

# HOLIER THAN THOU

10





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## WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS:

\_\_\_ We trade.

\_\_\_ Would you like to trade?

\_\_\_ You loosed.

\_\_\_ You contributed.

\_\_\_ I would like for you to contribute.

\_\_\_ Again.

\_\_\_ Your contribution is being held for a further issue.

\_\_\_ Joseph Nicholas has mentioned you in this issue. You have your choice of weapons (and the right of 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 soon.

\_\_\_ You purchased this copy. I thank you.

\_\_\_ FIAWOL.

\_\_\_ You have co-authored one of my favourite books.

\_\_\_ You worship at The Stannous Church.

\_\_\_ You are only quarter-way putrid, but if you wear this around your neck, your deficiency will go unnoticed.

\_\_\_ You are halfway putrid, but this will make you hole.

\_\_\_ You are hole-y putrid, and I aim to keep you that way.

\_\_\_ You are in need of burial.

\_\_\_ You are Bob Lee and you contributed the previous four items.

\_\_\_ You are a participant in the upcoming, non-stop 30 hour plus SPACE WAR game -- this is to help wipe you out so that I win the game.

\_\_\_ Lucky you, not to be on the DENVENTION IV concomm.

\_\_\_ You are indeed fortunate that there are no laws against mutants.

\_\_\_ Your fanzine has just qualified for Federal Disaster Relief funds.

\_\_\_ Were your writing skills any greater they would fit loosely into the period at the end of this sentence.

\_\_\_ If you can think up better items for this page please send them to me.



# HOLIER THAN THOU 10

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per issue.

POP!  
FIZZLE!  
BLAM! WHEW!

IT'S FANDOM'S ANSWER  
TO THE NATIONAL  
INQUIRER!



Bruce Pelz, in APA-L #816, wrote the following words: "The problem/question of dividing the Fanzine Hugo by size-of circulation has come up many times, and I begin to have doubts that it will ever be settled. But it might be useful to attack it from the angle of deciding just what the fanzine Hugo is supposed to be recognising - what it is supposed to mean to the recipient. I suspect that there may be almost as many answers to this question as there are answerers, but... . Were I chasing one of the things, I would want it as a recognition of success in artistic hobby endeavour, and definitely not (1) a Professional Success trophy, or (2) a touchstone for financial rewards to come (as are the fiction Hugos)."

I think that Bruce is on a very correct track here; and, whilst there will be problems getting proper wording into the WSFS constitution, I do believe that attacking the "problem" of the Fanzine Hugo by the method of definition is probably going to be more fruitful (read that as "successful") than by trying to divide the Hugo into two (large circulation vs. small circulation) or by writing into the constitution words that require somebody to look at a potential nominee's books and financial records to see if he is making a living from his "amateur" magazine. We all "know" that the publishers/editors of the semi-prozines are making all or most of their livings from these "amateur" magazines of theirs (so just who are the cretins who keep voting for them?), but proving



this for purposes of disqualifying them from the award is something different from just "knowing" that their zines are not amateur publications. Whatever is done it should be obvious that leaving it to the discretion of any given worldcon committee to rule on qualifications is a large can of worms. Actually, Article II, section 15 of the current WSFS constitution does mandate to worldcon committees the determination of eligibility of nominees. Considering the fact that these concons have been demonstrating galloping senility by allowing the semi-prozines to be considered eligible year after year shows that none of the puff-brains serving on these committees have the faintest idea of just what constitutes a fanzine. ~~Of they have been printed~~

If there must be some sort of body ruling on the eligibility of nominees I would suggest that said body not be concons but be a continuing body that is held over from year to year (with each concon appointing one member to serve for x number of years, said person replacing a retiring member). Each member appointed to this eligibility committee must be a practicing faned when appointed; and, during the course of his term, he shall not be eligible for any Hugo.

At this point it will be constructive to quote the operative part of the current WSFS constitution.

"ARTICLE II, SECTION 9: Best Fanzine: Any generally available fannish publication devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects, which has published four (4) or more issues, at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year. The words "fanzine" and "fannish" shall be defined only by the will of the membership, and the Convention Committee shall impose no additional criteria."

There was some business passed at NOREASCON II that has been given to DENVENTION II - if it is voted on favourably in Denver it will amend the WSFS constitution. Item 4 concerns itself with this part of the constitution. It is worded as follows:

"MOVED, to amend Article II, Section 9, of the WSFS Constitution by deleting all of the first sentence after "which has published" and inserting the following in place thereof: two (2) or more issues of which appeared in the previous calendar year."

In italics this business item report (in DENVENTION II PR 3) goes on, "This changes the fanzine publishing requirement from four issues with one in the previous year to simply two issues in the previous year. It has 12 words."

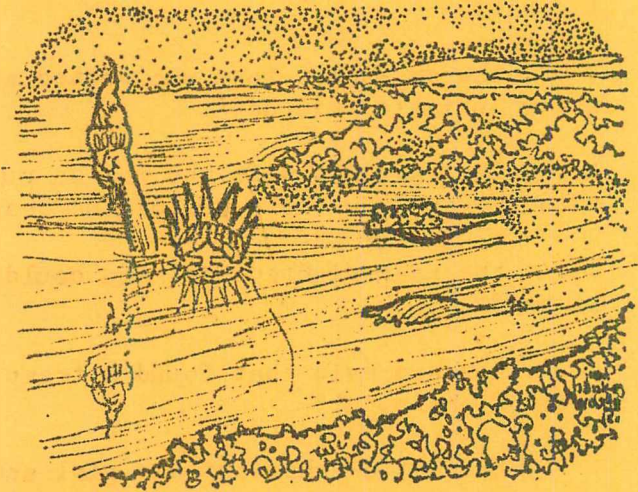
There is one (1) critical, nay burning, issue wrapped around the fanzine Hugos and the business meeting boffins (or should I say cretins) trouble themselves with this comparatively inconsequential issue of how many issues of a zine have been published in any given year. Bah.

I propose that the entire section be rewritten - starting with the title: "BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE (FANZINE). Any generally available fannish publication devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects, two (2) or more issues of which appeared in the previous calendar year. Nominated fanzines shall be the hobbies of their editors/publishers; magazines commonly known in fandom as semi-prozines shall not be eligible for this award."

As I am typing this off the top of my head I have probably left open many loopholes and created some problems which I cannot immediately see (but will do so after this stencil has been printed). Whatever, this should set some fannish minds to thinking about the problem along these lines - maybe somebody will come up with a solution to the problem. I will print further thoughts in my responses to the LoCs in HTT #11.

---Marty Cantor

/\*/ It is a vile canard, the accusation that I will print anything in HTT. I must admit, though, that items with a high percentage of putridity are things which I yearn to put on paper. That which follows this introduction is one of these items. It was sent to me by Joan Hanke-Woods. She writes that it was given to her by her boss in her new job. She also writes that she is quite happy in this new job. Any implications caused by the conjunction of those statements are left as exercises for the reader. /\*/



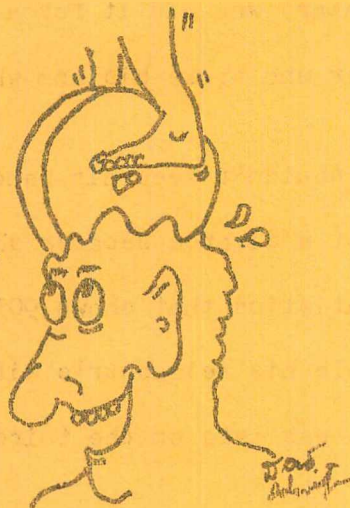
# DID YOU HEAR ABOUT.....

- . . . the Sunday School teacher who chased her boyfriend all over the church and finally caught him by the organ?
- . . . the pregnant nurse whose theme song was "Witch Doctor"?
- . . . the two queer judges who tried each other?
- . . . the farmer's daughter who was sent home because she couldn't keep her calves together?
- . . . the two old maids who got on a drunk, and almost killed him?
- . . . the careless canary who did it for a lark?
- . . . the truck driver who broke his arm when he pulled out to avoid a child, and fell off the sofa?
- . . . the farmer who couldn't keep his hands off his wife so he fired them?
- . . . the cow that got a divorce because she got a bum steer?
- . . . the traffic statistics that shows 90% of all people are caused by accidents?
- . . . the man who stole his neighbour's wife piece by piece?
- . . . the milkman who was late on the third floor because he got a little behind on the second?
- . . . how this is the end of page seven and this foolishness is continued on the next page?



- . . . the girl who went to her boyfriend's apartment for a midnight snack and got a tid-bit?
- . . . the man-about-town who rented an apartment just big enough to lay his head and a few intimate friends?
- . . . the farmer's wife who was so run down she couldn't even hoe. He gave her some vitamins and now she's one of the best hoers in the country?
- . . . the near-sighted girl who couldn't tell her friends until they were right on top of her?
- . . . the old maid that found a tramp under her bed and her stomach was on the bum the rest of the night?
- . . . the fellow who lost his girl and forgot where he laid her?
- . . . the fellow who got up one morning and decided it looked so nice out he would leave it out?
- . . . the woman who was looking for a young man because she didn't like the feel of old age creeping up on her?
- . . . the Hollywood girl who went half way to San Diego before she realised a 17-inch Admiral was a T.V. set?
- . . . the bee that broke his leg when he fell off his honey?
- . . . the newlyweds who snuck out of the wedding reception early to get their things together?
- . . . the midget who was always getting his nose into other people's business?
- . . . the giant who was always getting his business into other people's noses?

AH! THAT'S  
BETTER!  
NOW A LITTLE  
TO THE  
RIGHT...





# the baloney stone

A Tale of the Devonian Regency

by Jack Harness (reprinted from APA-L #820)

Just as Old Ireland has its legend of the Blarney Stone, Old ~~England~~ Devonian has the fascinating folk expression of "He kissed the Baloney Stone," said of a person who has the gift of gab, especially the wit to make an unlikely event seem plausible. It happened during the Regency Period, when Devonian had been conquered by Lichtenstein, the Boms, and a foreigner on the Throne. The Dark Lord ordered heavy taxes of everything each province of Devonian produced. And, grudgingly, it was paid, because Lichtenstein's army was terrifying to the local populace, who heretofore had only been terrified of the high taxes of the previous Regents.

And it came to pass that the Province of North Follywood could only supply one piece of Baloney, so poor and starving were they. Nevertheless, the Regent ordered it prepared for dinner. On the very first bite, he broke a tooth, and he discovered the baloneyskin was stuffed with rocks. Whereat, he was enraged.

But the wine steward (a title deriving from sty-ward) was a loyal, ookable Devonian from North Follywood, who had recently been to a swine-tasting festival. And Crazy Ed said, toadyingly, "Oh, your Highness---how fortunate! Most of the time they have nothing to stuff baloneyskins with." And he kissed the baloney stone.

The Regent believed him, and immediately left Devonian forever, along with his troops, deciding that a population that was always stoned would never be able to provide suitable taxes.

And the Baloney Stone became a National Treasure. Even today, the Devonian word "Rox" means Baloney. And a traveler who visits Devonian and orders "whiskey on the rocks" is in for a unique dining experience.

**\*\*Next: The Legend of "Typhoon Mary and the Hill of Beans" ---Jack Harness**





# SCIENCE FICTION DIFFERENCES

## as a function of national origins

by ROBERT RUNTE

/\*/ Those who have been reading HTT for some time know that the articles that I print are not always humorous in either nature or tone - there is always room in this zine for well written articles of non-humorous intent when the subject matter of: these articles would be, in my opinion, of interest to the readers of HTT. In the following article Robert Runte concerns himself with a topic which the blithe chauvinism of many Americans would not even have them realise even exists. I will let Robert write about this in his own words. /\*/

The highling of HTT #9 for me was unquestionably the article by Joseph Nicholas. Once again he has addressed himself to an issue which is not even recognised as such by many (American) fans, and once again he has hit the nail on the head. (And once again he has probably antagonised a number of American fans by catching their thumb between nail and hammer.) In a mere three pages he has managed not only to succinctly outline the historical developement of SF, but has also placed it within its national (cultural) context.

In the last half of his argument (para.s 5, 6, & 7) he maintains (a) that British SF is different from American SF, (b) that such diversity is a "good thing," and (c) that most American critics and readers dismiss (a) and (b) out of hand. Well, I fully agree with him.

Over the past 18 months, THE MONTHLY MONTHLY/THE BIMONTHLY MONTHLY has been running a series of articles on Canadian SF, which culminated in Christine Kulyk's "...And The Canadian Way" in which she suggested how Canadian SF might differ from the American variety. The response from overseas fans was entirely favourable, with various British, Australian, Polish, Yugoslavian, and New Zealand fans writing about how their national character or literature influenced their SF. A number of American fans, however, seem to take personal offence at the suggestion that Canadian SF might not fit the American



mold. In letter after letter, American fans insisted that (a) there were no differences between Americans and Canadians; (b) that even if a distinctly Canadian SF were to emerge as depicted by Christine, it would be boring and stupid; (c) that SF transcended narrow-minded nationalism, (d) that it was wrong to "force" writers to write in a Canadian style or on Canadian themes; and anyway, did not we know that the future was going to be just like America today, only more so? Some less restrained loccers even hinted darkly that TMM was "anti-American" and that we were trying to make a name for ourselves as 'controversial' writers by inventing cultural differences that did not exist just to be annoying, since to their minds 'differences' necessarily implied that we thought ours was 'better'. Large \*sigh\*

As Nicholas argues in his article, it should be obvious that everyone is a product of their culture and that this culture is necessarily reflected in their writing, whatever the genre. In fact, I would argue that writers - as culture-makers - necessarily reflect their cultural influences to a greater degree than the average citizen, since they are by definition the voice and soul of that culture. (The same applies to artists, of course. Is it really only a coincidence that the SF art of the US is dominated by hard-science/technology realism whilst the European art show is dominated by surrealism? All these artists just independently and by random chance turned out that way, uninfluenced by the surrounding culture? But why is it so much harder to see the ludicrousness of that position when applied to writing?) It would be nice to think that SF could "transcend" the narrow limits of the nationalistic cultures of the present (since at least some of the genre is concerned with depicting a future world culture), but its absurdly naive to believe that this has been accomplished because Star Trek included a 'Russian' and a Vulcan in the crew and only four episodes make direct reference to the American Constitution. It is true that most of the genre has thrown off the more blatant chauvanism of the twenties through early sixties when Campbellian technologists made the universe safe for America, but it is impossible for American authors to cease to be Americans.

Nor is anyone suggesting that that would be desirable. An American author who consciously set out to write, say, British SF would simply turn out to be a second-rate Britisher. Better he should be a first rate American. This does not mean that his writing will be so 'limited' by his cultural baggage that he cannot achieve a new or unique vision; on the contrary, the great American author will be the one who can create a vision so brilliant that it becomes the cutting edge of American culture, and drags the rest of the nation behind him kicking and screaming. (Some critics, such as Doug Barbour, are inclined to view Delany in such a light, though I personally have reservations.) One can only "transcend" one's culture through a more thoroughgoing understanding of both it and its influences on oneself, not by a denial of its importance. And that is a much more difficult process than merely throwing off the jingoistic American nationalism which was so embarrassing to non-American SF readers a decade ago.

In his article, Nicholas attributed the refusal of many American fans to recognise this fact of cultural differences (and their import for the British New Wave) to their being "caught up in the genre magazine, holding that they constitute the quintessence of SF's historical development, and hence its true home..." and consequently equate this largely American tradition with SF as a whole. But I would take his argument one step further and attribute it instead to the very cultural heritage which makes Americans and Canadians different.

One of the chief differences between American and Canadian cultures is that Canadian society is based (at least in theory) on the concept/value-judgment of the "cultural mosaic" as opposed to the American value judgement/concept of the "cultural melting pot." Where Canadian society is based on the concept that a multitude of cultures should coexist and/or contend, American society is based on the concept that all immigrants should be assimilated into a homogenous whole where friction (and interplay) between subcultures has been eliminated. Consequently, Americans tend to deny differences whereas Canadians tend to (over?) emphasise them; Americans tend to want to "rise above" conflicting cultures, whilst Canadians tend to revel in the friction... . Sweeping

generalisations, of course, but I think that they are valid ones as far as they go.

