

HOLIER

THAN THOU!

WHAT EVER
YOU DO MARION
DONT LOOK
AT IT!!

HOLY
ELECTRO-
STENCIL!

AAAAA

AAAAA

PROP... MARTY CANTOR
IF LOST PLEASE
RETURN TO ME ...
SMOKE'S DON SOME
WHERE IN GLENDALE!
CALIFORNIA DAT 13!!

15

Handwritten signature

ANTI-FAN
NEEDS
YOU!

AUSTRALIA
IN 1985

FOR THE
WORLD
SCIENCE FICTION
CONVENTION
IN MELBOURNE....
(1985)

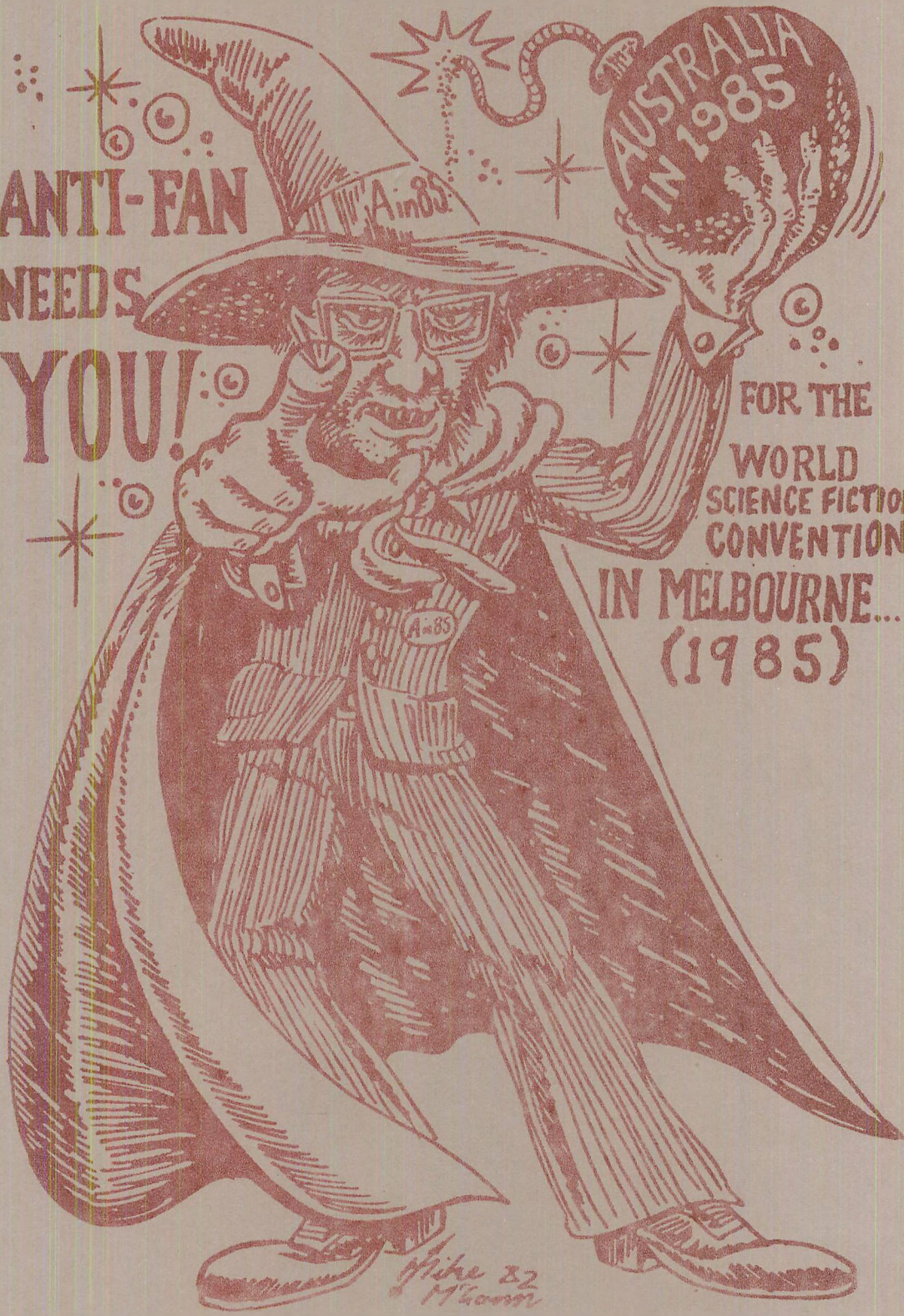
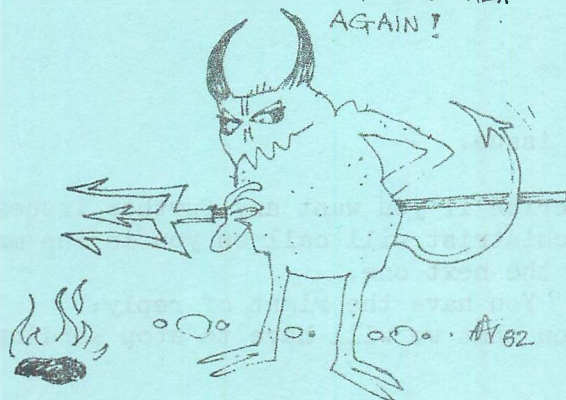


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HOT SHIT!
MARTY CANTOR'S
BEEN EATING TEX-MEX
AGAIN!



16. We Also Heard From
17. Addresses
18. Inside bacover
19. Bacover

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ARTISTS

Mike Mitchrone: Cover
Jane Taubman: 5
Mary Bohdanowitz: 8
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Ray Capella: 15
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*This fanzine supports: Alexis Gilliland for DUFF in '83
Jack R. Herman for DUFF in '84
Marty Cantor for DUFF in '85*

Melbourne in '85

And probably somebody in the next TAFF race as soon as he/she/it announces.

This fanzine would also like to congratulate Avedon Carol in her TAFF win.

WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS:

☒ We trade. ?? *Thanks for FANHISTORICA.*

☐ Would you like to trade?

☐ You locced/contributed.

☐ Again.

☐ Your contribution is being held for a further issue.

☐ You subscribe.

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

☐ You purchased this copy. Thank you. Our psychiatrist will call on you in the morning.

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

☐ Your fanzine has been reviewed in this issue. You have the right of reply.

☐ It has been so long since I have heard from you that we will have to stop sending HTT to you if you do not Do Something soon.

☐ Editorial whim/wher.

☐ Fill in the line of your choice.

☐ This fanzine might be of interest to you.

☐ I love you. We love you. Take your choice of the previous.

☐ You sent S*N*O*W.

☐ You are a Froo.

☐ You are a Canadian, but you know that American Cultural Imperialism is not real anyway.

☐ You are British and you have a paranoid fear of American Cultural Imperialism.

☐ You are from the Nineteenth Century and you wonder what in hell we are talking about.

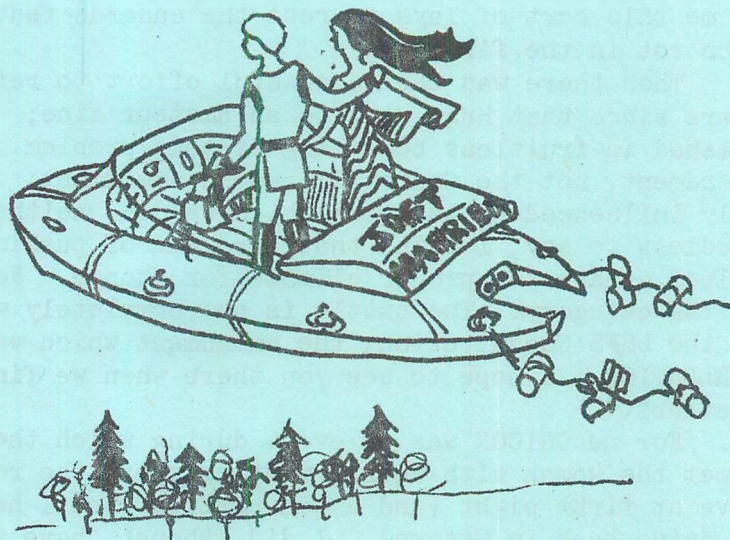
☐ You are a black Rhodesian and you damned well know who is responsible for Cultural Imperialism.

*Remember: to continue receiving HTT you must Do Something at least ONCE a year.
(Arthur Hlavaty is allowed to do it TWICE.)*

holier than thou

75

Edited and Published by Marty and
Robbie Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave.
#1, North Hollywood, CA 91601,
U.S.A. Tel. (213)YU LACK 1.
(Please see first editorial thisish
about the whys and wherefores of
directing zines to the above address
instead of to The Smokers' Den as
previously.)



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CHANGES

BY

marty cantor

Those of you who read colophons will note some changes in this colophon, changes reflecting two aspects of my personal life.

The first change (like the other) reflects something which has not yet completely occurred. Before this issue is completely typed I will know for certain whether or not a change proposed by my boss has come to pass. If my boss' plans eventuate (and they should become solidified by the end of 1982), I will be working elsewhere (fewer hours of work per week and more money for me are some of the good points of his plans). There will be more on this in the Closing Natter section of this issue. In the meantime I request all of those who are sending me zines and other items at The Smokers' Den to please redirect them to my home address. Unless, that is, I give another address in the Closing Natter section.

Then there is the second change, a rather momentous change betokening new things for both HTT and myself. Let me explain.

This change started (or happened) at CHICON. Many things of note occurred at Worldcon this year. The fanzine lounge was phenomenally successful, both in the number of zines sold at the sales tables (\$1075 worth) and the good vibes amongst those visiting the lounge.

To me this sort of lays to rest the canards that fanzine fandom is dead, not that I believed such rot in the first place.

Then there was the successful effort to reform the Fanzine Hugo. It has been too many years since that Hugo went to an amateur zine; much ink has been used and many teeth gnashed in fruitless bewailing of this problem. The proposal which passed was the Russell amendment, not the Cantor/Glicksohn amendment; however, as the Russell amendment was heavily influenced by the work which we did, neither Mike nor I am unhappy with the result. Needless to say, I think that our year of pushing for this change (or a or *any* change) helped create the proper climate for change. Fans showed up and voted on an improvement in the category. The battle is not completely won, though; according to the rules set up in the WSFS Constitution, the amendment which was passed at CHICON must be ratified at CON-STELLATION. I hope to see you there when we finalise giving back the Fanzine Hugo to the amateurs.

For me CHICON was an event during which there occurred a momentous change in my life - I met the woman with whom I want to spend the rest of my life. It was a case of mutual love at first sight (and a sad parting when I had to emplane for Los Angeles and Robbie had to drive back to Ottawa). I did, though, have some money left over after the con - I sent it to her so that she could visit me in North Hollywood.

Which she did (thereby cutting short the telephone calls which would have otherwise caused several telephone companies to declare that the recession was over). Robbie arrived in Los Angeles on September 23 - the next day I asked her to marry me and she said yes. Barring any last minute foolishness on the part of the Quebec judge who is supposed to finalise her divorce from her first husband, we will be married on Sunday, January 30.

In the meantime, though, Robbie has become co-editor of HTT. The major change which will become immediately apparent will be the lack of typos in most of the zine (though not in the LoC Ness Monster which I will continue to type).

Robbie's sense of humour is quite congruent to mine; since moving to North Hollywood she has read all of my file copies of HTT -(and she did not even retch *once*).

We will leave it to the reader to discover whatever other delightful changes *may* occur within these pages.

--- Marty Cantor

ENTRANT DE LA NEIGE

BY

robbie cantor

In HTT 14, Marty made some remarks about Sixth Fandom, which generated a lot of comment. Some people have agreed with Marty that some fans out there judge everything by Sixth Fandom standards. Others, notably those who tend to be associated with Sixth Fandom, disagree, demanding that Marty produce proof of what he said. Well, a little later in this issue you can see Marty's response.

But, this has presented me with a number of ideas of my own. I have been reading a lot of zines lately which make much reference to Sixth Fandom and various Sixth Fandom fans. There is no attempt by the writers to eulogise either the period or the people, nor to place either upon a pedestal. But, the mentions of this period of fandom far outweigh mentions of other eras. And most of the mentions are favourable ones.

All of this could be construed as an effort to influence the fans of today. But it is most likely not a conscious effort. If a fan came out of a particular era, he is likely to think fondly of it. That is quite natural. If the people he admires "come" from that era, he is going to speak about them in his zine. All without realising the appearance this gives any particular issue of his zine to those who are not of the era in question.

I have not seen anything that indicates that these editors or writers think Sixth Fandom is the ultimate expression of fandom, nor that it is the standard all others must adhere to. But, I am willing to bet that there are those people who feel that this is what has been said. Misconstruing something you have heard or read is commonplace. In fact, there is a game based on this very human habit. One person constructs a message which is whispered to another, who whispers it to the person next to them and so on around the room. The end message rarely resembles the original.

A similar problem may be said to afflict fandom. One person reads an article. He tells a friend what he *thinks* he read, the friend tells another. By the time the original writer of the article hears about it again, it is highly unlikely it will be anything like what he *wrote*, much less intended. And he blows up at the person telling him what his article was about. I know the problem exists, because someone did it to me once. And *he* only had it second-hand.

There really is not any solution to this. Fans are human, too. And *just* as prone to making errors. The only difference, perhaps, is that fans are generally better-equipped to spread their errors far and wide, to the extent that no one can be sure *whose* error it actually is. It becomes a widespread belief in no time flat, and there is no longer any way to find out who started it, or even what article set it off. Somewhat like the story of some fans accidentally cutting down a chandelier during a sword fight at a con. What con? When? Both pieces of information change each time I hear the story - so far I have been told it happened at *five* different cons!

I am inclined to believe that Sixth Fandom has suffered a similar fate. Suddenly, there are hoardes of people who believe that there is too much idolisation of Sixth Fandom. Certainly, there are those who look back at the era with fondness, but, for the rest, well, it has probably been totally blown out of proportion.

And I do not intend to get too involved. I know next to nothing about Sixth Fandom or the people associated with it. I have always preferred not to prejudice myself on an issue by getting involved before I have the facts available to me. But, there sure is a hell of a lot being said about Sixth Fandom and Sixth Fandom fans in most of the North American zines coming into this place.

--- Robbie Cantor





the law and order handbook

chapter 2

CAPITALISING ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

BY

richard weinstock

// THE LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK is currently being serialised in Elayne Weschler's INSIDE JOKE and is being reprinted by permission of both Elayne Weschler and the author. IJ is a semi-fannish publication with a great deal that is off-beat (the address is 418 East Third Avenue, Roselle, NJ 07203). We are reprinting TLOH here because it is just the kind of material in which HTT specialises, and because the overlap in readership 'twixt HTT and IJ is slight.*

Richard has withdrawn Chapter One at this time as he wants to rewrite it. Rather than delaying the serialisation of TLOH in HTT until Chapter One is rewritten, we are starting with Chapter Two, and will pub Chapter One when Richard completes work on it.

We hope that you will enjoy this gloriously putrid material as much as we did.//*

Capital punishment is coming back into vogue and it's about time! For years now, Americans have been debating the question of whether or not the death penalty is a deterrent to crime. Actually, the fact of the matter is that capital punishment is as American as apple pie. Arguments that it failed to deter capital offenses, amounted to cruel and unusual punishment, and was meted out to the poor and minorities to a much greater extent

than to whites, had little to do with the demise of it in the late sixties. The truth is that capital punishment ceased to be a viable institution because it had become unprofitable.

Consider the following events: In the seventies a fellow named Gary Gilmore commits a string of murders in Utah in holdups for small change. The authorities decide that the time is ripe to determine if there will be renewed acceptance of this presently defunct enterprise we call capital punishment. The convicted man refuses to aid in his own defense publicly proclaiming that he would rather "die like a man". National attention becomes focused on the drama of the State judicial bureaucracy versus the pioneering individual bent on defying the system. Without any effort at all, Gilmore sells the rights to his exclusive life story - what made him a murderer - for millions of dollars. His estate benefits, his lawyer benefits, anybody close to the event with any business sense cashes in.

Thus capital punishment is making a come-back, not because of esoteric arguments about its effectiveness as a deterrent or retributor, but because you cannot stop progress. With new, improved techniques and proper marketing, capital punishment could easily become a growth industry, and growth is synonymous with progress in the U.S.A. In America, the bottom line is the bottom line.

Revisions In Laws and Procedures Necessary To Encourage a Profitable Death Penalty

Many changes are necessary if capital punishment is to succeed in this competitive world of criminal penalties. To start with, the equipment of the trade will have to be deregulated, and laws amended. It is doubtful that any electric chair would meet the standards of the federal Consumer Products Safety Act. Gas chambers fall considerably below federal air quality standards. Gallows do not meet current building and safety requirements.

A profitable death penalty will also require innovation on the part of the professions. For example, the nation's auditors will have to come up with a system of "capital punishment cost accounting" if it is to be successful. Life insurance executives will have to tackle the sticky issue of coverage when selling life insurance to prospective buyers who may be executed.

A More, Or Less, Humane Death Penalty

The issue of whether the "new wave" of death penalties should feature more, or less, merciful equipment than in former times is a threshold question before any major decisions can be made about retooling the industry.

The death penalty was invented in the bronze age by tribal groups of human beings who survived through a hunting-and-gathering type of economy. When things didn't go very well, they found that they could feel better simply by killing one of their number. This was called "human sacrifice", and deities were invented to blame for the calamities. Later, modern religions designed the concept of "individual responsibility", in which specific members of any group could be held accountable for their actions. Rather than blaming the Gods, people could now be deprecated for such divergent conduct as murder, masturbation, mayhem, manslaughter, and malingering (the 5 "Ms"), as well as other offensive conduct. It was soon discovered that killing the humans who committed some or all of these offenses not only stopped the conduct at the place of its occurrence, but made people feel better. This became known as "capital punishment" and thus human sacrifices were rendered obsolete.

In the earliest form of death penalty, human sacrifice, little regard was paid to the feelings of the subject. As people became more civilised, however, many began to realise that the worse the condemned individual felt, the better they felt, and thus early capital punishment took the form of the rack, crucifixion, stoning, boiling in oil, and the like. With the advance of technology, public focus switched from the feelings of the condemned, to the complexity of the equipment - electric chairs, gas chambers, and guillotines are of this genre. Also, because people began to see the need for humane treatment in administering the *coup de grâce* to others, painless methods of execution such as mentioned above came into vogue. Time has taught us, however, that humane treatment of criminals is of little value in the penal system. Few convicts and no executionees have ever been rehabilitated by it.

Accordingly, modern methods of execution will probably not be painless. Rather than

focusing on the feelings of the condemned, it seems likely that the sufferance of the electorate will be the major consideration. Here, initiatives could be used to determine the appropriate demise of each terminal inmate. Also, the electric chair will be a thing of the past for economic reasons. No decent American wants to see some Arab Sheik get fatter every time the switch is thrown. But what would replace it? This will probably result in a debate as to whether a solar chair should be invented, or the condemned man should simply be nuked.

Relocating Death Row

If capital punishment is to become the great, modern, profitable enterprise that it is capable of becoming, current plants must be relocated. Places like San Quentin are too sombre and lack adequate tourist facilities. An example of the kind of thinking needed here by prison officials is the case of Alcatraz. For years Alcatraz was a loser, draining the federal treasury. Then, in an unusual bit of creative thinking, it was closed down as a prison and turned into a tourist attraction. Alcatraz is an island just a few miles from San Francisco and easily accessible by passenger ferry. Result: Alcatraz has grossed millions for the past few years and this performance is expected to continue indefinitely. What this shows is that death rows need to be located in more upbeat locations. Subdued, but not sombre, should be the guiding principle.

Media-Packaged Executions

Now for the profit-making opportunities capital punishment has to offer; the most obvious area for this is the media. Television coverage of executions could gross hundreds of millions of dollars depending upon whether it was local, regional, national, or international coverage. Liquor store robber-murderers would naturally draw the least coverage. However, sponsorship of executions of local interest would not be difficult. Used car dealers and discount clothiers usually prefer advertising to a home town crowd. On the other side of this are international attractions such as presidential assassins and terrorists which international conglomerates with huge advertising budgets, such as IBM and Exxon, would be happy to cover.

Another consideration here relates to what format televised executions will take. A strong possibility here is that it will follow the example of space launchings with count-downs beginning months away. Another possibility would be David Frost type interviews with the condemned man, his family, the victim's family, members of the jury who convicted him, and the public execution team, concluding on some patriotic or religious note.

In any case, television coverage would heighten on the day and hour of the execution. The details of the "final moments" must be carefully considered. Black and white stripes for prisoners are definitely out due to the advent of colour t.v. Also, there is a need to lengthen the occasion. Currently, the hour arrives and there is just a short walk to the gallows, chair or whatever. Just a few minutes and it's all over. Television producers will readily agree that the final moments portion of the coverage should be at least a half hour and preferably longer. But, what to do? Perhaps the answer to this is "warm ups" such as electrocuting or gassing a few frogs or cats for starters. Prolonging the expiration process might also work. For example, where a firing squad is used, its members might go for the ears first, and then perhaps try for a few fingers. Of course, after the grand finale, instant replay is available to capture the intricacies of the condemned man's dying movements for additional reflection.

There are many competing attractions on television all vying for the viewer's attention, such as baseball, football and basketball. In order to maximise the viewing audience, it will be necessary to establish an execution season which will coincide with the off-season or times of low interest in the above events.

Last Meal Caterers

Traditionally, the death row inmate receives a special last meal, and, because of its importance, it should be simple for the creative entrepreneur to turn the occasion into a lucrative business. In the past this meal was prepared by the prison cook at the request of the condemned, but because of contemporary prison economics, it can be shown that it is more efficient to have it done by outside contractors. Moreover, enterprising firms will likely find it in their interest to purchase franchises in order to cater the last meal, because they operate on greater profit margins.

An initial decision in purchasing a franchise will be the age-old question of quality versus cost effectiveness. In other words, should the last meal simply be a Big Mac, fries and a Coke, or something fancier catered by the Holiday Inn? Also, what if the condemned man wants something that is not on the menu? On the one hand the caterer could easily convince prison officials as well as the public that the convict is hardly entitled to his choice of a last meal. To allow it would be the epitome of lenience, and what about the victim's poor family barely surviving on hamburger helper and bouillon cubes? But one must be careful here. Prisoners have been known to throw hunger strikes, and there would be nothing as bad for a last meal caterer's business as a hunger strike by death row inmates. Yet tighter prison budgets and the need on the part of the business for higher profit margins suggests that both the prisoner's wishes and expensive last meals will have to give way to lower cost, higher volume last meal fast foods operations. To pull this off, effective marketing and packaging will be necessary to convince the inmate that he is getting a nutritionally balanced last meal. This poses no special problems inasmuch as fast food advertisers have had no trouble convincing the public that their fare is food for the last several decades. And the last meal fast food operator is at a distinct advantage compared to his street corner brethren. The death row inmate will not have to digest the meal after eating it.

Medical Transplant Concessions

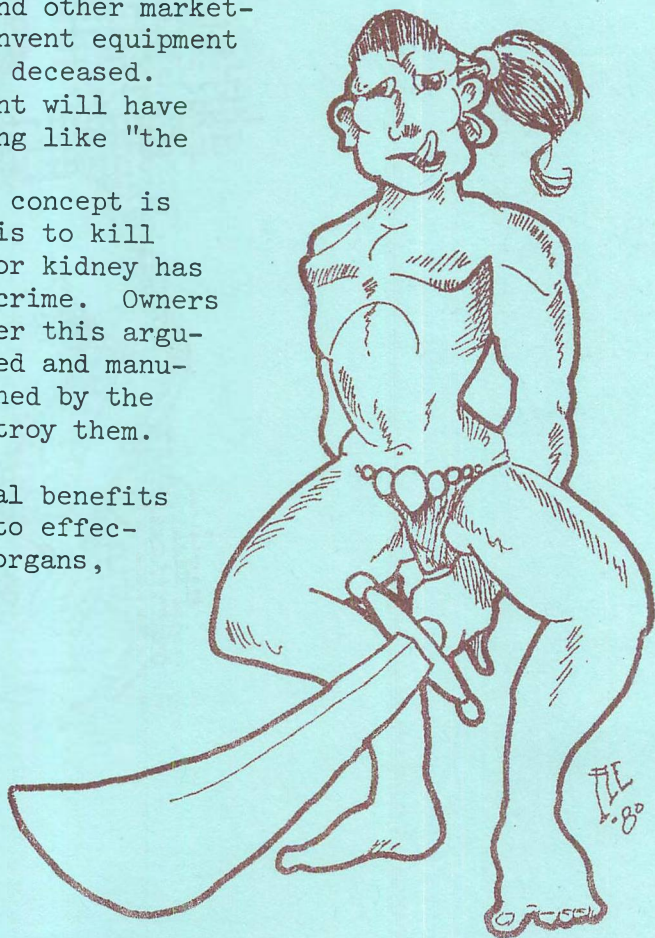
Death row inmates are not worth much while they are alive, but when they are dead they can be quite valuable. Human organs for medical transplants such as eyes, kidneys, pancreas and hearts are worth small fortunes to people with clunkers. The list of what is transplantable is growing every year, and pretty soon we will see almost everything from tongues to testicles on the market. Everyone from the inmate's estate to the State and the business community can make money in this burgeoning industry. Concessions can be set up in which traders buy these vital and useful organs of the executionee from the appropriate parties, and sell them to hospitals for transplants.

Execution methods will have to be modified to accomplish this. Electric chairs and firing squads zap the heart and other marketable organs. Perhaps the best thing here is to invent equipment that renders the executionee comatose rather than deceased. However, if this is done the name of the punishment will have to be changed from "the death penalty" to something like "the vegetation penalty".

There are those who will say that this whole concept is wrong, because the purpose of capital punishment is to kill the transgressor, and as long as his heart, eye, or kidney has survived, he has not paid the full price for his crime. Owners of vital organ concessions can successfully counter this argument by pointing out that these organs were created and manufactured by God. Just because they came to be owned by the wrong people doesn't give anyone the right to destroy them.

The Ire-ish Sweepstakes

The State will, of course, gain some financial benefits from the sale of various right it has, essential to effective media coverage, and in the prisoner's vital organs, but this is not where its most profitable venture lies. In any given State there are virtually hundreds of thousands of people dying to kill someone, but afraid to because of what the State might do about it. They are, therefore, very jealous and angry at the condemned man who has done something which they perceive as having been long denied them in the interest of preserving a civilised society. On the other hand, prison officials claim they

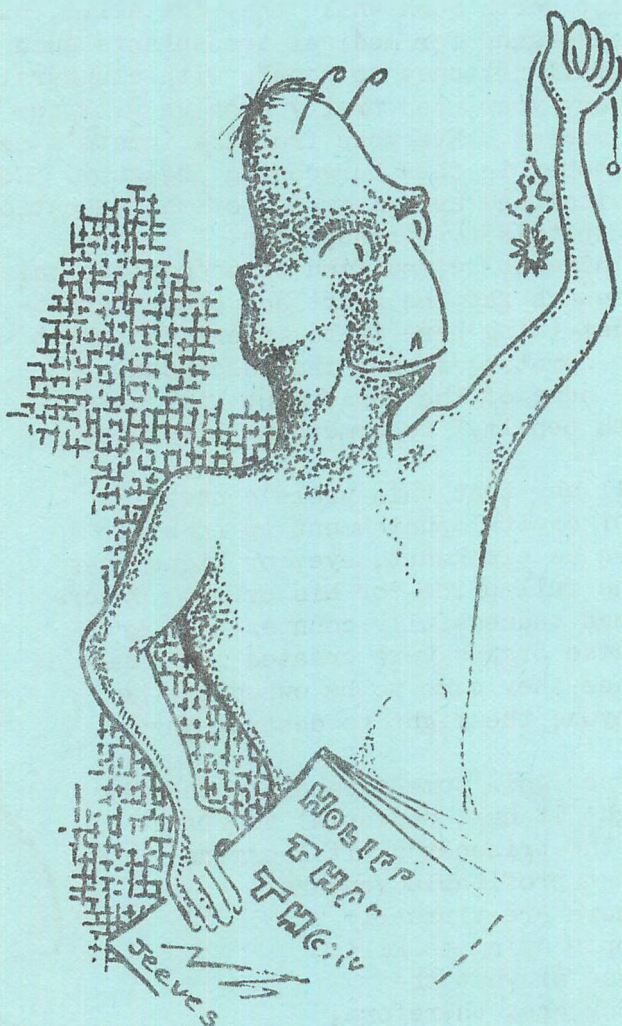


don't like performing executions, and often demand extra pay for it. What better way to earn and, therefore, save tax dollars than by having a giant lottery in which some lucky, but enraged, law-abiding citizen will win the privilege of pulling the trigger, tripping the switch or dropping the pellets? An alternate approach would be to auction off this favour to the highest bidder. In any event, a State lottery or auction of this nature could convert a capital crime and the events which follow it from a series of dreary episodes to a drama with a happy and profitable climax.

Profits To The People

The capital punishment industry promises to be a good business well into the future. Sociologists predict that violent crimes, including murder, will increase indefinitely into the future for various reasons, while law and order politicians are sure to expand the use of the death penalty. The important question for members of the enterprising public is whether to stand idly by while people contrive to kill each other, or whether to make a profit on it.

--- Richard Weinstock





ANY TIME NOW THE
BALLOON WILL GO UP!

HARLAN

IS

FIVE

BY

jeffty

/*/ This is reprinted from APA-L #888. /*/

When I was five years old there was a little kid I played with: Harlan. His real name was Haroun Al-Raschid, and everybody who played with him called him Harlan. We were five years old together, and we had good times playing together.

When I was that age, I was sent away to my aunt's place in Scottsdale, Arizona, where I learned that a cactus is not the same as a Clark Bar or a Louisville slugger. Also, that my Crayolas melted somewhere around Tonopah, and that my colouring book had been used as the cat's litter box.

I came back when I was fourteen. Harlan was still five. I gave him my melted Crayolas. We would go to the movies and I would wish this was 1973 so that I could sneak down to see *Deep Throat*. Instead, we saw a bunch of dumb movies along with insipid serials like *The Shadow* or *Dick Tracy* or *Flash Gordon*.

At twenty-two I came home for keeps. After a few years of trouble with the law, and a bad conduct discharge from the army, I wanted to do something honest, like running the local porn theatre, except that this was 1968, and *Deep Throat* still hadn't been filmed.

What can I say? Harlan was still five, and still had a squeaking, soprano voice. What I mean is that even with the built-up heels, his height was still a shade under three feet. I envied the fact that he didn't have to shave. I didn't envy the fact that he had to be in bed by seven o'clock. I thought it was ridiculous, since we were both twenty-two, but he didn't want to see *Deep Throat*, either.

Oh, that's right, it still hadn't been filmed.

I found him one day in his secret hiding place that he had under the porch. I felt silly at age twenty-two, crawling into his secret place. It stunk. I think he peed back there, too.

"What do you have?" I asked.

He held something in his hands. It looked like one of the old pulps. I could see that it was in good shape, the colours still bright on the cover, and the familiar ragged edges of the pages.

Harlan smiled and showed it to me.

"Where did you get it?"

"At the corner drugstore." The corner drugstore had been razed for a parking lot fifteen years before.

I grabbed the zine from him. It was THRILLING WONDER STORIES, July, 1968. Inside was an original story by Henry Kuttner I had never read before. The first sentence was something about ghosts in a Martian department store.

I took the magazine and showed it to Harlan's parents.

"That kid," they chorused. "Always getting those dumb magazines."

"Don't you understand," I said. "There hasn't been a copy of THRILLING WONDER STORIES printed since the early 1950's."

"So what? We use them for the cat's litter box, anyway."

There was a hoarse scream, and Harlan appeared in the room. "You mean to say you've been keeping me in this time warp so that you can use my precious zines for cat litter?"

