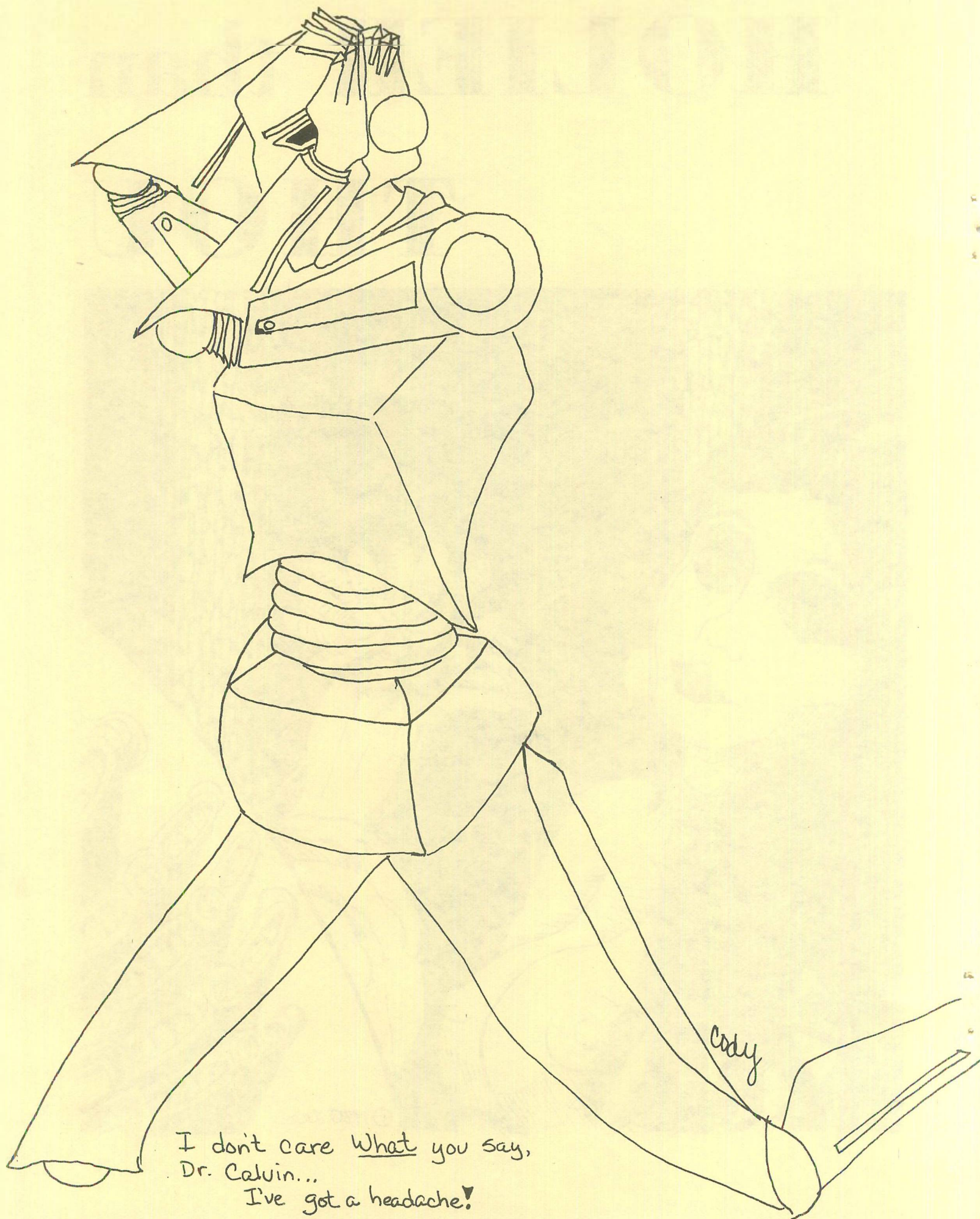


9

# HOLIER than THOU





I don't care what you say,  
Dr. Calvin...  
I've got a headache!

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### WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS:

☒ We trade.

☐ Would you like to trade?

☐ You Locced.

☐ You contributed.

☒ I would like for you to contribute.

☐ I would like more contributions from you.

☐ Your contribution is being held for a further issue.

☐ You are mentioned in this issue. You must provide your own asbestos paper for your reply.

☐ You subscribe.

☐ Your subscription has run out. Please resubscribe if you want any further issues.

☐ If you respond to this issue I will send you the next one.

☐ It has been so long since I have heard from you that I will have to stop sending HTT to you if you do not Do something by April 1 of this year.

☐ You purchased this copy. I thank you.

☐ Editorial whim/wher.

☐ Your name is Jerry Pournelle and this is in lieu of the tobacco that you no longer smoke.

☐ Your name is Larry Niven - there are some topics in here that might interest you.

☐ FIAWOL.

☐ You worship at The Stannous Church.

☐ This is a multiple choice quiz ~~and all of your answers are incorrect.~~

☐ Let us hop into bed together ~~and get some sleep.~~

☐ If this interests you in fandom you are weird.

☐ One more try for a response - I really would like to hear from you.

☐ I know the answer - please send me the question.

☐ This is your lucky day - the world just came to an end.

☐ You were just nominated for a Hogu - this is to make you feel even worse.

☐ It is reputed that you are interested in fanzines.

☐ You are indeed fortunate - your fanzine was not reviewed this issue.

☐ The con that you chaired was a disaster. Cheer up - things are about to get worse.

☐ Hell is freezing over: both Gary Deindorfer and Joseph Nicholas liked your fanzine.

☐ You have just been awarded The Order of The Typo. With Oak Leaf crusters.

☐ You have been designated to send me more topics for this section.

☐ You have been awarded the Black Hole Award for being IAHFed more than any other loccer.

☐ You are the least promissing neo ever seen in fandom.

☐ Even Mike Glicksohn will not LoC your fanzine. Give up.

☐ You have reached the last item on this page.



# HOLIER THAN THOU

9

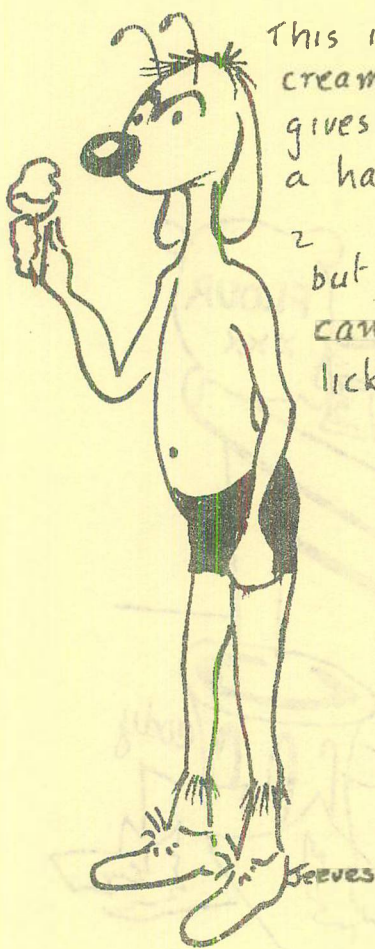
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Smokers' Den, 117 W. Wilson Ave., Glendale,  
CA 91203 U.S.A.

Hoo Hah Publication No. 272. A Production of  
the Foot-In-Mouth Press. Published in January,  
1981. Electrostencilling by: Linda Bushyager,  
Brian Earl Brown, and Nicolai Shapero.

HTT is pubbed thrice yearly and is available for  
the usual or \$1.50 per issue.

Whether or not you have been paying attention,  
this is page five. Read on.



This ice  
cream cone  
gives me  
a hang-up  
2  
but I  
can  
lick it

# A DRIVER'S GUIDE to ORANGE COUNTY ROADWAYS by lon adkins

/\*/ One hears, nowadays, from many genzine fans that genzines are dying and that good writers are disappearing into APAs. There is a little truth to this allegation, even though it misses people like Arthur Hlavaty (a Hugo nominee this past year (Best Fan Writer)) who writes for both genzines and APAs. Whilst I do not agree that genzines are dying, I must say that it is true that many good fan writers are found mostly in APAs. From the viewpoint of the genzine fan APAs have the problem of a quite limited availability, rarely reaching much beyond the membership of any given APA. Whilst many genzines do not have parti-

cularly print runs (HTT #9 has a print run of 225), these small print run genzines do reach a larger readership than do almost all APAzines. Which means that many fine items in APAzines do not reach the larger audience to which their quality should entitle them. It is for this reason that I am not loathe to reprint in HTT those APAzine articles that I deem worthy of reaching a larger audience. I have done this in the past, I will continue to do this in the future - and I am doing it with a vengeance in this issue with several articles. The first of these articles is by Lon Atkins. The Driver's Guide appeared in Lon's SFPazine (called MELIKAPHIKHAZ - his press name is Zugzwang Press) (c) 1980 by Lon Atkins. SFPA is the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. I am not a member of that APA - I thank ex-SFPA member Alan Prince Winston for calling this article to my attention. I thank Lon Atkins for permission to reprint it in HTT. I hope that all of you enjoy it as much as I do. /\*/

As Orange County, California, grows into a teeming semi-metropolitan center of business, commerce and trade an ever-increasing number of people come to live in this verdant paradise, only a decade or so emerged from its idyllic rural origins. Many of these new residents immigrated to lush Orange County from other parts of the country, even from other states. They may not be acquainted with the rules and customs of the

roadways which prevail in OC. Their genuine confusion and distress will be remedied in time, through learning by trial-and-error or via some more permanent means.

In an effort to speed this learning curve, Zugzwang Press is proud to announce the first official Driver's Guide to Orange County Roadways. This attractive booklet contains all necessary information needed to maneuver with the best of the native (or acclimated) drivers to be encountered here in the lush, verdant smog-free center of California growth.

This booklet is arranged by topic, with a brief but informative expository explanation following each heading. Cross-references to other related topics are provided to aid the student. The guide, while intended to reflect conditions on OC roadways, may be used as a primer for driving in nearby Los Angeles or San Diego Counties as well.

**\*BIKE LANE:** Many Orange County roadways (with the inclusive exception of freeways) have Bike Lanes. A Bike Lane is a dedicated strip of pavement reserved for bicyclists. A bicycle is a flimsy contraption of steel and rubber, having two wheels (whence the name), a primitive chain drive and an enormous propensity for obstructing real traffic. Bicyclists do not limit themselves to their reserved territory, but insist on entering intersections as well. (See: Intersection.) Despite vigorous control attempts by OC drivers, bicyclists persist on the roadways. They appear a hardy breed and must breed prolifically.

**BUMPER STICKER:** While not legally required, bumper stickers are almost mandatory for OC motorists. A Bumper sticker adds color and identification to the vehicle. An educated driver can deduce much from bumper stickers. For example, cars sporting Chirstian (or "Born Again") stickers are protected by God. Therefore they cut off other traffic, pull into through lanes without regard for oncoming vehicles, pass on the shoulder, occupy two lanes, etc. Cars displaying FM radio station insignia tend to ignore road conditions. They drift between lanes, run traffic signals, drive over curbs, hit bicyclists, etc. NRA stickers mean gunning away from intersections, cutting into gas lines, driving in the far right lane, etc.

/\*/ For my many out of country readers I must but in at this point and mention that the NRA is the National Rifle Association, conservative in outlook and politics. /\*/

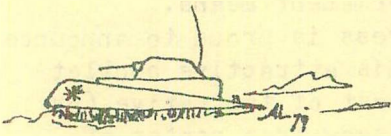
**\*BUS:** A bus is a large vehicle meant to accomodate three riders (average load). Typical bus behaviour includes blocking the right lane at intersections and driving un-duely slow. (See: Speed Limit.)

**\*CITATION:** Citations are awarded on a random basis to qualified California drivers. They make excellent topics for morning conversation at work. For example: "Smokey nailed me exiting Newport at MacArthur on the shoulder."  
"Yeah? What were you doing?" "...Eighty-five." "Court or warning?"

**\*CROSS WALK:** Throughout the history of mankind game preserves have been established by law to protect clusters of vaious species. Sometimes the game reserve was the province of a King of Baron, reserved for his private hunting. Sometimes the intent was government preservation of a vanishing creature. In the case of Cross Walks the intent is preservation of pedestrians. (See: Pedestrian.)

However, in understanding the Cross Walk it is good to recognize an historic truth: there was always poaching on game preserves.

**\*DRIVER'S LICENSE:** The State of California has established an agency, called the Department of Motor Vehicles, in order to collect outrageous vehicle taxes and issue Driver's Licenses. By law, one must posses a valid Driver's License in order to navigate a motor vehicle. This quaint regulation has long since fallen into popular



disuse. The principal function of a Driver's License, these days, is found in check cashing. A secondary, but popular among the young, is illegal drinking via a "borrowed" or "fake" Driver's License.

\*FATALITY: A Fatality is another word for "statistic." One need not worry about "statistics", for they affect only other people.

\*LEFT TURN LANE: The roadways of Orange County are divided into lanes. Some lanes are special-purpose, and this is one. One may either "U-Turn" (See: U-Turn) or turn left from a Left Turn Lane. Going straight ahead is occasionally practiced, but with varying success. The major value in a Left Turn Lane lies in its fostering of creative driving.

\*FREEWAY: A Freeway is a street without stoplights. Several major Freeways have portions located within Orange County. Freeways were conceived and built to allow rapid movement of major traffic masses. (See: Rush Hour.) During lighter hours the Freeways are used to display publically feats of skill and daring, much as in "for blood" ice hockey or nocturnal tight-wire walking.

\*INSURANCE: Another legal requirement which has fallen into popular disuse. Some blame the fading appeal of Insurance on its cost, which is a tad higher than the national average in Orange County. Others claim that Insurance is only necessary if one stops after hitting someone. As approximately 41% of OC drivers observe the practice of stopping under such circumstances, there is a corresponding lack of need for Insurance.

\*INTERSECTION: When streets cross each other it is called an Intersection. (Not to be confused with what happens when motorists cross each other, which is called a "fight.") Orange County has many Intersections. Some of the better known occur more than once. For example: MacArthur and Main intersect twice. So do several other arteries. (See: Traffic Planning.) This leads to great excitement in giving directions or arranging meetings.

\*PARKING LOT: When vehicles get tired they are allowed to rest in a Parking Lot. This isn't difficult for there is more square footage of Parking Lot in OC than there is of residential space. Parking Lots are also the scene of some of the most mentally challenging games in motordom. The great majority of Parking Lots are laid out with white or yellow lines painted on the asphalt. While these lines may have been intended to indicate a space in which to park, most Californians participate in a game. The parker is challenged to place his vehicle so that it crosses the maximum possible number of painted lines. Many OC drivers have attained great skill at this game.

A second game, usually played in the parking lots of public events, is to place one's vehicle so as to create a situation in which one or more other vehicles cannot escape until at least one other vehicle (or barrier) has been removed or forcibly nudged. Highly successful players at this game usually have a brilliant but short career. (See: Fatality.)

\*PEDESTRIAN: A pedestrian is a person who cannot afford a motor vehicle.

\*PROWL CAR: A prowl car is a revenue generating device. Every traffic law violator arrested helps to balance the municipal budget and finance more prowl cars. (See: Citation.) The observation that apprehending hardened criminals like speeders, jaywalkers and light-runners fattens the city treasury whereas catching murderers, robbers

and rapists results in financial outlay has caused a few brave souls to recently question the allocation of police resources. They received Citations.

**\*PUBLIC WORKS, THE DEPARTMENT OF:** This government agency is charged with performing the planning studies necessary before extensive road repair, etc., can be successfully undertaken. These studies include analysis of traffic loads on major arteries, alternate routes, peak hours, future planned diggings, etc. While some people deride the Department of Public Works for lacking intelligence and foresight, these detractors are wrong. It takes considerable intelligence and foresight to keep the roads constantly disrupted -- mere fools would have at best intermittent success.

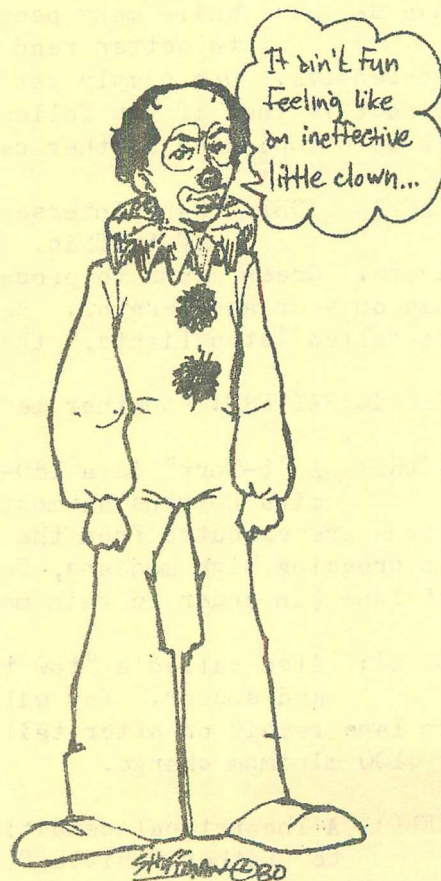
**\*RIGHT OF WAY:** The God-given birthright of every motorist. Owning the Right Of Way means that no other vehicle can get in your way. Unless, of course, it's bigger, faster, meaner, beat-up or uninsured. Right Of Way, like Freedom of Opportunity, is protected by American law.

**\*RIGHT TURN LANE:** At many intersections a right turn lane is provided to allow vehicles to turn right after checking on-coming traffic, regardless of whether the traffic light is red or green. The right turn lane is also frequently used to get around slowpokes. (See: Sunday Driver.) The idea here is to pull into the right turn lane with intention to go straight ahead. Wait for the traffic light to display green (ignoring the honking of irritated jerks behind you who really do intend to turn right). On green, rapidly accelerate across the intersection and cut into the through lanes. This technique will save you valuable seconds at each intersection equipped with a right turn lane.

**\*ROAD WORK:** Road work entails digging up the streets to accomplish some aim: electrical installation, laying underground telephone cables, repairing a water main, putting in storm sewers, disrupting traffic, etc. Another variety of road work is resurfacing streets. This is done on the basis of need: the street most recently resurfaced in an area is invariably resurfaced again. Some people think that road work is performed by the Department of Public Works. It is not. Road work is done by private corporations owned by nephews, brothers-in-law, or golf partners of prominent public officials.

