for it yet, use Plergb. There is no charge for this service.

The word Plergb is always capitalized because it is the name of the word Plergb. In contrast to words like "cat" and "shoehorn" and "episcotister" which have names like "Melvin" or "Herman" or "Murgatroyd" the word Plergb is named Plergb. Therefore Plergb is a proper name.

The authorised variants of Plergb, Pglorgb, Pglorgbd, and 3keegl are for when you are using the word Plergb several times for different things and wish to avoid confusion. The word Plergb is not intended to maliciously (or otherwise) hinder communication. Plergb is an innocent Fun Word.

There is also a Medieval Spelling of Plyrrhghb (Pl as in Plergb, yrrh as in "myrrh", gh as in "ghost," etc.) for when you are writing Shakespeare or some such, or are attending an SCA event.

All variants except the Medieval Spelling are pronounced exactly as they are spelled.

In addition to (and perhaps more important than) its more or less conventional uses, the word Plergb can also be used as an operator. For instance, if you do not want to bother looking up all of the words you do not know how to spell you can insert somewhere in your document "Plergb (defined as correcting all spelling errors)" and not have to worry about being thought ignorant. It can also be used for such things as making poor

repro better or small type larger and more readable. This is limited only by your imagination.

Plergb may also be used as a minus word. For example, if you define Plergb as equal to minus "and _____ and catfish" then inserting the phrase "and Plergb and catfish" will have no effect because you have a plus and a minus "and _____ and catfish" and they cancel. Just be certain that you count the spaces correctly. You can also define Plergb as minus all of the dirty parts of a porno book to get it past customs or minus all of the secrets in some classified document that you want to publish. Etc.

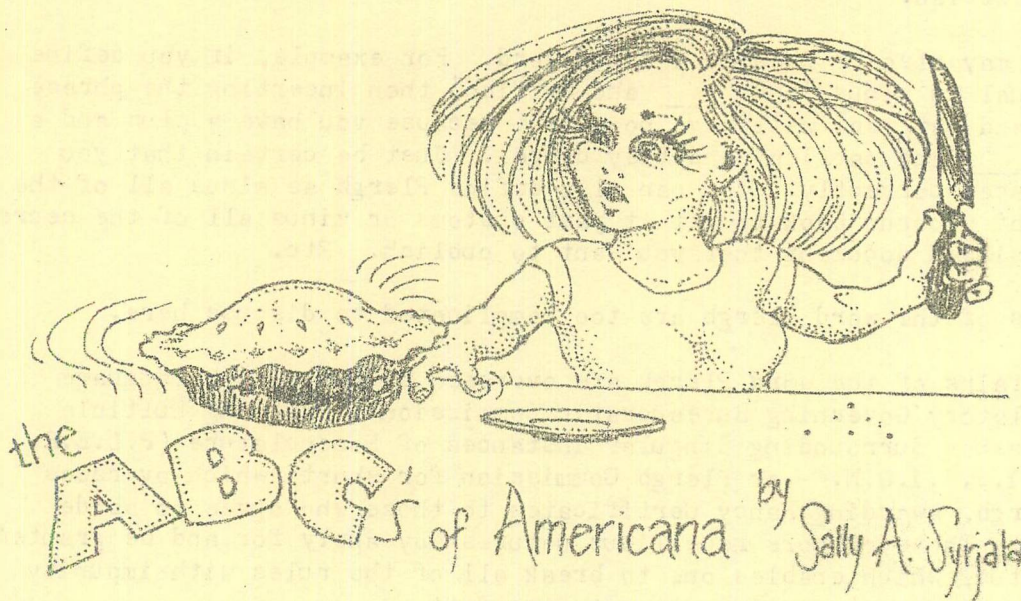
Plurals of the word Plergb are too complicated to discuss here.

The affairs of the word Plergb are overseen by the Plergb Language Entropy Regulatory Governing Bureaucratic Commission Overseeing Multiple Managerial Issues Surrounding Singular Instances of Nomenclature (P.L.E.R. G.B.C.O.M.M.I.3.3.I.O.N. - or Plergb Commission for short) which oversees the word Plergb, awarding Fancy Certificates to those who agree to abide by the rules. Those of more rebellious natures may apply for and be granted Renegade Status, which enables one to break all of the rules with impunity but does not allow one's actions to set precedent.

Violators (other than Renegades) are supposed to be subject to the standard Plergb penalty of dunking in rancid yak fat, but the revenues from the word Plergb are such that the budget will allow only the issuance of yak fat certificates.

The Official Question of the Plergb Commission is "Glorb g'dorpt-borpt?" The answer is "Plergb."

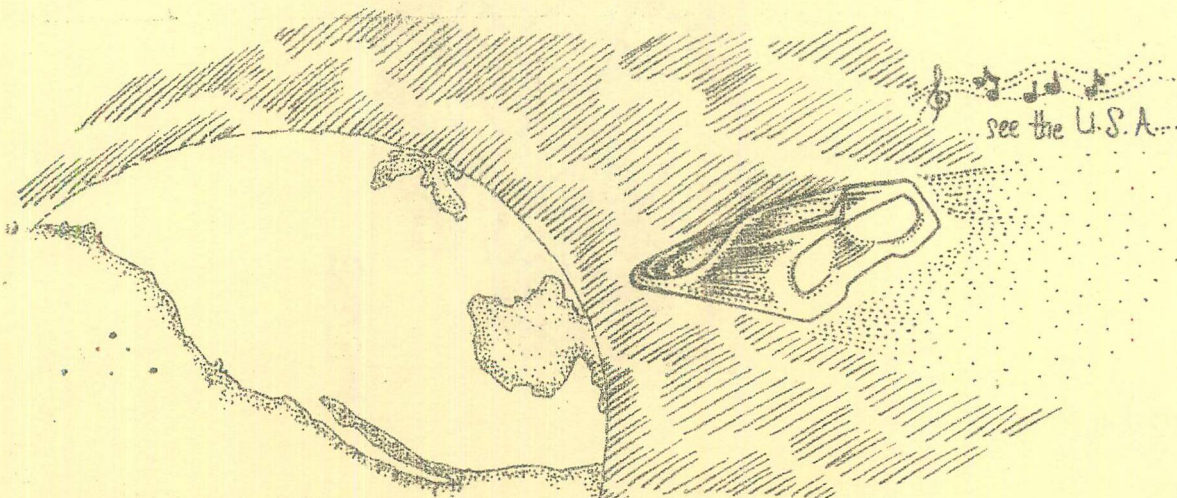




Baseball, apple pie and Chevrolet. These are the ABC's we are given to symbolize the Americana as we have come to know it. Are these very embodiments of the American Way in danger?

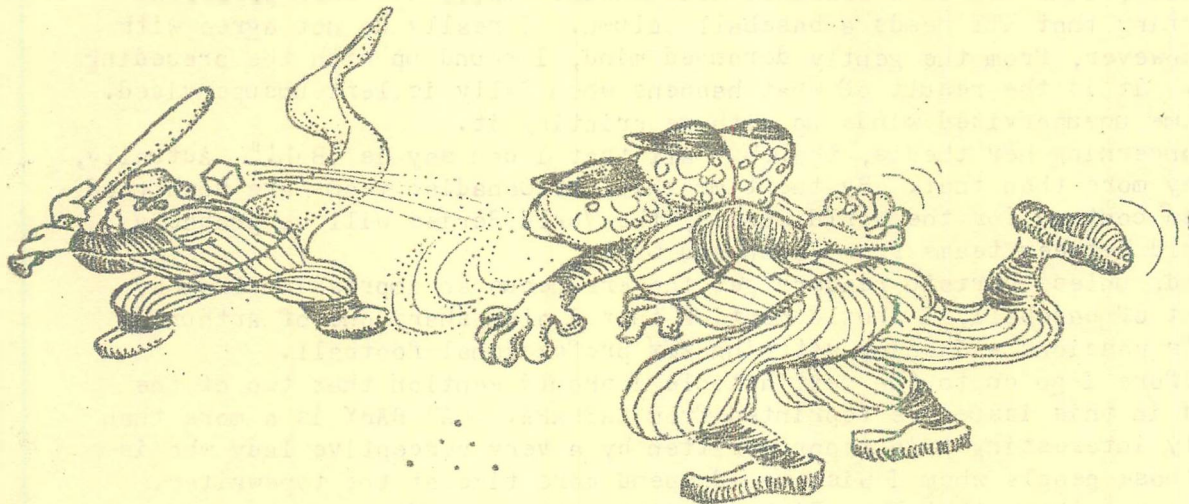
First we have the gradual wearing away of the apple pie Mom baked. More and more we are coming to obtain this commodity from the supermarket freezer compartment areas. Tasting this rendition of the fare is enough to cause it to sink into disfavour, as well as the bottom of the stomach. Yes, we have trouble right here at the very start of the Americana alphabet.

Chevrolets -- why Ralph Nader let us know one of their kind, the Corvair, was "unsafe at any speed." Is nothing sacred in the land? This would have seemed to be the burning of the last sacred cow upon the altar of disrespect. To think Mom's apple pie was being transformed into that of Mrs. Smith and other of her revolutionary bent and then suspicion was cast upon the car of the country - the Chevrolet! Could anything else happen after this sacrilege?



Of course, you realize the answer shall be yes. This blaspheme would occur within the key element of the equation. Yes, even the element of baseball is not immune to these forces of ill. This institution of baseball has always been an American happening. Why, it has even seen anti-trust hearings held concerning its structure within our capitol city of Washington, D.C.!

Now there is a chance this great American Classic may become something other than that of which we have had many a page of legend spun. There have been the subway series of old. However, never did the BART series emerge. With the ever-westward migration of the populace of the country, this would have seemed a natural step in the evolutionary process.



No, something more dire and sinister is what fate has decreed should hang like a sword over our heads --- There is a chance that there might be a World Series where the two clubs would not be American clubs. They would be Canadian clubs and this would serve to mix up the game as it has never been before!

Everyone knows America does not mean the hemisphere, but only a single country occupying space within that region of the globe. Therefore, the idea of a non-Star-Spangled-Banner Series staggers the imagination.

Montreal has a National League baseball team. Toronto has an American League baseball club. It is conceivable that these two teams could win their respective league titles and then we would have the Canadian Classic, instead of the American Classic. How dire a circumstance!

Not only that, but this would signify a civil war within the land known as Canada. Not only would these be two Canadian teams, but they would represent the factions of Toronto and its English speaking masses against those of Montreal and their French-Canadian speaking peoples. Indeed, the body shudders to think what a confrontation might ensue. Why, the people might learn that language does not make that much of a difference as the universal language of baseball would be that spoken!

We must learn to guard that which is Americana more closely. Already these first disintegrations are beginning to take place. We must relearn the creed that is America -- Baseball, apple pie and Chevrolet. So drive your Chevrolet to the baseball park and whilst there consume copious amounts of both hot dogs and apple pie. It is the only way to keep the American Way alive. Do your fair share!

My original intention for this issue was to provide prologues to the various articles (where appropriate) - not epilogues. However, the way that the issue began to lay itself out precluded me from following that format consistently throughout the whole issue. It seems, you see, that there are a few things that I would like to write about that which Sally has written, and this is the place where these things are going to be said. So be it.