He was foaming at the mouth, and as I watched, he grew to a normal height (well, five feet is almost normal).

Harlan gave his "father" a quick kick in the groin and his "mother" a swift karate chop. The two alien beings (well, what did you expect?) turned into what appeared to be giant Arabian Desert cockroaches (I told you his name was Haroun Al'Raschid) and skittered out the door into the balmy summer night.

Harlan turned to me and said, "Come on, Jeffty, let's go."

He swaggered out the door and I followed.

"Gee, Harlan, whattayawanna do tonight?"

"I dunno. Let's go see *Deep Throat*."

"It hasn't been filmed yet."

"Oh, yeah, I keep forgetting."

Harlan and I have hung around, more or less, ever since. I watch his 13 cassettes of *Deep Throat*, *Flesh Gordon*, *Satin Suite*, et cetera...

Except he keeps bringing over THRILLING WONDER STORIES, too. Let's see. Yeah, the latest ish is May, 1982. There's an original Med Ship story by Murray Leinster, a guest editorial by John W. Campbell, and a fan letter from Harlan.

It's not too bad.

But the fanzines...ohmigod.

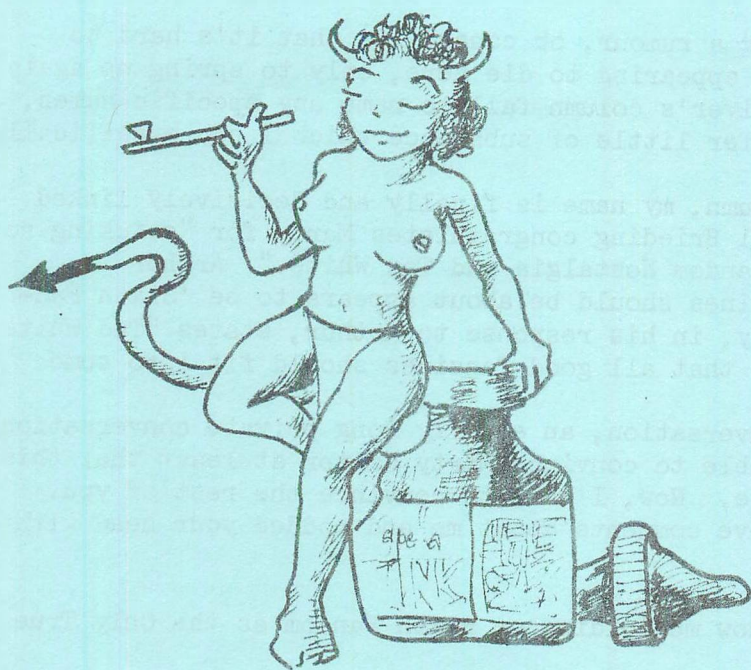
They're stacking up the walls, heaps, piles, crashed, leaning, toppling. The landlord keeps threatening me with eviction. Harlan can't keep them in his secret place under the porch. Will someone take them...please?

--- Jeffty



MY REFUGE FROM
THE WORLD USED
TO BE GOD.

NOW IT'S CABLE-TV.



SIXTH FANDOM: NOL- PROSSED

BY

ted white

// Upon request Ted has rewritten
part of his LoC on #14 into an article.
This article is in response to my lead*

*editorial in #14 and is fully as important as that editorial. I urge all of you who read
my editorial to read this article. Then read my response to this piece, said response
immediately following what Ted wrote.*

When HOLIER THAN THOU #14 arrived, I sat down and read it immediately because Marty had forewarned me that he intended to editorialise on the subject of Sixth Fandom and what Brian Earl Brown calls "Sixth Fandom Fandom". What I discovered was that The Perfidy of Sixth Fandom Fans was a theme which all but dominated the issue, appearing not only in Marty's first editorial, but in Mike Glycer's column and in several of the letters in the letter column. I was fascinated. It was almost like reading Joseph Nicholas on the subject of Things American.

My immediate problem when dealing with the attacks on "some fans" who "blindly worship at the altar of Sixth Fandom", is that of pinning down just exactly who, specifically, is being referred to. It is my suspicion that, in many cases, my name is lurking in the minds of those who give voice to these complaints, but since I do not recognise myself in most of the descriptions given, I am left uncertain about whether, in fact, I am under fire and, if so, whether any response is justified beyond some sort of "that's not me".

The original draft of this piece was a letter of comment on HTT #14; Marty asked me to re-draft it as an article. In the course of my original letter, I took issue with a number of the things Marty had editorialised about. In response, Marty says, "#15 will have a recanting of much" of his editorial in #14. "I have no recipe for crow - but I will eat it anyway (raw, if I must)." That being the case, there is hardly any point in my belabouring Marty here with some of the things I said in my letter. On the other hand, Marty's editorial reflected a viewpoint which is far from unique or even isolated among fans: it has found ready expression from fans as diverse as Martin Morse Wooster and Brian Earl Brown. Marty admits that he absorbed this viewpoint "probably more like osmosis or listening to and believing rumours and gossip". I doubt that he was alone in this, and for this reason I feel that, although my letter accomplished its primary purpose, there is still a need for an article which says something more than "that's not me".

One of the basic problems in confronting a rumour, or canard, is that it's hard to grasp: it eludes rationality like a wraith, appearing to die here, only to spring up again over there. Because Marty's editorial and Glycer's column fail to name any specific names, their condemnations are of straw men, and offer little of substance which I can specifically rebut.

But once we get to HTT #14's letter column, my name is finally and decisively linked with the Nameless Sixth Fandom Scourge. Bill Brieding congratulates Marty for "sticking so thoroughly to your guns in regard to Sixth Fandom Nostalgia and Ted White." Arthur D. Hlavaty states "Ted White's answer to what zines should be about appears to be 'Sixth Fandom' - a limited answer, at best." And Marty, in his response to Arthur, states "Ted White is incorrect in his seeming desire to insist that all good fanzines should fit into some sort of Sixth Fandom mold."

Well, in the course of a long phone conversation, an equally long private conversation at Chicon, and my letter on HTT #14, I was able to convince Marty Cantor at least that this stuff about me is garbage - complete nonsense. Now, I have to convince the rest of you.

If you're one of those who read the above comments about me and nodded your head with approval, I have a challenge for you:

Prove it.

Find the things I have written which show me holding up Sixth Fandom as the Only True Model.

I don't believe you can do it.

Marty couldn't. He could not cite chapter and verse for his statement that today, "thirty years later, fans (exist) who vociferously insist on comparing *all* current fanwriting and fanzines to the best of the same in Sixth Fandom". Why? Because there are no such fans.

The best Marty could point to is an instance of someone else - like Brian Earl Brown - voicing the same complaint, equally without the fortification of specific quotes. This strikes me as a good example of how people can run about spreading gossip and rumours among themselves until they've all gotten themselves worked up with some sort of self-feeding hysteria on the subject. By now there is a body of fans who actually believe - wholly without proof - that there exists a movement in fandom, perhaps headed by myself, which devotes itself to knocking all contemporary fanzines and extolling the virtues of Fabled Sixth Fandom. These fans believe this bilge because they keep hearing about it - from each other.

I think fans who believe and promulgate this kind of nonsense - Brian Earl Brown in particular - are victims of Joseph's Disease: they've scanned hastily from predetermined biases and gleaned, at best, vague *impressions* which have subsequently hardened their minds into factoids which are treated as if they were real facts.

I've about lost patience with Brian Earl Brown - who sees in a negative review of NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION by Teresa Nielsen Hayden in IZZARD

"a good example of Sixth Fandomism" although, in fact, the review said nothing about Sixth Fandom and was written by a current-generation fan. Brown has a genius for failing to comprehend what he reads - and I do not think it coincidental that he is to be found at the centre of this Sixth Fandom Fandom thing. Brown is all wind and all wrong.

In point of fact, I thought Marty's editorial



on Golden Ages was a solid one - indeed, the best he has written for HTT. His points on past Golden Ages and how differently they are remembered were good ones and ones I cannot argue with. Indeed, they support my position, because they apply very much to Sixth Fandom as I knew it.

People like Bergeron and me *lived through* Sixth Fandom. We, more than anyone (much more!), are aware of just how heterogeneous fandom then was, of what awful crudzines were produced then, etc. We recall the feuds and personality conflicts of the time: Russell K. Watkins' Crusade To Clean Up Fandom; the distain of the Ed Woods for fannish fandom (Wood threw away his copies of HYPHEN unopened, he bragged later) and the sercon vs. fannish split; the consternation over the suddenly growing size of the Worldcons; and so much more. There was every bit as much *texture* to fandom then as there is now. Sturgeon's Law was *coined* during Sixth Fandom, and surely applied to Sixth Fandom as much as to any fandom before of since. We - Bergeron and I (and I presume to speak for Dick in this respect because we've discussed the point) - feel no Golden Nostalgia for Sixth Fandom. Rather, we regard it as part of our (fannish) lives, part of the total fabric of fandom.

We do not see fandom as a series of unconnected eras, each populated by its own "generation", and none communicating with any of the others. We do not see ourselves as obsolete, members of a Dead Fandom, no longer allowed to speak or act in This Fandom. We see ourselves as *fans*, purely and simply, who have been active in fandom for a period of thirty years or more. We are aware of the bonds which connect us to *our* fancestors, some of whom, like Tucker and Widner (to name only two), still Walk Among Us. And we have readily become friends with fans of subsequent generations in the sixties, seventies and eighties, operating on the assumption that *we're all fans here*.

In PONG #28, responding in a letter to Taral, Bergeron put it succinctly: "I have no interest in going home: I'm going *ahead* and I want to see fandom going in the same direction. I've spelled all this out in other places: notably in the WASH and in earlier issues of PONG. But going ahead involves *knowing where we've been* else we commit the same foolish mistakes all over again."

In my experience, fanzine fandom has ebbed and flowed, waxed and waned, a number of times in a number of ways over the years. The very best fanzines rarely lasted very long - usually between one year (VEGA) and five years, but with a variety of exceptions (HYPHEN lasted more than ten years, for example). The labelling of any specific period as a particular era is always chancy (see my column in BOONFARK #6), usually reflecting the viewpoint of the surviving historian and simplifying the diverse activities, fanzines and people who actually participated in that era.

It seems natural to me to refer to the past highlights of fandom as the milestones I think they are when I discuss a point to which they are relevant. Certainly no other branch of literature or history would attempt to avoid all references to everything not entirely contemporary to the immediate moment. In discussing s.f. one refers to as much of the modern history as appropriate without blinking twice. No one says, "Oh, stop it with these comparisons to Phil Dick or Robert Heinlein or whomever; as far as I'm concerned if you're not talking exclusively about Barry Longyear you're not Up To Date."

But, in any case, I personally reject the label of "Sixth Fandom Fan". As I've said elsewhere, my own fanac was awkwardly adolescent (as I was myself) in the fifties; I am far prouder of my fanac in the sixties (for which I won an early Fan Writer Hugo), and I think it has matured further ("mellowed out", others might say) in the seventies and eighties.

On the other hand, as Marty himself notes, there were some "magnificent" things done in Sixth Fandom. It didn't stop there, of course: there were equally magnificent writers and zines in the sixties. My impression is that it fell off in the seventies, and I do not feel much of "magnificence" is being done now.

Why? Largely I think because of the ubiquitousness of the apas in the seventies. Apas have been around fandom since 1937, but while FAPA was originally intended to include all fanzines being published (making them all available from a single source), it quickly became the place where you published a "FAPazine", a distinct kind of fanzine. The essence of its distinction (which, I might point out for the benefit of Martin Morse Wooster and

"fanhistorians" of his ilk, has no parallel among the mundane apas upon which FAPA was loosely modeled) can be summed up in two words: "mailing comments". Through the evolution of mailing comments (resisted by some) FAPA developed into a unique multi-level conversation which had its own fascination.

Since then, apas in fandom have developed. SAPS (1947) was looser, more gabby and inconsequential than FAPA despite sometimes overlapping personnel. The Cult (1954) started with higher aims but after getting its growing pains under control (it was the first frequent, originally bi-weekly then tri-weekly, apa), it fell into a quarrelsome mode which discouraged it from aiming higher than the publication of conversational letters. Virtually every private/secret apa since the first, APA-X/APEX (1962), has been a mutually intimate correspondence.

By now few apas exist for any purpose except the exchange of inane blather between members. Many have hosted sometimes interesting discussions on a wide variety of topics, and some apa members have tried to introduce structure and coherency to at least their own contributions, but rarely with much success because there is so little incentive. Feedback is rarely critical, hardly more often appreciative in a meaningful way, and usually simply conversational. This has caused an evening-out among fans. *Anyone* can apahack. No talent beyond that for using the English language in some approximation of correctness is called for. Like the supposed Me Generation of the seventies, apafans of the seventies Expressed Their Feelings, giving vent to opinions on virtually any and all topics, but without much sense that one opinion had greater weight to it than another.

My point is this: In most previous eras of fandom (not Sixth Fandom alone), fans when they entered fandom sooner or later encountered a major fanzine or the work of a major fanwriter. Which fanzine or fanwriter was less important than simply the fact that any number of superior examples were accessible. For the neofan this encounter might be daunting - how do you think the 15-year-old Ted White felt when he read Willis? - but at the same time it told him several things. One was that there were peaks of achievement to be aspired to. Another was that high standards existed for those who wanted to test their challenge. And yet another was that while one *could* get by with minimal expenditures of effort (and many did, then as now), any *real* work would be better rewarded in the long run. We had something to try for.

In the last five or ten years this has ceased to be as true. Few fanzines set high standards (ENERGUMEN is probably the best-remembered NorthAm fanzine of the seventies; by sixties standards it would have ranked in the top ten but perhaps not the top five, since fanzines like LIGHTHOUSE, HABAKKUK, WARHOON, PSYCHOTIC, and maybe even ODD were better) and few fanwriters did either.

Whatever else one can say for Hlavaty, for instance (to pick a recent Hugo nominee for Best Fanwriter), one cannot accuse him of much attention to style, elegance of language, tight prose, wit, or any of the other criteria by which fanwriters have been judged: it seems to be solely his choice of *topics* and an earnest, competent prose which has earned him his reputation.

Hlavaty is, in fact, a typical apahack, operating on a somewhat higher level. His writing is totally personal: it relates exclusively to what he has read, done, or thought about, usually described journalistically. Most of his work is diary-like, requiring of him no structure or advance thought. His more formal essays are very poor models indeed of that form, overfreighted with ponderous prose and jejune philosophising. That Hlavaty has achieved the prominence he has says much about fandom's current standards.

So, what then are my standards? I assure you they are not "thirty years old". They are much older. They are the standards first established in English letters in the 18th and 19th centuries, the standards which have applied to many "informal essayists" well into our current century. They apply equally to Gibbs, Thurber, and Benchley (who, in the thirties, wrote much the same sort of thing that Willis, Shaw, White, Harris and Clarke were writing in the fifties). Recently I had the opportunity to read some of G.B. Shaw's music criticism from the 1880's (or thereabouts), and I was struck by two things. One was how lively it was and how little it depended upon its ostensible subject (specific concert performances) for interest. The other was how much it reminded me of Willis's more trenchant

criticisms (of which there were a number; see WARHOON 28), the criticism never coarsened by rudeness but all the more forceful for its (sometimes biting) wit.

None of the best fanwriters in fandom - at any point in its history - has ever resorted to special pleading. None has ever said, "Well, you can't judge my stuff against *mundane* standards. This is for *fandom*." None ever justified his failures by claiming that the standards which they failed were un-fannish. Each in his or her own way has applied to him or herself, whether consciously or unconsciously, standards which have applied throughout the history of our language.

Thus, to me all this talk about people who want to apply "Sixth Fandom standards" to contemporary fandom simply misses the point. I don't want to apply *Sixth Fandom* standards - I want to apply *standards*, period.

In my view of fandom, fandom entered its first maturity in the period centring around 1940-41. I base this not on having been there (I wasn't) but on the fanzines I've read (I have read virtually every FAPA mailing from 1939 to the point in the mid-seventies when I dropped out, and I've read many if not most of the other fanzines of the forties), conversation with people like Bob Tucker, Walt Leibscher, et al, and books like Warner's. The war put the squeeze on mid-forties fandom but by the late forties fandom had rebuilt its Brain Trust, had most of its myth-structure in place (fannish religions like Ghu, Foo and Roscoe being well-established and Tucker Death Hoaxes having replaced the Staple Wars of the thirties) and was ripe for the Insurgent humour (don't take yourselves so seriously!) of Burbee and Laney.

Sixth Fandom was a continuation of all this, a further ripening and maturing, brought about by the sudden conflux of a number of individually, brilliantly talented fans. Most of the best of those fans (as well as the Ghods of Fifth Fandom, Burbee and Laney) were *gafia* (or, worse, dead) by the second half of the fifties, a period of confusion and disarray. *That was my "era"*. My generation *followed* the Big Acts. But we weren't unduly daunted by the lingering shadows of the Insurgents and Irish Fandom; we appreciated what they'd done and we tried to equal their accomplishments in our own ways. Our earliest attempts weren't so great, but with the knowledge of what *could* be done, we were not content to excuse ourselves with the explanation that we simply weren't the Ghods that Willis, Burbee, et al, were and thus couldn't be expected to meet their high standards in our work.

Inevitably, we, too, improved until we were being pointed to by newer, younger fans as the Willises or Burbees of our day. VOID was actually more imitated than HYPHEN or QUANDRY were, you know.

Well, we didn't crawl into a hole in 1960. We didn't say, "Well, that's it, I've done it all, and now it's up to others to try to equal it; I'm finished with fandom." We went right on being fans. We attended cons, put out fanzines, wrote for other fanzines, partied with our friends, and so forth, much as we always had. We never drew a line and said, "Back over there on the other side of that line, that's My Fandom, and this over here is something else."

And it's shit-brained to treat us as if we had.

As far as I'm concerned, most of the mumbling and grumbling about Sixth Fandom Fandom and Sixth Fandom Standards is simply the work of those fans who have such low standards or so little confidence in their ability to meet higher standards that anyone who holds higher standards is seen as a threat. Complacently mucking about in the chitter-chatter banalities of apahacking (whether in apazines or "personalzines"), such fans are brought up short by the realisation that there is *more* to fandom and fanzines than this, and that socialising agreeably in print is the *bottom rung*, the *starting place* in written fanac, not the be-all and end-all of fanning.

Please note that up to now I've said absolutely nothing about *content* in my plea for Higher Standards. Despite Hlavaty's notion that "Ted White's answer to what zines should be about appears to be 'Sixth Fandom'", anyone who has actually *read* one of my fanzines would know better. PONG was primarily concerned with the here-and-now; its one major foray into fanhistory concerned British fandom of the seventies, Ratfandom in particular - a subject which we pursued out of curiosity. GAMBIT is a genzine with a number of recurring topics, but thus far Sixth Fandom has not been one of them. Since Arthur D. has gotten both zines, one can only question the perspicuity with which he read them.

I *do* have my biases, where fanzine content is concerned. I'm not fond of the putridity Marty prizes here, for example. And I am bored with short, simplistic, I-liked-it (or I-didn't-like-it) book reviews which offer no insights of any kind except perhaps into the vapidty of the reviewer. But mostly I look askance at poorly or badly written pieces far more than I criticise their content. I have always felt that "fannish" writing involved the employment of a specific viewpoint (hard to define, but recognisable to most as "fannish") focussed on almost any topic at all. Like s.f., "fannish" writing has few limits on its content. In the hands of a good writer, any topic can yield an enjoyable piece. "Fannish" writing can be light and frivolous, or it can be serious and thoughtful. For every Willis we also had a Redd Boggs.

I am pretty well exhausted with New Wave vs. Old Wave arguments - I don't feel Darrell Schweitzer or Joseph Nicholas has added a jot to arguments which first appeared fifteen (yes!) years ago - but if someone came along with a piece which at once offered fresh insights and lively prose, I would read it with fascination.

On the other hand, clumsy writers, writers who write hastily and without subsequent correction, writers who betray themselves as semi-literate with their misuse of language, or construct their pieces out of logical non-sequiturs, can write about anything badly. When called to task for their failures, they can point to the content of their work as "proof" that they were criticised solely because they "wrote about the wrong thing". Such squawks of self-justification can become confused with legitimate complaints.

But make no mistake: Those who squawk loudest about "Sixth Fandom Fans" trying to dictate the content of their work are usually those who turn out substandard stuff - the crudzine producers. They can and should be ignored.

--- Ted White

mea fuckin' culpa - a retraction

by Marty Cantor

In a LoC to Brian Earl Brown's STICKY QUARTERS #2, Eric Mayer wrote, "...it is hard to prove this bias towards Sixth Fandom. But if the bias does not exist why do so many of us who are newer to Fandom feel its presence?" Very honestly, I am also puzzled by this. The very idea seems to permeate the air at times (to say nothing of various zines). This, though, does not mean that it exists in reality.

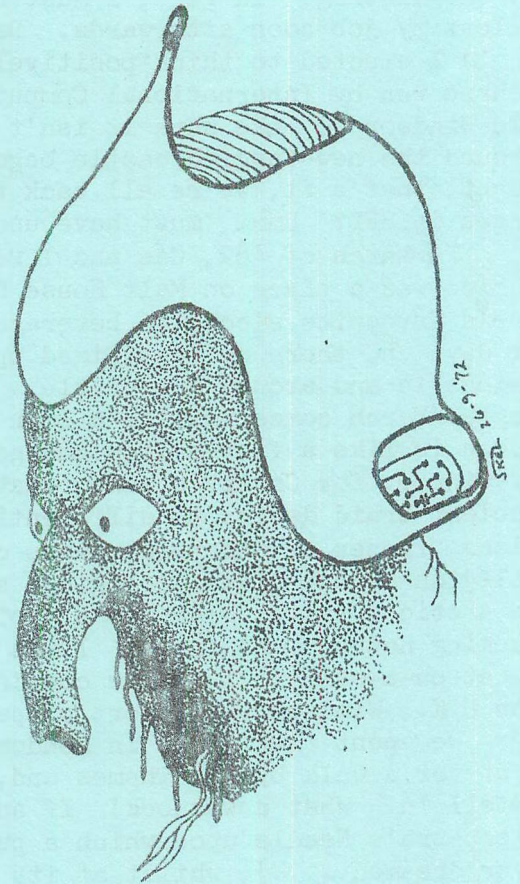
I am not a person who considers himself to be wrong on very many things. This leads to the problem of not having much practice in retractions and apologies and things like that. Somehow, though, I want to make it clear that I was wrong in my editorial on Sixth Fandom Fandom. I will grant that if there are such critters as Sixth Fandom fans that my editorial is smack bang on *in respect to them - and to them only*. However, much reflection, conversation, and reading after I wrote the editorial has convinced me that any Sixth Fandom fans out there are certainly not those who have been at one time or another accused of being same: Ted White, Dan Steffan, Richard Bergeron, the Nielsen Haydens, etc. I cannot find in any of their zines *any specific instance* where they espouse this view. Ted challenges me to point out where he wrote these things - he knows that I cannot do that because he did not write it. This does not mean that there are not people out there who believe that Ted (and the others named) hold the views which I pilloried in my editorial; very honestly, I was one of these people, and I have no idea where they (or I) got that impression. As I said, it seemed to permeate the air.

So let me explicitly apologise to those above-named (and also to any others who may have felt that the editorial was aimed at them) if they felt that I was unjustly dumping on them. I was wrong and I admit it. (Crow is not *too* bad, raw - as long as one does not have to eat it as a steady diet.)

---Marty Cantor

SMALL FRIENDLY ARTICLE

BY
skel



Of course you can tell at a glance that these words are fit, that they are simply bursting with health and exhuberant vitality. Their sleek trimness must be obvious to all. Such firmly-muscled words, bursting from this page with untiring vigour, can't have been seen in the pages of a fanzine in living memory. Should anyone kick sand upon these words they will live to regret it. Yes, these words evince the glow of healthy exercise. These words have been cycling. Well, these words were in my head at the time and the head went cycling. It was the head's decision actually, which is typical because Legs did all the work. Head just went along for the ride, like all Generals do, ignoring the protests from the rank and file. They say that an army marches on its Privates, or something like that. It feels like an army has been marching on my privates, but I put that down to my hard, narrow saddle. Anyway, Head thinks this cycling lark is great fun and is smugly proud of its decisive role in getting all us other parts of the skelbody to our current peak of fitness. Head is so smug in fact that it is now, with the aid of all these fit, healthy little words, going to bore you to tears telling you *all* about it.

First, I suppose I ought to fill in some of the background for those of you who have not read my superb piece in SMALL FRIENDLY DOY 21. Those who have can go and read it again, it's well worth it. Re-read it? Brilliant wasn't it? Was I right or was I right? Sometimes I amaze myself at just how well I write. OK, now whilst you guys are filling in your Hugo ballots, I'll just give everyone else a quick precis and then we can all go along together again.

Last summer I ~~did a stupid thing~~ I decided to take up cycling in an attempt to get back to something approaching fitness. Nothing excessive you understand. Low-key exercise. I dropped dead lucky and picked up a bike that was obviously from the planet Krypton. No wonder Superman can go faster than a speeding bullet if he's got a bike like that. It had so many gears you needed an engineering degree just to look at it and the whole thing was so light you would be convinced that Papa Schimmelhorn had fixed it mit der anti-gravity. Second-hand, you understand, but in such good condition that if they'd put it in a showroom they would have been killed in the crush.....and all this for a veritable pittance. No wonder I've had bad luck all my life. Here I was getting a lifetime's saved-up good luck

at one sitting. In fact, I must have gone a bit overdrawn on my good-luck account because I lost my job soon afterwards. Determined to look on the bright side (I never said I wasn't *quite*) I elected to think positively and got myself on a government-funded Systems-Analysis course run by International Computers Limited at Old Windsor in Berkshire. They call it Old Windsor to make sure it isn't confused with the new town just downriver which sprung up around the new-fangled castle begun by William the Conqueror in the Eleventh Century. Right, that's it, we're all back together again (Thinks: Did that really take over ten pages in SFD? Hmmm, must have used more adjectives that time).

In March of '82, Cas and I went down to Old Windsor to fix up my digs. My first choice was a place on Malt House Close. Whow, how fannish could one get - references to one's favourite alcoholic beverages built into one's address? We'd gone down for a couple of days and there we were fixed up within thirty seconds. So we went and did touristy things in and around the castle. Now in Britain we have this Olde Traditional Folke Saying: "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." What this means is that March comes in like a frozen lion and goes out like a frozen lamb. It's virtually in the middle of winter, for Christ's sake, what do they expect? As an aside, I've never understood this ancient Druid desire to differentiate between frozen lions and frozen lambs, especially as lions, frozen or otherwise, were conspicuous by their absence in ancient Britain. However, religion is not given to logical analysis. Suffice to say that there we were, kitted out in Arctic survival gear for a typical English March....and it was hot. I mean 'HOT'. Fucking hot....and sunny. I was wandering around like a new concept in tacky marketing - sweat-on-a-stick! I became convinced that no matter what the weather was like elsewhere in the U.K., Windsor was a sort of perpetual Shangri-La, a weatherman's Brigadoon.

We spent that night in London at Gerald Lawrence's place and the following morning went for a walk by the Thames and, apparently still overdrawn on my good-luck account..... I fell in. What a wazzock! If any of you have seen some relative's holiday photos of Cleopatra's Needle upon which a pair of socks have been hung to dry (I wonder if Cleopatra ever dreamed.....), whilst at its base some fool grins shame-faced and wet-trousered..... Hi! Remind me *not* to tell you about it sometime.

Anyway, came the day in May and I took my bike down to Old Windsor with me (Yep, it was hot and sunny). Cheap entertainment, that's what it was to provide, plus the good old fitness regimen. I was living on government largesse which meant a packet of peanuts and an apple each day plus the 'free' full english breakfast provided by my landlady as part of my bed and board. At the weekend I was going out on my bike. My beer intake was as near zero as was possible given my boozy nature. Slimming-wise it was the year of the jackpot. Not much beer, not much food and lots(?) of exercise. When I came back home I was the epitome of the lean-and-hungry look. Of course (ahem, ahem), I had to put a couple of new holes in my belt. Upon my return everyone was amazed at the new sylph-like Skel. When Cas first saw me I could feel her eyes linger upon my body and could see, unfortunately, the simple arithmetic going on in their depths: $2+2=4$. Lack of food plus exercise equals loss of weight. There was a time when she would have looked at me, after eight weeks absence, and diets would not have been the first thing on her mind.....but we were younger then and she hadn't yet got her new spectacles.

Dieting basically involves consuming fewer calories than one burns up in day-to-day living. Cas's previous technique had been to consume virtually nothing at all and to hope that breathing and sleeping burned up more. Now she switched to a far more grandiose scheme. Two-frontal weight loss. I told her that I would have preferred 'full-frontal' weight loss but apparently this is too advanced for the likes of me. It would not be good for my blood pressure, she said. Cycling was a much better idea all round.

"Speak for yourself," I said. Now was the time to stand firm. Weight-loss through sex or weight-loss through exercise? That was the question. She bought a bike. Unfortunately I'm not very good at standing firm.

"That," said Cas, "is why I opted for a bike."

So, we have Cas's new approach to weight-loss. Eating practically nothing and going out for bike rides. Unfortunately, since she suffered her breakdown she is unable to go out on her own. Now the second part of my course involves me working for twelve weeks in the

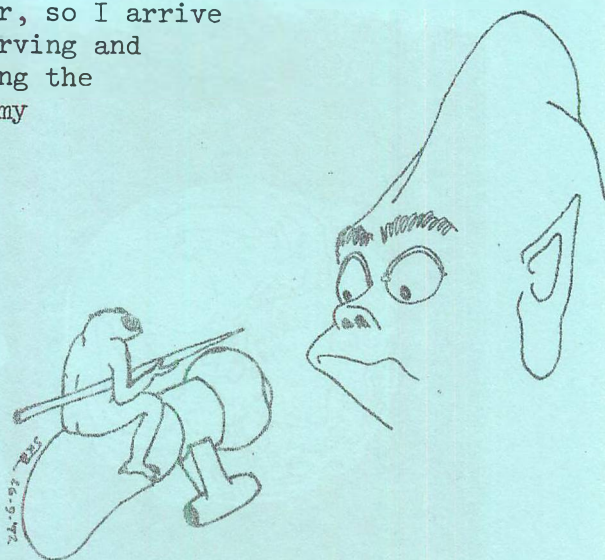
data-processing department of a firm in Manchester, so I arrive back home each evening, at about six-fifteen, starving and thoroughly knackered after an hour's bus-ride along the A6, Manchester's answer to entropy. Then I have my tea, after which things change slightly.....now I'm feeling bloated and thoroughly knackered. NOW we get to go out for bike rides! Every sodding night! What's more, it's actually working. I expect to be survived by one of the slimmest widows in history.

