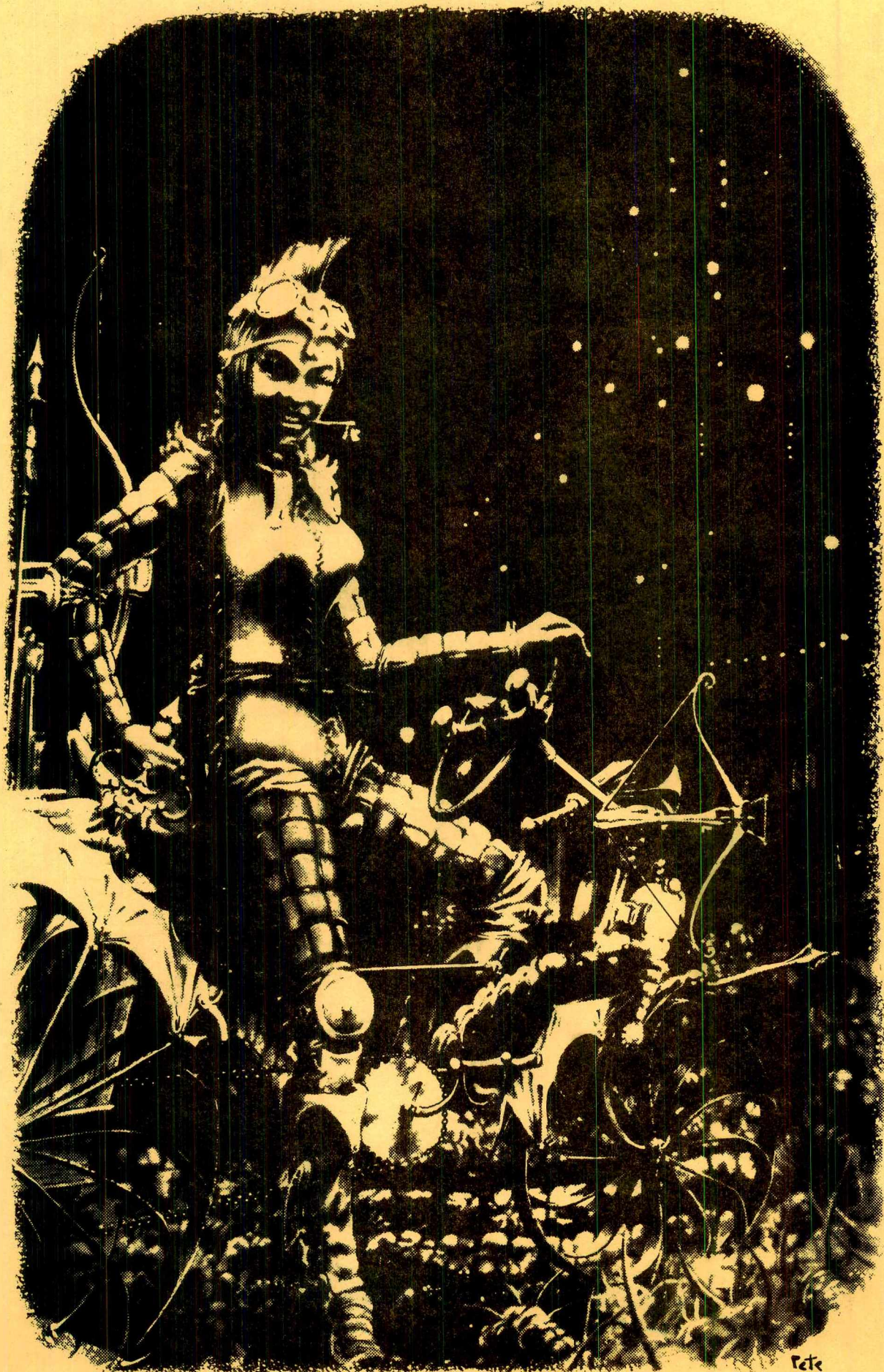


# 2.2 JOHN THANTHAN LIOH



Pete



OH!  
OOOOOH

WHEN I GET DISGUSTED  
I GET AROUSED AND  
I HAVE RARELY SEEN  
A MORE PUTRID  
LINE-UP THAN THIS...

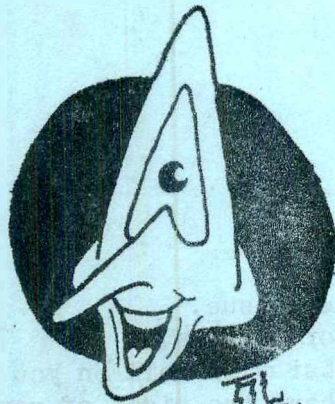
OOOOOOO!!  
SOMEBODY HELP  
MEEEEEE~  
DON'T LET ME LOSE  
CONTROLLLL



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## *This fanzine supports:*

Britain in '87 (which has won its bid)  
Los Angeles in '90

## *This fanzine most emphatically does NOT support:*

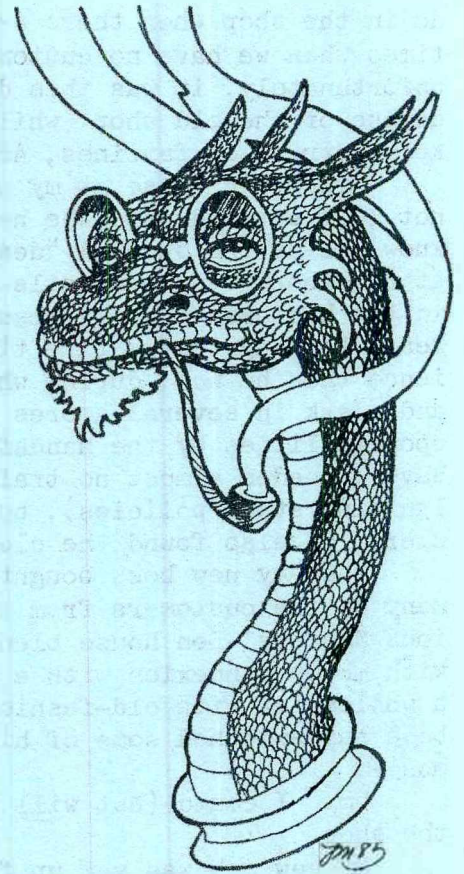
SEASICKCON in '88

## WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS

- ☐ We trade.
- ☐ You locced/contributed/sent old fanzines ((many thanks)).
- ☐ We would like for you to loc/contribute.
- ☐ Your contributions(s) is/are being held for a further issue.
- ☐ We no longer wish to trade (see Marty's editorial for details).
- ☐ You purchased this copy. Thank you. Our psychiatrist will call on you.
- ☐ Your fanzine has been reviewed in this issue. You have the right of reply.
- ☐ It has been so long since we heard from you that we will have to stop sending HTT to you if you do not Do Something soon.
- ☐ Editorial whim/wher.



# HOLLER THAN THOU 22



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## EDITORIAL

---MARTY CANTOR

### Excitement!

I have been feeling much of that recently. Not so much due to the DUFF win (except for the week prior to leaving for Australia) or the news of HTT being nominated for a fanzine Hugo for the second year in a row, but about something both very mundane and very important to me.

In the last issue of HTT I wrote about the closing of The Smokers' Den (the pipe shop where I had been working for the previous  $7\frac{1}{2}$  years) and my taking of a new job in another pipe shop. This new job is a mixed blessing with the only negative part of it being that the shop is so busy that I have no time for reading or other fanac during



the time when there are no customers in the shop; not only is there a lot of work to do in the shop when there are no customers to take care of, there are relatively few times when we have no customers. In this regard, I had been spoiled at the old shop; unfortunately, it was this dwindling customer supply (as it were) which led to the demise of the old shop (whilst the amount of "free" time I had there allowed me to keep current on fanzines, APAs, etc.).

Everything else at my new job is on the plus side. For instance, even though I am not 100% settled into the new job (I am not certain just where *everything* is, do not know all of the special "deals" for all of the regular customers, and am a bit spotty at remembering some details of a few obscure store policies), I am much more experienced in the business than my boss. He has been in the retail tobacco business for only 2 years (during that entire time he has owned this store) - I have 20+ more years experience than he has, during which time I have been (variously) owner, partner, manager, and clerk in several stores in various locations. This means that I have grabbed responsibilities by the handful; in effect, I have made myself right at home. Not only have I needed almost no training (and that limited to learning where things are and learning store policies), but I have been responsible for training our new part-time clerk. I also found the clerk for us.

When my new boss bought the remaining merchandise of The Smokers' Den he acquired many of the customers from the old store as he was able to supply them with the various Smokers' Den house blended tobaccos with which they were familiar. I brought with me my connexion with a small wholesaler with whom my new boss was not familiar, a wholesaler with old-fashioned ideas about service and prices - as a result my new boss has switched some of his purchasing to this wholesaler, saving the shop some money.

Um. I could (but will not) go on at length about what I have done/am doing for the shop.

My new job was set up for me by my old boss, and, as he knew of my desire to work a five-day week rather than a six-day week, this new job was originally set up on a five-day week basis. I called my new boss on the telephone and found out what he would be paying me for this - it was too low, lower than my previous salary. So I asked him if I could get my previous salary if I worked a six-day week (six-day weeks being what I had been working for most of my years in retail). Possibly, he said, but we should get together first and talk over things, get to know one another. This we did, a week later. I was hired for a six-day week at my previous salary. Well and good.

At The Smokers' Den I was paid on the first and fifteenth of each month; at the new shop I am paid weekly. After the first few paycheques, it occurred to me that I seemed to be getting too much money. A few simple calculations showed me where my boss had erred - I suspect what he did was work out my previous annual salary, divide by 12, divide that by 4 and come up with a weekly salary that omitted 4 weeks of a normal year. I brought this to his attention - he decided to keep me at the salary which I was getting, something which did not make me unhappy (although I would not have complained if he had lowered the salary to our original agreed-upon figure).