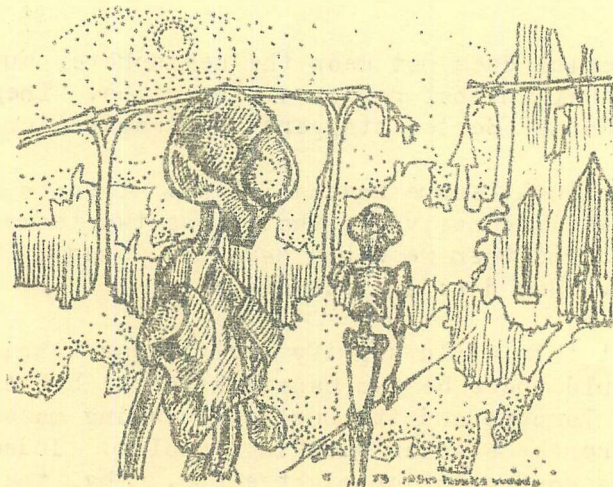
Sally, like me, is a baseball aficionado. Sally has been ~~insisting~~ insisting that HTT needs a baseball column. I really do not agree with that; however, from the gently deranged mind, I wound up with the preceding article. It is the result of what happens when Sally is left unsupervised. Leaving me unsupervised winds up with me printing it.

Concerning her thesis, though - all that I can say is "Bah!" Actually, I can say more than that. By the time that the Canadian teams are both good enough to contend for the World Series, the World Series will be probably being held between teams from Japan and Cuba.

And, unless certain readers get too erroneous an impression from my enjoyment of baseball, I should mention that I also share one of Arthur Hlavaty's passions - I enjoy watching ~~xxx~~ professional football.

Before I go on to the next article I should mention that two of the articles in this issue are reprinted from LASFAPA. CAR BABY is a more than averagely interesting trip report written by a very perceptive lady who is one of those people whom I wish would spend more time at the typewriter. PLERGB is something that Thom Digby rewrites every so often - each time making it more and more condensed. Inevitably, it winds up in one or another of his APazines. The version that I have presented is his latest rewrite.

Well, I think that I will slip one of Joan's illos into the space below and then start the last article on the next page.



BEWARE OF TROOLS



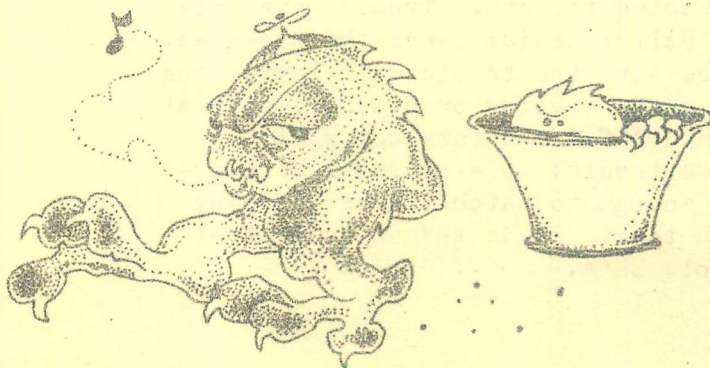
by Nicki Lynch

Do you find that the LoCs that were already to be put on stencil have vanished, no matter how hard you look and no matter how carefully they are put away? Do you discover that the APA for which you must get a six page zine done in less than a week to keep you place on the roster has disappeared after lying for WEEKS on the coffee table? If you do, you have trools.

Yes, trools. Trools are small beings that invade a fan editor's life to make it miserable. Trools eat LoCs (with bagels and cream cheese), the APA with the closest deadline and cheap cole and bheer. Trools also have the habit of using zines, the one you wish to LoC realsoonnow, to build a warm nest.

Trools spread from one fan to another on old fanzines. The most popular way is when a fan trades his or her zines locally. Trools hate to fly, so they do not come in the mail with fannish mail.

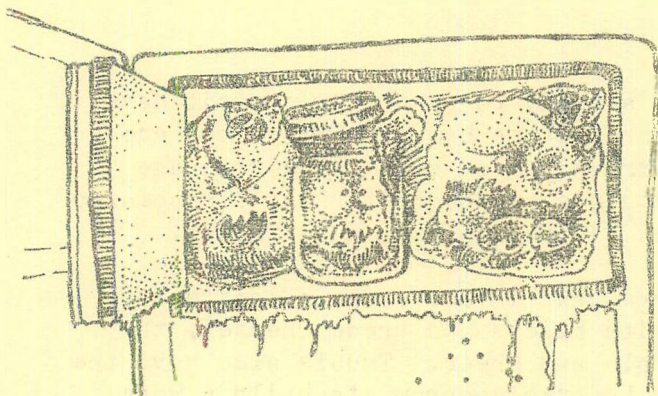
Trools are also all male and asexual. They reproduce by mimeography, which is why fans with dittos and fans who have others do their printing have less trouble with trools than fans who have mimeos. It is the smell of fresh mimeo ink that attracts them initially. Trools have been known to move in the same night that a fan brings home a new or used mimeo. Strangely enough trools often come with the mimeo, like an extra feature. This may explain 'Murphy's Laws'. Mimeos were originally used in offices before the photocopier came into use. Apparently, trools were first attracted to businesses and were moved into fandom when



business declined in their use of mimeos and fans increased in their use of mimeos. (Trools must still live in office machines, but are poor relations to the fan trools.)

Trools must have discovered fandom when a fan used the office machine, a mimeo at that time, to do fanac. Upon discovering how tasty fan writing is, trools left the comfort of the office to invade the omes of fans. Their poorer cousins were left to carry on the 'original business', so to speak.

So now you know that you have trools, now what? Well, one friend spends one day a month catching trools and bagging them in plastic bags for the garbage men. Whilst this does stop the problem for a while, she still has to be on the watch constantly. See, trools also have a homing instinct. Yes, they are homing trools, so it does not matter if you throw them out in the garbage, they will return.

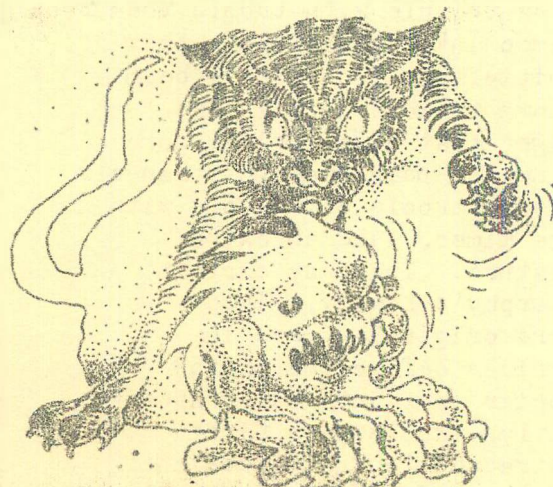


Another method is to catch them in a Mason Jar and put it in the freezer. This doesn't kill the trool, but will keep it from reproducing and eating your zines. The only drawback is that what do you do with a freezer full of trools? They are inedible and very mad when unthawed.

The only way is to get rid of trools permanently. One sure method is to clean up your zine collection and file EVERYTHING. Trools hate cleanliness. They will be

so angry that you have disturbed their happy home that they will hide for weeks. If you do a good enough job, they will head for the nearest office, or fan pubber, and never return. Being lazy, trools will not take the time to find the zines and LoCs you filed.

One of the most popular fannish ways to rid a house of trools is to get a cat (or qat). This may explain why so many fans have cats and are so attracted to cats. Trools hate cats and will likewise leave the premises. To be sure the trools will leave, the cat must be young or playful, at best both. A fat and lazy cat will not scare trools; the cat must be playful enough to catch trools and play with them. It is this playing that trools hate.



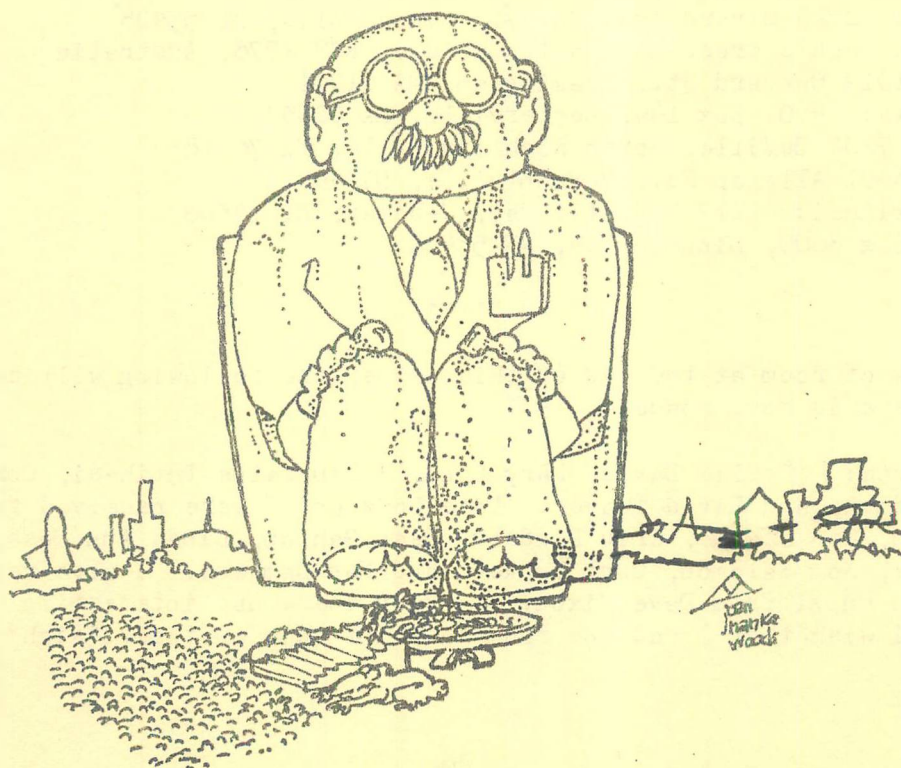
If the trools have truly taken over your place and only the most drastic of measures must be taken, you can use the most powerful weapon known to fandom on trools. A fan's mother (preferably your own, but a friend's will do in a pinch. The friend must be a fan, however.) is the weapon. The longer your mother stays, the more trools will leave. Trools will crawl into a hole and not come out for weeks the minute a fan's mother walks across the threshold. Whilst no reason is known for this, the most reasonable guess is that she has a scent of cleanliness and order about her and it is that which causes the reaction in trools. If the fan's mother is/was a fan the effect is diluted, but not much. After a week of having your mother visiting, trools should be under control for a very long time.

Fandom has been warned. Trools are rampant in fandom and likely will continue to be so until we all become more diligent in our efforts to stop them. So, file your zines, LoC zines before they have the chill of the day off them, get a cat, or invite your mom for a month's vacation. Beware, know who you are getting your zines from, trools are waiting to take over your house.

(Special thanks to A.J. Bridget for her discovery of trools and some of their habits. Without her efforts, this article would not have been possible.)

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Such endeth the articles for this issue. On the next several pages I shall be presenting more of Joan's work. After that, the LoC Ness Monster. Enjoy.





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\*\*\*\*\*

Because of lack of room at the end of this issue, the following will be put here, where there is some space.