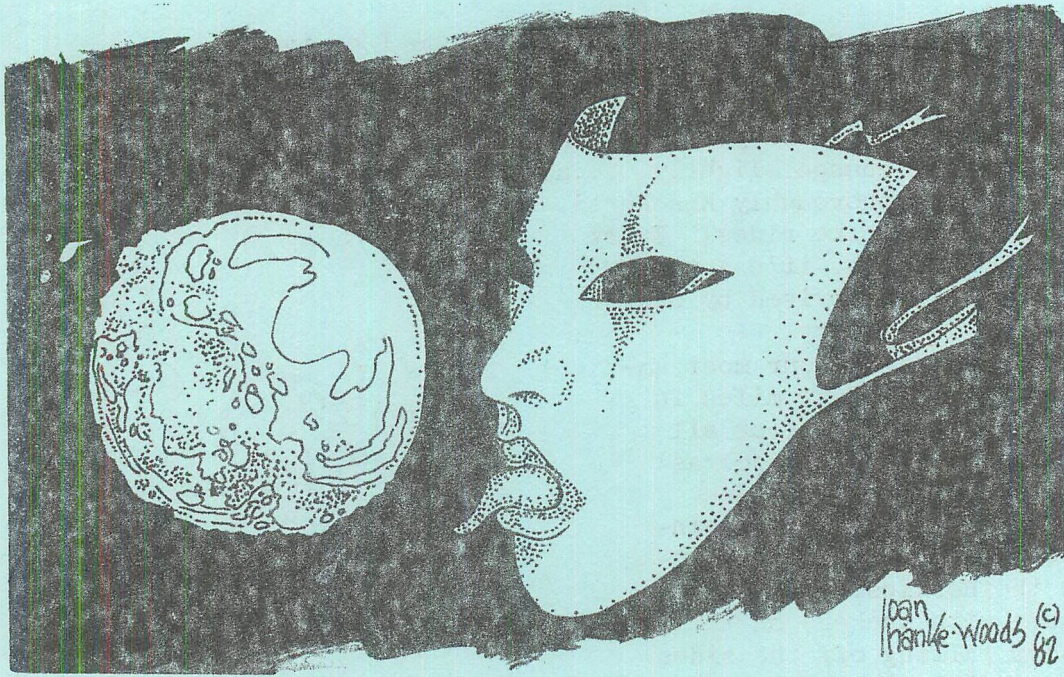
A few days ago we tried our most ambitious trip yet. Twenty-four miles in the Cheshire countryside. We took all day over this, which was a good job as it turned out. The old foolish idea that the Earth was flat did not originate in Cheshire, which has more one-in-one hills than the Rockies. Babies in Cheshire are born with suckers on their feet to stop them falling off the sides of the hills.....but we weren't too perturbed. We figured on pushing our bikes up the hills and then free-wheeling down the other side, but we had underestimated the local hills. 'Pushing uphill' translated as mountaineering with a bike on your back whilst 'Free-wheeling down the other side' was a synonym for leaping over a seemingly vertical precipice.....and on the first level bit we picked up Deathwish. Deathwish was a mongrel dog of uncertain ancestry, but whilst there may have been some question about his ancestors there can be none about his descendants - he won't have any. Not a chance.

Deathwish picked us up shortly after we'd left home, almost immediately upon our turning off onto the country lanes. For a while, he ran alongside us in a perfectly normal doggy manner, then, after lulling us into a false sense of security, he proceeded to dash a little way in front of us and fling himself down in the middle of the road, directly in our path, sprawled out at right-angles across our side of the road. The reproachful look he gave us as we swerved violently to avoid him was pitiful. He kept this up for miles. It wasn't only us. Every time a car passed he would go into his routine, flinging himself down in its path and then watching despondently as the driver pulled across into the on-coming lane in order to avoid it, all the time mouthing obscenities at us and making two-fingered signs in the belief that it was our dog and that we were taking a great pleasure in endangering it in this way. They thought we'd trained it! Eventually we stopped and got a passer-by to hold it whilst we sped off into the distance, but it was quite some miles before we really began to feel safe and stopped eyeing each dog we saw with suspicion.

Upon our return from these rides, Cas collapses with exhaustion.....for about ten minutes, whereupon she immediately starts plotting longer and more complicated peregrinations. Next week we're tackling the Derbyshire Dales and she's already started including the words 'cross-channel ferry' in her cycling vocabulary. Thank Christ you can't cycle from Stockport to Toronto.....can you?

--- Skel





THE GHOST OF WRAGGLES

BY

lani fleckenberg

** This story was first pubbed in The Esoteric Order of Dagon (an APA devoted to things Lovecraftian) in 1978 - this is its first appearance in a genzine. Because of its length we are dividing it into two parts with the second part appearing in the next issue. **

"Today, Ned - ah, today will not be a day like any other day," I said, and, with the utmost care and precision, formed three unflawed smoke rings from my imported, very-expensive Turkish cigarette. I watched them ascend to the curiously-frescoed ceiling and then fade.

"Philosophy so early in the morning, ma'am?" my ever-faithful, if somewhat prosaic, servant Ned queried. "You know philosophy before breakfast gives you a sour stomach."

"True, Ned - too true," I said in reply.

I rose elegantly from my tapestried chair, stretched and, blushing, hurriedly re-wrapped my Florentine silk smoking jacket, belting it more tightly so it wouldn't gap like that again. After all, Ned was not *that* prosaic.

"Philosophy before breakfast *is* unsettling to one of a sensitive temperament or to one cosmically aware as I am," I remarked, "but this is something else. Call it a premonition of sorts. I have this feeling... Do you remember 'The Case of Montezuma's Revenge'?"

Ned nodded, and turned a bit green at the thought of it. It had been a dangerous case indeed, which had us both running from pillar to post to find the answer, but things had come out fine in the end.

"Well," I continued, "I feel much as I did..."

"Shall I visit the chemist's for some Pepto-Bismol, ma'am?" he interrupted.

Dear old prosaic Ned, I thought.

"No, Ned. What I meant is that, before we got the call which began that case, I had this vaguely unsettled feeling, a feeling deep inside that we were on the verge of something big. I have that same feeling now, Ned."

He eyed me suspiciously and said, "I'll go check on the Pepto-Bismol."

Dear old prosaic, stupid Ned!

I was finishing my very-expensive, hand-rolled Columbian cigarette and fingering the curiously-carved rounded jade pieces, remembering the part they had played in 'The Case of the Inscrutable Ben-Wa', when I heard a knock at our strangely graffitti-defaced door. I chanted the required ritual to remove the death-disintegration spell, and Ned unlocked the three double locks, removed the chain and hefted away the bolt. (We were, after all, in New York City.) This caller was the answer to the anticipation I had felt. I thrilled strangely inside.

When Ned had finally opened the door, I thrilled, not strangely, but quite understandably - the man in the doorway was what we private detectives call a real hunk!

He stood like a god: tall and strong, yet with a subdued grace. His eyes, blue as chicory flowers, held an innocence which attracted the mother in me, and his tush, as he turned to give Ned his hat, attracted something else indeed. Sometimes even the occult detective biz has certain sexist advantages. I could see by his shirt that he was a white-collar worker, and he had the seal of a prestigious university on his blazer pocket, his buttons, his briefcase and his belt.

"I see you're a man from Prestigious U.," I said coolly, crossing the oriental carpet given to me by the Sheikh of Marzipan.

"How could you tell?" His big, blue eyes widened in amazement.

Well, with his looks, he didn't have to be clever to get that diploma.

"Trade secret," I replied, leaning my elbow on an impressive clock, shaped almost like a sarcophagus with many strange hands and dials, given to me by a business friend of mine.

"Now, tell me what your name is, how you heard of me, and why you're here. Then I'll try to see what I can do for you."

He sighed and sank back into a naugahide sofa, a present from my Aunt Sophie from Roanoke, which didn't go with my calculatedly impressive and exotic decor at all, but you know how it is with relatives, and she might visit. I knew this young man's story was going to be a doozy. I took out an unusual crystal decanter and poured us both a glass of priceless, aged sherry.

"My name," he began in 'What's My Line' style, "is Johnathan Barth Goode of the Urbana Goodes. You know, of the law firm Goode, Goode, Goode and Services. Well, the Goode family is a fine family, and we've never had a whiff of scandal. Until now. That's why I've come to you."

"And how can I help you?" I asked archly, raising an eyebrow. Of course, I had some ideas, but I doubt they were what Daddy Goode had in mind.

"Well, we have a cousin, Lotta Good, and you helped her with a problem she had once, of a similar nature. Remember? She had a priceless Stradavarius that played itself at night - until you laid to rest the spirit of the dead violinist taking his last bow."

"Ah, yes," I interposed, resting my chin on my interlaced fingers, "The Violin Case."

"Yes, well, anyway, cousin Lottaw said that no one was more familiar with spirits than you were, or ghosts either. So I came to ask you help. It's a dreadful situation at home and we're all coming undone over it. It's not for me, of course. It's my sister."

It's never them, though usually it's their best friend. On second thought, however, I realised that Adonis was probably not smart enough to think of that dodge. I blew an-

other smoke ring, but was torn between looking at the curiously-frescoed ceiling and my delightfully-figured visitor. The latter continued his story.

"My sister is a few years younger than I am - she's in college now. She's the apple of my Daddy's eye, and she's named after a long-lost Amerind cousin, thrice removed - the last time only with the help of the police - Boyisshee Goode. Mum's been a bit of a fashionable radical ever since Tom Wolfe published that damnable book.

"Well, Boy - as we call her for short, about 5'2", in honour of a late-night jungle movie - came home from college some weeks ago. She was terribly changed; I wouldn't have given a nickel for her. And it used to be at least \$25 a go. When I'd last seen her at the Prestigious U. homecoming, she was a cheerful, round-cheeked sprite. Now, she was haggard, ridden, hag-ridden, and H. Rider Haggard. Her cheeks were so gaunt I could see her wisdom teeth were coming in. Crooked.

"I *thought* something was wrong when she ran right up to her room and threw herself on her bed sobbing. Of course, it *could* have been a dodge to avoid tipping the cabbie. But, when her mascara began to run, I knew it was for real. Then I noticed something odd: she was wearing a black skirt and a black sweater. But she would never have - she always wore tweeds or sweaters where hair wouldn't show - unless something had happened to...

"Then my worst fears were confirmed. A painful, soul-wracking wail emerged from her throat and I realised she was keening, 'Waggles! Wraaaaaggles!'"

I choked a bit on my fine, pellucid sherry. "What in *Hell* is a Waggles?" I asked hotly.

"In Hell, indeed," he moaned, his fine head buried in his lovely, strong hands. "I'm afraid Waggles' soul may indeed be burning in Hell."

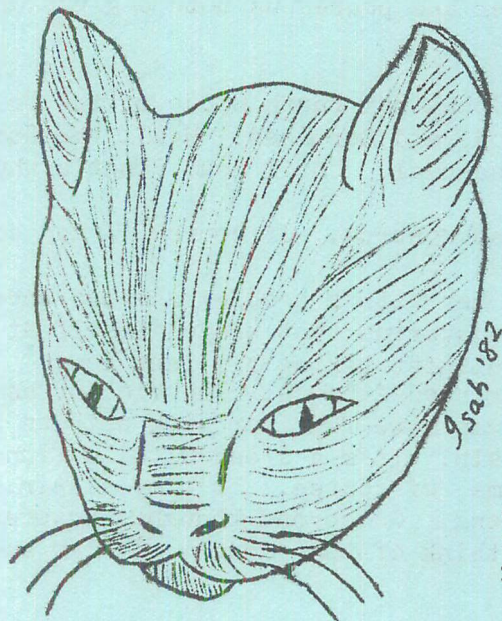
After he had sufficiently composed himself, he was once again the picture of respectability. I admired the way he could buck up under pressure. The guy had spunk, I could tell. I liked my men feisty. After I had poured him another drink, which he took with a grateful nod, he returned to his narrative.

"Waggles is - or was - her cat. I don't think Boy went anywhere without Waggles. They were inseparable, like Siamese twins. Only Waggles wasn't Siamese, but a kind of dirty tiger-stripe, if you can picture it. They loved each other: a Boy and her cat. It was just like a Norman Rockwell picture only, I guess, a little bit different."

"Sounds more like Dore, now," I interjected, laconically.

"Yes, now," he agreed.

That he understood my effete, elitist reference raised him a notch in my estimation. They teach 'em right at P.U.



"Well," he persisted, "Boy brought the story out bit by bit. One night at the fratern.....er, ah, the dorm at school, she heard a scream and, by the time she could get out from under.....um, under the *covers* that is, and off the bed, all that was left of Waggles was a trail of blood leading from the kitty-litter box, down the dark, deserted hallway and out the window to the bushes where it disappeared!"

"Hadn't she noticed when the murderer came into the room to get Waggles?"

Johnny blushed becomingly. "She was.....ah,.... busy."

"Ah, yes," I remarked tersely. He was cute when he was embarrassed. "Is that all there is to it?" I snapped.

I decided to play it real hard-boiled for a while so I could use some of my store of snappy, hard-boiled dialogue. *That* usually gets even the darling ones. "I'm not the ASPCA and I don't deal with cat-burglars. Why me?"

He looked hurt, but rallied to defend himself. *God* I love 'em when they have spirit!
"It's not just that! Oh, I wish it were. Because, as Boy blubbered out the story to me from where she lay sprawled on the bed, she convinced me that this case was abnormal, which naturally brought you to mind. You see, that last scream of Wraggles was really only the *first*, and every night since then, at midnight Eastern Standard Time, she's heard the *mournful, doom-wracked scream of Wraggles!*"

"Wow, that's heavy-duty," I said.

"It's made Boy miserable. She's a nursing student, and now she looks so terrible that the teachers are even giving her bad grades in Comparative Human Anatomy lab - and she always did best in that! There's talk of dismissing her from P.U., and even bribing the Board of Trustees may not help this time. Can you help us? Please?"

His china-blue eyes, sweet small lips, and five o'clock shadow, even at this hour, made me melt in sympathy. Sure, call me an old softy, but I would do anything I could for this kid. And his tush.

"Has anyone else observed the phenomena?" I was certain from his story that it was true, but I needed to know what type of haunting I was up against.

"Nightingales!?" he asked, confused and not amused.

At first, I couldn't figure where he had gotten that - whippoorwills, perhaps, ululating wildly, but not nightingales. Then I realised that his liberal arts education had just bewildered his pretty little head.

"Not *Philomela*, *phenomena*," I corrected. He *was* cute, though. "Has anyone else heard the screams, or was your oddly named sister mayhap drinking funny Kool-Aid at the time?" Irritation made me speak too harshly.

"No, we've all heard it. Since Boy's come home, the screams have continued, not even confused by Daylight Savings Time, at midnight sharp. We *all* hear it. That's why I've come to you."

I rose and patted him on his shapely shoulder, and he took my hand gratefully. I looked over at my friend's odd clock to see the time, but as usual all it told me was that there was a 50% chance of rain that afternoon, and that in Yuggoth the stars weren't right yet.

"I have to prepare certain.....disciplines and defenses, Johnny." Was I ever impressive and mysterious! "I'll come to your estate tonight at 9:00 p.m. to begin preparations for midnight. Okay?" I lifted his chin and looked into his eyes. A woman could fall into eyes like that and never come out, but only if she were small enough. Johnny was flushed.

"And now, my dear," I said graciously to lull him into a false sense of security, "would you please be so kind as to be my guest at supper? Ned, my man, has no doubt prepared a fine meal, and..."

"Oh, no," he said, deftly turning away. "I thank you, but I must be home for dinner or Mum will disinherit me. Thanks again, even so. I'll see you later."

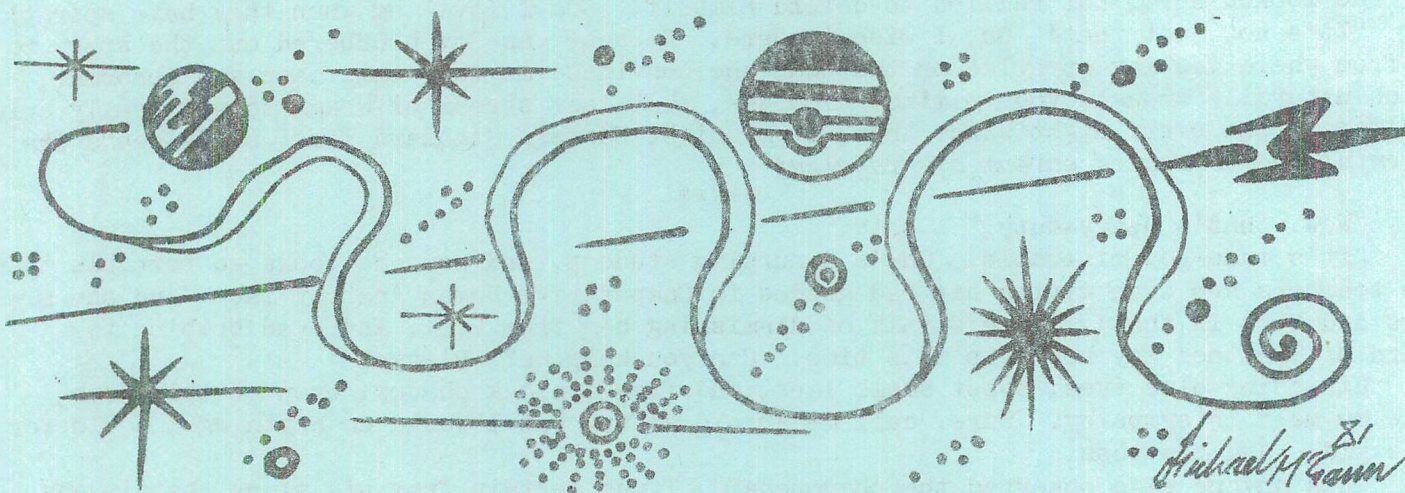
As he walked away, I remembered how the Bard had so aptly phrased it: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." Ah, well, I knew I hadn't really had time anyway.

"Shower, Ned," I called out after Johnny had left. "Cold shower. Please prepare it at once."

"As you say, ma'am," he responded. Dear old prosaic, jejune, humdrum Ned. At least he could cook and keep house.

Later, I decided it was time to quit fooling around and get down to business. I quietly let myself into my unlighted inner sanctum, where I could escape and be a Whistler or a Shadow. It was my sanctum sanctorum with full bath attached - it had been intended as a guest room before Dad died and I took up the occult detective biz. I had not yet managed to find a shining tetrahedron, but got some nice results with a lava light on a field of black velvet. I felt myself being drawn into it as I entered by meditation the twelfth level of cosmic awareness and sublimity.

I felt my mind drifting aimlessly among curves that were not curves and angles that



were not angles and hyperbolae that, strangely, were hyperbolae. Then I set my mind to actively questing. I sought the fifth dimension, where all departed shades and a few black singers dwelt. I was seeking my guide and mentor, the shade of my departed loved one.

Suddenly, a sepulchral voice, which whould've stopped me in my tracks if I had had tracks right then, rang through the void. I was rowing my body through the ether; the voice was a guide and a power - an ether oar. Again its hollow, bone-chilling tones (which didn't chill because I had no bones) resounded.

"And here you are again and you didn't wear rubbers like I told you. You want you should catch your death and end up here with us? You should listen..."

"Ma, I wanna talk to Dad." Death hadn't mellowed her a bit.

"You look skinny," she persisted. "Have you been eating right? That Ned..."

"Ma, I'm eating *fine*." I was getting impatient - there was so much to do and so little time before 9:00! "I'm looking thin because I'm a *shade* here. Please tell Dad I want to talk to him."

In point of fact my feet were damp, and I felt the sniffles coming on, insofar as I had feet and could sniffle. I waited a moment while Ma rowed away on the vapor that drifted all over here as if it were a Universal flick from the 1930's. For all I knew, actually, they might have had the same special effects man. Some mysteries are unfathomable even to the occult detective. I heard another voice.

"*Ma petite!* An' 'ow is zee family business, *hein?*"

It was Dad for sure. Fifteen years One Step Beyond and he still talked with that accent. Well, he always said it really suckered in the women, though what he could do about *that* now was anybody's guess.

"Fine, Dad. You'd be proud. T.C. says 'hi', but he's changed a lot. You'd hardly know him. Listen, though, I've got a problem."

"An' your life, she is still hot as zee small red animal chased by hounds an' men on horses, as zey say?"

"Fine, Dad. I have a lot more fun than you did; magazine editors and readers are more liberal these days, and authors have more freedom to show things rather than having to coyly hint or leave ellipses or start new chapters. And then, of course, even we occults have Bond and Spillane to live up to - the name, of course. But, Dad..."

"Oh, Daughter, you cheer zee old man's heart - if I have zee heart. *Nom d'un nom d'un nom...*"

"Dad!"

"Oh, *ma petite* - sometimes I get carried away, an' I do not know when to stop. Now, tell me, what is zee small buzzing insect, as zey say, in zee linament?"

"Standard Type C haunting: no poltergeist, no materialisation, died unshriven (if that applies here), standard scream at midnight EST, substantiated. Pretty ordinary - but it's a *cat*, Dad!"

"I would say probably the unknown twelfth line of the Saaalaaami ritual chanted. You might throw in a pentagram or two, but no gods or funny herbal stuff unless you have to."

No funny accent where work was concerned; Dad's all business at times like that.

"Thanks, Dad. Oh, here's the corker. The name of the thing is *Wraggles*!"

"Zee poor pussy-cat. Often do I swear by zee *nom d'un chat*, but *nevair* would I swear by zis 'Wraggles'!"

Good old Dad! I sure was lucky to learn the business from the best.

"Well, bye for now, Dad. Thanks again."

"Before I say to you zee goodbye, *ma petite*, I must to you deliver zee cryptic clue."

"Cryptic clue, Dad?"

"But, of course! You know it well, daughter. She is part of zee business, she is! Zere mus' be zee clue zat no one can understand, so zat when zee end comes, name of a thousand fetid monkeys, it is all clear, and zee reader see zat he is as dense as you are for not seeing it before!"

"Okay, Dad, lemme have it," I answered.

"Zee clue, she is: 'zat you will find zee guilt where you would not suspect, when it is of zee *test* zat you think'."

"Zat..." Damn, that stupid accent was *catching*! "That's not much of a clue," I said.

"Zis is not much of zee story, and zey are not much of zee readers," he replied, irrefutably.

"Right. Well, keep it mercurial, Dad. Thanks again."

"Fare zee well, *ma petite*. And, next time, do wear zee ectoplasmic rain-boots, *hein*? Your mother, she nags worse zan zee ten thousand little blue devils."

"Righto, Dad. Say hello to everyone for me. Goodbye..."

I could already feel myself falling back, back through the planes of existence to plainer planes, and back to the meditation room lit by the grotesque intestinal shapes of the lava light.

I was in the shower when the phone rang. I wondered who it might be, since anyone who would know my unlisted phone number would also know that I was not to be disturbed when I was preparing for a case. Most of the men's rooms in the area had been recently painted over, too, so I knew that wasn't it. Logically, turning my steel-trap mind to the problem, I decided the best way to find out who it was was to pick up the phone and answer it.

"Hello?" the voice replied simply. It was a rich, mellow, full-bodied voice and sounded as expensive as coffee. It was male, but I knew it wasn't for Ned; his callers are rarely over twelve years old.

"Occult Detective Services," I rejoined. "This is she speaking."

The strange man on the phone - though not, I have to admit, half as strange as my father and some of his friends - paused before introducing himself.

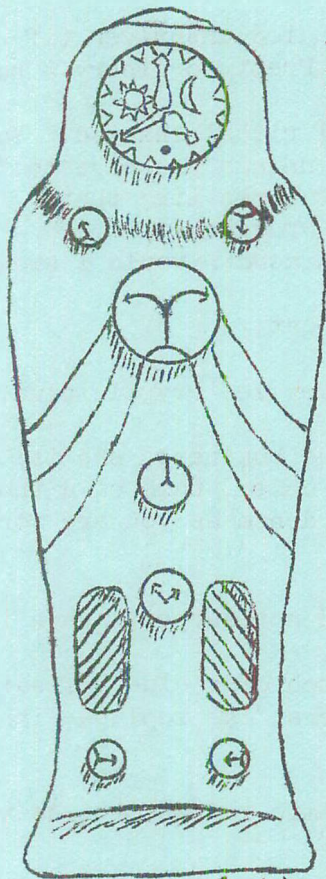
"This is Felcher Goode III, of the law firm Goode & Plenty. I am calling for my son, John, who cannot call because he's dead right now."

That heartless, cold man! I'd heard that Felcher Goode was a direct, businesslike man - even ruthless since his first wife, Ruth, died - but I had never expected it to be this extreme. Even I was shaken when I thought of Johnny being dead, and I'd hardly known him. In fact, I had to admit that I would have regretted it less if I *had* known him. What innocence, what dear love and caring for his sister, what a tush! Now just so much cold meat. It's gotta make even the most hard-boiled occult detective think. Well, I thought silently, here's to you, kid.

The thought of Mr. Goode hanging on the phone, waiting for me to finish thinking my deep, philosophical thoughts cut my reverie short.

"How'd it happen?" I demanded.

"We don't know," he intoned, since the situation was far too grave to simply *say* anything. "We found him in our front hall, right in front of our tastefully finished, natural



wood hall closet. He was grotesquely swollen, blighted all over his poor, cold corpse with infernally red, evilly puffy specks; legions of them, spotting his skin like armies of hideous, eldritch prickly-heat."

"Hey, that's pretty good," I told him. "Ever thought of writing for the pulps?"

"No - do you really think so? Is the pay... Hey! We were talking about my son."

"Indeed we were, sir. I guess we just got carried away."

"Please," he pleaded, "please, just come over and help. We don't know if it's tied to the case you're already on, but we need your help."

"It *must* be related," I informed him, "or the author would not bother to put it into the story. Might be a red herring, but it doesn't smell fishy to me."

"Well, John's beginning to smell, so I wish you would hurry up."

"Will do, sir. I'll be right over."

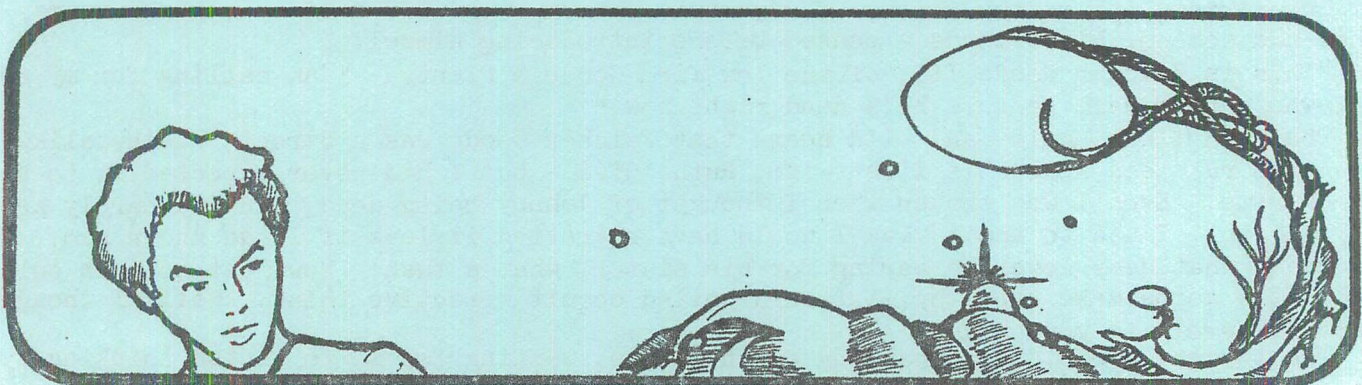
"Over and out," he concluded.

This case was becoming more complex by the minute, so I knew I had to get over there before it was too much for me to handle.

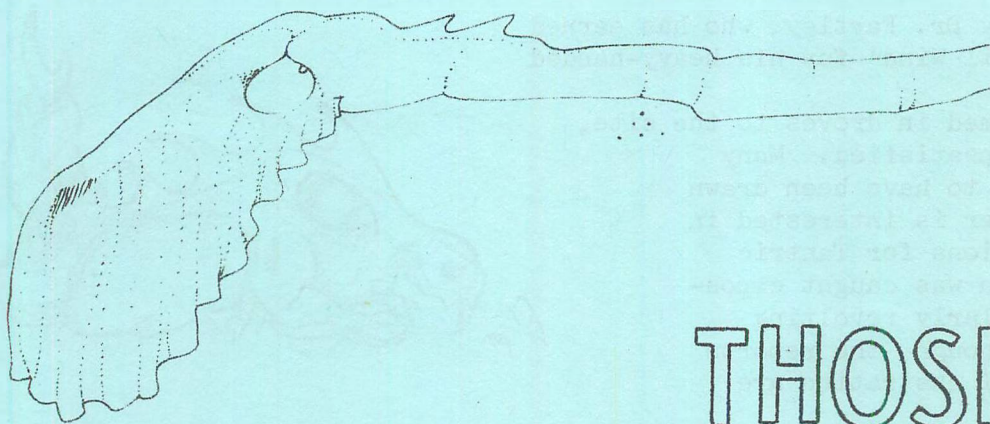
And so, revving up the gold-plated silver ghost Mercedes limosine with Rolls Royce hubcaps and a running board which I had had attached so that I could leap onto it impressively in situations just like this, I was off to the Goode's estate, Wise Acres. In passing, I looked at the clock, which said that the stars were right to invest (CCD up $\frac{1}{2}$ point), and at my watch, which said 9:30. I had this feeling of impending doom, as if

something horrible were swiftly approaching. Perhaps it was Wraggles' midnight visitation. Perhaps it was the end of this story. If it was the latter, it wasn't approaching nearly swiftly enough.

* To be concluded in HTT #16. *



Mel. White



THOSE HOT-BLOODED DINOSAURS

BY

brad savage

Many and varied have been the theories proposed to explain the extinction of the dinosaurs. In this article, we will examine the boldest, and certainly most bizarre, explanation to date.

Recently a group of paleontologists, excavating some Mesozoic strata in Africa, uncovered the fossilised remains of several hundred specimens of ornithomimids, particularly iguanodonts. The scientists were shocked to observe that the positioning of these remains proves unequivocally that they were killed while engaging in several forms of unnatural sexual activity, predominantly sodomy and bestiality.

All who have seen the fossils have expressed their disgust and one member was so outraged that he had the entire cliff-face covered with bedsheets. The area has since been roped off and entrance is severely restricted.

Dr. David Fartley, leader of the expedition, had these comments to make about the discovery:

"There are several unique features about this find beside the obvious, um, sexual ones. For one thing there is the excellent quality of preservation. Not only the bones, but skin impressions are clearly visible. Indeed, the outlines of certain organs are quite distinct. It was this fact that caused Professor Anall to have everything covered. We don't want to be mobbed by the morbidly curious. I mean, if some sexually insecure fellow got a glance at these impressions, he could go right over the edge. I wouldn't want that on my conscience.

"As to what all this may mean, I'm not certain. It almost appears to be some strange saurian saturnalia. It baffles me. Look there! Isn't it amazing what they could do with that spiked thumb of theirs? One can't help but admire such ingenuity."

So far the press has been kept pretty much in the dark as to the details of the find. One reporter who managed to sneak some photos was savagely whipped by Prof. Anall. This unfortunate man is currently recuperating in a nearby hospital. His attending physician says recovery will be swift as long as he doesn't sit on any wooden chairs or other hard furniture. Other newsmen have been less harshly treated. However, all information is be-

ing carefully censored by Dr. Fartley, who has earned the sobriquet of 'The Evil Wind' for his heavy-handed policies.

The public has swarmed in droves to the site, only to be turned away unsatisfied. Many strange individuals seem to have been drawn here. A Hindu philosopher is interested in the discovery's implications for Tantric Yoga, and one young woman was caught exposing herself to a particularly revolting set of bones. So far, though, the reports of mass orgies and ritual castration are grossly exaggerated:

As can be imagined this remarkable revelation has taken the academic world by storm. Many question Fartley's interpretations, while others cheer him as a paleontologic Kinsey. Here are some recorded comments:

Michael Lovecraft, noted sexologist - "I could believe it all except for their tails. Certain things are impossible with such ungainly encumbrances."

Dick Hardon, intellectual and playboy - "Dr. Fartley's analysis is penetrating. He's really pushed his points home."

Oscar Humpe, author of *The Penguin's Sex Life* - "This really lays the issues on the line. The whole science of paleontology will have to be re-examined."