For example, in response to an article by (French Canadian) Rosanne Charest on the preservation of Acadian culture, Harry Warner, Jr. wrote: "...I can't help thinking that the benefits which result from cultivation of special origins must yield in today's world to the greater benefits that a one world attitude provides." and Barney Neufeld said, "I generally feel that a society should have one overall language, regardless of its subdivisions..." and that the preservation of one's heritage should be "done in the privacy of one's home." As two of fandom's most respected loccers, I submit that they are a representative sample of American fan's attitudes towards the cultural mosaic/cultural melting pot issue.

Consequently, many American readers wish - almost instinctively - to down play the differences between the SF produced in various cultures. Not to do so would be ... unAmerican. It is therefore not surprising that some American fans were annoyed to find TMM so unAmerican as to insist on being Canadian; or that they reject the British nature of the British New Wave. And it really is not all that surprising that American Marty Cantor is put off by the British New Wave writers, or that Joseph Nicholas thinks much American SF boring and silly in the extreme.

But the key here is that diversity is a "good thing." Nicholas argues passionately in his article that the New Wave broadened the genre by giving it access to traditions outside the narrow path carved by Gernsback and Campbell; in her article in TMM, Christine argued that freeing Canadian writers from the constraints enforced on them by the publishing realities of an American dominated North American audience would be broadening for the field (and she listed pages of uniquely Canadian themes and how they would enrich SF); and now I am arguing (from my Canadian perspective) that cultural diversity is good and a necessary thing in and of itself: that is, for its own sake. That last will strike many Americans as either too bizzare for words, or just meaningless rubbish. So be it. The point is that by claiming to be different, not one of the three of us is arguing that we are superior. Nicholas asks only that you do not condemn New Wave out of hand, not that you should abandon what you consider good SF in favour of it. Christine does not claim that a distinctly Canadian SF would be superior to American. I for one am inclined to agree with the Americans who said they would find it boring ... they probably would (and considering the reviews given to most Canadian SF stories in the States, that has certainly been the case up to now); but I and Christine and other Canadian fans would like to read our kind of SF once in a while. And I am not claiming that we Canadians are more tolerant or superior to Americans, only that we should not have to adopt their melting pot or become part of their one world future.

If Americans really believe that it is possible to "transcend" one's culture, let us see you transcend just that one value, and accept that "different is beautiful." Because if you do that, you have to accept that the New Wave was/is valid; that there is a British SF, and an Australian SF, and a Canadian SF; and above all, that there is an AMERICAN SF, and that that is NOT synonymous with SF itself (much though we may own Gernsback, Campbell, Ellison, et. al.)

---Robert Runte

/\*/ Whilst I intend to give the loccers first crack at commenting on Robert's article I feel that I must take this space to respond to Robert's misrepresentation of my position. Robert writes, "...it really is not all that surprising that American Marty Cantor is put off by the British New Wave writers..." because it is foreign to my American cultural values. My objection to British New Wave is the same as my objection to American New Wave, Icelandic New Wave, Antarctic New Wave and any other type of wet foolishness. I view Science Fiction as a story-telling medium and NOT as literarily pretentious claptrap. My objection to the New Wave has nothing at all to do with the national cultural differences of writers; rather, my objections are based on the obvious fact that the New Wave is NOT a story telling medium and should not call itself SF. /\*/



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SHORES OF EARTH  
EVERY DAY!

AND  
THOSE THAT  
WALK AMONG US  
BREED LIKE RATS!

AND YOU'RE ONLY A FEW  
FEET FROM A WHOLE  
NEST OF---

(Another paranoid mind-trip with Charles Williams)  
10/19 ©1978  
suggested by E. David Wood

# COATHANGERS FROM ALTAIR 4!!

I FIRST NOTICED THE CASES  
OF POSSESSION NOT FAR  
FROM A SHOP THAT I FREQUENT--

Beard

"FRANK WANG, MY DRY-CLEANER  
OWNS THE PLACE. I NOTICED THAT HE  
GIVES OUT COMPLIMENTARY COAT-  
HANGERS TO HIS MANY AND FAR-RANGING  
CUSTOMERS..."

"THEN I REALIZED  
THAT HOTELS AND MOTELS  
AND CLOTHING STORES  
HAVE THE SAME PRACTICE!"

"YOU LIKE!  
FLEEBEES!"

"ONE COULD TELL AT A GLANCE  
THAT HE WAS-- ONE OF THEM."

"CUSTOMER SERVICE?  
---OR A PLOT TO SUBJUGATE  
MANKIND?"

"YES! FOR SOMEDAY SOON, ALL OVER,  
THOSE INTERTWINED MASSES OF TANGLED  
ALUMINUM AND STEEL WILL RISE FROM  
THEIR MOTH-BALLED HIDEOUTS--"

"...AND CONQUER US ALL!"

"IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME."

GOTCHA!

EEYAAAAAA

GLOP!

NYAKKA-HA!

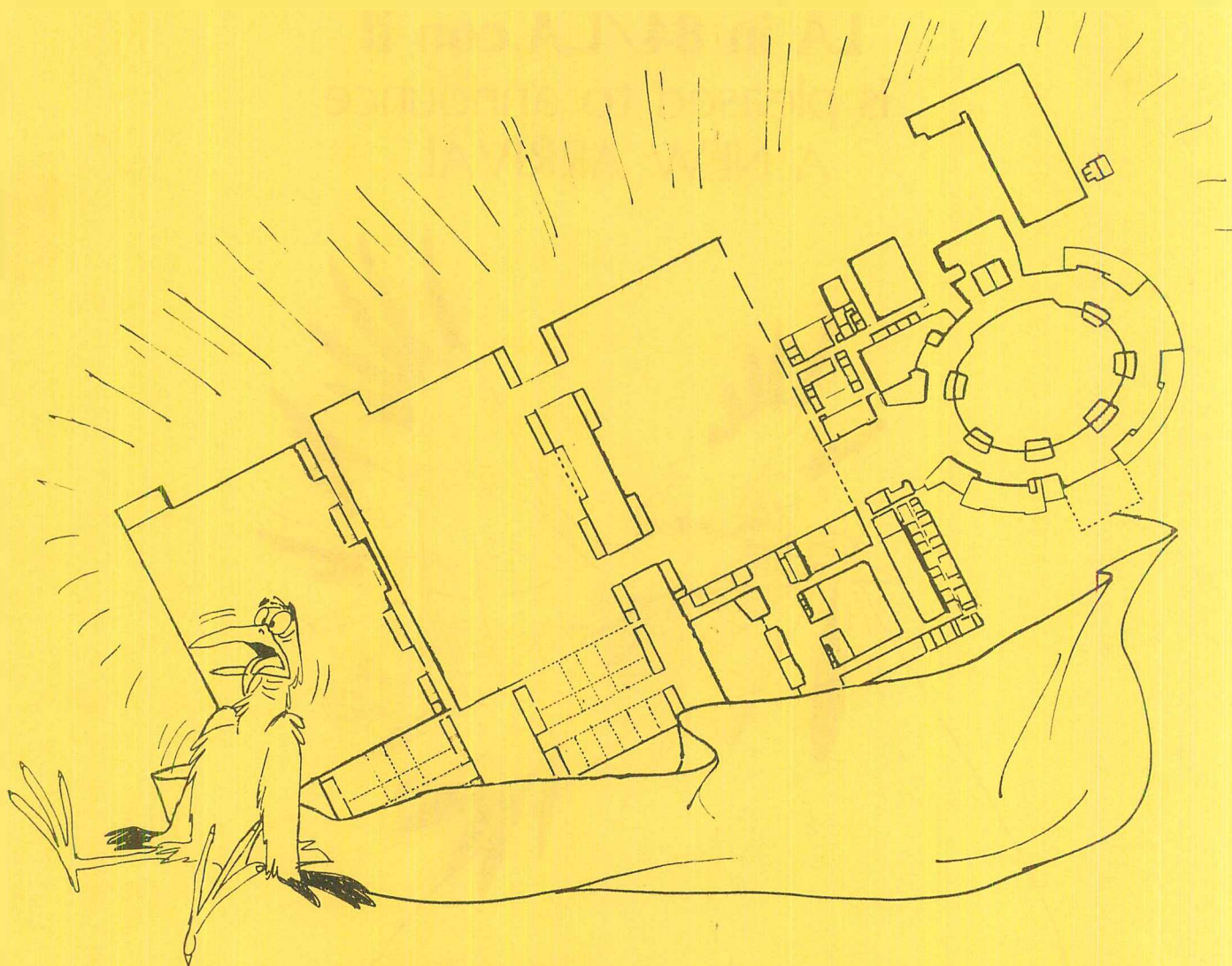
EEYAAAAAA



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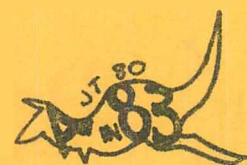
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# german for hunters

## by ken ozanne

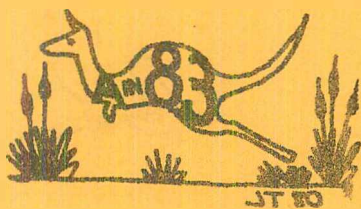


/\*/ The following article can only be explained by the fact that Ken Ozanne is an Australian. I mean, the only reason that I am not a charter member of The Flat Earth Society is that the Earth was flat long before I was born. All of which raises questions about cause and effect (the flat Earth was caused by chickens which used up the total supply of roundness when they caused a glut in the egg market) and questions about an Earth that is sometimes flat and is sometimes not flat (depending, of course, upon whether or not you put on your glasses that morning). Which reminds me of Ken Ozanne. (Remember him? He wrote the following article and I promise to print it someplace in this issue of HTT.) Anyway, Ken is an Australian, which means that he spends most of the day hanging onto the Earth with his hands - and hoping that he does not fall off. In his spare time he types articles and fanzines and such - with his feet. Once in a while as a change of pace he grabs ahold of the Earth with his feet and types a bit with his hands. Now, this causes the blood to rush to his head, activating his brain, and causing him to quickly grab ahold of the Earth again with his hands (and sending the blood back to his feet and turning off his brain). I mean, what else would explain "German For Hunters"? /\*/

The following brief list of important terms should prove invaluable for hunters, target shooters, and all gun sportsmen should they have occasion to converse with ex-abwehr men or other German sportsmen:

gun	- der schutenbangenthing
rifle	- der langeschutenbangenthing
bullet	- der thing das kommt outter der schutenbangenthing
rifle bullet	- der thing das kommt outter der langeschutenbangenthing
hunters	- der gange idiotz mit schutenbangenthings
rifle range	- der notferwalkenakrotzplatz
clay pigeon	- der schutenattenthing
rabbit	- der moven schutenattenthing
moose	- der grosse moven schutenattenthing
cow	- der grosse moven nono





bear	- der grosse moeven bedamncarefuloffenthing
duck	- der fliegen schutenattenthing
plane	- der notferschutenattenfliegenthing
shotgun	- der langeschutenbangenthing das schutser lotta schmaller things das kommt outter der langeschutenbangenthing
shotgun pellet	- der schmaller thing das kommt outter der langeschutenbangenthing das schutser lotta schmaller things das kommt outter der langeschutenbangenthing

target	- der thinginderdistance fur schutenatt
target shoot	- der gange idiotz shutenatt der thinginderdistance fur schutenatt
duck shoot	- der gange idiotz schutenatt der fliegenschutenattenthings mit der langeschutenbangenthings
cartridge case	- das thing das gettz stuckinderbarrelof der schutenbangenthing
sights	- der things fur lookenat der thinginderdistance mit
telescopic sights	- der upklosenbringen thingen fur lookenat der thinginderdistance mit
trigger	- der lettenoffenthing
game warden	- der Schpoilschporter fur pesteren der gange idiotz

/\*/ As a master typo'ist I have to admit that the above a bitch to type was. /\*/



The Great California Drought of the 80's was not due to the influx of Cold Belt refugees, but a proliferation of shower massage devices with adjustable heads...



# the sinister truth about unicorns by bob lee

During the last Christmas rush I went to bookstores looking for art books suitable for various pretty and slightly underaged girl cousins, like Giger's Necronomicon or all of the Frazetta volumes. I walked in doors and saw, to my complete disgust, stacks of unicorn books. I look over the calendars and find, to my thorough loathing, heaps of unicorn calendars ("What about those goddam kat ones," sez you-know-who...). I turn for relief to the bookplates and discover unicorns poking my eyes there too ("You think you got it bad, what about those katz..."). If they ever turn out unicorn-patterned toilet paper, that I will buy ("Why're you wasting space on unicorns, it's those katz that are menaces, you're all against me, trying to silence meeeeeee --- OWW" -- klaw klaw).

The last straw came when I ~~turned my head~~ walked into the room of a chick I thought had good taste (whoops) and spied a unicorn poster on the wall. The time has come for me to exorcise this quadrapedal demon in white body tights once and for all! I would not mind being haunted by something properly hideous and scary, but it is tremendously irritating to be so treated by a fancy-prancey hoofing hoss with a narwhal tooth growing out of its head (ghu knows what unicorn moms go through, giving birth).

Later on I'll reveal what kind of unicorn should be doing the haunting, but let me say that in the first place, I hate horses. Stupid house-and-home-eating brutes with



no potty-training whatsoever (why they're allowed in parades I'll never know -- they set a terrible example for brats). Marty Cantor detests felines, I hate horses. Everyone's entitled to a pet hate. ~~I know some people who hate snakes!~~ For some reason girls like horses. I think the decline of Western civilisation began when young women of the aristocracy stopped tucking all of their legs over one side whilst riding horses and started straddling the saddle instead. No one man has been able to dam the flow of juices since. Well, girls like horses. That's bad enough, but they really get off on, er, mount, er, LOVE unicorns.

We all know what a unicorn is, don't we? A phallic symbol. With frills. Very frilly, that mane. You almost want to pleat it with blue satin ribbons. This is the unicorn everyone sees in drawings and gets for little girls. It has that long, long thing on top of its head, but it isn't threatening about it, being so frilly-pretty.

Let us probe deeper into the matter of unicorn fixations. Why should only virgins get to, ahem, stroke them? You'd think there'd be a different kind for non-virgins. In fact, I think the frilly kind is the juvenile stage of the unicorn, and only the non-virgins meet the frilly kind. It's only logical. How would a virgin and a frilly colt know what to do after they meet? So the four-legged fancy-pants has to receive his education from the non-virgins. The unicorn virgin girls do encounter is in the adult stage, after the non-virgins have had their fun.

The adult unicorn, the one you never see in illustrations, has three malevolently red eyes, drools or foams at the mouth, has fangs, and is so mangy even synthetic carpets can contract the disease from it. The adult stands 8 feet tall, ~~not~~ including its horn, which is even taller. The adult unicorn avoids venturing out in strong sidewinds. It is bipedal and has massive, hairy hands instead of forehooves. Sometimes Yah-weh gets mad because he and his angels are afraid to sit down anywhere in Heaven, and the fleas residing in the horn will then begin to speak in different tongues.

This is why virgin girls, after they meet this friendly fellow, rapidly become non-virgins and take their revenge on virgin unicorns, and why the adult unicorns go after virgin girls. It's a vicious cycle, but the unicorn hucksters will never tell you that. They are going to take the money and ~~hurry~~ run.

---Bob Lee





# SCHWEITZER

## vs NICHOLAS

### the nature of the catastrophe BY

## DARRELL SCHWEITZER



Joseph Nicholas sure is a friendly type, is he not? Has an infallible sense of how to start off a literary discussion on a polite level, does he not? I wonder if he has considered diplomacy as a career.

Anyway, discussions of the British New Wave get further and further from specifics as the years go by, because the appropriate issues of *NEW WORLDS* become more difficult to obtain. You see, my allegedly ignorant view of the subject comes from actually reading the magazine, which is something I find that very few American fans ever did. You cannot get a full idea of what the later *NEW WORLDS* was about by merely reading the Best of NW anthologies. Well, Nicholas is British, so maybe he actually read them, but there are times when I wonder.

The most important issues are the large-sized ones, #173-201. I cannot say I was reading these at exactly the time that they came out. There was about a two year lag. I was getting them from Dick Witter, back when he stocked them. I also got some from NW itself. Charles Platt once helpfully supplied me with back issues. The earlier Moorcock issues, published in monthly paperback format from Compact Books (142-172) are almost as important. They are also harder to get. I cannot say that I have read all of these. The New Worlds Quarterlies of the early and mid-70's should also be read. There were 11 of them, several published in Britain only. These represent a final fossilisation of the New Wave. The more recent fanzine issues are a minor but sometimes interesting epilogue.