I also Heard from: Leslie David, Mary Long, R Laurraine Tutihasi, Curt Tuckey, Ben Indick, and David Thayer. Late LoCs on #2 were received from Paula Lieberman, Ken Ozanne, Eric Lindsay, Dean Gahlon, Linda Ann Moss, Georges Giguere, Ron Salomon, Curt Tuckey, and Nan Lambert. I also received a VERY late LoC on #1 from Dave Wixon. Many of these had interesting material in them - I wish that I had the room to print some of them. \*sigh\*





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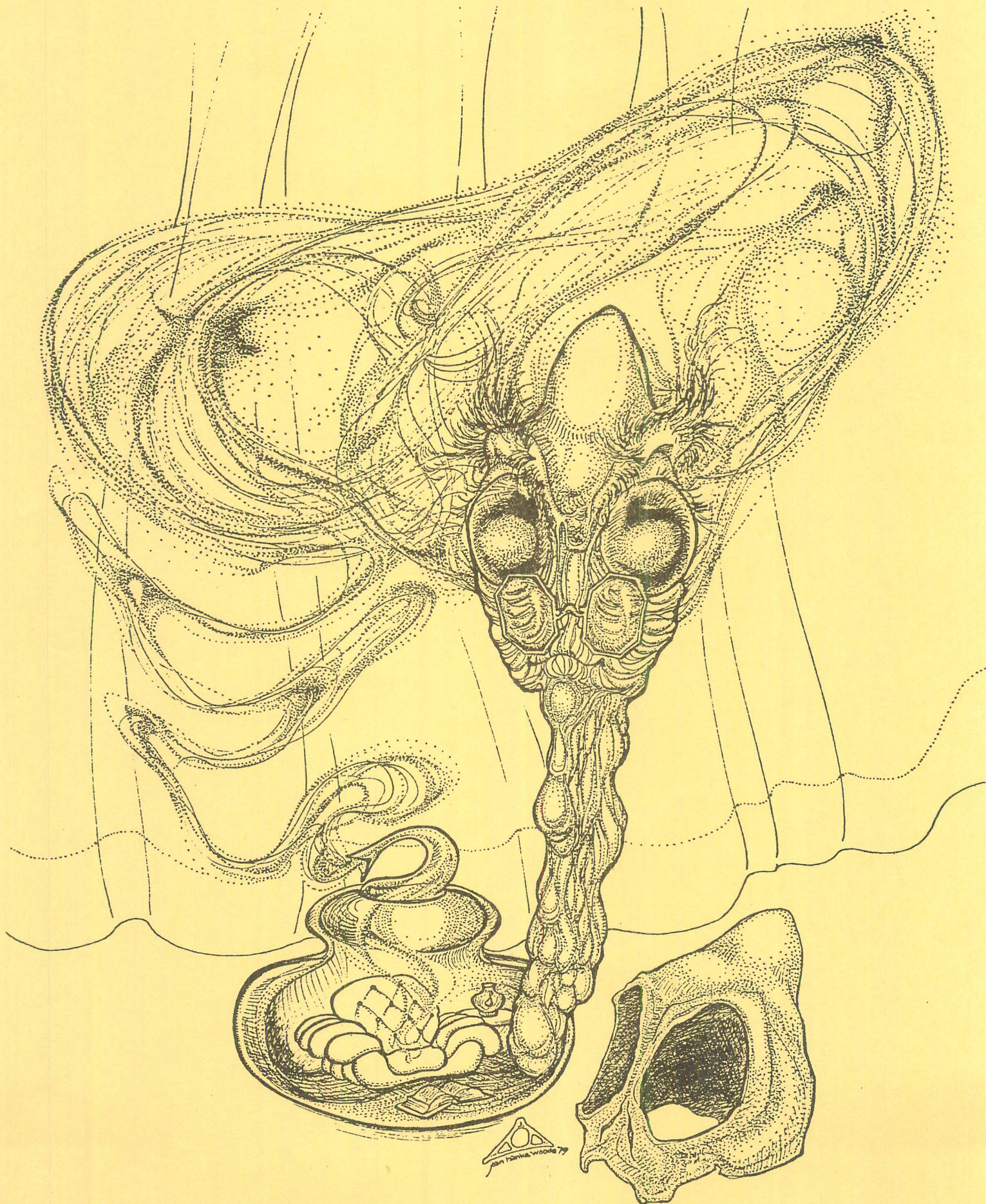


need a fix?







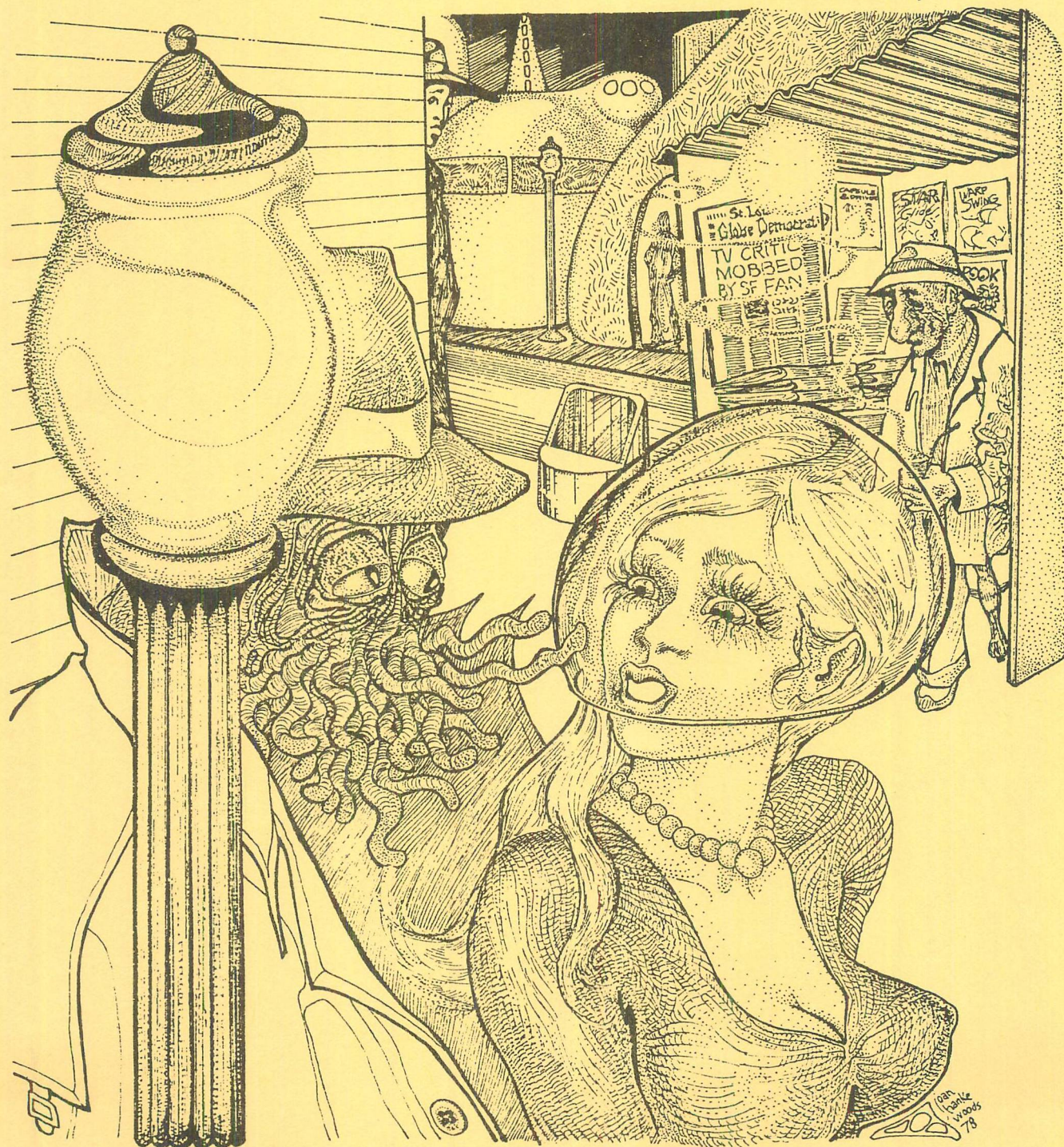








featuring  
**YOURS  
TRULY**  
by Robert  
Bloch









# THE LOC NESS MONSTER

... why not take an out-of-towner to lunch?









VALERIA BEASLEY

HOLIER THAN THOU #3 arrived. (Yes, I noticed the SCIENTIFRICTION #11 that fell out of the same envelope. Now, love, who was I supposed to send the LoC on that to? Since I owed Glycer \$2 anyway, I sent to him. If you want a comparison LoC, ask...) (Oh, finally found the explanation - since when am I on Glycer's mailing list for STFR?)

/\* Weird are the ways of some faneds - for all that I know, Glycer might have put a copy of STFR in the envelope because he liked the name of the street on which you live. \*/

Um...about the cover. I liked the last cover better. This one didn't seem to have much of a reason to it... or rather what the artist was trying to do wasn't clear. I'm assuming that the calves that look skinned are just supposed to be hairy...

/\* Actually, those are carrots that are on the backs of the legs growing. \*/

Glad to hear that you'll not be planning to cut the lettercolumn any... particularly now that you've started limiting yourself in responses. (Not that much in total, but this is better.)

/\* And would not you know that I start out the lettercol, this time, with a letter in which I have more interpolations than most for this issue. \*sigh\* Despite what some people may think, I do quite a bit of pruning of the letters that I receive. I do, though, leave in more of the letters than do many other faneds as I believe that this extra material helps to capture the flavour of the letters (despite my interruptions), giving more character to the letter writers. This does lead to some redundancy in commentary by the letter writers, but this does not bother me. \*/

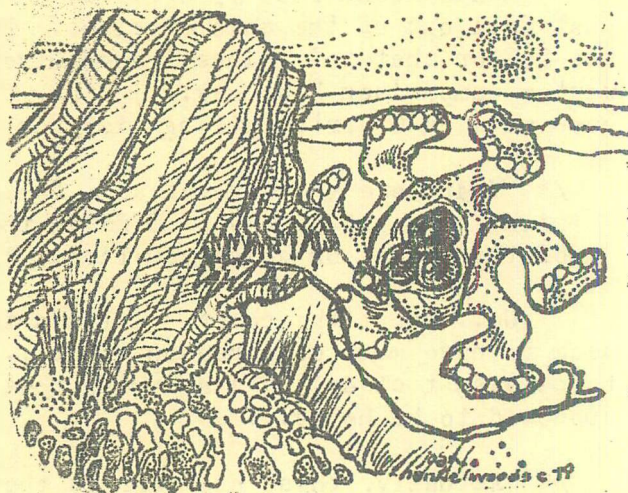
I think that perhaps you missed Franson's point about writers switching from genzines to apazines. They do... and while many APAns talk about "real" writing, quite a few don't go back; some I'm sure because the feed-back is much more direct in an APA.

