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Marty Cantor

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Schirm - cover, 5, 9, 11, 13, 27. Klein - 6, 16, 30. McEntee - 8. Schweitzer - 10, 15, 34, 44. Taral - 12, 31. Gilliland - 17, 26, 35. Mealy - 18. Dixon - 19, 29. Fox - 3, 21, 43. Brenner - 22, 42. Hanke-Woods - 23. Lee - 28, 38, 40. Townley - 32. Hlavaty - 33. Stefl - 36. Cody - 39. Harvia - 41.

## WHY YOU RECEIVED

	We Trade.
	Would you like to trade?
	You Locced.
	You Contributed.
	I would like a contribution from you.
	I reviewed a book from your publishing house.
_	Your contribution is being held for a further issue.
-	You subscribe.
-	Your subscription runs out with this issue. Please resubscribe if you want any more
Ī	issues.
	Editorial whim.
	If you respond to this issue I will send you the next one.
	Your fanzine is reviewed within these pages. You have right of reply (but do not dela
	HTT always beats its deadlines).
	If I get no response from you by approx. Sept. 1 (of this year) I will send you no
_	more copies of HTT.
	You are crazier than I am - so read HTT and get sane.
	_ I am crazier than you are - here is some mindrot.
	Your name is Jerry Fournelle. When I handed you a copy of the last issue you wondered
	if you were mentioned in its pages and I had to say no. Guess what!
	Your name is Larry Niven and I do not confuse you with Jerry Pournelle. I tont pse you
	VIXN HTT/
	You purchased this copy.
	It is rumoured that you know how to read.
	This is in lieu of the telephone call that I cannot afford to make to you.
	You are so broke that you cannot even afford toilet paper. Please use each page of
	HTT at least twice.
_	_If you read this carefully enough you just might detect my subliminal message telling
	you that I want you to go to bed with me. I am \$14 pf
-	You are one of the LASFS movers and shakers - does this free issue keep me in good
	standing?
_	You are a pipsqueak - you know where to shove this copy.
_	Your name is Bill Bridget; and, if you are reading this, you acquired it by some
	underhanded method. Damned if I will send you any copies.
_	_If you live east of the 3an Andreas Fault please be prepared for the earthquake which
	will send all of North America (except for that west of the fault) into the Atlantic

Ocean.

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# Glendale, CA 91203

Hoo Hah Publication No. 251

A Production of the
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Electrostencilling by: Linda Bushyager Brian Earl Brown Nicolai Shapero

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

川州江王的

There have been assorted frustrations lately - mainly having to do with getting started on this issue of HTT. Typing is being started on June 1 - so it will be a push to try getting this out on time. I fully expect to meet the deadline, but it is quite possible that this issue may be a bit shorter than usual. And maybe not. There are several tons of letters and materials to be processed. Firstly, though, let me quote the letter that Adrienne Fein sent with her bacover that I used in my last issue.

"This purports to be a dusty old Latin manuscript on sheepskin, with an arabic

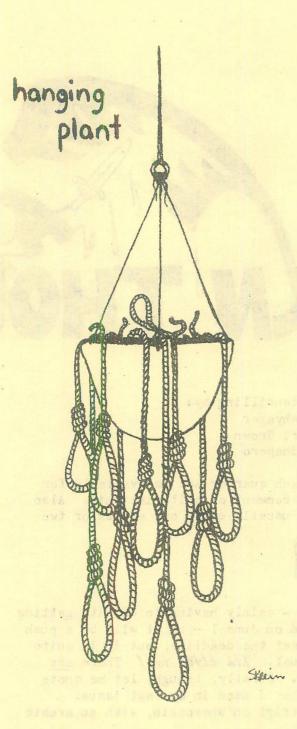
translation, or inscription, below.

"Actually, the "Arabic" is Gregg shorthand, and phonetically repeats the Latin.

"As to the "Latin" - try saying it very, very fast out loud. If that fails,
the "translation" runs as follows:

Oh, see Billy, see 'er go, forty busses in a row.
"See what's in 'em?"
Cows, an' ducks!"

As to the misspelled cover (that is now 3 out of 7), please note Schirm's apology (or whatever) on this page.



# OLD CHESTNUTS ROASTING ON AN OPEN LASER

### MIKE GTAEU

/\*/ I was going to write an introduction to Mike's article, mentioning that he has been nominated for both the FAAN Award and several Hugo Awards this year. However, many of my regular contributors have received nominations for both awards this year, and it would be somewhat tacky for me to mention these nominations before each item in each issue. Anyway, I assume that most of the readers are already familiar with the nominations. Therefore, there will be no introduction to Mike's article. Assume that this paragraph does not exist. /\*/

Perhaps it's only the circles of fandom I have the pleasure of moving in, and not typical of the majority of science fiction fans -- not even the readers of these hallowed typos.

Yet I find myself excruciatingly bored by the verbiage and intensive attention paid to "the importance of faanish mythmaking."

Examples of faanish myths, depending upon whom you read, include the party

in Room 770 (attention, this was a self-serving plug), the fanzine HYPHEN, Platypus Fandom, Minneapolis in '73. It includes all the early-70s Brooklyn Insurgents except Arnie Katz, who having set out to create faanish legend, seems to have suffered the fate of Moses, only allowed to see but not to enter the Promised Land.

Now in the first place, not even all the things such writers extol are in my opinion legends. Whereas a good many more that they seem to have forgotten about feel very amusingly mythical to me. But I would set a poor example to badmouth the discussion devoted to a subject, and then squeeze a column out of it.

What I really wish to point out is the painful insularity of fans who earnestly discuss methods of supplying themselves with ingroup myths. This ingroup controls nothing, harms nothing, and is simply a circle of friends with a common interest, like many others. The only thing that distinguishes them is their prominence as fanzine publishers; their views take on a permanence, and can be reflected on at length, because they are on the page, rather than uttered in a hotel hallway at 3:30 am whilst Filthy Pierre kills a plays his instrument in a nearby room.

In short — the question becomes what is fandom, and who defines it? Is fandom essentially a spiritual experience founded on a common appreciation of a certain jargon, expression of humour, and fondness of historical lacunae? If so, then the generation of amusing legends is the lifeblood of our subculture, the inner means of identifying with other fans, distinct from mere readers, media freaks, Trekkies, comix fans, hucksters, druggies, techies, 3CA-types, fringefans, neopros, and fanpoliticos. Those refined fans who read and praise the old classic fanzines could then be regarded as preservers of the light, and our only guard against having our identity inundated and extinguished by hordes of mere science fiction aficianados.

It should be no great secret by now that such a view strikes me as hysterically funny. But I quickly supress the laughter because of the respect I otherwise have for people who worry about this sort of thing. I may never convince them of my point of

view, but I would like to at least try.

The passage of time removes events from their context. All is leached away but the most pleasurable or entertaining memories of our past. Given that, it only makes sense that the VOID bhoys are recalled with a smile, and the Breendoggle isn't recalled at all. AH, SWEET IDIOCY is a monumental work on par with the statue of Ozymandias — quaint in light of fandom's present sexual freedom. One hardly realizes it was meant as an indictment. So I would support my first point: that legendary fanac isnot something that takes place in the present tense. Legendary fanac isn't what exists — what has substance is opinion after-the-fact, retrospective enjoyment. Recognize it for what it is.

The lamenting of an inadequate supply of fan legends generally goes hand in hand with an assault on current fan writing standards. There's some truth in that. Why? The quantity of genzines has decreased, not the proportion of quality. The time invested in fanpublishing has shrunk, and some of what remains has been diverted to apazines. If ninety-percent of everything is crud, and ten percent is good, the quantity of good fanwriting will drop, but not because fandom has suffered a case of universal brainrot. (At least, not beyond the case of brainrot that got us into fandom to begin with.)

Several factors affect the state of fan publishing. Postage rates and supply costs have made large genzines prohibitive, for one. But my vote for the biggest

factor goes to conventions.

For decades there were few conventions. Travel was expensive. Fans were notorious for being socially awkward, abrasive, misfits. Publishing was the cheapest way to keep contact with other fans, and anyway, how many alternatives did you have? Active fandom measured in the hundreds, by the most liberal definition of fan. During the 60s conventions began to increase, during the 70s the dam burst and now we are up to our eyeballs in them. You can't turn around at a con without tripping over stacks

of flyers advertising yet other cons.

Where fanpublishing was a surrogate for social contact with friends, conventions are real social contact with friends, or potential friends, going on constantly. People who can afford both cons and fanzines work it out, whilst a lot of people get to cons whether they can afford it or not. And creativity is being poured into conrunning, programming, partying, and conversation, that previously was bottled up in fanzines. Further, the majority of people at cons no longer appear to be social outcasts and wimps. (What a horrifying thought!) Teenagers still screw up like always, with smokebombs and "the hunt" — but what did you expect? Most people coming into fandom lately fit equally well in fandom or in mundane life.

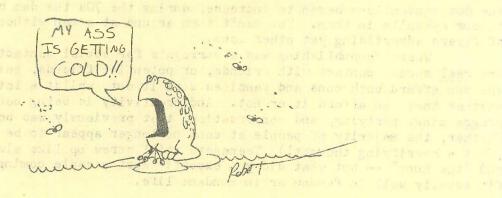
Of course, that makes it tougher on those of us who aren't socially adept, who still find it easier to communicate in print, and share 'legendary' cuteness. (FILE 770 is the most widely circulated social crutch I know about.) But my ambition is to do both easily, to cope in person and in print. Not that anybody would reject either ability, or the opportunity to have both, but I dispute that burying one's self in a study of how to generate ingroup references is a way to accomplish it.

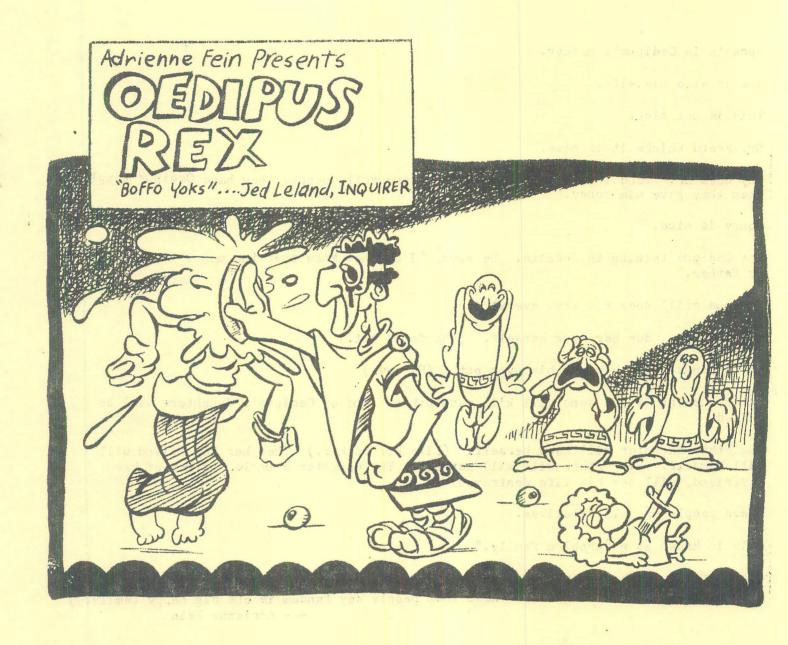
You see, the readers, media freaks, Trekkies, Regency Dancers, comix fans, hucksters, computer gamers, druggies, techies, 3CA-types, fringefans, neopros, fanpoliticos and conrunners are fandom. It was never a serious possibility that once thousands became active fans, the sentiments of archaic Fapans would remain influential. But Bob Shaw did win a Fanwriter Hugo. It is ironic that anyone in fandom should feel threatened by the mass popularity of the genre -- ironic because such fans' interest in sf seems to have withered at the very moment the genre they cherished has vindicated their caring. (I'm not saying BS GALACTICA isn't swill, but I'm pointing the opposite way, to sf writers addressing the AAAS meeting, the symbiosis between fandom and the L5 Society, and the apparent success of such sf/futurist ventures as OMNI and DESTINIES.)

Fandom has grown not only in size, you see. Without casting aside an appreciation for fabulous fannishness in the form of a Bob Shaw, many fans have taken up dancing (Regency-style among the crust, disco among the \$104/6 others.) (My God, Seacon opened with a disco session -- can one see the Void Bhoys shaking their booty? Talk about future shock ... ) Where the expansion into new interest areas was initially considered in terms of "fragmented fandom", I see every sign that typical fans bridge many interest groups, if not every interest group. Since publishing fandom started to lose its majority in the 50s, it shouldn't be a surprise (yet it is) to discover that fandom in its entirety has learned alternate means of extending their common cultural network. Parties and con programming are the biggest. More people visit the con suite at a Boskone than are on the mailing list of FILE 770. Only three fanzines that I can think of have readerships which exceed attendance at the worldcon masquerade. (Everybody knows about Fafhrd and the Gay Mouser -- yet you will wait a lifetime without hearing it referred to as a "faanish legend." If not that, then what?) Quite possibly the name of Marjii Ellers is as instantly recognizable to as many fans as that of Bill Bowers -- if not the same fans. What this proves is the possibility of becoming widely known, and bridging many fan ingroups, exists outside of fanzines to a greater degree than ever.