John's Pipe Shop, where I now work, is located on Hollywood Boulevard in the heart of Hollywood (right next to the Hollywood Wax Museum). There is a lot of foot traffic in front of the shop and we are too busy to ever run the shop with any fewer than two people on duty. As there is a lot of tourist business, Sunday would be a good day to be open, but neither of us want to work seven-day weeks, even though the shop would make a lot of money on Sunday. So the boss came up with a plan, a plan which could be implemented *only* if we could find a part-time clerk who would be available on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays. It is this new clerk whom I have been training and it is on the first day of the new schedule envisioned by this plan on which the first draft of this editorial was typed. It works like this.

My boss and I alternate the weekends on which we work and the person who works a weekend gets the following Monday off. Previously we would have 2 days off in every



14 days, now we get 3 days off in every 14 days.

Hey, all you people, do not knock it. Almost all of you are used to getting off for two-day weekends - those of us in small retail businesses get one-day weekends. I now alternate two-day weekends with a one-day weekday off, an amount of time off almost unheard of in small retail business. After 20+ years of mostly one-day weekends I now get 26 more days off per year than I used to get off, and that is about as good as it gets doing what I do. All of these two-day weekends which I will be getting are sheer luxury. Possibly I will not be falling behind in my fanac as much as I have been this past year. Why, in another thirty or so years I might even get close to catching up.

Now you know why I am excited.

\*\*\*\*\*

### SOME RANDOM THOUGHTS

The mailing list is again getting too big and we are again forced to go to a print run of over 300 so that there will be enough copies to meet the demand. I do not like the time, effort, or expenses entailed in producing more than 300 copies of a large genzine - so it is again time for a drastic pruning of the mailing list. Be warned, if there is an 'X' in the appropriate spot on page 4, you had better respond if you want to remain on the mailing list - we really do like to hear from people at least once a year. Considering the efforts we go to to produce HTT, we do not consider this too much to ask.

This time, in addition to the above method of cutting back on our mailing list, we are cutting out some club and other zines from our trade list. Basically, we are cutting zines which interest neither Robbie nor me. With many of these zines we have no evidence that anybody in the club other than the editor ever sees our trade copies (at least no club members send us letters or have started to produce zines and put us on their mailing list and the clubzine editor has never mentioned (in his zine or elsewhere) anything about club members looking at tradezines). Sorry, folks (if this "ruling" applies to you or your zine), but we have better things to do with our hobby money and time than to continue to pour it down what seems to be a dry (and uninteresting) hole. We prefer to release copies going to these sources, sending them to others whom we hope will be either more responsive or, at least, interesting. (And if this "ruling" does nothing else it just might get some complacent fans off of their, er, duffs (\*cough\*). Remember, fanzine fandom is supposed to be a place of interaction, not just passive consuming.

In this issue you will find our usual crew of fine writers: Skel, Eric Mayer, Milt Stevens (whom we hope will become a regular to these pages), Terry Carr (with a simply delicious piece out of the past, one by Bjo Trimble, and I certainly wish that Bjo was writing this kind of material today), Darrell Schweitzer, Adrienne Fein, Mike Glycer, Harry Warner, Jr., and Richard Weinstock. Joining them this time is fan-writing newcomer, Hugo-nominated Warren Norwood. Welcome, Warren.

Not appearing this time is Richard Bergeron who says that he just could not make the deadline I set for him. Also missing is Taral; however, in his last communication he said that he forsees no problem in getting to me his massive study of fanzine covers and fanartists (at the time which this is being typed it is the day before we leave for Australia and I am forgetting all types of things, including the exact topic which Taral is covering; this despite the fact that I read Taral's work in first draft). This is a massive work and will be split between two issues of HTT.

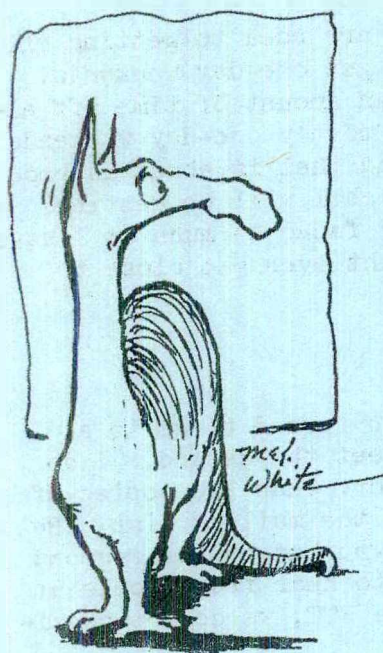
And now, that is enough. There are more things to do besides typing stencils if we are to make the aeroplane on time.

---Marty Cantor

Danger: oncoming theory. Watch out for slipper arguments and falling eyelids.

---Michael Ashley, Choc-stock, STOMACH PUMP 6.





# DECISIONS

## (OR AT LEAST ONE)

by robbie cantor

Marty has been feeling excited, as his editorial declares to one and all. Well, so have I. But for vastly different reasons.

My "Doctor Who" fanzine which I co-edit with a friend in Canada is once more back in circulation and receiving some *very* positive responses. Plus, I have worked a convention lately which gave me a chance to be my old, bouncy self.

I liked Australia. I liked it whole, heaping bunches. The people were more like the ones I knew in Canada; the weather was nice and cool; the scenery was green and rolling; and the country exuded the same feeling of wide open spaces with not enough people to fill them as Canada.

By the time we got to Melbourne, I was in exuberant high spirits. Within no time at all I had established myself in the CQ (operations centre for the con) and I spent the rest of the convention bouncing about working as hard as they'd let me. It felt a *lot* like home.

All in all, Australia was very good for my spirits, which had been getting *very* depressed being in L.A. I get so tired of brown air, brown hills, and generally dirty everything. Not to mention the fact that pouncing on people is *not* always appreciated down here (or taken in the wrong way). The Australians, on t'other hand, seemed to take it in very good stead.

There were lots of other things. Like the constant putting down of Canada, both in fun and seriously, that I endure in L.A. but which was non-existent in Australia. Like the almost complete ignorance of things Canadian that exists in the U.S. but which didn't in Australia. Most Australians we met knew a fair bit about Canada and had positive thoughts about it.

All of this is not to say that Aussies are perfect and Americans not, but the Aussies *are* more kin to me than Americans. I felt at home in Australia. I feel homesick constantly here. I also feel on the defensive a lot.

Which is why it is so good to have TIME MEDDLER once more in production. That is, after all, my fannish home. But the Australia trip has decided me that if I can stay in the U.S., no matter how alien it feels, for Marty's sake, then I can stay in HTT as well for the same reason.

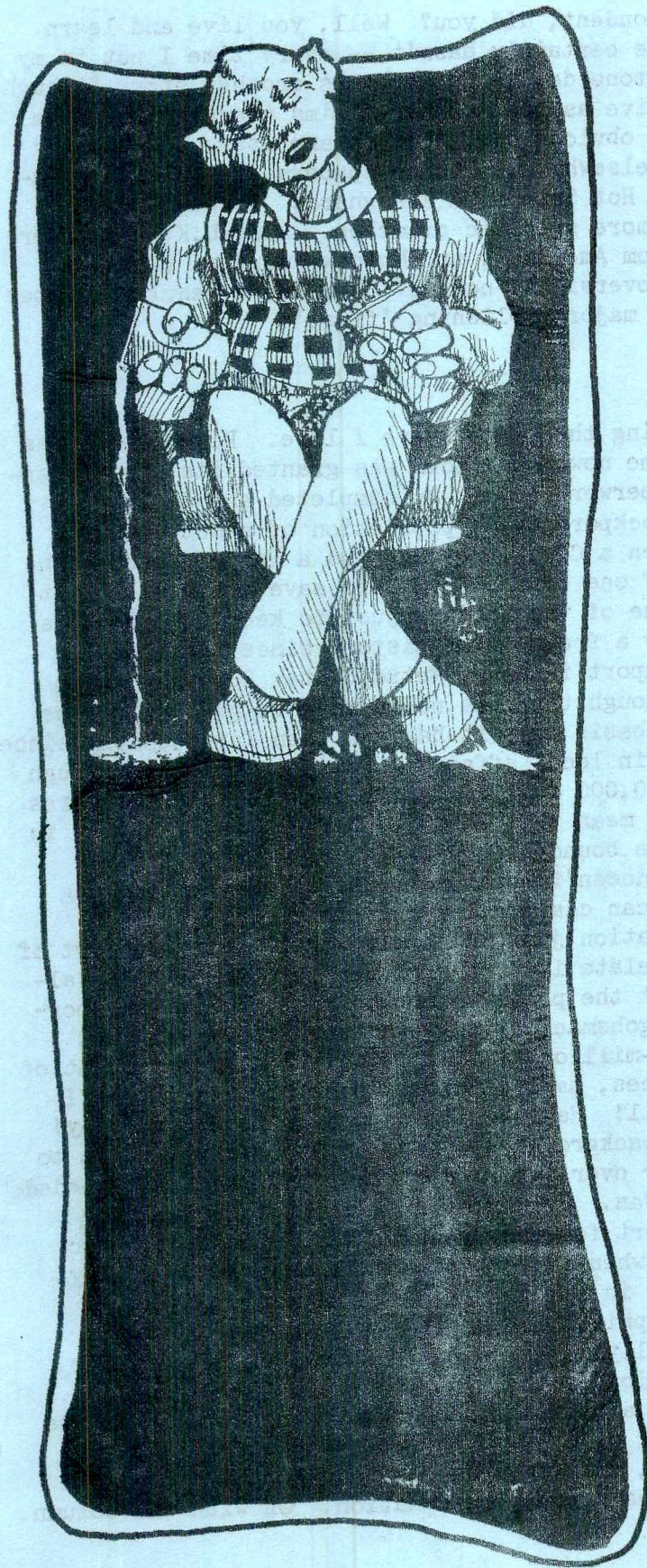
---Robbie Cantor

---

I've tossed out little avalanches of notes-to-myself culled from innumerable shirt, coat, and pants pockets (well, mostly from the same pockets, or their equivalents over the years), jotting down the memorable bits in a notebook, where I can keep them all in a handier form and misplace the whole lot all at once.