/\* Feedback may be more direct in APAs with schedules faster than quarterly; however, I believe that my letter column policy provides quite a bit of feedback. That which I have just said misses the point of what you have just written; however, I wanted to make that point. Anyway, I have reread Franson's letter and my reply to it - and I do not see that I have his point missed. Of course, at this point I am very tired. Onward. \*/

(Hell, with respect to the last fanzine article I wrote -- with the exception of a note from the editor, all comments have been through an APA. Sure, I write differently for each format, but I don't really have to... I chose to. In an APA, I have the luxury of not having to be completely accurate. If I make a mistake I can correct it prospectively... or listen as 49 other people tell me where I screwed up. In an APA I can denounce the world one mailing... and rejoice it in the next. In an APA I can watch myself grow bit by bit each mailing. With a fanzine I have to worry about time-locking myself. Particularly if the contribution is one-shot in nature. I'm still



leery of a piece of "art" I did since  
 1) I don't remember doing it; 2) don't  
 have a copy of the fanzine; 3) never  
 heard of the fmz - let alone who  
 pubbed it; & 4) all I've got is a LoC  
 on it. And I have to deal with strange  
 reactions at cons. 'Tis very strange.  
 At one con, someone kept paging a  
 faned who was supposed to be in atten-  
 dance. Well, everytime he paged, more  
 people showed up at the top of the  
 escalator looking for the faned.  
 Finally I thought to ask who was who ...  
 after all, you never know if it's  
 someone you've heard of. I revealed my  
 identity and one kid backed off... I was  
 smart enough to take a "pro" comment as  
 a compliment, "you're nothing like what  
 I pictured you to be..." After all, I  
 remembered the LoCs I'd written! It's  
 kind of weird listening to some neo-APAs  
 unless a person is in the APA they belong  
 to, they've never heard of them. People disappear into APAs... unless it's  
 current, they don't know of fanzine accomplishments. I've received letters  
 from friends who become astounded when a faned laments someone's gafiation...  
 and the person is "alive" and well in this or that APA. And then there are  
 people like me who keep to the APAs... and become surprised when we find the  
 names of APAs in an annual something or other or a ballot. Oh. They do  
 something besides APAzines? ((Silliest moments of "truth" are the fans who  
 overlap fandoms. Dirty laundry lists are being done, with people admitting to  
 things like belonging to Star Trek fandom... one friend asked me recently  
 why he had never heard of me prior to my joining an APA he belonged to...)))



Oh, and the proper word for "diarrhea of typer" and the like is logorrhea.  
 (Good example for me is the above paragraph.) (Good example for a friend was  
 his running his phone bills for the previous five years through the APA...and  
 even then it wasn't that much of his 'zine...)

Re age and time in fandom. I recently discovered "a trusted name in  
 fandom" was only 27. One cohort coughed and sighed, "Shit, he's been in  
 fandom since he was 2!" Besides, you at least admit your age. A couple of  
 years ago a fairly neoish fanzine came out and everyone assumed that the neo  
 was about 17 due to the "kinky" sex references in one story. The guy was in  
 his forties and pubbing under a pseudonym for fear that he'd lose his job  
 as an English teacher if the school board found out about the zine. (Appar-  
 ently no more, he moved and is living off of the 17 year olds who like kinky  
 sex stories reproed on a cheapo photocopier. At least that's what I heard.)

(Yeah, I'm reading the zine back to front, dunno why: I think the poker  
 game intimidated me. If I ever visit the LASF3 clubhouse remind me to bring  
 a very long book. Like Ayn Rand.)

/\* If you visit the LASF3 clubhouse during the Thursday night meet-  
 ings you will not have time to be reading anything (unless your name is  
 Fred Patten). Usual attendance is between 100-140 people -- and no card  
 games are played. If that amount of fans are not enough to keep you occu-  
 pied, we do have a rather large library on the premises. \*/



I liked the illo that accompanied the Glycer piece, and agree with Glycer that perhaps you should lay off with the after-the-article commentary. "Good" writers try and end on a strong note, Glycer included--\*zap\* one dissenting comment before the lettercol and goodbye thunder.

/\* Your comment noted. Please note that I am now stealing the article writers thunder by writing intros to each piece (except in one place) - and letting them have the last word by not having an after-the-article commentary. As you may have noted, though, I have never learned to shut up. \*/

Last thoughts. Personally, I think we should be able to live with less power. Tacky illo award goes to the Superman cartoon. Favourite illos: Garrett. And I'm falling asleep and I've got an 8-pg w1 zine to do.

RON SALOMON

My feelings by now should be well known - I like long lettercols, but not totally unedited LoCs. Sure, come out in the giant economy size, but avoid the dreaded filler article. And it would be nice if you could stick to a quarterly schedule (get it? sticky-quarter(ly)? I may be bad but I'm not evil).



Poker, whether LASFS variations or not, has not interested me since I stopped playing it 15 or more years ago when I was a mere callow youth. Well, callow anyways. So that takes care of nattering 'bout those 8 pages, 'cept to say I did like the game names which were good for a few chuckles. Is card playing that popular a pasttime in the population of fandom? "Sunburn" was merely o.k. Around here the last bumper crop of puffballs was in '77. I've never tasted any, not having yet checked to find out if they are kosher.

I am interested in a LA in '84 bid, what with Donald Duck's 50th birthday - and how old will LASFS be then?

/\* There is a bid for LA in '84. And if you were to hear a LASFS meeting you would find it appropriate that the LASFS is exactly as old as Donald Duck. ~~They sound alike!~~



It will be only a short time until the Peking Worldcon bid is heard from, if Nicki Lynch is right. But the best bit was Mike Glycer's article, "How To Get Power in Fandom." I'm sure safety features can be greatly enhanced in nuclear power plants, but I wouldn't want to shut them all down and lose 16% of my electricity. Many of the anti-nuke people act like latter-day Luddites, and are blatantly anti-technology. I just hope we hang in there long enough to get fusion and other renewable natural energy sources.

I wholeheartedly agree with you, Marty, in your remarks to Sheldon Teitelbaum. I would feel uneasy and very vulnerable were all Jews to be found living in a small land area, what with the spectre of the Final Solution still hovering in the background.

Yes, keep listing loccers in the ToC, it is a handy-dandy device. It is a very good idea to stuff 2 fanzines in one envelope. I officially approve and endorse the idea. More zinish co-mingling is good for the pocketbook, and to Hades with the USPS.

DONALD FRANSON

HTT is interesting, it's like an APA without having to belong to one, and make contributions.

ADRIENNE FEIN

I was going to say that I didn't have a typer handy, so you would have to excuse a hand-printed loc. But the lined paper was even less handy than the typer. (I expect to see a Teddy Harvia Dexter Typewriter a few issues from now...)

You asked me for a contribution in some semblance of the English language. That was a mistake. Only the fact that I know you do ditto and mimeo and like that, as opposed to Xerox or offset printing, saved you from getting a really neat article in Latin, done in gothic calligraphy. (If you can e-stencil this for an illustration, and you are crazy enough to want it, let me know.)

/\* There is some photo-offset work in here (the covers and the full page art from Joan); however, as I cannot afford to print a whole zine photo-offset, my preferred repro method is mimeo. I once did own a ditto machine on which I even did some multi-colour illos. However, as I really do not like ditto, I sold the machine to APA-L. \* As I seem to need a minimum of four hands to get a full page e-stencil







onto the silk screen, I would have to photo-offset your proposed article. So go ahead and send it. \*/

I do not play poker, & those LASFS games sound as strange as Fizzbin. I enjoyed the giant fried puffball story. (Please be careful typing that. I do not want people to read that I like fried puffballs -- oh well, I do not have a front porch. That I do have is a telephone that rings at strange times.)

I must say, you picked an interesting place to announce that you were dedicating the issue to Arthur the fanartist! I agree that Arthur's art is fully putrid enough for your zine.

I have a few heckler's comments on Power in Fandom. I should say that I support Fan Power -- I have mine on now -- I got mad at Con Ed & the air-conditioner people & the builder & -- I stopped using air-conditioning. After spending

two days defrosting the freezer, though, I would probably use a frost-free if it were possible.

It should perhaps be pointed out that the nuclear industry has a LOUSY traffic safety record. I should also be pointed out that people don't necessarily die immediately from exposure to radiation. Neither do they die immediately from "Brown Lung" either; J.P. Stevens & the textile industry don't do so well with worker safety.

A group I belong to recently heard an interesting talk by a radiation expert working with the state dept. of health. Not only does the technician wear a lead apron when you get an x-ray, but the machine should have a little sticker on it showing that it has been recently inspected by the Dept. of Health (at least in NY State) and one of the things they check is that the x-ray beam is focused narrowly enough. Seems that if only a tiny part of the body is exposed (as in cancer therapy as well as diagnostic x-rays) the result is different from that of whole-body exposure. Whole-body radiation exposure is much more dangerous. In fact I got the impression that the amount of radiation you get from a chest x-ray is MUCH more dangerous if your whole body is exposed. Chest x-rays are not 100% safe. Incidentally, not only does it take 20 years for some radiation effects to develop, but radiation is a lot more dangerous for children than for adults. Partly, I assume, because dosage is in proportion to body size -- but also radiation attacks dividing cells especially. The greatest risk, of course, therefore, is to unborn babies, and then newborn babies.



/\* Maybe we should pass a law, then, making it mandatory for children to grow up near nuclear reactor sites. I have a distaste for those little buggers. \*/

The business execs in CHINA SYNDROME said Jack Godell was crazy which proved the nuclear power plant was safe. I'm surprised one of the newsies there didn't say (surely they would in Real Life): "So howcum you have a flaming lunatic in charge of the reactor?" "Astronomical odds against" doesn't mean it won't happen. In fact, I seem to recall reading that the odds against any given sperm and egg (human) combining are astronomical - yet, here we are. People do occasionally win big at Vegas, and etc. In fact, a report on our local nuke, Indian Point, says that some of the "parts" of the overall accident at TMI have happened at Indian Point.

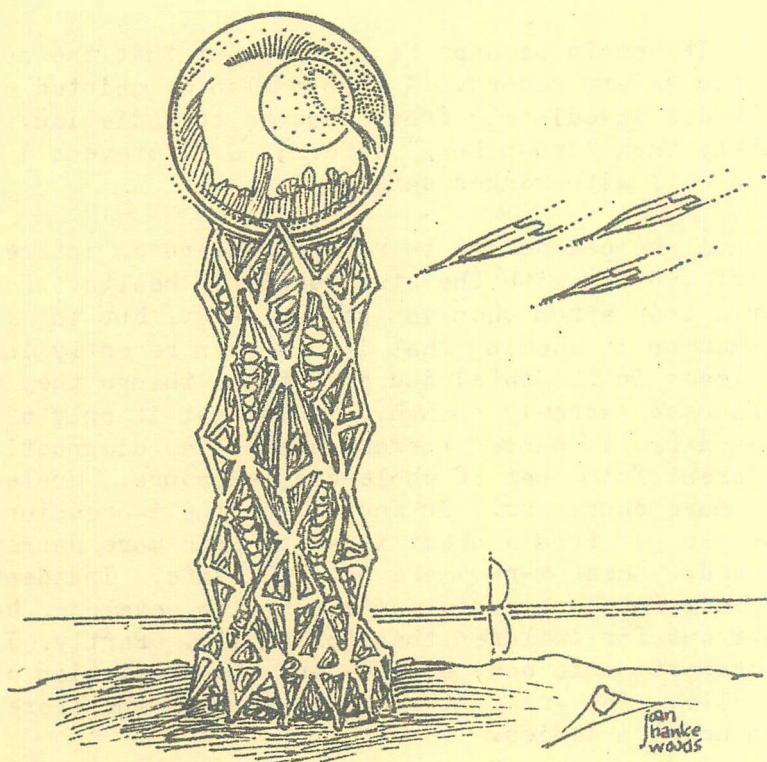
/\* -From several sources I have gotten the impression that TMI can be used as an argument that nuclear technology is safe. The point here is that human sloppiness was so bad that a meltdown could have occurred weeks earlier - and did not because of the overall good design and redundancy in the systems. According to this argument the big problem is a training, supervisory, inspection and checking of personnel problem - not a problem with equipment - and this is relatively easy of solving. \*/

It seems to me Sheldon Teitlebaum's letter isn't long on logic; it is possible that if there is another war Israel will not survive. Is survival guaranteed in Israel much more than it is in the United States? Is Sheldon confusing personal survival & cultural survival? I'm in favour of both. But I don't feel Sheldon has logically convinced me of anything.