So if one wishes to discuss the state of fanwriting, very well, but it should not be arbitrarily confused with a discussion of fan creativity, which I assert is as evident as ever, provided you are willing to lift up your eyes and look. That's why the discussion of "faanish mythmaking" really bores me -- it's usually linked with some dirge about the contemporary dullness of fandom. No, fandom is not dull.

--- Mike Glyer





/\*/ The following first appeared in APA-NYU in slightly different form. /\*/

FUN WITH OEDIPUS AND HIS FAMILY by Adrienne Fein

What if Greek Tragedy Were Taught in Primer Form?
(Are the dear little students getting tired of Dick and Jane? Give them a bit of variety....)

See the man.

His name is Oedipus. His name is a pun. It is a pun on "oida," which is Greek. It means, "I know." Oedipus thinks he knows everything.

He doesn't.

Here comes Jocasta.

Jocasta is Oedipus's mother.

3he is also his wife.

This is not nice.

Dr. Freud thinks it is nice.

Why does Dr. Freud think it is nice? Dr. Freud tells people they have Oedipus Complexes. Then they give him money.

Money is nice.

See Oedipus talking to Jocasta. He says, "I did not know that the man I killed was my father."

Oedipus still does not know everything.

See Jocasta. See her hang herself. (She found out.)

See Oedipus. See him put his eyes out. (He saw.)

Later, Oedipus's two sons will kill each other. One of Oedipus's daughters will be killed.

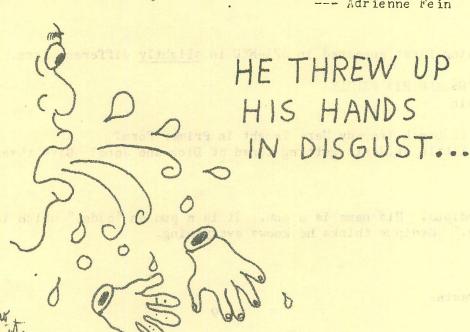
The other daughter will hang herself. (Like her mother.) Then her boy-friend will kill himself. His mother will kill herself. The daughter's uncle, father of her boyfriend, will see his life destroyed.

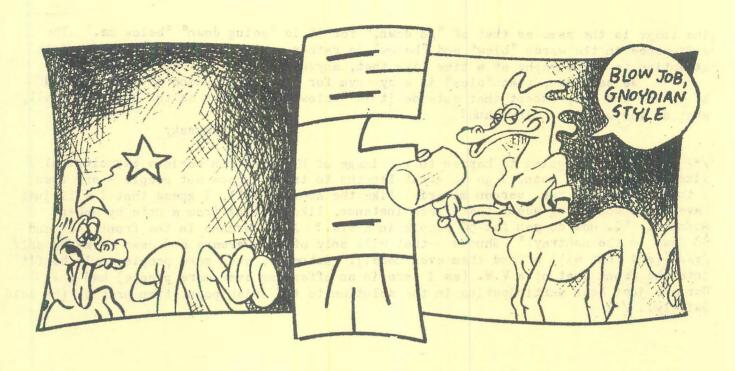
These people are all relatives.

This is known as a "problem family."

(Isn't family life wonderful? Next week, we will study the Borgias.)

((I always think of things like these when people say fandom is one big happy family.))





/\*/ The following is reprinted (in slightly different form) from LASFAPA 28. /\*/
"BLOW"
by Fred Mazursky

I've been wondering about the etymology of the word "blow" - as in a "blow" job, or "blow" me. And I think I've come up with a pretty interesting explanation. First of all, a blow job doesn't have much to do with the actual act of expelling air in finely controlled streams. I have carried on extensive emprical research in this area, and on several occasions have asked my partner to blow on or near my penis, and have asked her to tell me what she felt when I would blow on, in, or near her clitoris and/or vagina. On no occasion did either of us feel any sexual or sensual satisfaction from the slight breeze beyond that normally due to the close physical presence of the other party. I am afraid that I must conclude that unless I and all of my sexual partners are deficient in this ability to experience a heightened state of arousal (and perhaps this is where readers of HOLIER THAN THOU can help me. Would you, the next time that you are messing around with someone, verify or refute the experimental evidence that I have gathered by carrying out similar tests?) (Thank you.)), that "blow" has another, deeper meaning.

Let's look into what blowing connotates. One partner sucks or inserts a tongue in or onto the other partner's sexual organ, and moves the head vigourously in rhythm to the other partner's hip movement. (Of course there are variations and modifications, but I believe that this is a pretty good description of the general case). To effect this, the blower lowers himerself to the pubic area of the blowee. (That is, lower in relation to the blowee. There is no reason why either or both parties must be vertical.) In fact, there is a term to describe the same act of blowing which is referred to as "going down." And I think here is where our answer lies. "Going down" contains no large degree of ambiguousity: the image conjured up is precise, explicity, and accurate. When one goes down, one goes down. It seems "blow" should perform the same functions. Well then, it is my theory that "blow" is really a "below job," that is a "job" being done below. "Blow me" can be then interpreted as "Below me," or "Go below me." Notice

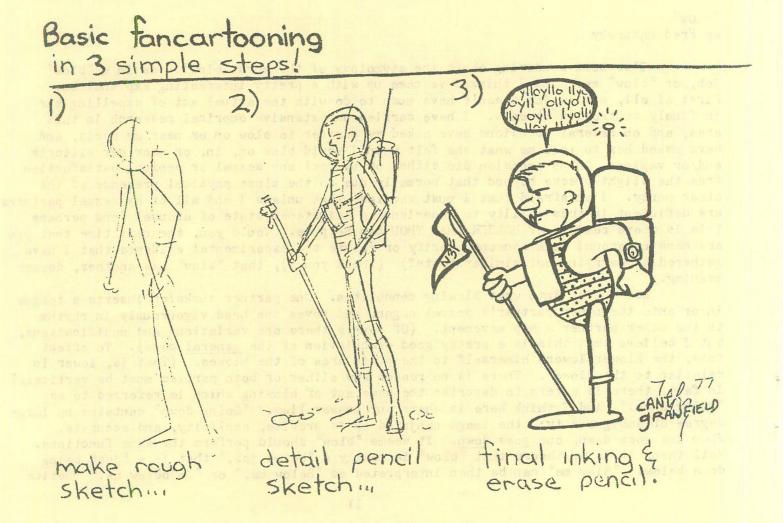
the image is the same as that of "go down," for it is "going down" "below me." The difference in the words "blow" and "below" is rather small, and who really pays much attention to orthography at a time like that, anyway?

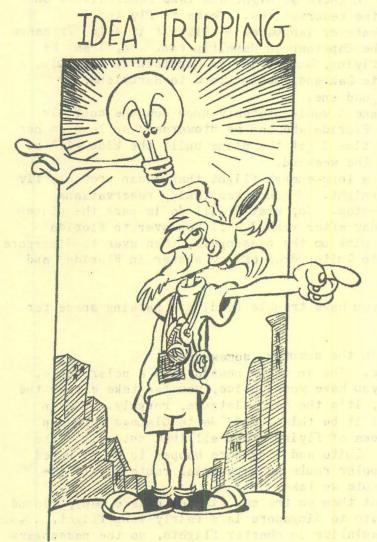
We see then, that "blow" is a synonym for "go down," which is as it should be in sex and out, except that outside it is "below" which acts as the synonym. Well,

what do you peoples think, huh?

--- Fred Mazursky

/\*/ Gee - what is going to happen to the image of HTT if I run serious etymological like the above? I mean, I go to great lengths to try to gross out people - and then I turn around and run sercon material like the above. Well, I guess that I will just have to do something about that. For instance, like quoting from a note by Robert McEntee. "Q. How do you fit 50 people in a V.W.? A. 2 Germans in the front seat and 48 Jews in the ashtray!" Shucks - that will only offend Germans and Jews of half of the fit into the front seat of a V.W. (as I zero in on offending even more people) had the Germans just been participating in the solution to the Irish population problem (he said Swiftly). /\*/





## 140M D183A

/\*/ The following article is transcribed from a tape of part of a panal at LOSCON 6 (11/11/79). The topic was "How to write for Fanzines."
Panelists were Thom Digby, Gil Gaier, Lon Atkins. Tike Glyer was the moderator. The section transcribed below was Thom Digby's example illustrating "idea tripping." /\*/

The thing that I apparently seem to be known for around local fandom is something known as idea tripping, where you take an idea and follow it to its logical conclusion, even if it becomes silly somewhere early along the way. Like one example that I have not yet written up (although I will, hopefully, sooner than Real Soon Now).

A couple of months ago I was out walking somewhere, and I happened to notice in a trash bin one of these sets of headphones like they give out on aeroplanes. So now I have a set

of the headphones that they rent out on aeroplanes with which to listen to the movies. So I fugure, aha, I have a beginning to getting my own aeroplane. Sort of my own airline. So, I have lots of nuts and bolts and stuff like that, and some electrical wiring around the apartment. Occasionally I find things like hydraulic fittings and stuff - sooner or later I'll find a No 3moking sign that lights up in two or three languages. You know, a piece of sheet metal here, and half a seat belt there, and a lavatory door somewhere else - and, sooner or later, I'll have my own DC 747. Sort of.

Well, let's see. Well, it will take a while - but, sooner or later. 30, now that I have the aeroplane, there's other things towards starting your own airline.

At work there is a computer to which I have access. It's actually only a microprocessor developement system (which is essentially only a very small computer, but it is essentially a computer system that you can type stuff into and store it on floppy and all that — so I can use that to take reservations). The only thing is, I will have to say in my advertizing, not to call between 9 am to 5 pm Los Angeles time because that's when the company I'm working for is at work and the secretaries in the front office won't want to —(you know, we make tape recorders) — they don't want to be bothered by somebody trying to make airline reservations. Especially since my boss doesn't know that I am going to be using the computer for this. 30 I'll say in my advertizing not to

call during those hours. Then I can sneak in there at night and take reservations on the computer. Vell, let's see - I've got the reservations. Where to fly to?

When I find my No Smoking sign, whatever languages — like if it's in Afrikanns and Hawaiian, then, naturally, I'll have the Capetown to Honolulu run. So, I may be flying — well, I don't know where I'll be flying, but it may be Capetown to Honolulu, Minneapolis to St. Paul, or San Francisco to Cakland, or Auckland to Barcelona, or Quito to Singapore maybe — that's another good one.

In the process of building the plane I would probably know how the controls work so I will fly it. I have a sister in Florida who can be stewardess as long as her husband doesn't find out about it. By the time I get the plane built the kids will be

old enough that they can be left alone for the weekend.

Let's see - Quito to Singapore is a long enough flight that I can probably fly once a week on weekends, I can't do it overnight. Which makes taking reservations simpler. It's also simpler if I do it non-stop. So, what I will do is park the plane in Los Angeles during the week; then, Friday after work I will hop over to Florida to pick up my sister, hop down to Quito to pick up the passengers, then over to Singapore to unload and reload and return trip back to Quito, drop off my sister in Florida, and back in L.A. in time for work Londay.

((Voice from audien(s.)) "Won't you have trouble finding a parking space for your plane in Los Angeles?"

Well, maybe I can park the plane in the suburbs, somewhere.

There is the question of the route. The in thing nowadays is a polar route. I looked on the map - Quito to Singapore, you have your choice, you can take either the north polar route or the south polar route, it's the same distance, roughly. We can let the passengers vote. You know, what'll it be this week? Santa Clauses workshop or penguins? Or, if they don't like the idea of flying above all that cold, it's the same distance to floow the equator around. Quito and Singapore happen to be situated so that either north polar route or south polar route or equatorial route is all the same distance, so it doesn't matter what route we take.

As you may be aware from looking at them on the map (if you have a map), (sound effect of rustling paper for the tape), Quito to Singapore is a fairly long flight, even by the standards of airlines which specialize in charter flights, so the passengers may pet bored, even though my sister who'll be stewardess is handing out sandwiches and oreo cookies or whatever.

Luckily, I have a movie projector. It's a hand-me-down from my parents, it's an old regular 8. And I have a couple of hours of old, old prints of cartoons which are older than I am; and, to flesh it out, I think that I can borrow my parents' home movies of me when I was a little kid, and that ought to be enough for a good bit of the flight. And, since I don't know how many people fly between Quito and Singapore regularly - but, if there's not too much repeat business, then they won't get bored by the same business every flight.

Now, the nice thing about showing old home movies on regular 8 is, there's no sound track - so I don't have to worry with silly stuff like renting out earphones.