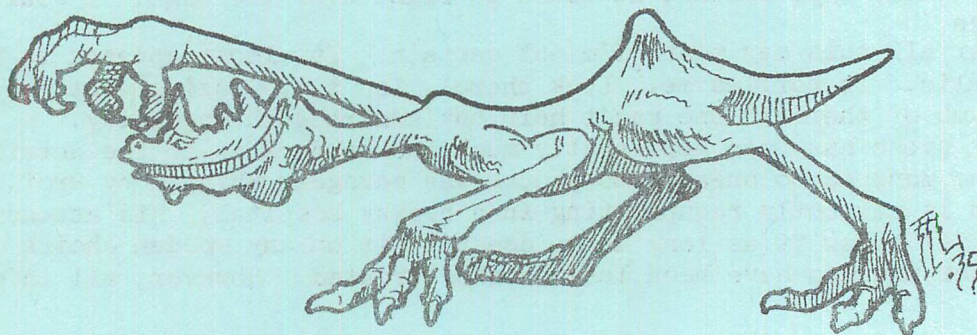
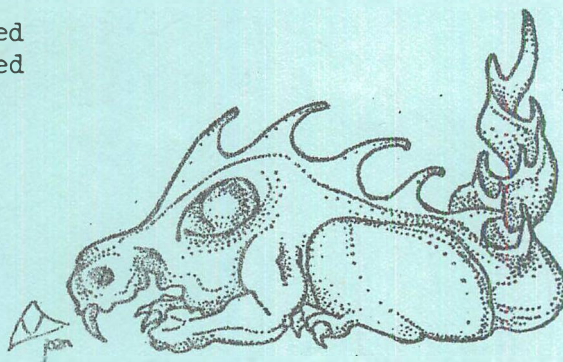
Laura Luston, inventor of the atomic dildo - "This find is the most exciting in years. I think we'll all have to come over to Fartley's conclusions."

Adolph Gross, publisher of *Raw Meat* - "This is hot stuff. Fartley should rise to the head of his field."

Perhaps the most important implication of this find is the light it throws on the mysteries of dinosaur extinction. Dr. Fartley now believes that the great lizards died off because of moral decay. In their quest for greater and greater thrills, they converted en masse to homosexuality. The rate of reproduction dropped and what eggs were laid were brutalised by prehistoric pedophiles. Slowly, but surely, they succumbed to exhaustion and, with no young to carry on, the species just withered away. It only took a few million years.

The debate continues to rage hotly. We must await the verdict of science. Meanwhile, it is still too early to tell if Dr. Fartley's theories will come off.

-- Brad Savage



THE PRED JYPER

BY
mike glyer

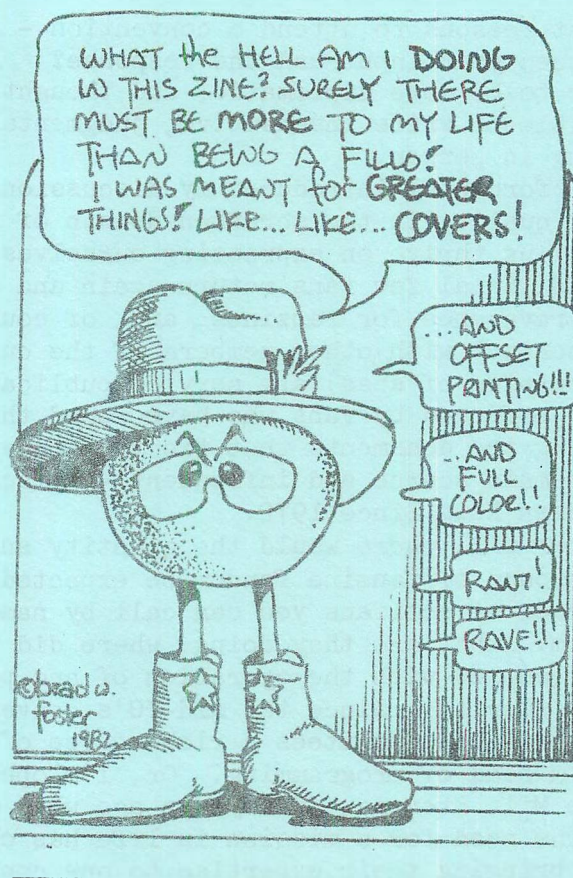
What incentive does any fan have to publish a fanzine in 1983?

Through a fanzine one can have contact with potential friends - at least with individuals who share an interest in s.f. generally and certain other topics specifically. Or one can sustain regular contact and sharing of thoughts and feelings through the written word. A fanzine reaches out to many people at once, and in a form which spares the publisher the time and expense of travel.

Sounds pretty convincing, doesn't it? But on reflection you'll see that none of those purposes is better served in a fanzine than it is by the simple act of attending a regional convention.

A fan at a regional convention gets not only the exchange of ideas through words uttered in conversation - what goes on appeals to every other sense of perception as well. Nothing prevents him, or her, from having the same degree of quality interaction (or more) with at least as many people as he/she could upon publishing a genzine. Genzine editors (my brother dinosaurs), particularly Gary Farber, have noted that getting back 40 LOCs on a 250 circulation fanzine is a healthy average - better than some. I expect Gary, or myself, could pass time with 40 people in a convention weekend, with the same range of superficial to in-depth interaction that would crop up in a fanzine lettercolumn (which attracts anything from postcards to multi-page tracts). Certainly the trip wouldn't cost us more than producing and mailing the print run of an average genzine, or of a couple of editions of the generic frequent faanish fanzine. We would see better art than anyone (except Seattle's NWSFS) would ever attempt to reproduce in a fanzine, missing none of the colours and textures the artist carefully placed in his/her work. We would have the opportunity to compliment the artists - who would be lurking around the artshow to see what other affluent fans were bidding on their work - compliments the artists never seem to get in fanzines, much less get to the extent that they deserve. (Needless to say, there's a reason why a lot of the art in HTT goes unremarked...)

The artists at a convention are hardly alone in their opportunity for instant gratification, receiving compliments on their quality work in the artshow. Isn't that one of the



strongest reasons to attend a convention - rather than do a fanzine - that there is no delay between your input and the response? And, come to think of it, isn't the response likelier to be more diplomatic, and thoughtfully phrased? Most people, if not all, find it possible to write insensitive, judgmental things about individuals that they would choke on saying in person.

The foregoing introduces my discussion of why there continues to be such a lack of depth of quality in the shrunken domain of fanzine publishing. Clearly a certain limited number of us thrive on expressing ourselves in writing, in preference to doing so in person. Additional few fans return again and again to publishing from what appears to be a cultish reverence for fanzines, and, of course, the opportunity publishing gives for keeping in contact with other members of the cult of twiltone. The bulk of fanzines appearing today (outside of apas) are service publications for particular clubs and fannish organisations, produced by fans who have found their niche in the heirarchy of these groups by publishing the documents that tie them together. Genzines and quality personalzines, as usual, remain scarce and infrequent - a fact that can be filed under the category of This Hasn't Been News Since 1972.

After all, where would the quantity and quality of publishing which once occupied the middle ground of fanzine fandom be expected to come from? Try looking around the literally hundreds of actifans you can call by name: this is where the zines would once have come from. What are they doing, where did their time go instead? Most of the ones I know are preoccupied with the operation of and politics associated with conventions being run all over America. Since the mid-70's conventions have created a network of interaction giving multiple committees a rich source of identity, vocation and validation. Who are you? I'm head of programming. Or, I'm operations. Why? "Because we always field a team," to quote Milt Stevens, from years ago when asked why LASFS generated so many convention bids. The need for a mission in life has obviously been satisfied for many fans in the form of bringing their expertise to one con after another. How many fans can you think of who are incapable of going to a con without being drafted to work - and when it gets to that point the word drafted hardly applies anymore. What do they get out of screwing together art show hangings and manhandling tons of crap from the loading dock to the huckster room? The sense of being needed, useful, a feeling of community with those they help, and proof of their being essential to the Tribe of Fandom.

Conventions abound with opportunities to boost one's self-esteem, immediately. Fanzines are much less sure routes to gaining the approval of your peers, both for the uncertainty and delay in receiving rewards for effort. Convention runners are more visible than fanzine editors, and in a way (and at points in time) where they can hardly fail to see their influence on the minds or actions of other fans. A commentary on how participating in conventions can also lead to greater *faux pas* which are remembered and retold longer and louder than would any printed goof-up might logically follow this introduction, though that is not the direction I intend to take.

We could easily list some people who used to publish dandy little genzines before they got swept into a career of convention fanpolitics. Pavlac - AVENGING AARDVARK'S AERIE. Lutz-Nagy - CAP'N RO'S WHIZZBANG. Farber's various titles. Various zines by Stubbs, Kyger, Cliff Biggers. I also speculate about talented fanwriters only seen in apas who probably would have tried a genzine if their talents hadn't been snatched up for local conventions, in Atlanta, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Toronto, Vancouver, Seattle.

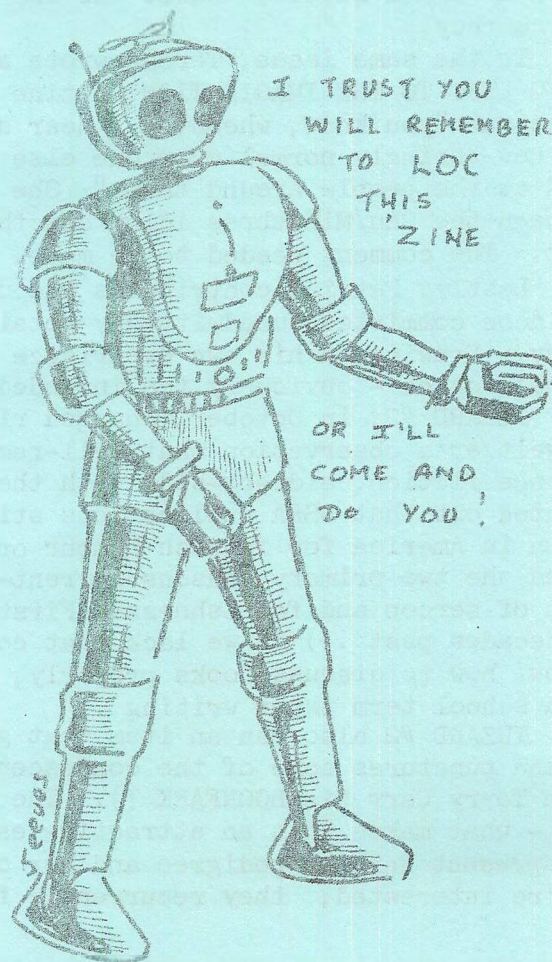
Not everybody has to be a Willis to be good. Not everybody has to become a hardcore fanzine publisher to make a colourful contribution to the overall publishing scene. As much as today's fanzine publishing community needs some additional Shiffman and Carmody clones to swell its ranks, it would benefit from the renewed interest of that category of fans who base their choice of fannish activity (cons, fanzines, cardplaying, Regency Dancing, whatever) purely on its effectiveness as a way of socialising with fellow fans. These are the people who once would have produced fanzines, articles and letters of comment, when that was a medium for speaking out and getting egoboo by return mail, still competitive with convention-going as a form of activity - say ten years ago before the number of cons exploded and the cost of travelling dropped.

What difference does it make whether a large number of fans make sporadic efforts to produce genzines or personalzines? Shouldn't it be enough that a dedicated band of acolytes continues to publish clever prose, and feud profoundly among themselves? No, it's not enough. Fully aware of Sturgeon's Law, I'm not equating quantity with quality. I'm observing that the more people there are generating fanzines, the larger the number of ideas exchanged. Through a geometric expansion of the input, more original, more creative products are likely to emerge. At times, one fanzine has initiated this tornado of ideas on its own. Remember MYTHOLOGIES' modest beginnings as a collection of essays by Don D'Ammassa, and how it snowballed into an immense letterzine featuring intelligent comment on a broad range of subjects? D'Ammassa's ever-growing circle of letterhacks included the usual fanzine faithful, a smattering of pro authors, and a significant number of rank-and-file fans who haven't been seen in fanzine pages since he folded the zine. MYTHOLOGIES' achievement is actually the greater for having come to pass during the great convention boom of the mid-70's. Fanzine fandom doesn't necessarily have to lay down in the road and let the convention-fandom juggernaut grind over it. MYTHOLOGIES proved two points: first that fanzines can still compete with other forms of fanac for the time and attention of average fans, and second that a traditional fanzine can compete for such attention just as well as newszines or semiprozines do.

At this very moment I am waiting for one of the many literate and articulate fans on the current scene to realise there is a demand for another regularly-published letterzine - heir to the tradition of zEEn, KIPPLE, WARHOON of another era, and MYTHOLOGIES. Fanzine fandom teems with people whining about their lack of recognition, and complaining that they don't get their fair share of the egoboo; several of them could do a competent job editing a letterzine. This is the very moment for them to do so. Nowhere on the scene is any publication attempting the same thing, Hlavaty having veered off in a different direction. More fans than ever find their convention activity being pinched by the expense of inflated airfares and by their diminished incomes. Courtesy of Reaganomics, fanzines ought to regain some of their following as people retrench travel expenses, and have time on their hands that was formerly spent attending cons. Finally - publishers of traditional fanzines during 1983 will find that the road to the Hugo is no longer blocked by LOCUS and SFR. To contend for the Best Fanzine Hugo, editors need only knock off FILE 770 and AURORA - one a mere newszine and the other all too sercon. I hope that a major letterzine is an idea whose time has come - again.

* * *

Who's to blame for all my introspection? It undoubtedly began with Patrick and Teresa Nielsen-Hayden's new fanzine IZZARD. Page one of the first issue described the editors' enjoying the heady egoboo in being sought by fans of mighty repute to take up the torch from PONG - to see to it that a fast, fannish zine was still on the beat. Well, Glyer, don't you like IZZARD? Oh, very well, indeed. Don't you miss PONG? I'm sure I would have missed PONG if I had bothered to open and read the last ten issues. Aren't you glad there are fans who want to do a fast, fannish zine? I'm particularly glad, because



the Neilsen-Haydens are producing a pleasant, highly readable zine. So, why don't you quit your bitching already?

IZZARD shucked off its first page of pompous self-congratulation and never looked back. (Well, mostly. Yeah, that's true, they did have to drop Lot's wife from the editorial staff.)

Both editors, Patrick and Teresa, have launched a strong fanzine, not merely in the sense that they provide a quality of style and writing skill which elevates them above the norm, but also in terms of providing compelling topical commentary. (Fandom never suffered from a shortage of obese vocabularies staggering about on the drinking-straw-thin underpinnings of their actual idea content.) Teresa and Patrick apply their writing talent to a series of fannish viewpoints which have needed serious articulation. They address the topics concisely, in a tone of intelligent sincerity. I can hardly stress enough that half of my pleasure in reading what they have to say derives from their disinclination to mete out judgements, or to rain down ironic abuse on fans of whom they do not Approve. In general, their printed personalities exude an aura of maturity.

Even before this column goes to print, I can hear my friends yelping about anything that sounds like a certification of the duo's maturity. But then, if I was worried about that sort of gossip, would I be writing for HOLIER THAN THOU? In defence of my word choice, I suggest a review of the specific areas they discussed. IZZARD #1 included Teresa analysing her growing awareness that she had "wound up in a bemused condition accepting a job which Personnel (at the University of Washington) and I had agreed was best described as a 'front-line trench-warfare receptionist'." This translated more immediately to "what I do all day is perch on a high stool behind our reception counter, or back at the phones, and listen while students come in and attempt to explain what Awful Thing has happened to their financial aid awards." Teresa reviews a series of colourful and incisive examples of her daily encounters, then draws them together to support her interpretation of her role in the U of W bureaucracy. All the while she reflects on how somebody who once dressed in a barrel labeled "Audit the IRS" during a protest rally wound up as part of anybody's bureaucracy.

In the same issue, Teresa wrote a commentary on Teresa Miñabres' and Alina Chu's NO-THING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION, a zine which tries very hard to be outrageous. Her main point was "you know, whenever I hear someone talking incessantly about how zany they are, and how boringly normal everyone else is, I immediately think they can't be looking very hard at the people around them." She pursues that line by drawing specific comparisons between the Chu/Miñabres idiom and the unselfconscious kinkiness of Bill Gibson and Don West. The comment needed to be made. It's true. ~~I should have written it in this column~~

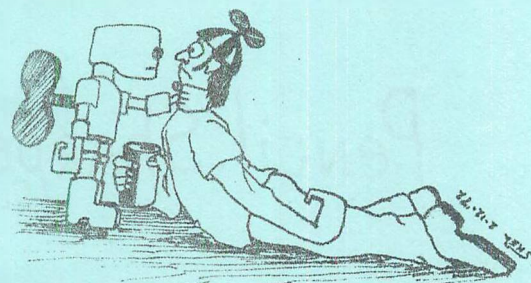
Lastly, Patrick contributes a couple of paragraphs to #1 to open discussion of how worldcon committees unadmittedly obtain some degree of personal benefit from convention money. Drawing on his own experience with Iguacon, Patrick makes a strong statement in a small space - obviously the intended trademark of IZZARD.

IZZARD #2, in October, charged right ahead in the same vein. Sparked by Darrell Schweitzer's observation that well-remembered fanzines of the 50's included discussions of science fiction, side-by-side with their better-remembered fannish scrivenings, Patrick pointed out that BSFA publications still include stfnal discussions by British fans better known in America for fannish humour or vitriol. Patrick hit the nail on the head when he cited the two primary reasons current-day fannish zines don't achieve the same hybridisation of sercon and fannishness. First, "we don't all read the same prozines (as did fans of decades past...)" - we lack that common background for discussion. Second, "most of us 'know' how to discuss books properly, and most of what we 'know' is wrong, picked up from high school term paper writing..."

IZZARD #2 also ran an item that grew into my favourite piece of fanwriting from 1982. Teresa punctures some of the condescending myths about Trekkies, propounded by none other than Terry Carr (in BOONFARK 7). The point is not that Terry Carr was on the receiving end - what makes this an attractive essay is Teresa's creation of a counterpoint between her present fannish pedigree and her origins in the SCA. "I could send you snapshots, if you're interested; they recurrently feature a rather sapcy young blonde me, dressed in

bathrobe finery like one of the three kings in a Christmas pageant.....The trouble is, when I close my eyes and remember those same revels and tourneys and how they looked to me then, I recall that they were completely wonderful, real and better than real and exhilarating." Teresa admits, "No, maybe *you* had no grotty neohood, Terry; I'm willing to believe it. But not being star-begotten myself, I'm getting nervous. I want you to keep sending us spiff columns... but I can no longer live this lie: I was once just such a fugghead as you're talking about. I acted like an idiot and it got me where I am today."

YOU TRYING
TO BE FUNNY
MAD ???



In summary, Patrick and Teresa are emitting an impressive string of fannish vignettes and editorials about contemporary fandom. They achieve the very thing I've admired in Dave Langford: they bring clear heads and sharp wits to matters of contemporary fandom, which will make it possible for fanac of this day to withstand comparison to any era's fanac. Obviously, this can only be done by living and writing for today. To let considerations of another era dictate style and content deprives work of originality, and is self-defeating to those who actually want their fanwriting to be good enough to merit comparison.

Patrick and Teresa are joined in some issues of IZZARD by Jerry Kaufman, a fine fan-writer who generally sustains the level of fan-oriented commentary set by the editors. Ted White also has a regular column.

This is great stuff so far. Send for a copy.

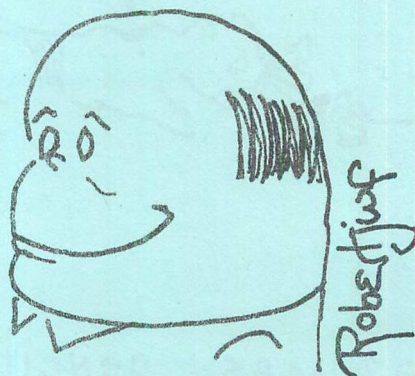
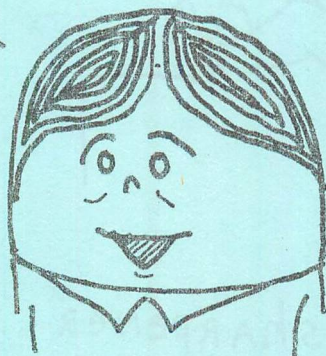
IZZARD, edited by Patrick and Teresa Nielsen-Hayden. (4337 15th Ave. NE, #411, Seattle, WA 98105.) Available for letters, contributions, trades, or \$1 a copy (no subscriptions).

--- Mike Glyer

/*/ We would like to point out that the size of the LoC Ness Monster makes HTT the closest thing to a letterzine in present day fandom./*/

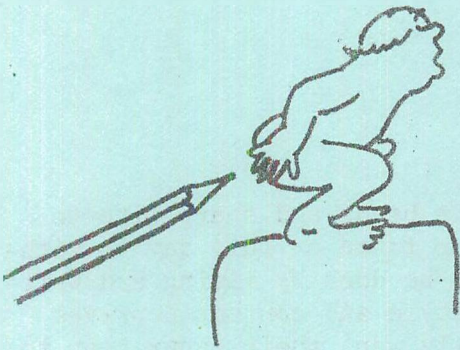
FOR SOME, THE COMPANY
OF FANS IS A WAY OF
LIFE

FOR
GIL
GAIER

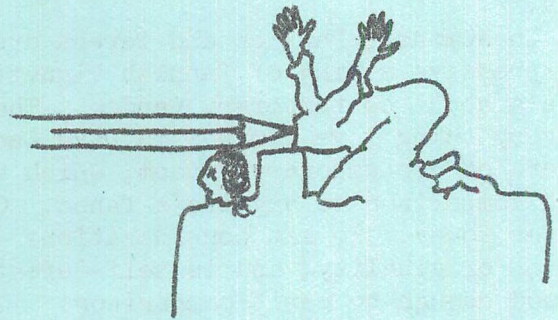


Robert J. J.

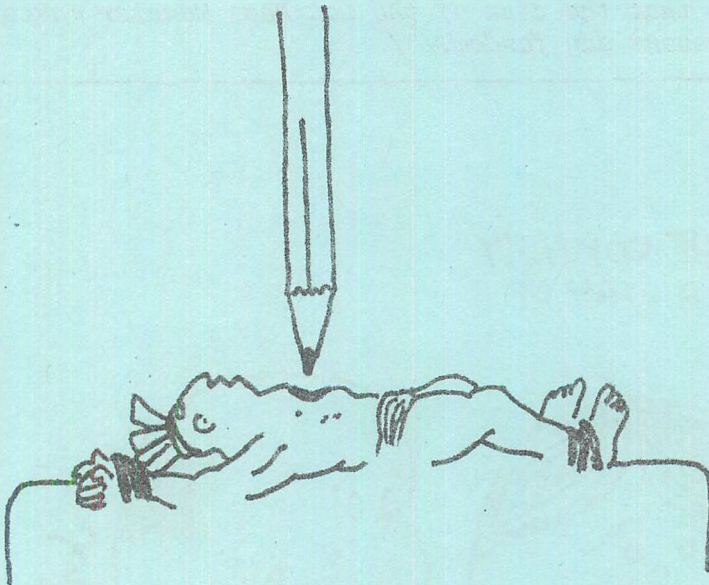
Pencil SHARPENERS of FAMOUS People



Vlad the Impaler's
pencil sharpener



HENRY VIII's
pencil sharpener

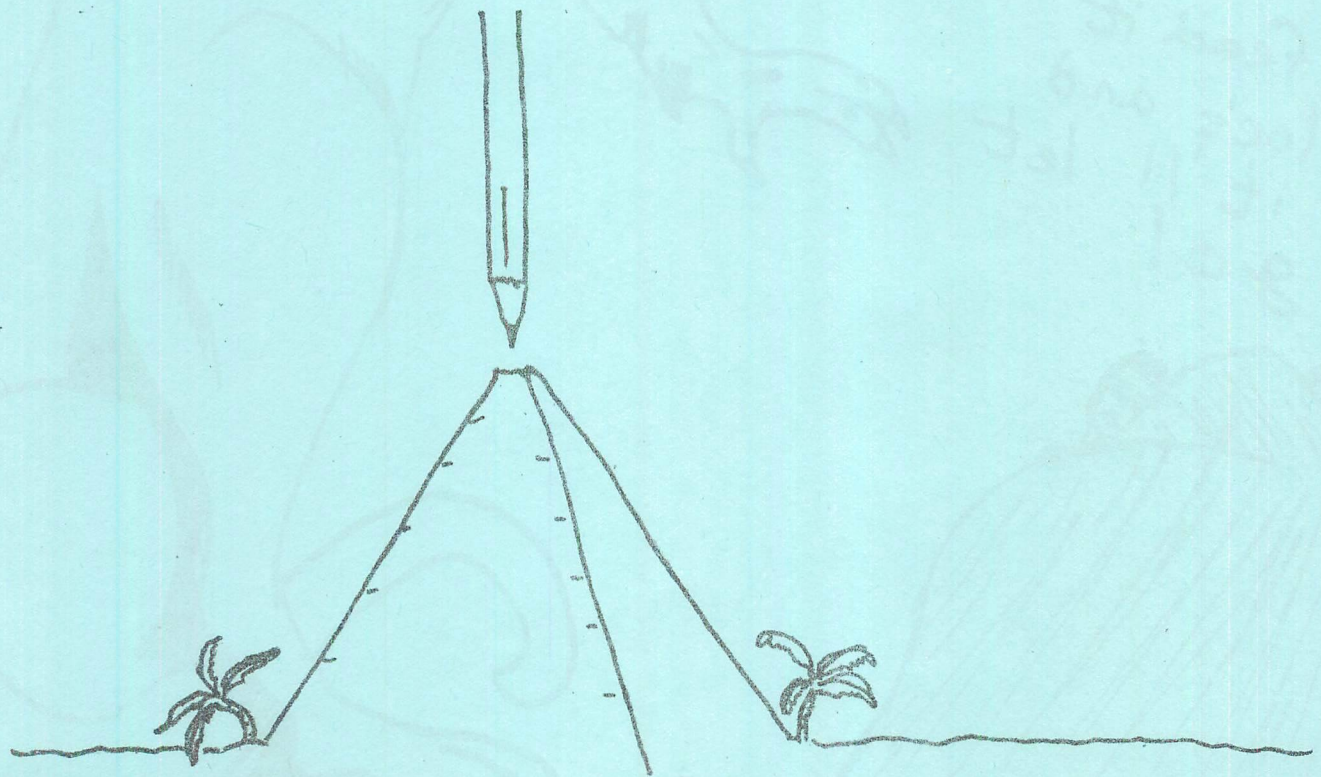


MONTENZUMA'S pencil sharpener

George Washington's
pencil sharpener



I cannot
tell a lie...



The Great Pencil Sharpener of Cheops

Don
Alonso

LOC NESS

MONSTER



/*/ O.K. folks, this is Marty now typo'ing at you (Robbie has typed the previous pages). As usual I will be commenting to/on the LoCs in *italio* typeface; however, as Robbie has a few things to say to various loccers (and as we have but two typing elements) any comment in *italics* will be by me if my name does not follow the paragraph of comments (with Robbie's comments being followed by her name). Go that? Good. With that out of the way we will commence this portion of the madness with some late LoCs. /*/

The first LoC is from Jack Herman. It is a very late LoC on HTT #11 which he informs me arrived in his mailbox "a bit late" - it took a little over a year to get there (#12 & #13 got there first with just the usual ungodly delays). Anyway, he was glad to get #11 "because it had 2 articles I've read about without reading: Skel's Guide to Sports and Smiffy's guide to Joe Nicholas."

Mike McGann wrote a much less late LoC on #13 (and he also enclosed some artwork, mostly illos supporting the A in '85 bid (I will be running some of them in this and the next issue (and have given one to Mike Glycer who put in the latest FILE 770))).

Barney Neufeld returned from the Glades of Gafia with a late LoC on #13. "It's been a very bad year emotionally speaking, and I'm still not up to what I want to be, but it's quite a bit better now." Welcome back, Barney.

* *MADER HANS-JUERGEN* * The fannish
***** zodia by Skel
got me to do a

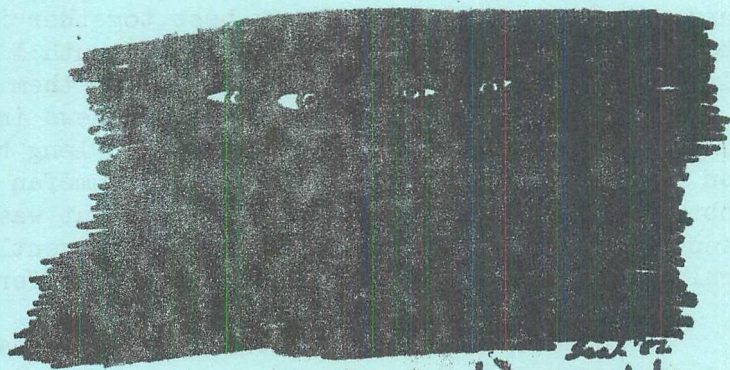
similar thing for German fandom. I couldn't use his article the way he wrote it because fans over here are sometimes a bit worrying about their popular reputation. But tell him that I liked it very much, although I'm Aquarius - but no water drinker.

I also received a late LoC from Richard Faulder: however, considering the large number of LoCs which I have on #14, I am forced to pass over Richard's excellent LoC and go on to these LoCs (not, however, without thanking Richard for his support of my DUFF candidacy).

The following letter shows one way of asking a faned for a copy of his zine.

* *KIM HUETT* * The other day I received a piece of sad news in the mail. There it was as large as life in big black bold letters "CANTOR FOR DUFF"!!!

Well might you ask what is wrong with the idea of you running for DUFF. After all you do publish one of the best fanzines in the world at the moment. It is also true that there are often contributions from Australians in it and you do have a good many more contacts with Australians than most fans in the USA. I mean to say sure it's true that you are eligible and probably deserving of the honour to run for and win DUFF except for one small point. How on earth am I going to be able to support and vote



*Just my luck, to be caught
near the Loc Ness monster
with a non-fan Jew-
lox and bagels! Geez!*

for you if I have never seen a copy of HOLIER THAN THOU except in passing.

Of course If I was getting HTT then no such problem would exist and everything would be apples as they say. The trouble with that is how on earth am I going to convince a BNF (you're considered on whether you like it or not you know) like you that it is worth while sending your fanzine to the likes of me, a humble letterhack who is virtually unknown outside of Australia.

The answer to this is of course to write such an entertaining, critical, controversial, witty, slanderous, LoC that you become swept away with emotion and put me on your mailing list immediately. There seems to be no such chance of that though since first of all visually this LoC is a mess. The typing is poor due to the typewriter not seeming to understand that for us to work best together it is necessary for me to be the boss and it to do what I want it to. To tell the truth I'm not helping either by making typos or leaving out words but I think I'll blame them on the typewriter as well.

As for content all the slanderous news in this country is spread to the world by the editors of the local gossipzine, THYME, long before I even hear most of it. I did hear on the weekend though that a certain femmefan (ugly word for such a nice person) tried to obtain Q36 for a naughty in the bushes but was refused. To make things worse a certain fan who shall remain nameless had only recently told me that it was beyond my mathematical ability to calculate the quantity of offers he had received (and prsumably accepted).

Come now, Kim - in the slander game one should ALWAYS name names. You are showing your amateurism here.

// The following letter could be considered the most wrong-headed letter of the issue. It is by Ian McKeer, the person who wrote the editorials in NEOLOGY which provoked my second editorial in HTT #14. Considering that the topic is American Cultural Imperialism vis-a-vis Canada I am letting Robbie do all of the comment responses to Ian. My only comments on the letter are contained in this paragraph. Therefore, as all of the comments are by Robbie (who has elected to remain a Canadian citizen even though we are married), her comments to Ian are the only comments by her in the LoC Ness Monster which will not be followed by her name (as I mentioned on the last page). Ian's letter is being printed in full. /*/*

* IAN McKEER * Before I actually tackle you on your misconceptions of the world - or, if
***** you prefer, your very different perception of the world - you might like
to know what some Canadians (most of them not fans) who had read both my
NEOLOGY articles and your riposte had to say about your words. "It's exactly what an
American would say, but nobody believes me when I tell them that. Now here's the evidence."
"He must be one of those people who think the glaciers start at the 49th parallel" and
"No wonder everybody hates Americans". So you see, they don't think you understand much
about Canada and no doubt other Canadian fans will point that out to you or have already
done so.