--John D. Berry, WING WINDOW 7





# F O S C R U T O O R O R M C R BY E skel P O R T O N D E N T

/\*/ Accompanying this column Skel sent a letter. It read in part: "A few words about the enclosed piece. It is meant as an occasional column. Namely, when I don't have an article I could maintain my presence in and my association with HTT by doing an episode of this." The guy is crazy, if you ask me - wanting to be in each issue of HTT. So you think that we would turn him down? Skel's presence is part and parcel of HTT and not having a Skelpiece in an issue is something too horrible to contemplate. On top of being one of fandom's premier writers he is also one hell of an entertaining word-whipper. We hope that one of these days he wins the first of a long string of fanwriter Hugos. ---MC/\*/

Bet you didn't know that your



favourite fanzine had a Stockport Correspondent, did you? Well, you live and learn. For you, no expense has been spared. Mine certainly hasn't -- every time I put in my expenses our fearless Editor kills them stone dead. But that is another story (though not, of course, as fantastic and imaginative as the expense claims themselves). The idea behind this column is, of course, an obvious one. People are nousey sods. They are always interested in what's going on elsewhere. The newspapers are full of examples, for what are they but pages full of Hot Shit from Elsewhere? However, even amongst all this material there are even more specific examples. Many U.K. newspapers have some column or other like 'Letter From America', or 'Moscow Roundup' (would I steer you wrong?). Due to some apparent oversight, none of them run a regular 'Letter From Stockport' feature. Here then, is a major publishing 'first'.

### But First, A Little Background...

Stockport is primarily famous for being the place where *I* live. However, it has been working up to that for quite some time now. The town was granted its first charter in 1220, and I understand that the paperwork should be completed any day now. Back in 1971 the old County Borough of Stockport had a population of about 140,000. I'm not sure what the difference is between a County Borough and a Municipal Borough, but it is customary for the inhabitants of one of the former to save their smelliest farts for when they are passing through one of the latter, just to keep the burghers in their place. Of course this is all now a fragment of history since the founding of the major Metropolitan Councils. Stockport is now a Metropolitan Borough, and a component part of Greater Manchester, although there is now a move to go back to the organisation you first thought of, on the basis that it has now been far too long since the Government last meddled legislatively in local affairs. The Metropolitan Borough of Stockport had a population of around 280,000 in 1979, which are the latest figures I have to hand. This does not, of course, mean that we were humping away like mad in the eight years since 1971, merely that the boundaries had been redrawn to include sundry outlying hamlets. Of course, this doesn't mean that none of us were humping away like mad, but I hardly think that we can claim all the credit!

I give you all this population information just to enable you to get some sort of feel for the size of Stockport. You can relate it to the place where you live -- always assuming that you know something about the place where you live. This is important information. I was recently totally gobsmacked to learn from Eric Mayer that Rochester had a population of about half-a-million. Juicy Crust! I always thought of it as comprising three factories, two offices, half a dozen stores.....and Eric. I thought it was Hicksville, USA. Bloody Hell! Half-a-million people is a mega-city! Anyway, I think that's all the historical background you need on Stockport, except to add that, after it had got its act together over a period of some 750 years, it needed to see whether it was ready for *me*, for a fan. By way of a trial, Eric Bentcliffe lived in, and did his fanning, from Stockport for many years. Yes, it's true, Eric Bentcliffe was my warm-up act. Of course, when they'd gotten all the bugs out they got rid of him p.d.q., and asked me to come in and put them on the map.

Speaking of maps, there is some geographical background now. Stockport is a Merseyside town, although this isn't generally realised. The River Mersey actually starts in Stockport, formed by the conjunction of the River Goyt and the River Tame. The river then displays more sense than the aforementioned 280,000 inhabitants of the town by immediately leaving. "Go West Young River" was the cry, and off it went, showing admirable pioneer spirit. It heads, via Wigan and Widnes, for Liverpool and its blind date with the Irish Sea. End of background information. On with the column.

### So, What's Happening In Stockport?

Nert a lert (which is English for "Fuck all" in a French accent).



This is probably what tripped up all previous attempts to publish a 'Letter From Stockport'. I, though, am made of sterner stuff. I am also much more hard up for material, but we won't go into that. Well, one of the things that has been happening in Stockport is that I've bought these two second-hand almanacs: "Whitaker's Almanac" for both 1972 and 1979. Well, where'd you think I was getting all the information in the previous section? You didn't think I knew it, did you? God, this reader's a fool, honey -- bring out the Confederate bills, here's where we get our money back.

The fact is, most of the research for this column will not be done by your fearless reporter getting out and about on the streets. No, most of the facts discovered by yours truly will be revealed whilst I lay upon my bed, a book in one hand, a glass of beer in the second, and the other poised over the typewriter keyboard. If this bothers you, tough luck! It serves you right for having a Stockport Correspondent who's an idle fucker.

I mean, there have been local murder trials which have attracted nationwide publicity recently. Roads have collapsed into the river (note the way I bring back earlier topics by way of unification). Local citizens, including florists, have visited their hairdressers. None of these matter to me. I want to talk about these almanacs. When you read my column you get a *very* parochial view. Let's face it, anything from these publications I have on very good authority.

### A Pretty Good Authority

One of the sections in this almanac is 'Government and Public Offices, Commissions, etc.'. Were you aware that, here in Britain, we have a 'White Fish Authority'? "What on Earth," I ask myself, "is a 'White Fish Authority'?" Well, I know it isn't *the* Authority. There is after all only one Ultimate White Fish Authority -- God -- who else? No, this is obviously lower down the hierarchy. But what do members of this Authority (who presumably refer to each other as Sole Brothers) do? Is it a racist organisation? A sort of Ku Klux Clam? If not, what? The almanac merely reveals that, back in 1979, the Chairman earned £6,019 per annum. Well, no, that's not true. The almanac reveals much, much more, but it's not exactly enlightening. I have, for instance, a list of part-time members of the Authority. I could go up to E.H.M. Clutterbuck, O.B.E. (I kid you not), and say, "Ay up, chuck, what's it all about?", but what if it's supposed to be Top Secret? I could be in dead snook!!! But, perhaps not.

Maybe they are only supposed to promote the concept of 'white fish'. Perhaps they provide backing for films like "Moby Fish-finger" or "The Tench Connection" in order to keep White Fish in the public eye. Maybe they underwrite the publication of books, possibly even some science fiction. Wasn't there a whole series called "New Whittings in SF"? Didn't T.J. Bass write "The Godwhale"? And aren't there all manner of books by Theodore Sturgeon? And didn't Arthur C. Clarke have to stop writing because his name had nothing whatsoever to do with fish? You think I'm paranoid? Well, fortunately, we may be able to prove it. If the next s.f. writer/megastar is someone called Fred Bouillabaisse, then you will know for sure. However, by then you will be in a stew and it will be far too late to do anything about it.

But perhaps it is merely an example of organisational inertia. After all, some organisations do live on past their time -- kind of like an appendix in the body of bureaucracy. Maybe The White Fish Authority is one of those. This idea may not be too far-fetched. After all, the same almanac reveals that there is still in existence, in 1979 (and presumably still in 1985), a 'Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851'. Yes, 1851 -- over 130 years ago! Now I know that officialdom is often out of touch with reality, but wouldn't you think that someone would have told them by now? Then again, maybe they have to hear it from The White Fish Authority. Maybe they need o-fish-al notification.

Fin (which is French for 'end', in an English accent).



## The Tiltone Albatross

But then, I tend to tell lies no matter which language or accent I'm using.

In "The Harp That Once Or Twice", Walt Willis used to mention the last fanzine he had received prior to that issue of his column. Well I thought that this was a pretty good idea. Let's face it, if you're stealing ideas, you may as well steal from the best. Unfortunately, having pinched Walt's idea, it looks as though I should have half-inched his fanzines too. So far this week it would appear that there are more nazis in the Royal Family's background than there are fanzines in my mailbox, which is an odd and disquieting state of affairs for an old dyed-in-the-crimpelene fanzine fan like me. Mind you, I don't suppose that the Windsors are exactly dead chuffed about it either!

"What did you do in the war, Daddy?"

"Hush, *Liebchen*. Let's chust say I vas a *meister* baker. Now go und marry *der* pretty Prince, eh *Liebchen*?"

Of course, I could go back to last week's motley collection -- always assuming that it isn't cheating to call two a "collection", but, unfortunately, they were both by people who are struggling to master the English language, either in the colloquial expression (in the case of the foreign fans), or simply at all (in the case of Pete Presford). No, it looks as if I must go even further back.

Way, way back.

The mists of prehistory roll aside and we see shambling humanoid figures. Well, one shambling humanoid figure.

He is scraping the hair off a mammoth hide. Later he scratches bits of it away with a flint, until only a wafer-thin layer is left in parts. Still later he mixes up a liquid made from megatherium blood, proto-human urine and the juices of wild berries, and spreads it over the mammoth hide. As it seeps through the painstakingly thinned areas of the hide it imprints strange designs upon the strips of bark laid beneath it. It is a very early fanzine, a blast-from-the-past -- from 1983 in fact for this is DNQ 34.