((Dead silence, a realization of where he has gotten to, laughter and applause.))

Which means that I can sell the earphones to somebody else who wants to start an airline.

((And then much more applause.))

--Thom Digby (transcribed ((and with interpolations)) by

Marty Cantor)

### THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE BY GARY DEINDORFER

And now, some more capricious judgements from your rapacious reviewer. As the

tv commercial once used to go, "But tell me. Do I...offend?"

Eric Bentcliffe's fan career stretches back to the heyday of British fanzine fandom in the early 50s. A nostalgic air fills the pages of WALDO #5 without Eric particularly working at it. His Beacon report reflects his years of experience in the magic microcosm. It is not spectacular, flashy reportage. Its virtue is Eric's calm understatedness, and his close observation of the people around him. It also simmers with a mellow, tested humour. He mentions "that tight little band of Insular English who appeared determined to keep their segment of fandom untainted by outside contact." Eric, to the contrary, has an open mind, and will just as readily send WALDO to the neofan who requests a copy as to the veteran fan.

The Irish John Berry relates cat stories in his unique style of humourous hyperbole. His writing is so extravagently visual and absurd it's like watching a

Harold Lloyd movie.

The letter column catches a few people in a reminiscent mood, telling about their early years in fandom, in reply to Eric's article on that subject in the previous issue.

Mimeography and format are what might be called "English functional."

You might want to try out WALDO, a U.K. fanzine that doesn't feel the need to remind you every other page how superior British fans and fanzines supposedly are to any other fans and fanzines.

QUINAPALUS #4 (M.K. Digre) is so famish it has gone into hyperdrive. This famzine offers famishness distilled to an almost unheard of degree of purity and artificiality. Mark's editorial is a delicately witty

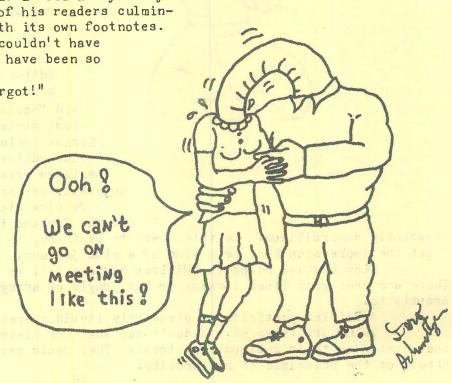
interchange between him and some of his readers culminating in a Terry Hughes letter with its own footnotes.

Mark's instincts are subtle: he couldn't have done this in the lettercolumn and have been so

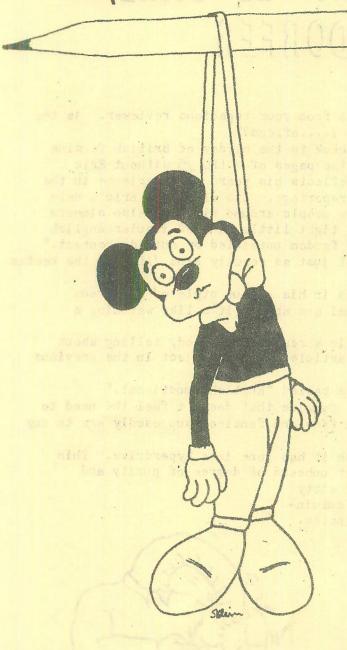
beautifully contrived about it.

"The K-Mart That Time Forgot!"
by John Bartelt is an ingenious
faan fiction pastiche of Gernsbackian AMAZING STORIES
scientifiction, featuring
incorrect predictions of
the future (now). Here,
elegance of execution
lives up to elegance of
conception.

As if that weren't esoteric enough, there follows a four page comic strip about funny vegetables which is so hermetically self referential that even the artists who drew a page each



suspended animation



(Basseville, Marschall, Fletcher, and Becker) must by now forget what it was supposed to mean.

Jim Meadows reviews a book about the 50 worst films of all time. He makes the most of this satirical opportunity, touching all the bases he tries for.

The letter column is brief and dense with chuckles.

QUINAPALUS is sort of a RUNE to the third power. If you like Lewis Carroll, you'll

dig this Digre mag.

FAST AND LOOSE (Alan Bostick) is a frequent faanish zine, a few pages an issue, mailed first class. I have numbers 3, 4 and 5 on hand. It attempts a super artificiality in the land of the lighter side of life. Dut where this approach succeeds in QUINAPALUS, it falls on its face here. There is a grim earnestness about the goings on. Bostick reaches, sweating and straining, but fails to grasp the golden apple. The brief letters tend to affect a brittle, hip tone to match Bostick's wearing efforts to be light, oh so light, and wittier than witty. In the early 70s Calvin Demmon and John D. Berry put out the hilarious weekly HOT SHIT. FAST AND LOOSE is a pale shadow of their creation, done weakly.

TELO3 #1 is from the same address. Editors Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden are even more determined to be fabulous. and faanish than Alan Bostick, with even less success. It must be a grim household. Teresa Nielsen Hayden has a long, mainly snide editorial at the rear end of the fanzine. She takes great pains to be clever, mostly to no avail, as far as I'm concerned.

Patrick wielsen Hayden's editorial leading off the fanzine is not merely snide, it is un-

pleasantly supercilious. He tries hard to be funny, in a mean spirited way, but basically I get the impression that he's kind of a glum jackass.

Alan Bostick helps the Nielsen Haydens tell us "How to Be a Seattle Fan." There are some good lines lurking in the jungle of arrogance which this literary exertion amounts to.

A Rotsler portfolio of pleasantly liquid scenes will please his many fans. TELO3 irritates me. I don't see what the Nielsen Haydens have going for them that justifies their zealous snottiness. They could say the same about me, but I'm not afraid of the principle of reciprocity.

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TELOS and FAST AND LOOSE are examples of what happens when faanishness takes itself too seriously.

Cheryl Cline doesn't care about that kind of hipper than thou duckflop. THE WRETCH #3 is light, even oh so light, without seeming to try. Cheryl's brief introductory comments establish a deft, amusingly sloppy ambiance that carries through the rest of the zine. Rich Coad follows with a grand exercise in individuality. Coad is one of the most outspoken writers in fandom. He doesn't seem to care what other people think of him, and makes me feel like a mealymouthed mouse by comparison. He is also the possessor of a vivid, concise writing style. Some people might think he goes a little too far sometimes, but I say better Coaded excess than studied shit ala Nielsen Haydens and Bostick.

Terry Floyd writes about the punk scene in Austin, Texas, of all places. The situation has probably changed by now, and the article might be well out of date. But for me it is that beloved cliche of the reviewer: the highpoint of the issue.

The letter column is good grotty fun too, leading off with the redoubtable "Brute Tornley."

THE WRETCH is way out, man, and mucho bueno too!

ULTRA DUMB is from Bill Breiding. I've read wild stories about Bill here and there over the last few years. Gullible sould that I am, I have created an image in my mind of a charismatic, Byronesque, dreaming Breiding. Bill's poetry and prose in ULTRA DUMB convey some of the mythical quality I have for some reason come to associate with him. He has a subtle mind and he's honest. I have to admire that, because I have a subtle mind but I'm not as honest. Ask for a copy of ULTRA DUMB and read about Theo, Brudder, Mortzart, and some of the other misty phantoms inhabiting Bill Breiding's magic mind world.

SPACE JUND #3 is the work of that sarcastic sot with the tongue like a switch-blade, Rich Coad. Coad does not write a complete Seacon report, but restrains himself to a funny as hell two page Seacon anecdote about his appearance on a fan panel.

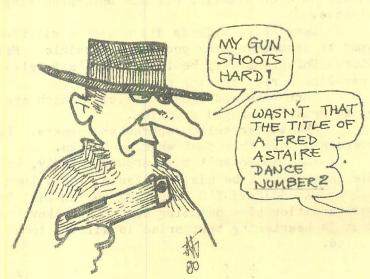
English fan Kevin Smith then launches into the Seacon report that Coad did not deign to write. It has some groovy moments, but it is a diffuse, not very sustained piece of writing. However, if Smith is responsible for the following two pages about The Jacqueline Lichtenberg Appreciation Society, he has written the funniest two pages since Rich Coad's two pages at the beginning of the issue. These four pages cause me to recommend SPACE JUNK #3 as THE fanzine to get out of all those reviewed in this column installment.

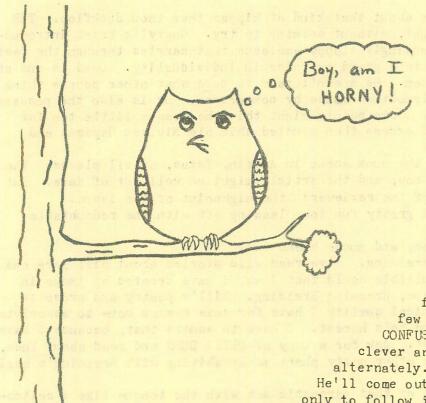
"My Life in Women's Underwear" is the title of a modestly witty little effort by Mike Glyer. The article is not as brilliant as the title, but 'c, what do you expect, one miracle after another?

Somehow the letter column has been edited so that it has only high points. A mysterious and admirable achievement.

SPACE JUNK #3 is a rather brilliant creation. It is true to itself. It owes little to any model that I can think of. As a bonus, the Bill Bryan cover is weird, mousy and cartoonically beautiful.

I'd heard about the personalzine Mike Glicksohn sends out, but I'd never seen a XENIUM until he recently sent me a copy. #12 makes me realize anew that Mike is what you might call a professional fanwriter.





He takes it as seriously as a job, it sometimes seems, even though he doesn't get paid for it. Fortunately. he doesn't take himself too seriously and manages some real coups of casual humourousness, in his locs and articles. I think, though, there's a good bit of. craftmanship behind it all. Mike's long editorial about his kipple pie to end all kipple pies is rather artless and "professionally amateur" to an extreme degree.

To date I've never read any of Spider Robinson's fiction, only transcriptions of a few of his GoH speeches. His CONFUSION speech in this issue is clever and corny, arrogant and ingenuous, alternately. He has a weird sense of humour. He'll come out with an intriguing bit of wit, only to follow it with something childish and asinine. Ah, aren't we all a little bit like Spicer,

The most remarkable thing in XENIUM #12 is a porn of mag parody, STARTLING SMEGMA STORIES, with Glicksohn, Gardner Dozois and Joe Haldeman among the many authors. It's raunchy stuff, and almost too clever. It even got me horny, as undersexed as I am. That could it do for you, panting reader?

Reproduction is superb, and not only in the parody. The Derek Carter cover is intricately lovely.

Good luck in trying to get a copy. It's not an easy mag to get. Eddie Anderson has personality and opinions to spare. In STHONDAT #3 he digs down into his sould and tries to be as honest about himself as he can be. I think he's a little hard on himself, but his uncompromising attitude towards himself and life is admirable.

Dave Prill defends disco with a vilification farrage that is deliberately designed to insult as many people as possible. Prill is even more outspoken than the editor. Unfortunately, he lacks Eddie's intelligence and sense of humour, and comes across like a real braying asshole.

Burt Libe and I have articles which are rather run of the mill following as

they do Prill's enraged eruption.

The letter column sparks and smokes. Eddie is not afraid to talk back to his loccers and tell them just what he thinks.

The man doesn't mess around. Sadly, he shows signs of going gafia already.

Eddie says #3 will be his last issue. Good luck in trying to get a copy.

though?

MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST #7 (Brian Earl Brown) has a multicolour mimeographed cover rendition of a painting by Mae Strelkov. As a piece of art it is nothing much, but it is heartening that Brian is willing to go to the considerable mimeography effort entailed.

Brian's writings scattered throughout the zine are workmanlike in style but
for all of that very self revealing, though
in a calmer, less harsh manner than Eddie
Anderson would have. In his unspectacular
way that is rich in content, I think he
manages to be one of the best writers in
fandom. Perhaps it is because his depth
of understanding is obviously so great.

There are no less than <u>four</u> (4) letter columns, packed full of provocative material.

Eric Mayer and Cy Chauvin both have articles ruminating about Manhattan, of all places. (You know, that crazy island Saturday Night live is broadcast from.) Eric's is a moody essay on people and Sagan's R-complex, Cy's is a shy essay about some New York City fans he visited a couple years ago.

MSD isn't faanish and it isn't sercon. Brian Earl Brown has a feeling for the interconnedctedness of life. He doesn't shove things in lavelled boxes. One amusing thing about MSD:

Brian is not the best typist in the world, but he's the best typo maker in the world. His typos of his own and other people's writing are as ingenious as they are frequent.

There's a lot of good art in different mimeo ink colours, none of it typo'ed.

DIGRESSIONS #4 (John Bartelt) is the only out and out sercon fanzine reviewed
this time. Sercon except for a wild comic strip parody of Pogo and John Varley's
OPHIUCHI HOTLINE. But it's good sercon, a special John Varley issue, with a Bartelt
article about Varley's work, a bibliography, a Bartelt conducted interview with Varley
and a critique by Jeanne Gomoll of Varley's novel TITAN. I have never ready any Varley,
so I am not able to make any valid comments on most of the material in this issue.