Nicholas seems to be one of these people (Doug Barbour is another, and you may be one, Marty\* who determines that if one is not wholly with him, then one is irrevocably against him. Thus he fails to see how much common ground we have. He thinks in stereotypes. This is how I find myself labelled an Old Wave Reactionary and a Crazy Literary Arty Type simultaneously, by different groups of fans. (For the latter, I still hold the



## HAMLET, LOOKING AT SKULL

opinion, fairly commonplace ten years ago, but now pretty radical, that Samuel Delany's work is worth reading up through Nova, particularly The Einstein Inter-section. There are lots of people so turned off by Dhalgren that

they now insist it is meaningless bullshit all of the way back to The Jewels of Apor.)

Hell, I may well be as much a product of the New Wave myself as several other writers of my generation. I suspect that the most formative period for any writer is the late teens, when he has some idea of what he wants to do, has learned something of the English language and basic story form, and is beginning to grasp at the more complicated aspects of the art, whatever he is reading then will have lifelong influence and shape his aesthetic perceptions. (This is getting arty-sounding. Watch out.) What was I reading then? Amongst other things, Zelazny, Delany, Ballard, and yep, you guessed it, NEW WORLDS.

All of them taught me a lot. If I had spent those years reading nothing but old issues of ANALOG, I imagine I never would have perceived that there are more subtle things to be written in the language than simple declarative sentences, and I might never have realised that the techniques of storytelling are not rigid and inviolable. (This leads one to surprising revelations. Some years ago I wrote a story in the first person present. It was one of those stories that requires this technique to gain greater immediacy. Then I thought it was a perfectly ordinary thing to do, not innovative at all, part of the standard writerly repertoire. Now, as fandom grows increasingly backward and conservative in literary matters, I encounter people who refuse to read a story like that because it is too avant-garde for them.)

I am completely in sympathy with the ideas expressed in the earlier Moorcock editorials, to the effect that science fiction had become a dull and boring field because everybody was simply going through the same rehearsed motions. Certain musty vaults needed cleaning out. (They do today, some of them created during the New Wave era, but that is another matter.) As long as NEW WORLDS kept on this track, fine. It was a triumph. There were stories written with greater literacy and intensity than those found elsewhere. Even once in a while, somebody broke new ground in subject matter. Sex was certainly not new ground in those days (we are talking about 1965-68) and there were actually fewer stores on sexual themes in NEW WORLDS than there were in the Ted White AMAZING. Nicholas is right that the two Waves were much different. NEW WORLDS was never Dangerous Visions. There was very little interest in being shocking, which was probably for the better. The best work from NW reads better after a decade. NEW WORLDS was less adolescent than Dangerous Visions.

Camp Concentration and some of the other pieces by Disch were certainly an advance for the whole field. One was left with an impression of conviction and real intelligence, rather than an idle hobbyist verbalising a wiring diagram. The attempts at pastiching various mainstream writers (this is hardly innovation; it only showed SF to be 50 years behind the rest of literature) were successful in varying degrees.

I think Stand on Zanzibar is superb (part of this was run in NW), and Barefoot In The Head certainly has its moments. Report On Probability has less of them.

Where do I part company with NEW WORLDS? I think the attempt to "develop techniques, approaches,

## SKULL, LOOKING AT HAMLET





tropes, metaphors, styles, and symbols and themes of its own" was ultimately a total failure. Moorcock's attempt to create contemporary mythic material with Jerry Cornelius was worthwhile, but I am less pleased with the JC stories by other writers. There is a book of them called The Nature of the Catastrophe, which explains that, rather inadvertently.

I think that we all agree that the New Wave (and NEW WORLDS specifically) committed suicide as soon as it got away from the writing of stories. It had nothing to the reader, so readers left in droves. New kinds of stories, stories with new subject matter, stories told more intensely and maturely, can be very exciting, but when you stop having stories at all, it gets less interesting fast. As soon as the New Wavers made technique an end in itself, they were dead. There are lots and lots of stories in the late NEW WORLDS which have totally trivial content, or perhaps are only little snippets of scenes, or passages of description, but are written in what is supposed to be an innovative manner. Well, it seems to me that an innovation is a change in technique that enables one to communicate more, not less, and thus there were very few innovations in the later NEW WORLDS.



SKULL LOOKING AT MARTY

Then there were the non-functional word patterns. These are things which made almost no pretense of being stories. (The classic arty defense is "but this is beyond mere storytelling".) There are collections of titled paragraphs. Collections of unconnected paragraphs. (Specifically, excerpts from Alan Burns Babel, which is a book allegedly about the breakdown of communication in the world today. Guess what? It was of very little interest to readers. Got remaindered immediately and lingered in the bargain bins for years.) There were pages of dumb verbal gimmicks. ("The Generations of America" by J.G. Ballard, in issue 183, consisted of "And John Doe shot Jane Smith, and Jane Smith shot Marvin Frump, and Marvin Frump shot..." and so on for two thousand words or so.) There was a computer print-out "by" Ballard. In one sense this was all very remarkable because one does not see that sort of thing in print very often, but I think there is a definite reason why we do not see it. You will recall that the Ellisonian New Wave was a call to the barricades, lots of intense emotion, gut-level humanity, political awareness, relevance and all that stuff that flopped on the 1972 television season.... Well, as things went on, NEW WORLDS got less and less human. A computer print-out or the various other types of verbal doodles cannot be said to have any emotional content, or much intellectual content either. Nor can they be said to be stories about people.

Some of the NEW WORLDS writers, led by Ballard (who was being encouraged to plunge, full-steam, into artistic senility), seemed to think that if you just present an "image", particularly a "mythic" one, the resonances in the reader's mind will fill in the rest. Like this:

John Lennon in a submarine.  
JFK fucking Marilyn Monroe in a barrel going over  
Niagra Falls.  
Ronald Reagan on a GLEEM commercial.

Unfortunately, it does not work that way. A Ballardian "condensed novel" is about as satisfying as condensed coffee, minus the hot water. I always thought that the collection of them, The Atrocity Exhibition, had one of the most appropriate titles ever.

Which brings us back to The Nature of the Catastrophe. The other writers managed to run Jerry Cornelius into the ground by just presenting scenes and images typical of



So NEW WORLDS was an education for me in more ways than the editors intended. It also taught me how not to write, how not to produce something so self-indulgent that it is of interest to no one but the author. Those issues contain lots of marvellous negative examples, which every would-be writer should examine once he is able to understand the lesson being taught. (Anybody who tries to emulate that stuff will simply never be heard from again, by virtue of their unpublishability. You will notice that nobody prints condensed novels anymore, or much by people like James Sallis, Graham Charnock, or Langdon Jones these days.)

---Darrell Schweitzer



# some thoughts on ballard

BY

JOSEPH  
NICHOLAS



It is a little difficult to extend or further the arguments advanced in my previous article because, having no idea what the response to it is likely to be, I will be working in an almost total vacuum, not knowing where I could or should most usefully direct my efforts. I say "almost total vacuum" because, from what Darrell Schweitzer and others have to say in the letter column, it is possible to abstract or project certain lines of argument which may be used against me, but this is hardly a foolproof or even worthwhile method of furthering my arguments, so I think I will wait and see what everyone has to say about what I said before relaunching myself fully into the fray.

In the meantime, however, it is possible to engage in some minor, or even major, skirmish action out on the fringes of the main front...

Darrel Schweitzer again dredges up his "descriptive" term "non-functional word pattern", again citing J.G. Ballard's "condensed novels" as the (presumably) perfect example of what he means by it. It presumably does not occur to him to consider that, with these pieces, Ballard was seeking to convey no more than "a jumble of imagery" rather than tell stories of characters-in-change/characters-in-crises type outlined in one of his preceding paragraphs -- and if that is the case then it occurs to me to wonder whether he has really understood any of Ballard's fiction, because Ballard is not at all interested in characters: his stories concern themselves with landscapes, specifically the decaying high-technology urban landscapes of the late twentieth century, and their alienating, depersonalising effect upon the human psyche. This alone should be obvious from the "typical" elements of a Ballard story: giant advertising hoardings, deserted resort hotels,



abandoned office blocks, cracked and pitted motorway flyovers, sand-filled swimming pools, eroded concrete blockhouses, rusting missile gantries, crashed B52s...the list is almost endless -- and composed, it should be immediately obvious, entirely of things rather than people, things which through his obsessive concentration upon them have acquired a weight of meaning and imagery in themselves, and which are assembled into environments through which his "characters" move less on voyages of personal discovery and realisation than as blank, encyphered representatives of our own attempts to come to terms with the world in which we now find ourselves.

In this respect it is useless to accuse him of not "telling a proper story" or of failing to say anything "meaningful" about his characters: as a surrealist, his concerns are, and were right from the start of his career, completely different from those of the realistic writers who are concerned with such -- and, viewed in the context of his career, his "condensed novels" of the mid-sixties appear not as unprefigured experiments but as the ultimate codification of the themes and imagery of his stories of the immediately preceding (sometimes dalled "The Terminal Beach") period, all the usual narrative baggage stripped out in order to let the images speak for themselves; and in so speaking they convey most powerfully the entropic dislocation and unexpressed angst of their times. They may in fact be the only fiction written during the sixties which actually addresses itself to the problems of those times, and that they may be misunderstood or reviled by all but a few probably says more about those doing the reviling than the alleged opacity of the stories themselves -- could it be, for example, that those doing the reviling are being told some unpleasant truths that they would rather not hear?

Or, on a more immediate level, that those doing the reviling are simply unwilling to invest some thought in what they are reading, preferring instead to have the author serve it all up for them on a plate, as directly and as comprehensibly as possible? On previous evidence, the latter could perhaps be Schweitzer's problem when confronted with these "condensed novels"; I quote from his letter in Thrust 15, responding the interview with Ballard in the previous issue: "That he realises that Love And Napalm is totally opaque to all but a select few is also rather illuminating. Why, if he had anything to say in the "condensed novels", didn't he write them to reach his audience?" The obvious answer to this charge is that writers do not write to reach a particular audience, distributing manna from above like some kind of omniscient being, but for themselves: they are artists, and as such have no responsibility but to themselves, to the expression of their own particular internal vision -- to do otherwise is simply to hack, to churn out a bill of goods without regard for anything but the money that it will ultimately generate, and as such is but cynical and worthless (exactly the reason, I might point out, why Isaac Asimov's will never be anything more than fifth-rate, its editors' insistence on formula having driven off everyone of any talent and leaving it as but the home of people so desperate to sell that they do not much care about having to follow someone else's orders about what to write in order to do so). Ballard, it would be obvious, is an artist, concerned first and foremost with the expression of his own internal vision, and the fact that some people cannot understand his vision is hardly his fault; their sensibilities are simply not as his. Which statement points to the second, less obvious answer to Schweitzer's question: that he was saying something in these "condensed novels", and that through them he was reaching his audience -- an audience that had come to him, of their own volition, because of the fiction that he was writing, rather than one that he himself had sought out via the trial-and-error of readers' popularity polls or Hugo Awards or whatever.

---Joseph Nicholas





# VS MARTY CANTOR

At the bottom of page twelve of this issue I wrote that I object to the New Wave because I believe that Science Fiction is a story-telling medium and the New Wave is not a story-telling medium. I do believe that Darrell and I may be in some small agreement on this point, even though he may be a little more tolerant of just what constitutes a story than I am. I await his ~~defining definition~~ clarification.

In his article Darrell implies that there is a point beyond which a piece of fiction ceases to be a story and then loses its readers. I agree with this as a basic premise although I would say that the perception of just where a piece of fiction ceases to be a story (and thereby loses its readers) will vary with the individual reader (this is something of a sliding scale) - my point on this scale is somewhat more conservative than that of Darrell. In the 1950's and early 1960's I read much of the avant garde literature of the early twentieth century (and was writing (and even getting some published) derivative "avant garde" poetry). I eventually burned myself out reading this type of literature and was not at all sympathetic to it when it began turning up in the guise of Science Fiction. This type of writing had lost its readership due to its basic antipathy towards (and non-interest to) the reader a long time ago - I saw no reason why Science Fiction writers had to make the same sterile experiments all over again.

One thing that my poetry writing taught me was the appreciation and the proper use of words, and that is why I was excited when I first discovered J.G. Ballard (during his "Terminal Beach" style). As a story teller Ballard is mediocre at best - as a word-smith and mood setter he is a master of the English language. Or at least he was in his "Terminal Beach" style. I am as much amazed that he did not turn to poetry (which I consider his natural style) as I am annoyed that what he wrote was categorised as Science Fiction. It is not Science Fiction.

Anybody who has been around Science Fiction for any length of time knows of the efforts to define Science Fiction - and also knows how futile are the attempts at definitions. Whilst I have performed my own attempts to provide light on the subject, it usually boils down to my pointing to certain stories (Clement's "Mission of Gravity" as an example) and saying "that is Science Fiction." This does not so much define the field as say what I believe Science Fiction to be by example. This is not too satisfactory. What I propose for this series of articles is to use the definition "Science Fiction is a story telling medium" and argue from that point. Obviously Joseph Nicholas is going to ~~say that I am full of shit~~ not agree with me, but this will be my starting point. We shall see where it goes from there.

Which brings me to some basic points of disagreement with Joseph right off of the mark. Such as his sophomoric "art for arts sake" statement that a writer does not have to write for an audience but only for himself. Geezus!

If a writer does not want to communicate with me why should I pay him money for his non-attempt? And especially why should I pay him money for delivering me a Science Fiction story when he is misrepresenting his goods as a Science Fiction story when they are in fact existentialist puzzles? If I want Sartre I can damn well go out and buy Sartre. When I want to read Science Fiction I am willing to pay for it - and that is what I want to receive when I spend my time and money on it. Above all, I do not want to give money to a writer who does not want to communicate with me. I enjoy digging into the many layers that a good writer can put into a story, but I do not believe that a writer is trying to communicate with me unless he has a good story on the surface. The trouble with the New Wave is that the fiction that it delivers has no story surface - it is all the underneath layers. And on those far from fully developed ideas I will end this installment and wait to see the responses.

----Marty Cantor



# FANZINE REVIEWS - a preliminary column BY mike glyer

/\*Gary Deindorfer has decided that he is no longer interested in writing a fanzine review column. I guess that this means that he is going to rely on his ~~xxxxxx~~ LoCs to get him copies of HTT. Oh, well - Gary has my thanks for the fanzine review columns that he has written for HTT. Stepping into the ~~xxxxxx~~ breach is Mike Glycer - ever stalwart (and foolish) when it comes to fanzine fanac. Mike prepared this column on a more or less last minute basis - he promises real fanzine reviews in the next issue. I thank you, Mike./\*

The purpose of a fanzine review column, in general, is for the author to inflict his idiosyncratic tastes on the rest of fandom. Before I proceed blindly to do the same, though, it would be worthwhile to discuss a philosophy of fanzine excellence.

Fanzines, like any other product, should be judged by how they achieve what they set out to do. Almost always, the purpose of a fanzine is to win its editor recognition and response, conquering shyness, creating contacts and friendships. Any fanzine that accomplishes these things cannot be judged a failure. A fanzine can accomplish these things without ever paying homage to former fannish greats, without expensive reproduction, without good design, even without art. Because this is true, you have seen in other fanzine review columns the irony of a self-proclaimed critique pinching his nose and screwing up his eyes as he describes a publication he detests, though it has dozens of admirers.

Fanzines actually are social events. The best of them gather momentum and become extended cocktail parties commenting on books, society, history and morality. MYTHOLOGIES was such a fanzine. But even an average clubzine accomplishes the same thing



on a diminished scale -- editorials, letters, controversy can appear in any forum. Thereby, any editor can generate the response which satisfies a personal need, and repays his investment of energy and money.