Luke McGuff will be sorry when he gets on a bus and is greeted by a large flying vagina with wings, tongue, and teeth -- which starts feeling him up, and when he protests, says, "But I feel terrific!"

Re. Nicki Lynch's & Laurie Mann's locs, are we going to do "Never end a sentence with a preposition - that is the sort of nonsense up with which I will not put" jokes?

The most putrid story I've heard lately was from the NY State Health Dept., off the record:







Seems a woman is suing a microwave company for damages, claiming one injured her.

She washed her poodle, and wanted to dry it quickly. She put it in the microwave.

It exploded.

Seeing it explode, she had a heart attack.

So she is suing, because the microwave caused her to have a heart attack, or something like that...

~~~~~

JIM MEADOWS

The most interesting piece in HTT #3 was Mike Glycer's strawman nuclear debate. As to your comments...yes, there are lots of people with anti-technology attitudes who oppose nuclear expansion. But a guilt-by-association angle like that doesn't solve the problem, any more than noting that many pro-nuke people are very pro-big-expensive-technology-in-general. As long as we have both these attitudes dominating the question, neither trusting the other, it's going to be tough to find out the safest, wisest, and most productive way

of dealing with nuclear energy. Find that best way is not helped by subtle name-calling.

/* Usually, when I am name-calling, I find that subtlety gets in the way of the fun. */

~~~~~

### BARNEY NEUFELD

Your editorial is enough to give one second thoughts about pubbing a fanzine. (Not that I was entertaining first thoughts, you unnerstan'. There are easier ways to feed one's masochism.) I'm glad to see that you want HTT to continue expanding, and I'll try to do my part to help you.

Glicksohn should really enjoy "The

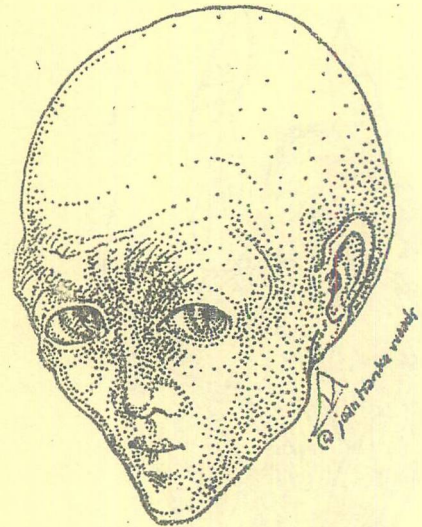




~~Poker's~~ Newcomer's Guide to LASFS Poker." Even I did; and poker is a game I refuse to play. How anyone can trust his life (and wallet) to a mere 5 cards is beyond me. (Give me the good old game of Bridge. At least you have half the deck to depend on.)

/\* Oh? Do you usually only play with only half a deck? \*/

Yes, nuclear power. We do need it, at least in places like my home part of the Midwest, where the sun is as dependable as the anti-inflation program. Thus, I too am disturbed by the blind prejudice against it. I am certainly not fool enough to say that there are no problems with nuclear power. Nor, that the problems are not serious ones. I am, however, confident that we can solve them - if we are given the proper encouragement and atmosphere. (An atmosphere of rage, suspicion, and knee-jerk distrust is not a proper one.) I really don't want to have to answer the question: 'Where were you when the lights went out?'



...poker face...

Emotionally, I am inclined toward both your and Sheldon's view of the Israeli question. Israel does need the skills and talents of the Diasporan Jew. She, also, needs his support. But, it should be a support: freely given, not commanded. Israel does, I think, have a right to be concerned that so many of her "nationals" choose to live elsewhere. (I know, I am using that term very loosely, and probably incorrectly, here.) But, I think she must - and ultimately will - accept that not everyone wishes to live "at home." I do not think that Sheldon was actually saying that only in Israel is a Jew a Jew, or that those of us outside Israel are second-class citizens. I can see where such an interpretation might arise: given what the Israelis have managed to accomplish, I'm willing to concede they have a right to be somewhat arrogant (in Seth Goldberg's sense of the word). But, I can't take the attitude stated at the beginning of this paragraph seriously.

A LoC from Suzi Stefl. You rate.

If one can't read HTT in the light of day, what light do you suggest? The Silvery Moon? (Or is that too hairy?)

Your suggestion to Bernadette Bosky is truly gross. But, I really shouldn't be too surprised by it. After all, I know the Army uses this sort of protein supplement in its Mess Halls. (I once watched the cook hand the man ahead of me in line a slice of meatloaf out of the middle of which he'd just flicked half of a cooked-in bug. Needless to say, I found a more palatable source of dinner post-haste.)

/\* What??? And you just let a perfectly good other half of that bug go to waste. (People should not get the impression that they should be to me sending bugs - my porch is already full of snow.) \*/





TARAL WAYNE MACDONALD

Gee I coulda swore I had something to say about the third issue, but now it's tomorrow already, and sitting at the typer I can hardly think of a thing. True, I could make endless rebuttals to people - for instance, I could tell Sheldon Teitelbaum that if freedom is not his highest priority then the only difference between Israel and Nazi Germany is that one does not burn Jews, and that's all - I could argue about your throw-away comment about screwy Libertarians since your understanding of the philosophy is as poor as that of most Libertarians - I could complain that Glycer's evaluation of the dangers and advantages of nuclear energy was astoundingly vague, and as an intelligent discussion of the choices it was hampered by form - and I could disagree with you endlessly - but what would be the point.

Although in causal conversation I don't mind exchanging views and opinions, this sort of writing always struck me as too ephemeral in print. Five minutes after reading a letter column I often forget who holds what beliefs unless someone has made a truly brilliant point or the person is already someone whose opinions count to me. Moreover there are always more of You than of Me, so that no matter if I researched my opinion and backed it up with facts, I feel as if it would have no more impact on the readers than anyone else's. You see, I have this theory that most fans aren't interested in the issue, that all they really want is to know what you think. I could think almost any old thing and equally satisfy the voyeuristic urge of many fen. This, to me, is no way to carry on an intelligent conversation. As a result I generally do not run on in letters intended for publication unless I have a distinct message to convey (albeit may be humour or personal and not didactic).



/\* I see nothing wrong in using the lettercol as a means of exchanging views and opinions, the goal of which is for the participants to tell the rest of us more about themselves. Things like this go on constantly in APAs - and maybe this is why Donald Franzon considers HTT to be something like an APA. You must remember that my past fanac has been mostly in APAs, and I like that form of communication. I edit the letters with an eye toward bringing out (wherever possible) the people who are writing the letters. Ideas are fine, but I like the ideas to be textured by giving some depth to the people expressing them. Ergo, the letters are very carefully - and sparingly (in most instances) edited. \*/

In any case, although HTT #1 carried some promise, the third issue is if anything worse than the second. Your choice of Pelz's tedious list of rules was not well founded. In a better balanced zine, "LASFS Poker" might have been a suitable specialty item to please a minority of readers, but it was effectively your lead article, and not at all suited for such eminence. Your editorial interpolations in the lettercol are growing at an exponential rate, and soon will crowd out the letters entirely. Already you match them nearly word for word, and since the eye tends to skip over symbols of the sort you use to distinguish your asides, they soon become confused with the letter.

/\* Both you and Brian Earl Brown are in what seem to be a minority who believe that HTT is progressing backwards in quality. Most of those who have commented on the matter seem to disagree with you. There are several things in HTT about which I am unhappy; however, I am gradually learning about this medium of expression, and I do feel that the issues are getting better. \* Brian also complained about the Pelz "LASFS Poker" article; yet he lavishly praised the article about LASFS Poker players that was pubbed in SCIENTIFRICTION #11. Considering the fact that STFR #11 was mailed in the same envelope as was HTT #3 (and could therefore be considered a companion issue), one could almost accuse Brian of being interested only in people, and not that which they were doing. I mean, the LASFS Poker players described in STFR #11 were playing LASFS Poker described in HTT #3. Oh, well. \*sigh\* \*/

On the whole, the appearance of HTT has improved a little. The colour mimeography through the issue adds a touch of sophistication, and the Gillilands and Garrett illos rise above the shit-level of some of the other art. (Appearances may be secondary to the content of a fanzine, but there is no excuse for choosing to print poor art instead of plain text.) Unfortunately my favourite parts of HTT #3 included only two short sections of letter, including Gary Deindorfer's, in which he complains about the mediocrity of your zine. Gary had never stood out in my mind as a "personality" before, but he has just by that letter acquired enough characteristics for me to remember the name. He left out only one condemnation. Besides mediocrity, HTT #3 is best distinguished as "childish", and this is mostly your work though many of your letter writers have contributed selflessly. (The other letter I liked was Joan Hanke-Woods, which though prurient was humourous.)

Okay, by now you're pletny pissed off at me, but nevertheless I'd like to get HTT #4 to see about the promised improvements. If HTT #4 shows an improvement, even a slight one, I will apologize profusely for the nasty tone of this letter. On the other hand, if HTT #4 continues at HOLIER THAN THOU's present unauspicious level, such a review you'll get!



/\* Go ahead and give to me your review of this issue. As you have already noticed, I do not hesitate to print negative reactions to this zine. There is a lot of me in HTT; but, having people disagree with me is no great discovery. Then such contrary views are as interestingly expressed as are yours, I have no hesitation in providing them with a forum. It gives to me the opportunity for rebuttal. I await your reaction to HTT #4 ~~said the cat who ate some cheese and lurked by the fireplace with baited breath.~~ \* And, as we are on the subject of negative locs (and Gary Deindorfer), let us turn to a representative example. \*/

#### GARY DEINDORFER

I object to your suggestion that someone - perhaps even me - writes sappy locs. There are numerous things I can't do at all. Some things I can't do well (that was a lousy job of pussy eating I did on Queen Victoria in 1883). But, I pride myself (as the lion said), I tend to write good letters of comment. And they are also good and long. ("Good and long" -- wasn't that the description they gave in the paper last week of the giraffe bandit?) They also have this alarming way of being published all the hell over the place, here and abroad, as well as "aboard a broad." I write so damned many of the little buggers - that's a good part of the reason. I'm trying to catch up with Sturgeon's Law: I write about 100 locs a month, and 10 locs a month get published. (Oooh, ending a sentence with a past tense verb -- reprehensible!)



But as for the sappy locs pretending to be nasty. Ah, there's the rub, as they say in the massage parlor. Though I try to write what I think (though, after the fact, I don't always think what I write), I find that most of the locs I churn out, even the 90% of the crud locs, are sort of expansively good humoured; i.e., my finite, limited idea of a cosmically benevolent attitude. Of all the locs I've had in zines in the past year (and there have been maybe a couple dozen of them), the only two that have a supposedly nasty streak to them are the one pubbed in HTT #3 and John Purcell's most recent THIS HOUSE. The only two. Sappy letters - hell, I can turn out those by the bucketfull, and do, but those were the only nasty ones, or "pretending to be nasty" ones.

The impression I got of HTT #2 is pretty accurately conveyed in the chunk of letter you printed in #3. That's how it struck me: a very casual, sloppy fanzine. I said so, in so many words (however many, I didn't count). At least I might try to convey the idea that I was not putting you down personally. I wasn't attacking you, merely your fanzine. Cute, what? You did a fairly good job with your snappy comebacks to my snappy remarks. Not as cutting as you could have been, perhaps, but not bad.