David Wixon has a deep thinking piece on the possible nature of extraterrestrial intelligence, reprinted from a RUNE of a couple years back. Carol Kennedy has an article of kind words for a tv show which I believe is now defunct, Andy Griffith's "Salvage 1."

Bartelt announces that DIGRESSIONS #4 will be the last issue. If you're a

Varley fan, DIGRESSIONS #4 is a must.

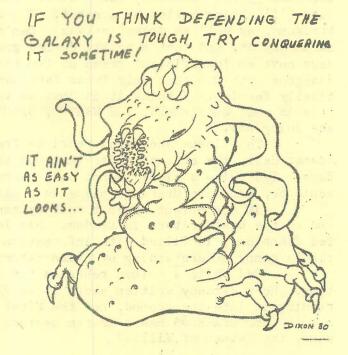
In a professionally amateur creation in FANILY RELATIONSHIPS, Mike Glicksohn says that editor Dorothy Bedard-Stefle is ten. She immediately corrects him in brackets by pointing out that whe is "ten-and-a-half." By the time you read this, she may well be eleven. Glicksohn's article is one of those cutesy, talking down attempts at humour that older fans write for very young female fans' publications. There are other cutesy artifacts: Unca Andy Offutt with a bedtime story, Stephen Leigh on fannish eating habits and some neofan named Bob Tucker on paper.

George Laskowski manages to be serious, envisioning Klaatu as Christ. Prsumably serious, anyway. How about a sequel, envisioning Christ as Kaatu? (von Daniken has already gotten into that angle, come to think of it.)

"United We Fan" by Cap'n Ro Lutz Nagy seems to be that coveted thing, "best

in issue." It is funny without being cutesy pie.

There is also a biography of Dorothy by her mother, Suzi Stefl, and even a one page editorial by Dorothy. I get the impression that Dorothy has received more than a little help on this fanzine from her mother and assorted other adults. If Dorothy did most of the work herself, I hope she doesn't become an old fan and tired by age twelve. Well, keep an eye out for her. Fandom can always use new blood, as Count Dracula once said.



BOONFARK #3 (Dan Steffan) has a Steffan/Canfield cartoon cover of a sultry duck with tits (!!!) being balled by a robot. Who says science fiction doesn't broaden mental horizons, as well as ducks' vulvas? Dan's editorial reveals that he's as good a writer as an artist, and that's pretty damned good. He thinks that most fanzine fans these days have an insufficient grasp of fan history and traditions. While that is true, I disagree with Dan that only those fanzines which actively rework past legends are authentically fannish. I think it is just as valid to work with the material of life on hand. This is what QUINAPALU3, THE WRETCH, SPACE JUNK, XENIUM, STHONDAT, MSD and BOONFARK are doing now.

This issue showcases reprints from the early 60s about the semi-mythological Towner Hall, the office/fanden that was the center of faanish fandom in NYC in those days. Ted White's piece is not bad, Terry Carr's piece is light and wry as only he could be, and Pete Graham's piece is a masterpiece: nostalgia seen as antinostalgia.

If his output weren't so very small, rich brown would likely be considered one of the best writers in fandom. His long article recalling his close friend, the late Ted Johnstone, is filled with information on all sorts of fannish trivia and demonstrates rich's canny understanding of human nature. This article is a real treasure.

Ted White's column rehashes the Phil Foglio Hugo crisis still one more boring time. He's already written about it in SCIENTIFRICTION and, I think, MAYA. White's running it into the ground, not the first time he's run a subject into the ground.

BOONFARK #3 has a Graham masterpiece and a brown treasure. What more do you want, the Return of Willis?

### --- Gary Deindorfer

### FANZ INES REVIEWED

WALDO #5 -- Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7NR, U.K. "Available by whim."

QUINAPALUS #4 -- M.K. Digre, 1902 S. 4th Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55404. Letters of comment, humourous contributions, most fanzines, or \$1.

FAST AND LOOSE - Alan L. Bostick, 5022 9th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105. Available to anyone who asks for it.

THE WRETCH -- Cheryl Cline, 1621 Detroit Ave. #23, Concord, CA 94520. The usual, I guess-

ULTRA DUMB -- Bill Breiding, c/o Young, P.O. Box 26617, San Francisco, CA 94126. Apa-50 Zine; you might ask if he can spare an extra copy.

SPACE JUNK #3 -- Rich Coad, 251 Ashbury St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94117. "Money (however much), trades, letters, gorgeous women, plying the editor with booze and drugs."

XENIUM #12 -- Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3, Canada. Not easy to get, but you might give it a try.

STHONDAT #3 -- Eddie Anderson, 1962 Gardenstone, Westlake, CA 91361. "Available for the asking, a buck, or a naked woman."

MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST #7 -- Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd. #207, Detroit, MI 48219. Locs, contributions of art or articles, selected trades, or \$1.25.

DIGRESSIONS #4 -- John Bartelt, 401 8th St. SE, #8, Minneapolis, MN 55414. Trade, loc, or \$1.

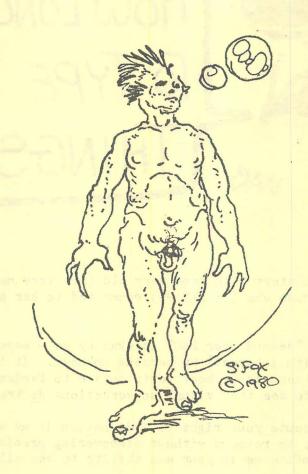
FANILY RELATIONSHIPS -- Dorothy Anne Bedard-Stefl, 4764 Washtenaw. #B-1, Ann Arbor, MI 48104. The usual, Iguess.

BOONFARK #3 -- Dan Steffan, 823 N. Wakefield St., Arlington, VA 22203. "Available for articles, drawings and \*\*Old Fanzines.\*\*" Or \$1.

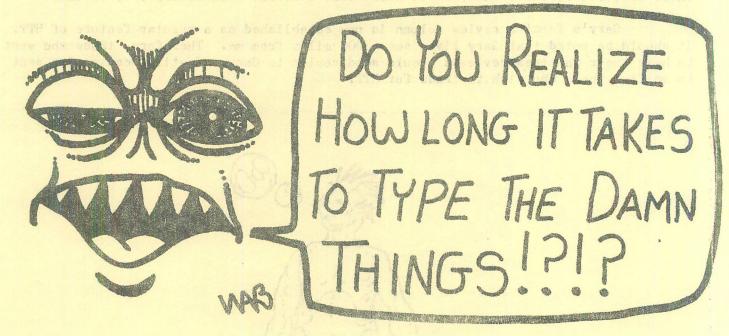
TELOS #1 -- Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, 5022 oth Ave. NE, 3eattle, WA 98105. Contributions, locs, your publication or old fannish fanzines.

All of those whose fanzines were reviewed by Gary will be sent a copy of HTT #7. (It is my hope that some permanent trades will result (I already do trade with some of the above).) Above and beyond that, though, I do intend to make available some space in HTT #8 for replies from these faneds. As of this typing I have very little response to Gary's column in HTT #6 - response from those reviewed, that is. (Remember, HTT is always out early, so please try to get your replies to me by the early part of August - if you can possibly do so.) If enough of those whose fanzines are reviewed do reply to Gary's column, I will set up a section separate from the LoC Ness conster to handle these specific replies. And, be it known that I do not from controversy shrink.

Gary's fanzine review column is now established as a regular feature of HTT. It should be noted that Gary lives some 3000 miles from me. Therefore, those who want to have their fanzines reviewed should send copies to Gary. I still need copies sent to me from those who wish to trade for HTT.



## THE LOE HESS CONSTITUTED



/\*/ The LoC Ness Monster will start with some very old (but very necessary) business - Joan Hanke-Woods' reply to those who (in HTT #5) commented to her artwork in HTT #4. /\*/

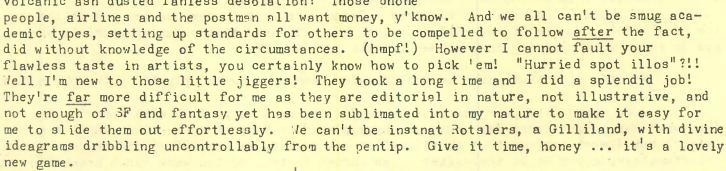
### JOAN HANKE-WOODS

Dan Deckert -- your "second ever LoC" is okay by me - especially as it makes me aware of "being watched with interest" by persons unknown. It is, however, a downright creepy experience. Doing artwork is my best contribution to fandom as the social aspects terrorize me. I am pleased to see that visual conversations do transend time and space with some acuity.

Taral -- I won't dispute your right to indignation if my winning the FAAn award inspires that reaction; yet, to respond without discovering precisely how the thing came to me bespeaks great confidence in your own ability to see all and know all that goes

down in fanzine activity. Actually, as you must know by now, I was the most surprized of all to be that recipeint...and I'm enormously grateful, regardless of whether it was zineac or conac that inspired the votes to go my way. I know that I worked very hard on whatever art did the trick. 3F art has been my life for the last three years, for good or ill. Two things to remember from this incident are that a.) more quality work is printed then may meet thine eye, and b.) the FAAA award has brought my interest into fanzine art just as my ability to continue conac had vanished. In other words, it has allowed my association with fandom to mutate and grow, "The ghost of Noshe Feder's fanac" to the contrary.

just how close can collaboration be over 2000 miles of sun scorched, rain wasted, quake ridden, volcanic ash dusted fanless desolation? Those phone



Gary Deindorfer -- I couldn't have fulfilled arty's desire (for artwork on such a scale) without having been unemployed at the time, and with his kind use of things I had done previously.

John Hertz -- The front cover "troubles" you? That is excellent, as I drew it in the subconscous mode. I drew it without an easily discernable logical relationship as you can see. Then I was finished I, too, was puzzled, but I liked it and went on to make it into Marty's cover. It was mysterious and a little jolting as are both the sexual habits and military penchants of our days now. I am satisfied with this image, although it is still only a crude approximation of my original impulse - because I know it will grow. As Ursula Le Guin has said, the artist experiences something like a transcendental stream of active imagination, becoming the medium of the muse, so to speak. One's skill is to become more receptive and patient with this communication.

Bob Lee -- Thanks for your unwary compliments. I like being airy, ethereal & unnaturally distorted as these things better express what I see in people and the world, and what I want to see, sometimes. F. Frazetta, J. Jones and J. Steranko I certainly know are great, are generally preferred, and in my mind are extremely, typically "masculine," and appealing to men (who still dominate the arts in 3F fandom and prodom). I love and learm from those gutzy, thick-necked (stiff necked) lovlies ... but could never (nor would wish to) paint/draw as they do. And certainly I could never see women in the same mode as they do. I probably will suffer the slings and arrows of those (the majority) who toss out consideration and enjoyment of art work simply when it doesn't immediately conform to their habitual preconceptions. Yet I would hope to appeal to those with a receptive mind to things beyond their established taste patterns. Such a thing is invariably by its nature an uphill battle is it not? That is what I find exciting...the battle and the evolution of myself and my environment. I like those bold, strong, muscular things too...give it time.

David Thayer -- Yes, I heartily agree that the "one man show" can very easily become a bore. It takes great excellence to cary it off. I haven't achieved it yet. There is nothing but to keep on, yes?

Jan Brown -- I appreciate your appreciation, and your nit picking is welcome too. I try to give my cohorts in crimedom as much nit pick material as is huwomanly possible!

Brian Earl Brown (as relayed by editor from Wofan) -- 30 you're tired of my dots, eh baby? You just didn't look hard enough at the <a href="lines!!">lines!!!</a>. And the picture's usually like <a href="between">between</a> both the dots and the lines, all of which are imaginary geometric symbols anyway. eh?

### MIKE GLICKSOHN

I've just this second hung up the phone after calling Joan Hanke-Woods who has yet to receive her copy of #6 and hence didn't know of the cosmic coincidence provided by the fact that it was Luke McGuff who sent in the personal to the Chicago Reader which Joan sent to me and which I commented on to you causing Luke McGuff to remark about the amazing nature of it all and prompting my phonecall to Joan. Since I woke her up, her reaction was "Huh??" which about seems to sum it all up, don't you think? Excuse me whilst I refill this astonishing disappearing martini glass...

Ahh, that's better. As Flanders & Swann were wont to say, we can now relive the primordial struggle of man pitted against the olive and that seems appropriate when one is faced with replying to a stoned fanzine such as HTT.