**\*RUSH HOUR:** During the rush hour periods Orange County roadways are loaded beyond capacity by a heavy flux of vehicles. Such conditions are temporary and soon pass as the motorists arrive at their destinations. The typical OC rush hour periods are as follows. Morning Work Rush Hour is from 6 AM to 9 AM. Morning Shopping Rush Hour is from 9 AM to 11 AM. Lunchtime Rush Hour occurs from 11 AM to 2 PM. Return from Shopping Rush Hour is between 3 PM and 5 PM. Return from Work Rush Hour is from 4 PM to 6 PM. Going Out for the Evening Rush Hour is usually between 6 PM and 8 PM.

**\*RV:** "RV" stands for Recreational Vehicle. Every California household must own at least one. Characteristics of RV's: unstable at high speeds, easily capsized by strong winds, eat huge amounts of gasoline, block the road vision of other motorists, transport litter from urban to rural environments.



\*SOLID WHITE LINE: When a solid white line bounds a traffic lane it cannot be crossed under penalty of law. In the Irvine Industrial Park there is a lot of solid white line. Most of the people who work there do not live in the City of Irvine, which has police jurisdiction over the Industrial Park. They pay no direct taxes to the municipality. This distresses the City Fathers. (See: Prowl Car.)

\*SPEED LIMIT: Speed limits are posted in order to establish the minimum allowable velocity for OC roadways. For example, if the posted speed limit on a street is 45 mph you are expected to drive at least 46 mph. Fashion, however, dictates a 5 to 15 mph overage.

\*STOP SIGN: A Stop Sign means that a vehicle must come to a full stop before proceeding into the intersection. This procedure was established to avoid collisions at intersections without traffic lights. Imagine what chaos there would be if every driver just plowed on through an intersection!

The secret is that word "every." If you and you alone were to simply ignore stop signs there'd be little effect on the overall traffic flow. This is easily proved from a statistical viewpoint. So let those other drivers stop and give you a clear shot. Remember, if you're the only one running stop signs it's statistically insignificant. Go ahead; you're special.

(Zugzwang Press hereby disclaims responsibility for any statistically insignificant consequences. See: Fatality.)

\*SUNDAY DRIVER: The Sunday Driver is a menace to traffic flow. Some of the dangerous practices indulged in by this breed are driving under the speed limit, not running amber traffic lights, pausing for long periods at stop signs, etc. The disruption caused by this abnormal behaviour frequently leads to accidents.

\*TAIL-GATING: While many people outside of California believe that tail-gating is done to better read the bumper sticker on the next vehicle up, the real reason is defensive. One simply can't allow another car to squeeze in ahead of one, can one? The fact is that if you follow at a car length behind the next vehicle, that space will soon be occupied by another car. Nature detests a vacuum.

\*TRAFFIC LIGHT: Many intersections have traffic lights, intended to regulate the flow of traffic. Traffic lights display one of three colors to oncoming drivers. Green means to proceed normally through the intersection. Amber means to tromp on your accelerator. Red means to slow down before proceeding. Traffic lights are also called "stop lights," though for no observable reason.

\*TRAFFIC PATTERN: Another term for Brownian movement.

\*U-TURN: A "U-Turn" is a 180-degree reversal of vehicle direction. California law permits U-Turns at most intersections, unless otherwise posted. Customarily U-Turns are executed from the left-most lane, however there are exceptions to this rule. When crossing high medians, for example, it is best to start the U-Turn from the right-most lane (in order to gain momentum and advantageous angle-or-attack).

WRECKER: Also called a "tow truck," The Wrecker is a specialized vehicle of comfort and succor. You will find it welcom after failing to properly execute a right turn lane gambit or after tail-gating becomes too intimate. Be prepared, however, for the \$100 minimum charge.

\*YIELD: A Theoretical condition, defined by the law as surrendering your right of way to another vehicle for trifling technical reasons.

**\*\*HELPFUL HINTS:** Zugzwang Press feels that newcomers to lush, verdant smog-free Orange County could use some friendly advice about the "unspoken" practices of the roadway. Getting into "the swing of things" is important, so here come some tips!

Parking at the booming stores and shopping centers of OC is frequently thought a problem. Not so! Some convenient spaces have been reserved for you. You'll recognise them by the distinctive marking "Fire Lane" and "Handicapped Only."

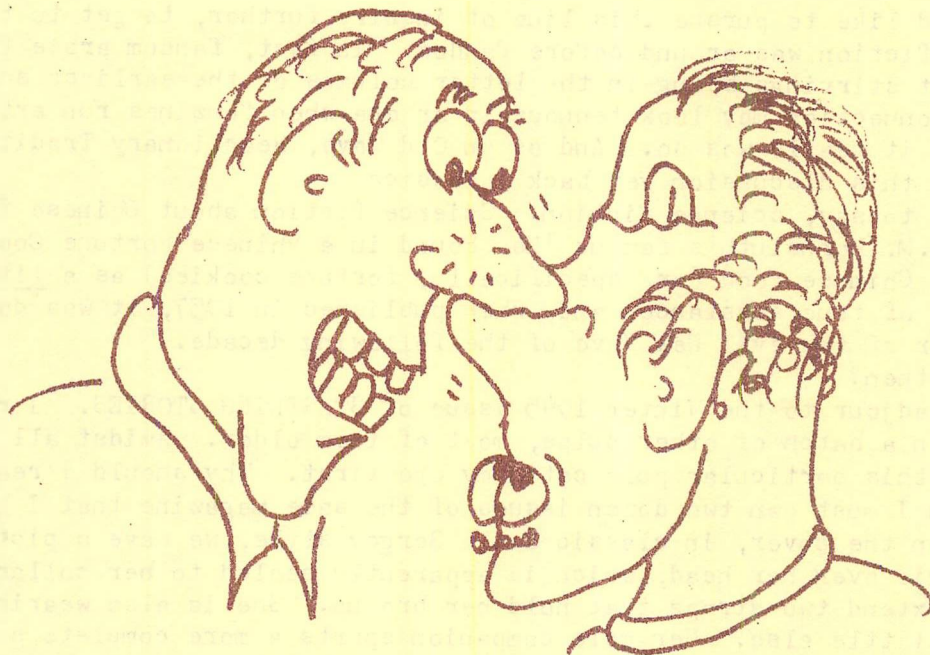
Your horn is your friend. Use it often.

State law forbids the transportation of partially filled liquor bottles. Know the law, and drink the entire bottle before starting home. It'll put you on even footing with your fellow motorists.

You can only purchase gas on alternate days, based on the odd-even type of your license plate. So join a swap club and beat the system: many of the popular clubs now swap license plates as well as wives.

-----Lon Atkins

/\*/ To help retain the unique local flavour of the previous article it should be noted that I have not tampered with the quaint American idioms and barbaric colonial spelling utilised within the original article (although a few of the words Went Too Far, forcing me to correct them (the original using "thru" for "through" as an example)). All typos, though, were supplied by yours truly. /\*/



...FEW CRIMES ARE MORE  
HEINOUS THAN NASAL RAPE...

*Don Altman*

# Great science fiction about chinese food by darrell schweitzer

/\*/ Being both Jewish and a fan, I am of Cantonese cuisine enamoured. As a consequence of this I have run in HTT several articles about Chinese food. The latest article appeared in HTT #8 (the article was by Bob Lee written). This article by Bob inspired Darrell Schweitzer to take a break from his professional writing commitments to write the following article. Darrell, you are never going to get rich or famous doing things like this (although I appreciate nice things like this article coming my way). Of course, for all that I know, this article was written by Darrell's German Shepherd, Bruno. /\*/

Bob Lee's article in HOLIER THAN THOU #8 touches on the question of why Chinese food is fannish, or at least how it figures in fannish culture.

I should like to pursue this line of inquiry further, to get to the source of it all. Science fiction was around before fandom. In fact, fandom arose from science fiction, its first stirrings being in the letter columns of the earliest science fiction magazines. The connection may look tenuous in an era when fanzines run articles on Chinese food, but it really was so. And as an Old Wave, Reactionary Traditionalist, I would like to see this discussion get back to basics.

That is to say, science fiction. Science fiction about Chinese food. First, we must dismiss C.M. Kornbluth's famous "Ms. Found in a Chinese Fortune Cookie." This story merely uses Chinese food (or, specifically, fortune cookies) as a literary device. Thus it is devoid of true substance, and, when published in 1957, it was doubtless a sinister harbinger of the evil New Wave of the following decade.

Wither then?

Let us adjour to the Winter 1945 issue of STARTLING STORIES. I recently acquired a copy in a batch of other pulps, most of them older. Amidst all the fascinating junk, why should this particular pulp catch my eye first. Why should I read something in it first, when I must own two dozen issues of the same magazine that I haven't read?

Well, on the cover, in classic Earle Bergey style, we have a picture of a woman with a large baggie over her head, which is apparently sealed to her collarbone by a metal rim, from which extend two straps that hold her bra up. She is also wearing a stainless steel girdle and little else. Her male companion sports a more complete spacesuit, though he has no gloves. Both stand a little ways off from a boiling cauldron, into which a robot is being lowered by a crane. Another robot is at the controls, and several more look on. One assumes from the facial expressions of the humans that the lady is trying to get a tan from the glaring light, while the man is merely there to warm his hands.

The title story is The Iron Men, "an astonishing complete novel" by Noel Loomis. I suppose we are to be astonished that it is complete.

What has all this got to do with Chinese Food? Well, maybe they're cooking bean curd and robot soup. Maybe this sets the literary context for our discussion. But I

doubt it. I think I'm just being self-indulgent.

The real cruncher is the other story mentioned on the cover. It is a Hall of Fame Classic, "The Radiation of the Chinese Vegetable" by G. Sterling Gleason. (Who? I haven't the foggiest. Ask Ed Wood.) This caught my eye. I turned to the story. The blurb doesn't look promising: "Harold Dare, Favorite of the Films, Snatches Some Precious Herbs and a Lovely Girl from the Clutches of Dandy Diavolo!" The illustration is nothing to get excited about. (A badly-drawn lady walking into a room in which three thugs stand over the bare-chested hero who is tied to a chair with a device like a fire hydrant cap strapped to his chest.) Then I glanced at the first paragraph, and could not believe what I was reading:

Out in the West, where the suey is a little stronger, far out West, where the noodles grow a little longer -- in Hollywood, that distant metropolis of millionaires, movies, and Mammon, that capital of sin and cinema, stands the quaint Oriental building which houses the chop-suey parlour of lovely Wun Look.

I read on. Now I get bored with the merely bad very quickly, but I am quite a connoisseur of the outrageous, and it was soon evident that the author knew exactly what he was doing. Much early science fiction is nearly illiterate. The writers apparently had no feel for language at all, no grasp of the variety of things you can do with prose. Now the above is not Great Literature. In fact it reads like early, wise-cracking Kuttner. But it is a reprint from a 1929 issue of SCIENCE WONDER STORIES. The implications are .... vast.

Hugo Gernsback, for all his shoddy business practices, for all his lack of literary vision, for all H.P. Lovecraft could with considerable justification dub him "Hugo the Rat," left an unexpected legacy behind. He is the Father of Science Fiction About Chinese Food. Unfortunately I don't possess the issue in which the story originally appeared. I would be fascinated to see how it was packaged, the stuffy blurb, the Frank R. Paul illustration.

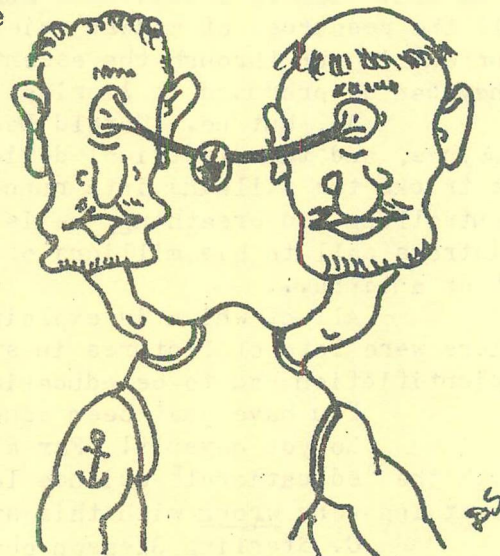
The story is, of course, a parody. Gernsback had a sense of humor. This is often forgotten these days. At least in his earlier issues, he frequently published stories which at least tried to be funny. I gather that many of the readers, with the narrow fanaticism of zealots, felt this was beneath the dignity of Scientifiction, and after a while he stopped. (He also published humor magazines, by the way.) Still, it is curious to find that he published a story which deftly made fun of his whole concept of what Scientifiction was. Or at least one hopes he realised he was doing so.

It was miracle enough that a story in a 1929 science fiction magazine could do anything deftly.

There are thrills, excitement, adventure. In more of that incredible, cornball prose, we learn that Wun Look's chop-suey parlour is the mecca of all Hollywood stars, including the dashing hero, Harold Dare, and "Dandy Diavolo, that peerly villain of Flicker Films." It seems that Diavolo is true to character even off camera, because he is involved in a plot to put the luscious Wun Look out of business. "An unscrupulous

It's lonely  
being the  
only  
Siamese  
Cyclops  
in the  
world...

but I  
can cope.



broker of Chinese vegetable - Yet Un-Hung by name - had cornered the market and would supply only his own chain of inferior chop-suey palaces with the ingredients necessary to the synthesis of AAA1 chop suey." Confronted with this desperate situation, Dare, who also conveniently maintains a huge laboratory "in the interests of public welfare," brings all the resources of modern science to bear. Soon a solution is found. Electrical current is run through the essential vegetables until they grow huge swiftly. Now that they can be produced in America, the evil Yet Un-Hung is finished...

Ah, but no. Harold Dare is trapped by the bad guys beneath Wun Look's chop sueyrie, and the electrical device is used on him. Just as the pain is too much to bear, he tricks the villains into running some of the current back into the plants. Then, by controlling his breathing, he is able to use his chest as a diaphragm and broadcast a distress call to his millions of fans, with the enormous Chinese vegetables functioning as an antenna...

All of which is explained at the end in the long and detailed lecture at the end. There were lots of lectures in stories in those days, because Mr. Gernsback thought Scientifiction had to be educational.

You have just been educated.

No you haven't! For all the story's incredible prose, for all that it parodies both the "educational" science lectures and the melodrama of primitive SF, there is something very wrong with this story, and Gernsback hadn't the wit to catch it.

C. Sterling Gleason obviously knew nothing about Chinese food. The only dishes he mentions are chow mein and chop suey, and he seems to be under the impression that these are rare and exquisite delicacies fit for a mandarin.

Not broody rikery, as they say in that part of the world. Alas, all-thumbs Hugo did it again. Maybe this is why there are so few science fiction stories about Chinese food. "The Radiation of the Chinese Vegetable" is delightful in a campy sort of way, but as a Chinese food SF story, it is as crude as anything of the period.

Obviously this unique literary form died right along with the Gernsback Delusion (i.e. the bit about Scientifiction being educational). No one followed C. Sterling Gleason's naive, but pioneering example. If they had, just think: by the early 30's, ASTOUNDING would have been running "Thought Variants" on the subject, which at least would have progressed as far as eggdrop soup. In time, with the sudden raising of standards in the 1950's and increasing sophistication of the '60's, Mu Shu Pork, Pa Chen Duck, Lemon Chicken, Wor Shu Op, the whole bit. The New Wave would have invented a type of brown rice which has the shell, but nothing inside it. Ultimately, in the fullness of time, with academic respectability and all, great science fiction about Peking duck.

But it never happened that way. My theory, then, is that Chinese food is fannish out of a deep-set, subconscious, and ancestral feeling of guilt over the inability of science fiction to deal with the subject adequately.

---Darrel Schweitzer

FREUD WOULD LOVE ME.

I had a dream that consisted basically of the "Night of the Bodysnatchers" theme. However, in order to survive without being replicated, one had to either have an orgasm, or a cold.

So, with the pods in the basement, and a whole mess of friends and me upstairs, we all frantically started masturbating (figuring WE knew how to do it best and fastest).

Some people "made it," but there were several bodysnatcher clones starting to make their way upstairs. Not yet having completed my tast I said "Fuck it!" (couldn't) and went about coughing and wiping my nose on my arm.

What a faker. I survived.

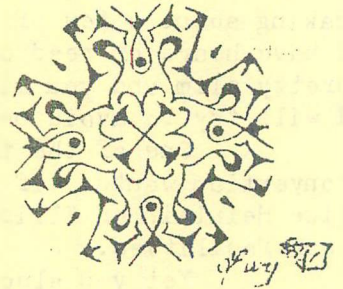
---Stephanie Klein

/\*/ Stephie, you are weird. When are you ever going to get out here for a visit? /\*/

# QUEST OF HONOUR

by bruce d arthurs

/\*/ Now for a change of pace. Not only in subject matter and seriousness, but there will be a return to the proper spelling that normally characterises this zine. The typos, however, (which seem to proliferate after the stencil is proofread) will probably remain as profuse as ever. /\*/



One of the local SF groups here in Phoenix, the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society (CASFS), aka "Melvyn," has recently begun discussion of holding a convention in the Phoenix area.

I have no particular interest in convention organising. But there has always been one certain area that I've been interested in, and that is the process of choosing the Guest of Honour for a convention. (I am referring to professional guests; choosing a Fan Guest of Honour is a bit different.)

A couple of possible reasons that I find this so fascinating is that, 1) the people that I have suggested for past conventions have never been chosen, and, 2) in more than one instance, a convention whose choice I would have like to give some input to either discussed and decided it at a meeting I never learned of, or avoided discussing it at all.

(One of the many things that still irks me about Iguanacon is that Greg Brown invited Harlan Ellison to be the GoH without bothering to discuss it with the rest of the committee for the bid, of which I was still a member at the time. For that reason, I was never able to get too excited over the arguments about whether a Worldcon GoH should be allowed to politicise the convention. To me, Ellison never was the Worldcon Guest of Honour; he was only Greg Brown's Guest of Honour.)

So, how should a con go about choosing a Guest of Honour?