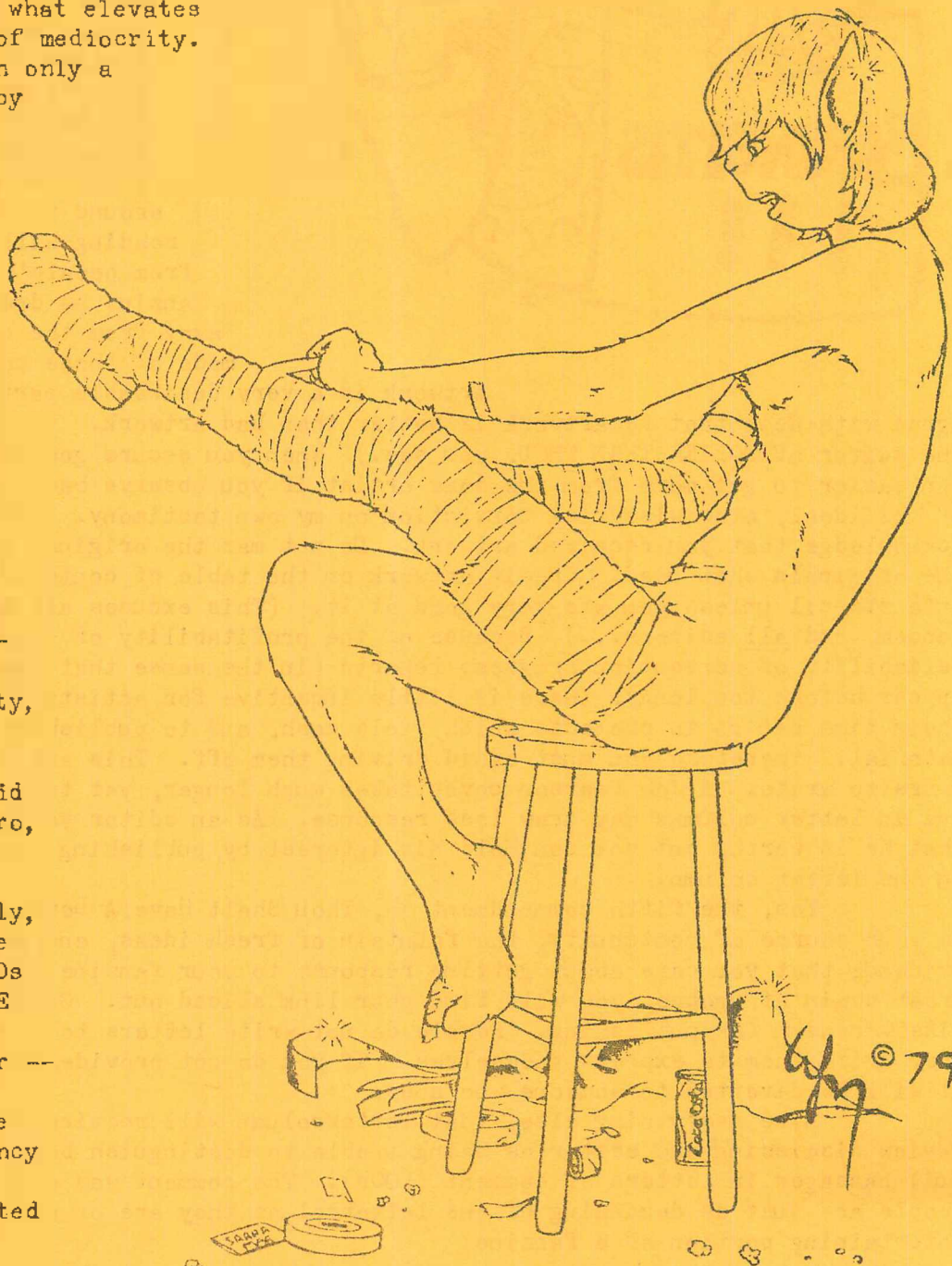
Of course, certain things can be relied on to hyper response, because those selfsame things lead to the production of a competently designed and reproduced fanzine, and editorial policies which involve fair treatment for contributors and a reward for reader participation.

The critical element of any fanzine is an identifiable personality. In a time when economics force smaller fanzines, this can be achieved even by accident, but it is just as definitely necessary for large genzines. The taste of an editor, and what he selects to print, is the binding glue of many zines (such as the one in your mitts). If you doubt it, open any clubzine, where editor control is less absolute and the taste of a committee more apparent.

Not merely editorial taste, but actual writing by the editor, is what elevates fanzines above the ranks of mediocrity. Publications which furnish only a few paragraphs of matter by their creators become somewhat faceless: compare Porter and Brown to Geis, Bowers, and Glicksohn.

Therefore, the primary contribution of an editor can make is from his heart and mind. Such self-expression is the most direct form of appeal to your readers.

If one could create the ideal fanzine, the second commandment would be: keep a regular schedule. Regular appearance by itself will attract response, curiosity, and no small amount of wonder. SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH, given that it did not excel in writing, repro, or design, carved quite a swath in the mid-70s by virtue of appearing monthly, and being the only genzine that did. In the early 70s it was routine for SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW to publish half a dozen issues a year -- thick issues in that tiny type. Somewhere along the way the concept of frequency disappeared -- possibly sacrificed when fans started





spending money to see each other in person (at cons) rather than converse by mail.

Third in the catalog of things which are virtues because they make successful fanzines (even though there is no absolute virtue about spending a lot of money) is quality reproduction. Whatever medium you use, the sharpest reproduction, and most creative combinations of media, impresses readers. That tends to cost. However, a good graphic sense and creative design cost only time. And in fanzines, seriously, neatness will go a long way towards satisfying the need for graphics. You may lack a silk screen, colour mimeography, and even electrostencils, but adequate white space around the text and good proof-reading will at least not detract from people's enjoyment of your fanzine by drawing their attention away from the contents to the mess made of those contents.

Artwork is a very desirable part of a fanzine. But I agree with Geis that no artwork is better than bad artwork. (This puts me at odds with the editor of *HOLIER THAN THOU*, you see.) When you secure good artwork, you will find it far easier to get more from the same artist if you observe basic courtesy. Again I speak of the ideal, otherwise risk conviction on my own testimony. Listen: do not fail to acknowledge that you received artwork. Do not mar the original in reproduction. Return the originals when used. Credit artwork on the table of contents. Do not hand-trace art onto stencil unless you are very good at it. (This excuses all but three artists in fandom, and all editors...) Because of the profitability of convention art shows, and the reliability of convention progress reports (in the sense that they guarantee the art will appear before too long), there is little incentive for artists to contribute to fanzines. Their time can go to projects which yield cash, and to publishers who respect their material. Therefore you must avoid driving them off. This article will take about two hours to write. A Joe Pearson cover takes much longer, yet takes up a quarter of the space, and in letter columns may draw less response. As an editor you cannot afford to pay Joe what he is worth, but you can hold his interest by publishing the reactions received in the letter column.

Yes, the fifth commandment is, Thou Shalt Have A Lettercol. The letter column is your source of continuity, the fountain of fresh ideas, and most importantly, tangible evidence that you care about getting response to your fanzine. Unless you keep up the great chain of egoboo, you will find your link sliced out. Getting letters is your most likely reason for publishing. People do not write letters to give you a cheap thrill -- they write them to express themselves. If you do not provide an outlet for that expression, it will be diverted to someone who does.

Like everything else, that lettercolumn will require editing. I once read a review dismissing one editor as being unable to distinguish between the interesting and dull passages in letters of comment (LOCs). The comment was apt, and reminded me that people are just as demanding of the lettercol as they are of any other more obviously entertaining portion of a fanzine.



When you edit the lettercolumn, should you publish letters intact, or divide up the somments by topical categories? The fanzine AWRY was very successful splintering letters into component discussions. On the other hand, it has been my belief that such divisions depersonalize the discussion, whilst editing a letter but keeping the contents in a letter form helped transmit the character of the writer. I felt that was a good thing because it engendered a feeling of diversity.

The foregoing are the elements of a successful fanzine, measured in terms of reader acceptance and response, based on my experience. Gil Gaier, the only person I know who can goad me into saying something intelligent in spite of myself, set me thinking on these lines at a recent Aquacon panel where we panelists outnumbered the 'audience'. I claim that they work, because in 11 years of fanzine editing, every compromise I have made with these principles led to a compromise in the quality of response. If you aim is to achieve something else, possibly to produce a work of art, or blaze the way to a higher faaaaaanish destiny, then these principles will not be as important to you and the three other people interested in the same thing.

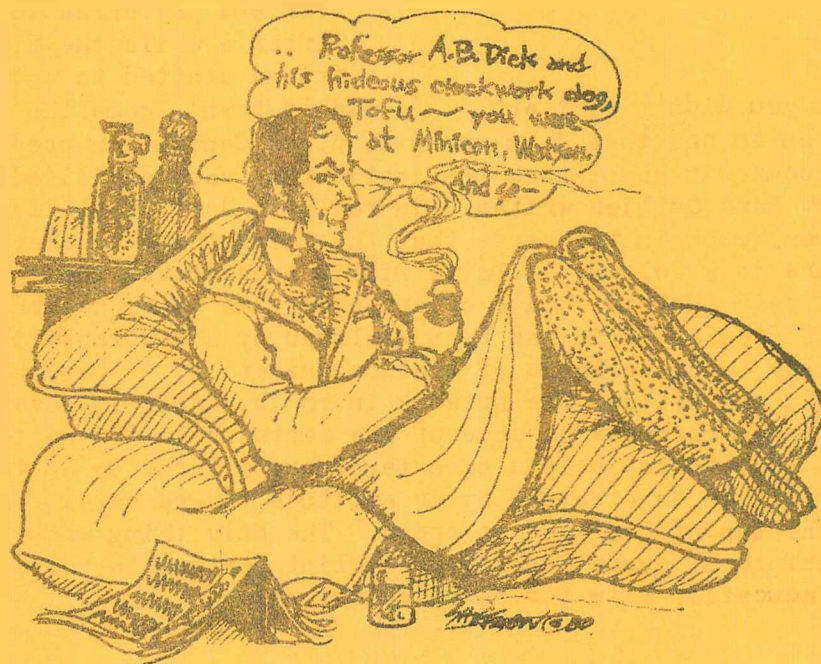
In fact, some editors who complain about their lack of favourable reaction, show that they devoted most of their energy towards design and repro, or trying to make money. A fanzine is not an examination paper, where your mastery of the editorial skills assures success. A fanzine is a social event. Much of what succeeds can be judged: would this line work in a conversation with another fan?

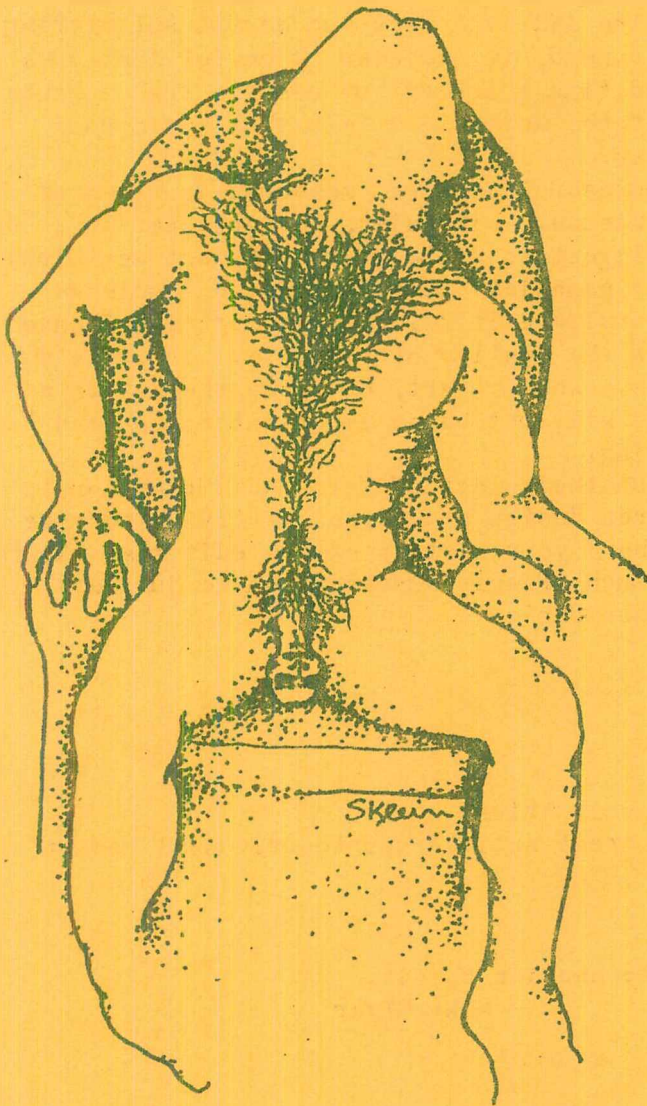
To streamline:

- (1) Write for your own zine.
- (2) Publish four or more times per year.
- (3) Readability and neatness outgun any other graphic trick.
- (4) Use good artwork or none at all. Failure to treat artists courteously will result in your having none at all.
- (5) Publish selected responses.

In the long run, your editorial experience will be happier for it.

---Mike Glycer





# THE LOC NESS monster

/\*/ Wherein I actually begin with some very old business - namely, some late LoCs on HTT #7 that should have been reported in HTT #8. From Ken Ozanne we get the following loathsome story. "There were two Arabs lost in the desert. They had water, but were gradually starving to death. One of them saw a dead camel and they hastened to it with visions of succour. Unfortunately the camel proved to have been dead for some time and was really ripe. One Arab decided to eat a portion anyway, but his friend preferred to continue starving.

After a while the first Arab barfed and his friend started to eat the vomit. "Oy", he

cried, "I thought you didn't want any." "I didn't then", came the reply, "but it's warm now!" Ken goes on to say that I am wrong to blame Canada for producing hockey players - possibly I could complain about them not instituting some civilised custom like drowning them at birth. \* Marc Ortlieb writes, "In reply to Suzi Stefl, 17pp of LoCs is most definitely a column, much in the sense that the thing that the statue of Nelson stands on in Trafalgar Square is a Column." \* Zetta Dillie appreciated the cover, liked the LoC Ness Monster, and said that my choice of art showed me to be as abnormal as her. \* Nan Lambert wonders if Premier Begin has been replaced by a PLO lookalike as so many of his actions seem to play into the hands of that organisation. \*\* Late LoCs on #8 include one from Charles Seelig who writes, The artwork in #8 is vastly improved over the stuff in #7. I do not have fond remembrances of some of the dartoons in #7 and though there are a few like them in this ish, there is less of a tendency to throw up on the rug." I shall have to remedy that. \* Olivia is offended by my attitude toward cats. Memo: send a ton of kitty litter at the top of her head at speed. The only thing worse than cats are icky cat lovers. \* Stanford S. Hyena reports that Clint Eastwood's new movie, Any Which Way You Can is a sex education film for paraplegics. /\*/



\* BUZZ DIXON \* For a Christmas present my grand-  
\*\*\*\*\* mother and aunt gave me a week-  
night college course (that is to say, a college  
course one night a week as opposed to a college  
course given or performed upon the body of a  
wee knight). My wife, who has them mean ole'  
keen ole' screaming paranoia blues, does not  
like to be left alone more than one night a  
week (or one knight a wee for that matter.  
Is this going over your head? No? Bad.)  
has requested I stay home the rest of the  
week. Which pisses me 'cause I would really  
like to attend LASFS meetings on Thursdays  
and Fridays.

Consider your ego boomed (hmm, that is not what I meant to say. Gotta admit, though, nice left handed compliment/insult. Save it for when it is most effective, though. Use it on some wee knight or weeknight when everybody is looking and listening at LASFS and all will be properly dazzled by my brilliance, thank you, thank you, thankew etc.) Whatever. Consider your purr center stroked and coddled. If pride has a scrotum I am caressing it right now (gad, what a metaphor! What you met her for?). HTT #9 is a fine and handsome zine, technically excellent, ~~intellectually~~ stimulating, and here. Can't LoC zine's I ain't got. Tried it once. Got confusing. Never again. Obscure obscure obfuscation I always say.

Lon Atkins article: When I first came to Los Angeles I immediately ~~the~~  
the problem in freeway driving and figured out how to circumvent it. Pretend it is the  
Battle of Britain, you are flying a Spitfire, and everybody else ~~is~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~flying~~ ~~a~~ ~~Spitfire~~.

To Arthur D. Hlavaty (Have at thee?): Bugger a dead chicken while sucking a buzzard's ass is not the ultimate of gross out. One would be hard pressed to top Hustler, Heavy Metal, or Frank Zappa, but I can think of a couple. Far more disturbing things, too - masturbating whilst sucking a dead chicken's ass, for instance.



Joe Ruby, my erstwhile producer, recently asked me to script a fight scene where one character "kicks the living shit" out of another. So I obliged him. Methinks the image of a foot smashing into the solar plexus of a man whose trouser seat then explodes under the awesome pressure of a massive, violent bloody stool discharge is a tad too gross for Sa"turd"ay morning - but I may be wrong. I have been wrong before (Frank Lloyd Wrong, to be exact).