And please ignore all the allusions to the primitive in the preceeding paragraph. Reproduction-wise this fanzine is nothing short of superb. If you are into fanzines as packages, this one will knock you out. It has, as they say over here, got a lot





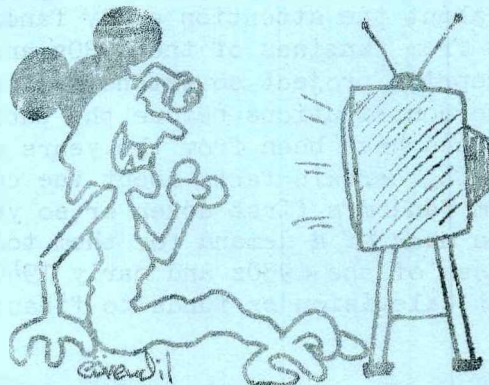
of bottle. In fact, it's all bottle. It is probably one of the most superbly designed bottles in the history of your basic twiltone fanzine. The trouble is that Taral has forgotten that bottles are meant to be containers.

Frankly, most of the contents are either ordinary or reprinted from elsewhere, and, in the latter case, it is like being handed an ice-lolly which someone else has already sucked all the flavour from. Of course, if you haven't read those particular pieces before, then the whole package should be much more appealing to you, featuring as they do such demon exponents of the art as Eric Mayer, Susan Wood and Dave Langford. Of the new material, John Berry provides an excellent retrospective of his father, Rich Coad noodles around passably, and Stu Shiffman provides a fannish play that might even be readable if, unlike me, you can stand to read plays. But, then, that's my hang-up. I think that plays are for performing, not reading. Shakespeare didn't write his plays for folks to read; he wrote them to be performed. Every time I see a play in a fanzine (which is, thankfully, with no great frequency), I cannot help but look upon it as the outline for a piece of faan fiction which the author was simply too fucking idle to develop properly. Taral himself is interesting when writing about fanzines in general or specific, except when he decides to give us a lengthy, issue-by-issue, article-by-article, almost staple-by-staple, history of DNQ itself, at which point he plumbs the depths of tedium. However, his magnum opus in the issue is a piece called "The Miscarriage of Heaven and Hell", which is pushing fifty pages in length and which hulks at the back of the issue, an immovable article which may defy all but the most irresistable of readers. Taral himself seems to see this piece as the yang to the yin of "The Enchanted Duplicator". It could be, because I find them strangely connected in my response to them. I disliked them both. To the best of my knowledge, I am the only person in fandom to have read "The Enchanted Duplicator" and be disappointed by it. But maybe it is just a personal dislike for the form. Of course, if I didn't go for the upbeat Willis/Shaw article, there's no way happy-go-luckless me is going to get my jollies from a similar piece which additionally sprays off depression like a break-dancing leper sprays off fingers.

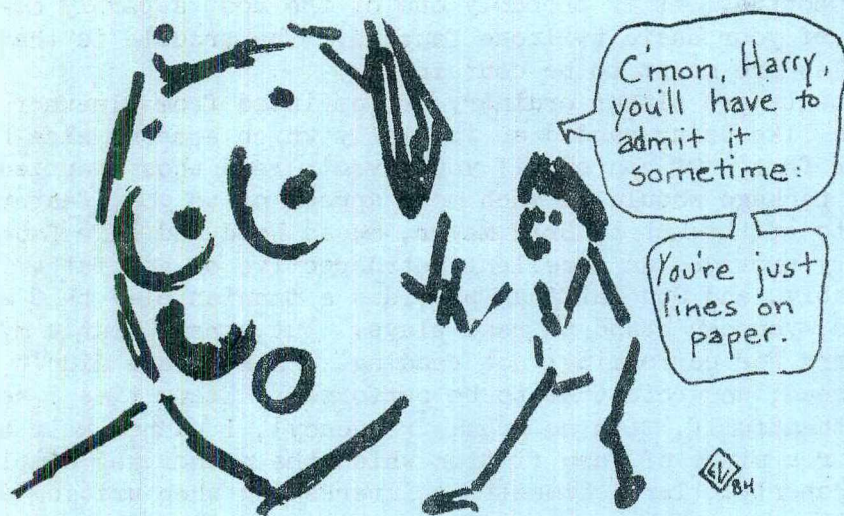
To sum up, therefore, taking the rough with the smooth, all things considered, by in large, without prejudice of course, and not to put too fine a point on it, perhaps, I have to admit that my reaction to DNQ 34 is somewhat ambivalent.....maybe.

The problem is, you're never quite sure whether you are in a fanzine, a wake, or a eulogy. I get the distinct impression that, with the publication of DNQ 34, Taral has taken an albatross from around his own neck and hung the fucker around mine, where it hangs like a dead weight -- the ghost of fanzines past. The overall impression of the issue is that it is a dead thing. Hey, look, I didn't kill it -- I'm just pointing out the fact. And, yet, I feel incredibly guilty, because the time and effort that have gone into it are obvious. The production values are so sensational that the Devil could use it as a prospectus. He could say, "Look, Bud, you just write it and I'll see that it comes out looking like this." If he did, he'd end up with so many souls it would even cause the Tupperware people to change their marketing tactics.

- Skel







harry  
warner  
jr.

ALL

MY

WESTERDAYS

Several years ago, I ran across a plump looseleaf folder in the attic that I hadn't seen for decades. I felt as if I'd discovered The Necronomicon. Neatly filed in that folder were carbon copies of dozens and dozens of things I'd written for fanzines during my first years in fandom, and many of those pages were as fearful to re-read as Lovecraft's fabled book.

I hadn't known the thrill of finding my words in professional or amateur print very often before I became a fan. As a child, I'd had a book review published in ST. NICHOLAS, the wonderful magazine for young people of another day. A few letters to newspaper editors had gone into print as I entered my teens. Then there were some published letters to prozines that got me into fanzine fandom, and that was all. So when I began to receive lots of fanzines and when I learned that these fanzines frequently suffered from a scarcity of material, I went wild at the typewriter. For two or three years, I turned up as a contributor of articles, stories and poems in fanzines almost as frequently as I've been infesting LoC sections in modern times.

One curious thing about the attention early fandom has received in recent years is the lack of reprints from fanzines of the 1930s and early 1940s. I don't mean to inspire anyone into a reprint project so extensive that it would bring some of my sophomoric early fanzine contributions before the public eye again. But the fact that most reprints from fanzines have been from the years after World War Two has prevented today's fandom from knowing certain facts about the contents of older fanzines. The fanzines themselves from fandom's first dozen or so years rarely turn up for sale and there doesn't seem to be much of a demand for them today.

Just think: fanzines of the 1930s and early 1940s couldn't fill up page after page with articles about television or funds to finance trips across the ocean for



lucky fans or the newest paperback science fiction and fantasy novels because such things didn't exist yet. Only the most limited opportunities existed for writing fanzine articles about conventions and the latest science fiction movies because, depending on the year, there might be one convention or none and the movies that had a fantasy theme were usually horror films -- at that time considered beneath the dignity of most fans. Filk-singing, art shows, masquerades and a dozen other popular topics for today's fanzines were unknown or barely perceptible in fandom until around the halfway mark of the century or later.

Moreover, fanzines were rarely fat enough to cope with long contributions. When Jack Speer began publishing, for FAPA, a series entitled Full Length Articles, nobody thought it odd that the first was 16 pages long and none of those that followed exceeded 40 pages in length; they were full length indeed in comparison to the one-page and two-page items that predominated in fanzines of the day.

The informal essay type of fanzine material, the finest thing to emerge from fanzines after the middle of the century, wasn't frequently published during my first years as a fan. The true confession type of fanzine material, whose writers bare their very souls as if in the confessional or a psychiatrist's office, was also very scarce. Art wasn't as prominent in that era as it became later. Most fanzines had a front cover illustration and sometimes a full-pager or a couple of smaller drawings inside. But regular employment of small illustrations to break up almost every full page of type was virtually unknown. Moreover, the quality of art in those days wasn't nearly as consistently good as it became a few years later.

So, what did I and lots of other fans write about to fill up those reams of hektograph and mimeo paper in the old days? The most glaring difference in subject matter, then and now, involves the prozines. Recently I kept track and encountered a span of almost five months during which I didn't find in any fanzine I received anything about a current prozine issue except for a few items in newszines. I'm sure a poll taken at a worldcon in the 1980s would prove a substantial percentage of attendees had never read a prozine from cover to cover and, quite possibly, a good many congoers are unaware that prozines exist. But the prozines were the main focus of many fanzines when fandom was young, in one way or another. Many fanzines imitated prozines in every possible way: putting the date on the cover, running advertisements even if they were free, using the editorial "we" in editorials and LoC responses, and using illustrations patterned after the prozine artists who were most popular at the time. Most of the fiction in fanzines was obviously in imitation of prozine stories. Biographies of prozine writers, reviews of current prozine issues, analyses of how prozine editors were ruining or advancing science fiction, breathless accounts of fans' visits to prozine celebrities, and similar material was prominent in fanzines. There was much more poetry in fanzines then than there has been in recent years. LoC sections were already a part of many fanzines, but most LoCs were short and didn't entitle the writer to a free copy of the next issue.