Well, Ian, I am a Canadian fan; I have read your articles in NEOLOGY and I have read Marty's editorial in HTT. And I think that you are the one who doesn't understand much about Canada. Whilst it is quite true that Marty's knowledge of Canada does not equal that of an informed Canadian, his knowledge nonetheless is far greater than the vast majority of uninformed Canadians.

On one point you may well be right - you could be very much at home in Edmonton because it has a certain American atmosphere. When I arrived here 20 months ago my immediate impression was that I'd stepped into an American TV programme. Until you live here and get to know the people you don't begin to appreciate the differences between Canada and the U.S.A. There are a few other things you don't seem to have grasped about the Canadian government too. The nominal head of the Canadian government is the Queen of

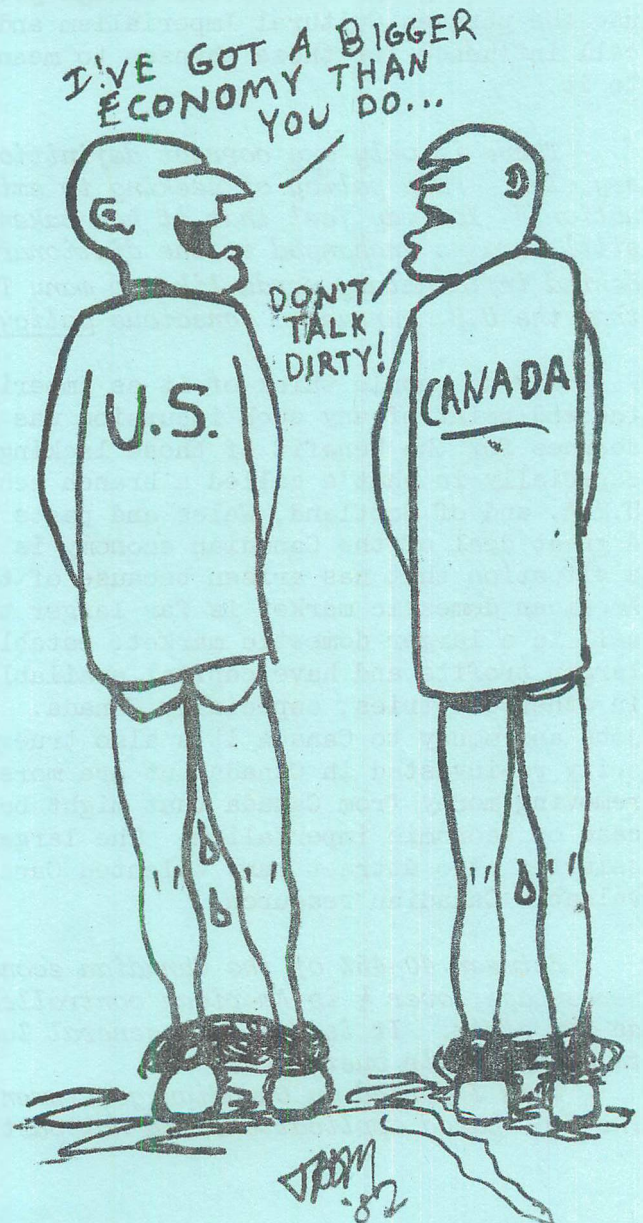
Canada, NOT the Queen of England, who doesn't strictly exist. You're talking about the Queen of the United Kingdom, but then Americans are always identifying England with the United Kingdom, much to the ire of the Scots, Welsh, and Northern Irish.

Queen Elizabeth II has many titles. I have already set Marty straight on the fact that she is Queen of Canada. But you probably have raised the ire of the Northern Irish by calling them part of the U.K. Strictly speaking, they are not. The title in full is the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland.

Now you'll say I've just split hairs because there's only one Elizabeth II. True; however the legal distinction does exist and has since the Statute of Westminster was passed in 1931. What's more the Queen of Canada has a personal representative in Ottawa - the Governor General - who carries out the normal duties of the Head of State in her absence. He is a Canadian, appointed by the Queen on the recommendation of her Canadian Prime Minister not by any British ministers. When you appear not to realise this and to make the sort of simplifications you do about the Canadian government I can't help but wonder how superficial your knowledge of Canada is and therefore how realistic it is for you to feel qualified to say anything about Canada, let alone dismiss my remarks out of hand.

Marty already knows all about the governor general and his duties. We have had many discussions of the Canadian political system as compared to the U.S. system. His knowledge in the field is extremely good. But, it is not an over-simplification to say that the Canadian governmental system is British in style and nature. It's the simple truth - one Canadians have long acknowledged.

I've been told that Americans are notably unable to notice irony and sarcasm but clearly you're not totally like that since you recognise the irony of my editing a Canadian fanzine - as indeed I do. Canadians are as aware of British Cultural Imperialism as they are of the American variety; indeed, Canada has laboured under both almost since the nation was created though the relative proportions have changed. As you'll also see from the LoC col in the next NEOLOGY my intentions in writing what I did were rather more than simply to get up the noses of as many Americans and Canadians as possible - you, like most North Americans, seem to have missed that. My major aim was to discuss and illustrate by example the question of world models - how they develop and the way they become ossified and the effect that has on people and the world. How better to do that than to adopt a second viewpoint showing what I was talking about and to turn a Canadian



fanzine into what resembles a British one. Another small point - you lambaste me for my remarks about what I'd expect Americans to be like but you fail to appreciate my exact wording. I didn't say anything about what would have happened after I arrived in the USA and of course I would find variety there. Indeed I have visited the USA, and whilst I did find some variety, found all too much of what I anticipated - especially obvious in the profusion of American flags flying from many private homes as well as public buildings. Echoes of Truth, Justice and The American Way; God Save America and all the accompanying patriotic fervour that can lead many men to an untimely end and has done so often in the past.

However, there's no smoke without fire and it would be untrue to say that I don't have the views I used in my diatribe - not so extreme and not so blind but sufficient that I can take issue with your remarks about influence and the non-existence of American Cultural Imperialism. So let's consider this contentious word. You are wrong to believe that if I use the word Imperialism I must mean it in the Nineteenth Century sense of force of arms or the agencies carrying out plots to convert the world to an image of America. There was never a Ministry of Empire Building in Britain either. I would submit that the appending of the word Economic or Cultural to the word Imperialism alone creates a phrase that is not the same as the word Imperialism alone; certainly that it has nothing to do with the Nineteenth Century use of the word. A dictionary is a good place to find out what a word meant - language is continuously evolving and the meaning of words changing. There are enough people in Canada, Europe, and the Third World who use the phrases Cultural Imperialism and Economic Imperialism with reference to what you call influence for those phrases to mean something definable to us even if you object to it.

There is only one correct definition of Imperialism in my Oxford English Dictionary, Ian. "The policy of seeking to extend the power, dominion, or territories of a nation." You may feel that it has taken on new meaning through common usage, but it still remains unchanged in the dictionary. If you mean influence, say so - don't hide behind inflammatory words like so many Third World countries do. Unless you are saying that the U.S. pursues a conscious policy of extending its culture.

Why do people think of it as Imperialism? Even when it was militaristic in nature the end point of any such incursion was more often than not economic - to exploit resources for the benefit of those lacking them. The phenomenon is well established, especially in what's called a branch economy - the situation of Canada vis-a-vis the U.S.A. and of Scotland, Wales and parts of England vis-a-vis the South East of England. A great deal of the Canadian economy is owned, directly or indirectly by American firms, a situation that has arisen because of the relative sizes of the two economies. The American domestic market is far larger than the Canadian; American firms can produce and sell in a larger domestic market, establish greater economies of scale and therefore make larger profits and have capital available for further investment and expansion - often in other countries, especially Canada. Whilst it's true that this investment brings jobs and money to Canada it's also true that the profits from the venture are not necessarily re-invested in Canada but are more often than not transferred back to the U.S.A., removing money from Canada that might be invested in the Canadian economy. A classic case of economic imperialism. The larger U.S. market and the corresponding higher salaries also attract many talented Canadians to the U.S.A. to work - loss of another valuable Canadian resource.

Between 40-45% of the Canadian economy is controlled by non-Canadians. Of that percentage, over $\frac{1}{2}$ is American controlled. This not due to relative sizes of economies as you state. It is due to a general lack of interest on the part of Canadian investors to expand their businesses.

When I worked in Canadian government, I saw many FIRA applications going through. The U.S.-based applications did not particularly out-number the other foreign countries.

The American domestic market is larger than any Western nation's. Are they supposed to apologise for that?

Are the French, British and German-based Canadian companies all keeping their profits in Canada? Of course not, not unless they want to expand their own properties to produce further profit.

As to salaries - the vast majority of Canadian jobs are better paid than their American equivalent. This was shown in a study released two years ago. The exceptions tend to be in the professions - doctors, lawyers etc. Secretaries, though, can earn more in Canada. The study was based on an hourly wage set up with all benefits figured in. Sometimes it's the benefit package that puts the Canadian employee ahead of his U.S. counterpart.

These economic arguments apply not only to manufacturing industry but also to tertiary industry - including all those media which collectively determine what we refer to as our culture; certainly contemporary culture although the historic influences are, I believe, determined similarly at their inception. The most notable areas where this effect can be seen are in popular culture - notably films, TV, and genre fiction. There was once a thriving British film industry, but there isn't any more. One reason for that is that the American film industry, with its economic advantages as are outlined above can use British facilities to make films with their capital because they have more money to spend than their British counterparts. What is the cultural outcome of this economic situation? The British watch many more American films than British ones. So do the Canadians, who also face the same situation in TV. Consequently I find words like movie and truck used and lorry by the British, who also begin to use American linguistic habits and sprinkle the word situation throughout their conversation and start talking about this wise and that wise. These are cultural changes caused not by a change at the grass roots, not by change within the society and culture but by another culture using its economic leverage and causing change as a result - not, of course by any conspiracy, merely by following the economic principles of the free enterprise system. Now you'll call that influence but I and many others will call it cultural imperialism - a meeting and mixing of equals is one kettle of fish, swamping one culture by another via economic power is another.

The British film industry can blame much of its demise upon the British tax system. The majority of well-known British actors, actresses, directors, writers, and even producers have been in tax-exile for years. And a British film made using foreign talent would hardly be a British film, now would it? The really good British film never relied upon huge outlays of capital, but rather it relied upon the talents of its makers. The talented people became the well-paid elite and then the British taxman wanted his 80%. That's enough to put anyone to flight.

As for Canadian film. Well, I don't want to be difficult, but we never really had a distinctive film industry except in Quebec. The Quebec film industry goes on as always. For that matter, what there is of an English film industry, staggers along as it always did.

What economic leverage does the U.S. use which forces anyone to speak like Americans? That is the most appallingly ignorant remark I have heard in years! American films are made for an American audience - not for the rest of the world. If the rest of the world wants them, you can hardly fault the Americans for having the money to make them. That's stupid!

The U.S. doesn't force anyone to buy their product. They have products to sell - if these products only sell at home that's enough. If the rest of the world clamours for the product - that's gravy - the icing on the cake. That Japanese don't hide behind words like cultural imperialism - they compete. If Canada and Britain also competed they wouldn't be swamped by the U.S. product.

Your letter makes it sound like you believe the U.S. deliberately uses its economic wealth to spread the American culture. It really doesn't. It doesn't have to and, in

fact, it doesn't care one way or the other. Americans today are only slightly less isolationist than the Americans of WWII and WWI who didn't want to get involved in "foreign wars".

Look at SF - a perfect example. The U.S. market is the largest so not only do American authors dominate the American market but also the Canadian and British and Australian one and, it seems, increasingly, continental Europe as well. What's worse is that budding authors in, say, Canada or Britain, recognising that the U.S. market is the place to make money are tempted to imitate the American style in order to sell rather than writing in a Canadian or British fashion, stifling diversity - cultural imperialism again.

The U.S. market is large because there are so many Americans living there. Should we start a "O-growth" programme so that the rest of the world can catch up? Or maybe something more drastic? Round up every third person and deport them back to their ancestral roots?

There isn't really any effort by the U.S. writers to inundate Canadian markets. Books written by Canadian authors, published in Canada (i.e., Phyllis Gottlieb) cost less than books imported in from the U.S. Yet the American book still sells better - the Canadian consumer prefers it.

I see no signs of "imitative" writing when I look at the works of Canadian SF writers, people like Phyllis Gottlieb, Spider Robinson (I consider him Canadian and he considers himself Canadian), or Gordon Dickson. And I certainly hope you aren't going to accuse A.E. van Vogt of imitating anyone's style. The man created style!

So to say that Canadians watch American TV rather than Canadian TV out of free choice is to totally ignore the economic and consequent cultural pressure that lead to that choice. It's not such a free choice as you'd like to make out. Choice is determined by knowledge of what's available which is largely determined by advertising, i.e. by economic power which as you yourself pointed out, America has in greater abundance than Canada.

Yes, Candians watch American TV from choice. The way the CRTC set things up it is just as easy to hear about Canadian programmes as it is to hear about U.S. ones. Even so, most Canadians watch U.S. shows - from choice. Because they are better. CBC and CTV pull very little of the audience when showing Canadian programmes, even though these are as well-advertised as the American ones. In fact, lately (this past year) the TV Guide devoted most of its pages to Canadian stars, programmes, etc. All to no avail. Canadians still watch U.S. TV. Because Canadian shows are the absolute pits! There are a few gems, but, lord! are they hard to find!

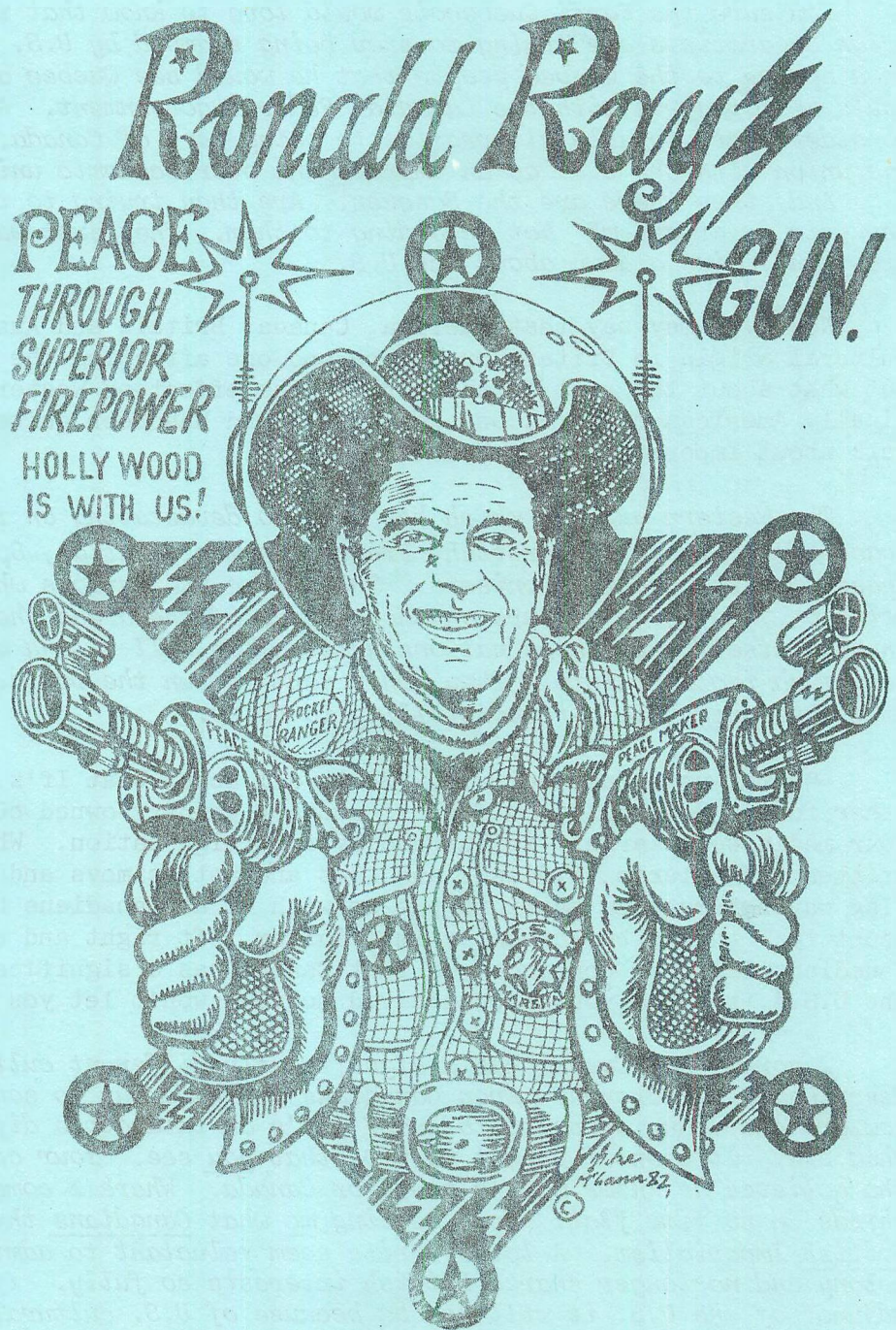
I remember only too well when a typical Saturday night "choice" would be hockey or "Tommy Hunter". That could turn even Marty into a devoted hockey fan. /*/Hah! I would be too busy typing stencils for HTT to bother with any of that sort of trash.-Marty./*/

What really interests me is why you think Canada is so like the U.S.A. and, having seen U.S. TV News programmes and newspapers I think I can see why. Your news media are abysmal and incredibly parochial to boot; no wonder so many Americans you come across don't understand the rest of the world - the first step in doing so is to be well informed and when newspapers deal superficially or not at all with the rest of the world and the typical TV news programme has about 8 minutes of human interest stories, 8 minutes on the sports and weather and 8 minutes on the News - largely domestic or whats happened in Israel it's no wonder you don't know much about Canada. You call yourself an internationalist and yet to my ear sound typically American.

As in any country, some newspapers are only fit to wrap garbage and others are superb. The New York Times or the L.A. Times will give any inquiring person all the facts he needs to formulate an accurate picture of the world we live in. So will the Globe and Mail

of Toronto or The Times of London and the Guardian of London. Then you have the others - The National Enquirer, the Ottawa Citizen (Ottawa's only local paper), the Journal de Montreal, and the Daily Mirror, which manage to leave huge gaps in the information you need. No television news in any country can inform its audience well enough in the time available. Canada used to have some great news programmes, TW3 and W5, but the Canadians weren't interested enough to keep them alive. In the U.S. there are far more news programmes - 60 Minutes, the McNeil-Lehrer Report and so on - which give quality reporting. They are watched. On a per capita basis there are just as many informed Americans as there are informed Canadians or informed Britons.

The obvious extension of your argument that Canada isn't much different from America is that Canada may as well not exist as a separate nation but might as well become part of the U.S.A. Why stop there? The U.S.A. and USSR both have large populations, huge nuclear arsenals and each grows a lot of wheat. You have a great deal in common it seems, why not merge the two nations? That's the direction your argument's going in. Internationalism through uniformity is a dead end. Why are there so many separatist organisations and cultural groups in the Western World? Because a lot of people don't want to be swamped by American culture - by American Cultural Imperialism and the Economic Imperialism that goes with it.



I'm sure the Parti Quebecois would love to know that they exist because French Canadian Separatists are trying to stop being swamped by U.S. culture. Rene' Levesque said in a speech to the Quebec people that he would see Quebec a part of the U.S. before he would see it agree with the Canadian Federal government. And, in fact, many Quebecers consider that a viable alternative to being part of Canada. They also consider an economic union with the U.S. as an improvement over economic union with Canada.

And, then there are the Basques. Are they trying to throw off the yoke of American economic imperialism? Not according to them. They just want to separate from Spain. They don't give a damn about the U.S.

Now, you may say that America, Canada, Britain and Australia all share a common cultural origin in Britain or Europe and one affecting the other doesn't matter that much, but what about the rest of the world? The effect of Western Culture, which today is principally American culture, on the Third World has been quite devastating. No wonder they talk about Imperialism and Neo-Colonialism.

The Western culture which has been so devastating on the Third World is not the American model. It is the British, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese model. These were the great colonisers. These were the nations which forced their own values, religion, and, yes, culture on the natives of the areas they conquered. The U.S. did not involve itself with these nations until after WWII - long after. As I said, they are very much isolationists. They don't want to run the world. But the world keeps telling them that they have a responsibility to do so.

Let me put it another way. SF is all about What If's. What if the boot was on the other foot. How would you feel if another country owned 80% of American industry and your media were largely influenced by a foreign nation. What if your SF was largely written by Ba-lards, Aldisses and Lems and not Asimovs and Heinleins? Would all those flag waving American patriots put up with it as Canadians have for so long. I very much doubt it; they'd be screaming Imperialism left right and centre. Could it be that no Canadian will ever convince you that Canada has a significantly different culture than the U.S.A. because your preconceived notions won't let you see the difference?

I agree that Canada has a significantly different culture - but it is not a visible, describable difference. Even Canadians are hard put to say what the difference is, so how are Americans supposed to know? It's an intangible difference that you feel rather than see. It's one I cannot believe that you see. Your comments are those of a Briton who believes he knows what's best for Canada. Where I come from, you would be torn to shreds in no time flat. You, telling me what Canadians think is a prime example of British Imperialism. A lot of Brits seem reluctant to admit that Canada is no longer a colony and no longer shares British interests so fully. If Canada becomes just an adjunct of the U.S. it will not be because of U.S. cultural or economic imperialism as there is no policy of extending American power, dominion, or territories; it will be because Canadians just cannot be bothered to maintain a separate identity. I hope it doesn't happen but I can see it happening very easily. Most Canadians are just too bloody apathetic.

/*/Whew. The things we do to further fannish communication - even if it is printing longish letters from wrong-headed people. Well, the next LoC is not as long, nor is the writer as wrong-headed as is Ian.-Marty./*/

* rich brown * No, no, there's absolutely no need at all to apologise for that simply
***** lovely cover which adorns HTT 14, Marty. Why, even judging it against
my Sixth Fandom Standard (which, naturally, I keep strapped to my side

at all times), it's quite beautiful; I mean, how can vi-colour possibly compare? If my Fifth Fandom Standard were not all bent out of shape from lack of use, having been replaced in my SBOF kit by the above-named, I could even remark on the superiority of your cover to the mimeo-hekto covers art rapp used on SPACEWARP. Would you take offense if I said that, though? Well, I hope to hell not.

Juxtaposing things said in your two editorials, your first seems to be an attempt to Point With Alarm to unnamed person(s) who are practicing what you might otherwise label a kind of Sixth Fandom Cultural Imperialism -- and therefore all your arguments to those Canadians about American Cultural Imperialism might well apply. (One fault I find in the second editorial is the repetition of arguments. You make a point, then make the same point again in a slightly different way, then -- you make the point again. Makes me wonder if you believe your readers are all that dense.)

At least Ian McKeer is even denser.

It also seems to me, in that first editorial, you're attacking a straw man when you speak of "fans who vociferously insist on comparing *all* current fanwriting and fanzines to the best of the same in Sixth Fandom." Of course, I am well aware of the targets you have in mind, to whom you are intent on attributing these attitudes, and even identify myself in their number -- but if your editorial is not the pummelling of a straw man, you should surely be able to come up with *one* quote, just a *solitary* case, a *single* citable instance in which someone actually compared all current fanwriting and fanzines to the best of the same in Sixth Fandom. As I don't believe you can, and frankly doubt you could even come up with an instance of anyone comparing *any* piece of current fanwriting *or any current fanzine* to the best of those published during Sixth Fandom, it seems reasonable to assume the error is in your interpretation of what they (and/or I) have said -- something for which they (and/or I) can hardly be held accountable. I don't see every fanzine published, of course, so it's possible I've missed this outstanding contribution to fuggheadedness, but even if such exists I wonder if you would be wise enough to go back and distinguish between force and influence, as you did with such ease in your argument about American Cultural Imperialism -- reemphasizing the first point I was making above.

I refer you back to my response to Ted White's article in thisish - where I wrote that I was wrong in the first editorial in HTT #14.

Having at least implied that you may have missed the point, perhaps I should try to explain, as clearly as I can, what I think you've missed.

First, if we might for the moment disregard Randists who would opine otherwise, there really are no "objective" standards by which anything (much less a fanzine) might be judged. The closest anyone can come to doing this is whilst they are still neos -- when they have seen no (or at least very few) other fanzines. By the time you have seen more than, say, a few dozen, some subjective standard has started to form -- you have some expectation of what a fanzine is or can be an, filtered through personal preference, what you may like or dislike in them. If all you see are fanzines filled with turgid reviews of SF books, then you make your distinctions on the basis of the best -- by your own tastes -- of those turgid reviews. Or perhaps on the basis of the most turgid of those reviews, if your subjective tastes run in that direction. If you see a variety of fanzines, you will eventually be in a position to decide what in all that variety appeals to you most. Again, the standard is subjective -- and since it is, it may still include and/or be based upon turgid reviews of SF books. There's no accounting for tastes, as you might well say.

Or then again, maybe not.

One may extrapolate from that old saw, "The proper study of man is mankind," that "The proper study of fans is fandom." But you won't hear me saying that -- I like different things in fanzines; I like variety. Yet fen have discussed a wide variety of topics, and this is one which has had an appeal to quite a number in the microcosm -- yourself included, else you would have never wasted space on it in your editorial. Fans who are

involved in such a discussion cannot help but bring to it their standards, which have been developed, intentionally or not, by what they have seen and enjoyed. This is not a Sixth Fandom Standard, nor a Fifth Fandom Standard, nor even a Tenth Fandom Standard. What is involved is a subjective judgment of excellence -- and this is not a standard but *many* standards. Judgments will vary according to the differences of those personal preferences and the number and variety of fanzines which have been appreciated, regardless of what era that fanzine may have been published in -- and I doubt most fans would be able to avoid this. Nor do I think there is any particularly good reason they should wish to avoid it.

Unless I am misreading what Ted White has written, he seems to believe that there are universal objective measuring standards for judging fanzines, fanwriting - indeed, writing of all kinds. I think that I agree with you that there cannot be at least some subjectivity in much of this and I agree with the presumption that this is both unavoidable and not a bad thing. And I will not even mention your implication, several paragraphs ago, that Ted White is a neo.

My standards are based on what has appealed to me as excellent in fanzines dating back to the 1930s. Much of what has seemed excellent to me appeared in fanzines *starting* in Fifth or Sixth Fandom -- but this is largely because those eras marked the beginning of the fannish development of the personal essay form of writing -- which, in my opinion, is when we ceased being "fans" (in the sense of the association with "fanatic" and perhaps fawning acolytism toward professionals) and became "amateurs". Francis T. Laney was perhaps the first to make this important distinction, but Walt Willis built and refined upon it, pointing out that the word "amateur" comes from the Latin "amare" (to love), that many of us are in fandom for the love of SF and the friends we have made here and that we may take pride in our amateur status -- and might even be "better" in some respects than professionals, in precisely the way in which a loving wife might be considered better than a prostitute.

But what you have not said, and what I believe is obvious to us all, is that other fans have developed and used this form, made their own often equally brilliant contributions to it in fanzines which have been published from the mid-'50s into the early '80s. I know of no one who wishes us to go "back" to Sixth Fandom; I, personally, would not care to see it "recreated" even if it were to be done by the participants themselves. I am well aware -- and I am sure others are also -- that the happy happenstance of Sixth Fandom was a combination of a lot of hard work, sheer luck, circumstance and the talent of the individuals who happened to be around in nineteen & ought fifty-two. That was 30 years ago. I don't know anyone who wants to return to those days; who wants to lose all the excellent material which has been added to that base in the intervening years? The seed may have been sown in Fifth Fandom, and nurtured in Sixth -- but we, in the here and now, can reap the harvest.

But we can reap the harvest ONLY if we can get the newer fanzine fans to interest themselves in our history and artifacts.

I admire Burbee and Willis and a host of other fine writers in fandom, but I am unaware of anyone whose standards are so stringent that they might require newer fans, upon entering the microcosm, to write as well as Burbee or Willis -- that would certainly be self-defeating. The exhortations which we have made are to at least *make an attempt* at excellence. I for one refuse to accept, as an excuse for careless or shoddy work, that the effort is "only for a fanzine, after all."

A position which I have never taken is that what I am doing in fanzines is "only for a fanzine". What I do in HTT may not be appreciated by all (or even many) in fandom, but I do strive for excellence of product (if, for no other reason, than to please myself).

I also find it preferable to give attention and appreciation to those who seem to think it is not worthwhile to make the attempt at all. The Brian Earl Browns of fandom would seem to believe we should ignore what has gone before, pretend it did not exist and that there are no examples of excellence to be cited in our history. That each of us should perhaps maintain standards, not like those which began in (but have undergone *considerable* refinement since) Fifth and Sixth Fandom but those which prevailed in Eofandom -- before there was anything upon which to base a judgment. In which, in other words, turgid reviews of SF

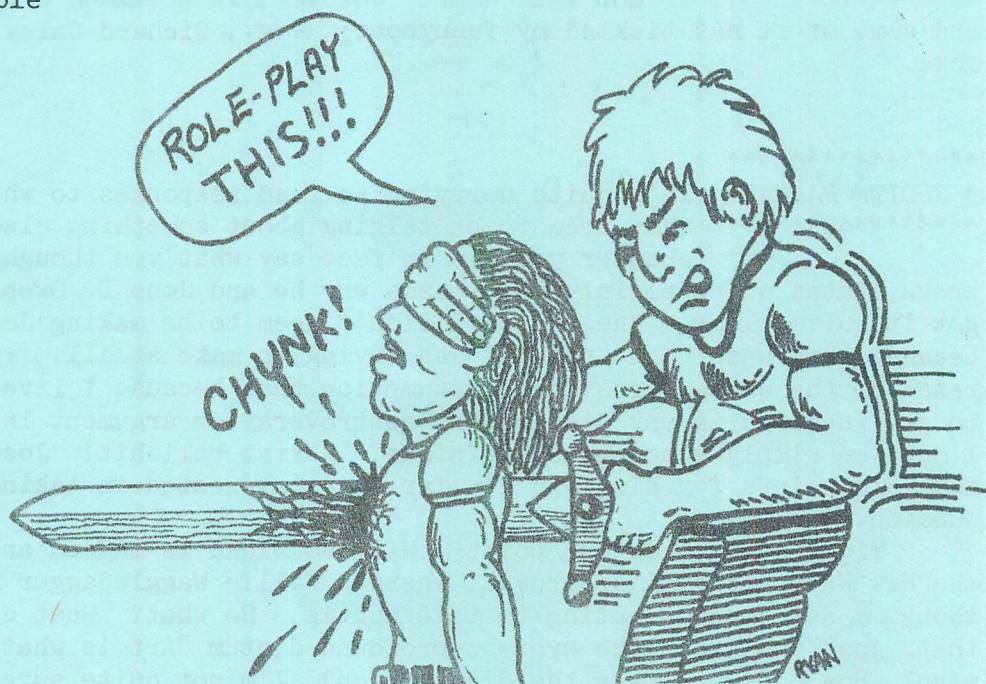
books might be allowed some "equality" with what is a well-developed artform. And people who have been involved in fandom over all these years should never point out that what some newcomer may regard as new and exciting was actually tried and found wanting in 1932. This is a standard which would require each of us, entirely on our own, to reinvent the wheel.