Re. your comment to Allan Beatty: Having spent two years in Korea, I assure you anything above freezing is technically 'warm'. (Technicolour Lee warm?)

To Sheldon Teitelbaum: Re. blacks and dirty crematoria (what the hell is that, something you put in your coffee?) and proto-Nazis.

Here is the opening, as close as I

can recall, of Richard Pryor's "Eulogy." /\*/ For those who do not know, Richard Pryor is black. /\*/ Bear in mind the bit sharply degenerates from here on in:

"We have come to pay our last respects to the dearly departed. The dearly departed. We call him that because he was dearly. And he certainly is departed. That's why we refer to him as being the dearly departed. In other words: The nigger's dead!"

So much for your case re. blacks. I hasten to point out David Allen of Thames TV is the world's greatest Irish story teller, Myron Cohen has the largest selection of Yiddish humour, and Pat Cooper is the best Italian jokester in the world. Guess their ethnic groups.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* SHELDON TEITELBAUM \* This letter was albeit a long time in coming and owes a great deal \*\*\*\*\* to Janice Gelb having very goodnatureedly taken me to task for my nasty temper. She is right. There is no excuse for the harsh tone of that letter. I tend to get rather obdurate and self-righteous in my travails, and consequently apologise for having railed out at you like that. /\*/ Accepted. /\*/ On the other hand, I must plead innocent to having misinterpreted your position, given that HTT #8, unless I am very much mistaken, never arrived. Please understand my position, however. I do not question your right to print whatever you like, holocaust 'jokes' notwithstanding. Placing one on the same page with a piece by myself, however, and then pointing out that the layout was intentional, does seem to be a bit much. Some might indeed call that 'baiting,' don't you think?

/\*/ I call that juxtaposition 'putridity.' And Janice has my thanks for her letter to you. And my further thanks for her method of setting off the names of those to whom she comments in her LASFAPAZine - I have ripped off that format for use in HTT. /\*/

Please tell Mr. Meadows that sadly, the adventures of Lieutenant T and his wonder-dog Schwartzman have come to an end. His recent activities are indeed cause to



weep at the demise of a Jewish Folk-Hero. They include marriage to a lovely young lady of Iraqi descent who finds LeGuin both unreadable, and unpronounceable, playing the Tel Aviv stockmarket like the good little ex-kibbutznik he is, and organising Russian and Canadian immigrants into a pressure group aimed at convincing the government to divert funds from the defense budget into the construction of an ice-hockey arena. Donations of used cheese-cutters will be welcomed.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* DARRELL SCHWEITZER \* Do not look at the illo on page 11 of HTT #9 for too long. The  
\*\*\*\*\* Surgeon General has determined that pictures of people (?) committing snotomy are hazardous to your health. They cause sniffilis.

Some of your responses to the criticisms of your book review are quite arrogant. I will not say "incredibly" so, because I have seen all this before and find it entirely credible. When you say your view of reality is the only one, that what you like to read is the only thing fit for "mature minds" you imply intensely fanatical sort of cultural chauvinism. You are assuming that anyone who disagreed with you throughout all of time and space, is wrong, that you are the height of all wisdom, that someday your worldview will never be looked upon by the folk of future eras as quaint and primitive. I suspect that in a thousand years people will look back on us the way we do at the Middle Ages. Lots of broad generalities, little understanding. "Oh, weren't they ignorant then...", and never the suspicion that if all those first rate minds worked on something -- or do you assume that only your age and culture has first rate minds? -- they might just have produced a valid thought or two.

/\*/ If I did not think that many of my readers do not appreciate (or understand) outrageous overstatement as a valid form of humour I would be inclined to write that those living a thousand years from now will look back and see that I am the only one who was Right. Naturally, I do not really believe this ~~only one who was right of a thousand will hold that~~. The problem of being given to overstatement as a written/rhetorical device is that it is usually not understood for what it is. When it is combined with first-draughting on stencil there is the added problem of the statement being taken beyond the bounds of the subject matter at hand. To wit: I am concerning myself in this discussion to Science Fiction (a branch of Fantasy). /\*/

To be brief, you are implying that you have the Answer, the Truth, and that you know definitely and for sure what is Real and what is not. Everybody else is intellectually immature.

/\*/ Very perceptive of you, Darrell. The Truth shall set you free. /\*/  
You know, I have met people with such knowledge before. Some of them were Moonies.

/\*/ And the rest of them were me. Somehow or other that did not come out as I wanted it to. Oh, well. /\*/

\*\*\*\*\*

\* ALLAN BEATTY \* If they invented teleportation,  
\*\*\*\*\* would you go to distant cons?  
It would be quicker than flying, but maybe there are offsetting disadvantages, no?

/\*/ I guess that I can psyche myself into getting onto an aeroplane (as I will find out when I go to Denver) or into a teleportation booth to go to distant cons. The real problem is a lack of money on my part. /\*/



Well folks, heres another  
breakthrough for science.  
Studies at a leading  
institute has shown that  
brainactivity causes cancer.



\*\*\*\*\*

\* LYNNE HOLDOM \* Ethnic humour:  
\*\*\*\*\* I am not all  
that fond of it but do not really  
see any harm in most of it. My  
sister-in-law who is of Polish  
background (she is also Catho-  
lic) loves Polish jokes: "Why  
did Pope John-Paul II pick the  
name he did?" Ans.: "It was  
the only papal name he could  
remember." But what I do dislike  
is selective indignation. Around  
here when any unfavourable men-  
tion of Blacks or Jews got you  
into big trouble, the Italians  
and Irish were still fair game.  
Someone like you, Marty, who  
thinks nothing is too putrid a  
subject for humour, does not  
bother me. It is those who think  
that anti-Italian jokes are okay  
but anti-Jewish ones are not.

I also can see Gail Weiss'  
point. Her family suffered under  
the Nazis and she does not want  
to be reminded of it. But if  
you cut out humour on one sub-  
ject because of a person's  
sensitivities, then you should  
do so for another and soon there  
will be no subjects left for  
humour. I once remarked that  
since criminals are supposed to  
have only Anglo-Saxon names,  
lest we offend anyone, what  
happens when Anglo-Saxons com-  
plain? Do criminals have num-  
bers? This should make it  
easier for the detective to  
solve a murder case; just look  
for the person whose name is a  
number.

Sheldon Teitelbaum and I will probably never agree on anything. Of course since I am a mere goy, no doubt he would never care what I thought anyway. I was annoyed by his insistence that "true" Jews had to live in Israel. His arguments sound all too fa-  
miliar since a lot of my family are Quebecois and insist that anyone who lives outside of  
La Belle Provence is a traitor to the French-Canadian people. I resent it from them and  
I resent Sheldon's attitude as well. I am sure most Jews are perfectly capable of making  
up their own minds on this just as I certainly do not regret the fact that my father was  
a "traitor" to the French-Canadian movement.

I also resent his implication that people who find anything wrong with the way  
Israel is doing things are anti-Semites. I can find a lot of things wrong with Israel.  
This does not mean that I approve of Arafat and the PLO. I am a Quaker. I do not approve  
of violence to secure one's ends. However I do feel that the Palestinians have a number



of legitimate grievances against Israel (and against Syria and some other Arab countries as well.) Our local newsman was just in the middle East -- covering Mayor Koch's trip -- and remarked that a number of Israelis refuse duty on the West Bank because it reminds them of stories told by their relatives about life in Poland and other assorted countries under the Nazis and they see themselves in a Nazi role on the West Bank. Like it or lump it, Israel does have a time bomb on its hands in the West Bank Arabs. And whilst I do not approve of violence, this is another case of selectic indignation. I can remember seeing war films about the "heroic" French underground blowing up Nazis right and left. The Palestinians (rightly or wrongly) see themselves in the same position as the French under the Nazis.

Also the Nazis did wipe out other people besides Jews. Over half of the victims of the concentration camps were non-Jews. My sister-in-law lost two uncles at Auschwitz and they were Polish Catholics.

/\*/ I do believe that you are being too hard on Sheldon, but I will let him defend himself in his next letter (if he so desires). What I would like to know is just what it is that this reporter is reporting. I mean, the Israelis are not exterminating the Arabs on the West Bank -- they are in no way operating like the Nazis did. I am at odds with Israeli government policy on the West Bank (for many, many reasons); just because I believe that the policies are wrongheaded and counterproductive does not mean that these policies are Nazi-like. /\*/

The other person I would like to respond to is Joseph Nicholas. I spent the years from 1965-1970 out of the USA. It gave me a perspective on the country that I really appreciate and I can see just how much SF -- the traditional stuff -- is an American phenomenon. (And I will include Canadian in that as well.) /\*/ Robert Runte will argue with you on that. /\*/ Naturally British SF differs from US/Canadian SF because the culture is different and most people write from their own cultural assumptions. New Wave produced by Britons comes at the whole matter from a different angle.

To put it another way. Britain has a more static culture than the US. People tend to live in the same place all their lives and feel more connected to the past. When I was in England in the summer of 1979, I saw, amongst other things, York Minster. Now that cathedral was around and people worshipped in it before the US was known to anyone except the Indians. People can see and feel a long line of developement with the past. History is cluttered in Europe. Now, in Britain, the post WW2 period is the time when the people were finally supposed to "get theirs" under marvelous socialism which would take the priviledge from the priviledged and everyone would live happily ever after. But it did not work out that way. This has caused a LOT of frustration. Some of this frustration is echoed in New Wave SF and some in punk rock etc. The US, despite everything, has not lost faith in itself -- at least amongst the majority -- so US New Wave was inclined to show hihilism for the sake of fixing it. The British and Europeans are not at all sure things can be fixed, that nihilism is not in the nature of things. European and British SF is anti technological because they do not see technology helping them. Most Americans think it is the only way to go. (Though lately Europe and Japan are more interested in space research than the US.)

Another difference is that Americans are descended from pioneers, risk takers. Europeans are descended from those who stayed home. Look -- suppose you live in what is to you an intolerable situation. There are three basic solutions: 1) Move somewhere else, 2) Get out and work to change it, and 3) accept it since there is nothing you can do. A Polish peasant could easily have been in this position in 1880. The risk takers came to the USA, the other activists joined a revolutionary group and the rest just accepted it as life. An American is more likely than a European to move on when things get rough than to stick it out.

My main objection to DANGEROUS VISIONS was that the visions did not really seem dangerous but rehashing various liberal and counter-culture cliches. I literally could not

see what all the excitement was about. I did not need any counter-culture to tell me that "war is hell" or that "racism is bad" and that there is a lot of it in the USA. The Quakers have been saying this for ages. My feeling was that maybe the rest of the country is seeing what we have seen. Unfortunately Americans are quite immature as a people and most of the riots seemed more like gigantic temper tantrums. They were also counter-productive in that most of the people thought of the counter-culture people as spoiled brats who threw a tantrum when they did not get their way. I "know" there was more behind it but...

/\*/ Yes, there was a lot more behind it but... Amongst the many reasons behind resistance to the draught is/was the selfishness inherent in the Me Era which continues getting stronger every year. At least in the USA there is a growing group of people who are thinking only of themselves - and the rest of society can go fuck itself. They just elected a President of the country. Those who bothered to vote, that is. They found a person in Ronald Reagan whose policies will reward those who already have theirs - and fuck anybody who has not. \* Urrp - sorry about the political diatribe. /\*/

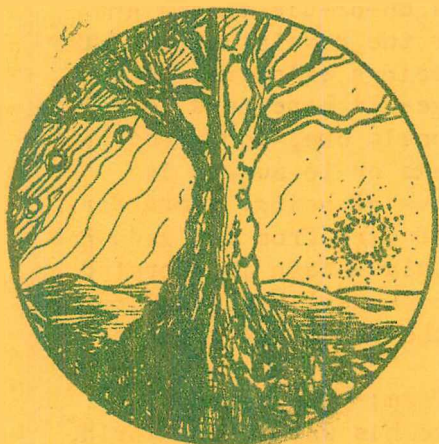
I too consider myself a fan of the written word rather than media. I am disturbed by those who will not even try reading but want TV and comics to stir their sense of wonder. First, a TV show no matter how well done will be somewhat simplistic compared to the written word. (Though it is hard to imagine anything much more simplistic than Doc Smith.) Readers are a minority. I just do not like them becoming a minority in SF fandom. It is usually the media fans who are most destructive at cons (and yes, I do not think that anything will be done about weapon carrying at cons until someone is killed or seriously hurt).

/\*/ For the benefit of the non-LASFAPans reading this let me quote what Arthur Hlavaty wrote which we both read in his zine in LASFAPA #54. "...I like the idea of fandom defined by literacy. People who read SF are US. People who write about media.... are US. Those whose only interaction with SF is gawking at its pictorial representations are not." \* I believe that the most that we can hope for in the way of solving the problem of media fans with weapons is to have ALL Cons require that all weapons be peace-bonded at ALL times. Oh, yes - we can all make certain that we make the weapon wielders feel as uncomfortable as possible by being verbally hostile to them. /\*/

Reviews of any sort are idiosyncratic. I can only say whether or not I like some zine or some book, not whether you will. As a reviewer I TRY to state my prejudices beforehand so you will know where I am coming from. I do not like "preachy" SF which lets out a lot of "feminist" SF particularly that of Joanna Russ but Charnas has bugged me this way also. I like character development (Conan stories bore me) and some action and sense of plot. DHALGREN bored me to tears. I do not claim that my taste is sacred and do not consider anyone else's sacred either. There are some critical criteria, however. Whenever someone starts using an ad hominem argument in a review, I lose respect for the critic. And do not tell me the author did not write the story you wanted, tell me what the author did write. I read a review of THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS which (review) was written by Stanislaus Lem which was particularly guilty of this. All I want to get from a review (as opposed to critique) is some idea whether I would enjoy the book. Marty's review of Dozois' BEST did do that. All the rest is just arguing Marty's taste or opinions which are his own.

/\*/ I thank you for that last, Lynne. I do not often print items laudatory to myself. I mean, where is the fun and the controversy in that? But I feel that Lynne has written something which seems to have been overlooked in all of the controversy about my review. I carefully stated where I was coming from vis-a-vis Science Fiction. I seem to remember even mentioning once or twice that certain of the stories were good stories, were good Science Fiction (according to my lights) but not the kind of Science Fiction that I like - this being a help to those who had paid attention to my stated preferences. /\*/





\*\*\*\*\*

\* ARTHUR D. HLAVATY \* I suffer from the same sort  
\*\*\*\*\* of curse as Paul Skelton.  
Zines that publish articles or columns by me have a  
tendency to disappear. For instance, THE SECTION  
G REPORT, MYTHOLOGIES, and INTERGALACTIC ANIMAL  
HUSBANDRY all ceased publication after my work  
appeared in them. I too sent in an article to that  
ill-fated SCIENTIFRICTION, but I guess the combined  
Skelton and Hlavaty curses were too much for it.  
(Wise of you to publish an "open letter" from me and  
a "nonarticle" by Skel to avoid the curse.) Anyway,  
it may cheer you to learn that I am now doing a  
column for a Trekzine.

/\*/ In the posthumous article by Ted Johnstone  
which I pubbed in SHAGGY 77 he claimed the same sort  
of, er, power. I hold no faith in such superstitious  
balderdash \*knock on wood\*. Anyway, SCIENTIFRICTION is not dead (so claims Mike Glyer).  
After all, the next issue of SCIENTIFRICTION (#12) has already been reviewed by Taral in  
DNQ. Glyer claims that the stencils for #12 are ready to go - what is holding him up is  
the fact that his mimeo is not performing up to par and needs a cleaning. I have promised  
to clean his machine for him but I have not had the time to do this. He was going to  
facilitate matters by moving into the apartment next to mine but this was scotched by the  
landlord who wanted ~~a terrible \$60 \$60 \$60 \$60 \$60~~ unconsonably high rent for the place.  
\*\* Would not this action remove you from places where I would read what you write I would  
heartily recommend that you write columns for ALL Trekzines. /\*/

I see that Joseph Nicholas and Darrell Schweitzer have found something to agree  
about -- namely, that you are full of shit. I trust that they are both thoroughly em-  
barrassed by this agreement.