The resurrected notebook containing my carbon copies of fanzine manuscripts was typical of what many fans were writing for fanzines around that time. I did a whole series of articles about individual stories by Stanley Weinbaum, writing them under a penname for some reason that escapes me now. Maybe I had other material under my own name in the fanzines which published them and the editor may have wanted to imitate prozines which never ran two stories under the same byline in one issue. There were a few stories, none of them more than a couple of pages in length and one of them remaining even today an excellent challenger for the ranking of worst piece of fiction ever emerging from a fan's typewriter. I wrote a few gossip columns in the style of Hollywood columnists about fandom and prodom, some reviews of the tiny assembly of science fiction and fantasy books I'd found in the local public library, an account of my first meeting with another Hagerstown fan (I never saw him again from that day to this), and a chronological account of my reactions on the afternoon I attended a double bill of "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" at a Hagerstown theatre (movies rarely

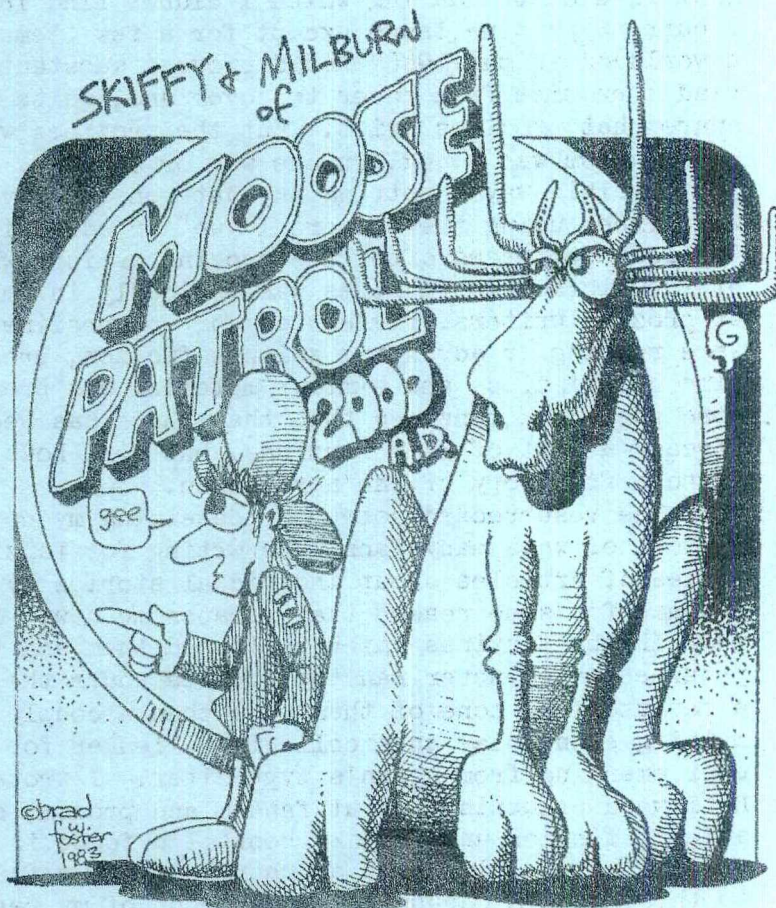


were revived after their first run in the old days, but those two came back together six or eight years after their creation). My writing style was based on professional models, mostly newspaper columns and articles in slick magazines, just as if I were writing for hundreds of thousands of readers rather than the fifty to a hundred fans who would receive copies of the fanzine in which my stuff appeared.

So sercon material appeared in fanzines to a degree almost unimaginable today. But it wasn't the only fanzine fare. Already, some fans were writing and publishing fan-centred material that had scant or no connection with professional science and fantasy fiction. It didn't predominate as it does now. But it's possible to find, in those early fanzines, at least a few examples of almost every type of material that appears in fanzines today. FAPA publications were particularly important pioneers in stressing fandom-as-subject-matter. Speer published the first history of fandom, R.D. Swisher issued installments of the first index to fanzines, mailing comments in the sense of continuing discussions rather than quality evaluations were invented there, and other exciting innovations occurred. Alas, another type of fanzines-about-fans were those that existed partly or mainly for the sake of feuds. A minority of fans in those years were chronic squabblers over politics, personalities and other mundane considerations. *THE IMMORTAL STORM*, Sam Moskowitz' history of the 1930s, gives the impression that all fandom was uninterruptedly engaged in hostilities during that decade, which wasn't the case at all. But the fans who did engage in feuding wrote so much to let off steam in fanzines that survivors of the era can't get excited over the fusses of the 1980s.

Then there was the first fanzine spinoff, *VOM*, which took over the letter section of the defunct *IMAGINATION!* and became the first discussionzine whose content was almost completely devoted to LoCs.

I don't remember that anything I wrote for a fanzine back in those early years was ever rejected by the fanzine I sent it to. For that matter, I can recall only one instance in which I outright rejected a manuscript sent to my first fanzine, *SPACEWAYS*. It was a demon knight article which I considered too controversial for my peaceful nature. It appeared in another fanzine instead and resulted in the creation of the *NFFF*. But there were a couple of manuscripts left over when I suspended *SPACEWAYS* which I'd been holding for a long time, reluctant to return to their authors and even more reluctant to print. Fandom was numerically small in its early years, you must remember, and even though a larger proportion of all fans were fanzine fans at the time there





just weren't enough of us to provide a superfluity of fanzine material.

I didn't find much in that collection of carbon copies that I could bear to see reprinted today. But I think fanzines of that period would be a good source of reprint material written by a few other fans. Quite a bit of the early Bob Tucker humour remains funny and comprehensible today, although the writer was a bit cruder and wilder in his fanzine contributions than he became a few years later. I'm not sure if legal problems would result from reprinting today some of the fanzine contributions of individuals who later became extremely celebrated professional writers; even if those items are in the public domain, reprinting without permission might bring nasty repercussions on other grounds. I'm thinking of such things as the humour Ray Bradbury wrote just before he turned pro, the poetry Jim Blish published in VAPA, perhaps some of Arthur Clarke's fanzine contributions from the 1930s, and the literate, polished fanzine contributions of C.S. Youd before he began writing novels under the name of John Christopher.

The only consolation I can invent for myself for the mediocrity of my early fanzine contributions is the fact that I had good company. Too many fanzine articles were superficial in treatment or trivial in theme. Humorously intended items were particularly low in quality, for the most part. The poetry was about evenly divided between the cheapest sort of doggerel and the most opaque attempts at avant garde creativity.

But you must remember two factors that helped to prevent fanzine material of that era from being better than it was. Most fans were youngsters, in their teens or just emerged from that age group. So hardly any of us had the experience in writing, in reading and in life that so many fanzine writers enjoy today. And there wasn't a great body of fanzine writing tradition to serve as model and inspiration. There weren't too many fanzines published during the first few years of fandom's existence in the 1930s and distinctive elements in fanzine material just hadn't had time to evolve as yet.

I slackened off in fanzine contributions by the middle of the 1940s, mostly, I suppose, because I'd switched from railroading to journalism as my vocation in life. This forced me to write an incredible number of words every day at the office, and left me less anxious to do something similar at home for fanac. One article I wrote for a fanzine in the 1940s, incidentally, may hold the world's record for time lapse between acceptance and publication. Duggie Fisher accepted it just before he gaffiated, saved it for twenty years or longer, and included it in the first fanzine he published after returning to activity during the 1960s.

In more recent years, when fans ask me why I don't write more articles for fanzines, I like to explain that I'm writing more than I ever did but it's appearing in a different form. Most of the LoCs I've been turning out in such quantities during the past couple of decades have contained at least one fanzine article, sometimes two or three, in a sort of synopsis form. I could expand those dehydrated articles to cover several pages without difficulty. But it would take more time and it's doubtful if the elaborated version would provide much more information or amusement than was inherent in the paragraph-in-a-LoC form.

In fact, I've sometimes toyed with the idea that the opposite holds good for a lot of material being published in fanzines today. In most current fanzines, I can find at least one or two contributions that are padded too much, wander too far from the subject matter, and otherwise betray the fact that the writer would have done better to express himself in just one or two paragraphs. I wish I'd realised the possibility when I was a neofan. That way, I might not have created that collection of carbon copies to haunt my old age.

- Harry Warner, Jr.

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According to OFFICIAL UFO Magazine, aliens are sort of like space-borne communists, secretly working to rot away our moral fiber and destroy the fabric of society. (Of course, this could describe moths, too.)

---Gary Hubbard, in WING WINDOW 7





# COOKING WITH AUNT ADRIENNE - FANNISH COOKING BY adrienne fein

Last time, I discussed foods of the future. This time, I'm going to talk about what fannish cooking really is.

First I'll tell you what it isn't.

Making a meal out of clam sauce and Chinese vegetables isn't. When I made this,

I started by heating the clam sauce in the microwave, carefully checking for poodles and Gremlins first (that part is fannish). Then, I dumped the Chinese vegetables in a frying pan, and added about four packages of the space food chicken broth mix. Then I removed the clams and some of the greens from the sauce and added a bit of onion salt and celery salt. Then I drained the liquid from the vegetables, and put it in a large glass measuring cup, into which I also dumped the oil from the clam sauce. The hope is that the oil will come to the surface to be skimmed off. If not, use the oil/broth mixture for making stew beef and mushrooms and drain the fat off *that*.

The vegetables came out darn good. The clams weren't bad. I made some whole wheat toast to go with them. To drink, I had cranberry juice and Tab (in different glasses). ((When the True Faith Inquisition tried me for heresy, I was sentenced to drink myself to death with Tab. I think the Grand Master damn near held another heresy trial on the sentencing of the previous one.))

\*\*\*\*\*

Fannish cooking is when a friend calls up at 10:00 p.m. and says, "I can't get anyone in New York because it's a club meeting night, and I need to get away from my mundane roommate for a while. Can I come stay with you?" So you improvise a whole bunch of arrangements, including some food. Most meals will be at Chinese restaurants -- this is a fan we're talking about -- but the darn things have a bad habit of not being open for breakfast.

As an example, I had unexpected fannish company recently, so I improvised some mildly curried rice.



I cooked the rice in water full of whole cloves (about half a standard spice jar), with some vinegar and lemon juice. For a change, I strained the water before I put the rice in, to remove the cloves (I notice they don't in Indian restaurants -- I'm not sure if one is supposed to spit them out or what), as my friend had said he didn't really care that much for cloves. I figured what he didn't know about wouldn't hurt him.