First of all, who can you afford? If you're dealing with a Worldcon or a large regional, the convention will probably have enough cash flow to afford just about anyone whom they want. But a smaller convention will have to worry about how much that they can afford for transportation, lodging, meals, and "bennies." Some writers, of course, will draw more people to a convention and, in effect, pay their own way. But con attendance is always a calculated risk, and losing a gamble could be very expensive. (I know of at least one convention organiser who had to declare bankruptcy after it was over.) So, for the purpose of the Phoenix-based convention that sparked off these thoughts, I will limit myself to writers living (to the best of my knowledge) west of the Mississippi River. I came up with, in no particular order, a list of the following people:

Fred Saberhagen, Stephen Donaldson, Orson Scott Card, Roger Zelazny, Jack Williamson, C.J. Cherry, R.A. Lafferty, Suzy McKee Charnas, Ed Bryant, Karl Hansen, Frank Herbert, F.M. Busby, Damon Knight, Kate Wilhelm, Ursula LeGuin, John Varley, Paul Novitski, John Shirley, Arthur Byron Cover, Robert Chilson, Lee Killough, H. Warner Munn, Ray Nelson, Joanna Russ, Evangeline Walton, Bob Vardeman, Jim Corrick, Elizabeth Lynn, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Chelsea Quinn

Yarbro, Poul Anderson, Marta Randall, Fritz Leiber, Phil Dick, Jack Vance, Terry Carr, Robert Silverberg, Alan Dean Foster, Richard Matheson, Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle, William Tuning, Theodore Sturgeon, Diane Duane, David Gerrold, Robert Heinlein, Katherine Kurtz, Dick Lupoff, Patricia McKillip, Stephen Goldin, Kathleen Sky, A.E. van Vogt, Joan Vinge, Octavia Butler, Harlan Ellison, Robert Bloch, Diana Paxson, Paul Zimmer, and Bill Rotsler. (There are undoubtedly some people left off of this list because I do not know where they live.)

How do you choose? What criteria do you look for in a Guest of Honour?

(I will take this opportunity to mention that some of the comments I may be making about a few of the people listed above are subjective opinions based upon what I have heard or read or seen about them, and that for some of them this information is pretty slim and you might very well disagree strongly with what I say. C'est le fanac. I will try to avoid names where I can.)

One of the things that should be considered is just how popular a writer your convention wants. If you are planning a hundred person relaxacon, you do not want someone like Heinlein or Ellison who are going to attract five hundred or so groupies to swamp your facilities.

Yet you also want someone who is at least slightly known to people who keep up with the written SF field. Most of the recognition value seems to apply to novels, and I am willing to bet a fair number of people reading this will not even recognise the names of short-story writers like Earl Hansen, Diana Paxson, and Jim Corrick. (Corrick has had, so far, only one story published -- in Chrysalis 6 -- but it is a very, very good one.)

What do you want to accomplish with your choice? Is your main purpose to draw people in to a convention? To honour an established writer? To publicise and encourage an up-and-coming writer? The answer to these questions will strongly affect your range of choices.

There are some pragmatic considerations to take into account as well. The GoH, if he (quick note here to state that "he" is being used androgynously, and can denote either a male or female writer) /\*/But what about the others? -- ed./\*/ is going to give a banquet speech and/or appear on panels, should have at least an adequate speaking voice. I have heard that both Lafferty and Vance are poor speakers, which I find a damned shame, since Lafferty is pretty high on my own list of favourite authors and I would list Vance as #1 nine days out of ten.

In addition to being able to speak, a GoH should also be able to say something interesting, to have content to his words as well as presentation. (One way to find out about this is to see if the writer in mind has ever been interviewed or published any non-fictional writing in fanzines and see how interesting that was.)

And how outgoing, how friendly, should a GoH be? The very best GoH that I have seen in this regard was Bill Rotsler at a Bubonicon several years ago. I have seen some GoHs who have been surrounded and pre-occupied by one small set of "groupies" from the time that they arrive at a convention until

## A CONVENTION IS: #11

DAVID GERROLD DISCUSSING HIS  
FAVORITE TOPIC



the time that they leave. That same sort of thing could have easily happened to Rotsler at that Bubonicon...except that he did not allow it. He felt that one of his responsibilities as a GoH was to be active and outgoing to the entire convention, not just whilst giving a banquet speech, and not just to one small group of people. Rotsler was damn near everywhere at that convention -- at the banquet, on panels (or in the audience), in the lobby, at the parties, and just about everywhere short of swinging from the chandelier -- and I think that he spent at least a few minutes talking with damn near everybody. I have yet to see any other convention get as high a return from their GoH as that Bubonicon did from Bill Rotsler.

And I know, on the other hand, of at least two writers who are not particularly outgoing or friendly at conventions, and both for the same reason. They are hard of hearing, and they do not like talking to people whom they do not know because they cannot always understand what is being said to them.

And at least one writer is loud and offensive when drunk. (Actually, he is loud and offensive when sober, but he is worse when drunk.)

A writer's personal habits should be taken into consideration. Will he need a certain amount of time alone each day to keep to his writing schedule? Is he an early riser who goes to be correspondingly early, like Marion Zimmer Bradley? (Do not room that GoH near the party suite!) Is he a vegetarian, or on a low-salt diet? Many of this type of question are best asked after a GoH has been chosen, but if the person whom you want to ask has already been a guest of honour at other conventions, you can probably find out some things in advance.

Also, has a writer already been a GoH at a con in your area fairly recently (the last three or four years, say)? Should he be again, so soon?

Besides worrying whether the convention will have a good GoH, you also have to look at the other side and worry whether the GoH will have a good convention. (Has your State ratified the ERA? What is your city's average mean temperature?)

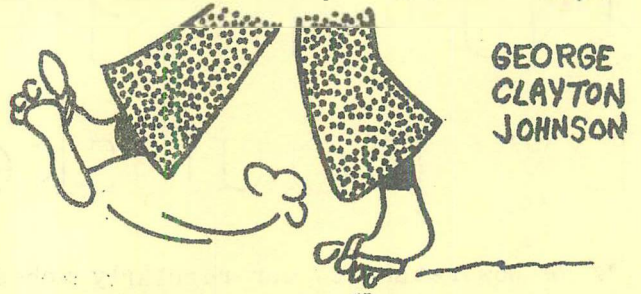
So, summing it all up, who would I pick as a GoH for this proposed Phoenix convention? There is a simple answer for that: I do not know. Like I said, this convention, as I write this, is still just proposed, still just in the talking stages. I do not have a good enough idea of what its emphasis will be, nor of its size, budget, or what its "personality" will be.

However, I think that I can shorten that list of writers considerably, eliminating many of the people because they have been GoHs in the Phoenix area previously, or are not quite well-enough established to (in my humble opinion) deserve a GoHship yet, or I am not that impressed with their work, or simply because, in my opinion, in person some particular writers are flaming assholes.

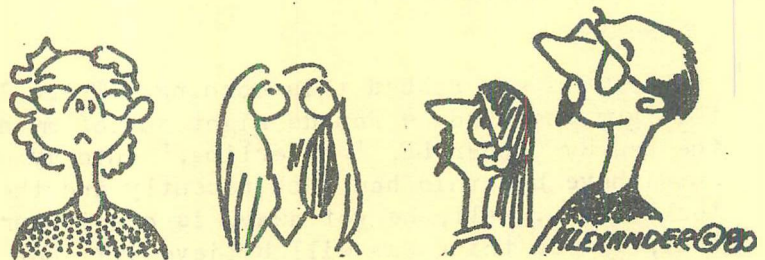
That leaves: Cherry, Charnas, Herbert, Busby, Varley, Killough, Lynn, Bradley, Yarbro, Carr, Randall, Matheson, Sturgeon, and Vinge. And, of course, Bill Rotsler.

(And does anyone out there want to bet that the final choice will follow tradition and not be anybody whom I have suggested?)

## A CONVENTION IS :#62



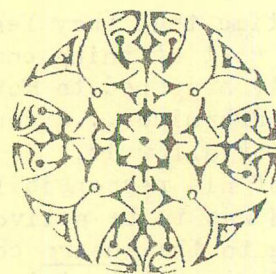
GEORGE  
CLAYTON  
JOHNSON



ALEXANDER © 80

# NOT AN ARTICLE

by paul skelton



play 21

/\*/ We now return to our regularly scheduled madness - a little surprise for the author of this, er, article. This is, after all, a LoC. Is it not? /\*/

I was robbed this morning. There I was walking about downtown Stockport when this guy snatched 4 Pounds right out of my hand, after first distracting me by thrusting the new Ry Cooder LP, 'Borderline,' into my other hand. Well, naturally I gave chase but I have had this bad back recently and the wind-resistance of the LP slowed me down too much....well, he got away, is how it turns out. Would you believe it? More important, do you think Cas will believe it? Not very likely, uh? Bit weak, is it not? Maybe I can come up with something better between now and five-thirty when she gets home from the store.

The trouble is I use up all of my creativity on fanac and have none left for the greasy lies that make the married whells go around. Perhaps I should buy her some booze, get he oiled? Perhaps I should simply get me oiled, so that I will not feel it when she hits me lots. Yes, definitely a better idea.

Actually, it is this current overdraught on my creativity account that is responsible for this letter. Well, right there on page thingummy there is this eentsy little cross sitting coily on the "I would like for you to contribute" line.....mmmmnn, nope, it does not look mimeo'd. Obviously, if I cannot think constructively I cannot contribute (Hmmm, maybe I should underline that statement and show it to one or two fanwriters who seem never to have thought of it). Now, now, Marty, do not take on so. Stop crying man, it is not the end of the world, for God's sake. Look, really you are very lucky that I cannot send you a contribution. Now...yes you are...yes, you are. Here, take this hanky and dry your eyes and blow your nose. Come on, a BIG blow for Skel.. ..COME ON...that is better. Now here, just suck this sweetie and kind Uncle Skel will tell you a story...a story about what happens to \*bad\* people when they pester nice people for things for their ~~schmoozy~~ ~~ragg~~ ace fnz. Are you sitting comfortably? OK, then I'll begin.

Once upon a time there was a fan called Stephen H. Dorneman and he published a fanzine called WETENSCHAUNG. Stephen wrote to Skel for a contribution and the handsome prince (for such he was) sent him not one but two. Stephen H. Dorneman was never heard from again and the handsome prince sat in his room at the palace and cried. Then Wally Stoelting also asked for the same sort of contribution so Skel sent him the ones he had previously sent to Stephen and Wally published them and Skel was so happy he sent another which Wally also published, and then another.....and Wally was never heard from again and the handsome prince sat in his tower and he cried and he cried.

Then one of his own countrymen, Leroy Kettle, who published TRUE RAT, also asked Skel for a contribution. By now his room was flooded with tears so Skel moved into another room and dashed off, after four re-writes, a contrib for good old Leroy.... who sent it back as unsuitable before dropping out of fanpubbing altogether. Was Skel daunted by this setback? What the fuck, he was not clever enough to be daunted. After all, he (vaguely) remembered the time when Dave Rowe had asked him and his friend Mike Meara for a contribution to BLUNT, a contribution which they had written and which he

had illustrated only to see it returned on the excuse that there was nowhere in the South of England capable of producing electrostencils.

So, when Bill Breiding asked him for a contribution for STARFIRE he sat right down and did his stuff. When Bill returned it as unduitable, prior to ceasing publication and running away he simply sat in his room and cried, and cried, and cried. In fact he cried until "Richard McMahon, who published CHANDELIER3 AND CANDELABRAS asked him to illustrate a Dave Langford article. Somewhat wary he explained all the foregoing to Richard who pooh-poohed the jinx of a skelcontrib. Accordingly Skel sent off two illos to Richard who wrote back in acceptance.....and was then never heard from again. Langford, tired of waiting, has since published his article himself in TWLL DDU, without my illos of course, which are now \*useless\*.

By now even an idiot would have gotten the message, but not Skel. So when Jim Goddard wrote asking him for some illos for a special issue of CYPHER he rushed them off. Jim accepted them all and asked for more, his last act before total gafiation. OK, so now it began to dawn on Skel that he was the Typhoid Mary of fandom. Thus it was that when Mike Glicksohn asked for illos for his UK/Seacon trip report Skel gleefully rattled them off. Having accepted them Glicksohn was left with the choice between publishing them or gafiating. Desperate for a way out he and Susan Wood decided to revive ENERGUMEN. Anything it seems, rather than publish a skelcontrib.

Skel had only one last chance and he seized it in the form of Mike Glycer's SCIENTIFRICTION. Now Glycer was a publishing \*GHIANT\*. Glycer did not go for a crap, rather he published turds. He did not break wind, he published farts. When it was hot Glycer published sweat. Here at last was Skel's chance. When Glycer issued a form letter requesting contributions Skel responded virtually by return of post, for a special issue of STFR. Here at last was Skel's chance to be published outside the pages of SMALL FRIENDLY DOG. Here at last was Skel's chance to have someone else publish his material, his chance for peer group approval, his chance to be recognised as the great fanwriting talent of our time, his bid for immortality. AND GLYER ACCEPTED IT.....and never published STFR again.

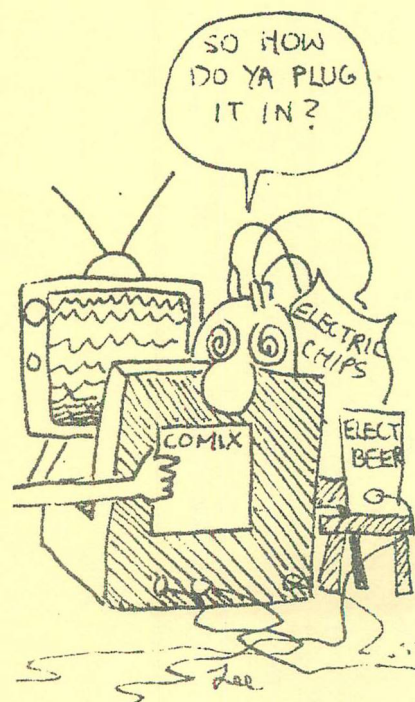
Now Skel gets a request from Marty Cantor, after a fashion, but Skel does not respond to this request. In fact Skel does not respond to anything these days. He just sits in his room and cries and cries and cries.....

I ask you, is this any way to treat the fanwriter who was umpteenth in the CHECKPOINT fan poll for nineteen-something-or-other?

\* \* \* \* \*

As Mr. Skelton's nurse I really must protest. The poor dear has been sorely tried. This afternoon I showed him your miserable rag and I seemed to sense some response. As anything that helps us to reach im these days is gladly welcomed I must request that you keep sending him future copies of your magazine. I cannot send you any liquid oxygen (lox) as Mr. Skelton keeps muttering but I can pass on to you some of the garbled comments he sometimes makes when he manages to spit out the gag.

Visually I gather that you are still publishing illos for illos sake, and that in this he is firmly behind what is known as the 'British' stand. I gather that this means he thinks that lots of your artwork is, and I quote, "Fucking Awful." He says that artwork on opposite pages of 'double-page spreads' seems to clash but I don't know what he means by this and I suspect that he doesn't either. Poncey Sod! I did note however that your copy of HOLIER THAN THOU which you despatched to him



'Sea Mail' on the 16th. of October arrived on the 22nd., which he keeps muttering is some kind of record. Is this one of these 'Punk' records? Surely it is not the record which Mr. Skelton mentioned to me earlier and which he keeps saying is "Shit brilliant." Mr. Skelton has this thing about Mr. Cooder, you see.

I think Mr. Skelton liked your Sci-Fi magazine but I expect his comment, "Tell him to keep kicking the cats." is merely another example of his deep-seated hostility re-asserting itself. \*sigh\* Just as he seemed to be doing so well, too. I suppose the doctor had better see him again in the morning. He looks a little tired. Perhaps I'd better take him to the bathroom (before he disgraces himself again) and then put him to bed. Please excuse me now but I must go, but before I sign off may I request that you don't put so many things into the next issue to excite him so.....he only has the one pair of underpants.

---Nurse E. Stoatfondler  
on behalf of  
Paul Skelton

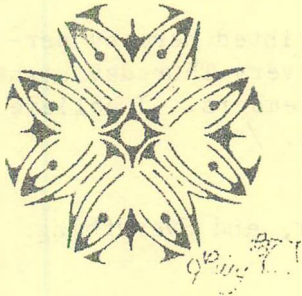
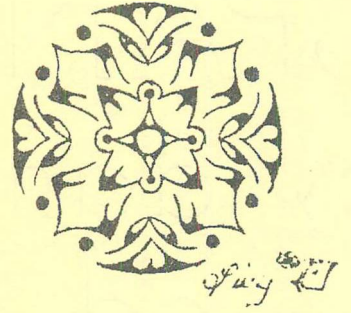
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/\*/ Dear Nurse Stoatfondler: You may rest assured that this issue of HOLIER THAN THOU will have absolutely nothing in it that will excite Mr. Skelton. This issue, out of deference to Mr. Skelton's delicate condition, is my special "All Boring" issue. If, by some mischance, Mr. Skelton should happen to survive his present contretemps and return to his former condition (such as it was), will you please pass on to him my request for him to contribute something to HOLIER THAN THOU? I thank you. /\*/

---



# SEASONS GREETINGS



are sent to you from GAGA  
(Gorilla Arts and Graphics Assoc.  
of CSUN)  
(CSUN -- California State Univ.  
at Northridge)  
--- and a holiday story,  
as told by Al Fish of Chicago

---

In feudal times, in a now forgotten corner of England, there ruled a tyrant called Merek. He was not very powerful, which made him even meaner than your average tyrant.

One day, in the Christmas season, he was touring his fief, and stopped at a peasant hovel to demand water. The lad who served him was so quick about it, and groveled so low, that Merek offered him a position serving in the castle banquet hall.

Jack's mother was overjoyed when she heard the news, for life at the castle was surely a better lot than life in a peasant hovel. She determined to have him on his way that very day. "And who knows," she thought, "he may rise to a better position if he serves Merek well." And, with that, she set off to the marketplace. She returned with a fine, handy ewer, cleverly crafted in the shape of a happy, smiling dragon, which she presented to her son as a parting gift. "Surely Merek will notice this fine ewer, and thereby notice you," she said, and kissed her son goodbye.

He walked fast, and reached the castle at dusk, where he was immediately set to work laying the banquet tables with plates, pots, and bowls. He was very tired by the time Merek and his guests arrived for their evening feast. But he had the presence of mind to stand very near his master's chair, as his mother had instructed, to pour Merek's wine from the ewer he was sure to notice.

His chance soon came, but oh! bad fortune! he spilled some on Merek's sleeve! The tyrant went into a rage and set his guards upon the boy. Frightened and confused, Jack ran from the hall, still clinging to the ewer. As he passed the castle gate at full speed, a guard said, "What's the matter, lad?" and without missing a stride, Jack yelled to him, "MEREK CURSED MA'S HANDY HAPPY NEW EWER!"