/\* In my reply to you I tried to achieve about the same degree of nastiness as you used toward me. As the only other LoC of yours that I can remember having read is your LoC in THIS HOUSE, you can imagine my impression of you; however, I do try to give to you the benefit of any doubt (and I have gotten some other information about how you are not a nasty person) - ergo, my balanced response to your LoC. \*/



It is probably true that your considerable APA experience has carried over into this personalzine or genzine HTT or whatever genre it is. It is so casual and slapdash and sloppy that it makes RUNE seem as carefully edited by comparison as the latest edition of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. Someone will now proceed to demonstrate that the latest edition of the BRITANNICA was very sloppily done. Maybe someone will not do this, even in jest.

/\* "Sloppy" and "slapdash" are not proper adjectives for HTT. Words of better description are "casual" and "relaxed". I have been through the hectic pace of contributing to APA-L (weekly), and I know what the words "sloppy" and "slapdash" can imply (sometimes - there are many APA-L contributors who turn out unrushed zines). I am PURPOSELY trying for a very relaxed and informal atmosphere in HTT. Most of my passion for rules and order is expended in LABFAPA where I am the Little Tin God. \*/

Well, if you're going to turn out such a sloppy zine, I'll have to go ahead and write you another sloppy loc. So, I'm not putting you down. You, I like. But will you please do something about those garish, clashing Hawaiian shirts? (Glicksohnian-humour supposedly serious comment there.)

The idea of piggybacking zines and sending them out bookrate is an example of fannish ingenuity (in this case, Glycerish ingenuity) dealing with the recent USPO bullshit. This may be a real answer, in supposedly inflationary years to come: faneds arranging their publishing schedules so they can send out their zine with a half dozen others in the same envelope, all bookrate.

I am a poor poker player. I tend to lose most of the time. The Pelz article therefore was of limited interest to me. What I did was to take the pages it was printed on, cut them into  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch square sections, pour them into a broth of water and beef bullion until they dissolved and became part of the puree. Then, instead of eating all the resulting Cream of Pelz soup, I took a spoon and took a few little sips taken from the top of the steaming liquid. I only skimmed the article, in other words.

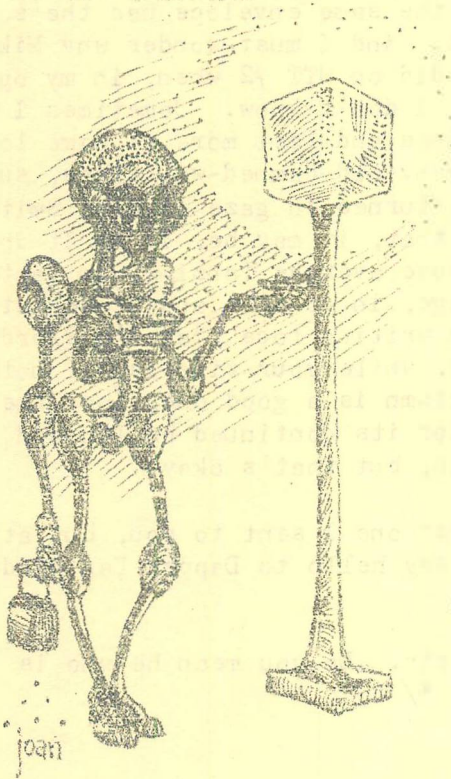
/\* And milked that joke for all that you could in it find. \*/

Sally Syrjala's piece on cars-as-cult is slight, perhaps, but, withal, good humoured and, certainly, above all else: TRENCANT. But you want to know what I really liked? You don't? I'll tell you anyway: Nicki Lynch on fans and Chinese restaraunts. It tickled my funnybone and, yea, therefore I liked it. Why do fans like Chinese restaraunts so much? Why do fans never gather and say unto each other, "Hear there's a great Polish restaraunt in town. Let's check it out."? I have never heard of a Polish restaurant. And no restaraunt jokes, please.

Mike Glycer's article combines humourousness with seriousness in a way that is no detriment to either and a boon unto both. We need energy. Check. Any form of energy involves some risk. Check. But the nuclear waste has halflives of hundreds of thousands of years and though it has only been buried a few decades, already I have read that some of the sites are leaking radioactive substance into nearby sources of drinking water. The plants are bad enough, though there's no need for anti-scientific hysteria for its own sake. Only science will solve the problems science has created. But that waste. They expect it to be buried there for the next 500,000 years and in some cases it might be leaking into the water table near certain dumping sites ALREADY. I think that's unimaginative shortsightedness at its worst. Only 499,980 years to go.



/\* Given a diminution of the anti-science hysteria that is sweeping the country, it seems a likely bet that, in the not-too-distant future, a use will be found for all of the current so-called nuclear waste. After all, this "waste" is intensely radioactive, and radioactivity is incipient power/energy. \*/



Does a Jew have the right to live in the Diaspora and not in Israel if he wants? I suppose it is between him and his conscience. Certainly it seems to me that it should be his decision to make. I am a Gentile, so my opinion might be worthless, but it seems to me Sheldon Teitelbaum has no more right to tell you that you should move to Israel than you have to tell him he should move to Los Angeles. But Jews have been told what to do too often by Gentiles, and the newspaper informs me that the USSR is escalating its persecution of the Jewish people recently, and that bothers me. So this Gentile will butt out, because the fate of the Jewish people is for Jews to decide, not the Catholic Church, the governments of the USSR and the USA, etc.: i.e., not for Gentiles to decide.

I think Taral is right that there are good fanartists around nowadays. However, the quality of the paper they are printed on has fallen decidedly.

What do you have against Harry Andruschak? I have been assured that he is a sterling fellow who pets babies and kisses dogs.

/\* My words and actions re. Andy are entirely reactive to his words and actions towards me. At times he is fuggheaded and seems to be trying to feud with me - I reply in kind. At other times Andy is one of the nicest and friendliest people around - and I respond to him in a like manner. I believe that Andy is slightly schizo. I do not want to feud with him, and would much prefer to be his friend; however, I refuse to overlook his sometimes fuggheaded actions -- I will always give at least as good as I get. Our feud is a sometimes thing - entirely depending upon his mood and actions. \*/

You're 44, I'm 36 as of July 2nd. I'm nearly as ancient as you are or, conversely, you're nearly as young as I am.

You want a squarish, block-headed comment, which for all of that, comes close to expressing what I feel in the slushy depths of my soul? Okay: I have read Old Wave stories I liked, others I didn't like, and New Wave stories I liked, others I didn't like. I prefer rich ideas even if the writing might not be quite up to the ideas, too thin ideas with virtuosic writing. Rich ideas with



writing to do them justice -- ah, yes, that's the best. Sturgeon's MORE THAN HUMAN, perhaps, would be an example of the best. The ideas are so rich they are subject to infinite ramifications expanding in waves on beyond where the book ends, and the writing is eidetic, economical, fraught with the implications of the ideas it carries.

I get up to the page with my letter on it. Well, at least the letter I had in the SCIENTIFRICTION that arrived in the same envelope has the spurious air of benevolence about it that this doesn't. And I must wonder why Mike Glycer got fewer letters on STFR #10 than you did on HTT #2 when, in my opinion at least, STFR is decidedly superior to HTT. I don't know. Sometimes I think fan loccers are intimidated by the quality zines and feel more at home loccking the sloppy, slapdash, lay-it-out-on-the-paper-any-old-damned-way zines, such as, uh, yours. Let's face it (he said, as he turned to gaze at Kate Smith's ass), HTT your zine is, STFR it isn't. (And that, it may be, is As It Should Be.) STFR is what I consider to be a well above average fanzine, in content and presentation, HTT I consider to be very average, in content and presentation. It is some indication of how addicted I am to writing locs that I'm 2/3rds of the way down page 3 in this loc. Actually, while your zine is, if nothing else, sloppy, I must grant that the letter column is a good one, that the local is your zine's real forte, and offer wishes for its continued health and growth. Its luxuriousness betrays your APA orientation, but that's okay.

This letter might be as sappy as the last one I sent to you, but at least it does not pretend to be as nasty, eh? And say hello to Dapper Dan Goodman from his old pal, G.D., will you?