/\*/ Um. And that would be Moll Flanders and Lynn Swann, right? I thought not./\*/

I do appreciate your courtesy in sending along a copy of #5 with today's #6 (and what more significant day could you have picked to have it arrive than April the Oneth?) but I must confess that shortly after you called, my copy of #5 did indeed arrive. Unfortunately, a day or so thereafter I was forced to take my two week "arch break (one of the burdens we teachers have to tolerate) and by the time I'd recovered from that celebration of the last bachelor days of a dear fannish friend of mine, it was too late to reply to #5. However, it was reassuring to note whilst reading #6 that several people chose to take my name in vain so I may not have answered your fifth (rest assured, however, that I was giving my wholehearted attention to several other fifths in the meantime) but I was still present in the subsequent issue. I suppose it is a measure of fannish longevity that when one is temporarily too busy to respond to a fanzine there are enough people willing to defame one's good nature to take up the slack. (I refer, of course, primarily to these intimations that I don't know a vagina from a hole in the ground...) (Straight Line #87: I like to feel I can occasionally set my fellow letterhacks up with a challenge..)

Setting aside this fannish foolishness for the nonce, I feel obliged to admit that I enjoyed reading this sixth attempt at a fanzine from you. One might wish you'd gallop ahead setting new standards for contemporary fanzines, but I suppose we'll have to settle for a Cantor. And since it appears to have become de rigueur to comment on the appearance and the production values of HTT, by all means allow me to say a word or thirty. It is, after all, an area I've a few credentials in...

Damn it, so much for the Friendly Fannish Approach... Say, amigo, donot you ever proofread your damn copy!? I haven't seen so many typoes /\*/sic/\*/ since the last issue of a Brian Earl Brown fanzine I read. I realize that California is the home of Rick Sneary and hence a veritable hotbed of creative spelling but you don't have to be quite so slavish in imitating the fannish past. A little literacy goes a long way towards fostering the myth that fans are really more intelligent than the rest of the population. (This is a myth, of course, but there's no need to give such obvious proof of the fallacy, eh?)

/\*/ It so happens that I do proofread the stencils - it is the constant corfluing (and you should see my bill for the stuff) that takes up so much of my time in producing

each issue of HTT. All of the pages of the revived LASFS genzine SHAGGY was typed by one person - except, that is, for the ToC page which was typed by me as the regular typist was unavailable when it came time to type that page. Anyway, when I showed the corflu encrusted stencil to Mike Gunderloy (my co-editor on SHAGGY), he said, "Yep, it certainly was you who typed it." /\*/

Then there's the artwork in #6. The cover is more than acceptable; not brilliant, but definitely competent and eye-catching. Unfortunately, the interior artwork doesn't live up to the promise of the cover: the Pearson and the Poyser are artistically sound but the rest of the artwork is in the realm of filler. (Now there is good filler - as with the Gilliland and harvia cartoons which stand on the merit of their punchlines -- but a fanzine filled primarily with filler just doesn't impress on a visual level. I happily accept that you enjoy publishing gags that tickle your fancy -- and we all do it -- but for a fanzine that uses as much artwork as HTT, one might expect, or at least hope for, a slightly higher level of overall quality. Lee and Fox show promise but still have a way to go; or so it seems to me. Undoubtedly Harry will think it's all tremendous.)

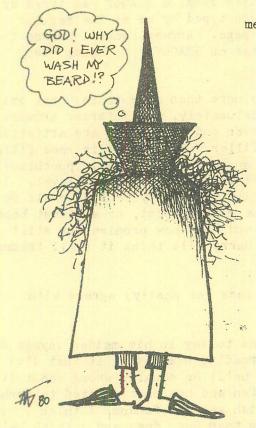
/\*/ You should know that Joe Pearson more or less (or mostly) agrees with you. /\*/

I disagree with a great deal of what Gary D has to say in his maiden voyage as a fanzine reviewer in HTT but I so thoroughly enjoyed reading him saying it that I've sent him off a copy of my own fanzine in the hope that he'll be equally wrong about it when/if he chooses to mention it in your pages. As a fan who has participated to perhaps a greater extent than any other North American in British ganzine fandom, I think I have a clearer idea of the nature of English fannish writing than Gary does and I think he's just misunderstanding the focus of some of the things he's read. It doesn't work to bring the same sort of standards to English fanwriting as one brings to (north) American fanwriting because the nature of the culture which has formed the writing is completely different. (I don't mean to imply that one shouldn't demand equally high levels of writing competency, but rather that in understanding the content and the style of English writing one has to place them in the context of the English culture from which they arose. In failing to do this, Gary misreads English fanzines. Or so I believe.) But he writes a damn entertaining column and I look forward to many future installments from him. He certainly has the interest in the fanzine field and the historical perspective on fandom in general to provide a solid viewpoint on what's currently being done. Even when he's wrong ... (Isn't this fun!)

I could disagree with Dan Deckert but it would be fruitless. He is patently wrong in claiming that an inexperienced player could play all the LASFS games well and the mere fact that he makes such a claim (and hard though it is to believe, he does, as a rereading of his letter clearly shows) indicates that he is probably a former test subject in some Canadian laboratory investigating the brain-damaging effects of LASFS on weak-willed subjects. I can only hope that he got a good pension because his brain is evidently now in a bottle on display in the Smithsonian...

In reference to the lovely Ms Brown's loc I refuse to further discuss this topic of vaginas popping up in fandom. (Please notice that this is in reference to "the lovely Ms Brown's loc" not "the Ms Brown's loce") When my researches are complete, then I'll reveal the truth. Maybe fans are slans after all...

To carry esoterica to the extreme, let me suggest that Suzi the Stefnl could have used that brown paper bag for her loc since it would have ended up taking out the garbage either way. The mere suggesting that I might not have known what I was doing at the time I did what I wrote about that she wrote about me writing about is patently ludicrous. If you follow me. (You can't trust her, you know; she is a well known mother...)



I wouldn't know Georges Giguere if he bit
me on the ankle but I would like to point out to him
that people like Labonte and Gomoll are kitty-drownlatelies on the anti-cat circuit. I've been valiantly fighting the good fight for intelligence,
sensibility and fah-for-felines for many years
and whilst it's pleasant to finally have a few
friends to assist in this noble work, I'd
rather they pushed a few cats under the bandwagon instead of merely jumping on it.

/\*/ As a fellow cat-hater I think that this would be a good opportunity for me to ask all of the loccers to come up with some creatively interesting ideas as to just what should be done with/to cats. It should make a good contest and get the fun out of tandom! I still do not understand why so many fans go disgustingly gah-gah over those critters. /\*/

### DAN DECKERT

What happened to HTT #6? You put the poor zine on a diet, or is it just that people are finally catching on to your racket?

Let's be frank. You didn't really think you could fool that many people for TOO long, did you? They were bound to catch on. But, then again, perhaps I'm not being fair. Maybe you just printed on thinner paper this time around.

Or maybe it was YOU who got smart. Perhaps you finally decided to stop printing all the junk. Maybe these days you're sticking to the quality stuff. Like my LoCs. Iguess the best thing I can do is just go ahead and read the damn thing and find out.

Aha, perhaps we see a clue in the opening editorial. In an effort to avoid blatant me-ism, you've unselfishly cut down on HTT's content. That's not it? Then why write that opening piece? It's not as funny as your usual stuff. As a matter of fact, if I wasn't familiar with your propensity for humour, I'd swear that that was a serious and well thought-out statement on a modern human shortcoming. But that couldn't be the case, so I guess I'll just have to dig further.

I doubt the cause of the page shortage was Gary Deindorfer's column. Now I don't claim to be any kind of fanzine expert. Me, I just piddle around with a couple of APAs and a very select group of full-fledged genzines. The latter category includes all those zines whose authors/editors have selected me to receive their outpours. So, perhaps this opinion is based on nothing but a general lack of knowledge and experience, but I found Gary's column quite interesting, informative, and well-written. Hardly something to scar away contributors. Besides, who could have known about it in advance?

Then there was Glyer's article. It was a reprint, so I suppose that anybody who knew it was upcoming might have wanted to avoid having anything appear in print in the immediate vicinity. Then again, HTT came out right around tax time, and Mike's article contained SO much extremely useful information. And it was much easier to read than the average tax article/example. Indeed, I don't think I've ever seen tax regulations presented in a clearer and/or easier to understand manner.

The LoC Ness Monster! That must be it. The cause of HTT's diet! Everybody's given up writing to you! No, wait a minute. That can't be right either. The first LoC is from me. That not only wouldn't scare anybody away, it should be expected to attract

people in droves. Despite the many typos inserted by you. And despite your transcriptions of my perfectly good American words into English. I can write in English if I want to, but American is my native tongue (fingers?). /\*/ Tush. /\*/ I think that most of your readers will understand my words the way I spell them.

could have for reading HTT, anyway.

Maybe it's your politics that scare people away. I mean, anybody who accuses Jimmy Carter of having widespread support (other than relative to turkeys like Teddy the Wetback), as you did in a response to Alexis Gilliland, can't be quite "all there." Hell, Chairman Peanut has made Ronnie Raygun into a realistic candidate for President almost single-handedly. Still, watching you make a fool of yourself should be another big draw to would-be contributors.

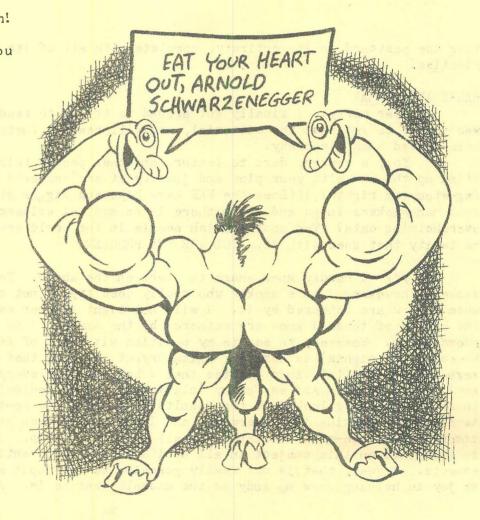
/\*/ Spoken like a rock-ribbed Republican idiot. Hm. A redundancy there. /\*/

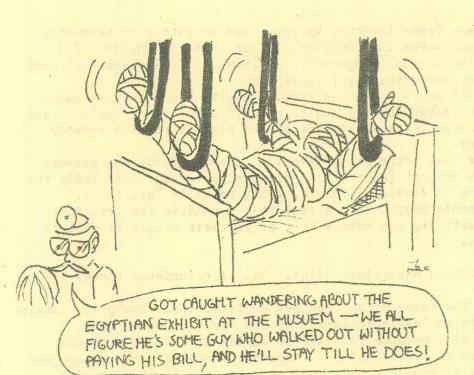
Silly comments could be the cause of the reduced content, too. Example: imagine Richard Lloyd thinking that you're an "enviable faned" in any way, shape, or form. Isn't it obvious that I LoC your zine because you give me copies of it? Most people are intelligent enough not to give me free fanzines, therefore, they're lucky enough not to have to put up with my utterly dispensible LoCs. Of course, not all of Richard's comments were silly. His comments on English vs American are well-taken; by me if not by you.

Aha! The Real Reason!
There it is hidden in your
comment to Donald Franson. You
can't afford bigger HTTs.
Justaminit! I don't really
believe that. It smacks
more of an excuse than a
reason. Fanzine editing
has a long and well established tradition of faneds
going broke to produce
Bigger Issues. And you're
nothing if you're not a
traditionalist, Marty.
Guess I'll have to search

Could serious comments be the scare factor? Or perhaps you've offended too many cat fans. I wish you luck in breeding those big cats. They will undoubtedly discover a way to escape you. Then they'll probably eat you and any other sons (and daughters) of bitches that they can find.

I'm really at a loss. (That's an accurate description of LoCing HTT,





isn't it?) I just can't figure out why you don't get more contributions. No obviously good reasons spring out at me from your pages. Then again, nothing obviously good springs out from your pages, so I guess I shouldn't complain too much. Seriously, Marty, good luck at getting out bigger issues. We deserve them. I hope that LoCs of this sort (i.s., long) help you when you need padding. Even if they don't, I'm likely to keep writing them, so you're (select one) in/out of luck.

/\*/ From Dan's interesting
"theme" LoC we turn to an
A-l example of prime putridity - an example of why
its author is getting to be
known as one of fandom's
prime fuggheads. I am prin-

ting the postcard in its entirety, complete with all of its typos and grammatical, er, niceties.

### HARRY ANDRUSCHAK

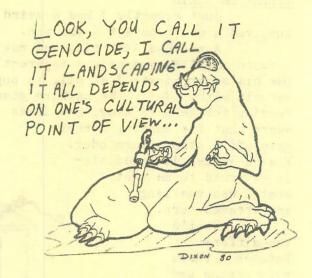
Dear Marty: I finally got around to trying to read HOLIER THAN THOU #6. I was unable to get past the editorial, and will read no further. Not since Anita Bryant have I read such hipocrasy.