And to this day, we still use the young man's phrase.

# TPANACEA

by dan alderson and  
ed buchman

/\*/ The following article was first printed in APA-L #800 and is reprinted here by permission of its authors. APA-L is a weekly APA that is put together every Thursday night at LASFS meetings. Dan Alderson and Ed Buchman are long time LASFS members. I believe that even non-computer type people should find this article humorous. /\*/

TPANACEA (Polymorphic Asynchronous Nonrestrictive Assembler, Compiler, and Everything, Almost)

## 1. GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS:

- a) TPANACEA is a complete software package for all obsolete computers, including some that have not yet been built. (They will have come and gone by the time that it is out.)
- b) Programming languages available for TPANACEA fall into two general classes. Class A includes all untried blue-sky languages, all languages with catchy mnemonic names, and all obsolete languages. Class A languages, being the TPANACEA standard, are termed COPACETIC. All non-COPACETIC languages are termed NON-COPACETIC (CLASS B). COPACETIC languages include ALGOL, COBOL, GERITOL, FORTRAN, MORETRAN, SANSKRIT, JOVIAL, HYSTERICAL, UNCOL, AUNT, and Morse code.
- c) TPANACEA will accept control cards for all monitor systems, and will ignore their contents with equal ease. Each job must also be preceded by nineteen special TPANACEA job/control cards containing a 12-0-3-7 combination punched halfway between columns 56 and 57, and the user's mother's maiden name punched upside down, starting backwards from column 43 on the thirteenth card. On detecting control card errors, TPANACEA will rewind and write on all input tapes and system tapes, set all I/O equipment operating in endless loops, and hang up in such a way that the engineers will have to be called to get the machine running again. This feature will help to call attention to errors, rather than let them go unnoticed.
- d) TPANACEA will enable users to simulate any computer on any other computer. Thus, a user with an E101 can run a 7090 ten-tape sort-merge program on a file with a million items, or vice versa.
- e) In order to justify the word Almost in the catchy mnemonic name TPANACEA, one small restriction is imposed on the user, namely, that no object program may use the accumulator. It was felt that this would be more acceptable, userwise, than the other alternative - having to refer to the system by the absurd name TPANACE.

## 2. COMMITTEES:

Committees have been set up to handle specifications, travel, entertainment, publicity, vendor liaison, user liaison, programmer liaison, liaison liaison, and others, both ad hoc and out of hock. A special group has been set up to design cryptic, ambiguous, or meaningless on-line comments and prepare wordy, outdated writeups. To date, no interest has been shown in coding.

---Alderson and Buchman

# A MEDICAL

# SOLUTION

by steve tymon

/\*/ Steve Tymon (who had a story pubbed in an earlier issue of HTT) has had occasional sales to the prozines. I am always happy to accept humorous writing from him (as in this contribution), even though items like this will do absolutely nothing good for his reputation. /\*/

The flaming white dwarf star, about which orbited Prison Camp Alpha-5B, hardly provided enough light by which to see the thronging mass of prisoners milling about within the darkened compound. Camp Commander Triitol, gazing down from his office window high atop the Camp's central administrative tower, noted nothing new below. Another day, another sunrise, just another moment in an all too long lasting war.

So, of course, he was bored stiff.

Quietly munching on a soggy and somewhat recycled Kyrelian cigar, he awaited the daily relief to his boredom: the appearance of the giant Ap-pel beast. Every morning, the same attack, the same strains on the generators, the same headache. The frigging beast had shown itself to be invulnerable to any conventional weapon's attack, and there were no starcruisers to be spared from the continuing stellar conflict, particularly just to waste their firepower on a living beachball.

What disturbed Triitol was the fact that the beachball was in excess of three hundred feet in diameter.

And that it had a tendency to attack the Camp's perimeter force screens, often coming close to penetrating them.

And, above all, that it seemed to consider camp personnel as food.

So a simple solution had presented itself: throw some of the prisoners outside the screens and hope the damned thing would eat them and go away. Which it did. Sometimes. And at others . . . well, the beast had apparent likes and dislikes in taste. So sometimes it would not eat at all, or at least would be extremely selective in its eating habits, which in turn created the double problem of having the crazed thing still attacking the screens and some of the prisoners escaping. This was somewhat irritating to Commander Triitol, though rumour had it that the escaped prisoners did not mind it very much. And so, Triitol demanded a total solution to the problem of how to make the thing go away every time. Thus far, no total solution had presented itself. So he handed the problem down to a subordinate, a particularly gifted subordinate at that.

This is where Smith comes in, which he did, knocking on the office door.

"Come in, Smith," said Triitol, recognising the young officer's distinctive knock: shave-and-a-haircut, three-galactic-credits.

"Good morning, Commander," said Smith, saluting smartly.

"It might be, dependent on whether or not you've got a solution to our problem," replied Triitol, returning the salute.

"Well, sir, I do believe I have the answer."

"Then have a seat and tell me about it."

"Yes sir," said Smith, sitting down quickly on the large chair in front of the Commander's desk, then shuffling through the sheaf of papers in one hand. "Here we are . . . my final conclusions as based on all available data. First of all, I've determined that the attacks are of a sexual nature, though said attacks may be terminated by feeding the thing."

"You mean to say that thing," noted Triitol, pointing at a large, red, ball-shaped object that had just appeared on the horizon, "is actually humping my perimeter screens?"

"Well, that's one way of looking at it, sir."

"I see. Well, what else?"

"Well, obviously, one solution would be to find a female of the species and get them together. Hopefully, they'd spend all their time together and leave us alone."

"How do you know that thing is a male?"

"Well, to be honest, sir, I just sort of assumed. I mean, for all I know, it might be homosexual. Hell, it might even be into B & D or something . . ."

"Never mind, Smith. There aren't anymore of those on this planet so far as we can tell. And that's not a good solution. Give me something we can use."

"Right, sir. Well, other than the first method, we can continue our present method of dumping prisoners outside the perimeter screens. In order to have the proper effect, however, we must dump out the proper kind of prisoners."

"So, what kind?"

"For an answer to that, sir, I've prepared a demonstration. If you'll accompany me to perimeter outpost A-34, where the beast is presently attacking our screens---" The lights dimmed, as if in confirmation of the fact, as the generators drew power to cope with the onslaught. "---then I will be able to show you exactly what I've found."

#

Within minutes, they were at the outpost. Almost directly below them, the massive Ap-pel beast continued to crash against the screens, the pressure flaring the screens to an intense white. Smith detached the communicator from his belt and gave a pre-arranged signal. Unluckily, a counter signal returned and Smith stepped aside to confer with his men.

"Sir," said Smith, several minutes later, "I think we may have a problem."

"Well?" asked Triitol, irritated at the delay.

"It seems that generator five has shorted, thus allowing for the possibility of a breakthrough by the Ap-pel beast."

"Great. Anything else?"

"Yes sir. I did determine exactly what kind of prisoners the thing liked to digest. Unluckily, my men have informed me that we've depleted our supplies of that particular type of prisoner. Pity. My research indicates we'd only have to throw just one of that type out there in order to get the thing to leave long enough to effect repairs to the generator. As it is, though, I'm afraid it just might get in today."

"Oh wonderful, Smith. Well, before we all proceed to be selectively eaten, and before all the prisoners escape, you might at least inform me of your discovery."

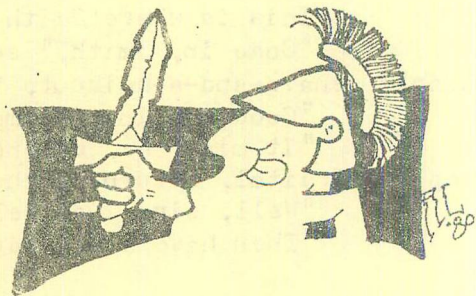
"Oh, that. It's simple, sir. The beast is attuned to certain mental wavelengths---

"You mean to say it's telepathic?"

"Yes sir. And that's what determines the type of prisoner it will eat. You see, it doesn't really matter about the race of the prisoner involved, just his profession. My research indicates that all beings in a given profession have a similarity in thought and, therefore, a similarity in mental wavelengths."

"You mean . . .?"

"Yes sir. I've found that a doctor a day keeps the Ap-pel away."



#

Alone, Camp Commander Triitol watched the Ap-pel beast roll off into the sunset.

Pity, he thought, that Smith was the Camp Doctor. Oh well, it was for a good cause. Now to fix that generator and get it ready for tomorrow.

Chewing on a much recycled Kyrellian cigar, he strode off into the night.

---Steve Tymon

In lieu of an Editorial -

AUSTRALIA in '83

Some thoughts on why I support that bid.  
And, maybe, a few other things.

I will present some things that I consider important in weighing the reasons why I support the Australian bid. They are not presented in order of importance, although they are, of themselves, important.

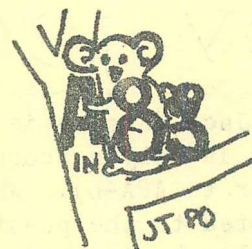
1. AUSSICON I is generally considered to have been a very good Worldcon. I do not remember reading any negative things about that con in any fanzine. On the contrary, written reports of that con uniformly praised the con. Personal talks with fen who attended the con bear out the written record - it was a good con.

2. The fans who put on AUSSIECON I were relatively inexperienced con runners. This, in general, was true of Aussie fandom at that time. Yet they put on a good con. Since that time Aussiefen have put on a good many other cons. It is my impression that many of those fen currently bidding for '83 have been making it a point to acquire more con running experience - con giving and con-attending in Australia seems to have greatly expanded in recent years. I get this impression from reading MANY Aussie fanzines. Whilst my impressions may be wrong, I do not believe that this is the case. Anyway, what this means is a con at least as well run as was AUSSIECON I - and, probably, a con that will be even better run.

3. In these days when the putting on of a Worldcon seems to fracture (and even disintegrate) the fans of the area putting on the con (NOREASCON is an exception, here), it should be pointed out that this did not happen to the Aussiefen. When voting for a site for a con I believe that it behooves the voting fen to ask themselves whether they want to put fans of a given area through the trauma that seems to accompany the putting on of a Worldcon. (Even if said bidding fans seem to be masochists, does that mean that we voters should accomodate their disintegrative desires?)

It seems to be a given that fans in certain areas will not go through these problems (Boston and Los Angeles readily come to mind as examples) - I do believe, based on the recent experience of AUSSIECON I, that Aussiefen should be added to this list.

4. Australian fanzine fans seem to be amongst the nicest fans in fandom. There is a fresh, youthful vigour in their fanzines. I do believe that they have a quality of fannishness that is largely lacking in much of the rest of fandom. I believe that they deserve to win their bid. I wish that I could attend their con. ---Marty Cantor



# The outhouse on the borderland by jack harness

/\*/ Jack Harness is one of the premier punsters in fandom (and the LASFS). Nowadays Jack is only a sporadic attendee at LASFS meetings (and only a once-in-a-while contributor to APA-L). When Jack attended LASFS meetings on a regular basis he often got elected to the position of club secretary (and this may be why he does not attend on a regular basis any more). His minutes were invariably one of the hilarious highlights of the meetings. (To this day he retains the nickname "Scribe.") Jack has written some of the funniest zines that have graced APA-L. This article is reprinted by permission of Jack - it was first printed in APA-L #806. /\*/

## CONTINUING OUR THEME THIS MONTH OF THE REGENCY,

(Despite overwhelming protest), we turn from the British Regency (1811-1820) to THE DEVONIAN REGENCY (1811-1820). Serious Historical scholars will recall that after the untimely death of Phartaskue the Phorteenth, the young Prince Phartaskue the Phiphteenth was adjudged too young and emotionally deranged to rule by the Parliament, which consisted at the time of a loose association of nobles, generals, and beerhall operators. And so began the Regency. This was to be a period of unparalleled stability in Devonian, with the consolidation of the currency (it went into a secret Swiss Bank Account). The Succession of Regents were as follows:  
The Duke Regent; The Regent of Whales; Rip Von Regent; The Aqua Regent (so-called because he dissolved the Parliament); The Hyatt Regent (a familiar "landmark" in the period); The Regent Who Was Practically Forced on Us When We Lost the War With Lichtenstein, the Bums; The King Regent (reports of his death had been greatly exaggerated); The Dowager Duchess Regent; The Regent, Pfui, Whom We Simply Do Not Talk About in Polite Society, He Should Only Drop Dead; Bonnie Regent Charles (sometimes called Balmy Regent Charles); The Queen Regent; The Pope Regent; The Torturer Regent (they were running out of public officials to elect); The Dancing Regent, (Vitus the Saintly); The Regent in the Iron Mask (also called The Mask); The Regent Who Mysteriously Disappeared and So Did the Treasury; The Regent Whose Word Was as Good as His Bond (Deafmute Smith); The Pfui Excuse for a Regent Who Was so Putrid His Name Is Expunged from the Pages of History, He should Only Drop Dead Twice (A blank Death Warrant was issued for him, but he escaped the guillotine by showing that his name was not on the warrant); The Lord High Executioner Regent; The Rejected Regent; The Third Cousin Once Deported and Twice Removed (they were running out of possible relatives to the royal family); The Regent-Pretender; The Regent-in-Exile; The Regent Who Instituted the National Lottery and Was So Lucky He Kept Winning It; The Captainess Regent; The Torturess Regent (Vulcharella the First); The Regent From the Black Lagoon; The Magnificent Three (this "Troika" was originally going to be a Devonian Magnificent Seven, but then they actually counted the number of magnificent people in Devonian and had to make do with less); The Embroideress Regent; The Regent Behind the Throne; The Regent-of-Divinity; The Twilight Regent; The Regent Who Was Referred by the Blind Dating Service;

and finally, Bonzo the Backstabber, who doublecrossed everyone by installing Phartaskue the Phifteenth as King...(the Regent Philbin).)

NEWSFLASH: FROM NOW ON, ALL SUBATOMIC PARTICLES  
FORMED BY DECAY WILL BE CLASSIFIED AS PUTRINOS.

---Jack Harness



# YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT, MARTY

by joseph nicholas

/\*Lest Joseph be the target of more abuse than he sometimes is, let it be known that the title of this article is entirely the idea of the editor and publisher of this zine. Feel free, though, to throw brickbats at Joseph for the contents of the article. Whilst I disagree with much of what Joseph writes I do not intend to enter into a debate with him at this time and in this place. I will, however, make a few statements. Firstly, many of the loccers commented on my review in HTT #8 - see the LoC Ness Monster for these letters and my replies to them (and it is probable that I will print only those LoCs or parts of LoCs on this subject that took exception to my review). Secondly, I do believe that at least some of Joseph's sense of humour is congruent to some of my sense of humour - insult humour which, in my case, appeared more in my early APAzines (and sometimes appears at LASFS meetings) than it does in HTT. /\*/

You're review of the Gardner Dozois-edited Best SF Stories Of The Year, which I hope you will forgive me for saying, struck me as so reactionary and bigoted a tract that as I read it I had to several times check the byline to reassure myself that it had not been written by either Lester Del Rey or Spider Robinson. As criticism it was, I am afraid, utterly useless, being more a subjective venting of personal spleen than a considered analysis of the book under review; but in this response to the piece I intend to engage you not in debate over the intrinsic merits (or otherwise) of Dozois's selection as the assumptions that underlie your remarks and the implications which arise from them.

To your credit, you do at least define the position from which you are operating: the hard SF of Clement, Heinlein, Clarke, Asimov, Niven, Sheffield, and others of their ilk. But this, I felt constrained to point out, is the SF of John W. Campbell, of the forties, and as such has no claim whatever to be considered as modern SF (unless by some weird process of semantic logic you have redefined "modern" to mean the period 1940-45, when Campbellian SF was at its height). There have been numerous changes and advances since then, and any theory of what SF could or should be which fails to acknowledge them must be considered a failure from the word go. To be sure, you might not care for those changes and advances, but in this context it is worth pointing out that the type of SF which you are claiming as quintessential to the literature itself represents a change from and an advance over the SF of an earlier era -- Gernsback's original prognosis for the stuff, after all, holding that it should be used to dramatise the possibilities of science, a declamation which Campbell modified to suit his own desires for SF to dramatise the impact of science upon society. And this evolution, each step in the chain building upon the ones that had preceded it, continued post-Campbell with the SF of Gold (at Galaxy) and Boucher/McComas (at F & SF), each successive generation of editors re-defining the terms to suit their own needs and preoccupations and in the process gradually widening the realms of what was and was not permissible and acceptable. And so it might have continued in this slow but steady way had it not been for the advent of Moorcock's New Worlds and Ellison's Dangerous Visions, when the evolution suddenly became a revolution.

And not surprisingly. As Alvin Toffler pointed out in his Future Shock, the rate of socio-technological change accelerates exponentially, each successive increment following closer and closer upon the heels of its predecessor, the resulting curve of progress exhibiting a steeper and steeper upwards slope with the inexorable passage of time. In the twenties, such was barely noticeable, although Gernsback quite correctly recognised the inevitability of change and set himself and his writers the task of dramatising the changes that might occur in science. In the forties, with the war having stimulated many advances in science and technology, technologically-induced change in society was rather more apparent, and Campbell, recognising this, set himself and his writers the task of dramatising these changes. In both periods, of course, science was seen as the disillusionment with this basic prognosis began to set in, and it was this, and in particular the sounding of cautionary notes to the effect that all was not well with the world at large, that Gold set himself and his writers the task of dramatising. And in the sixties....well, in the sixties, the first waves of future shock really began to break over the world, and it was this -- a sudden and irreversible upsurge in entropic disorder and the resulting nihilistic feeling that tomorrow would never come and that one should therefore live only for the moment -- that Moorcock and Ellison set themselves and their writers the task of dramatising. It is this latter "movement", of course, that you are labelling as the "New Wave" and condemning out of hand.



But to speak of it as simply "the" New Wave is very misleading, for such a generalisation takes no account whatever of the salient and very important fact that the British "Wing" of it had very different motivations and aims from the American one. The pulps, and the genre magazines that had arisen from them, were never native to this country, and always had in consequence an uneasy fringe existence (and one should thus bear in mind that the evolutionary course charted in the preceding paragraphs is, in the main, applicable only to America); and thus the motive behind Moorcock's "crusade" was not simply that of taking SF into the literary and critical big time but that of throwing off altogether the restraining hand of the essentially alien American tradition and allowing it to thus develop techniques, approaches, tropes, metaphors, styles, symbols and themes of its own. The motive which drove Ellison and others of his (American) ilk was the removing of the various intra-genre conventions and restraints that had grown up since the mid-fifties and the restoring to SF's practitioners of the creative and artistic freedom that was thus being denied them.