Not only do I think that you are being entirely too hard on Brian, I also believe that you are misrepresenting his opinion. Unless I have misread what he had written, I believe that Brian espouses the views which I wrote about in the first editorial in HTT #14. As such, then, I would consider his opinions incorrect as I now consider the editorial incorrect. I do not believe that Brian would have us totally disregard fandom past.

If I were to apply these standards in a general way to HTT, I would have to say I do not think HTT is an excellent fanzine. The failures I see, however, are generally failures of execution rather than design; it is apparent that, although things may not be as well written as they could be, and some are even somewhat dull, you are nonetheless *trying* to improve it issue by issue.

In any event, the fact that I don't consider it to be an "excellent" fanzine does not mean I am incapable of appreciating its virtues -- the liveliness of its letter column and the interchange between its readers and editor, to cite the most obvious. Your editorials, I would point out, are in the personal essay form; and the letters are mini-essays. So excellence by even my standards may eventually creep into HTT by virtue of this sort of liveliness and reader participation. Whether you want it to or not.

To me, a fanzine need not be excellent to be enjoyable. I generally find HTT to be an enjoyable fanzine; I am not particularly enamoured of what you call the "putridity" content, not because I am adverse to putrid humour *per se* but because it strikes me that



much of it in HTT is not well done. However, it provides a forum for this type of thing and some of it has tickled my funnybone; e.g., Richard Onley's Jesus-nailed-to-a-chicken joke.

* JUDITH HANNA * It's quite worrying to read responses to what you yourself have said
***** that seem to be talking about something else entirely. Makes you wonder whether you did in fact say what you thought you did. But I think rich brown states quite plainly the reason why he and John D. Owen misread my letter. Let's get it quite clear - the reason I didn't seem to be making Joseph's point very well was because that wasn't the point I was trying to make at all. rich's accusation is obviously based on the quite unjustified assumption that because I live with Joseph, then if I want to get involved in any discussion, controversy or argument in which he's taken part, then I must be simply echoing his opinions. Sexist bullshit! Joseph hardly needs anyone to make his points for him, and I'm far more interested in taking my own line in this discussion.

rich is right on one point - William Blake is indeed an artist and writer "in" with the New Wave and similar crowds, whereas Willie Waggleddagger is regarded as irrelevant, though a safe enough auting to take auntie. So what? What does that prove? Come to that, just what does the ever-so-profound dictum "Art is what it *is*, not what it *does*" mean? How does one make the distinction? I'm not quite sure what point mr. brown is driving at, other than generally disagreeing with both Joseph and me, but I'm damn sure he's not getting there.

Much the same seems to go for John D. Owen. His remarks are directed very much at one of Joseph's points, and he simply reiterates views Joseph has answered over and over - I'm sure Mr. Owen is familiar with Joseph's responses. But since it's my own line of argument I'm interested in, not in allowing myself to be manoeuvred into becoming some sort of Joseph clone, I see no reason why I should repeat Joseph's point for him.

After those two, reading Darrell Schweitzer's letter was a great relief. He had no trouble working out what I was on about, and his response is right to the point. Which doesn't mean, however, that I agree with him this time any more than I did before. We seem to more or less agree on what the phrase "Art for Art's Sake" means, but I doubt we'd agree on a precise definition, and the evidence is that our usages differ considerably. I'd define AFAS as art produced by someone who cares more about expressing a particular aesthetic vision than about his/her chances of selling the finished product. This definition says nothing about frivolity as opposed to seriousness of purpose. But Darrell's use of the phrase suggests that he sees aesthetics as divorced from meaning: I'd call such art merely decorative, formulaic hack stuff - muzak, kitsch, chocolate box art, pictures you buy because they go with the curtains and, in writing, the sort of hack stuff that doesn't qualify as literature. Literature, like any other real art, needs some guts to it. Which means that one has to put in some work to understand it.

Reading, Darrell says, should not be work but entertainment (I don't have his words beside me, so this is an approximate quote). The idea that work cannot be enjoyable in itself seems to me to be in some way caught up with Protestant Ethic thinking: work is good for the soul, suffering is good for the soul, therefore work must equate suffering, and work may not be enjoyed. Whatever involves work can't possibly be enjoyable. Dunno mate, what all these bods who enjoy sport, and the harder the work involved in winning the better the game was? Seems to me that the same applies to reading... bland pabulum formula stuff (Mills & Boon, a nice quiet murder, spot of space opera) is well enough as a sort of verbal muzak, something you read to take your brain out of gear, but it hardly qualifies as really good reading.

But where, I ask myself, does Art fit into the Protestant Ethic world-view? Only if it makes money, and certainly not if it refuses to knuckle under and accept that pragmatic, profit-bound view of life. No way can I fit New Wave into the Protestant Work Ethic. New Wave may tak a pessimistic view of life, but that doesn't turn it into good respectable

Calvinist fodder. New Wave may be propagandistic, revolutionary/anarchist, but none of these qualities puts it in line with dear old Weber's bit of sociological jargon. The very fact that in its undiluted form it didn't sell disqualifies it.

It seems to me that Darrell's opposition of AFAS to Protestant Ethic art is rather dubious. On one hand "serious" art should be opposed to merely decorative pap; on another optimistic (and therefore enjoyable) to pessimistic (and therefore harder to stomach) writing, and on yet another hand, the distinction is between "establishment" and "revolutionary" propaganda, which may be heavy-handed or subliminal. As Darrell acknowledges, "any art is a response to its time"; to a great extent whether we accept or reject not only the message but the aesthetic packaging will depend on whether we agree or not with the propaganda.

Before I forget - Great Cover! Congrats to Schirm. Particularly like the little hadrosaur in the cheer squad.

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How many Joseph Nicholases does it take to screw in a light bulb? Only one - if you have two they will wind up screwing each other. ...Robert Whitaker at my Jelly Bean Party at CHICON IV.

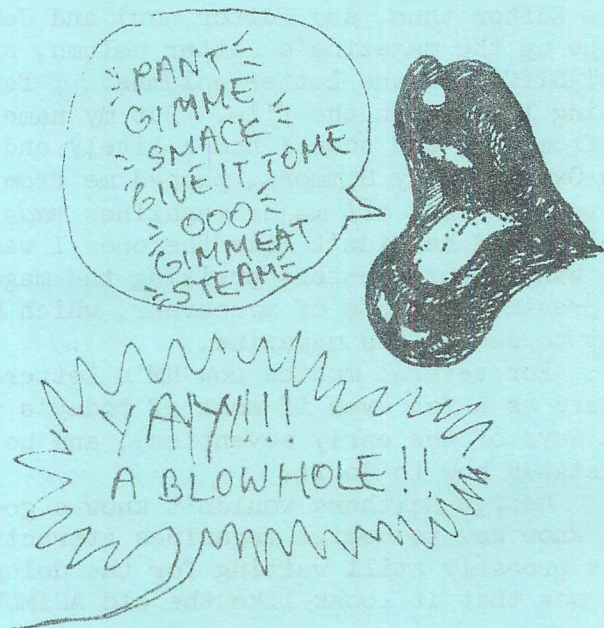
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* BRAD FOSTER * Hot damn, that cover to HTT #14 was phenomenal! Really a kick when I
***** pulled that out of the envelope! Adjectives of praise to Schirm. Looking forward to seeing his next shot at it. I would like to recommend Schirm be installed as permanent cover artist as long as he keeps out the colour pieces!

And that comes from someone who has a cover scheduled for HTT.

That was one hell of an editorial, Marty. I would never have thought of comparing fandom and the Golden Age of Greece! Makes you almost want to raise your head a bit higher, yes it does. I have been reading more and more of this looking-back to the good ol' days crap lately, nice to see someone talking about how it really only matters what you are doing now. I'd like to know how many present day fans have ever even seen any of those old zines. The very nature of fanzines with their small and limited print-runs means that, after a couple of years, they tend to be forgotten. And when you start talking about things decades ago, there is probably only a handful of people around who actually saw the stuff.

I think that new fans should make an effort to look through some of the old fanzines (and they are not all that difficult to find) - there is a lot of good stuff in those zines. And Bergeron's WARHOON 28 certainly makes available hundreds of pages of fine writing. The reprinting of some of the good writing of the past is doing present-day fandom a favour; not to imply that we should copy these "old masters", but the time-binding cannot but help to make fans realise that they do not have to put out zines with less than good writing.



Although Michael Hall may have some valid books to point to about characters being American rather than Earthmen, he sure picked a bad example. I never thought the word "United" was the sole property of Americans. Somebody better tell the United Kingdom and the United Arab Emirates to knock it off - and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is really walking a thin line too!

Fantastic back-cover! If Schirm doesn't do all your colour covers, get Roberts up there in front.

* TED WHITE * Your editorials (both of them -- and I thought the second was even more
***** vigourously written), Nicholas's bit, and Glycer's column were the high
points of the issue, aside from the lettercol.

In the lettercol the comments about the paucity of letters to the new AMAZING Says Something -- maybe about its sales and market penetration.

In 1968, when I took over AMAZING, it had no letter column. There was a year-old unused letter column set in type, however, and even without such a column the magazine did draw a few letters on each issue anyway. I used the old letter column, plus a few newer letters to relaunch the department. Within two months of the time that issue went on sale I was getting *lots* of letters. Typically, each issue drew more than a hundred letters, of which at least 25% were worth using. If you go back to the issues of the early seventies you'll find the longest letter columns to appear in any prozine in the past 25 years or so (since the demise of STARTLING, TWS and PLANET, anyway) -- and of course what I've said of AMAZING was also true of FANTASTIC as well.

I never published the "Gosh what a nice magazine you have, Mr. White" letters. I made sure that whenever possible the letter column of each issue had at least one *flamingly* critical letter, and if possible a laughable crank letter too. (One such crank counted all the words he objected to in a Silverberg serial....) But the meat of each letter column was the thoughtful letters from people with things to say and points to make. Sometimes they argued with me, but I tried to give all sides a fair hearing (and people *always* had the right of reply), and some fascinating discussions ranged through those letter columns in the ten years I edited them.

In 1974 Ed Ferman (for whom I'd worked in the sixties at F&SF) told me he envied me my letter columns, and many other people expressed admiration over the years for their liveliness and interest. It wasn't hard to do: I applied *exactly* the same standards I apply to editing (for instance) GAMBIT's letter column -- standards I learned on VOID.

When I was hired to edit HEAVY METAL, one of the first things Julie Simmons (Executive Editor then, and Editor now) and John Workman (Art Director) asked me to do was to shape up the magazine's letter column, since they'd admired what I'd done at AMAZING & FANTASTIC with the letter columns. I found it hard at first because there were few interesting letters in the file. But my name on the masthead drew letters from some who knew me from A&F, and soon I had a lively and interesting letter column going. At that point the Owner, Matty Simmons, phoned me from Los Angeles (where he was producing some movie) to tell me that *all* major magazines *made up* the letters they printed (he knew it for a fact!), and he didn't like the ones I was making up because a) they were too critical (he wanted puff letters praising the magazine), and b) they singled *me* out and commented on previous aspects of my career, which he regarded as puff pieces praising *me* and did not want to see in *his* magazine.

For several months now HM's lettercol has been edited by Lou Stathis, whom I still regard as a fan even if most of today's fandom has forgotten him (he dates from the Good Old Days of the early seventies), and he's been doing a fine job. That's because he understands how to do it.

George Scithers wouldn't know a good letter column if it bit his ass; he also doesn't know how to design magazines attractively. The tragedy is that he *thinks* he does. He's probably still waiting for the deluge of letters telling him how great the New AMAZING is, now that it looks like the old ASIMOV'S. *Sigh...*

* LYNNE HOLDOM * I'd like to invite a member of Sixth Fandom to our local SF club meetings. They'd be shocked to learn that most of the members don't consider anything written much after, say 1935 to be worth reading. Over half of them are eligible for the free lunches for senior citizens, and will reminisce for hours about waiting for the next installment of SKYLARK OF SPACE to hit the newsstands and how Hugo Gernsback was sued by his writers. My problem here isn't Old Wave versus New Wave but getting the members to realize that there WAS SF written after World War 2. Asimov and Heinlein are the "new" writers to this group. The Campbell revolution is still considered "experimental". We are encouraged to give reviews of books we've read recently and I reviewed a couple of C.J. Cherryh novels and I don't think a lot of the members had even heard of her. Oh well. I'm sure they haven't heard of Ballard or Moorcock.

Which brings me to the Darrell Schweitzer/Joseph Nicholas debate ~~and slinging confetti~~. Personally I don't think too much more can be said about it. Joseph Nicholas and Darrell Schweitzer have stopped listening to reasoned argument long ago ~~if Nicholas ever did~~. Both are citing totally irrelevant matters. What does the fact that Ballard's work is very popular in France have to do with the fact of whether or not he is a good writer? Both Lovecraft and van Vogt are also very popular in France almost to the point of being cult items. Hogan and Chandler are very popular in Japan. Does Nicholas maintain that all of these writers are as good as Ballard? And you don't know how much is added or detracted by the translation. (Quite honestly, translation into French could only improve van Vogt's writing as he is unreadable in English.) French SF (what I've read of it in both French and English) is at least 20 years behind English language SF. This doesn't say too much about the taste of the mass French SF audience.

I have read van Vogt in French - it is totally unreadable. Like so much SF, it simply does not translate well! -- Robbie.

I have read van Vogt in English - most of what he wrote after he, er, "decanted" from Dianetics is very poor, but much of what he wrote prior to that aberation is top notch, and THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE is first rate SF. -- Marty.

Joseph Nicholas states that you can't judge NEW WORLDS and New Wave without considering the time and place of its development. Does he make the same allowance for Lovecraft? (I am not a Lovecraft fan, quite the contrary, I find him unreadable). Lovecraft stands up quite well in eras besides those he wrote in. Timelessness is generally thought to be a criteria of "great literature" at least according to my English teachers. In this way Lovecraft would be judged better than Ballard. Ah, but he's liked by the critics, the intelligensia. Well, Seneca was judged a great writer by the intelligensia or at least the educated classes for over 1000 years, and now is considered thoroughly mediocre. (TITUS ANDRONICUS by Shakespeare is written in the Senecan style.) For that matter, up until about 1900, great literature was generally life-affirming and positive in outlook. Shakespeare and the Greek tragedians could be pessimistic, even nihilistic at times, but the bulk of their work is life-affirming and positive. Now there are reasons why this view of "great Literature" has changed, but in actual fact the former colonies (the USA, Canada, Australia, New Zealand) still have this older viewpoint among the mass of its readers. C.J. Cherryh remarked that when she taught high school English, she asked her students which two books out of everything they've read they would risk their lives to save from a book burning. All of those saved turned out to be life-affirming, positive works that made you feel good after you'd read them. Who'd risk his life to preserve THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION?

Now on to the Canadians and American Cultural Imperialism. Various Canadian loccers seem upset that they have an image problem; no one can tell them from natives of the USA and they resent it. Now the people around here don't think of Canadians as being pseudo Americans. After all Canadians speak French and play hockey. That's because if you go due North, you hit Montreal. Most English-speaking Canadians complain that no one seems



to realise that Canadians really do speak English and don't automatically like ice hockey. So if you want your own "really Canadian image" guys.... Though perhaps that's going too far. I also don't see Canadians as being more understanding of cultural differences than Americans. My French-Canadian relatives are always complaining that to be French Canadian is to be considered inferior, to be the "niggers" of Canada. (Apologies to Steven Fox for that last.) They see English-speaking Canada as cultural imperialists to want rob them of their culture and make them all English-speaking and they resent it. (Never mind that a LOT of French Canadians *would* choose to be English-speaking as it puts them in touch with a wider world than speaking French does. (90% of the books printed in the Free World are printed in English.)) The French-Canadian solution to this is to *force* French-speaking parents to send their children to French language schools. This is freedom and progress?

I must be a hell of a good Canadian - I speak French and played hockey (had to give it up - girls weren't allowed to play with boys in the High Schools I went to). Your French-Canadian relatives are right - we are sort of the "niggers" of Canada. There has been some improvement in the past few years, but to some idiots it has not been enough. So now they are going overboard trying to correct the problem - a problem that was almost solved.

I can remember when the only people who would be promoted to supervisory positions were English speaking Irish Canadians. Even though 80% of the province's population was French speaking. To be French almost insured that the only job you would find would be in the bush or down a mine shaft. But that is long behind us. Now, far more French-Canadians work in supervisory positions than English-Canadians (in Quebec), and jobs are available in any aspect of industry for the French speaker. There really is no need for the over-reaction by the Parti Quebecois, but it is sort of typical of their extremist tendencies. - Robbie.

Readers want Terrans to be Americans in SF stories? Maybe a lot of them do but there are novels that succeed despite protagonists that are non American Terrans, even in novels written by American authors. For that matter substituting British Terrans in novels written by British authors is an improvement? But part of the problem is that few SF authors know enough about another Terran culture to create a believable character so it's best to use a culture one knows. (Remember the so-called Texan in Aldiss' FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND who sounded about as Texan as Queen Elizabeth.) Wrecked the whole book. Nor does the so-called American protagonist of AN ISLAND CALLED MOREAU sound American, but British.

Now it is a bit disconcerting to see T-shirts and lunchboxes in Edinburgh shops featuring SPIDERMAN and The Fonz, but they are featured because *they sell*. Nobody here yells when people dress up like Dr. Who at cons or go on about British Cultural Imperialism when the WHO come to town. Try living in New Zealand for a time and you will really experience "cultural imperialism" of both the British and North American sort. (I married a New Zealander.) But again no one forces anyone to listen to either British or American TV or rock music or read British or American books etc. For that matter no one forced us to buy a Japanese car except the fact that we think they are made better than US cars. The major problem is one of population. The USA has as much, if not more population as the UK, Ireland, Canada, Australia and New Zealand combined, so naturally it tends to dominate. A US SF zine doesn't need to reach as high a percentage of readers because of

this. Also because US fans have the greatest numbers, their tastes tend to dominate as well. Like Marty, I dislike American mass culture but tend to ignore it. Why can't British, Canadian, and Australians do the same. If enough of their fellow countrymen agreed with them, there wouldn't be a problem.

One final thing: I have been in Toronto, though not in Edmonton. To my mind, Minneapolis, where I also lived quite a while, is more like Toronto than like New York, Cleveland or Chicago. My husband also compared Winnipeg to Minneapolis. So does this mean that Minneapolis is really a Canadian city? For that matter a New Zealand friend of mine said Seattle and Vancouver struck her the same way and had a very similar tone (as opposed to Los Angeles or San Francisco). She can't tell the difference between English Canadians and Americans either. Sorry, guys.

For that matter, San Francisco would be very much like New York City if New York City were not the asshole of the universe.

* ED ROM * I just received HTT #14 in the mail today, and I must say that the cover was
***** quite striking. I hope the colour didn't cost you too much money (I'll say nothing of labour, for labour is always inexpensive, provided it is your own and spent upon your own projects). Speaking of the cover's subject matter - the labour and money invested in a project to build a time machine would be well invested, if the machine were to be used to send the creationists back to the Cretaceous.

I have to agree with the thrust of your editorial. I have looked at a few of these 6th Fandom-type zines, and I guess the nicest thing that I can say is that some of these reminiscences are rather interesting. But this sort of thing is scarcely sufficient to sustain an entire series of zines, if for no other reason that the number of people with a strong interest in it is rather small. To someone like me, who has only been aware of fandom's existence since the late 1970's, this incestuous necrophilia is of no continuing interest, for the simple reason that I am more interested in what lies ahead than in what has gone by.

I received more support for my position in the editorial than I received negative comment, and that is interesting considering that I now no longer hold to the position which I espoused. Even though, I would agree with you that a regularly appearing zine which pubbed nothing except reminiscences of fandom past might get to be a drag after some few issues. And, as far as I know, all of the zines which have had this type of material have also had newer material.

I greatly enjoyed the two items by Adrienne Fein. Now I don't know if putting the butler on a special diet if you are to have him jerk off into the butter is worth the while, but if you're going to have him crap into the chocolate fudge, he should go on a short diet of green onions and beans (baked beans, preferably B & M brand) (there really is such a brand), washed down with whiskey. Then you can be sure that the fudge will be garnished with a good variety of vomit, depending on what your guests had for supper.

Harry Andruschak's piece I found merely depressing. How is it that the U.S. government can be so short-sighted?

Easy. Despite the unthinking contumely which most people heap upon politicians, most politicians really try to follow the wishes of their constituents. So it is not so much that the U.S. government is being short-sighted in the space programme, it is much more like it is a combination of the majority of Americans being either uninterested in the space programme or not believing that the space programme is worth its cost. You must remember that being short-sighted is endemic to the species, and it is almost a wonder that we ever got down out of the trees.

I agree with you *entirely* on what you had to say in Editorial #2. I, too, am sick and tired of this knee-jerk anti-Americanism so fashionable in certain circles (not all of them foreigners, either, the more to be outraged at). I'm going to write NEOLOGY fairly soon, and jump all over Ian McKeer, not only for his cliché notions on "American Cultural Imperialism", but for his stupid (Marxist) ideas regarding economics and politics. He may be a nice guy personally, but his ideas seem to come straight out of DAS KAPITAL or some such.

Calling Marxism stupid in regards to economics and politics is to be redundant in the extreme.

* DARRELL SCHWEITZER * Whilst I hesitate to dispute someone as eminent as a landslide
***** winner of the FILE 770 Fugghead of the Year award, I am afraid
that Joseph Nicholas is mistaken about my allegedly picking fights
with my betters. I don't consider Barry Malzberg one of my betters, nor do I think do many people in either prodom nor fandom, except a few masochists with severe inferiority complexes. Joseph is also wrong about the little spat going on in DELAP'S F&SF REVIEW. That was very much a sideshow. The bulk of it went on in Richard Geis's SFR. It was a most imprudent thing for me to do, actually, but in those days Malzberg was only in the 2nd or 3rd year of the process of building up to leaving SF (after copious warnings to the Phillistines who didn't seem to pay any attention), and I, in my naive innocence, actually believed I could help speed him in his way. You can see how successful I was.

But I did it very much as you might do in a bar, when some drunken sot at the end of the room keeps whining about how cruel the world is to him, and you finally go over to tell him to shut up. The quite naturally raises a cheer from the other patrons.

Exactly the same thing happened. For about 18 months thereafter, at every convention I went to, complete strangers would come up to me, shake my hand, and enthusiastically thank me for what I'd done. I got a lot of congratulatory mail, some of it from pro writers.

This gave me pause. I was right on the verge of becoming the Fastest Gun in the West, the leading smiter of fuggheads. But I'd done it in a rather crude and very straightforward manner. I called Malzberg a theatrical fake in public, about a year or two before everyone was doing it.

There's nothing exceptional about what I said now. It is the general opinion. Which is one reason why I do not consider Malzberg one of my betters. It is true he has sold more than I have -- though it's possible I have more books in print right now -- but he is also the most actively loathed SF writer in history. I wouldn't trade positions with him for anything. If my career turned out like his, not only would I *really* quit SF and get a job in a laundromat, I might drown myself in one of the washing machines.

But to the point: frontal assault on fuggheads is not much fun. It's draining. It gets vicious. It leads to more and greater feuds. This is just not what I want to do in fandom. So I've decided to never do a Malzberg-like job on anyone again. I've tried to keep responses to Joseph more on the level of ridicule, goading him on to make a spectacle of himself, which he has indeed done. But it's wearing thin. This last letter from him is remarkably feeble. He just isn't funny anymore. I think I said everything I have to say in the cartoon on page 39 of HTT #14.

Except that in no uncertain terms you have just implied that Joseph is a fugghead. I have met you in person and I have corresponded much with Joseph - I think that I may know the both of you enough (in one way or the other) to state that neither is the fugghead that each seems to think that the other one is. I do not regret egging the two of you on; after all, I had fun participating in the donneybrook - I like vigorous give and take (also cheap and ~~expensive~~ potshots - I love many of the British fanzines for this very reason (at times American fandom seems much too tame for my taste)).

I suppose I should mention that I am startled that Joseph is able to get such inside, confidential information not only on my private life, but on my personal finances. Does he work for the CIA? Is this why the KGB is winning? But then the CIA hired G. Gordon Liddy, so anything's possible.

Seriously, though, I bear Joseph no personal enmity. It's clear from his prejudices (not to mention his doubtful command of the English language) that he will never be a writer, but he may have talents elsewhere. He may be a brilliant paperhanger, for all I know. I wish him well in whatever his field is. Writing science fiction or science fiction criticism, it clearly isn't.

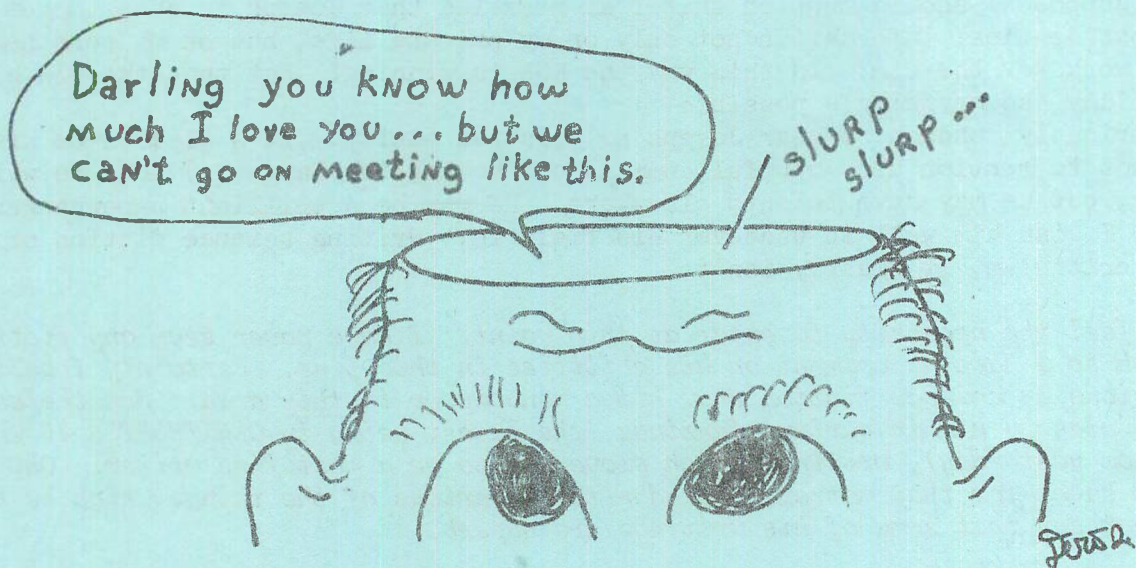
I feel the necessity to enter at this point. I have never seen any fiction written by Joseph so I have no comment on his abilities in this line. Certainly I believe that his opinions on science fiction show him a noncompoop in this area. Nonetheless, I have read articles by him in various fanzines (the latest being in ORNITHOPTER 10 which graced my mailbox yesterday), writings which prove him to be a most fine writer. Oh, sure - I can (and have, for that matter) picked nits on various of the things which he has written, but I must say that some of his writings are superb.

I feel almost obligated to apologise to Ian Covell for "The Tarnished Plain". But then, I have no shame, so I won't. But I will point out that he is reading entirely too much into the parody. It says *nothing* about Morris's attitudes toward women (or mine). The actual element of parody is restricted to the language and (most especially), plot logic. Plotting was never Morris's strong point. In fact, my version makes more sense than "The Glittering Plain". Really, in that novel, for all there are many beautiful passages, the heroine is kidnapped (her name is Hostage), taken to the Isle of Ransom, whilst the hero visits there, befriends a fellow called Sly Fox, then goes off on a pointless quest which accomplishes nothing. He visits a land of immortality, ignores it, then, after much meandering, returns to the Isle of Ransom, where the bad guys give Hostage back, demanding no ransom at all, giving no reason for having put the hero through all this. No one carves each other up, as you might expect. This is not good plotting nor convincing motivation.

But the sexual element in the parody is, alas, irrelevant and rather adolescent humour. It is very, very easy to make something funny by putting in sex jokes. Like having a character named Dildo in a Tolkein parody.

Brian Earl Jones is absolutely wrong about my being motivated by "a rank hatred of the genre and its cliches". If I really hate the genre, why, pray tell, do I publish stories in places like "Swords Against Darkness" and "Heroic Fantasy"? Why did I write an epic fantasy serial for FANTASTIC? ("The White Isle", to be a book in a year or two, or three.) Why did I allow something like "We Are All Legends" to be published, not mention the forthcoming "The Shattered Goddess"? None of these are, strictly speaking, sword & sorcery if you narrowly define the genre by its cliches (but then neither are the works of Morris), but they all intersect with the core of the fantasy field. Actually, my sensitivity to cliches is caused by my professional involvement in this field, the same way a science fiction writer is particularly concerned with and exasperated by science fiction cliches.

Arthur Hlavaty: Yes, I did say "Dhalgren" was, to put it mildly, disappointing. I have also said that later Zelazny books are inferior. But the panning of Zelazny began with "Lord of Light", and was remarkably vicious and stupid, quite reminiscent of the "Leroy Tanner" review in AMAZING at the same time, which caused a bit of controversy. (Leroy Tanner was Harry Harrison.) Further, there was an exhaustive hatchet-job on Delany in one of the last fanzine issues of NEW WORLDS which simply went beyond the bounds of respectable professional criticism. It even made THE PATCHIN REVIEW look tame. And there have been quite a few party-line comments in recent years about Delany being a subliterate pulp-writer. I've said Delany's work has gotten self-indulgent, and even that stylistic affectations have made his prose clotted, but I've never said he was illiterate.



John Owen might be surprised to learn that I like Moorcock a lot more than he does. Certainly the Dancers at the End of Time sequence is first rate. "The Black Corridor", "Gloriana", and a few others are well above average. Actually, I find Moorcock worth reading when he's not doing pure hackwork, such as endless self-pastiches and rerun sword & sorcery novels. If about half of his work were discarded, he would seem like a much better writer than he does now. He is a better writer than editor, certainly. Often his contributions were the few readable ones in a given issue of NEW WORLDS. That's because he was one of the few real writers involved. Many of the other contributors were just pretentious amateurs. Sure enough, without NEW WORLDS to publish them, they failed to survive. But the few talented, professional writers devoted to the magazine often held it together when there was otherwise no worthwhile material to be had. NEW WORLDS particularly failed in the presentation of work by new writers.

Marc Schirmeister need not apologise for the results of his experiments with colour printing. The cover is one of the most resplendant I've seen on a fanzine in some time.

With only a LoC and a few illos in this issue, HTT seems almost like a different zine without the usual goodly amount of Schweitzer material. (No cheers, please.) I still consider Darrell one of our major contributors and I do hope that we have more of his material in future issues.

* PAULA LIEBERMAN * Oh, Wow, a colour cover! Marty, Schirm's got to be insane. Anybody who'd go to that effort...

HTT stepping on toes? Nonsense! Chopping them off, vomiting on them, demolishing them...but merely stepping? Well, like you, HTT often comes out smoking!

The Perils of Ethnic Take-Out Food cartoon seems stupid to me -- why is the skinny body with the Carol Doda-sized tits wearing spiked heels and nothing else? Even strippers usually leave something else on, like pasties with tassles over the nipples (really). And why wear spiked heels? But what really bothers me is that the humour doesn't seem

crass enough for HTT. If the implication is that sushi is eaten raw, and it hasn't been killed yet, then one of the connotations of the term "eating" in conjunction with the octopus~~sy~~ should've been shown, not the trite old naked broad (except for spiked heels?!) in merely mortal, not immoral, peril.