You, a smoker, dare to lecture on other people being selfishness?? You who stink up the air with your pipe and justify it as "smoker's rights" ((Does Anita have Fag-stomping rights?))((Does the KKK have Kike and Nigger stomping rights?)).....who foul non-smokers lungs and claim there is no medical evidence against it, in spite of the overwhelming data? The most selfish people in the world are smokers like you....and the mentality that goes with it. YOU ARE THE PROBLEM

/\*/ I hardly know where to start on the above. Yes, I am a pipe (and cigar) smoker; however, I am a smoker who really does try to not bother (with my smoke) those whom I know are bothered by it. I will not light up (nor even bring my equipment) at the houses of those I know are bothered by the smoke. I do not smoke in non-smoking rooms. Etc. However, to equate my position with that of Anita Bryant (who is anti homosexual's rights) is absurd. Anita Bryant believes that everybody should be heterosexual. By parallel, Andy imputes that I believe that everybody should be a smoker. As I said, absurd. And as for my "claim there is no medical evidence against it," I have to say that I have looked at the results of much of the so-called research that purports to show that smoking is dangerous - and I have never seen such incompetant, biased and incomplete pseudo-experimentation in all my life. Grump. I wish that I had the space to expatiate on this subject in all of its puritanical, anti-freedom and anti-scientific aspects. Anyway, that is not really germaine to the topic at hand, said topic being my joy in helping show up Andy as the asshole that he is. /\*/

### SHELDON TEITELBAUM

My compliments on the recent HTT which to my delight, gets stranger every issue. If this goes on, you know, it will cease to qualify as a genzine. There is nothing very 'general' in those articles I have read to date. One wonders about the kind of publication that concerns itself with such pressing issues as income tax returns, getting the Canuck out of baseball, poker as 'wargaming,' Zionism, and marginally anyway, SF. Most especially those few Israelis I have shown HTT, who describe such activities with a quaint Hebrew expression gleaned from the Book of Job. which is pronounced 'ohffside'. A word, incidentally, which might serve adequately as the title of any future genzine of similar bent.



/\*/ Whilst steering clear of mentioning
that any Israeli's saying 'ohffside' must be watching
a football game, I should mention that it is somewhat
of a wonder to me that any Israeli's reading HTT are not ready to do me in, considering
some of the sick humour that I have in these pages perpetrated. Such as the joke about
the new German microwave oven - it seats six. Or Buzz Dixon's cartoon on this page in juxtaposition (purposely) with a LoC from an Israeli citizen. /\*/

The news tonight is full of the murders in Hebron yesterday. So soon after the attack on Misgav Am, it comes as a great shock. This cycle of death must end one way or another. I myself feel that we must leave the territories under some kind of accomodation with the Palestinians. There are great changes taking place not more than 12 miles from my home in Tel Aviv. The level of political awareness in the territories is swiftly approaching that of the Yishuv itself during the Thirties - that of a pre-state awaiting birth. This process cannot be denied. But we must make it plain that we will not for a moment tolerate any military activity against our nation, nor any arms buildup of any kind. The Palestinians will be forced to recognize unconditionally our right to sovereignty, and our defense forces' right to guarantee our security by any means whatsoever in the face of the slightest provocation. The new borders will not be pre-67, rest assured. But we must dismatle the settlements, and end the occupation. The Palestinian will have to live with us, no matter how repugnant that alternative. And if he does not quickly adjust to that new fact of life, we will take his state away from him, and nothing will serve to reattain it. I for one look forward to that day when we will live in accomodation with that state, as we do now with Egypt. But until that happens, I for one will work for a swift end to the present government, and a more brutal end to the murders perpetrated against my countrymen.

/\*/ The press in America does not seem to be reporting your viewpoint at all as being present in Israel. And schmuckhead Begin seems to be the darling of many American Jews. From my viewpoint (with my opinions; and, like every Jew I firmly believe that only my ideas about how to run Israel are correct) it seems to me that the biggest stumbling block to any movement for peace is not the Arabs (although they are a close second) - it is Begin and his hard-liners. Sadat is no saint; however, he did lead the way with some compromise. With a little more give on the Israeli side it seems probable that a few more Arabs of goodwill will come forth. (I hold no hope for Fatah - they should all be exterminated.) Jerusalem, however, should remain ours FOREVER. You seem to be thinking along the lines of my thoughts on this matter - a miracle. However, we are all to be saved by the fact that I am running out of page.

STEPHANIE KLEIN

Just recently I had a weird repeat weird dream that

involved a weird pepeat weird pun.

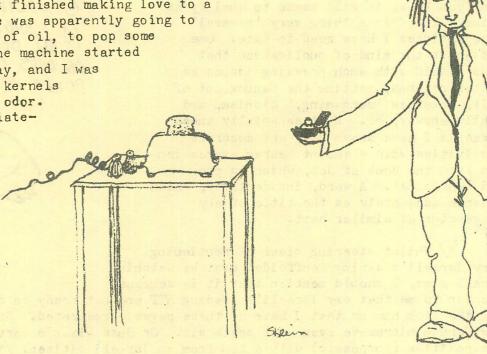
A man had just finished making love to a popcorn machine, and he was apparently going to use his semen, instead of oil, to pop some kernels with. Well, the machine started popping the kernels away, and I was aware that the cooking kernels

gave off a strong warm odor. When I awoke, it immediately occurred to me that

what I was smelling was creamed corn.

What's the difference between a three ring circus and a house of prostitution? Well, a circus has a cunning array of stunts ...

/\*/ Steph, you are lovably nuts. Keep, er, up the good work. /\*/



proposing a toast

MARK R SHARPE

Thanks for the HTT, and for the review,

I think. Oh, the zine was fine, but I'm not so sure about the review.

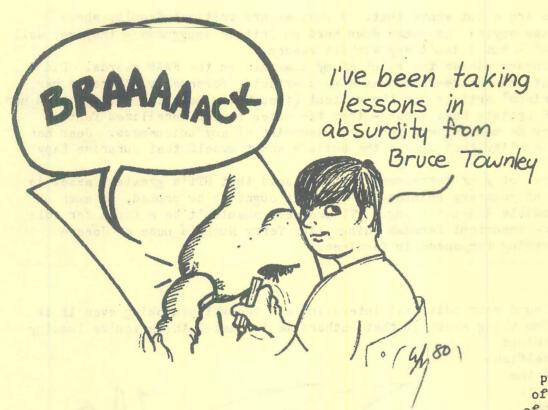
I was reminded by your editorial of a sad story. An old man, living in Los Angeles, came home one day after going to the store for some groceries. He was smiling and jokingly said to his wife, "I guess that geritol stuff works. When I was 30 years old I couldn't carry home \$20 worth of groceries. Here I am, 68, and I can carry home over a hundred dollars worth." And that was just one bag.

/\*/ What? Giving out a bag for just one stick of chewing gum? Giving out unnecessary bags causes inflationary pressures. /\*/

The trouble is, that's the same with me. I don't use carts all that much because I can never afford filling them. In the past two years I doubt I've ever left the store

with more than I could sarry, and that is the real shame.

My salary is in what the government calls the "poverty level." And this is the major reason so many people in the military who are supposedly career people are getting out. At one point last year I was working three jobs just to get the little luxuries in life I enjoy. Now I'm only working two jobs and spending less so I can still stay afloat. Last week I was asked by my division officer if I was going to reenlist, and I just laughed at her. I simply can't live off \$5500 a year. Gee, you know of any jobs opening in L.A. in November of 81?



### TARAL

I find your criticisms about the loose morals of contemporary society unreal. Where have you been? I've noticed these same discourtesies and petty crimes all my life, and don't think there's been any increase in the immorality of the common man. Less belief in "the system" maybe, and more willingness to emmulate the guardians of our society in their abuse of it perhaps. But the signs of the disintegration of Western culture are . probably not shopping carts left in parking lots.

/\*/ I was maybe not as clear in my editorial as I could have been. Possibly I could have put in a long peroration anent the fact that it is possible to find the malaise affecting Western society in examples both large and small - and then go on to point up everyday examples that I thought were indicative of it. As it was, I merely went directly to the small, everyday examples. I could have filled the pages of #6 with examples of our current problems. They would to one of two things: either things are getting worse (which I believe) or I am getting bitter in my middle age (also probably true). /\*/

Gary's reviews are welcome. From the situation two years ago when there where no regular reviews, there are now several zines carrying them as a regular feature. Now if only the reviews would improve. I can't exclude my own from this desideratum, they are too short to analyze a zine in the depth I'd like (and the British feel mandatory). My main complaint about other North American reviewers is that they are too fainthearted. They may not like the zine, but a mental defective in a state insitution in Poughkeepsie may like it so there must be something good about it. The British can be bloody viscious. it's true, but at least they work from the assumption that something can be done well or can be done badly, which we're afraid to admit.

If that isn't the problem, then I'm afraid of what might be. Perhaps, most of us can't tell the difference? Or perhaps it's now impossible for the good zines to be seen by more than a small fraction of today's fandom? Whichever is the case, there is a lot of easy egoboo to be made, and the people who make it write our reviews. Whilst we have accepted the dictim "I'm OK - You're OK" we have thrown out the concept of objectivity (even as a goal). A superb job of fanediting doesn't make the greatest impression. A mediocre zine that has more involved readers will always make a greater impression than a "studio" zine produced by the editor with relatively little input from others, or if the readers cannot easily identify with the editor. Our reviews reflect these values.

Gary's reviews are a cut above that. A rudimentary critical faculty shows through his demure review style. He comes down hard on British smuggness - they may well be "fannisher than thou" - but I can't say without reason.

Ah, but Kipy Poyser misses the point of my comments on the FAAN awards! Did I not end up agreeing that Joan Hanke-Woods was a good artist? Personally, I prefer her work to most newer "serious" artists for the content (though I'm not always happy with her treatment). Not enough artists have ideas - they too often rework fossilized fantasy traditions instead - nor do many have a personal viewpoint of any uniqueness. Joan has that, and it's on this quality that I base the beliefs about myself that surprise Kipy so.

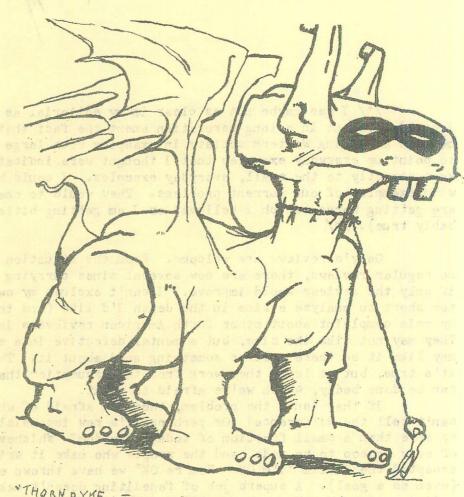
Although several of your correspondents have said that HTT's greatest asset is its letter column, I'm of contrary opinion. I think it ought to be pruned, as much of what was said was expendible APA-nattering. HTT probably shouldn't be a forum for idle chit-chat when there are important fannish things like Terry Hughe's nose or Joseph Nicolas' shoulder bag crying for space in fanzines.

### ARTHUR. D HLAVATY

I would have found your editorial intersting and thought-provoking even if it hadn't mentioned me. One thing about it that bothers me is that I think you're lumping together a variety of things

together a variety of things under the heading of "selfishness." Taking food off the shelves in a grocery store is theft. It is a crime, in my moral code, not because of its effect on prices but because it is taking something from its rightful owners. Leaving a shopping cart near the automobile strikes me as a civilised amenity, and I am quite cheerful about paying the cost of having it brought back, even if those who took their shopping carts back could have the few cents refunded.

But I do agree that there is less consideration for others around us than I would like to see. I blame it on the loss of a sense of community. It used to be that people thought of those around them as "US"; there were relatively small communities and people had some knowledge of their neighbours. Today, though, everything is politicised. Through government, we are constantly entangles in the lives of those all over the



PERFECTLY GOOD REASONS WHY SOME BEASTS
REMAINED IMAGINARY THEY WERE SHY.

country and even all over the world. whether or not we want to be. People are treated not by what they are personally, but by what some group they belong to can pressure the government into giving them. Under these circumstances, others are seen not as people. but as members of groups, races, classes, and other shared fantasies. Drastically cutting the role of the state in our lives will enable people to form communities once again. Indeed my "prophecy" of less piggy selfishness was based on the hope that we could find ways to disentangle ourselves from the state so as to be able to relate to one another as people once again.

"The Polish Navy Knife is indeed a marvelouse device"
--Barney Neufeld loc

MARVE LOUSE

Superhero of the bug word.

Able to leap tall footstools at a single bound!