You might respond to this by claiming that SF is SF, and the fact that some of it happens to be written by British authors and some by American makes no difference -- but I would have to reject this claim in its entirety on the (rather tautological) grounds that Britons are British and Americans are American, therefore possessing distinctly differing cultures and hence differing culturally-derived sensibilities and preoccupations, and these differences cannot help but be present in the novels thus produced. (As, indeed, such cultural differences are present in the literature of any country -- French existentialism is not the same as German weltanschauung is not the same as Italian surrealism is not the same as....and so on -- and to deny these differences would be tantamount to claiming that the world as a whole shared but one homogeneous culture, which is clearly nonsense.) The existence of these differences may be demonstrated by the straightforward process of comparing half-a-dozen modern British SF novels with half-a-dozen modern American ones; and may be best summed up by a simple statement to the effect that British SF is largely technophobic, pessimistic and introvert, whereas American SF is largely technophilic, optimist and extrovert (the exceptions on both sides -- Clarke and Brunner for the UK, Bishop and Disch for the US -- simply go to prove the general

rule). I cannot imagine any American writer who could have written, say, Chris Priest's A Dream of Wessex (aka -- horrendously -- The Perfect Lover in the US, which title largely obscures the mythopoeic drive of the novel), just as I cannot imagine any British writer who could have written, say, Ben Bova's Colony.

That British SF is different from the American variety is a fact that most American critics, editors, writers and readers (especially the readers!) seem to reject, and I find this not at all surprising. Caught up in the tradition of the genre magazines, holding that they constitute the quintessence of SF's historical development and hence its "true home" -- as for a long time they indeed were -- they seem unable to come to terms not only with the fact that the tradition is largely an American one, and hence cannot be applied wholesale to the rest of the world, but also with the fact that anyone would wish to reject said tradition, and in Britain have done just that. But I would state, quite categorically, that such rejection was, and is, necessary, not just from the parochial desire to create a more specifically nationally-oriented SF than hitherto but from the very necessary increase in creative and artistic freedom which thus results, because the inevitable result of any tradition is the imposition, by virtue of its inflexible nature, of artificial limits and restraints upon what is and what is not possible -- and for an artform (in this case, a literary one) such is absolutely deadly, because it results only in each successive generation of artists (in this case, writers) producing increasingly pallid, unimaginative and derivative imitations of what has gone before, the artform in question thus slumping ever more precipitately into stagnation and final self-strangulation. The constant pushing back of the genre's frontiers throughout the forties and fifties by the successive endeavours of Campbell, Gold and Boucher/McComas was what enabled SF to survive and prosper throughout those decades, but towards the end of the fifties it was evident that, with the failure of the hoped-for boom that had characterised the endeavours of the early fifties (with Gold, for example, looking forward to the day when Galaxy would achieve the same distribution and readership as The Saturday Evening Post), such stagnation was setting in, and the fervour and vigour of the mid-sixties New Wave revolution, on both sides of the Atlantic, was in part a long-frustrated reaction to this phenomenon. The immediate result was noise, show and aggressiveness; the longer-term result has been the tearing away of huge chunks of the encircling ghetto walls to allow individual writers to ride out in their own individual directions, freed from the necessity to conform to the dictates of some all-powerful editor and thus enabled to do their own things in their own ways and in their own times -- and without this we simply would not have the enormous range and variety of SF that we do today; so much so that almost anyone of any shade of opinion may find satisfaction in some part of it.

So why are you complaining? The sort of SF that you enjoy is still around, still being written by writers who may have begun their careers after the more overt spashings of the New Wave had died away (to have its more important aspects integrated into the larger corpus of SF) and have not been at all influenced by it, so why begrudge others their enjoyment of the sort of SF that you do not enjoy? You do not have to read it, you do not have to like it; but others may and others certainly do, finding your sort of SF boring or silly in the extreme (and it probably will not come as any surprise to you, in view of all of the foregoing, to learn that I personally find most hard SF practically unreadable). The demand which you make at the start of your review for all SF to conform to your ideal of it represents an outright overriding of all these other tastes and preferences (and I might further point out that if all SF did conform to your ideal of it than the same sort of stagnation which afflicted it in the late fifties and early sixties would very rapidly set in all over again), which it has to be said is a rather arrogant stance to adopt. Certainly, the critical process does have a rather arrogant streak to it -- who appointed these people to lay down the law but themselves, after all? -- and in writing it myself I do not make much effort to see any virtue in the sort of SF that does not suit my preferences (although for the most part I try to set these subjective phenomena to one side and tackle the stuff from a more impartially literary viewpoint); but cooler consideration of the issues and less venting of spleen will in both the short and the longer terms prove more beneficial to us all.

I hope and trust that you get many other letters on the same topic, and in particular a letter from Darrel Schweitzer; for long have I wished to engage him in debate over his particular (and particularly ignorant) view of the British wing of the New Wave revolution, and this might just be the opportunity that I have been waiting for.

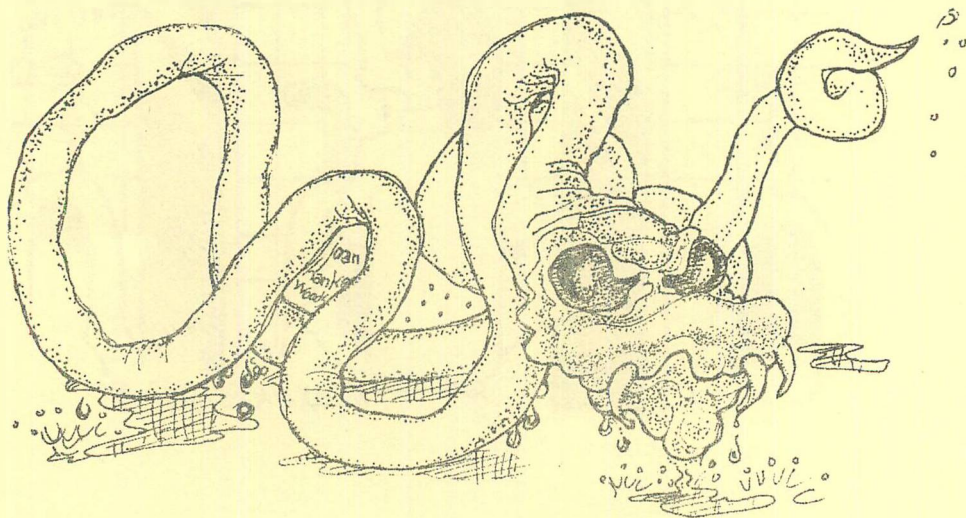
---Joseph Nicholas

/\*/ Considering my interests, viewpoints, and proclivities (to say nothing of the amount of wine that is now coursing its way through my system), I hope that Darrell (and many others) take up the cudgels (and typers) and comment on this topic. HTT is mostly devoted to humour; however, I am willing to devote much space to non-humorous topics that strike my fancy. I am willing to expand the size of HTT to encompass the scope of any argument -- HTT is, already, larger than my financial resources. /\*/



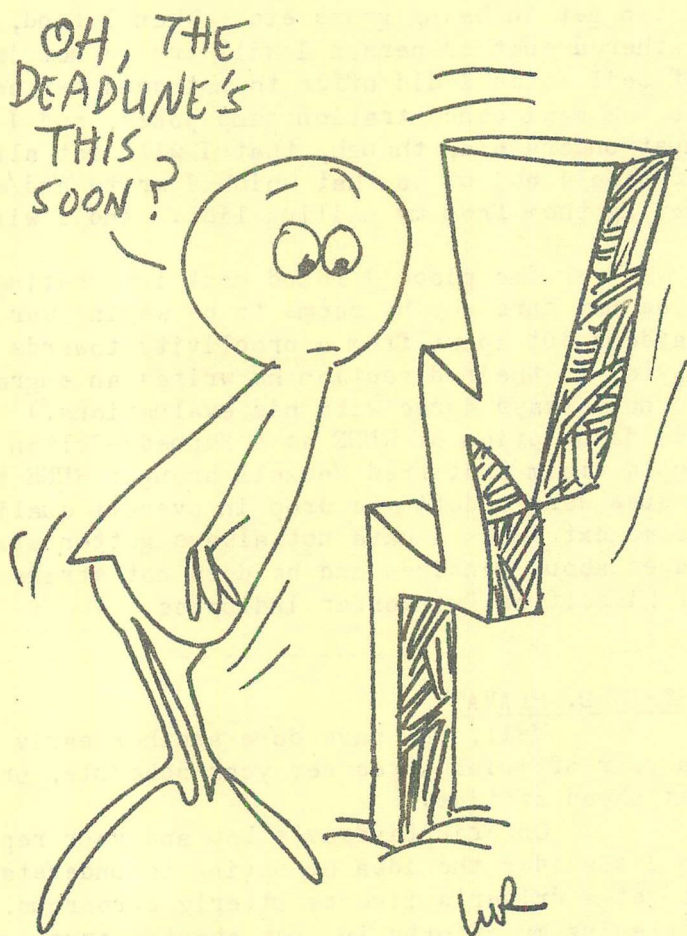
# THE LOC NESS MONSTER

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MIKE GLICKSOHN

I wish I could honestly tell you that I failed to LoC your seventh issue because of intensive searching for the elusive pop-up vagina you appear so fascinated by but unfortunately this was not the case. As it happens, I was criss-corssing the country in search of the elusive and possibly apocryphal trap-door clitoris and it was this dedication to academic research that kept me from replying to #7. I almost failed to reply to #8 as well, although not because of my gynecological gymnastics. I simply found myself in one of my periodic bouts of fanzine fanc gafia and thought I might vegetate a while longer, reading SF, sipping martinis and watching television. (This resolve was strengthened by the fact that this was a remarkably bland and unprovocative issue of HTT.) However, at the last minute I realised that to miss two consecutive issues of HTT would probably be a wrong thing to do. You might even gafiate from the shock and that would deprive fandom of some of its worst artwork and most putrid jokes and who am I to act as a censor like that? So here's a brief letter telling you that I am not going to write you a LoC this time.



/\*/ Is this not-a-LoC somehow related to Skel's not-an-article? You should know that you cannot stop me from pubbing these things. If you will not write them I will have to make them up. And what would that do to your reputation? But you are correct in that you missing two issues in a row would probably have me dying of shock (although I suspect that such a fate would not stop me from pubbing HTT). /\*/

You have certainly maintained your record for publishing sometimes-amusing-but-rarely-well-executed artwork with this issue. I count perhaps five drawings that are moderately well drawn and that does not include either cover. So it goes. HTT may be "casual" but I am not at all sure it needs to quite that casual!

For once I agree with Taral. There are far too many people who claim to be open-minded whose minds clamp shut like rusted bear traps when certain topics are raised. It is like all those morons who write to MAD magazine saying "I've liked every movie satire you've ever done until you made fun of my favourite \*\*\*\*\*". On the other hand, I know from experience that whilst one might intellectually realise that any topic ought to be fair game for humour, there are personally relevant areas where humour just seems inappropriate. Someone standing looking at the corpses of his parents in a smashed automobile is hardly likely to find jokes about orphans amusing, right? There are few areas I consider beyond the realm of humour but I have to admit I do not share your apparent interest in deliberately grossing people out by finding their sensitive areas. Different strokes, I suppose.

/\*/ I will admit to perhaps an overfondness i liking to see how close to the line that I can get in being gross etc. When I find, however, that my humour has very seriously bothered another person I will try to not irritate them in that manner again. In the case of Gail Weiss I did offer to not send her any more HTTs. I understood her objections to the Nazi concentration camp jokes, and I was not unfeeling about her suffering. You must understand, though, that I will not allow anybody to censor HTT nor what I write - if people object to that which I write and/or print I will cease offending them by removing them from my mailing list. And I will feel sorry about that state of affairs. /\*/

The piece I found most interesting in the entire issue was Gary's review column. I am not sure why he seems to be waging war on Pelton, Kennedy, Farber and the Nielsen-Haydens but apart from a proclivity towards gratuitous insults tossed, non-sequiteur style, in their direction he writes an engrossing and informative column. (And, no, I do not always agree with his evaluations.) It was a little bewildering, though, to read his description of RENE as a Kennedy-Pelton dynasty of fannish notoriety when most fans would claim that Fred Haskell brought RENE to its greates heights and the Kennedy-Pelton issues were a definite drop in overall quality and impact. His view of Gary Farber also seems extreme. I have not always gotten along with Gary but he is definitely a fan who cares about fanzines and he does not strike me as having an overwhelmingly hight opinion of himself as Deindorfer indicates.

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

Well, you have done another early issue. I wonder if you will be able to stick to your official three per year schedule, or if you will do a fourth HTT "just a little bit ahead of time."

On Eric Lindsay's LoC and your reply: I never learned to drive a stick shift, so I consider the idea of having to understand such obsolete and primitive skills in order to get a driver's licence utterly barbarous. But then again, I tend to favour machines replacing my efforts in just about everything except fornication ~~and sometimes I long for a bed that moves up and down.~~

I enjoyed your book review. For one thing, I like the way you indicate your preferences and interests beforehand. That gives me a guide as to whether the review will have any relevance to my interests. In this case, I know that your review is of no interest to me as a buying guide since I am not terribly fond of hard-science SF. Your implicit distinction between Fantasy and Science Fiction is also interesting. Most people tend to equate Science Fiction with whatever follows their own credulity. I would say, though, that the ending of "The Persistence of Vision" (a story I enjoyed immensely) is not fantasy. There is, in fact, a perfectly credible explanation in our own mundane consensus reality: The narrator's blindness and deafness could be hysterical. (There are recorded cases of such, and he really did want to join them.)

/\*/ Umph. Firstly, let me clear something up (and this will relate to a misunderstanding of my position that Joseph Nicholas seems to possess). The reason that I like "hard" Science Fiction is not because of its science and like there. Which is not to say that I do not like the "hard" part of it - the "hard" part of it is sort of like a topping on a sundae (a nice extra but really not as important as that which is underneath). I like stories that are stories. There must be a beginning, an end, a middle. There must be a firm stong plot without the messy writing that leaves loopholes and other such non-realistic crap. If the story is set in the future it must be set in "our" future - a logical extrapolation of the real. (This "mundane consensus reality" crap is just drug-induced bullshit - only an idiot who does drugs believes that there is more than one reality. But that is another argument.) Anyway, (and secondly (to the above firstly)) Varley did blow it in his ending. If, as you say, the narrator's blindness and deafness was hysterical, good writing would have planted that possibility in the story. Or any other possibility. I still maintain that Varley switched gears and turned the plot away

from Science Fiction to Fantasy by neglecting to make the ending a part of reality. Reality does not work the way that he has decribed it working. /\*/

I do not know where Gary Deindorfer gets the idea that I have a belief in my own intellectual and moral superiority. Just because, when I pray, I say "Thank Thee, O Lord, for intellectual arrogance, which means...."? I guess I will have to be a bit subtler. Anyway, I would enjoy Gary's reveiws even without the favourable comments about me. Changing one's mind about a zine from issue to issue is not a fault. If a zine continued to please all the people it had been pleasing, and displease all the people it had been displeasing, it would be in a rut. And I agree with Gary's listing of Swider, Brenner, and Rom as highly promising rookies.

/\*/ That is all right, Arthur - you may continue to pray to me in any way that you wish to pray. Your Little Tin God understands that which you are trying to say. /\*/

On to the lettercol: J. Owen Hanner, go bugger a dead chicken whilst sucking a buzzard's ass. (He did say he pays to be grossed out, did he not?)

I agree with your answer to Jan Brown: I too like fandom for its literacy, as manifested in zines, LoCs, etc. But it should be pointed out that con fans, D&Ders, and even \*fnord\* Trekkies can be recruited into zine fandom.

#### BOB SHAW

As a pipe-smoker for some 25 years I was quite intrigued by the various references to the art, although in this country the government seems to be trying to stamp it out by means of punitive taxes. Do you know that a pound of decent pipe tobacco here costs about \$45.00? Just think what that kind of pricing would do to business in your store. Any time I am in the States I go around buying up tobacco and cigars like a maniac and puffing them every chance I get. I am rather conscious of the fact that smoking is very much out of favour these days, and therefore I tend only to smoke in the open or at home. (At Disneyworld a couple of years ago I thought I was safe to have a cigar whilst going to see the open-air Robinson Crusoe exhibit, but one of the staff pulled me up with the stern injunction -- "No smoking in the jungle, please sir.")

/\*/ Dear me. I wonder if the "wild" animals have managed to pass some sort of Clean Jungle Air Act. It seems that those who would abolish freedom flourish everywhere.

\*\* I do appreciate it when I get the foreign residents and tourists into my shop it makes a nice change from the colonials who complain when a pound of tobacco goes up in price to \$5.00 or \$6.00. Of course, tobacco at that price in this country is not very good. I can produce a quite smokalbe English Mixture for about \$14.00 a pound - and that is about the minimum price for anything smokeable in this country. /\*/

#### ALLAN BEATTY

If you send me a copy of your next party instead of HTT, because that is what I locced, then please make sure that it will fit into a 5 x 4 post office box. That way the P.O. will not have to hold it to be called for at the counter, and I can get it at a reasonable party hour like midnight (with no waiting in line).

/\*/ Considering that the parties in question are con parties I see no problem with your size request - the size of most rooms at most cons is about the size of your Post Office box. 'twas special circumstances that allowed the WESTERCON party put on by Glycer and I to be held in an oversized room. /\*/



/\*/ And then there was a second card from -- /\*/

ALLAN BEATTY

The first thing when I arrived in Iowa and stepped out of the airport building, I immediately thought of you... and that yellow button you have been wearing every time that I have seen you. But did you know that some kinds of snow are worse than others? The worst is at 32° when you have two suitcases. But there is other bad weather here too, like 15° and windy with NO snow - what is the point of so much cold if we are not even going to have a white Christmas?