While the rice was cooking, I added curry powder, frozen fruit and dried fruit (that's what I happened to have around), and a bit of garlic (translation: a couple of tablespoons of garlic in oil).....

My friend likes spicy food. Szechuan. Peppers of all kinds. Now that real men are allowed to eat Quiche -- the Sunday New York Times Magazine Section printed a recipe for Quiche with Jalapeno peppers -- I'm trying to think up some other recipes for peppers. Maybe they're good sauteed in garlic in oil and Tabasco sauce..... That would be a nice birthday present for my friend.

\*\*\*\*\*

I believe it's also fannish to go to the Galleria for international junk food. I've heard California has neat things like places called "Senor Sushi" or "Teriyaki Burgers and Tacos". Well, my shopping mall in White Plains has a place that features Beef Pita Pizza.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sometimes it isn't easy to plan meals at cons. Or, sometimes, it may be too easy.....

I invented a new recipe at a con recently. We'd ordered Chinese take-out for about twenty-five people, and there was a lot left over. I suggested putting all the leftovers into one big pot and pouring in the leftover party drinks for cooking liquid, especially the almond-flavoured champagne -- that was *good*. Someone suggested setting fire to the rug; someone else suggested we had enough practicing pagans to boil water. Arthur Hlavaty helped name the dish.

So, if you have a very tolerant con hotel, and/or a hot plate, at your next con you can enjoy Blog Suey.

- Adrienne Fein

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# TAFF & DUFF

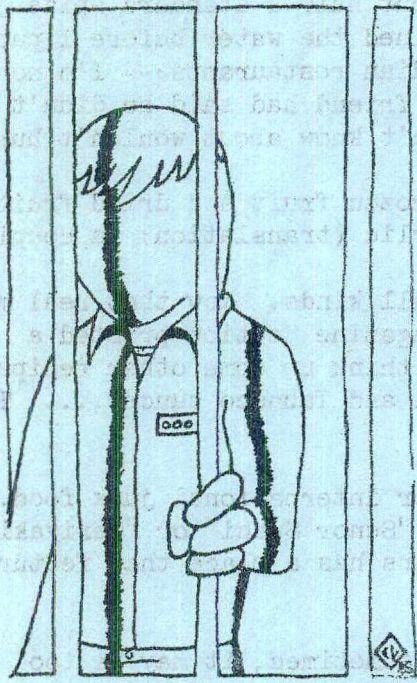
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This edition was updated from the previous one; so, if you have any of the previous editions it behooves you to get this one. Completists, of course, will want this edition to keep their sets complete. Non-neos can, aside from seeing just how we are indoctrinating neos nowadays, enjoy Foster's magnificent artwork. Buy a copy now.





# THE LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK CHAPTER 7 DEHUMANISING THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM AND PENAL INSTITUTIONS

BY

richard weinstock

It has become clear that jails, Courts and the various other auxilliary agencies of law enforcement must be modernized so as to reflect more traditional values. What has happened is that the jug is no longer a jail, but a "security facility". People accused of crimes are no longer advised that they will receive fair trials before being sentenced to the maximum penalties authorized by law, but instead have to be advised of their constitutional right to remain silent when confronted with evidence upon which a strategically obtained confession could be based. The criminal justice system and penal institutions have become run through with well intended but abused protections of individuals, and in order to reverse this process it is necessary to dehumanize the various organs of the State responsible for the processing of criminals after they are arrested.

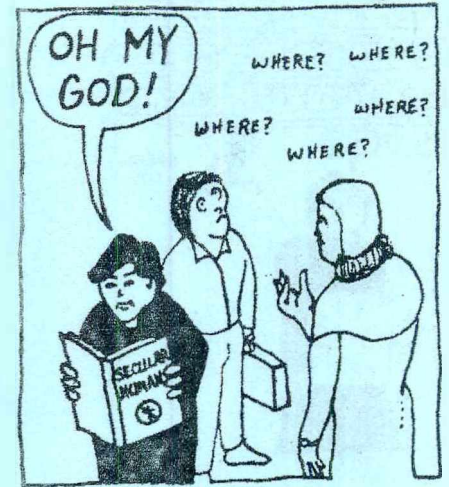
## The Case of The Unholy Adjective

Before looking at the ways that Courts, jails and other agencies might be appropriately dehumanized, it is important to look at the concept of Humanism as it has developed over the years and impacted upon the system. The dictionary defines Humanism as "A philosophical mode of thought devoted to human interests." At first glance this seems innocent enough, but as we shall see the dictionary is oblivious to tainted modifiers.

Many historians believe that the concept of Humanism arose out of some early Christian teachings which stressed the importance and worth of each human being including oneself as a proper subject of study, understanding, and bestowal of praise and benefits. But recently a small group of scholars have claimed that Humanism is also a theme of pre Christian, Judaic learning and this gets the concept into a bit of



trouble. A few but significant group of historians go even further and claim that Humanism was occasionally also present in the practices of various cultures that worshipped anything from stars, cows, penises, and camel dung to super human incestuous beings and cosmic practical jokers. This gets the concept into a *whole lot* of trouble because good ideas are the exclusive spiritual property of every literate orthodoxy. In any case for generations clerics claimed a virtual monopoly on Humanism. Then, in the twentieth century, some anti religious theists, atheists and agnostics decided that the concept of Humanism was a good one even though it appeared to be an idea generated by some religious people. They eventually took it on as a faith of their own, dropping any religious notions of divine inspiration, and dubbed it "secular humanism". This naturally angered the church crowd. The majority of them simply charged the Secular Humanists with plagiarism and were content to let sleeping lies dog it. A minority, however, Fundamentalists, disowned the concept of humanism in its entirety on the grounds that any word that could be modified by the unholy adjective "secular", could not possibly enhance a concept sanctioned by God or Christ.



The Fundamentalist notion is based upon God's ejection of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden because they ate an apple tainted by the Devil who incarnated himself in the form of a snake. The Fundamentalists believe people who pretend to practice any form of morality not based upon the literal commands of the Bible are the Devil's incarnates, and that any word or idea which becomes modified by an adjective invented by such people, is thereafter tainted and no longer has any place in a good Christian's thoughts and actions.

This short history suggests how the words of God may be artfully used in the service of law and order. Since the adjective "secular" is now tainted, Humanism is no longer worth the bleeding hearts it is printed on. The way to junk a concept in our culture is to "de" it. Spent nuclear power plants are deactivated, burdensome governments are decentralized, and wasteful industries are deregulated. By the same token the criminal justice system and penal institutions should be dehumanized so that law breakers in the future will be properly railroaded, persecuted, neglected, and otherwise treated to their just desserts.

### Where To Start

There are so many problems with the system that it is difficult to determine just where to begin. Accused persons are not always convicted. Judges often fail to sentence people to maximum terms. Prisoners are often fed on balanced diets so that when they are released, they have the health and energy to plan, execute and get away with better crimes. How can citizens concerned with law and order put a stop to all this? We will here look at several methods and approaches to iron out the human factors in the system.

### Procedural Reform: More Business Like Courts

It is of course impossible to remove all humans from the judicial system, but it is quite possible to minimize their influence, and to use the ones that are there in a more efficient manner.

One of the greatest problems that needs to be remedied here is the spontaneity





and unpredictability of people which not only lengthens the proceedings, but leaves the final outcome of any trial in considerable doubt. This might be resolved by requiring all witnesses, attorneys and other participants to have a prepared text when testifying, arguing or otherwise participating in the trial. This would also simplify and get rid of most objections by the attorneys, who constantly and discourteously interrupt the smooth flow of many trials. The only proper objection would be for "departure from prepared text", an easy matter to objectively determine when compared with the numerous present day grounds for excluding evidence.

Another all too telling human aspect of today's Courtroom proceedings is the process of confrontation. The defendant would like nothing better than to throttle the prosecutor and the people who are testifying against him. The attorneys would like to physically remove the wax from the judges ears so that his rulings and conduct of the trial would follow some semblance of order. The jurors are just longing to touch defense counsel's hair to determine if it is real or a toupee.

Wisely, physical contact is prohibited in the Courtroom. But this is not enough. Contact should be even further minimized by prohibiting eye to eye contact between the various people in the proceedings. To help people comply with such a ban, it would be desirable to rearrange Courtroom furniture a bit. Already the judges bench is elevated, so the early designers of Courtrooms were moving in the right direction. If it was raised an additional twenty feet and tilted upward at a 45 degree angle, the temptation of eye contact with him would be completely removed. Similarly, witness stands should be rearranged so that they face under the judges elevated bench and away from jurors. Attorneys should at all times be required to look out at the audience and the defendant should be blindfolded.

Restricting eye to eye contact in this fashion would reduce the incentive of witnesses to lie because they would feel that there is no one to lie to. Attorney to judge and vice versa twisting of logic in arguments and rulings would be lessened for the same reason, and also the person to be convicted would be more clearly identified.

Presently trials take up much time because there are numerous witnesses who follow each other in presenting testimony. The dehumanizing principle of mass production could be used here so that all witness are sworn in and testify at the same time, thereby clearing up congested court calendars. Finally, juries should have the option of returning a guilty verdict against the lawyers instead of their clients if they are too obnoxious during trial.