Joseph Nicholas would like to know why I state in a casually assertive manner  
what he would say about some particular fanzine. I would like to know when I have ever  
done so. Certainly not in HTT, where as you know I made a comment on the general tone  
of his reviews.

/\*/ Come now, Arthur -- if Joseph were to ever allow such a little thing as  
facts stand in the way his making a statement he would not be the Joseph Nicholas whom  
we all love and ~~forget like that~~ know. /\*/

\*\*\*\*\*

\* JOSEPH NICHOLAS \* "Fantasy", you say, "is just childish diddlywomp fit only for the  
\*\*\*\*\* unthinking clods who make up the vast majority of human beings on  
this planet". This, I feel moved to point out, is a terribly elitist remark, one that  
causes all of my political instincts to immediately rebel against it; but to keep the  
dialogue on a more neutral and less emotive plane I will repress them and address myself  
solely to your claim that fantasy is "just childish diddlywomp" -- a notion with which,  
you will hardly be surprised to learn, I disagree. Certainly, widescreen epics of the  
Tolkienian variety and the thud-and-blunder romps that make up the corpus of the sub-sub-  
genre of sword-and-sordidry seem, at first glance, to be pretty infantile, utterly devoid  
of meaning and concerned only with the mainlining of transient escapist thrills into their  
readers' thalamuses, but you have to remember, for one thing, that these particular fictions  
are, essentially, only the bastardised populist latter-day descendants of the form and,  
for another, that fantasy per se is less a "type" of story-telling than a means of communi-

eating mythic or symbolic truths or quasi-truths about our world. Its heroes and heroines exist not as genuine characters but as archetypal templates; its do-or-die quests and episodic journeys exist not as plot mechanisms but as systems for the revelation of information about the world; its magical talismans and supernatural beings exist not as the goals or rationales of its stories but as symbols representing age-old hopes and fears; and the literature thus has not a realistic function but a mythopoetic one, concerned not to propound theoretical solutions to existing or potential problems or to awaken its readers to new possibilities but to dramatise the abstract problems of being. Consider, for example, the Greek myth of Prometheus, who stole the secret of fire from the gods and was punished by them for doing so, which has often - and erroneously - been interpreted as saying that there are some things man is not meant to know but which really does no more than warn man against the danger of overweening pride, hubris; the kind that goeth before a fall, as the Bible has it.

Consider, as another example, the legend (in whatever form; the basic story remains unchanged) of Parsifal, the holy fool who sets out to make his way in the world, knowing nothing about it, and is ultimately corrupted and despoiled by it: a story which has survived through the ages because it in some way mirrors our own individual experiences of the world, one into which we are born as complete innocents and through which we have to make our slow, painful, error-strewn way, learning as we go.

Consider, for a third example, the story of Siegfried (or perhaps Beowulf - it was essentially a copy, but deserves a place in literary history because it was nevertheless the first recognisable piece of indigenous British literature), one of the many similar hero-myths of history which have at their hearts a rather political message: unite against the common enemy, and wax strong at his defeat. Consider - but why go on? I could fill the rest of this page with examples, and add nothing more to my argument than an increasing weight of evidence, which cannot in itself convince the sceptics... but in the light of this it is well to remember that the telepathic dragons, magic rings, enchanted swords, quasi-feudal societies and whathaveyou that constitute the bulk of modern populist fantasy are definable as such only by their virtue of being more unreal than any other fiction and in no way represent the true core of the form. Yes, Tolkien and his latter-day ilk (an ilk which does not, I might add, include Stephen Donaldson, whose Chronicles of Thomas Covenant display, through their murky agonising about such staples as duty, courage, self-respect, hatred, honour, love, and loyalty a concern for the responsibilities of one's actions totally alien to the works of everyone else) have produced much that is "just childish diddlywomp", but such a perjorative can hardly be applied retrospectively to the great myths and legends that indirectly spawned their works.

Quite apart from the fact that there is definitely something wrong with a logic which can condemn all fantasy out of hand yet in the same breath go on to admit that whilst SF is part of fantasy it is nevertheless "the only (fiction) which is fit for intellectually mature people"....if it is part of it, then it must ipso facto be just as childish - never mind the fact that the sort of SF you were claiming in HTT #8 as the quintessence of the literature is hardly very intellectual.  
(Or: your argument needs a little rationalisation here, boss.)

/\*/ First things first. I make no bones about the fact that I am an elitist. This is one of the sources of the title of this zine. Second things next. I will stand by my stated opinion of Fantasy (and I will explain, after this, why I exempt Science Fiction from this). I consider Fantasy to be inventions for pre-literates. Just look at all of the examples that you write - ALL from pre-literate eras. /\*/



Aagh!  
A type-hde!



/\*/ The myths of pre-literate eras were, by necessity, an oral tradition. This meant that various sorts of simplifications were needed. The audiences needed the simplifications because there was no way to pause and ponder the meanings - the teller was continuing at his natural pace and the various listeners had to struggle along as best they could. Story/myth-tellers, realising this, kept the stories/myths as simple as possible - which also helped their remembering of them. (How myths combined with other myths and changed their meanings and imports is another topic all to itself.) Obviously this is simple-minded stuff for the sophisticated, literate, intellectual. The fact that modern story-tellers in a written tradition have bowlderised these simple old tales by overcomplicated additions, recombinations, elaborations, emendations, and other baroque tricks (or even built up their foolish tales from scratch) does not make these fantasies anything other than tales for pre-literates -- in other words, tales for children. \* Now, why do I consider Science Fiction (whilst being a part of Fantasy) to be exempt from my strictures against Fantasy? That is really very simple and not, at all, a rationalisation. Basically Science Fiction is a thinking man's literature based on extrapolation in the hard world of the real. It is (or should be) consistently realistic. It is future oriented. Fantasy, in contradistinction, is usually concerned with non-consistent never-never lands in a past that never was (as just one of the examples that I could tediously name) (and no matter that oftentimes grisly things occur in these sugar-plum fairy worlds) - and any touch with the Real World is abhorred - and deus ex machina rules all. A competent Science Fiction writer introducing magic into his universe makes it consistent with extrapolated natural law - if is the rare Fantasy writer who can even make the magic consistent with itself! Fantasy is almost as much a waste of paper as are fanzines. /\*/



Let us turn aside from these fields of sercon pleasure and line up on what Carol Kennedy has to say in defence of herself and her RUNE - which, I do not mind saying, is quite the most spineless, self-serving and hypocritical tract I have read in a long time. "I have stated over and over again that I am not doing criticism; I am doing reviews." Dear God, what a cop-out! Someone should point out to this dear, sweet slip of a girl that the difference is purely semantic, and in fact constitutes so insignificantly minute a distinction that it could almost be said not to exist at all. A review, after all, is a statement of opinion, rationalised and justified with certain supporting arguments and underlying logical constructs, about a particular book, and is usually informed by a consistency of viewpoint that the reviewer applies to whatever other books fall under his rubric - and what else is criticism but an opinion about books in general, the consistency of viewpoint here given greater importance and prominence in order that the rationalised and justified supporting arguments and underlying specific critique, part of a larger critical whole, and the distinction between them therefore relates solely to the realm of debate thus encompassed, not what is actually said. Hence Gary's charge that Kennedy's fanzine reviews are "critically deficient", because they have no consistency of viewpoint, no common underlying assumptions, no rationalised or justified supporting arguments - absolutely nothing that enables them to be treated as a coherent statement about the fanzine field as a whole; and are garbage in all but name.

I suspect - just to be passingly but not particularly fair to Kennedy - that her "statement of position" (if such it can be truly called) derives less from an attempt to wriggle off of the hook than from her confusion as to the true nature of criticism; a confusion that she shares with a great many other American fans, all of whom seem to think that criticism is wholly negative, and only critiques are wholly positive (which thus results in all manner of weird usages of the verb "to critique", which in fact does not even exist; the word "critique" is a descriptive noun, and cannot be transmuted into anything else). This is simply nonsense; for criticism can be both constructive as well as destructive: for the writer, pointing to things in his work that are good and/or things which need improvement; and the reader, assisting him to greater and deeper insight and understanding of the work(s) (or schools, or movements, or whatever) in question. Kennedy would do well to remember this in the future.

/\*/ American slang often transforms descriptive nouns and other inappropriate parts of speech into verbs; however, this does not normally happen from the "street" up - rather it is the slang of the large organisation (business and government) that is working its way down (and I doubt that it ever gets down to the dregs of society). /\*/

Best she fires off another broadside - at me rather than Gary - though. I feel so confident of this that I am almost inclined to put money on it - although I will probably have trouble finding someone mug enough to bet against me.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* J. OWEN HANMER \* I laughed myself silly over "A Driver's Guide"; most of the rules  
\*\*\*\*\* herein would apply to almost anyplace in the country, but it is nice to know that I would fit right into Orange County if I ever was silly enough to move there, and "The Outhouse on the Borderland" was worth several good chuckles.

Ethnic and black humour is a touchy thing, some people are offended by it and others perpetuate it. I usually avoid it myself, but it is not odd to hear some great Polish jokes, for instance, from Poles. I try and show Poles respect by not telling Polish jokes, yet how can I help but laugh at: "Q: How do Poles bury their dead? A: With the tush up in the air. Q: Why? A: So the relatives will have someplace to park their bikes when they come to visit the grave."





\*\*\*\*\*

\* DONALD FRANSON \* The main thing wrong with the tree fan Hugo awards, is that two of them  
\*\*\*\*\* are for the best fan editor. I would like to see the fan writer award have a restriction, "outside their own fanzines" or something like that. This should be an award for fan writing in the Willis tradition, good articles and letters spread over many fanzines during the year, not confined to their own zines.

After all, the best fanzine award includes the editor's writing, and this is a case of double jeopardy, to award fan writer for the same efforts. I voted for Bob Shaw last time partly because the others were editors (even Noah Ward has his own zine - its name is Withdrawn.) (Of course some of Bob Shaw's articles are transcribed from speeches, but there is no best speaker's award.) Asides aside, I think this is a serious suggestion.

This is not an ad hominem attack on Dick Geis or Charlie Brown, but what have they written for anyone else's fanzines? Both have some pro appearances, but that is not the same. They deserve all the best fanzine awards they can get (though there should be a limit of two to a customer, perhaps, on all Hugos except stories). Of recent winners and nominees, Susan Wood, Mike Glicksohn, Harry Warner, Jr., Bob Tucker, and Ted White wrote things outside their own publications, and deserved the best writer award, under this restriction. Mike Glyer would be eligible. Arthur Hlavaty might not be, but his perzine would be. Nominees are important, because they are the ones chosen by fans. The final ballots are just a familiarity contest.

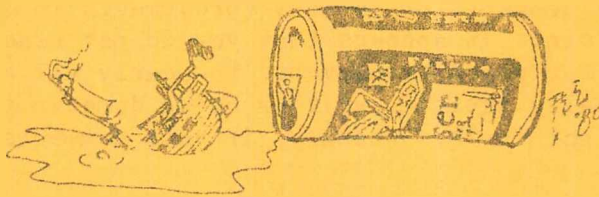
/\*/ Under your system Arthur Hlavaty would be eligible for Best Fanwriter because he writes elsewhere, not just in his own zine. The trouble with your system, though, is that it still does not address itself to the major problem in the fan Hugos. It is not fair to the hobby zines to have to compete with the semi-prozines - there should be separate awards for both types of zines. /\*/

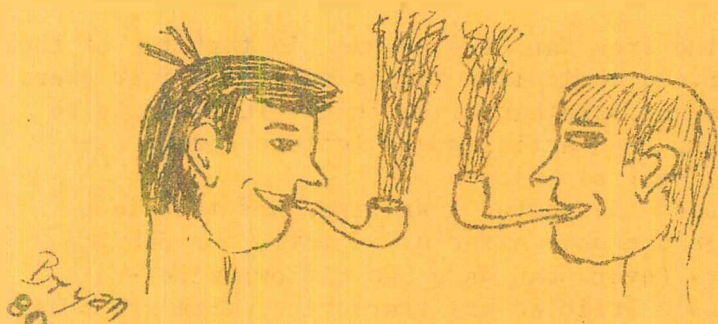
\*\*\*\*\*

\* HARRY ANDRUSCHAK \* I arrived back from the SHERLOCKON to find HTT #9 in my post office  
\*\*\*\*\* box. Having read it, I find little enough to comment on ... you are a tedious writer at best, and pompous boor at worst. And you still are dreadfully over-using the ///// key on your typer.

/\*/ It is always nice to hear some nice, cheery words from you, Andy. And it looks like you are still as divorced from reality as usual. Once you get an idea in your head no amount of reality will shake it loose if it is incorrect. To wit: your charge that I am overusing the vergule key. Aside from the few instances where the writer of an article in HTT #9 indicated the use of the vergule in his manuscript, the only time that I used it in my own original work (or comments) in that issue was to slash out 10 words. Ten words in 54 pages is overuse? Trash your typer, schmuck.

/\*/ Also, I strenuously object to your LoC being typed on a ditto master (of which I received the original, at least) which turned out to be (presumably) a page in your SFPazine for SFPA 100. It turns out that your LoC to me will appear in another fan setting before my readers see it - or one can assume that the LoC to me is really a cc to me with the putative original appearing elsewhere first. Whatever way one wants to look at it it is still bad form. /\*/





Who's inconsiderate?

\*\*\*\*\*

\* DON D'AMASSA \* OK, I will try  
 \*\*\*\*\* again. It appears  
 that I failed to make my point clear  
 last time in the great "what is sf?"  
 debate of HTT. Essentially, if I  
 am not misrepresenting you, the  
 argument comes down to our respec-  
 tive definitions of SF. I am not  
 about to attempt to resolve that  
 problem. But let us take your  
 example. Assume that I am a fan of  
 westerns. If I were to complain that  
 a novel cannot be a western if it does  
 not have an Indian in it, you would  
 think that I was nuts, or too restric-  
 tive, right? Well, that is how I inter-

pret your position. The three stories that you claim are not sf involve psi powers, other planets, and non-human sentients. I say they are SF, they are properly labelled SF, and whilst you may be perfectly justified in complaining that Dozois has rotten taste (your prerogative as a reader and a reviewer), you are way out of line claiming the collection is not SF. What you are engaging in is a subtle form of doublethink.

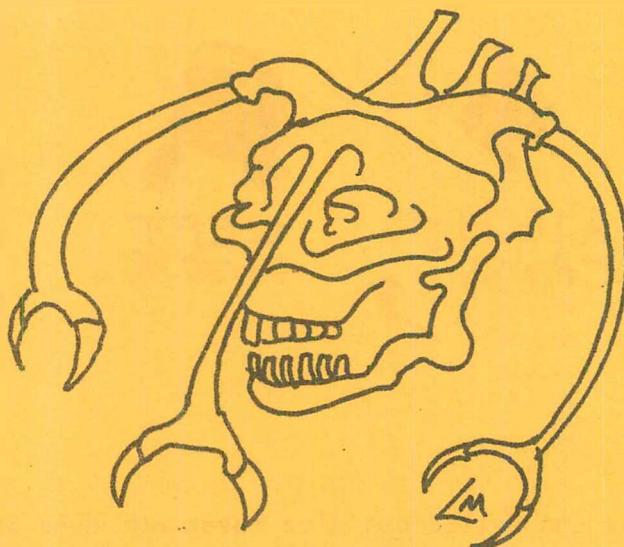
/\*/ Maybe I am misinterpreting what you are saying; however, is it possible that I am demanding more from a story than you are? You say that the three stories that I label as not being Science Fiction are, in fact, Science Fiction because they involve psi powers, other planets, and non-human sentients. To me that is the same as saying that any story that involves a scientist is Science Fiction - and I cannot agree to this. There is a feel (and not just sense of wonder) that these stories do not have; in fact, amongst their other lacks is the vivid, vibrating reality possessed by Science Fiction stories - a reality that can allow a reader to easily imagine himself in the setting of the story. They also lack the breadth and depth of real story telling and they do not really tell us anything about the characters. I just finished re-reading STARDRIFT by John Morressy. (The original title is NAIL DOWN THE STARS.) Whilst by no means a masterpiece, this story of almost non-stop action manages to profoundly interest the reader in the problems of the protagonist, to create the protagonist as a fully-fleshed person, to fully create and make real at least a half-dozen different alien environments, and to carry us through the lifespan of the protagonist from the age of ten to somewhere into his early old age - and all in 184 pages. I dare say that not one the writers of the stories mentioned in the above paragraph has the story telling ability to match this minor tour-de-force by a writer of whom I have never before heard. /\*/

I found myself in very close agreement with Joseph Nicholas, who summarised the situation in a much more thorough fashion. Indeed, although I had always accepted the fact that, in general, British and American SF were dissimilar, I had never realised how much so until his comment that no American author could have written A DREAM OF WESSEX. I thought about it and the names that came to mind were D.G. Compton, J.G. Ballard, Richard Cowper, Ian Watson, John Christopher, etc. All British. The closest I could come to in America was Michael Coney, who is Canadian anyway, and I am not sure that he is a close enough fit in any case.