/\*/ A year or so ago Thom Digby was Fan GoH at MINICON. Whilst in Minneapolis Thom picked up this fine ~~case of frost~~ ~~with~~ yellow button which he brought back to Los Angeles and gave to me. The button, which I wear to the few cons which I attend, has the imprinted legend, "SNOW SUCKS." And so does any temperature under 70°. /\*/

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

HTT #8 is a fine issue, although two things disappoint me. One is that the only drawing of mine that you used was an Early Work, and not a very good one at that. The other is your review of the Dozois Year's Best. Very disappointing indeed.

Now I agree with you on a lot of points. I voted for "Seven American Nights" at Nebula time, rather than "Persistence of Vision," precisely because of the ending. My feeling is that Varley did not know how to end the thing, so he just threw up his hands and Went Mystical. I see nothing wrong with mysticism in



a story, but it is not something that you do at the end as a way out of a corner. It has to be the driving mechanism of the story from the beginning. (Also, Varley could have learned a thing or three from Wells' "The Country of the Blind.")

As for the alleged New Wave, well my reactionary credentials are better than yours. I was even a contributor to the official organ of the Second Foundation. (Remember that? If not, I am not telling.) But you have left so many prejudices and faulty judgments dangling that you have hung yourself.

Here is a paragraph of James Blish to digest. It is from "Making Waves" in More Issues at Hand:

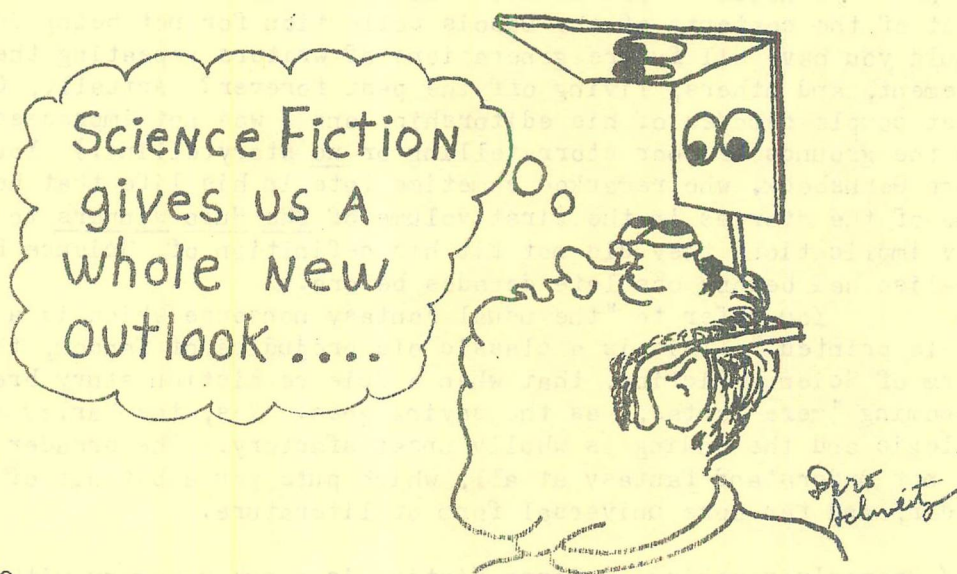
People who read nothing but science fiction and fantasy -- the Moskowitz syndrome -- are fundamentally non-readers; their gaping jaws signal not wonder, but the utter absence of any thought or sensation at all. They are easy to spot by their reactions when a fifty-year-old storrry-telling innovation finally reaches science fiction: They are either utterly bowled over by it and proclaim it the wave of the future, or they find it incomprehensible and demand the return of E.E. Smith, who, unfortunately, is dead.

Now I am not saying that you have got what Blish labelled Moskowitz Syndrome, but you do leave yourself open to such an accusation.

/\*/ Blish is an interesting case - I have many Blish books in my collection - his early work is quite readable, his later stuff is undigestable crap. Anyway, I should explain my reading experiences. I have been a reader (of the voracious kind) ever since I learned how to read. I have been reading Science Fiction since about my tenth year. Sometime in the 1960's I became a reader of only (by choice) Science Fiction and newspapers. That leaves about twenty of my years of reading experience when I read widely in many differing fields. In the late 1950's I was active in writing poetry, publishing some efforts in the then flourishing Little Magazines. (I was heavily influenced by the avant garde poets of the early part of this century - making me quite well aware of the "inovations" that had occurred in writing at that time.) Nowadays I read more fanzines than I read Science Fiction; however, my exclusive diet of Science Fiction and fanzines is based on a background of reading experience at least as wide as that of most literate English speakers - it is deficient mostly in the non-Science Fiction of the mid-1960's and later./\*/

How good were E.E. Smith's storrrytelling abilities? He could not depict character. He could not reproduce dialogue that sounded like people talking. He provided no insight into his subject matter. He could not set up meaningful conflict. Are these not failings of storrrytelling ability on the most fundamental level?

/\*/ Whilst I agree with your assessment of E.E. Smith I would not be as charitable as are you in your statement - and I hold the opinion that most of the pulp writers like Doc Smith were as bad (or were worse) writers than he was. /\*/



Consider: you define Science Fiction in terms of a few stories, then condemn most of the contents of the Dozois collection for not being Science Fiction on your terms. Would you have all future generations of writers repeating the work of Niven, Pournelle, Clement, and others, living off the past forever? Actually, Campbell tried that for the last couple decades of his editorship, and I was not impressed with the results. (Mostly on the grounds of poor storrtelling or no storytelling.) You come off sounding like Hugo Gernsback, who remarked sometime late in his life that he did not consider any but one of the stories in the first volume of The Hugo Winners to be Science Fiction because (by implication) they did not fit his definition of Science Fiction, which he failed to realise had become obsolete decades before.

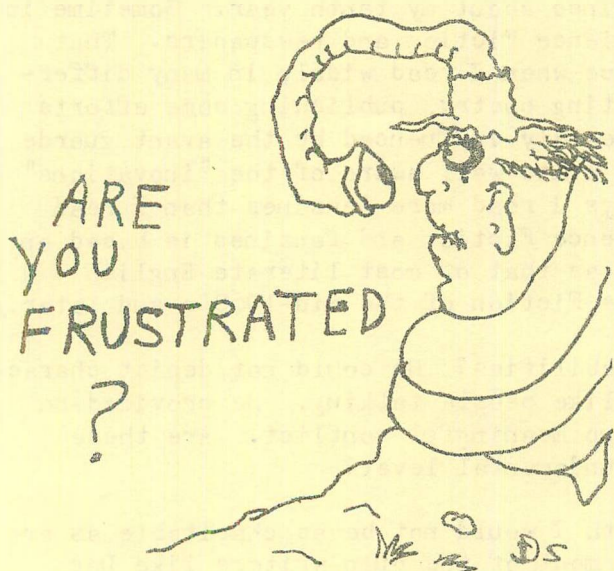
You refer to "the usual Fantasy nonsense which is a waste of the paper on which it is printed." This is a classic old prejudice of fandom, that fantasy is an inferior form of Science Fiction, that when a Science Fiction story breaks down into illogic, it is becoming "mere fantas," as the saying goes. Yes, the Varley story does break down into illogic and the ending is wholly unsatisfactory. The broader implication is that you do not understand fantasy at all, which puts you a bit out of touch since it is a far older, and far more universal form of literature.

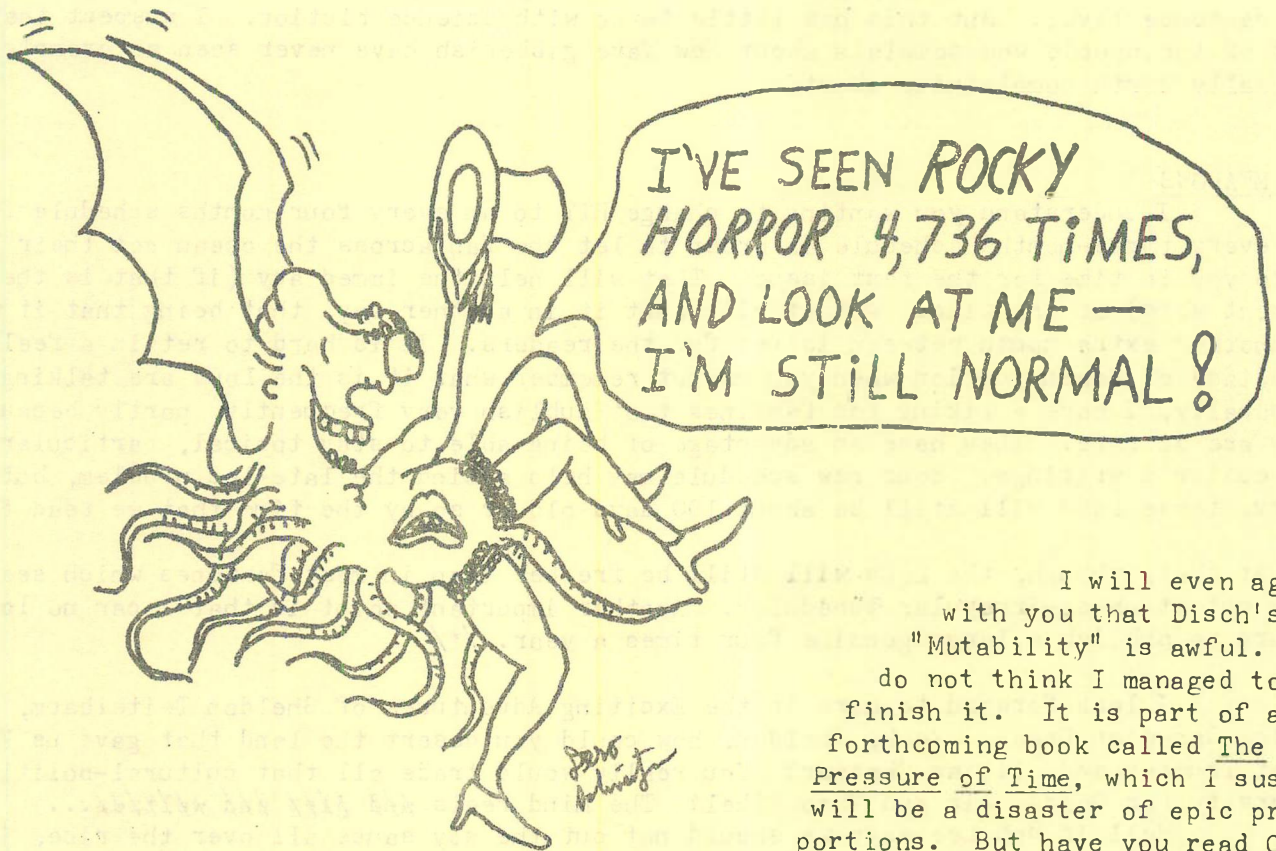
/\*/ Properly speaking, Science Fiction is a sub-category within the major genre of Fantasy. I agree that Fantasy is an older field of literature than is Science Fiction and I agree that Fantasy is a far more universal form of literature than is Science Fiction. I state, though, that Fantasy is just childish diddlywomp fit only for the unthinking clods who make up the vast majority of human beings on this planet. The only Fantasy which is fit for intellectually mature people is Science Fiction. /\*/

I suspect that your definition of a plot is much too narrow. There are plots which are more like life than the old problem encountered/problem solved routine. For example, a story in which a character faces life with a certain attitude or preconception, and all of the scenes and development lead toward a change in this perception or attitude, until 1) the character ends up being a different person, or, 2) the character proves too rigid and breaks under pressure. You would probably say there is no plot and no story is being told. In this case, it is not a matter of some 50-year-old innovation finally trickling down to Science Fiction. It is more like a century-old standard technique.

Such a structure is fairly new to Science Fiction, but lots of 19th Century novels are plotted that way.

You seem to want Wolfe to write a long lecture-tour of his future America. That is not what his story is about. It is about the breakdown of the protagonist, essentially his submersion into mystery within himself. To maintain tone, to provide an organising metaphor for such goings-on, the background has to stay mysterious. The story Wolfe wanted to write is simply impossible by your rules. There is also the simple logic that none of the characters know what you want them to lecture at length about. For them to do so would be out of character and inconsistent with the setup.





I will even agree with you that Disch's "Mutability" is awful. I do not think I managed to finish it. It is part of a forthcoming book called The Pressure of Time, which I suspect will be a disaster of epic proportions. But have you read On The Wings of Song? I imagine you would say it has no plot, and there-

fore is not Science Fiction. Actually it has one of those character-building plots I mentioned earlier, like a 19th Century novel. I ended up nominating and voting for it for the Hugo, Nebula, Balrog, and American Book Award this year. (And it won the only award I had no say in -- maybe I am a jinx after all.) It has a level of wit, of social realism (a rare thing in SF), of characterisation, next to which the "storytelling abilities" of Doc Smith are not even pathetically laughable. Not merely in the same league, but in a different language altogether.

I will agree that fragments and failed experiments are a waste of time, and that the New Wave fostered a lot of them. That is why things like NEW WORLDS and ORBIT failed. Much of what they published was simply not valid. It had nothing to offer to the reader. There are writers (I will not name names) whose careers are effectively over because they first got published in the New Wave era, and when the fad for such verbal doodles had passed they were discovered to be unable to write stories. I can think of one who sent 30 or so hopeless mss. to IASFM. (But then you would be surprised how many dinosaurs are still around. We sometimes get submissions from people who have not been able to sell regularly since Campbell raised standards beyond their reach in 1938.) At the same time, your idea of what Science Fiction should be is much, much too narrow. Nobody insists you read what you do not like, but if you were funning the field you would drive off most of the readers, because their interests are outside your range.

Is Garner Dozois too polluted by the New Wave to be a good editor? I do not think so. I would regard the fiction that he wrote as real stories. You know, beginning, middle, end, character development, character change, that sort of thing. My idea of a non-story -- for which I coined the descriptive term "non-functional word pattern" -- is something in which the sentences and paragraphs (if there are any) do not connect to convey any thought, or are just a jumble of imagery. A typical James Ballis piece, for instance, of a Ballard "condensed novel." (Which is what I had in mind when coining the term.) In fact, when NEW WORLDS was revived as a fanzine recently, the second issue did it one better with what I would call the "non-funtional word mass," which consisted of words

pasted crudely across a two-page spread with no apparent pattern. A breakdown below the sentence level. But this has little to do with Science Fiction. I suspect that most of the people who complain about New Wave gibberish have never seen an example that is really worth complaining about.

#### JIM MEADOWS

I understand you wanting to change HTT to an every-four-months schedule from its every-three-months schedule in order to let the fan across the ocean get their letters in to you in time for the next issue. That will help the immediacy (if that is the correct word) of the zine. But it will hurt it in another way, that being that it will be another extra month between issues for the readers. It is hard to retain a feeling of immediacy of communication when you cannot remember what it is the LoCs are talking about. Personally, I have a liking for fanzines that publish very frequently, partly because they are so rare. They have an advantage of being able to stay topical, particularly in the editor's writings. Your new schedule may help avoid the late-loc problem, but, gee Marty, those LoCs will still be about 100 days old or so by the time that we read them.

/\*/ At that, though, the LoCs will still be fresher than in most fanzines which seem to come out at oh-so-irregular schedules. Another important point is that I can no longer afford to publish a large genzine four times a year. /\*/

I look forward to more in the Exciting Adventures of Sheldon Teitelbaum, traitor to the Canadian Dream. Yeah, Sheldon, how could you desert the land that gave us Margaret Trudeau and William Shatner? You really would trade all that cultural-political diversity for Golda Meir and Theo Bikel? The mind reels ~~and flies and waltzes...~~

Well if Bob Lee says we should not put the soy sauce all over the rice, just where should we put the soy sauce? No anatomical references, please.

I liked verrra much Mike Glycer's piece on LASFS. This is the most successful piece I remember him doing, perhaps because its pretensions are not very high.

I felt a little uncomfortable about the sick humour thing this time around. Should we be laughing at everything simply because it is possible to laugh about it? Perhaps I should not comment on it until I find out how I react to something that is equally close to me. I do not think I have anything that is directly comparable. As a Baha'i, I feel akin to Baha'is in Iran are undergoing persecution under the current government, but they are not suffering anything like what the Jews suffered under the Nazis. And I do not have any friends or relatives who got the worst of it (unless you count those who had the money to move over here before they risked the worst of it). Oh well, somebody else can ponder that one.

/\*/ Which brings us to the letter from Sheldon Teitelbaum. Sheldon, I am afraid, has completely misinterpreted my position - whilst not calling me a Nazi sympathiser he is placing me close to their position. This simply is not true - my comments to Gail Weiss in HTT #8 should make my position clear (although it obviously did not do so for Sheldon). I am going to pub Sheldon's letter in full - and with no further comment from me. /\*/

#### SHELDON TEITELBAUM

There is a breed of Hebrew in this world to whom the most rabid Jew-baiter cannot hold a candle. You cannot beat the little Jew-boy puserkeh who will voice unabashed those dark fancies you would not dare utter in polite company. Afafat has nothing over Bruno Kreisky. But Lordy, what a find he is.

Today's crop of Jew-haters are not comfortable with the label. Much neater to identify themselves as anti-Zionists. After all, Zionism is racism, right? And the fact that the holocaust is a Zionist invention can be proven dispassionately. A very cozy operation.

But you Marty! You have more between your legs than the rest of them. Who else runs a regular column of fucking crematoria jokes? You call it sick humour, liken yourself to the pioneering Python Circus perhaps. And Christ if they cannot beat your credentials. After all, you are a nice little Jew-boy.

This bugs my ass like all your neo-Nazis put together do not. The blacks rarely hang out their dirty underwear for the honkies. The Arabs or Africans maintain a united front against the world whilst they knock off each other. Tell a Polish joke, and the Pope will get you good. But the Jews? Elohim!! They stand on the highest mountain yelling "Hey turkeys, I hate myself so damn much that you just have to accept me. We are on the same bloody side, Jack!"

Begin gives me a pain. But I have news for you, Cantor. I have a hell of a lot more in common with him than with you. Maybe that is why I left North America. And maybe that is why I carry a rifle everywhere I go. As long as there are enough shells to go around, then fuck the goyim. And sell-outs like yourself as well.

Keep up the good work in HTT, Cantor. I am sure your efforts are appreciated.