#### Procedural Reform: Prisons That Punish

Recent surveys suggest that the humane treatment of prisoners is not paying off. In a recent poll, 473 prisoners picked at random were asked, "How would you rate your facility in comparison with other, away from home lodgings?" The results were as follows:

	<u>Excellent</u>	<u>Good</u>	<u>Fair</u>	<u>Poor</u>
Accommodations	0	0	0	473
Food	0	0	0	473
Service	0	0	0	473
Decor	0	0	0	473
Attitude of staff & Management	0	0	0	473

This compares almost identically with a poll of 271 inmates who were asked to



rate their stay in solitary confinement. The results:

	<u>Excellent</u>	<u>Good</u>	<u>Fair</u>	<u>Poor</u>
Accommodations	0	0	0	271
Food	0	0	0	271
Service	0	0	0	271
Decor	0	0	0	271
Attitude of staff and Management	0	0	0	271

Most people knowledgeable about prisons rate standard cell treatment as more humane than solitary confinement, but the above studies show that to prisoners it makes little difference. In fact, certain other studies suggest that inmates may actually prefer a dehumanizing approach. In 1979 the *National Better Foods Through Chemistry Association* found that prisoners preferred meals dispensed by bus station automats over those prepared by prison chefs. In February, 1980, *The Aberrationist*, a monthly magazine devoted to non traditional sexual activities, reported that prisoners have a slight preference for sexual relationships with some of the inanimate objects found in their cells over sexual relationships with fellow inmates.

Prison officials also feel that treating convicts like scum and subhumans enhance their negative self images so that when they are released from jail, they will be successfully unemployed and not have to abandon their careers as criminals.

Finally, penal officials simply don't see humane treatment of prisoners as a high priority in prison rehabilitation. They claim numerous concerns are of greater importance including, (1) higher prison employee wages and fringe benefits, (2) frequent promotions, (3) immunity from prisoner's rights suits, and (4) inmate religious revelations and conversions to acceptable faiths.

It seems clear that the time is ripe for the dehumanization of penal institutions, and that this should be done as soon as possible. A minority of prisoners may resist. But they are in no position to object, and if they attempt to do so, guards should be instructed to counter by threatening to remove all inanimate objects they are emotionally attached to, from their cells.

### Training People In The DeHumanities

In order to successfully dehumanize the criminal justice system and penal institutions, it will be necessary to properly train future professionals who plan to work in the various organizations responsible for the administration of justice. Currently,



court and penal officials may "go along" with dehumanization efforts, but unless they are properly trained, merely the form and not the spirit of it will prevail.

Also, it is important that they learn how to handle matters when problems beset a law and order political administration and some things don't go quite right. During World War II, thousands of criminal justice and penal officials processed those who were criminals in accordance with the duly constituted laws of the Country. After World War II, it was quite clear that the laws in question were not only senseless, but highly prejudicial, and that those who were incarcerated or executed under them could not be entirely blamed for the breakdown of law and order which resulted in so much crime and violence. After the War, the victorious allies



attempted to hold many of the criminal justice and penal officials responsible for the errors and misdeeds of the politicians. The officials pleaded that they were just "administrators following orders". This defense was rejected, not because of its obvious legitimacy, but because many of the allied law enforcement officials could not understand that oblivious court procedures and harsh prisoner treatment are necessary and important aspects of maintaining law and order. People who operate these institutions cannot be burdened with value judgments about the "cosmic fairness" underlying criminal laws they have sworn to uphold. Training professional crime people and others in the dehumanities would promote not only knowledge and skill in the uses and justifications for law and order behavior and roles, but also greater public acceptance of what otherwise might seem intolerable conduct.

In order to institutionalize this kind of learning, state and private colleges and universities should be encouraged to set up conservative arts departments which will offer courses in medieval philosophy, courtroom vegetation, effective pain management, and other related subjects.

### Alienation/ Staying Fit

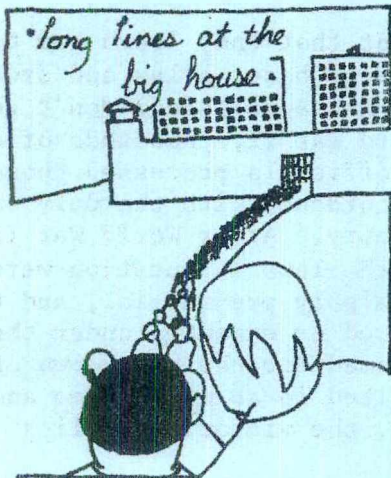
Sociologists and other liberal types have often criticized the amount of alienation that exists in modern society. But people who are alienated can and do make excellent contributions, provided their negative outlook manifests itself in marketable rather than imprisonable activities. It is also true that an alienated society is capable of greater and more creative dehumanization than a non-alienated society. It seems clear that if we want a thoroughly dehumanized criminal justice and penal system of long standing, it will take more than law and order politics, training in the dehumanities, and other public measures, to do the job.

People concerned about law and order should take it upon themselves to increase their own personal alienation, and that of their friends and acquaintances. Here are some easy to follow techniques: Next time you find yourself complaining about something and acting frustrated, ask yourself if there isn't really something you can do about it. If there is, you should give yourself a mild but unpleasant electric shock, skip a meal, or forgo watching your favorite TV program. Repeat this procedure each time you complain. This is called behavior modification and eventually you will be able to grumble free of any lingering doubts about your own impotence.

With respect to your friends and other acquaintances, next time you are involved in conversation with them try to determine in advance what you want to hear and respond accordingly. Eventually you will be able to carry on a conversation with them that requires little thought or effort.

### Big House In The Community

Making the above suggested changes in the criminal justice system and penal institutions will have some important and valuable real world consequences. When business, government and community leaders see that the criminal justice system and penal institutions can dehumanize people much better and faster than a large factory, a government bureaucracy, an urban renewal project, or anything else, they will want to duplicate the conditions responsible in their own operating environment. Unfortunately, this is not possible due to labor laws, Constitutional Amendments and other enactments. However, there are no laws against holding employee training conferences at prisons as long as workers





get paid for it. People entitled to Welfare and other government handouts certainly can be required to wait in lines at prisons perhaps six months or even longer to collect their largess. Urban renewal requires relocation assistance to displaced residents who can no longer afford to live in their own neighborhoods, but the laws don't say that such assistance cannot be limited to renting prison cells.

It is also obvious that the "De-ing" terminology of dehumanization will radically change penal language. Condemned people will not be referred to as being executed, put to death, electrocuted etc. These words are too cold and sloppy. Instead they will be "demetabolized", "cornonarily de-activated", or have their nervous systems decentralized.

In the past, prisons were not very nice places to be or to work. In spite of their bad reputation, with proper social engineering, they could in the future become as popular as shopping centers.

---Richard Weinstock

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#### ITEMS FOR SALE IN SUPPORT OF DUFF:

The following fanzines and related items are for sale at the prices marked (this is all in US dollar amounts). There are at least 6 copies of each of these items, and in many cases many more than that. In the unlikely event of our being out of a requested item we will either refund your money or keep it as a donation to DUFF - this is at your option.

To cover the cost of envelope and postage please add \$1.00 for each 2 items you want. If you only want 1 item there is a \$1.00 minimum postage charge for this.

We have not previously asked for postage for items; however, as DUFF is a fine fannish charity which operates solely on donations from fans, we have decided that those willing to support DUFF by buying these items should help ease DUFF's large postage burden by helping defray the shipping costs.

WAHFUL TRACKS OVER AMERICA - Jack Herman's Trip Report - \$5

AUSSIECON 5th Anniversary Memorial Fanzine - \$2

The Cacher of the Rye - Carl Brandon (with historical introduction by Terry Carr, one of the leading instigators of this most famous of fannish hoaxes) - \$7

Dear Brian, regards Derek - 26 letters of comment (A to Z), drawings by Derek Carter - \$2

EMU TRACKS - Leigh Edmond's Trip Report - \$2

The Hobbit Coloring Book - various artists including Kirk & Barr) - \$2

17" x 22" colour print by Richard Bergeron (titled "Sister Raphael and The Flowering Tree in The Garden of Matisse"). Only 13 of these prints were made and Richard donated 10 of them to DUFF. Silk Screened, each is signed and marked A/P (artists proof). Richard's signed/numbered editions in larger sizes are priced at retail at \$100. Those who have loved HTT's covers by Bergeron (#19 & #21) will find this item right up their alley. Available for only \$5 each.





# NOTES OF A NATIVE ONE

BY

warren

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*/\*/ As I have before written, I was very busy dring L.A. Con II - the distancing effect of time has not added any clarity to remembrances of events which were hazy even when happening. I do, though, remember meeting Warren Norwood at one of the multi-parties which spilled out and combined on one of the fifth floor quads of the Hilton*

*and Towers - I believe that it might have been on the evening after we had both not won Hugos for which we had been nominated. There was talk of fandom and zinedom and stuff like that, and Warren was given a copy of HTT #19, eventually receiving HTT #20 and #21. Warren locced after receiving #20; this article is excerpted from that LoC. To quote from an unprinted part of his LoC, "What follows is my view from the outside of zineland peeking through the portholes." ---MC*

One sweltering summer day in 1956 my eleven-year-old self was sitting on the concrete floor of the library in the Panther Boys Club in Fort Worth because it was the coolest place in that old, un-airconditioned building. There on the bottom shelf was a row of books in tattered tan bindings. I pulled one out of its dusty place and discovered -- no, not Heinlein -- Tom Swift.

For twenty-five years that discovery marked the single most significant moment of my continuing connection to SF&F. Oh, there were books I read and movies I saw that



made strong and lasting impressions on me, but none rivaled that first day of discovery in the affections of my memory.

Then in January, 1981, I made my first SF sale, "The Windhover Tapes" cycle to Bantam. (And, yes, it was originally a three book cycle -- the story of how it became something else being a matter for another discussion best saved for sharing late some night in the con-suite.) Anyway, after that sale, George Proctor, longtime Dallas/Arlington fan, zine publisher and writer, urged me to attend Aggiecon at Texas A&M University. It took some convincing on his part, because, even though I had skimmed through borrowed copies of LOCUS now and then over the previous few years, I had no idea what fandom or cons were.