*Not crass enough for HTT? But Paula, sometimes I like things which are subtle.
Not! though! that you often find them in this rag!*

What the US Entertainment (?) Megalith exports isn't culture, it's a celluloid or typewritten or taped or radio frequency view of it. I doubt that too many high school plays get exported in thier produced versions, nor home movies, nor home slide shows, nor town festivals, nor church bazaars, nor classical radio stations, nor local rock stations, nor old movie stations... but all those are part of "American culture", too, not just the multimegadollar motion picture industry, which also makes spaghetti Westerns in Italy, kungfu movies in Hong Kong, movies in Japan, and even movies in Australia which have gotten excellent critical reviews in the US. As for Vogue, and Mademoiselle, and New Woman, and Good Housekeeping, and Family Circle, and Woman's Day, etc., those publications are extremely alien to MY lifestyle. The entirety of the world of a woman to those magazines consists of home, children, husband and/or boyfriend, coffee klatsches perhaps, public schools, the state of marriage, physical appearance as prescribed by anorexic models, seemingly-sadistic "fashion industry" hucksters, and perhaps employment, plus the concerns which revolve around those pillars, such as the latest venereal disease scares, 2997 different ways of preparing hamburger so your family won't complain, what to do during Monday night football besides killing your husband... That stuff isn't culture, it's mass media mindwashing marketing! Cultural Imperialism, ha! It's a lot more prevalent inside the US than exported from it.

The US isn't the only place that has "United" in its name! Others include or have included the United Kingdom, United Arab Republic, United Nations, and if one expands a bit to "Union" instead of just "United", there's always the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, hardly an English speaking, Western democratic country!

An American National Fanzine Fans' Con? No, no, no, no... The number of cons in the US already in existence is staggering -- I doubt that there are any free weekends anymore. I think a better idea would be to hold a con within a con - it's been done a couple of times by filksingers. Pick some cons where fanzine fans have traditionally tended to go and see if the concom won't be amenable to giving the fanzine fans a couple of function rooms. A fan GoH may or may not be necessary to get people - Boskone doesn't have a FGoH at all for various reasons, and I can't recall hearing complaints. (It certainly has prevented a lot of them, though, because a lot of people gripe about who or how FGoHs are chosen at various cons. I suspect that picking a FGoH has caused more problems than selecting a pro GoH for a lot of concons.)

Another though just sprang to my mind - there are a lot of different communities of fanzine fans. There are fanzine fans out there whom I suspect a lot of people active in HTT would be surprised to find out are fanzine fans, since they're in a different part of fanzine fandom. Then there are ex-fanzine fans, like Leslie Turek, who co-edited TWILIGHT ZINE, Milt Stevens, who once published PASSING PARADE. Arthur Hlavaty pointed out that there are different sorts of fanzine fans, and they often don't mix too well - he specifically mentioned faanish and sercon, but that's much too broad a distinction. There are whole dijoint genzine communities and personal zine communities.. there are "...do not mention this zine elsewhere..." zines, and Niekases which actively hunt up subs. (Harter once as a hoax put some sub rates in for his PERSONAL NOTES: "\$10.00 for 1, \$5.00 for 2, \$3.33 for 3" and some people actually sent money!) And of course, nobody is quite so condescending to a fanzine as another fanzine or ex-fanzine fan comparing a fanzine of a type he or she isn't interested in to one the she/he was or is active in. You aren't likely to get many diatribes about crudzines out of a fan who isn't and hasn't been a fanzine fan. So even more than selecting a con or cons for fanzine fan gathering points,

you've got to decide what sort of fanzine fan to attract - otherwise, I can see it now -- there stands Marty Cantor, turning purple and green, surrounded by rabid Star Wars fanfic writers discussing their favourite SW fanzines. Yep, they're fanzine fans too, Marty!

Paula, I suspect Marty will take you to task for saying that media fanzine fans are also fanzine fans, but I happen to agree. In fact, at LOSCON 9, whilst Marty, Mike Glyer, and others were conducting a fanzine panel, a female came out disgusted and said how could they call that a fanzine panel when there were no fanzine fans on the panel? She felt she should know who fanzine fans were as she was a dealer with over 23 fanzines (all different titles) for sale at this con. There is just no pleasing some people. - Robbie.

Media fanzine fans are certainly fanzine fans of a sort; however, the usual policies of most media fanzines of charging horribly high prices for their products make these fans fans of either pro or semi-pro products. In this and in other things, such fans are certainly NOT fanzine fans in the traditional sense.

* ROSS PAVLAC * I managed to snarf up HTT #14 at auction when I was at LASFS the other
***** week (I had to outbid Craig Miller on something to give him an early start at learning that Worldcon Chairmen aren't invulnerable!), hence this LoC.

Having two Worldcon Chairmen bidding on a copy of HTT certainly makes one wonder about the future of Worldcons.

On Golden Ages: In many cases, we realise that we are living in a golden age, but aren't able to take advantage of it to its fullest. Example 1: when I was in college, I knew that it was a precious time that would never be repeated. Unfortunately, things like working to earn money for tuition, studying to get grades good enough to renew my scholarship, problems with chronic loneliness and depression -- all kept interfering with my enjoyment of it. Example 2: Working on a Worldcon at the top is normally a once-only experience. Unfortunately, between keeping various committee members from killing each other, handling the constant "emergencies", keeping my marriage held together, and putting in enough work at my mundane job to keep from getting fired, CHICON was nowhere near as pleasant as (a) I would have liked it to be, or (b) as I will insist it was 10 years from now.

Right now I will insist it was a great con. I say that from the viewpoint of both the personal pleasure which I got from it and from the response to the fanzine room.

Re fanzine fans "bombarding the concom with letters" -- despite repeated requests, very few fanzine editors sent in copies of zines which had suggestions or criticisms of CHICON (between when we won and when the con was held). Most Worldcon committees operate in a near-vacuum as to what the fanzine community thinks of them. Even when one or two of those at the top are zine fans, if they don't tell the rest of the committee what they're seeing, the concom as a whole has no way of finding out about it.

Worldcons should indeed have something for "every valid fan interest". Most fans are in fact a bundle of "special interests". Having programming/events to address different facets of a fan's life is one of the best ways to enable a fan to meet other fans with special interests. General-purpose traditional programming and large, open parties are insufficient at breaking down communication barriers and providing an opportunity for conversation -- especially for neo-fans.

A National fanzine fan con is an excellent idea. In fact, it has already happened. The early AUTOCLAVES in Detroit in the mid-70's had the highest concentration of fanzine fans I have ever seen. AUTOCLAVES I & II are yet another example of a Golden Age.

On a more serious note: Rick Brown wants to know why he should bother remaining as a prison librarian. To respond, I'll have to break down his "simple question" into what seem to me to be the component parts, and address my comments directly to Rick.

1. Why be a librarian?

Presumably you became one because you have an aptitude for it (as many fans do) and you enjoy it. Do you have difficulty with being a librarian per se? Your letter doesn't seem to imply that. So...

2. Why be civil service?

My impression of librarian employment is that most of the librarian job openings that exist are in the civil service. I don't know how accurate that impression is.

The civil service is an awful system, and I know of no one competent who likes it. If being a librarian is important to you, and civil service is the only way to do it in your situation, you are stuck.

Being anarchist and anti-government would put a severe day-to-day strain on anyone in civil service. If you are that dedicated to the toppling of authority, you should probably get out and find a new line of work before the internal stress tears you apart.

3. Why work in a prison?

I can think of two sources of satisfaction from working in a prison.

a. Helping keep scum in prison.

One of the purposes of prison is to keep dangerous people off the streets. Not all of the dangerous people are sent to prison (especially if they have the money for good lawyers), but that doesn't diminish the fact that a lot of dangerous people *are* there. Assisting in this is an aid to society.

If you are anarchist to the point that you don't feel that someone who robs/kills/rapes should be put away for a long, long time -- then my advice to you is to get out of that job NOW!!!!

b. More importantly: helping in rehabilitation.

People in prison need other people who will care about them and treat them like human beings. Ideally, they need someone who will help them and encourage them to develop their character to the point that they will care about others enough to not rob/rape/etc. them. Also, it takes a lot of caring and effort to help prisoners to develop marketable job skills (I understand that many criminals steal because they haven't had the opportunity or desire to learn to do anything else). If our prisons are staffed by people who are just "doing their job", and not caring deeply, then rehabilitation is impossible. By being there and caring, you are doing a VERY IMPORTANT job -- *especially* if one of your problems with your job is that many of the staff *don't* care.

4. Pagan conflicts?

I know of nothing in contemporary neo-paganism that would be have a bearing on this, nor did you mention anything specific. ???

5. Homosexual conflicts.

This seems to be what is tearing you apart the most. It appears to break down into:

a. Seeing people imprisoned for homosexuality.

How many of the homosexuals in your prison were imprisoned for *being* homosexual, as opposed to a homosexual who is in prison on some *other* charge?

In Illinois (and Ohio, where I used to live), my impression is that whilst the police may occasionally hassle gay bars, the bulk of the actual imprisonments are for child molestation, prostitution, or homosexual acts in public places (e.g., park restrooms). Am I correct? In any case, I would hope that you would be active in movements to get

the laws reformed to allow homosexuality between consenting adults in private.

Seeing fellow homosexuals suffering in prison.

This gets back to my comments on caring. If nothing else, your fellow homosexuals need to hear from someone who cares and sympathizes. If you don't, who will?

Rick -- I care.

* MIKE ROGERS *

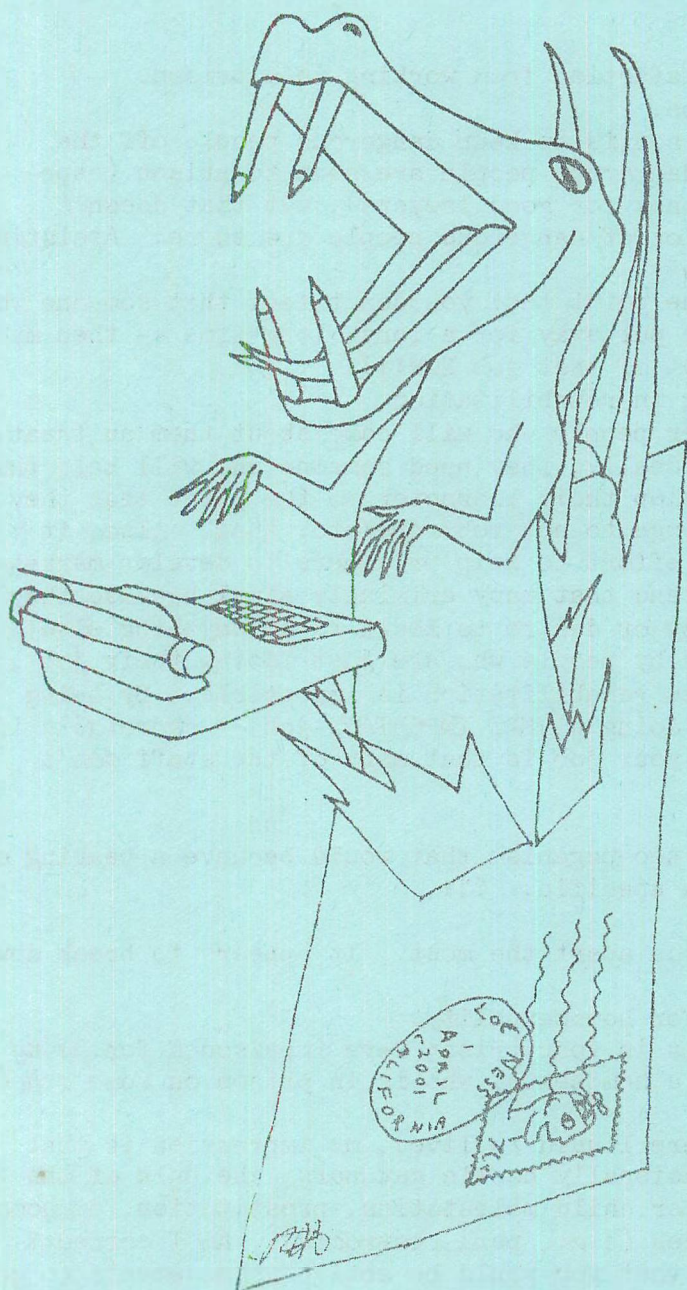
Your main editorial comes at a good time. I now receive quite a few fanzines, and I have noticed an excessive devotion to the fannish past. I have seen quite enough articles about Towner Hall, for one thing. And whilst I mean no disrespect to Charles Burbee, I could live many years comfortably if I did not see any more anecdotes concerning him.

You are right in saying that fanzines must deal with today and not with some real or imagined Golden Age. I wasn't around during that Golden Age.

I was not part of any numbered fandom, be it Sixth or Ninth or Nth. I want to be aware of such times, but I can't live in them. Neither will my fanzine. I'm aiming at today's fans. If reaching them with my thoughts requires discussion of past events, then I will. But I want the zine to be enjoyable and useful to the people reading it now, not those who might have read it 30 years ago. If it still has some meaning 20 years from now, so much the better. But that would be only a bonus.

My response to Messrs. Coad, Steffan, *et al.* would be to ignore them. If they don't like your zine, don't worry about it. As you already know, there are plenty of us who do like it, even if every article or fillo doesn't quite work. Your essay probably won't change anyone's minds; its main value is to put your position on record. Just keep on keeping on, and let fans decide for themselves. I think you'll do all right.

I have noticed that this obsession with Sixth Fandom is creating much interest. But, is there really an obsession? Ted White says not; Marty now concurs with him. Only I cannot help but notice that more and more of the larger zines coming into the house now devote a certain



amount of time and space to Sixth Fandom fans: their words and various anecdotes. Mayhap I have just been sensitised to the issue. - Robbie.

I think that fandom as a whole (or maybe just fanzine fandom as a whole) is becoming sensitised to the issue. On the whole this may not be a bad thing if, for nothing else, it gives us more awareness of our roots. - Marty.

I don't see much I can respond to in Glycer's review of HARMONIC DISSONANCE #2. I'm tickled pink that Glycer likes the zine that much, so I'm certainly not going to castigate him for lack of insight or blinding stupidity. Here are two comments: I doubt that fandom's sexual situation would have been any different had it started in the 20's rather than the 30's -- said situation was caused more by the fans themselves rather than the prevailing social climate, and so the sexual situation would probably have been much the same; and I'm not about to get involved in the feud Mike has undoubtedly started with his comment about one of the letter-writers. Both parties are quite capable of defending themselves, and I have this compulsion about my health...

By far the most revolting piece in the issue was "Rosanne Rosannadanna Meets the Snot Vampire". I give thanks I wasn't eating when I read it. Putrid is one thing, but this one was truly sickening. Have mercy, my lord!

No.

And since I'm nit-picking, I must admit that Darrell Schweitzer writes much better than he draws. I could stand to see less of his art.

And finally, I offer my congratulations on your new-found relationship. My sources tell me that marriage is forthcoming. Couldn't have happened to a more deserving fellow. (Meaning, if you can get married, there's hope for me.)

That last crack gives me thoughts of an issue of HTT wherein all of the illos are by Schweitzer - It would serve you right.

* STEVEN FOX * The cover by Marc Schirmeister was really something. Should be made into
***** a T-shirt! Great idea. Brad Foster art also very nice. He gets around a lot.

Whilst I'm still on the subject of art I would like to thank the people who commented about my art. One letter by Ian Covell was interesting.

* IAN COVELL * Got HTT #14 today. The problem with your zine is that it's too good. No
***** word of a lie, it's so full of good things well done that I want to go through it line by line, and mention everything and discuss it and say 'I read it, I did, I didn't ignore it or pass over it'. To really answer your fanzine in a proper way would need a zine as long and I can't produce one. Herewith, then, please accept that from its hilarious cover to its enticingly attractive endpage, the zine is good, good, good...

There is no accounting for taste.

Adrienne Fein's cookery courses (I know a joke about 'horses for courses' but I think she's gone one better - make the horse the main course...) are excruciatingly tortuous to read. And very funny. I don't recognise the cartoon she drew (page 23) but it looks a lot like a famous Japanese print of many years ago called the "Octopus and the Fisherman's Wife" or something. A delicate print of an octopus wrapped around a woman sucking her vagina. Planned for publication in an English newspaper it was withdrawn before publica-

tion. I presume jokes about bestiality have been printed in HTT - and if not, why not? I'm told HUSTLER (never seen) specialises in the jokes.....

The illo was by Bob Lee, not Adrienne - and was properly credited in the artists listing. And as for bestiality, well, that with the proper, er, touch, will be considered for pubbing here.

I was admiring Nicholas' (I'm surprised Schweitzer hasn't attacked the last syllable in the name yet!) letter when I came across his references to LCD-authors who are also best sellers. Did you know that Frank Slaughter, Barbara Cartland and I think Harold Robbins (amongst others) were banned in Holland, or more probably Sweden? Just taken off the shelves because in the opinion of the authorities, their writing was so bad, it was damaging to growing minds? Not the content, mind you, the *style*! I've never been quite sure whether to cheer or despair over that censorship...

US vs. UK SF. J.G. Ballard ('the best English SF writer' said the promo) was interviewed on TV. Ballard was handled kindly, admitting that much of his imagery of desolate landscapes, abandoned hotels, and so on derive from the time he spent in a Japanese internment camp from which he could see desolate landscape, abandoned hotels and the like... (That's one problem with Ballard: when you do get to the bottom of the difficult prose, or even his life, it always turns out to be so simple it's negligible, which is probably why he lards it with proesy.) Ballard was asked why his characters always tended to end up alone. Ballard replied something to the effect that SF never does write about character, but about psychological types, and since *he* does that, and *everyone* is always *alone* in his or her own skull when they wake, then his psychological-type heroes must of necessity end up *alone*. Yeah. He was then asked (for some reason) if this meant the hero was something of a reflection of what used to be called the collective unconscious. Yes, said Ballard. Then he was asked what was the main difference between the SF of the USA and the UK today. Ballard said the main difference is that the US stuff is mainly fantasy and (get this, he didn't break up the division!): "Ursula Le Guin, Roger Zelazny, Delany, Pournelle...write right-wing kill-the-gooks stories..." At which point, head bowed in solemn prayer I hoped that nobody who *might* have been interested either in SF or those authors was looking in at all. Ballard is an idiot.

I have long maintained that what Ballard writes is not science fiction - that quote shows that he also does not know how to read science fiction.

I heard some very crude jokes the other week, and told everybody straight away. They'll probably be circulating in the States by now. Example 1 - "What does a spastic make in metalwork?" A - "friends". Example 2 - "What part of a vegetable can't you eat?" A - "The Iron lung."

Yes, jokes about British fans are quite crude.

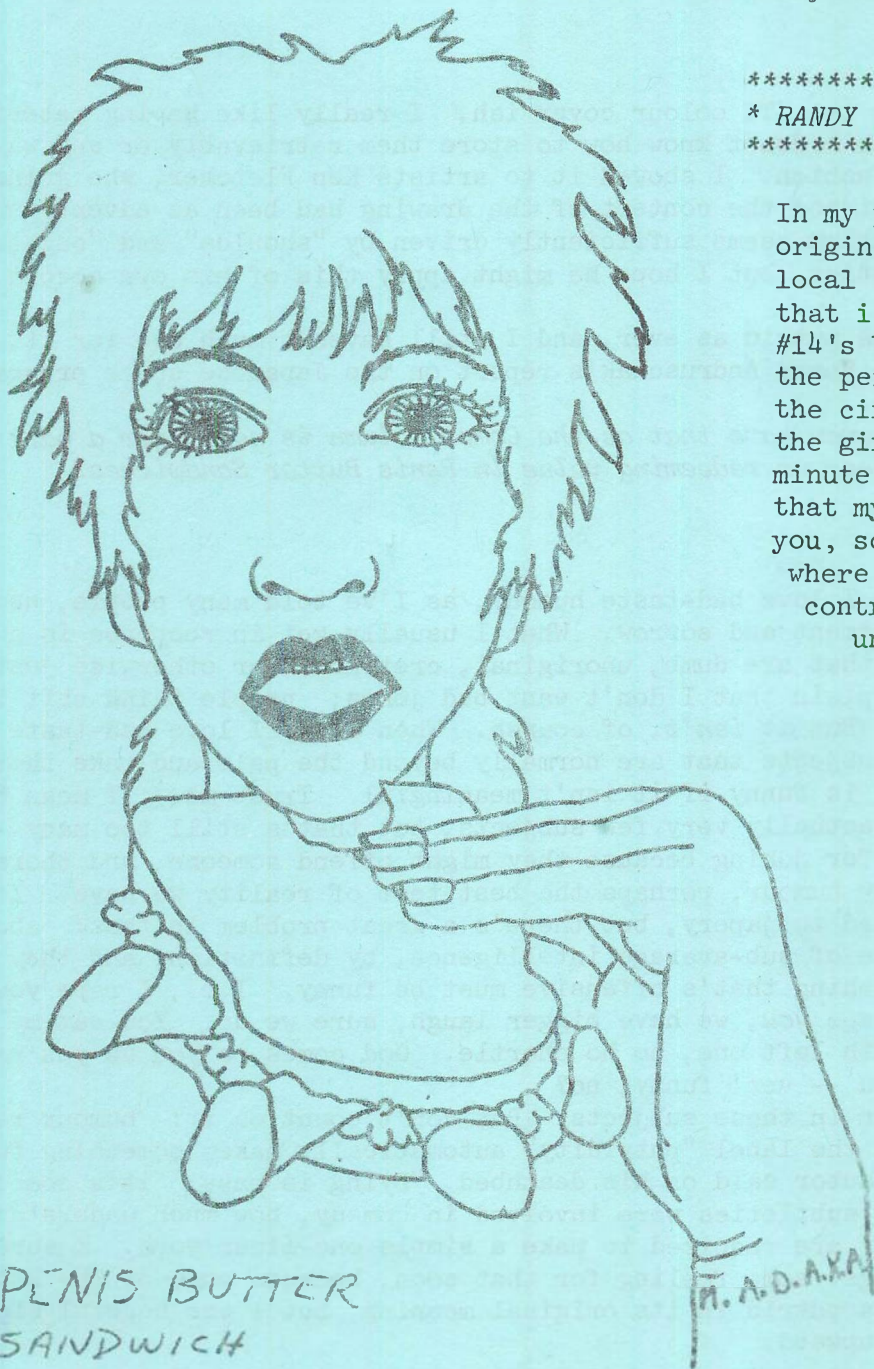
* STEVE TYMON * As usual, the response to my Empire Excerpt has been underwhelming (and they say you get more feedback from fans. Feh). However, my favourites
***** thus far include: "If I had your writing talent (a misuse of the term if I ever heard one), I'd commit suicide." And then there was: "When you learn to write, you ought to publish something. In the meantime, however..." And, of course, my favourite: "I normally enjoy parodies. Too bad I didn't like yours. My lawyers will contact you next week. Love and Kisses, George L. P.S. And by the way, my pet slime mold can write better than you." Ah well, we can only keep trying.

All of these complainers should be glad that they were not around when you turned out your 165 page zine for LASFAPA #7 (some years back).

* BARBARA TENNISON * You want communication about your latest brainchild, do You? Heh, heh. Just what we need, another exercise in mimeographication of someone's grammatical idiosyncrasies! Very pretty cover, but of course that wasn't mimeograph. I couldn't agree more. Think I'll frame it and send it to some state legislatures... As long as I'm discussing the parts that are pictorial and therefore not tainted with grammar, the pop tarts on Aunt Adrienne's column have not failed to gross out everyone I showed them to; a real force for putridity here.

I would respect your inane insistence upon using grammar and spelling idioms which are duplicated nowhere else in the known universe, if said grammar was inot incorrect for this place.

Ah, but Barbara, my grammar precisely correct for this place is.



* RANDY CLARK * I nearly went into shock when I saw the bacover of issue #14!

In my personal collection, I have an original pencil drawing done by a local female artist-friend of mine that is the exact duplicate of HTT #14's bacover, with the exception of the pen-and-ink stippling technique, the circle design motif surrounding the girl's figure, and a few of the minute details. At first, I thought that my friend had sent this illo to you, so I checked the contents page where you list the names of your contributors, but found only the unfamiliar (to me) name of D. Carol Roberts. Consequently, I figured that my friend had assumed a pseudonym, so I checked the address list in the back and discovered that D. Carol Roberts lives in California.

Well, I could only conclude that there are two separate artists who have coincidentally adapted two copies of the same photograph of some prominent fashion model into two equally attractive works of art.

In any case, this coincidence is such a pleasant surprise that I would like

to obtain the original drawing that you used if at all possible.

I returned the original to D. Please write to her to ask for it. In any case, I would never send an original drawing to somebody else, I always return the original to the artist (if they request that I do so). My preference, though, is that artists send me good xerox copies instead of originals.

I have really appreciated receiving the past three issue of HTT. They have kept me laughing throughout. You have enlisted the aid of some putridly imaginative writers and some inspired artists and cartoonists. Linda Leach and Joan Hanke-Woods are amongst my favourites since I am familiar with their work through other fanzines, and Darrell Schweitzer is consistently funny.

What else can I say?

* SARAH PRINCE * Thank you for the HTT colour cover ish. I really like having material
***** things, though I don't know how to store them retrievably or any way
but packrat-fashion. I showed it to artists Ken Fletcher, who grinned
and ooked, and Ray Allard who wished the content of the drawing had been as adventurous
as the block technique ---. Schirm seems sufficiently driven by "shoulds" and "oughts"
that I hesitate to add a suggestion, but I hope he might apply this of his own accord in
the "better next time".

Otherwise the fmz seems as putrid as ever, and I still haven't much use for it, but
I found some redeeming value in Harry Andruschak's report on the Japanese space programme.

*Oops. And now we do not even have that as the Comet Column is no longer a part of
HTT. Are you certain that you see no redeeming value in Penis Butter Sandwiches?*

* TERRY CARR * It happens that I love bad-taste humour, as I've told many people, usually
***** to my disappointment and sorrow. What I usually get in response is a
batch of jokes that are dumb, unoriginal, cretinous, or otherwise just
bad. It's no good trying to explain that I don't want bad jokes; people think shit is
good just because it's putrid. But it *isn't*, of course. When I say I love bad-taste jokes,
I mean I love jokes that take subjects that are normally beyond the pale and make them
meaningful and funny. (Nothing is funny if it isn't meaningful. Trust me.) I mean that
there are too many subjects -- actually very few subjects, but that's still too many --
that are considered off-limits for joking because they might offend someone, and therefore
these subjects are unexplored by humour, perhaps the best test of reality we have. I'd
like to see these subjects opened to japery, but there's a great problem in that: about
half the people in the world are of sub-average intelligence, by definition, and they
tend strongly to think that anything that's offensive must be funny. I.e., I rape your
sister, we have big laugh. I rape *you*, we have bigger laugh, sure we do. You eat my
right eyeball whilst I watch with left one, ho ho chortle. God comes to you as you're
dying and I lie to Him about you -- ver' funny, no?

Well, sometimes, yes, even in these subjects. But don't count on it: humour re-
quires talent, and if you think the label "putridity" automatically makes something funny,
you're a lost cause. A famous actor said on his deathbed, "Dying is easy; it's comedy
that's hard". He knew how many subtleties were involved in comedy, how much understanding
of life and meaning and all that are required to make a simple one-liner work. I sure
hope you and your contributors get some feeling for that soon, because some of the stuff
in HTT is neat and most of it is putrid in its original meaning, but I see hopeful signs
that the course of the zine is upward.

You know, hardly anyone has published a regularly-appearing genzine since the days of CRY. HTT reminds me very much of CRY, a fanzine that never became "great" but that sure contributed a lot of quality to fandom during the several years of its height. May HTT do the same. (CRY won a Hugo, by the way. But that was then.)

Ted White has also compared HTT to CRY. I have not seen any issues of CRY; I guess that I will have to see if Bruce Pelz any copies of it which he can show to me.

Congratulations on falling in love, presumably mutually. It beats hell out of winning a Hugo.

Maybe we can get the WSFS Constitution amended to award another Hugo - one for falling in love. That is an appropriate thought for page 69 of this zine.

* DAVID BRATMAN * I hate to sound like Bruce Arthurs writing that my article a few issues back wasn't funny, but...(oh hell, I'll let myself go ahead and sound like Bruce Arthurs) the humour in HTT #14 wasn't very funny. I think because there was too much of the same kind of humour in the one issue. Really, three funny-things by the same author in one issue is overkill. A veritable surfeit of Darrell Schweitzer. Funny stuff should be eaten like chocolates: one at a time, and slowly.

Obviously, you are not a "real" chocolate eater. Us chocolate lovers never eat one piece when there is more chocolate available. Unless, of course, there is only one LARGE piece of chocolate available, in which case you gorge yourself on the entire thing. No, you do not understand the ethos of the dedicated chocolate lover. The same goes for humour.

I was quite interested in the serious-stuff in the issue. Both of your editorials are similar in their thoughts to reflections I've had, particularly in my more cantankerous moods. The first images I had of Sixth Fandom were rather inaccurate ones: reading WARHOON 28 and the current new fanzines that attempt to crystallize what they see as the Sixth Fandom spirit. Well, WARHOON 28 was an anthology, the very best work of the very best fanwriter of the period; and the Sixth Fandom Redux Zines are attempting a very odd goal: perfection. I think the likes of Ted White and Patrick Nielsen Hayden see their fanzines as Delicately Adjusted Machines, put together in careful attention to every phrase and nuance. But that's the very attitude that Willis makes such fun of in one of his Harp columns. Malcolm Edwards has said, "Fanwriting is one of the very few forms of writing which are pointless unless you are doing your very best," but although that sounds admirable, it's a dangerous attitude for anyone but a near-genius to take. If you can only write the very best, and if the very best is measured by our Delicately Adjusted Machines, you may never get anything written! I am intimidated by these modern manifestations of the Sixth Fandom Spirit, not encouraged as their authors intend.

That which I think Malcolm intended was that each individual should write to the best of their abilities, not that everybody should write in a way that would be judged against some outside standard which would judge every writer equally. Everybody does not have the ability to "write the best stuff ever written", but there are great gobs of people who can write fascinating prose at a level just below that occupied by masterpieces.

I think that you are wrong in imputing Ted White the writing of fanzines like Delicately Adjusted Machines; somehow, though, I do get that impression from the zines of the Nielsen Haydens. Except, in Patrick's and Teresa's case, it somehow works out as the very natural thing for them to do - every zine of theirs which I have read is an absolute joy to read.

But I said that my first images of Sixth Fandom were inaccurate. More recently I've had the chance to read some of the original zines. They were physically messy and sloppy, with typing and mimeography anything but impeccable; and whilst much of the writing is indeed brilliant, it seems almost ordinary in context, and it's sometimes surrounded by hackwork that wouldn't be acceptable in any decent fanzine today. You're quite right that Fandom's Golden Age, like Greece's (or even Science Fiction's), was anything but perfect.

Quite right - I do not retract that part of my editorial. That which I think was wrong was my imputation that many current fans are trying to force present-day faneds to ape Sixth Fandom "standards".

Despite some problems with your second editorial I agree with your conclusions. Any bookshelf marked "Canadiana" is filled with treatises containing desperately neurotic attempts to find a Canadian national identity; so much so that to me the Canadian national identity is a neurotic search for one. To the Canadians I would say this: people of European descent have been living in our countries for only a few hundred years. And we possess between us the famous "longest undefended border in the world". No wonder assimilation has occurred! The US and Canada are getting more like each other all the time because there hasn't been time for differences to spring up naturally, and because interaction is so free. Unfortunately the US is more populous and so carries more weight in the exchange. If Canada wishes to be different, it should wall itself off and wait a few centuries for individual quirks to fester.

* ARTHUR D. HLAVATY * Of course the cover is simply marvelous. // "Remember: to continue receiving HTTP you must Do Something at least ONCE a year."
***** Really, Marty, these tacky references to our president's sex life have got to stop.

But at the time that I wrote that it was an optimistic statement about my own sex life.

American cultural imperialism is a real problem, Marty. I have it on good authority that even now, Americans are luring young Canadian women away from their native land.

Aw, shucks, Arthur - you found me out. And, as of the typing of this page, our wedding is exactly one week away.