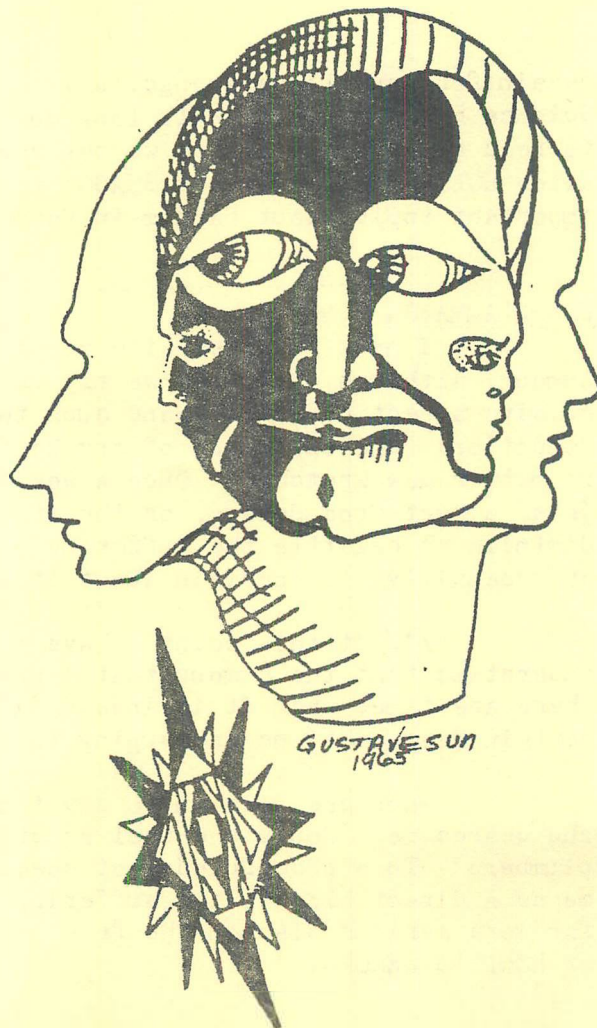
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#### STEVEN FOX

I agree with your answer to Jan Brown's letter. I like fans, but I do not like stupid (or shall I say shallow-minded) fans. Those being into media shit so much that all that they can relate to is Vader, Yoda, Luke Skywalker hair or Obi-wan's hemorrhoids.

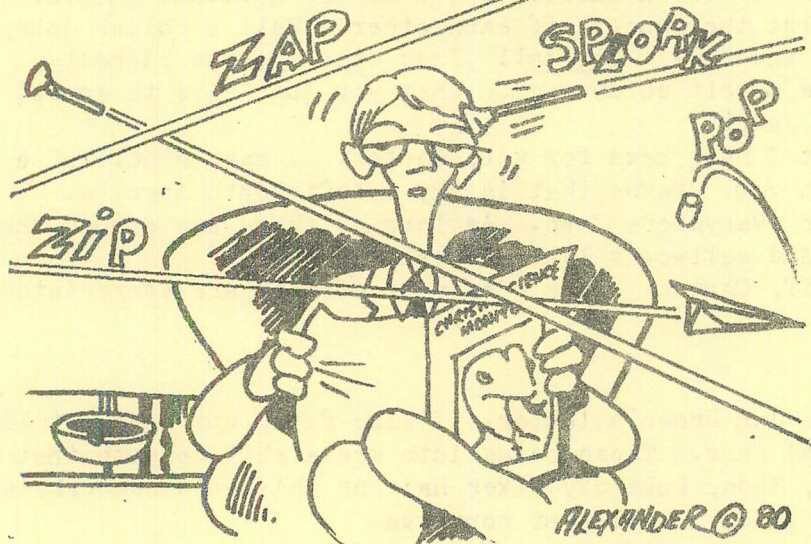
When I attend a con I like good, intelligent conversation. The conversation does not have to be on Science Fiction. But the thing concerning fandom that has me really pissed is this: most people whom I run into at cons and such have to live with (such as the case of my past roommates) fuggheads. They were also fans. I realise that there will be fuggheads in every group, but I wonder if it is me - or is fandom being invaded by fuggheaded media freaks. That question, I know, will plague fandom to the end of time, I guess.

/\*/ From the viewpoint of most fanzine fans the question of what fandom should do with the invading hordes (at cons and club meetings, anyway) is a topic that is red hot right now. SHAGGY 76 had an article by Mike Glycer that concerned itself with weapons and pseudo-weapons at Cons. The response from loccers was such that this became the major topic in the lettercol of SHAGGY 77. I do not believe that we can pull in our heads and hide from this one - to me it looks like fandom has reached a major intersection in its career. Fandom has undergone changes before; however, when fandom became an organism which seemed to devote itself more to congoing than to fanzinning it was still agglommerating unto itself people who were at home with the written word. The current influx of "fans" seem to be not only non-readers - they are ofttimes actively anti-readers. Fandom as many of know it will probably have to undergo some major changes in the next few years. Either written-word fandom throws the barstards out - or we continue to grow



# A CONVENTION IS: #146

FIRE FIGHTS IN THE LOBBY



until we naturally bifurcate.

I can see the day when fan-oriented cons allow costumes only during the masquerade - no costumes or weapons will be allowed in the halls at any times upon pain of expulsion from the con. The Runners, Starries, Trekkies etc. ad nauseum will have their own media cons - places where fanzine fans will feel uncomfortable. And such is as it should be. After all, fandoms of various kinds are primarily sets of exclusive interest groups. I see no reason why those one group should force its hobby and interests on other groups. Science Fiction fandom grew up as a group of pro-readers isolated in a culture of non and anti-readers. Their mind-set is different from ours - and now they are (mindlessly) invading us.

We will never make most of them into anything more than casual fans of the written word - they will

remain forever aliens amongst us. Rather, they will remain alien. I do not believe that Science Fiction fandom will long co-exist with these hordes of media fans. I am willing to read suggestions on how we can separate ourselves from these people. I am willing to allow HOLIER THAN THOU and SHAGGY to become forums for this discussion as this is the most important topic about fandom in fandom today. /\*/

## DON D'AMMASSA

I have to agree with you and not Gail Weiss about humour. Nothing is beyond humour, although obviously we try not to deliberately hurt anyone's feelings. The repulsive aspect of Naziism and such to me is that very lack of humour about their own condition. The oppressed of any kind are famous for making a joke of their condition, no matter how wretched. Once a week or so the local paper advises us of the latest Polish joke, direct from Poland, or the Afghan jokes picked up by refugees. This is not done to diminish or belittle the suffering of those concerned, and I think Gail was being a bit hypersensitive to complain about it.

/\*/ At this point I have to say that I am much in sympathy with Gail. I can understand that the humour that I printed can be painful in the extreme to certain people. There are times when it is indeed difficult to follow ones intellectual convictions when certain deep emotions are suging to the fore. /\*/

When she goes on to say that her belief in freedom of speech sometimes falters, she scares me. Would she feel as strongly about anti-Arab, anti-Nazi, or jokes about plumbers? To oppose freedom of speech, even such as concentration camp jokes, strikes me as a direct blow to the suffering of people under every dictatorship in history, and a far more serious slap in the face of the Jews who died in Germany than an entire season of HOGAN'S HEROES.

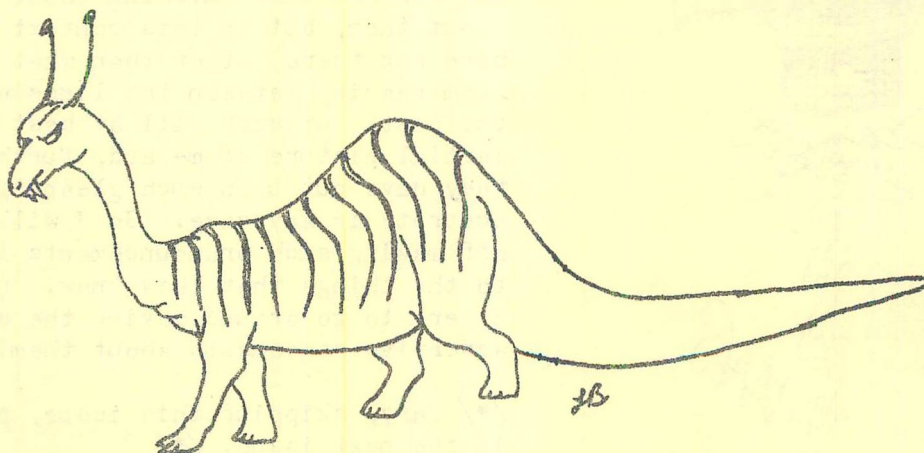
Now that I have taken your side, I am going to switch tracks and be really nasty. Your review of the Dozois BEST was feeble. Your recategorisation of "Persistence of Vision" as fantasy is silly. I thought Priest's "Whores" was excellent; it obviously did not say anything to you, but that did not prove that it was mute. Calling "Cousins" not sf is just bitchiness.

Essentially what your review says is that if you do not understand a story, it must have been pointless. If it is pointless, it must be New Wave, and New Wave is not SF. Why does it bother you that I and others will spend our money to read stories we like and you do not? No one compels you to do the same thing. We use our own money. Frankly, your whole review came across like a childish tantrum and I am embarrassed for you. Sorry about that, but that was an exceptionally irritating review.

/\*/ I approach most things from the viewpoint of the purist. Go ahead and spend your money on that which you want to read. That to which I object to most heatedly is the mislabeling of non-Science Fiction as Science Fiction. It bothers me not one whit that you like to buy non-Science Fiction; it is, after all, your money and your reading tastes that are important to you. My objection comes in when I spend my money on something that purports to be a book of the Best Science Fiction of 1978; and, upon reading it, find that many of the selections are not Science Fiction. At that point I feel that I have been ripped off. (The fact that the book that I reviewed was a free review copy is beside the point as others with my view of Science Fiction will have purchased the book and will have been ripped off when buying it.) Also largely irrelevant to this discussion is whether or not the individual stories that are Science Fiction are either good or bad. I did, after all, mention when individual stories were not to my taste (but were still Science Fiction). Look at it this way: if you were a devotee of the genre of the Western would you not feel unhappy if a book of Westerns included many stories set in the modern 20th Century West? These stories would not be set in the genre that interested you - they would not be in the "Western" genre. My objection to this New Wave crap is that It Is Not Science Fiction, the genre that interests me. /\*/

#### JOSEPH NICHOLAS

There are a couple of items in this issue, which by coming right up off of the page to smite me hard between the eyes demand that I give two fingers to the various things that I have to do before Christmas and the drunken entropy which lurks therein again claims us all and bloody well write you the LoC I have long been promising myself that I would -- items which were I not to respond to them would case me to utter the most frightful curses and oaths to all and sundry. We find that Gary Deindorfer is the first target to cross the sights of my long-range sniper's rifle....

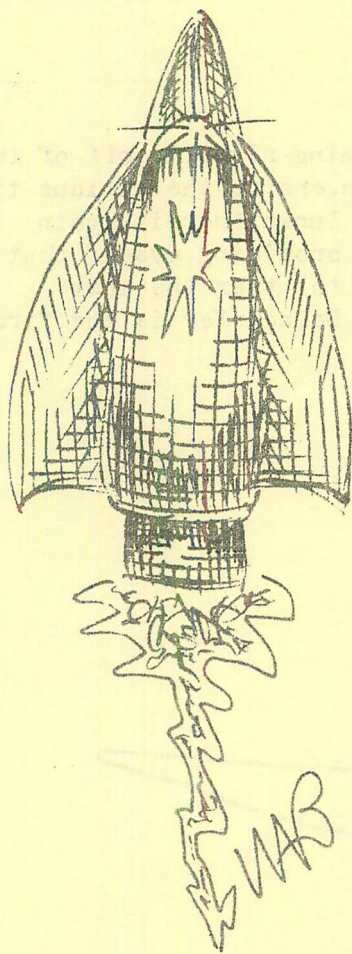


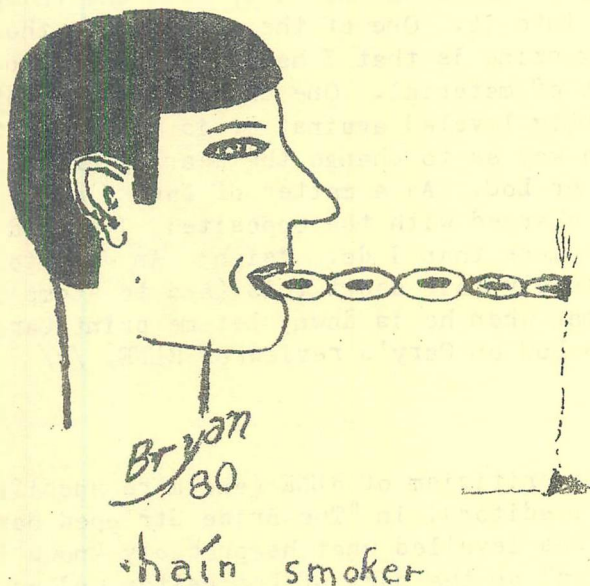
No one can deny the sharpness of Gary's tongue, and indeed the bitchiness of his fanzine reviews comes as a welcome and in fact most illuminatingly cathartic contrast to the seemingly unending parade of uncritical lukewarm dross found in many other American fanzines. But for all that they do seem to me to have certain faults, not least the fact their bitchiness cannot compensate for their being in essence no more than simply an expanded version of the capsule reviews purveyed by such as Brian Earl Brown and Carol Kennedy: chunks of commentary upon individual fanzines joined up into one long list with almost nothing in the way of any linking material between those chunks. He makes no effort to relate each fanzine to the others, to describe how they relate to fandom at large or how (if at all) they reflect its current tones and preoccupations, to propound an overarching theory or set of standards by which they may all be judged, or indeed do anything at all that will transform his column from the series of listings it is into the series of articles it could, and I believe should, be. You might argue that this is a typically British prejudice, and hence alien to American practice, but if so I would have to say that I cannot see how this "fact" has any real bearing on the matter; fanzines have been around now for something like forty years or more, and yet in all of that time no one, but no one, has made much attempt to analyse them in this way (bar Dr. Frederick Wertham's massively flawed exercise a few years ago, but then as a complete outsider he could hardly be expected to know what he was talking about), and I think that it is high bloody time such an attempt was made. I will grant you that none of the reviewers currently operating may feel themselves qualified to try such, but why should they let that stop them? Any attempt is probably better than no attempt at all, and the longer things are allowed to continue as they are then the more unlikely it is that the attempt will ever be made because of the vast volume of material that will have built up and the consequent impossibility of formulating some critical theory that will account for it all. And if we are going to go in

for fanzine criticism at all, then I believe that we should take it all of the way, producing not just expanded listings a la Gary's but genuinely discursive statements on the nature of this peculiar populist artform that has otherwise passed completely unnoticed by the world at large, for without such it will never be more than utterly ephemeral.

And, just to break the flow of serious speculation for a moment...I am beginning to grow more than a little tired of the casually assertive manner in which such as Gary Deindorfer and Arthur Hlavaty, and even you, state what I would or (more rarely) would not say about some particular fanzine or other. Certainly, those who make such remarks are extrapolating consistently -- as indeed they should -- from the statements that I have made in the past, but I fail to see how they can be so sure of the absolute correctness of their pronouncements. To put it in a nutshell: how can they possibly know? They do not know anything about me (nor I anything about them, but in this context that is really neither here nor there) other than what they might have gleaned from reading between the lines of what I have written in the past, but such will at best have given them only a partial picture of me and, further, the interpretations they have put upon such gleanings may not be wholly accurate in any case. So I will thank them all to lay off making such pronouncements in the future, and stick to the things that they know. (Would they like it if I were to go around making the same sort of casually assertive statements about them?)

/\*/ Gary, skipping this issue, promises a review column in the next issue. /\*/





# MARC ORTLIEB

What? WHAT? What? An editor who takes notice of begging LoCs. That is nice to see, even if you do have this punctuality fetish. (Freud suggests that those with such fetishes were improperly toilet trained.)

/\*/ Are you implying that HTT is a load of shit? /\*/

I still do not understand humour; or my responses to certain topics which are considered inappropriate for humour. I have listened to, and told my fair share of concentration camp jokes, and have laughed at them. However, if asked to dig deeply into my reasons for laughing, I doubt very much that I could give a satisfactory explanation. It is a lot easier to laugh at something of which we have had no personal experience, which is why concerned feminists are reputed to have

little sense of humour. It is not that sense of humour is lacking, but that they are too close the situation to find sexist jokes funny. One solution to this, of course, is to get details of sex, religion, and political persuasion of all of your listeners/readers, before telling a joke. However, this presents practical difficulties. Another possibility is to sling off at everyone all at once, and thus ensure that you are not accused of favouritism. Thus balance an anti-Semitic joke with an anti-Nazi joke, and every sexist joke with one making fun of chauvinism. That way you get everyone shitting on you, instead of particular groups. What a marvelous thought, huh? All these diverse groups united in a common cause i.e. wiping HOLIER THAN THOU off of the face of the Earth.

/\*/ Marc, have you been reading my mind? /\*/

Mike Glycer makes club fandom sound almost like fun. I will continue to think that it is not, however, will try to get to a LASFS meeting next year. When and where are they held? (Yep, I know that you have your own clubroom and all, but I have never seen an address for it.)

/\*/ The LASFS meets every Thursday evening in its own clubhouse (actually, two buildings). It is located at 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601. Will I see you at the meeting on August 27, 1981? (That is the meeting just before DENVENTION II.) /\*/

# BARNEY NEUFELD

A lot of what Gary has to say about RUNE has truth in it. But, I really think that once was enough. Does he take some kind of gleeful pleasure in pointing out that RUNE is different from what it once was, that the editors have different quirks than earlier ones did? What is so strange about that? Quoting from Gary's review, "I have always been hesitant to criticize RUNE in my locs to it, because Pelton and Kennedy are so exceedingly sensitive to criticism." Frankly, I find this rather contemptible. Gary will not say it to their faces, but Gary will take pot-shots from behind Marty's pipe rack. I think that is being very unfair to them. Perhaps they would have ignored Gary's criticism. But, that would be their editorial prerogative. At least they would have had the opportunity to respond on their own terms, not on Marty's. (This is not to disparage Marty's sense of fairness and responsibility. He would undoubtedly print any response received. However, I have yet to meet a fanzine publisher who can resist editing in some way, and even should he issue a disclaimer, the doubts would still remain.)