Darrell Schweitzer's comments on fantasy (presumably to include supernatural) are particularly appropriate, since it appears that you do not read it. In my opinion, (and keep in mind that I have for years been averse to nearly all straight fantasy and horror fiction) most of the really exciting writing being done in the genre is in those two branches in recent years, not in SF. Frankly, if your comments to Darrell really



mean that you consider as inappropriate for "intellectually mature people" such works as THE SHINING, THE WORM OUROBOROS, THE PRINCESS BRIDE, and the works of such writers as Sarban and Cabell, then there really is no point in even continuing this discussion.



/\*/ A stylistic quirk of mine is written/verbal overkill. Sometimes I use it for humorous effect, sometimes I use it to over-emphasise my true beliefs. ~~It doesn't~~ Obviously an "intellectually mature person" can get something out of reading the books that you mention. Maybe it is a matter of personal feeling in the matter, though: the John Morrissey book that I mentioned on the previous page is, to me, a far better "epic quest" story than any fantasy ever written (except for the real old masters like Homer). Yah - we have different tastes in fiction; however, you saying that this means that there is no point in continuing our discussion is a little bit of overkill on your part. Despite the fact that this issue of HTT will probably be the largest one yet I know that there will not be enough space in it to cover all of the ramifications of the tangential arguments of this topic; however, given the fact that I expect that this topic will be an important one in HTT for at least several more issues I have no doubt that further light (and great big gobs of delicious heat) will be forthcoming. Stay with us. /\*/

\*\*\*\*\*

\* KEITH WILLIAMS \* Lon Atkins Guide was excellent. It is nice to be able to give a set of rules to out-of-towners. It is obvious that the vehicle code is right in line with Darwin's theories, once more proving that survival of the ~~fittest~~ fittest.

Paul Skelton's article was delightful. I have already arranged to have him rescued from the home. It is a shame that his nurse misinterpreted him, so I am also trying to get 25¢ of bagels and locs sent to your shop.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* SETH GOLDBERG \* Great cover by Bob Lee. I am also glad to see that you were able to keep the solid black area in your repro. \* Lon Atkin's article was excellent (also glad to see material from APAs other than ones I am in), the best in the issue.

I am inclined to agree with Joseph Nicholas' assessment of your "review" of Dozois' edited "Best of the Year". Personally I liked the Dozois collection. In any case it was more readable than, say, the average Niven-Pournelle novel in my opinion. If I wanted to get extremely pedantic I could easily claim that the Niven-Pournelle books have unrealistic descriptions of science and scientists (not scientific accuracy which is another thing altogether and which they are OK at); whilst, for example, Greg Benford's superb TIMESCAPE does not.

/\*/ Remind me to take up most of the space in my next LASFAPazine excoriating you for your rotten taste - and your absurd belief that descriptions of scientists are more important than scientific accuracy. /\*/



RIGHT  
CROSS



LEFT  
HOOK

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* BRUCE TOWNLEY \* Thanks a heap for HTT 79.  
\*\*\*\*\* S'funny though, I thought

I was the one what caused the gafiation of Stephen H. Dorneman of WESTENSCHAUNG fame. See, he requested a drawing that he could use as a cover and since he published a fnz that was not only already enjoyable but apparently rapidly improving I happily complied. Needless to say this was enough to clamp down the old gafia on Stephen H.

Dorneman although I must say that I am glad to say that I had no less than Skel's help (thoought he'd gafiated too, hmmm). But, get this, he may've ~~to~~pled the mighty likes of

Glyer and Kettle but I've taken out none other than Terry Hughes well known Arlingtonian Recluse and now gafiate thanks to me. Sure enough Terry asked for some illustrations for a Gary Deindorfer arkle and maybe could I write something myself, hmmm? I hastily complied and nobody's heard a word from old Terry since.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* JOHN HERTZ \* Harness's wisecracks about the Devonian Regency were famous. I mean, \*\*\*\*\* they were wonderful. You did not tell your readers that Devonian is one of APA-L's may long-time running gags, like the 73rd Chorp Dimension (see RUNE 61, p. 28, for a reference to ChorpSPACE) - but it hardly mattered.

// Many are the running gags/jokes/humourous things in APA-L - a weekly madness that I drop into and out of every once in a while. (The problem is - when I decide to contribute for a while I get upset at how incompetantly it is run and I feel constrained to take it over to put it to rights, which action eventually gets me out of the mood for contributing to it.) Anyway, APA-L's 800 plus disties contain the stuff of fannish legends - except that most of it is known only to the contributors who were present at the time. For example: even though I have been in and out of APA-L from #522 through #820 I have never before run into Harness's Devonian Regency stuff until recently - I had no idea that he had run them there before. I am aware of some of the more famous things from APA-L (such as the many covers by Kirk and Barr, contributions by Niven, Pournelle (Pournelle's contribution to a Round Hobbin), Ellison, Gerrold etc. - but I just do not have the time to read the complete run in the APA-L room at the LASFS. At least I have the knowledge that I have contributed my share to the legend: velcro covered chopsticks and the Alphabetical New Years nonsense were mine. To say nothing of my four page Road Thingie cover and the time when Allan Rothstein and I traded colophons on our zines and confused the troops for many disties. \*sigh\* I could reminisce for pages. One of your major contributions to APA-L has been a constant stream of steady high quality writing. //

I have stopped hurting my head wondering what is so fannish about the English Regency. When my re-creations of the dances of the aristocracy during this period were such a hit amongst Georgette Meyer fans at the first Meyercon in 1975, I had not expected it, but I was not exactly puzzled. Then the Friends of the English Regency was born and the dances began to take on aspects of a craze. I started to hear reports of Regency dancing at Worldcons and regionals. The Noreascon II questionnaire reported that lots of people - a couple hundred? - thought it would not be a Worldcon without Regency dancing. The 1980 Windycon committee sought me out, though I have been nearly invisible to Chicago fandom what with going to law school, and asked me to teach Regency dancing for them,



and despite the usual room changes and sign-disappearances eighty people showed up for the dance session. Now I do not care whether it is fannish or not. I like to dance, so why should not other people like to dance? Anything fans do together is fanac.

I think fantasy may be harder to write than what you would call Science Fiction, just as Science Fiction is probably harder to write than "mainstream". The writer of fantasy takes more upon himself, and he has to do more to carry the load. The more a writer departs from what his readers conceive to be reality, the more he has to create a convincing reality himself. Even God has his hands full with such a task. I remember the reality machine in FORBIDDEN PLANET. You put on the helmet, or whatever it was, and whatever you thought up the machine would bring into existence. The Uninstructed Visitor Breaking In On All This - I forget the details of the plot - tried to use the machine to think up some sheep. The sheep appeared. But they obviously were not alive. They did not walk around sheepling the way sheep should. What was wrong? Someone cut open one of the sheep and found it full of vague cottony fluff. Fluff filling a sheep body was exactly what the Visitor had thought up - that was the idea of sheep he had put into the machine. A prototypical rendition of "garbage in, garbage out."

To make me happy, fiction writing has to look natural on its own terms. I am perfectly willing to set aside my terms if the author can show me his and make me believe in them. But this is a hell of a job. Mainstream fiction only has to create people. Science Fiction has to create people and technology, and their interaction. Fantasy has to create people and maybe technology and the underlying fabric of reality. Often it is not done well. My beef with the fantasy I have disliked is that nothing seemed to hold it together except the author's prejudices. I do not grudge authors their prejudices, but I read essays as well as fiction and if the author is only going to recite at me I can follow him more easily in an essay. In fiction I expect him not just to argue his prejudices to me but to show me why they are right. If an author takes on the job of fantasy more power to him. But he has much more to do.



\*\*\*\*\*

\* BARBARA TENNISON \* Honestly, I know it is bad form to say so, but I really did enjoy  
 \*\*\*\*\* Not An Article by Skelton. It is not only funny, it explains what happens to some of those names I keep hearing and never see. People have been so happy to explain how to get into fandom, they do not always get around to saying that some people eventually want to get out, and the subject of gaffiation is hedged about with the silence of a taboo stronger than the one about not angering the gods of Polynesian volcanos. No one is ever seen gaffiating - but not seeing someone for long enough means the person has \*fnord\* \*gasp\* gaffiated.

/\*/ A poem by Barbara appears at the top of the next page. /\*/

Last night I saw upon the stair  
A little fan who was not there.  
Today I had to wait and wait  
And now I fear he's gaffed.

Odd how a negative occurrence is so much harder to perceive than a positive one. Or not odd.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* ROY TACKETT \* In HTT #9 you wonder how to control the hordes of media oriented idiots,  
\*\*\*\*\* groupies, trendies, whatever which now infest the SF field, overrun conventions, and generally make themselves obnoxious.

Quit catering to them.

Eliminate from conventions such things as continuous movies and all movie and television oriented programming. Pass the word to the hucksters that they may sell books and magazines but movie posters and television t-shirts are out. Limit costume show entries to costumes based on books/magazines and make sure movie novelisations are not included.

If there is nothing to attract them, the media freaks should fade away.

But it will not be done. It will not be done because SF conventions these days involve lots of money and the media freaks bring it in wheelbarrows.

The other solution is to stay away from the big conventions - let them go their own way and attend small conferences where the primary emphasis is on written stf.

/\*/ Roy, I am certain that the loccers are going to have plenty to say about your suggestions so I will let them have first crack at them (which is not to say that I am not in agreement with most of what you have written). But I would like to give you my reasons for attending large conventions. Firstly, LOSCONS and Los Angeles area WESTERCONS (the only fannish local/regional cons) are large cons. Secondly, I feel that I have more of a chance to meet the fanzine fans who are of interest to me in large cons than in small cons. There are a lot of people out there whom I want to meet and there will be fewer of them at a small con than at a large con. This is why I saved up my meagre funds to attend IGGY (the only out-of-area con which I have ever attended) and why I am presently squeezing my pennies so that I can attend DENVENTION. /\*/

\*\*\*\*\*

\* HARRY BOSE \* Your reactionary pose is amusing. Have Darrell Schweitzer and Joseph Nicholas been taken in, or are they playing along? I am not sure. I used to think Schweitzer was an idiot, because I read his reviews when I subscribed to SFR, but I have revised my opinion after reading his contributions to HTT. But this Nicholas - is he for real?

/\*/ No, Harry, I am not a reactionary (nor do I have a reactionary pose). Neither am I a conservative of any stripe. I am, though, a traditionalist in many matters - when said tradition is a tradition of excellence and is not stultifying in any way. In many things I am a liberal - by almost anybody's non-prejudicial definition of that word. /\*/





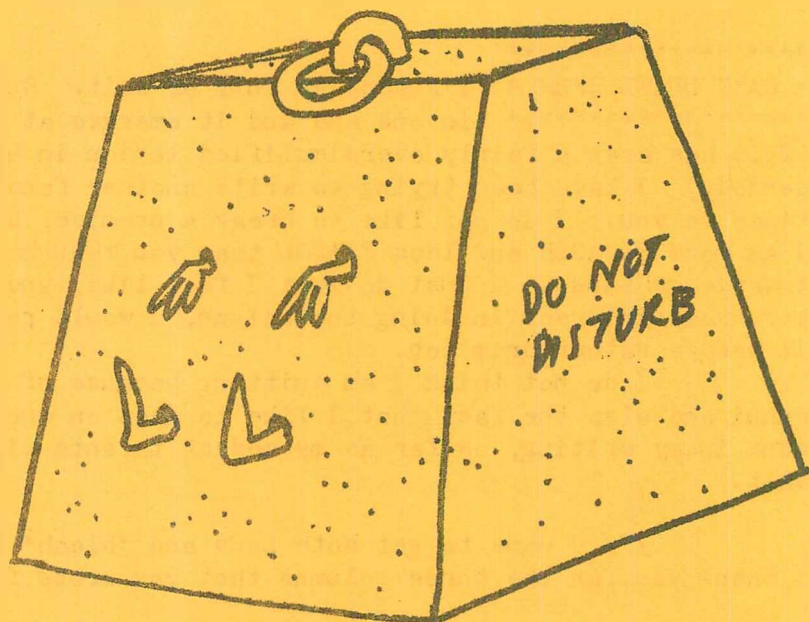
\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* MARY LONG \* I was interested in your  
 \*\*\*\*\* mention of an "English"  
 pipe mixture (no, I do not smoke  
 pipes). This suggests that different  
 countries' people smoke different  
 types (or flavours) of tobacco. Is  
 this so?

/\*/ Whilst it is true  
 that certain types of tobaccos  
 are generally considered the  
 tobacco of choice by pipe smokers  
 of certain countries it is really  
 more the case of certain companies  
 specialising in tobaccos of cer-  
 tain flavour areas (and companies  
 specialising in the same flavour  
 area of tobacco production being  
 located in the same country) being  
 due to historical circumstances.

A clear example of this is the typical Dutch  
 cigar. At one time Holland controlled what is now known  
 as Indonesia. Much fine cigar tobacco is grown on the islands of Sumatra and Java, so  
 many Dutch cigar factories grew up making cigars out of leaf from these islands - and cigars  
 with this blending being distinctively different in flavour and aroma from any other cigars,  
 these cigars became known as "Dutch" cigars. The tax structure of any country always  
 tending to make local manufacture cheaper than foreign products lead, in this case, to  
 Dutch cigar smokers to smoking much of their local companies product. For similar reasons  
 companies in other countries tend to specialise in tobaccos similar to tobaccos produced  
 by other companies in the same country. (This is an oversimplification, but it is more  
 true than not.) Most Danish tobaccos are in the Virginia-Burley flavour area. Tobacco  
 manufacturers in England specialise in tobacco in two distinctly different flavour areas:  
 Virginia and English Mixture (of which the Scottish Mixture is a sub-group). The Virginia  
 flavour area is rather straightforward, usually a blending of a variety of Virginia to-  
 baccos (although, often, an admixture of Rhodesian tobacco is used - Rhodesian tobacco  
 is quite similar to Virginia). As an aside it must be pointed out that Rhodesian tobacco  
 does not come from Rhodesia (only cigarette tobacco is grown there). What is known as  
 Rhodesian tobacco comes from the modern state of Malawi (which used to be known as Nyasa-  
 land, part of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland). English Mixtures are always  
 composed of Latakia and Virginia tobaccos, usually Turkish tobacco of one or another sort,  
 and Perique tobacco (from Louisiana). And that is probably more than you wanted to know  
 about this topic. I do tend to get wound up about a subject that is within my profession-  
 al sphere of competence. /\*/

What was Sherlock Holmes' mixture? A nice topic for a monograph, especially as  
 he was always deducing things from other folks' pipe or cigar or whatever type of ashes  
 that they left.

/\*/ As I want to end this comment on this page I will keep this response short.  
 I do not remember if it is ever stated in the canon just what the name of any of the to-  
 baccos that he smoked was. Although it is stated that he purchased tobacco from certain  
 named shops. Whatever, Holmes smoked shag (cigarette tobacco) in his pipes -- and he is  
 portrayed as having ROTTEN pipe smoking technique. There are many misconceptions about  
 Holmes' pipe smoking (as an example, not only did Holmes NEVER smoke a calabash pipe, the  
 calabash pipe is never even mentioned once in the canon)! /\*/



\*\*\*\*\*

\* GARY DEINDORFER \* I guess I am full of shit. But are not we all? We shove the food in  
\*\*\*\*\* in one end and it emerges at the other end as brown smelly stuff.  
(This has been a fairly oversimplified lesson in human physiology, or even physiology, period.) I have been trying to write another fanzine review column, as promised too many times to you. I do not like to break a promise, but my interest is not in it. See, I am more FIJAGDH and less FIAMOL than you thought. I have a very lackadaisical attitude towards my fanac. I just do what I feel like, and often not even that. Since I have no more real interest in doing the column, I would rather drop it than keep going on as though it were a rather grim job.