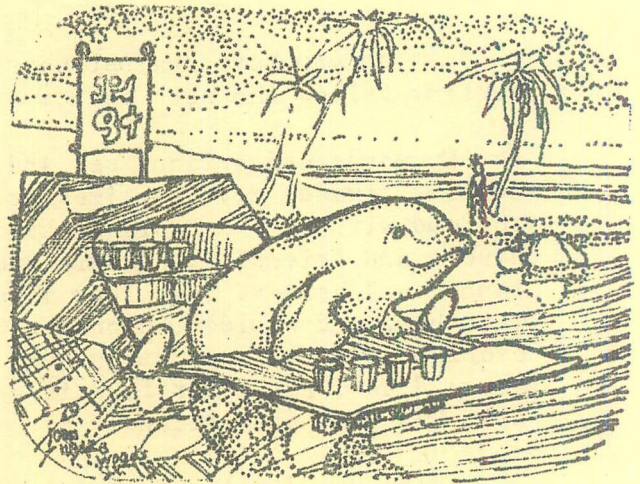
/\* Dapper Dan Goodman? Surely you jest, sir. Do you mean he who is the epitome of fannishly sloppy dressing? \*/

~~~~~

NAN LAMBERT

I will readily admit that I'm no expert on poker, but most of the LASF3 variations looked unplayable to me. But maybe that's the point?

Sally Syrjala's article on the great car cult was quite perceptive. She didn't mention, though, the offerings which must be made to the Mini-Temple in return for the sacrificial liquid. The ceremony of this offering is often accompanied by ritual mutterings of four-letter words, and sometimes mystical runes are written on small pieces of paper, one of which the cultist is allowed to keep as a talisman. And so great is the devotion of the cultists that these offerings continually increase in value.



I have no great objections to nuclear power in and of itself, although I prefer some of the alternatives. And I certainly don't feel that we would all be better off in some sort of Arcadia. But I do object to nuclear energy produced by those who consider their profit margin more important than the safety of tens of thousands of people, and who can't be bothered to properly train their operators.

I'm not sure what all the fuss is about. I do find your grammar, uh, interesting. But it's never made me want to toss the zine across the room. It gives the zine a nice (?), individualistic touch. Anyone who doesn't like it can tell you not to send them any more issues.

I have been told that I am extraordinarily difficult to offend. And it's true that I have laughed my way through jokes which have turned other people green (even Jim Jones jokes). But Nazi concentration camp jokes? I'm not too sure about that. But if you'll print 'em, I'll read 'em and find out. The worst that can happen is that I'll have to wait a while before I can finish the zine. If anything ever happens that is so awful that we can't joke about it, we're all in trouble. Taking life too seriously leads to insanity.

SALLY A. SYRJALA

Your choice of fanart on page 19 is rather nice. However, instead of calling Arthur a fanartist, don't you think it should be fanarthurist as he does like the entire name used? From there you go to bridging the gap between baseball and sex in one short paragraph. However, is the gap that great? After all, when one speaks of our national pasttime, it is difficult to determine which sport they mean.

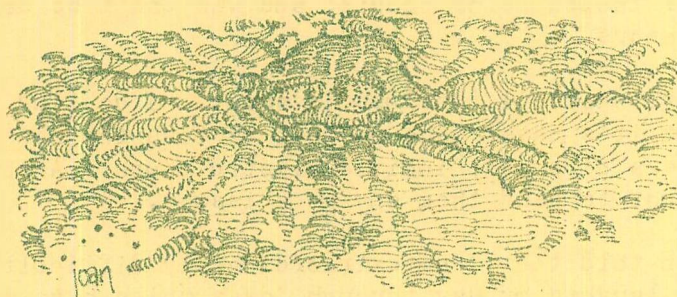
Then Lee uses the term "hookless" in his reference to me. Thank heavens he does not think I am a hooker putting out those comment hooks for just anyone to pounce upon!

Might I say that I enjoy your commenting throughout the zine? /* Thou mayest so say. */ It helps to add the feel of an ongoing conversation to the material. It doth depict a form of communication which is more than one way.

The portrait of you on page fifteen was not needed. I was sent a photo of you. Yes, someone forwarded a graven image to this abode. I will let the omnipotent LTG determine its origin and content. I am having a copy made to hang in a suitable place.

/* I might recommend a suitable place; however, the interior of watercloset bowls are not usually used for displaying such things. */

Thought Valeria Beasley might like to know the old Beasley homestead is located on the corner of Maple and Main Streets in West Barnstable. My paternal granparent's dairy farm was diagonally across the street from it and the spring house where the milk bottles were stored were just around the bend. I was also born on Maple Street; therefore, it is indeed a small world as Jonny Mathis so often intones.



MARTY LEVINE

Hello, fellow Marty, and thanks for sending me HOI IER THAN THOU #3. I read it last night after a nin-hour car trip, which is not the best state of mind to read a fanzine in, but at least my eyes didn't begin to blur until the last few pages. Before I forget I must mention that this is the first time I've ever had any kind of personal contact with anyone named Marty. While Marty isn't unusual, it still isn't that common, and so till now I've talked to no one wlse who has gone through life as "arty, too. That's my official name, by the way, Marty, not Martin at all.

/* My given name is Martin; however, except for business purposes and a small amount of serious pubbing in the mundane world, I prefer to be known by my nickname. * During most of my life I have usually known at least one or another other Marty. Currently attending the LASFS is both another Marty and a Marti. */

Also I simply must ask Maureen Garrett for artwork - her stuff in your zine was great, just the stuff I go crazy for: flowing landscapes with eery, fluid rock formations and such. Hers looks like a pen-and-ink Roger Dean-like art.

For someone who says he's in love with the English language you seem to have a rather odd ear for it. Maybe it's just a case of your thinking certain sentence structures sound pleasant where I don't. I am, of course, referring to your placing the verbs at the end of some sentences. It just sounds odd to me, unmelodic, not even conducive to correct hearing/reading. In the end, though, I, with Arthur Hlavaty, about it dead owls blowing agree. Would that it prettier were.....

/* Whilst at the university I majored in English, and I have been writing something or other on an off and on basis since I was a teenager. I do believe that this background in the use of the English language has given to me at least some proficienceny in its ~~typing~~ use. Simply put, I do like to use my skill with the language to around with it play. */

I suppose you got my name from Mike Glyer's list (hey, I go to college and everything - it only took me a half hour to figure out what HTT and SCIENTIFRICTION were doing in the same envelope).

/* What 3TFR and HTT were doing in the same envelope is something about which it is not proper to write in a family zine. And I got your name from a LoC in some or another zine. */

Nice reply to Sheldon Teitelbaum. I agree very strongly with all your comments (except the first, which I am not learned enough to know first hand - still, I was never taught by my rabbi that no one but Israeli Jews were REAL Jews - but then again he is reform, so what does he know, eh? There are some Ultra-~~religious~~ religious Jews in Israel who stone cars that drive by their area on the Sabbath, and who consider all other Jews less religious than they to be second class Jews, despite their residence in Israel. There's always someone more religious than you, always someone closer to God.....)

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY



Egad, sir, I do believe that with your recommendation of me for a fan art award you have finally gone beyond putridity. (Just think, if the professors ever do ~~to~~ for fandom what they've done for SF, there'll be studies like "Barty Cantor: Beyond Putridity.") Nonetheless, flattery will get you anywhere, and I have enclosed a couple more illos. You will note that these are relevant to HTT #3. Adrienne Fein has suggested that such works of art be called "cartoons of comment," with appropriate abbreviation.

/* Unfortunately, with all art thisish being by Joan, your, er, illos will not be run until nextish. Or sometime. */

Sally A. Syrjala is absolutely right about the car cult, but she's taking on an awfully powerful force. How many other cults get 40,000 human sacrifices a year?

J. Owen Hanner's LoC gives me the impression that it might be kind of fun to watch him reading your zine & twitching.

/* Like the old slogan, "Hire the handicapped - they're fun to watch." In fact, I used that slogan as the title of one of my old APA-L zines. */

Maybe Nicki Lynch could do a series of articles - "Rubbing Elbows with the Pros." She could start with Perry Chapdelaine; but of course if she described it too (porno)graphically, he would denounce her. And while we're talking in this suggestive fashion, was it Adrienne's reference to zines "coming in the mail" that inspired you to tuck your zine into the same envelope with Mike Glycer's?

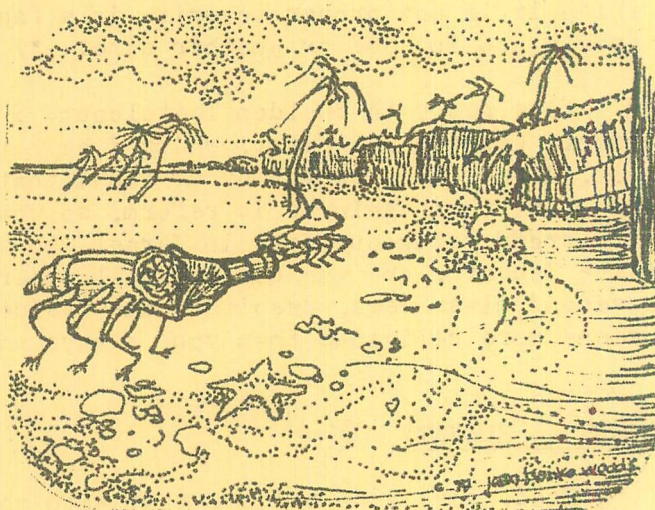
Well, as a matter of fact, I must confess that I was kind of hoping that the restaurant would serve me an unlawful sex act. You have to understand - we Easterners hear weird things about California.

As to your answer to Seth Goldberg, I think that even without the old typer, your readers would somehow your writing recognize.

And finally if Gary Deindorfer insists on infuriating and/or outrageous writing, I would suggest that he go hop on a parking meter & give himself a violation. Nothing personal, but I'd hate to see him go through another issue without being infuriated or outraged.

SETH GOLDBERG

I want to compliment you on your sudden inclusion of layout. It improves the readability of the zine to the point where it can be read. Seriously, the fewer interjections in the articles and letters and clearer delineation between them is a great improvement. Now if only Hlavaty would listen. I do not ask for much.



The Maureen Garrett artwork is absolutely great. This lady could take off as a non-humorous fan artist. She should contribute to more zines, especially those with good repro. By the way, your use of colour mimeo for her work was a fine touch. You are to be congratulated.

However, the articles were not that good this time. The LASF3 poker listing was of interest, but a bit tedious to read straight through (still, thanks for running it). Fan fiction does little for me. Sally's was great, Nicki's fair, and Glycer's column was well written though for now I am tired of the subject having just argued these very points at the last HSF3 (Honolulu SF Society) meeting and in our local APA.

Sally always did have a bit of skewed viewpoint which pays off often in her writing. This time her understated style worked well for her satire. She makes an excellent point about cults just being rabid interests that are considered abnormal.

The only problem with Nicki's theory of telling the number of fans by the number of Chinese restaurants is that then Honolulu should have the largest fan population in the world (Hawaii has Chinese restaurants on every corner just like LA has service stations.)

Maybe, Marty, we should start up a club or APA for fans of both baseball and SF. I imagine the overlap is a bit rare. The only point they have in common is being part of the popular culture. Even at that baseball harkens back to an older more leisurely time (that is what I like about the game) whilst SF is supposedly future oriented and at least is something set in modern technology. Then again SF did start out as oldtime romantic adventure with a different twist. But I agree with you that baseball is a fun sport to watch and follow. It is the only pro sport left to play a lengthy regular season that is not totally erase by playoffs. Most importantly, it is slow and can be followed. It is artistic with a certain elegance lacking in other sports because they lack baseball's simple centralised and fairly localised action.

ANN NICHOLS

Thank you for sending HTT #3. I'm not going to make the mistake I made with #1, which was not to loc it immediately.

/* Your mistake, probably, was locking the damn thing in the first place. */

I read most of #1 & #3 in the same room - the bathroom. I read a lot of things in there. I also tend to keep at least one book or magazine (generally instructive-type stuff that is good for improving the mind but numbing if nibbled at too much at a time) sitting on the toilet in case I have to rush there with not time to grab my current pleasure. (I also keep an SF mag on the kitchen counter in case I need something when soaking my ankle. Then there's the book I carry in my purse - I like to be prepared.) I try to read fanzines the day I get them, any old time I get around to it is good enough for other stuff.

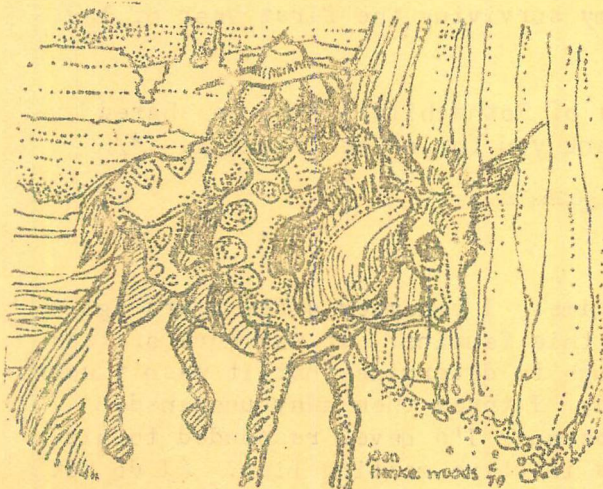
/* It is obvious that anybody who gives fanzine reading a preference to other forms of reading would do much of their reading in the bathroom. */