/\*/ Naturally, as editor of HTT I do edit the things that get put into it. One of the advantages, though, to a large genzine is that I have the room to include a lot of material. One charge that cannot be truthfully leveled against me is that I edit in such a way as to change the meaning of the article or LoC. As a matter of fact I am usually charged with the opposite: I should edit out more than I do. \*sigh\* Anyway, to be completely fair about this (and to stomp on a good man when he is down) let me print Carol Kennedy's LoC on Gary's review of RUNE. /\*/

#### CAROL KENNEDY

In his criticism of RUNE (and more specifically, of RUNE's editors) in "The Bride Stripped Bare," Gary Deindorfer has levelled what he probably knows is a virtually unanswerable charge: that of "touchiness" on the part of Lee Pelton and me.

Being accused of "touchiness" is like being accused of "defensiveness;" if one answers at all, one's answer is likely to be used as proof of the charge! "She's touchy about being called touchy." "He is defensive about being called defensive." It is a clever technique -- accuse someone and let the very existence of his/her own defense condemn him/her.

Nevertheless, I am going to make an attempt to answer for myself -- fool that I may be. I would point out, first, that Deindorfer merely makes the criticism, but does not offer one single example as proof of its validity. He says that examples exist, but does not cite them.

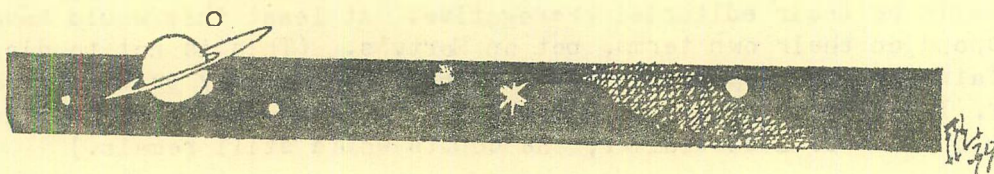
It is true that there are certain kinds of criticism about which I am, if you like the word, touchy. I object to criticism that I think is unfair or unsupported, and above all I object to the criticising of something for not being what it does not purport to be. However, I object to criticism in those categories just as strongly when it is levelled at other people of their work as when it is levelled at me or my work. For proof of that, one need only read my fanzine review column or my APAzines.

An example of that kind of criticism is Deindorfer's referring to "Carol Kennedy's critically deficient fanzine reviews." That is similar to mentioning "a dog's deficient meowing technique" or "William Buckley's deficient defense of liberal policy." I have stated over and over again that I am not doing criticism; I am doing reviews. An attack on my reviewing technique per se, or an argument that reviews are a useless waste of time in any case, would make far more sense than complaining that my reviews are not criticisms.

I am rather at a loss as to his referring to "the touchy, sketchy editorials" in #59. My editorial in that issue told of the changes in my life since Jonathan and I had been together and announced our impending marriage. I suppose that it may be sketchy, in that I do not provide a lot of details about our life and relationship -- not my style, I guess. But "touchy?" That application of the word goes beyond my knowledge of the English language.

Deindorfer had best stop listening to whoever was responsible for his information that "#59 may be the last Pelton/Kennedy edited RUNE." At no time did Lee and/or I even consider giving up the editorship of RUNE as of that issue.

/\*/ That is every word of Carol's LoC - except for the mention at the end that she had sent a copy to Gary. /\*/



## KEITH WILLIAMS

I am sorry to hear about the change in HTT's pubbing schedule. That means that there will be fewer of them.

/\*/ Actually, considering the yearly cost of pubbing four issues of HTT, HTT would have self-destructed had I tried to keep to that periodicity. Changing to thrice yearly means that there will be more of them over the long haul. ~~Y/~~ ~~noochist~~. /\*/

Ethnic humour has been with us since the dawn of time. People will always make fun of each other's differences and weaknesses. The operative word here is fun. I have only found a few cases where I found any type of humour offensive.

This was usually not because of the joke itself, but for the delivery and the reason the joke was being told. If there is one thing I am prejudiced about, it is bigotry, and a joke that is told to be vicious is rarely funny. There is a time and a place for everything, even graveyard humour, but not at the expense of someone else.

/\*/ This is a new, and important, point. That aspect of my sick humour that is portrayed in HTT is not meant to be seriously nasty to anybody. When I am seriously annoyed at somebody I rarely use humour against them - I am deadly serious in my commentary. And my commentary is always about them as individuals - ethnic slurs and such are not a part of my armamentarium. The humour in HTT is meant to be just that - humour. /\*/

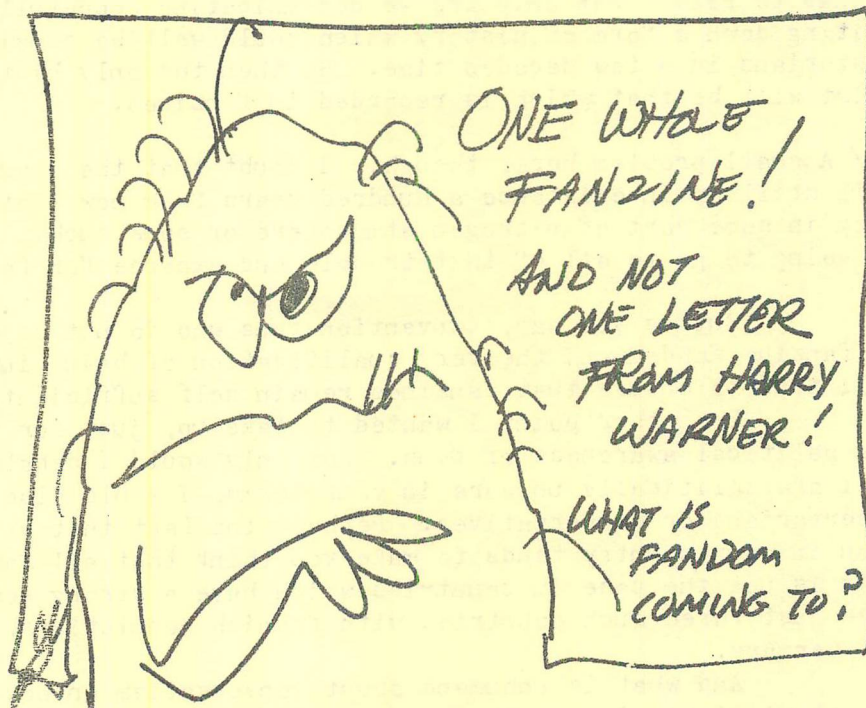
After all of the expert advise from Mike Glycer and you, I feel I would be ready to join the LASFS after taking courses in the martial arts and political ~~Antilebe~~ science. Keep up the bad work.

## LEIGH EDMONDS

HTT #8 arrived the other day and today I found myself flicking languidly through its blue pages in search of some excitement. It pains me to have to say that I did not find any. In particular I have to say that I found the letter column to be rather dull and I got the impression that any dialogue which was taking place was on the most superficial level.

The letter from Harry Warner and your comment to it did however spark some interest and it is this which has sparked me into writing to you.

The point is about the values which fanzine and convention fandoms have as well as their relative disadvantages. I cannot really argue against Harry but I think that one thing both of you missed was that in a hundred years time the conventions will all be over and yet the fanzines will still remain for those who are interested in such



things to read. Not only are we communicating (hopefully) with each other, we are writing down a form of history which could well be considered very valuable by some historians in a few decades time. By then the only history of conventions which will exist will be that which is recorded in fanzines.

/\*/ A small problem here, though. I doubt that the paper on which fanzines are produced will still be in existence a hundred years from now - at least, not without preserving them in some sort of nitrogen atmosphere or some such. And just who ~~besides Bruce Felt~~ is going to go to all of that trouble and expense for fanzines? /\*/

But as you say, convention fans who do not enjoy reading will not be attracted to fanzine fandom and the very qualification of being interested in reading and writing will tend to ensure that fanzines remain self sufficient.

The other point I wanted to take up, just for the moment, was your comment about the political awareness of fans. Not only would I debate that the majority of fans I meet are politically unaware in your terms, I would also debate whether they are either Libertarians or conservatives. Perhaps the fact that you do not have a Socialist tradition in your country tends to make you think that all fans are right-wing, but of course this is not the case in countries which have a strong social-democratic tradition. To name just three such countries with fannish populations, there are Britain, Australia, and Germany.

And what is unhumane about conservatism anyhow? Just what is unworkable about Libertarianism? I do not agree with it but that does not mean that you can sling terms around blindly without saying what you mean. When it comes to such matters you might care to bang a few brain cells together too.

/\*/ Oh, but I do bang around more than a few brain cells in the old bean. The resulting noise in my head makes it difficult to hear just what it is that my fingers are typing - and thus we get my typical comments to the loccers. I do have serious and thought-out ideas about both Libertarianism and conservatism amongst fans (and in the general population of the world). At the moment I do not believe that HTT is the proper forum for such a serious discussion - I prefer HTT to remain fannish (even when serious topics are under discussion). The politics of the outside world is something that I do not want to cover now. In the future - maybe. /\*/

#### SETH GOLDBERG

Now this business about being early, Marty. When are you ever going to learn to be a nice fan and pub late. It is hard enough to read all the zines pubbed in a year that loccking is difficult beyond belief. At least when one finally does get the LoC done one has a sigh of relief due to the knowledge it will be another year before one sees the horrid grammatical errors in print (allowing one the excuse of "I was younger then") and yet another year before one must contemplate yet another LoC. It is bad enough having a quarterly schedule, but must you compound it with being early? It only seems like yesterday when I wrote my almost late LoC on #7. Probably was, in fact.



Give us a break. If they stop paying me at work, I will no longer be able to afford postage to write you LoCs any more. Then again, given the new rates for 1981, perhaps simply lacking a raise may do it.

All of which leads me to say that you are commended for your going to thrice yearly. Now just resist the urge to publish two months early and you might just pull it off.

/\*/ Hah! I am typing this page on Dec. 28 - I may have a bit of trouble getting this issue out on time. Usually, by this time in a quarter, HTT has already been put together./\*/

Looks like Langford got you. Face it, you do not write English. Though what you do write is kind of cute.

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#### BARBARA TENNISON

I recall saying something offensive about most of the illos in HTT #7. I now intend to reverse myself (and let me anticipate your /\*/comments/\*/ by noting muself how uncomfortable that sounds) and praise a great many of the art(?)works in HTT #8. I will let you guess which ones except for the cover, which shows a commendable bloodthirstiness (is that an attribute of the art or the literary content, though?) and the dragon on pg. 14. Concerning Arthur Hlavaty's contributions, the one-cells are funny, but are they art? Let alone, good art?

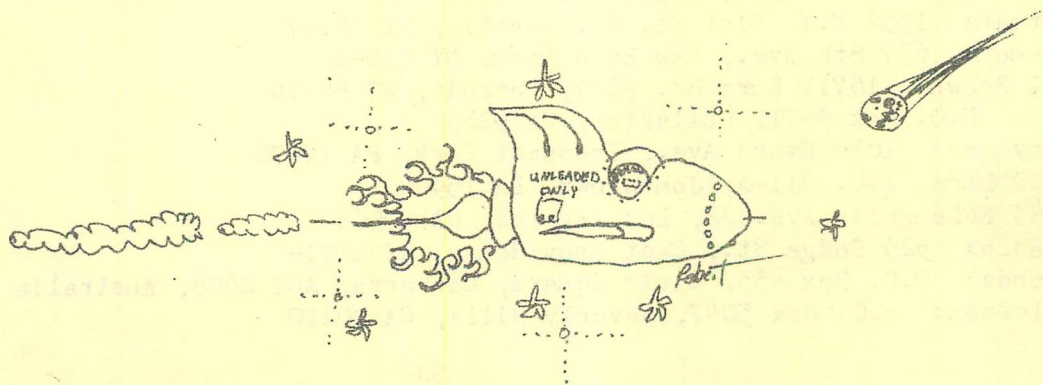
I do not argue with your conclusion that "The Persistence of Vision" is fantasy, though your dismissal of the field of fantasy as a whole seems gratuitous if not bigoted. Yes, I know -- it is your zine and you will do what you want with it. I defend to mild inconvenience your right to publish twaddle, especially if I can read it and shout at you. I do not promise not to dwell lovingly upon the joys of bumpy aeroplane rides as DENVENTION approaches, though.

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#### BOB LEE

Enjoyed your book review, as I feel that in any sort of fiction, the prime function of the writer is to be not a proselytizer or a self-indulgent stylist, but a humble story-teller, constructing an entertaining as well as logical plot with believable characters. If he happens to throw in some philosophy, morals, politics, or bits of his own personality as seasoning, that is nice too. Story-tellers from Homer to Dickens did this, but never forgot about plot. But when there is more seasoning than food, all you have is a thin, acrid soup of seasonings, dull, dull, dull dullldullldullldull. Send Triton, The Female Man, and their pseudo-novel ilk back to their chefs, with no compliments. They are about as entertaining as The Communist Manifesto or a pocket dictionary. Fictional literature they are not.

Humble bows for Seth Goldberg's kudos and yours. For a slight fee, I also kowtow, grovel abjectly, and kiss feet.



/\*/ The last letter this time is from Taral. This is Taral's reply to Gail Weiss. It got here not only too late to be placed in HTT #8, but it was almost here too late to be pubbed in this issue. /\*/

#### TARAL WAYNE MACDONALD

My feeling regards Gail are rather like yours. If she is sensitive to jokes about Jews and concentration camps then I am polite enough not to subject her to them. However, the nature of humour is not changed by her being hurt by some jokes and not by others. Her sensitivity, though understandable, is out-of-place. The jokes are not. The worst I think can be said about jokes in "bad taste" is that they dwell on the sensational, or that they appeal to childishness. There is a child in all of us who have not beaten him or her to submission though, and HOLIER THAN THOU is a public forum in a manner of speaking. I doubt courtesy requires us in public to consider all possibilities of hurting someone's feelings.

Gail might be relieved to know that I am not insensitive to the monstrosity of Hitler's Final Solution. I have been steeped in WW II lore for as long as I can remember, and yet my stomach can still tie itself in knots of anger and disgust for the human race when I unturn a new facet (or a vividly presented old facet) of wartime atrocities. Whether Daschau or Dresden.

If I can laugh at myself, though, I think I can laugh at anyone, at least out of their earshot if that suits them better.

#### I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Rob Jackson (who is listing HTT (along with capsule reviews) in the BSFA fannish clubzine MATRIX), Harry Bose (who is neither following Harry Warner's letter (of which there is none this time) nor in the lettercol this issue), David Bratman (who says that the creative mis-spelling award for the issue goes to Taral for "Hollier" and he (Taral) gets the award for creative mis-drawing when he made me look like Bruce Pelz), Paula Lieberman (who says that she is in the running for second echelon bad housekeeping in L.A. fandom), Joan Hanke-Woods (who decorated a postcard to me with drawing which I cut out and had electrostencilled), -- a strange letter from somebody signing themselves "Holly R. Thanthow" (who said that HTT #8 arrived on mouseback - and who told me to keep up the good work, and the other 90%, too) -- and a nice Christmas card from somebody of whom I have never before heard, Linda Leach, artist. Also a telephone call from Mary Long.

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# Closing thoughts

And so we come to the end of another issue of HOLIER THAN THOU. As usual, I am not completely happy with how this issue is turning out; but then, it is my nature to never be completely happy with things that I do. I can always think of ways of doing things better. I am the kind of person who is forever rewriting things (given, that is, the time necessary to do that). Except for APAzines. And HOLIER THAN THOU.

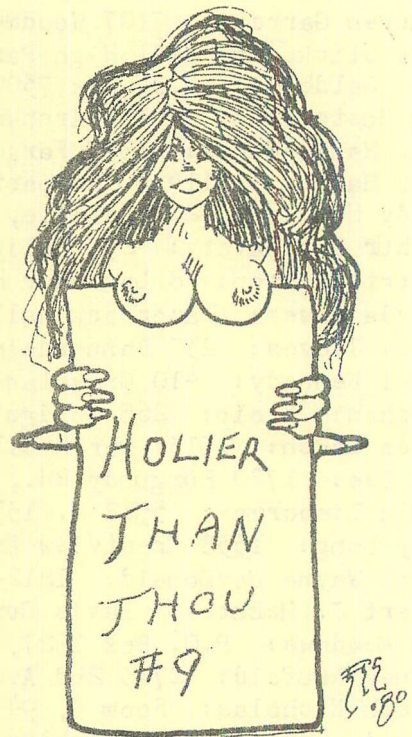
HTT remains a continuing experiment in off-of-the-top-of-my-head writing and layout. HTT is planned one stencil at a time. Given the fact that I usually have to work on HTT in many disconnected time segments (a stencil or two before going to work, a few stencils when I get home from work - and usually only a few days per week are available with the necessary hours), I am amazed at times at how good HTT usually turns out. My comments to the loccers are always thought up whilst typing their LoCs. I envy those who have the time to work all of this out ahead of time -

HTT could be better if I had more time to work at it. Considering all of the time pressures that I have, I do not think that going to a thrice yearly schedule will be all of that much help to me as much of this extra time will probably go to working on SHAGGY. \*sigh\* Let me go on to something else.

Like, for instance, the Hugo nominations this year. I just received my nomination ballot. I do not intend to nominate in the pro categories - I have read so little Science Fiction this past year that I do not consider myself qualified to nominate anything in those categories. The fan categories, though, are something else.

In the Best Fan Artist category there are many fine artists who should receive nominations (Joan Hanke-Woods, Alexis Gilliland, Marc Schirmeister, Bill Rotsler - the list can get longer than spaces on the ballot). The same state of affairs holds for Best Fan Writer (Arthur D. Hlavaty, Mike Glyer, Dave Langford, Joseph Nicholas, Mike Glicksohn - and so on and so on). In both of the above categories I have just listed those who have appeared in HTT -- there are many more out there who also deserve consideration.

The Best Fanzine, though, creates some problems. Not that there is any dearth of good zines to nominate (examples would be Diagonal Relationship, Nabu, Xenolith, Q36 - even ~~Vixx Vixx~~ Holier Than Thou could be considered worthy of a nomination.) The real problem, though, is that WARHOON should win the award this year -- and it will not. Probably, as usual, a semi-prozine will win the award. Hm. If I think about this too long I will start getting depressed. Maybe I should just daydream about HTT getting nominated - so that I can go to the Hugo losers party. Whatever - does anybody out there have any practical suggestion as to how we can get the rules changed so that good, small (non-semi-prozine) genzines can again start winning the Best Fanzine Hugo? Maybe two categories? (After all, SFR is a good zine.) Or what? At present I have no answers. Maybe there are no questions.



---Marty Cantor



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HUGHES  
PEEING  
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