John D. Owen raises an interesting point on the differences between British and American SF. Since Great Britain never had a Gernsback, their SF has always been closer to the mainstream than ours. The good news about that is that it discouraged some of the worst pulpish excesses, and enabled a writer like Brian W. Aldiss to live as an amphibian, moving gracefully and effortlessly back and forth from SF to mainstream. The bad news is that it left British SF open to the worst excesses of the mainstream, from fashionable pessimism to the overemphasis on style, and tended to devalue the distinctively science-fictional imagination that is what many of us look to SF for. Archetypal bad American SF is the adventure where the white male hero conquers the space gooks. Archetypal bad British SF is the disaster novel where petty losers squabble (in impeccable prose) whilst somewhere off in the background, the world ends.

That is a nice thesis, but I do not believe that it will really wash. There is a long history of English SF authors who wrote (and some who still do write) in what Britfans would call an "American fashion" - Brunner, Tubb, Stableford, Rankine, Rakham, Bulmer - these are some of the names that first come to mind. The best of the British disaster novels, THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, is certainly not as trashy as its modern descendents are.

As a follow-up to Rick Brown's LoC, he is no longer working at the jail. Trust Rick to get kicked out of jail as a bad influence. Actually, it appears that his dismissal had nothing to do with his sexual preferences, or even his reading of HTT, but was caused by something like failing to give a sufficiently convincing imitation of an Authority Figure. St. Lenny pointed out a long time ago that it's interesting that the punishment for homosexuality is being locked up with a lot of horny men. In some states, such as Massachusetts, lewd cohabitation (i.e., without getting a State screwing permit) is a crime, and so presumably renting property to people who will cohabit lewdly there makes one an accessory to a crime, and thus a criminal. On the other hand, refusing to rent to people who will engage in lewd cohabitation is unlawful discrimination, and also a crime.

* JIM MEADOWS * Let me say
***** that the
cover of HTT

#14 is a joy. Schirm may have encountered some problems with the inks, but the effect is very nice here, and the printing flaws are minor to my standards. The colours have a bright, home-made quality to them that I find very appealing. I really hope you'll continue this technique.

* BOB LEE * Everything smurfy with you? As a dedicated Kat-hater you should be watching
***** THE SMURFS if you aren't already; it's on 8:30-9:30 am Saturdays on NBC, so
you can munch breakfast whilst watching and still have a day to go sneaking in the alleys with a machine gun and a flame-thrower, full of inspiration for kat-hunting.



Of course you have to put up with those putridly cute blue Smurfs whilst waiting for the terrific yowling and screeching of the kat Azrael. Usually the show is made up of 4 separate stories involving the disgustingly happy little creatures. Last season would've been better for you because then all 4 segments had Azrael in them, getting the short end of the stick. Now only 1 of them has the feline getting tormented, so you have to endure at least 3 stories of absosmurfly hideous cutesiness to be sure of seeing Azrael get his, nyaahaaaa.

I confess the reason why I watch the show is to hear the erotically foghorned voice of a girl Smurf, called the Smurfette (what a clever name, and excuse me whilst I fwah up). I like a girl with a foghorned voice -- the hoarse, husky kind that cracks now and then. It's so endearing. It suggests she shrieks, squeals, and screams a lot, with full-throated terror or passion. Yes, I'm depraved. Would you like my autograph?

Personally, I gave up the Smurfs because none of the male characters were interesting. Besides, I preferred them in French! - Robbie.

It says something about a person when he has to watch Saturday morning kiddie cartoon shows to get his sexual kicks. - Marty

I take offense at the snide and sexist way Brian Earl Brown referred to "naked wimmen" in my "art". The proper, accepted and respectful designation is "nekkid chicks". And tell Adrienne Fein to save her cheep shots for herself. She could use the eggs they lay in her recipes.

The next time Schirm prints a colour cover with lino blocks, spray an acrylic fixative on it. As soon as I received HTT #14, I had to head for the head (Do you think there's a causal relationship there?), and naturally the ish accompanied me. Afterwards, I noticed a strangely coloured, nauseating...gaaah,,,ick on my hands.

Oh my ghod...it's the new mutant strain of Montezuma's Revenge the scientists have been worried about, the kind that rots away all the flesh in between so you can see all the colours of the veins and the arteries and the nerves and the bourbon under the skin.. that excellent basket of dog burritos and that vintage bottle of counterfeit Perrier I had in Tijuana the other night..I knew I should have checked if those girls had been certified by the Mexican government... I had to blackmail a girl to cook and spoon-feed me-- I wasn't about to eat food my hands had touched.

I was about to turn myself in for biological warfare research when I noticed the colours on my sweating palms and fingers matched those on HTT's cover. Ahah, I said to myself, let's check this out. I wasn't worried, you see, about contaminating an ish of HTT - if anything was going to do any contaminating, HTT would be it, destroying any puny microbe in the vicinity by a mere laying on of hands. Boy, was I relieved that, yes indeedy, the cover of #14 was guilty. I could go on in Tijuana ordering dog burritos and vintage counterfeit Perrier and doing my patriotic duty reviewing bordellos for the Marine Corps and the Navy. I could go back to the simple pleasures in life... So spray that goddamned fixative next time around, Marty!!!

If I do spray the fixative I can be certain that the creeping glotch which is on the cover will not be rubbed off in transit to you.

* ROBERT WHITAKER * Long distance relationships, as I know (being involved with Giani Siri in NYC) can be quite rewarding if... The big if is something you have to get around. "If" I were here and you (her) were there, etc. Or deciding who is going to move. Or putting up with it until you get a clear unswerving answer that you can't deny. If you continue with this lady, be honest, be good, be charitable. And ask why? And why not? I enjoy love. It helps the lust.

Well, he continued. I moved. And we both got an answer we could not deny. I kind of enjoy love, too. - Robbie.

* JANE BECKMAN * Dear Collective of Nicely Warped Minds: As a matter of fact, the French
***** (bless their inventive hearts) have all sorts of nice recipes for rat.

It has something to do with sieges of Paris, I understand (you wondered why they started eating snails, didn't you? Admit it!). As a matter of fact, some valuable critiques of cooking with---ah---unusual animals came out of the Siege of Paris of 1870. Small dogs are definitely more succulent and tasty than large dogs, with poodle and spaniel amongst the choicest. Several admitted to developing a distinct taste for spaniel, and found it quite comparable to more conventional meats, especially when cooked with wine. And the Paris zoo, being unable to feed their animals, let the animals feed the (gourmet) masses, and collected a tidy sum, at that, I understand. One of the gourmet restaurants (Voisin's) was one of the chief purchasers and served a magnificent repast in the midst of the siege, featuring delicacies such as elephant consume (until late Castor and Pollux, the prize elephants of the zoo), haunch of wolf, and cat and rat in sauce. (This is one case where the menu being in incomprehensible French might have been an advantage!). I also have a copy of the Bucksinner's Cookbook, complete with discussions of Indian recipes for dog, and how to make your moccasins (or Indian guide) tasty if you're stranded in a blizzard. Don't you just love the ways food ties in with our historic heritage?

But French is not incomprehensible; English is! - Robbie

That is what I like about Robbie - she has such a wacky view of reality. - Marty

* MIKE GLICKSOHN * First, let me reiterate my congratulations on the happy events in your
***** personal life of late. I trust everything is still going well and I'm delighted for you. As it happens, my own personal life has been rather hectic of late and some of the reversals I've had have left me in a fairly prolonged depression which is still somewhat with me. This is one reason I've been very inactive in fanzines in the last little while. But I could hardly let two consecutive issues of HTT go by unlooked and so I'll attempt to do a little justice to your last monstrous issue. (How you take that description is entirely up to you!)

My preference is to take it both ways simultaneously (and you can take that any way which you choose). I am sorry to hear about things not going well for you; I hope that things have, er, picked up by the time that you read this. Would that I could share with you my happiness - but not, of course, Robbie.

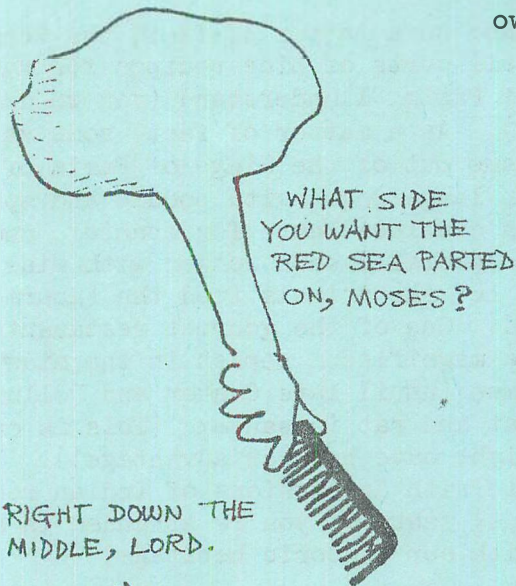
First, kudos to Schirm for his valiant effort with the cover. It's a very funny idea and if the execution is a little less than perfect, so what? He deserves enormous credit for even considering such an idea, let alone getting it done. It's this sort of love and attention that occasionally makes fanzine publishing such a special place to be and it's good to see that such efforts are not entirely things of the past.

Schirm has spread such a large amount of excellent artwork throughout fandom for a long time now that I believe that he is overdue for a nomination for the Best Fanartist Hugo.

The issue as a whole is a typical Cantorian catastrophe: a bewildering mixture of the good and the execrable, surrounded by much of the very worst extant fanzine art along with occasional gems such as the splendid bacover by D. Carol Roberts. But as several people point out in the lettercolumn, HTT has energy and involvement and individuality and that's why I love being a part of it even though I think much of it is crud.

Your opening editorial makes some excellent points and you're absolutely correct in suggesting that people should accept HTT for what you've clearly indicated you want it to

be and that its success should be measured against your own expectations for it. All fanzines should ideally be treated this way. Where I think you're over-protesting somewhat is in promulgating what I think is the myth of Sixth Fandom Fandom.



// Mike goes on for several paragraphs, elaborating on and proving this point in a manner similar to that of many of the loccers. I have already signified my acceptance of this view. He then goes on to state:/*/*

Having said all that let me add that I also agree with just about everything you said about the concept of golden ages, about the merits of Sixth Fandom and the reasons for its reputation and about the need for today's fandom to pursue its own ends and goals. I just think you've armed yourself with all these truths to battle a windmill that doesn't exist.

Schweitzer's "About the Authors" was considerably more amusing than most of his material for you has been. I'm sure I missed a great many literary and fannish allusions which would have helped me appreciate it even more but those I caught, plus the quality of the humour itself, made this a more enjoyable contribution than I've come to expect from Darrell. "The Teddybear" was a mite heavy-handed but still an enjoyable farce and I've always thought "The Drowned Ballard" was one of the few truly fine things Darrell Schweitzer ever wrote. He does seem to be very well represented in this issue.

I feel much the same way about your second editorial as I did about your first. I think you make some valid points but I also think you vent your spleen on an imaginary foe. Granted that the phrase "American Cultural Imperialism" is semantically inaccurate the concern that some Canadians feel (not I) towards the massive influence of American culture on Canada is nevertheless a valid one. You attack an inappropriate choice of a single word -- even go as far as to point out what it should be -- and then seem to think this dismisses the problem. It doesn't: even a misnamed problem is still a problem. America and Americans may not be forcing their culture on us at gunpoint but there are more subtle types of pressure coming to bear. The sheer *volume* of available American culture which surrounds us makes it economically impossible for a truly Canadian culture to exist. I don't happen to care about this but I think those who do have a legitimate concern. I also doubt there's much they can do about it. (I don't believe there's such a thing as a "Canadian SF" either but wotthehell.) So, idiotic though some of McKeer's statements undoubtedly are I find you too spewing nonsense in this completely misdirected attack. But I still like you, even if you are American...

I agree with you, in part, that it is the sheer volume of available American culture which creates much of the "influence". After all, French Canada has had the same problem with English Canada for years. A truly French Canadian culture is difficult to maintain when it is so inundated by English Canadian culture. But trying to cut off contacts with the culture which you fear will destroy yours is not going to help. The real problem is that American culture is more abundantly available to Canadian youth, and more interestingly shown. If we want a distinctive Canadian culture to grow and flourish, we

have to make it as easily available and as interesting as the Americans make theirs. Naturally, the same is true for French Canada. - Robbie.

I like your idea of a Fanzine Con to be held on a rotating basis but it seems to me it's up to the con committees, not us fanzine fans. What if no committee wanted to do it? Surely you wouldn't go so far as to suggest that we should...ugh!...get ourselves on con committees in order to ensure the survival of such an annual gathering? But if a few established cons were amenable to the idea I'd be delighted to see such a plan at least attempted. AUTOCLAVE 1 and 2 *were* "fanzine cons" and they remain two of the four or five best cons I've ever attended.

So I hope you're idyllically happy and having so much fun you don't publish again for days or maybe even weeks. I've got a lot of catching up to do! And, as always, any disagreements are entirely on issues, not in any way personal. If we have to go through fannish history forever with our names permanently linked in the minutes of Worldcon Business Meetings it's a good thing I think you're a hell of a good chap, eh wot? Good on ya, boss.

Same on you, Mike. Somehow I believe that we will be known for known in fandom for other than that which links our names in the minutes of Worldcon Business Meetings. I must say, though, that that which causes our names to be linked is something about which there is fannish good - I hope that our work (even if the final motion was not exactly ours) accomplishes the good for which it was intended. Indeed, I am happy to have my name linked to yours in that endeavour.

* JEANNE GOMOLL * For all it's being problem-plagued, it was a BEAUTIFUL COVER. Please
***** tell Schirm that it's wonderful. I was impressed. Wow! What a wonderful cover!

Jeanne also writes, "And I'm still put off too often by the sorts of things you print--both words and artwork..." I believe that it was her pleasure with Schirm's cover which impelled her to poc HTT. Well, Schirm's cover deserves this respect.

* LESLIE DAVID * I agree with editorial #2. I've noticed that all the Canadians I've
***** asked similar questions have never answered me. Oh dear, I'm sure I'm going to regret this, but as an answer to Mike Hall, I suggest he read Niven & Barnes THE DESCENT OF ANANSI, where the characters were Japanese and Brazilian. Yes, there were *some* Americans. Speaking of Brazilians and more specifically Mexicans, I'm sure Mike will tell you they copied us too - they are called Los Estados Unidos Mexicanos.

In fandom, when you write a boo-boo, MANY fans are only too willing to point out your error. In this case, the idiocy of considering STAR TREK as an example of American Cultural Imperialism because of the word "United" in The United Federation of Planets. Many loccers have pointed out that many countries use the word "United" somewhere in their official country name.

* HARRY WARNER * Your front cover is gorgeous, by George. I can't remember the last time
***** a fanzine possessed such a spectacular combination of colours and art. I always keep the colour control on my television set turned up a trifle higher than needed for realistic hues, maybe because the real world seems to be growing so monochromatic, and so the eye-catching colours in this cover satisfy me thoroughly. It

must be ten years, at least, since the last major outbreak of full-colour fanzine covers. Once they were fairly numerous and I even kept a few of the best in a separate pile with the intention of creating 35 mm slides from them. But I never did, probably due to inability to think of any good reason why I should want fanzine covers in slide form.

I was happy to learn from the bits scattered throughout this issue about the rediscovery of fanzines by the worldcon. It's only appropriate. After all, the worldcon was created by fanzine fans, most of the individuals attending the first few worldcons were fanzine fans, and it's unlikely that the consecutive history of worldcons would go back to the late 1930s if fanzines hadn't plugged them so generously at a time when there were very few other ways for individuals to learn about the existence of a worldcon. If there's such a thing as gratitude nestled somewhere in the psyches of today's con fans, some of it should be made available to fanzine fandom for historical reasons, if not for more practical reasons like the fact that fanzine fans could still in this era of thousands of attendees make the difference between financial success and failure for a worldcon, now that patronage is becoming less certain.

// The following LoC by Ben Indick included some drawings which purported to be representations of me. Said drawings are not reproduced in this zine. /*/*

* BEN INDICK * What makes you think we don't know what you look like? You will find enclosed (1) a close-up, (2) a long-shot. Here we see a firm-faced (soft-bellied) man of 44, smoking "Marty's Mix #2A". At home is no wife or children; however, our hero is a convivial soul, famous for one-night stands (a few of which came back to haunt him, driving him for protection to the ways of Fandom. Hopefully, a Toronto lass will have duration!) One he dreamed of publishing a novel of great power; unfortunately, his job as a tobacconist of reknown occupied too much of his time. Accordingly, he opted for prize-winning fanzines and GoHships, which have remained elusive, although not impossible of achievement. As an editor, his weakness for Schweitzerisms has proven his undoing. Cleverly, Darrell has shunted material to him that has been rejected by PROCRASTINATION, IBID, and OMNI, obtaining the high rates Marty fatuously pays. Rumour has it that Barry Malzberg may even submit to Marty, just to put Schweitzer down! (Or it may be his nom de plume, "Barry Malaberg", c.f. pg. 15).

What is this about a Toronto lass? Something I should know, perhaps? After all, you surely cannot mean me; I am from Touraine, Quebec. Not even the same province, you will note. Of course, considering how wildly inaccurate the drawings were, it is more likely that you are confusing Marty with someone else. For a slightly (very slight!) closer representation, check out the illo for the title page of this LoC Ness Monster. // Would you believe that as a Canadian I find nothing dumb about Marty's spelling? I was brought up to spell in the British style because that was the only correct spelling as far as the teachers were concerned. - Robbie.

Robbie, are you implying that I have a tail? Sheesh. - Marty.

Loved Marc's cover!! So much work for him, but the results are worth it.

* GAIL B. WEISS * As an ardent sushi-eater, I found the illo on p. 23 very amusing; I'm tempted to send a copy to friends who would believe it!

As a person who believes in fairness, I think that sushi should always be given an equal chance to eat that which is trying to eat it.

As you mentioned the fanzine room at worldcons: I went by it in Chicago, and the people in there certainly didn't seem as if they wanted new blood - the answers to my questions were curt, and I left quickly, feeling I had intruded on someone's demesne.

This is the first that I have heard about any such thing. At times there were so many fans on the other side of the tables that it was difficult to spend any time talking to any one given fan before we had to say something to somebody else - and that went on and on. We certainly could have used more help. Anyway, I apologise for any slights to you - they were certainly inadvertant.

The following is from a page of Ben Indick's letter which Robbie just found for me (she was wondering where it was as her second comment to Ben concerned something on this page and I had not typed it). See Robbie's comment on the previous page as a reply to what follows here.

Ben says:

Mike Glycer is a petulant party-pooper. You're the editor: you are entitled to your own spelling preferences, no matter *how dumb* they are! (or how-thumb-handed you are). (I don't send IBID for reviewing: it wouldn't help!)

* ANNE LAURIE LOGAN * Reading HTT is something like eating hotdogs -- if one stops to consider too closely the individual ingredients, one will only spoil one's snack. As long as you keep publishing fine stuff like the Smith and Harness reprints, or the Fox/Townley/Schirmeister artwork, I'll even be able to bear with the Darrell Schweitzer Sideshow.

Ah, yes - the HTT Home for Wayward Geeks. Some of us like to reside here, others just like to gawk.

* JOHN D. OWEN * Mind-boggling cover - it kinda grabs you by the guts as you haul it screaming out of its envelope. Worthy sentiments, too, makes you wish for a time machine to send a few of the 'born again' types back to cop an interview with Tyrrann. Rex himself.

Contents this time are sort of less putrid than last time, whassamatter, you running out of puke-worthy subjects? Only Auntie Adrienne really measures high on the scale. Not that it bothers me all that much, since the putridity is far less important to your zine than the controversy, which is there a-plenty. In some ways, you could reckon HTT being one of Fandom's goads, prodding the pomposity that abounds, and trying to get a little action going. If there was the fannish equivalent of an 'Order of the Wooden Spoon' you'd be right up there competing for it (probably along with Ted White and D. West).

Considering my retraction of my editorial of lastish (rather, my change of view), I assume that I am now going to get all kinds of flack for "selling out". Foey.

In your piece on the current tendency to venerate the past, you mention Sixth Fandom, but the British 'Ratfan' movement of the seventies serves the same purpose as a 'Golden Age' over here for many people. I do see what people like Bergeron et al are getting at with their 'timebinding', and in many ways its a very worthwhile concept. But it should never get out of hand and end up as 'ancestor worship' (especially since so many of the ancestors are still around). The really important thing is what people are doing now - encouragement is needed to bring on new fans to write the way *they* want to write, not to emulate their predecessors. A working knowledge of what has gone before is helpful

(and enjoyable; many of those old boys could write well), but its not totally essential. Fandom really is a very subjective area - it operates on the subjective feelings of the people involved; how they think and how they react one to another. Fine, write with the knowledge of what has gone before and you may avoid a few pitfalls, get out of the habit of reinventing the wheel, and come up with a new twist on the old themes - but it's what *you* bring in *yourself* that matters, because that's the only unique thing anyone has going for them. And it's that uniqueness that exemplifies all the best writers in fandom, that makes them the best.

I am in total agreement with what you have just written. There is a problem, though. By its very nature fandom makes it difficult for the new faned to have the requisite knowledge of and experience with old zines (and even most new ones) before he attempts his first zine. Most experienced faneds and other fanzine fans know this and make allowances for the first few issues of a new faned. It is always hoped that new faneds eventually get into the swing of things; unfortunately, even new faneds with the best of intentions to put out good zines have problems getting the requisite background even after they have been pubbing for a while. Sometimes it seems that the only way they learn is to put their own stamp on good things which they copy/adapt from good zines which they see in trade. I would like to get some input on how something can be done about this, something which I might be able to implement at L.A.CON II. I am in charge of the Fan Room at that worldcon, and I would like to do something to help new faneds and potential faneds.

Mmmm, think you're right to have pulled the plug on the War of the Waves debate, which seems to have degenerated into ritual name-calling, if the Nicholas effort this issue is anything to go by. Still, no doubt my letter in the loccol will prompt the Defender of the Faith to leap forward once more unto the breach, with vitriol tipped pen at the ready, accusing me of all kinds of perversity (yer know, liking Heinlein, reading OMNI, enthusing about E.C. Tubb, all that kind of thing, elsewhere regarded as 'normality' - but not in Britain, my dears, not in the land of Ballard, where obtuseness passes as wisdom, obfuscation as clarity, and wordiness disguises thin plots and even thinner imaginations). And as for someone 'stumping around...pretending that he knows the last word about absolutely everything', well, I've not heard a better description of the typical Nicholasian stance on just about everything for a while!

Nicholas may not know everything, but he writes about it so interestingly!

In a way, your 'American Imperialist' diatribe is perhaps appropriate here, since I've often felt that the attitude of Britfen towards American SF (and their protective and rather idiosyncratic attitude towards NEW WORLDS) is as much to do with an anti-American Cultural Imperialism stance rather than any rational, reasoned critique of what the literature actually produces on both sides of the Atlantic. In a way, its also very much an 'anti-scientific' stance, too, a by-product of the arts-vs-science rift that C.P. Snow pointed out as existing (and which I see nearly every day at work at the Open University). Note that its 'Arts-vs-Science', not 'Science-vs-Arts', since many scientists respect and support the Arts, whilst few Arts people reciprocate in anything like the same way. It wasn't always so - you only have to go back a hundred years to see how inter-active the Arts and Sciences were. So why does it exist so much now, why does there seem to be such an anti-scientific stance from so many Britfen? Solve that, and you end up with (perhaps) a solution to the differences between the Brits and the Yanks, the Schweitzers and the Nicholases.

Ah, what the hell. I've run out of invective for the moment, so I guess I'd better sign off. Keep the HTTs coming, they are an oasis of sanity in a mad world (that'll get you worried!).

As I am always right about everything, I am quite well aware that HTT is an oasis of sanity in a mad world.

* TAD MARKHAM * I just finished reading HTT #14 today. I started yesterday when I got it
***** in the mail. That's not the only place where I got it before I was
through. Hoo Hoo! My stomach may never be the same.

THE COVER! NEVER HAVE I SEEN A BETTER FAN COVER. You can take your Krenkel AMRA, and your Kirk ALIEN CRITIC and your Grant, Carrington, and Fabian for Same. Maybe George Barr, or Kirk in his colour incarnations rivals this fellah; but, and I'm speaking from total ignorance and therefore the height of putridity, if Schirmeister doesn't have the masters in art that Kirk has, and Barr almost certainly has, he is UP THERE WITH THE BIGGIES for MY MONEY. He OUTSHINES Fref and Foglio. Fref and Foglio have always left something to be desired in their styles, a certain quality of obsession or honesty or ineptitude, which means that if Schirm does not get the Fan Art Hugo in the coming three years, once in that time or all three running, I will do nothing except shake my head and ask Schirm to contribute to my zine some more.

You may, unfortunately, have to do much shaking of your head. I, also, think that Schirm deserves a nomination; the problem here, though, is that I do not think that he gets enough exposure in fandom. His fanzine exposure is comparatively sparse - and it would certainly help his chances if he had things in con artshows.

To be honest, I haven't encountered (with respect to Schweitzer's letter) a fanzine with the kind of lively feel that HTT has since the early seventies round of Geis fanzines. APA-NYU for me achieved only in a few rare peak moments what HTT gets consistently, and occasionally surpasses.

HTT is probably the closest approach (in present-day fandom) to the interactive letterzine which Glycer mentions in his column.

And that ends the LoC Ness Monster for thisish - the longest one (39 pages) that I have yet run. This is also the longest HTT to date. Whew!

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Olivia Jasen who sent some disgusting jokes; David Schlosser, who mentioned his near-psychotic laziness when it comes to locating fanzines; Laurraine Tutihasi, who lost her job and is moving to San Francisco; Tom Dunn, who must be a fan because his non-fan quarterly comes out only every year or so; Michaela Duncan, who said that Adrienne's Cooking column and the pop-tarts illos inspired her to draw her contribution thisish; Tony Cannon, who thinks that gay fans have problems in fandom and that we should discuss the issue; and a very good loc from Taral - I hope that he will turn it into an article for HTT. Kim Huett also sent a late LoC on nos. 12 & 13. Avedon Carol wrote, "Congratulations on your upcoming merger, with appropriate best wishes to the victim." To which Robbie replies, "But I'm not the victim - you are", pointing to me. And I guess that the mail was again delayed on its way to Australia.

ADDRESSES

Jane Beckman: 3480 Granada Av #243, Santa Clara, CA 95051 USA
Mary Bohdanowicz: 36 Cleveland Av., Westfield, MA 01085 USA
David Bratman: 1532 N.W. 51st ST #5, Seattle, WA 98107 USA
Bernadette Bosky: 819 Markham Av, Durham, NC 27701 USA
rich brown: 1632 19th ST NW #2, Washington, DC 20009 USA
Ray Capella: 217 W. Grand Av, Alhambra, CA 91801 USA
Terry Carr: 11037 Broadway Terr, Oakland, CA 94611 USA
Randy Clark: 9617 Robin NE, Albuquerque, NM 87112 USA
Ian Covell: 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland, England
Leslie David: P.O. Box 5057, Ft. Lee, VA 23801 USA
Buzz Dixon: 8961 Yolanda Av, Northridge, CA 91324 USA
Michaela Duncan: 2305 West 6th Ave. #7, Vancouver, BC V6K 1W1, Canada

Richard Faulder: Yanco Agricultural Research Centre, Yanco, NSW 2703, Australia
 Brad W. Foster: Jabberwocky Graphix, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75062 USA
 Steven Fox: 4400 Spruce St #C6, Philadelphia, PA 19104 USA
 Alexis A. Gilliland: 4030 8th St. South, Arlington, VA 22204 USA
 Mike Glicksohn: 137 High Park Av, Toronto, Ont M6P 2S3, Canada
 Mike Glycer: 5828 Woodman #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401 USA
 Jeanne Gomoll: c/o Aurora, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624 USA
 Joan Hanke-Woods: 1537 Fargo 3-D, Chicago, IL 60626 USA
 Judith Hanna: 22 Denbigh St, Pimlico, London SW1V 2ER, United Kingdom
 Arthur D. Hlavaty: 819 W. Markham Av, Durham, NC 27701 USA
 Lynne Holdom: P.O. Box 5, Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442
 Kim Huett: GPO Box 429, Sydney, NSW 2001, Australia
 Ben Indick: 428 Sagamore Av, Teaneck, NJ 07666 USA
 Fred Jackson III: 70 Illinois, Pontiac, MI 48053 USA
 Terry Jeeves: 230 Bannerdale Rd, Sheffield S11 9FE, United Kingdom
 George Jumper: 20458 Malden St, Canoga Park, CA 91306 USA
 Bob Lee: 1720 Burgundy Rd, Leucadia, CA 92024 USA
 Paula Lieberman: P.O. Box 948, Billerica, MA 01821 USA
 Anne Laurie Logan: P.O. Box 191, East Lansing, MI 48823 USA
 Hans-Juergen Mader: Orscholz, Zum Krautfels 5, D-6642 Mettlach, West Germany
 Tad Markham: 3403 Hidden Ln, Rex, GA 30273 USA
 Michael McGann: 194 Corunna Rd, Petersham, Sydney, NSW 2049, Australia
 Ian McKeer: 53 Radford Park Rd, Plymstock, Plymouth, Devon PL9 9DN, United Kingdom
 Jim Meadows: P.O. Box 1227, Pekin, IL 61554 USA
 Kenny Mitchrone: Route 1, Box 1390, Havana, FL 32333 USA
 Kim L Neidigh: 1703A Manor, Austin, TX 78722 USA
 John D. Owen: 4 Highfield Close, Newport Pagnell, Bucks MK16 9AZ, England
 Ross Pavlac: 7300 N. Wolcott #3, Chicago, IL 60626 USA
 Sarah Prince: 3108 S 12th Av #4, Minneapolis, MN 55407 USA
 D. Carol Roberts: c/o Allyn Cadogan, 263 8th Ave, San Francisco, CA 94118 USA
 Mike Rogers: 2429-D Old Stone Mountain Rd, Chamblee, GA 30341 USA
 Ed Rom: 2600½ Calihan Av, Bemidji, MN 56601 USA
 Dave Ryan: 13 Rolling Ln, Little Rock, AR 72209 USA
 Darrell Schweitzer: 113 Deepdale Rd, Strafford, PA 19087 USA
 Paul Skelton: 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW, England
 Jane Taubman: 2/2A Milner Cres., Woolstonecraft, NSW 2065, Australia
 Barbara Tennison: 1834½ Selby Av, Los Angeles, CA 90025 USA
 Steven Tymon: 1838 E. 7th St #9, Long Beach, CA 90813 USA
 Harry Warner, Jr.: 423 Summit Av, Hagerstown, MD 21740 USA
 Richard Weinstock: 1108 Winthrop Ln, Ventura, CA 93001 USA
 Gail B. Weiss: Cornell Univ., 5442 Balch Hall, Ithaca, NY 14853 USA
 Alan White: 1025 N. Serrano Av #208, Hollywood, CA 90029 USA
 Mel White: 302 S Perdue #29, Lubbock, TX 79403 USA
 Ted White: 1014 N. Tuckahoe St, Falls Church, VA 22046 USA
 Robert J. Whitaker: P.O. Box 7709, Newark, DE 19711 USA

Two final pieces of natter. Firstly, about the item I mentioned at the front of this zine: the job change has not happened yet. I will stick, though, to the announced change of where I want the large pieces of mail sent - to the apartment. I hope that this does not seriously inconvenience any faneds.

Secondly, this stencil is being typed on January 24. Next Sunday, January 30, relatives and friends will gather at the LASFS to help Robbie and me celebrate our wedding. I wish that it was possible for all of my HTT-friends out there to join us. I will say, though, that it is one time when we will not be thinking of you (at least not during the ceremony). This issue of HTT will be put in the mails as soon as we have the money to do so. 'ta.