I have very few New Wave books in my collection - I think there's only a couple and they were both gifts. I found them terribly boring except one had a story with an honest plot. I couldn't imagine what it was doing in there with the rest of them.

JOHN HERTZ

Wha' happen? HOLIER THAN THCU #3 didn't have one hole cartoon! But you did have "Little tinne'd gods", chortle.

/* Hole cartoons coming up nextish - and I would not mind more hole cartoons from fanartists ~~and others~~. */



Thanks for reprinting Bruce Pelz's 1974 discussion of LASFS poker. I don't know what LASFSians are playing now, but I saw those games played five years ago. I didn't play them. I figured I wasn't smart enough, stupid enough, lucky enough, or oblivious enough.

I don't know any real poker players. Real poker players play five-card draw, or five-card stud, all night long, with each other every week. They never, never ask to see discarded cards or folded hands. They play seven-card stud as a crazy variation,

once in a long while. They notice that you always look at your cards just before you bluff. They win your houseboat, and if you let them, your mistress, when you don't make your flush.

In college I played for meal tickets with the other kind of poker players, the crazy kind. We played wild and crazy games, like Anaconda and Spade Maria and Seven Card No Peekie. We thought we were unorthodox and creative. We never dreamed of anything like Ha-Ha-Herman, Pigsqueezer, or Double Jesus.

Since you were ticking off points in your reply to your pro-Hillel-Halkin contributor, I wish you had mentioned one more. When an Israeli Jew starts saying, "You are not a Jew if you are not in Israel," I start to wonder who is Jewish. Jews have a job to do. Jews are supposed to make this world better. ("This world", contrasted with "the world to come", which is whatever it is.) The Jewish idea is that this is not a mystical process that can be done by a small bunch of people in a small place being very very good. It is down-to-earth roll-up-your-sleeves work and it has to be done everywhere.

Besides, if I had a Galil Automatic I might plug Glycer for taking another cheap shot at Dianetics.

/* HTT is a place for cheap shots - I cannot afford the more expensive kinds. */

There are two things I hope people learn from the Jim Jones hysteria. One: --as Laurie Mann said-- run your own life. Make your own decisions. Two: people who don't run their own lives aren't limited to "cults". Bandwagoning, the curse of the press and electronic media these days, was so rampant over Jonestown that I wanted to kick it down. People who let their fears get pandered to by that kind of chicken journalism deserve the phobias they feel. Cult of Death! What Are They Doing to Our Children! The press has had the Indians, the Yellow Peril, the Commies, the hippies, and now the cults. If anything turned the knife in the wound for me, this was it.

Mary Jane and I had a fine bottle of 1973 Chateau Lafite (a very light year, ready to drink now and the best of the '73 first growths, says Robert Finigan's wine newsletter) to celebrate my surviving the first year of law school, and we thought of you.

/* Yum. I still remember that bottle of Rothschild's that we shared over Christmas a few years ago. I thank you for of me thinking. */

JAN BROWN

Being in fandom is a dangerous pastime. I remember a few years ago -- I was gafiating at the time -- and I got this fanzine. It was more or less illegible, but I managed to decipher enough to determine that it wasn't worth deciphering. Several more issues followed; I threw them away unopened. Eventually I got a postcard saying that because I'd never responded to his zines, Bill Bridget was putting me on his inactive mailing list. (I do not trouble my mind on Bill Bridget waste.)

Then I arrived home from Spacecon to find HTT #3 lurking in a smog-screen of pipesmoke and misarranged sentences. To what I owe this honour I'm not sure -- did Lee Pelton tell you that I write locs, or has Lan been talking about me ~~behind my back~~ in LA3FAPA?

/* Sort of both - and I read one of your LoCs in another fanzine. */

Eight pages of sadomasochistic poker variants? Isn't that a little much? Does LA3FS do anything but play sadomasochistic poker variants? (And I thought Glicksohn was strange!)

/* The variety of pasttimes played at parties at the Pelz's and Niven's is simply incredible. */

Agree that Joan Hanke-Woods is one of the finest and most versatile of contemporary fannish artists and a refutation of anyone who says that fanart is going downhill. But . . . a porpoise? There really ought to be a pun in there someplace, but I'm not going to dive for it!

LUKE MCGUFF

I had a great first line worked out for this LoC, but I forgot it. Oh! Since you're Jewish and don't like cats, why don't you call your local "locs and beagles?" Sure to be a hit!

The day I got HTT #3 I had to go to my mother's and dragged it along (the zine, not mommy dear). She started poking through it, and as soon as she saw my name she decided to read my LoC. She didn't like it one bit. My nephew decided to read it, but I said he couldn't because I told a dirty joke. So my sister read it to censor it, and then said she didn't believe in holding things back from the kids, especially if they didn't understand it. So he read the LoC, too. My family is allergic to fandom. I could see them all breaking out in hives. Shiver.

I liked the poker article, although a glossary would have been helpful at times. Poker is one of those macho things I always want to do, like pick up girls and lift weights, but never have the chance. I'd like to play poker at a con sometime (that is, if I ever get to one...), and I can just see myself at a table with the likes of Mike Glicksohn, Joe Haldeman, Rusty Hevelin, and others. I wouldn't last one hand. They'd bluff me out. That is, if I was lucky. If I were annoying them, and they decided to be sadistic, they'd keep me there all night. Edging the knife in.

But anyway. So much for dreams of glory. The last time I played poker was at a cousin's bachelor party. He's a cop, and there were several of his beat partners there. He took out his .45 automatic (wears it in a side-holster; in fact, wore it at his wedding. Oh, sorry, he wore his dress weapon) and put it on the table. "This is just to keep the game honest, guys. Don't worry about it." So the other off-duty cops pulled out their weapons and put them on the table, too. These weren't cap guns. These were long-barreled .38 Pythons. These were pieces, hammers. You know, if you looked down the barrel of one, it would be just like in a cheap detective novel: "I saw the cold blue steel in his hand, looked down the barrel and waited for the subway train to come out." Or something. I got in enough macho that night to last a year.

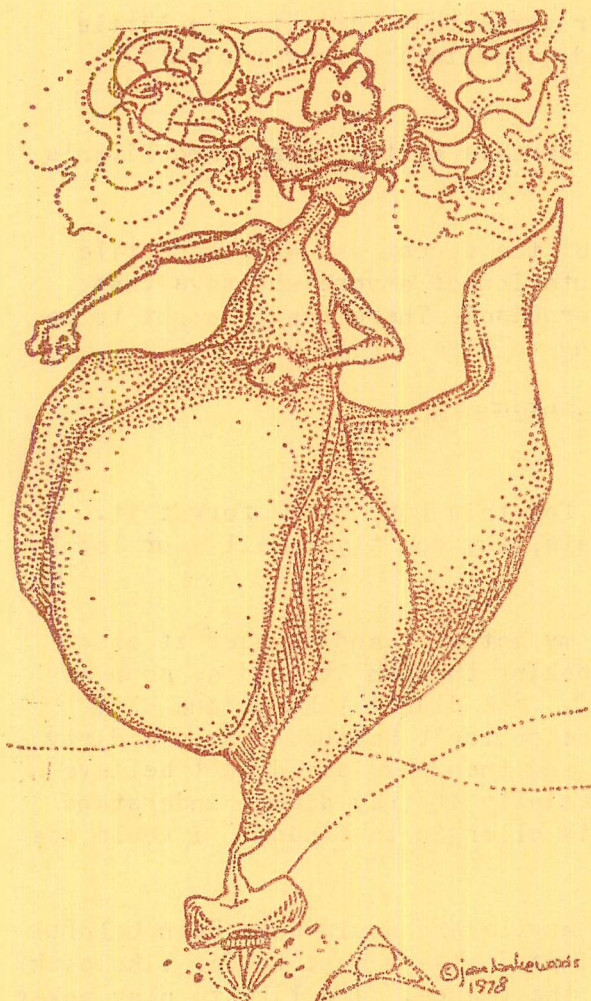
MATTER

I have been talking to Glycer about the two of us hosting a party in the future, and he is amenable. This party would be held at the 1980 Westercon - it would be a HOLIER THAN THOU and SCIENTIFRICTION party for all of those who have contributed to our zines. We can all get together and point fingers of blame at each other. Fun.

On another topic, I would like to take a page out of Brian Earl Brown's book and advertize an APA within the pages of my zine. In my case the APA which I would like to advertize is LASFAPA. LASFAPA is a large monthly APA with some out-of-country members. (Minac is more lenient for overseas members.) The membership is stabilised at 50. At the moment our waitlist is at 18, the lowest that it has been for some time - the waiting period is under a year. If anybody is interested in joining the waitlist (or is just interested and wants more information) just contact me (I am the Little Tin God of LASFAPA). It costs \$2 to join the waitlist. If you are just after more information, just ask me and I will send to you

WURLITZER, the Official Organ of LASFAPA. The usual size of the monthly distributions is between 290-390 pages (though the August distribution was only about 240 pages).

'Nother topic. The cost of putting out that which is turning into a giant genzine. This genzine has gotten to the point where I cannot afford to put it out any more. Which will, of course, not stop me from putting it out. But something will have to change. I can change the periodicity to less than quarterly, I can cut down the number of pages. I like neither course of action. One thing I will do - I intend to pare my mailing list. If I am not contacted with the usual by the time that I put out HTT #5 I am going to remove your name (if applicable) from my mailing list. Established trades and subs are not by this edict effected. No more freebies - I cannot afford it.



SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS AS _____

Many interesting (and some boring) things at LASFS meetings happen. At the front of the meeting hall there is a blackboard. Before the meetings commence, many of the resident punsters and other wits usually have at this blackboard. During this past month the blackboard aficionadow have been having such a field day that they have been active during the meetings (constituting, as it were, the program). It seems that Sylvia Stevens put on the blackboard, "Science Fiction writers as Cats." (Example: Jerry Purnelle.) Next there was SF writers as automobiles. Here are a few other topics and some examples from same.

SF WRITERS AS FURNITURE: David Chairrold, Ann McCabinet, Chippen Delany, Larry Divan, E.E. "Clock" Smith, L. Ron Cupboard. You can put all of this into your Isaac Movingvan and take it to your Randall Garrett.

SF WRITERS AS CITIES, IN FLIGHT OR OTHER GEOGRAPHIC LOCATIONS: George R.R. Crossing, A.E. Van Nuys, Holland Ellison, Ursula K. LaGoon, Ann McAfrica. The blackboard was covered with these things.

SF WRITERS AS FOOD: Ted Sturgeon, Ursula K. Legume, Lester Del Raisin, Blintz Lieber, Chips Delany, Joanna Russet, Samuel R. Balony, Norman Spinach, Edgar Rice..Krispies (Burgers, Burritos), James Twinkee Jr. Naturally, after a repast like this, one would have to take a Harlan Anacin.

SF WRITERS AS VERBS: Jerrymandering Pournelle, L. Spray the Camp, H.P. Loves Craft, Brian Stablesnored, Robert A. Malign, H.G. Smells, Jack Choker, Isaac Asaverb, Author C. Clarke, Harangue Ellison. And that list went on and on. And on.

(For help in recording the above I want to thank Maureen Garrett - who is in no way responsible for the following irresponsibility.) It seems that the above absurdities spawned some, er, action (as it were) at a party. Therefore:

In keeping with my axiom that nothing is too gross for this fanzine (and my corollary that there is humour in almost anything), I present the following atrocity. It just goes to show that some punsters have little taste, sense, or reason (going to any length) - and know few bounds (Hi, Ron.) No real disrespect is intended - several of my favourite authors are on the list, and I hope that they have senses of humour. The following is all in fun.

SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS AS SEX OBJECTS AND FANTASIES: Hardon Ellison, A.C. D.C. Fontana, Blow Haldeman, John Bunner, Ursula K. LeGroin, Bob Silverboob, Whip Delany, S & M Moskowitz, Phillip K. Dick, Fill-up Jose Farmer, Isuck Asimov, Kathleen Thigh, Edgar Ripe Buttocks, Lay Brackett, L. Sprague De Cunt, Jerry Pornonelle, E.M. Fornicator, Raunch Goulart, James Tushee Jr., A. Buttplug Chandler, Lloyd Wiggle Jr., Eando Bondage, Anthony Deboucher, Whoreman Spinrad, Stiff Barnes, Horny Dickson, L. Ron Rubber, Randy Garrett, Frank Pervert. And there was more - much more. If the members of SFVA allow me to survive this, I will see you all in my next issue.

And I have some very nice things, indeed, in stock for the next issue. A very fine parody by Milt Stevens. An article on Polish Navy Knives by Alan Prince Winston. And more.

And I would like to hear nominations from the Loccers on the following: SF WRITERS as physical ailments. (Example: Terry Carbuncle.) Ta.



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