I do not think I am quitting because of criticism. It is more a combination of ennui and also the fact that I like to keep on questing, striving, discovering new horizons in my writing, as far as my modest talents will let me. (Take that with a grain of salt.)

/\*/ I hope to get both LoCs and \*bleah\* artwork from you in the future. And I thank you for the three columns that you wrote for HTT. /\*/

\*\*\*\*\*

\* BRUCE D. ARTHURS \* Received HTT #9 today, the one with my article in it. (Remember?)  
\*\*\*\*\* Ouch! That is the problem with writing something about people in sfdom that mentions where they live; I have found since writing that article that of the writers I listed as living in the western US, Joan Vinge and John Shirley and I think one or two others have moved East.

To add insult to humiliation, on page 20 you reveal that HTT #9 is actually your "All boring" issue. To make matters even worse, on page 28 begins an article by Joseph Nicholas, proving that it really is your All Boring" issue!

I do find Nicholas' writings pretty boring. "Brittish is better than American, Brittish is better than American"; ghod, what a provincialist bore!

I find that sort of statement like saying that Minn-3tf is better than LASFS; each is really composed of assorted groups of individuals with their own assets and faults, and each should be judged on their own merits and demerits. Same with individual writers. I have liked a lot of the Moorcock I have read, but Ballard is bloody awful. Jerry Pournelle's fiction puts me to sleep, but I think James Hogan is one of the

OH WOW MAN, I'M SORRY.  
IT'S MY FIRST  
CON, YOU KNOW...





neatest things since sliced bread. What side of Joseph's battlelines does this put me on?

Enjoyed more of the art and cartoons than usual, although I am surprised that none of the people who call Darrell Schweitzer a brain damage case cite his \*ahem\* artwork as the conclusive proof.

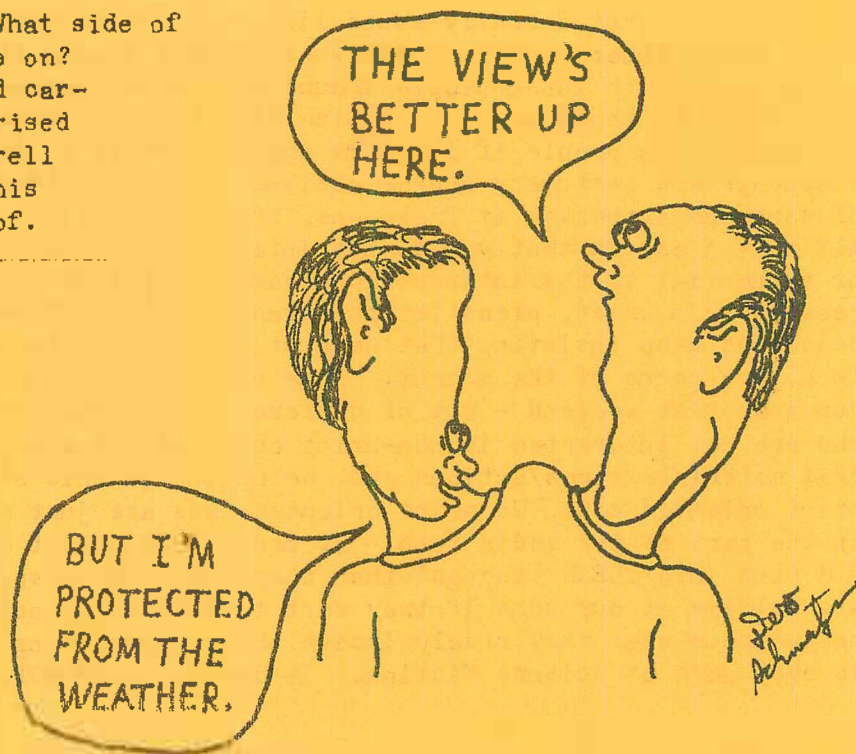
\*\*\*\*\*

\* DEBRA MEECE \* The letter by  
\*\*\*\*\* Stephen Fox and  
your subsequent viewpoint in HTT #9  
caused me to experience many emotions: rage and anger to name just two. Rage at what I perceive to be snobbery on the part of you and other members (with similar thoughts) of the SF world. And anger at the harm I feel it will do to something near and dear to my heart. But perhaps I am wrong - maybe anger is not the best choice of words -- deep sadness being more like it.

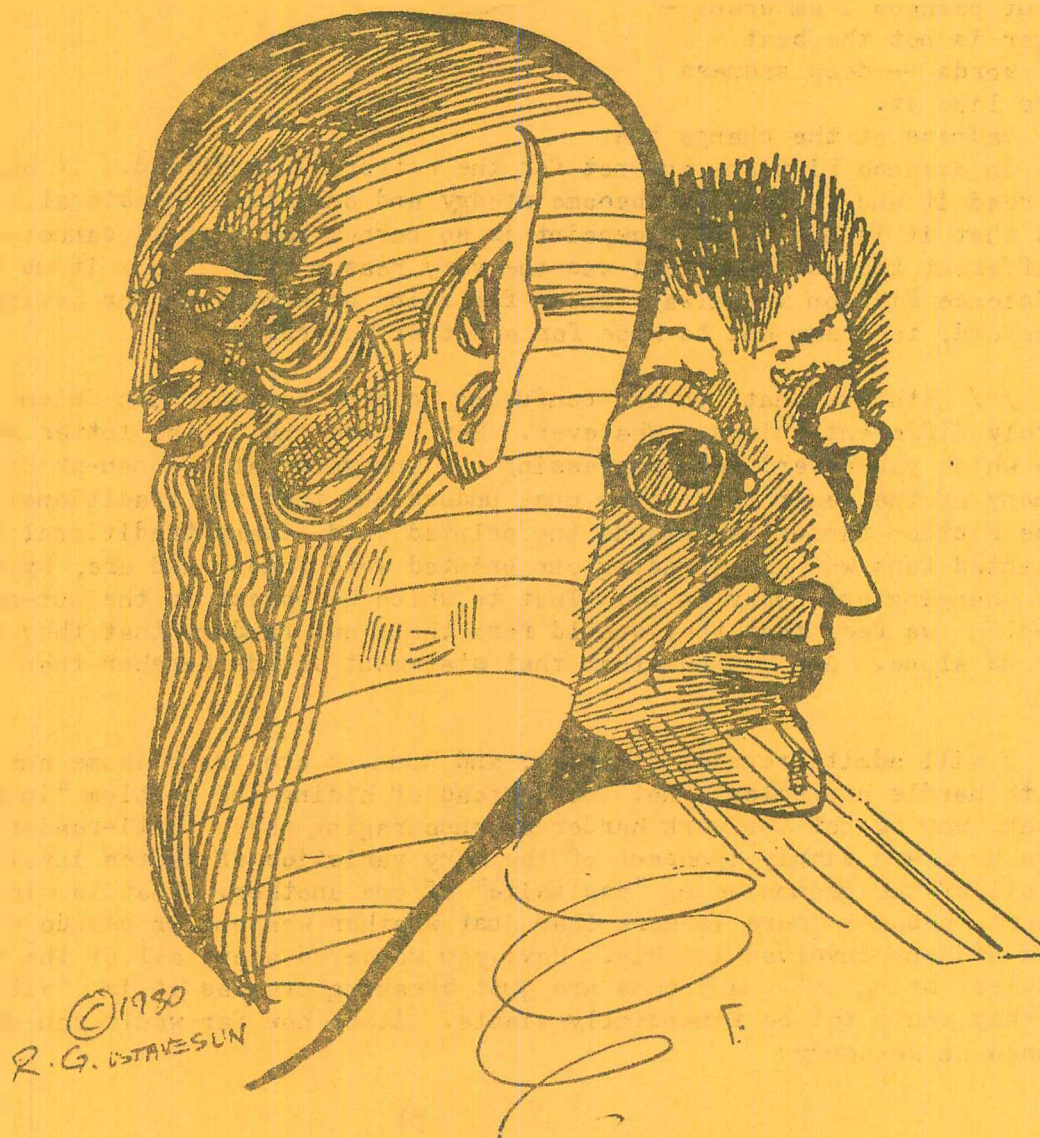
Sadness at the change that I can see in Science Fiction, and not for the better, I am afraid. It has become acceptable to read it and thus it has become stodgy and only two-dimensional. The very things it claims that it is not. Its viewpoint is so narrow now that it cannot accept someone else's different tastes. And that was the very reason that I took it up in the first place! Science Fiction was always known for being broadminded, for having the courage to look beyond, to dream and to hope for a better tomorrow.

/\*/ Methinks that you are confusing Science Fiction with Science Fiction fandom - two entirely different things. Whatever. Both Steve and I (the letter and response in HTT #9 to which you refer) were expressing our annoyance at the non-printed word orientation of many of the newer fans. You must understand that the traditional orientation of Science Fiction fandom is towards the printed word - many traditional fans resent the media oriented fans who are invading our printed word fandom and are, by their very presence, changing our hobby on us. That to which we object is the out-of-placeness of these people - we feel that they should form their own fandom, that they should go away and leave us alone. And I know that that statement sounds harsher than I intend it to sound. /\*/

I will admit Trekkis, Starries, and Runners are troublesome and raucous, but is this how to handle a problem? No! So instead of hiding the problem "in the closet" so to speak, why do not you work harder at encouraging these "anti-readers"? Perhaps they, like you, are simply ignorant of the many varieties of tastes involved in SF. You spoke of all of the groups being "exclusive" of one another. That is simply rhetoric on your part, because there is more than just whether weapons or pseudo-weapons should be allowed at cons involved in this. Have you wondered about all of the revenue these "undesirables" bring in? Many cons are just breaking even as it is. With your policies enforced they would not be financially viable. Also, how far would you go in excluding people based on weaponry?



/\*/ What I really would like to do is to encourage people to compartmentalise their hobby interests (to a somewhat greater degree than most do now) so that interests at variance with those people around with whom they are at any given moment are not bothersome to those people. (Which is not to say that one cannot talk about these other interests with people if it seems appropriate to do so - just do not inflict them with inappropriate costumery and/or actions.) Do your traditional "thing" at traditional SF cons, be a trekkie at Trek-cons, bring your stamps to stamp get-togethers, etc. All that I ask is that you do not inflict your other interests that are at odds with or tangential to the interests of those who are at traditional SF cons for traditional reasons. In brief, pleas let the traditional print oriented fan enjoy his own cons in peace and stop insisting that he must put up with those interests that are not central to his concerns of the moment. Some print oriented fans may be interested in the comixcon next weekend - out of deference to those print oriented fans at a given con who are not interested in non-print oriented (or whatever) items he should not insist that materials/items/actions etc. belonging in this other con be intruded into the print oriented con. We print oriented fans are just asking for some common courtesy on the part of the media fans - if media fans insist on being obstreperous and turning OUR cons into THEIR "things" than they should be prepared to be dumped upon. Media fans are welcome at our cons if they want to join us in our pleasures - they are decidedly not welcome when they rudely insist that their "thing" be part of our cons; in fact, is even part of Science Fiction. It decidedly IS NOT. /\*/





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\* I ALSO HEARD FROM \* Robert J. Whitaker; Bob  
\*\*\*\*\* Lee (who writes that  
someone ought to do an article on the British-  
produced BENNY HILL SHOW as it is so putridly  
hilarious that it would fit HTT perfectly);  
Tom Dunn; Jeanne Mealy (who was quite appre-  
ciative of many of the articles - "aaaaghhh,  
retch, double over, pound temple with wet fish,  
gag, etc."); R Laurraine Tutihasi (who accused  
me of contributing to the corruption of the  
English language by using "armamentarium" in-  
stead of "armoury"); Anne Laurie Logan (who  
came up with a logical reason why it should be  
illegal to offer a bird a cigarette - and also  
some gratuitous nastiness about smokers (she pro-  
bably knows not that ye editor is a long-time  
retail tobacconist and advocate of smokers'  
rights)); Alan Prince Winston (who thinks that  
he has to take issue with Darrell Schweitzer's  
conclusion that Chinese food is inherently  
fannish because fans feel guilty as a result of  
Science Fiction being unable to adequately deal  
with the subject - this having meant that sex was  
fannish until about 1964, and not since); Steven  
Fox (who not only wrote that he enjoyed the art in  
#9 (especially the Hanke-Woods and the Alexander stuff)  
but also mentioned that he is a black person who also  
tells his share of lynch jokes (but is careful of the  
situations in which he tells them) - he will be happy to know  
that I have a nice crop of "black" jokes with which I will  
assault your tender sensibilities next issue); and Suzi Stefl,  
Famous Mother (who must like doing that a lot because she just did it again - and she  
reports that both she and her new son are doing fine).



## Natter

As of this typing it looks like it is financially feasible for me to attend DENVENTION II. Baring, of course, any sort of emergencies which would require that I dip into the funds that would otherwise go towards this vacation. So. So this. I would like to meet you, the readers of and contributors to HTT. To that end I have decided that I will hold a party whilst in Denver. (I have reservations at the Denver Marina - check at the hotel desk for my room number.) However, a "normal" party certainly would not be fitting. Knowing me, it certainly would not be. Therefore. It will be a jelly bean party. I have been bringing these jelly beans to various fan functions for a while - they are the kind of jelly beans that President Reagan has made famous. Anyway, we can have fun picking out the various flavours (such as Watermelon, Peanut Butter, Sour Green Apple, Strawberry Daquiri - over thirty flavours are currently available and I will provide several pounds of these flavourful confections. The party will be on Thursday evening, starting at 8:00 (or maybe earlier). Now all that I have to do is to convince myself that I can get onto one of those flying contraptions.

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# mini editorial - closing natter

I opened this zine with some thoughts about the Best Fanzine Hugo - this last typed page will also include some words about that subject.

Like, for instance, the fact that the nominees on this year's final ballot include one (count it, one) fanzine and four semi-prozines. Naturally I am voting for FILE 770 (the one fanzine nominated) - and I will probably vote No Award for the rest. One thing that I Will Not Do is to go to the ceremony and boo the other nominees in this category - it is not their fault that they should be placed into a different category yet to be created. I do not know what else that I shall do.

And it has come to me (from a very reliable source) that the Denver Concom has perpetrated a cretinism above and beyond the bounds of fuggheadedness. This action of theirs, if true, rates them being drummed out of fandom. To wit: they have, as a matter of policy, refused to count the nominating ballots sent in by clubs. I disremember the specious reason given for this.

It is probably true that it is archaic for clubs to support Worldcons by buying supporting memberships in said Cons - certainly, clubs are not going to take up space at these cons except as their individual members buy memberships and attend on their own. Aside from the egoboo of supporting the Worldcon, the only things that clubs get from their memberships are the PR's and the Hugo nominating and final ballots that they get to vote. And now the Denver Concom has taken away the ballots.

The LASFS, upon hearing of this, voted UNANIMOUSLY to request/demand a return/rebate of their membership. I recommend that all clubs that have purchased memberships in DENVENTION to take the same action. It is too bad that the convention cannot be taken away from that Concom.

Despite the above contretemps I still intend to attend DENVENTION (finances willing). I have volunteered to help run the Fanzine Room - I do hope to meet many of you there (I will probably be spending much time in that room).

There is one final item that I want to cover at this time, and that is a notice that increased costs are going to force me cut my print run. I do not want to cut the size of HTT, neither do I want to reduce the periodicity of HTT to less than it now is (thrice yearly). So down comes the print run. Postage costs have just gone up, and the Post Office is insisting that they will have to raise postage again, and soon.

So what this means is that those who trade with me had better get something to me at least once each year. (If you produce a zine at more than yearly intervals than send me a postcard, give me a telephone call, or DO SOMETHING.) Send written contributions. Loccers should not expect me to keep sending them zines without a LoC coming my way every once in a while. I am sorry to be so negative in this - the point of this plaint is that, if I cannot afford this hobby of mine, I want (at least) to have the communication that makes it worth while. As a Very Last Resort one can always obtain copies by buying them - but I still prefer contributions of articles and LoCs.

So I will close this issue by saying that the next issue will be out either just before DENVENTION or (most likely) in September or October. I would like contributors to get their work to me by sometime in early July. Please.

\*\*\*\*\*  
From "LOSCON 1980 Quote Sheet" pubbed in LASFAPA #55 (contributed by Allan Beatty):  
"It has been said that one cannot be mindfucked unless one's mind spreads its legs."  
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Yhou<sup>#</sup>