/\*/ I am afaid that your naive libertarian predilictions are leading you astray in this instance. Firstly, it is just not possible for modern megalopolitan man to find the same sense of community (the like of which you are talking) because of the sheer hugeness of his concentrations. Secondly, your blaming the state as the (or a) cause of our not feeling part of a community is certainly not proven by any kind of facts. Indeed, this seems to be some sort of libertarian fantasy. A reading of history will certainly show one that the state can be a marvelous unifying device. One need look no further than how the United States was welded into into a unifying whole during World War II - the state, society, and indivduals with the same goal of defeating the Axis Powers. /\*/

As to mental testing, there is a lot of debate. It's probably not true that mental tests are biased towards Protestants (especially not as opposed to Jews) and certainly not true that there is a bias towards males, since questions on which one sex consistently scores higher than the others are thrown out. It is an open question how much intelligence tests reflect the bias of the testers and how much is genuine genetic difference. My own feeling is that there is a genetic component to intelligence, but it's not racially linked. There is not enough evidence to decide this. Of course, there are leftists who hate the idea of genetics so much that they will not accept the validity of an intelligence test unless it yields the proper ethnic and economic quotes, which is like a man breaking every ruler in his house because none of them say that his dick is long enough.

You may have gotten yourself in trouble by printing that Official Document which accompanies my letter. Admitting that you are not under the protection of the World's Oldest and Most Successful Conspiracy may give your enemies the courage to persecute you more openly. On the other hand, if the John Birch Society or other Illuminati haters ever take over, you can use that card in your defense.

Speaking of conspiracies, Georges Giguere's letter reminds me of one that you may unwittingly have fallen prey to. Do you realize that the spelling rules you favo(u)r are in effect in Canada, which is where almost all the hockey players come from?

/\*/ The fact that Canadians tend to favour correct spelling rules almost makes up for the fact that they produce \*ick\* hockey players. /\*/



### DARRELL SCHWEITZER

I am flattered that you would ask for more of my graphic atrocities, and enclose some. I think they're better drawn as a whole than the ones you've used. They're more recent. You have my 100th cartoon here. /\*/ The. one on the left is #77. /\*/ (Of the numbered series. We don't count the Early Works.) I have been drawing ever since about January 1979. I contracted the disease at Hexacon, in the presence of Joe Mayhew and Dan Joy, who are obviously carriers.

/\*/ But I do not see any aeroplanes on them! /\*/

Further, whenever I am in their presence, I am inspired to perpetrate more. I last saw them at Balticon this month, but the exposure wasn't particularly prolonged or intense, so I only drew a few, quite unlike the experience at Unicon last summer, after which I stayed with Dan for two days. This overdose of Joy caused me to inflict a full fifty cartoons on suffering humanity within 41 days. Your editorial

on greed and "me-ism" could have been written thousands of

years ago. I don't think this problem is particularly unique to our

society or particularly likely to go away. Man is a greedy and selfish creature, basically, and societies only work when the members feel they can get more out of organisation than anarchy, or someone has such strong control that nobody dares disobey. The history of the Roman Empire isn't particularly unusual in this respect, but it's a good example because it's so complete, from beginning to final dissolution. We read of countless provincial armies making their generals emperor and starting civil wars for their own benefit, without regard to the overall welfare of the empire. And there were the pretenders who grabbed power for themselves, even at the cost of seriously damaging the very prize they were after. In each case, nobody thought beyond their own immediate goals, even though it was obvious they were destroying everything in the process. There really

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was a period in which people were aware that "Roman-ness" was slipping away, but they weren't willing to clean up their act. There was a very late ruler named Majorian, who showed a bit more ability than most late emperors, but the first thing he tried to do was clean up the corruption and thievery in the government, but the palace guard wouldn't give up their bribes, and officials wouldn't give up the money they extorted from the populace (at the cost of destroying what was left of the economy), even though they could surely have seen Majorian was just the fellow Rome needed. (This was in the 460's, after the Vandals had sacked the place and imperial power was a bit of a joke.) So they bumped him off. And almost 1000 years later one could find John V Cantacuzenus grabbing the Byzantine throne with the help of the Turks, and thus wrecking the empire completely. But he preferred to put his own personal amition ahead of the welfare of the masses. The same sort of selfish behaviour you're observing, only on a larger scale. What else is new?

/\*/ Whilst not disagreeing with that which you have written, I do have to say that it is incomplete. Considering the Roman Empire - have you forgotten the reign of the Antonines (except for Commodus (the worthless sun of Marcus Aurelius)? But for a few aberations (such as Hadrian's war against the Jews), the years 96 - 180 under the reigns of the Emperor's Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius were years of good government and a general lack of greed (public greed) and corruption. There were other good times in the Roman Empire (though not much in its later years). Indeed, there have been times and places throughout history when both public and private "me-ism" has not been the blatant norm. I maintain that we are now witnessing an increase in private "me-ism" in the United States. So far we are still receiving fairly honest government in this country. ((I will not print any idiotic, knee-jerk libertarian blitherings on this subject.)) The bright glare of the media (which is now more pervasive than ever in history) makes every breath and finger-twitch of any public figure into some sort of problem. Remember, the temptations of public office are often almost overpowering - there is usually somebody willing to

plead and bribe for any reason. It takes a better than average individual to resist the everpresent temptations to some sort of wrongdoing. We in this country are fortunate that relatively few office-holders succumb. I have been on city commissions in several small cities and I can attest to how much work (for little remuneration) is done by elected officeholders. /\*/

ALEXIS GILL ILAND

I would just as soon not involve myself with IQ testing. However, BIAS IN MENTAL TESTING effectively refutes the notion you attribute to "current thought."

/\*/ I have to admit to not doing any serious reading in the field since sometime in the 1950's (or maybe the 1960's - it has been some time, anyway). I seem to remember, though, that that which I was calling "current thought" was information that I had in some way come across since then. As this may have just been misinformation picked up from somebody in some conversation (and not verifiable), I will bow to your more up-to-date information. /\*/

BUREACRACIES PROLIFERATE!

I THOUGHT THAT WAS

A FACT TO HATE.

BUT I GREW OLDER

AND MORE WISE:



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### SUZI STEFL

Glad you like the art, but all that says is that you have questionable taste in art... Did you steal the illo on the ToC page from the Flushing in '80 bid, or the ConStipation committee (Schenectady in '93)? The best part of the zine was, of course, the LoC column. If you can call 17 pp of LoCs a column.

/\*/ In furtherecae of a better LoC column - and better, er, art - I am placing three of the illos that you sent to me on the bottom of this page. /\*/

in re: To.C. #6: "A HOLE IN THE HEAD"

Don't discriminate

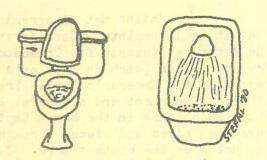
Quit stalling

Two heads, etc.

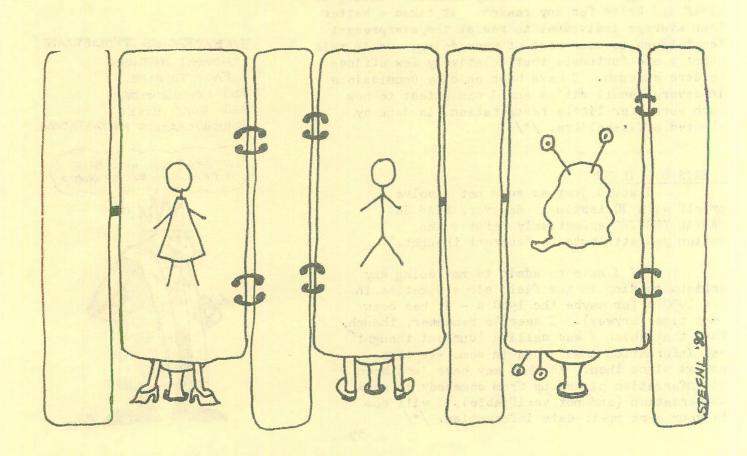
Ployp-plop-fizz-fizz-oh, what

a relief it is...

Get lanked



TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN



### AVEDON CAROL

Thanks for another HTT. I guess there really is a Recent Upsurge In Regularly Appearing Fanzines going on lately. Why, between you, Bostick, and MONTHLY MONTHLY, it's a regular fucking renaissance of fannish activity. I8d heard that, before I was in fandom, this sort of thing happened all the time, but I'd also heard that dem golden years is long dead and gone.

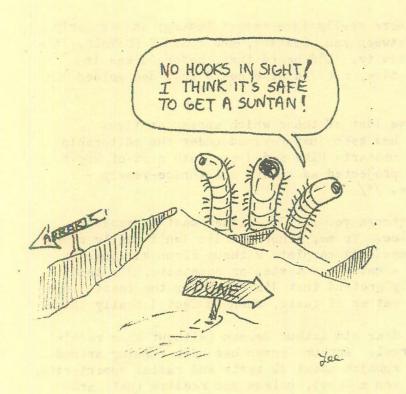
/\*/ Add another fanzine to the above list of those which appear on time. SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES (the LASFS club genzine) has been just revived under the editorship of both Mike Gunderloy and myself. Fannish upstarts Mike and I are both sort of known for getting things done on time. 3HAGGY is projected as coming out thrice-yearly - SHAGGY 76 was just pubbed, right on schedule. /\*/

Actually, I rather like HTT, even though you let Schweitzer cast aspersions on my heros, Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. To me, a horror film isn't really right without them, any more than an Errol Flynn movie is complete without Flynn killing off Basil Rathbone. But then, these things are a matter of taste, or something, I'm told. (Isn't that a clever device, the way I humbly pretend that I'm not being the least judgemental, that I really do think it is only a matter of taste, when in fact I really think Darrell is being a twit?)

I notice Alexis Gilliland mentions dear old Arthur Jensen (without whom rock'n' roll would not sound the same) in the lettercol. Arthur Jensen has been running around making an idiot of himself lately, with his rubbish about IQ tests and racial superiority/ inferiority. It's hard to believe this man won a Nobel, unless you realize that hardscience freaks usually don't take their faces out of theri nuts, bolts, and wires long enough to ever learn anything about people (oh, there she goes again, with those gross generalisations. Gee, folks, I just can't help it. Guys like Shockley and Jensen just bring out the gross generalisation impulse in me). Anyway, I saw old Arthur the other day on the tube, explaining why he is putting his sperm in the Nobel winner's bank. Something about his superior genes. I notice that, for all his genius, he hasn't considered the new data on mongolism which indicates that the age of the father is possibly more important than the age of the mother in determining whether there will be a higher risk of the defect. And Jensen is pretty good and old now, I think. So, we get mongoloid geniuses, right? He also thinks we should have forced sterilisation of those prolific black women whom he thinks are polluting the race. And - get this - he knows what he says is true, because he took a lie-detector test. My, my, what a brilliant man. Definitely a superior intelligence. Ptoui.

Smoking, smoking, I wanted to say something about smoking. Oh, yeah. A few weeks ago I was introduced to this man whilst I was in the process of lighting a cigarette. His first words to me where something to the effect that I was one of Those Awful Pelple Who Do That, and that I basically was a rotten individual who ought to be ashamed of myself. He continued by saying something about how someone ought to do a study on the kind of rotten personality traits that lead to smoking, for surely they would find that we are the most insensitive people in the world. Lucky for me, I just happen to be one of those people who reads everything NIH has to say about smoking, and I had the facts right on hand. Such a study has been done, and said study, I revealed, made the finding that smokers tend to be more sensitive to others than are non-smokers. My new acquaintance wondered how that could be, and was sure it must be wrong, since at least non-smokers had the decency not to blow their smoke on innocent bystanders. "Ch? Well, I'm a smoker, and at least I'm not insensitive enough to go about trying to embarrass people I've only just met by telling them what rotten people they are, as you just did as soon as you were introduced to me." To his credit, he allowed as how I might just have a point there.

P.S. Your phone number is OK, but mine spells YIN CUNT. Top that.



### DON D'AMMASSA

Adrienne Fein does write long
LoCs, doesn't she? One LoC she sent
to MYTHOLOGIES ran something like 17
pages single spaced no margins.
Part of it became an article, part
was in the letter column, and I still
had fragments left that were longer
than most people's entire letter.
And obviously whe had things to
say that were worth saying, since
so much of her letters were reprinted.

The decline of genzines.

Well, I've been into this before,
and I think most people know
the causes. Money, for one
thing. Paper is going up,
postal rates are on a steady
upward spiral. Time is a problem
for many of those of us who can
afford to still do it. As we get
older and more affluent, we also
have more and more things to call
upon our time. I have trouble contributing to a bi-montly APA. The

lack of contributors doesn't help much either. The proliferation of APAs, the frquency of conventions in one place or another, and our increasing mobility have eliminated many of the barriers to interpersonal interaction, and the need to communicate through the printed word has diminished. The above, and doubtless numerous other causes, have contributed. Will they come back? Beats me. I suspect there will be periodic waves of interest, but the only fanzines that I suspect will survive and the semi-pro ones like THRUST and EMPIRE.

/\*/ I suspect that I will have an interest in producing HTT (or something) for quite some time. I also suspect that my main problem in producing HTT will continue to be money problems. At the present time, something about 50 or so pages seems to be the ideal size for HTT. To continue at this size I am going to go thrice-yearly in 1981. My problem continues to be the increasing demand for the zine - my print run is gradually increasing. I am really too soft-hearted - I only sporadically attempt to cut people off of the list; however, I do believe that I will be forced to do some pruning on the mailing list in 1981. Anyway, if what you say about only the semi-pro zines surviving, then HTT will be one of the last of the truly amateur zines. Actually, I do not believe that the traditional genzine is dead. New ones are continually being born. HTT is only a bit over 1½ years old. Just think - some day fans with short memories will be looking back to zines of this era and considering them classics. Bleah!/\*/

### SALLY A. SYRJALA

The volcanic eruption on the West Coast led me to thoughts of the impending California quake and thence to thoughts that reminded me that I, like the quake, have been procrastinating. A LoC to HTT 16 would seem to be overdue.

The zine is still being prophetic. The cover does remind one of volcanic ash as a possible dust-like planetary covering material. Really liked the cover. It creates some very nice imagery. It's almost a fire and ice effect with the ice faceted unicorn

and the flare streaming forth from the area of the space ship. Nice contrast.

On horro-movies - their source has been explained by Stephen King (sho should know better) in a recent interview published in the New York Times Sunday Magazine Supplement. In explaining the difference between horror and SF, he said horror was based on the conventional viewing the alien. He further said that they (horror movies) were as Republican as Gerald Ford. In contrast he said SF was more likely than not the view of an outsider, one who is different, an alien source. Now you know the Real source, non-human mind, of horror movies - the Republicans of the land! (I hope my insurance has a clause protecting me from elephant stampedes!)

/\*/ Correct. After all,
Bruce Pelz will be running amok at
NOREASCON. /\*/

### BARBARA TENNISON

Schweitzer's account of the Mystery and Solution of the Multi-National British Horror Film may be the only sensible thing ever written about horror films. Then again, it may not. After all, National Lampoon concocted a fill-in-the-blanks decision tree to cover every horror film ever invented, not ten years ago.

In refusing to provide a ridiculous contest, you have in fact initiated a contest to suggest suitable contests.

/\*/ Well, why not? /\*/

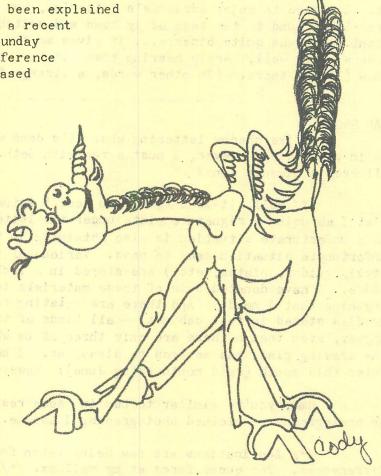
### R LAURRAINE TUTIHASI

My, what a serious editorial from you!

/\*/ Just getting in some practice for when my name finally surfaces on the FAPA roster (I am about #26 on the waitlist) in another few years. /\*/

I disagree with Matthew about your layout. I much prefer what you do to the "cont. on p. x" gambit employed by many just to make sure every article begines at the top of a page. I like to read the pages consecutively and often disregard instructions to the contrary.

/\*/ I, also, prefer to read pages consecutively. I do not enjoy carrying several stories/articles/etc. in my head from page to page, picking up the "cont." sections as I come to them later on. I refuse to subject my readers to that barbaric practice. I consider the way that I do it in HTT to be both easier to read and easier to produce. Happy continued reading. /\*/



JEANNE MEALY

As you've probably heard from others, the back cover was awfully hard to look at. I wanted to enjoy Adrienne's lettering, but found my eyes not only crossing, they traveled around to the back of my head and switched places (still didn't help). The front cover was quite bizarre... it gives me the feeling I get from dropping pebbles down a musty well, barely hearing them hit the water and not seeing the ripples that I know (?) are there. (In other words, a strange feeling.)

JAN BROWN

I like shadow lettering when it's done well. When it's marred with inkblots, as in your case, however, I must agree with Seth. How do you manage to get inkblots all over a mimeoed zine?

/\*/ Well, it is a test, you see. \* Actually, it has more to do with the fact that I am using a signature plate under the lettering guide rather than a drawing plate. This unfortunate situation is also obtaining in this issue. Let me explain how this unfortunate situation came to pass. Various of the lettering tools that I use (including styli, guides, plates, etc.) are stored in a locked cabinet in the APA-L room at the LASFS. I have donated some of these materials to the file, and I get to borrow and use anything that I need. (And there are colating racks, staple machines and other such goodies stored in that cabinet — all kinds of things to ease the production of HTT.) Anyway, even though there are only three of us who have access to that cabinet, somehow the drawing plate has managed to disappear. I hope to get a replacement for it sometime later this month (said month being June); however, that is too late for this issue. /\*/

Hmm, you're similar to Lan in "some respect?" What kind of -- oh, they show in photographs -- clothed photographs, I assume. How similar are you -- oops.

/\*/ Applications are now being taken for any research and examination of differences. The queue forms at my mailbox. /\*/

DAVID BRATMAN:

I am intrigued by Gary Deindorfer's manner of reviewing fanzines. I like very much his concern for summing up the general air of the zines (a matter often ignored in favour of simply listing the contents and reacting to those individually), especially the skillful way he interweaves his reactions to the zine-in-general with his reactions to the individual articles. What I don't like so much is his tendency towards second-guessing his subjects. (As in "Sometimes I think he trashes

when he fears it would be unhip not to.") That's the sort of thing that brings blisteringly angry letters from people. But then, you would like getting blisteringly

angry letters, wouldn't you?

YOU'RE A HOLESOME BLONDE!

> ACTUALLY, I'M A COSMETIC SIEVE!

/\*/ Well, I would like to receive blisteringly angry letters; but, so far, I have received none from those reviewed in Gary's first column.

Something tells me, though, that Gary's second column is going to get some of those kind of letters mailed from Seattle. And that is all to the good - HTT is all too tame. /\*/

### DAVID MICHAEL FRIEDMAN

Um...Marty, Shaw's famous "up with which I shall not put" observation was intended to justify the occasional prepositional ending. Twice on one page (23) you used it for absolutely no reason—"up with it you will have to put" would obviously have been "you will have to put up with it," and "that I with corflu make" is a first-derivative of "that I make with corflu," neither of which even threatens to end with a preposition...and even if they did, Shaw was trying to show it's sometimes alright (sic), by taking an absurd example on which to apply the rule. He meant just the opposite of "you should do this!"

/\*/ Pish, tosh. Shaw is just

a barbarian if he allows his sentences to with prepositions end. And it is also obvious that you are not aware of the pseudo-Germanic into which I sometimes lapse.

Your uppityness will receive its proper come-uppance when you finally work your way up the LASFAPA waitlist and on the active roster repose.

That is where I will have twelve written opportunities a year to riposte and stand trans. Young whippersnapper. /\*/



You certainly have an amazing talent for blowing smoke rings.

### WAYNE BRENNER:

It was nice of you to credit the illo on pg. 3 to me, but it's not mine.

/\*/ This is the first error of its kind to appear in HTT, and I hope that it is the last. The illo on page three of HTT #6 was by Bob Lee, the only unsigned illo that he has to me sent. /\*/

My family recently purchased a mocrowave oven. Because my mind has been warped by the contents of HTT #5, the first thought that came to mind about it was, "Hmmm, just the right size for Jewish midgets!" You are spreading degeneracy, sir. (Keep it up, huh?)

/\*/ I will, er, keep it up in the right circumstances. Anyway, credit where it is due and all that there -- I spread the degeneracy, but Ed Buchman originated the one about the microwave oven. /\*/

### ZETTA DILLIE

Strange the things that would drag a perfectly good LoC out of me after I go to the trouble to subscribe. Mike Glicksohn took pen in hand and foot in mouth to make a reference regarding vaginas' unpredictability in appearing. Jan Brown points out the lack of pop-up vaginas both in and out of fandom.

In my tireless efforts to improve the huwoman condition, I can now report work on a prototype model based on the self-timed turkey. When aroused it would pop-out much in the manner of a rising penis. This may remove most misunderstandings regarding



whether the female in question is open to the idea of sex, at that time. We are still working the bugs out of getting it to pop back in when needed. Still in the design stage is a self-basting model to eliminate lubrication trouble.

Remember, our ceasless efforts in sex research may mean a sexuality all of you may one day share. Thank you for your attentions, please inseminate this breakthrough to all interested channels.

HARRY BOSE

See Harry Bose get WAHF-ed three times in one zine. I usually sneeze three times in a row too.

/\*/ Now you can only sneeze two times in a row. /\*/

/\*/ And now, here are a few late LoCs that I would like to print. Actually, there are quite a few late LoCs that I would like to print; however, time constrains me. /\*/

PAULA LIEBERMAN (on HTT #5)

Can't say that I'm used to seeing a LoC from a Certain Well-Known Hairy Canadian Fan Known for Being Bluffed Out of His Pants at Poker Games instead of an editorial. I'm not sure I necessarily approve, either, but then it's your zine, not mine.

But Mike Glicksohn reputedly did get all exposed (except for a sock) in an infamous Strip Hangman game at a con in Kansas City (it was mentioned long ago in an OUTWORLDS in a Bill Bowers response to a LoC of mine in which I was decrying the practice of having female but not male nudes in artwork in fanzines.)

TARAL (on HTT #5)

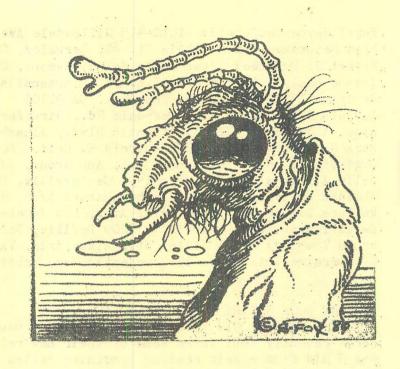
Although artists such as Schirmeister or Barker are humourous, their intent can be said to be serious, on some epistemological level sandwiched somewhere between existential druidism and the metaphysic of prima facie empiricism. Of course it remains difficult to compare such different styles as Schirm's and Steve Fabians, but I would be quite happy to mention them in the same breath whilst speaking of fandom's best artists. (In truth, I would put up a considerable fight for Schirm as the better of the two, being the man with the more interesting ideas.) But what the contemporary fan artist lacks is the time for fandom to look back on...and a niche. The niche is what artists like Barr and Fabian and Kirk have, and they filled it when it first opened a number of years ago. Since then they have pretty much monopolized the semi-pros that opened this niche, and with circulations three and five and tenfold what their brother and sister artists had it is no wonder they quickly gained reputations far in advance of all the others. The only difference between those who went on to Hugos and, say, a Ross Chamberlain, was subject matter. Ross could draw Arnie hatz cranking Joyce's arm instead of the memeo and amuse maybe 200 people, whilst one of Fabian's nudes would titilate 2000. In the jargon. Fabian was "commercial." Hence only Fabian does the covers for SFR, and gets the audience of 2000 that overwhelms the rest of us on ballots. Vicious circle that.

### I ALSO HEARD FROM

Ed Rom (with a very thoughtful story illustrating my editorial in #6); Jim Meadows (who takes me to task over the same editorial); Leigh Edmonds (who does not know why he has been receiving HTT (he sent me a GIANT NOMBO is why)); Ann Nichols (who passes on the information that her brother wants to go into the foreign service); Guy H. Lillian III (who mentions that he did nominate Joan Hanke-Woods for the Fan Artist Hugo); and Marty Levine (who sends a thanks to Gary Deindorfer for the review of BRASSOR).

Late LoCs were recieved from Valeria Beasley (#5), Jim Meadows (#5), Gail Weiss (#5) and Alan Bosco (#'s 4&5).

Feh. The lettercol was only 20 pages in length. I should have more time for the production of HTT #8.



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### A SHORT BOOK REVIEW

I enjoy Old Wave Science Fiction - usually, I loathe Fantasy. Anyway. Dell Books recently sent to me some of their new releases, both Science Fiction and Fantasy. And I did find myself reading something called THE INCREDIBLE UMBRELLA by Marvin Kaye. Not only did I like this (and it is Fantasy, no less), but I recommend it highly. Imagine finding oneself in a universe of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas - and having to live by its logic. Or adventuring with Sherlock Holmes. Meeting Mr. Pickwick, being helped by Frankenstein's monster. And lots of delightful etceteras. One magnificent chapter, whilst slightly helping along the plot, seems primarily designed to perpetrate a lovely ending pum. Read it! BUY IT! It is fum.

And so ends another rather abbreviated issue of HOLIER THAN THOU. Next issue I will continue with my campaign to help get Arthur Hlavaty nominated for some sort of fanartist award. (Read that as meaning that I have in hand some more of his, er, illos.) And other things much too disgusting to mention here. Although I can still use more putrid written material. I should also have a drawing plate for the lettering. My especial thanks to Schirm for the cover and other special illos for this issue. #7 will end up with an illo which seems to Say It As It Is.