Now three-plus years and thirty cons later I'm beginning to get glimmerings of answers to the questions I asked George back then. Quite frankly, however, the more I understand my ignorance on this subject, the less sure I become that I really want relief from my ignorance. Yet, I admit to being intrigued by each new faction, fraction and fanatic sub-group I encounter within fandom, because, however much I feel like an outsider, I also feel an empathic connection to these people. After all, they are part of *my* genre.

(But note, please, that my fascination is specifically stated in the passive voice. Few have actively sought to intrigue me.)

My first exposure to zines also occurred back in '81 when I was interviewed by Lisa Key of GORBASH when that zine was regularly producing issues out of Lubbock, Texas. After the interview, she gave me copies of GORBASH, a fat zine filled with reader stories, art, and poetry along with interviews of "personalities", a D&D column, and some brief letters discussing fannish activities. I was more impressed by the effort that went into the zine than by its contents, but I read almost everything in every issue Lisa sent to me.

Since then I have read (at most!) fifty zines, including classics from Tucker through the current number of HOLIER THAN THOU which came but yesterday. I've been bored by some and fascinated by others, and through it all have come to a few personal conclusions which I doubt anyone will find particularly startling. These are that:

Zines at their best are creative outlets for fans to display their talents, reveal their insights and intelligence, share their enthusiasms and experiences, and exchange ideas and information;

Zines at their worst are records of the babbling exchanges between fans arguing over trite and/or meaningless problems -- problems mostly of their own creation;

The most interesting zines seem to be a curious blend of best and worst, with the worst parts being couched in arcane and inaccessible terminology that masks severe deficiencies of logic, substance and clarity;

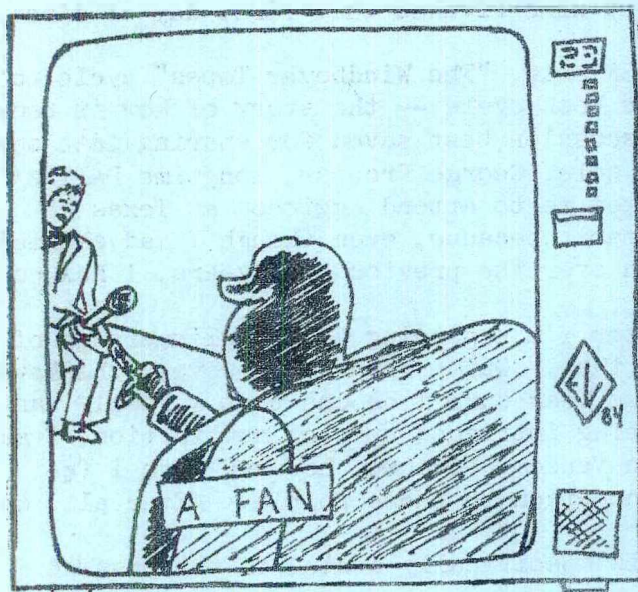
Only a minority of zines seek to draw the uninitiated into their readership, preferring instead to maintain what appears to be -- on the surface, at least -- an elitist attitude toward anyone not already privy to their fannish language and politics;

And, finally, despite these criticisms, the very existence of fanzines and the regular emergence of new ones must be taken as a positive indicator about the health of SF&F fandom.

What's an outsider to do? Find a zine that likes this kind of thing and write scathing *ad hominem* letters about one fan's mental incompetence and another's disgusting personal habits? Contribute stories about the time Fan X came to town and what happened next? Submit artwork, or fiction, or reviews, or poetry, or cartoons, or puns? Get involved? Start a new zine? Sit back and watch the whole zine-scene with a slightly jaundiced eye? Or join the majority of fans and ignore zines altogether?

The answer, of course, is a *descriptive* YES. All of the above. Fans will do whatever makes them feel like an integral part of what is happening. Gamers, media-fans, book fans, costume fans, zine fans, story fans, WHOfans, YOUfans, MEfans --





Yeah, I was on a three zine a day habit. I took all the heavies: Geis, Hlavaty, even the Cantors. It got so I couldn't even get out in the morning without popping a loc or shooting up an article. Without a zine fix I'd get irritable or despondent...

we're all looking for a place to fit into fandom with people who share our interests -- fannish and otherwise.

As an SF&F reader and writer, I think I keep reading zines because I'm looking for someone with a Unified Fan Theory, hoping that somewhere out there a zine has just slid out from under a stapler that will tell me (with a minimal amount of factional diatribe and irrational complaint) what is going on in the

fannish world, give me a couple of stories, some artwork, and a poem or three that will entertain me and make me think, and let -- no -- *encourage* me to participate in the exchange of ideas with other fans.

Maybe that's asking too much. Maybe I'm too much of an idealist. Maybe it's stupid to assume that there's a place for a combination Readers Digest/Village Voice of science fiction, or that anyone could afford to or would want to publish one. The pragmatic side of my brain reminds me that zines are labours of love, but that there's no money to be made from them and little glory. I should be thankful for what's available.

But I'm not thankful. I have neither the time nor the inclination to wade through dozens of fanzines culling out that which interests me in order to get a periodic overview of the state of fandom. I want something better, and I want it now.

So here's to all you APA-FAPA-WAHFA-LoCs out there in zineland. I may not believe in everything you're doing, and you probably won't see me hovering around the zine room at the next con waiting for whatever you've got coming off the press, but I'm glad you're "doing your thing", and I hope you're enjoying the hell out of it.

AND, if you think you're putting out the zine I'm looking for, let me know.

- Warren Norwood

As Publicity Director for the McMurdo Sound in '87 Worldcon bid, I wish to correct one possible source of confusion. "McMurdo" is not to be mistaken for "McMurder", the new sport of going down to the Golden Arches and shooting everyone you see. Maybe I'm old-fashioned or overly squeamish, but I think the Gourmet Liberation Movement is getting a little *too* radical.

---Arthur Hlavaty, THE DILLINGER RELIC 36

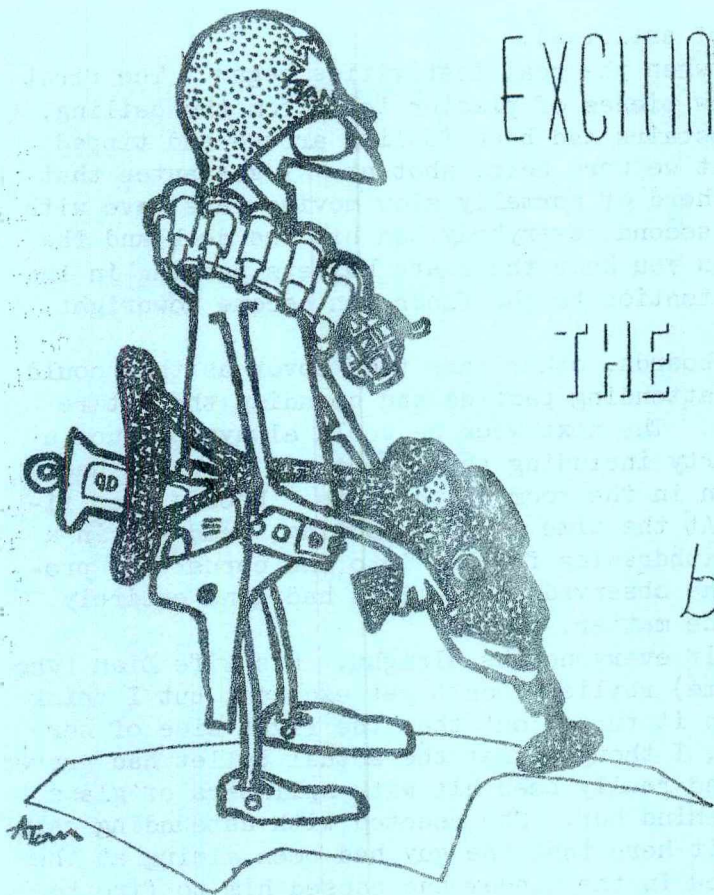
There's no secret about what drove the dinosaurs to extinction. Would you want to live in a world without air conditioning?

---Kim L. Neidigh

California will never be allowed to sink into the ocean. We have laws against water pollution.

---Kim . Neidigh





# EXCITING MOMENTS IN FANAC

## THE GREAT LASFS SHOOTOUT

by milt stevens

As fans, we are in the habit of doing many things metaphorically. We even screw each other metaphorically (which probably explains the generally low birthrate in fandom). However, unlike most fannish events which you might hear described, the Great LASFS Shootout had one extremely important distinction. It used real bullets.

Twas twenty years ago this October, and the LASFS was holding its annual Halloween party. The locale was a fan communal dwelling called The Booby Hatch which was occupied by Hank Stine, Phil Castora, and Don Simpson. The Booby Hatch was located in the area between Vermont and Western that once was known as the Fan Square Mile. You don't hear much about the Fan Square Mile anymore, because the whole area was later torn down to build a slum.

Open Parties were still possible in Los Angeles twenty years ago, so just about everybody who was then active in the LASFS showed up. In general, it was a pretty good party. I was younger and more vitamin packed in those days, and I succeeded in picking up a young femme fan. I mean, I literally picked her up, carried her out the front door and down the walkway. The Trimble, who were arriving at that time, stopped briefly to wave good-bye to her. Yeah, it was a pretty good party.

The trouble started when some party crashers arrived, two males and a female. Back in those days, West Coast fans hadn't yet developed a reputation for being squishy and laid back, but I guess we were pretty squishy and laid back even then. So we decided to let the party crashers stay, as long as they weren't causing any trouble. One of the males asked a number of people if they really believed in science fiction. Maybe more fan parties should invite token mundanes to keep your sense of blunder alive.

The critical problem arose when one of the party crashers decided to look at a dagger Owen Hannifen was wearing but did not ask Owen Hannifen's permission. Owen made a grab for the dagger and was cut in the web of the hand. At that point, we un-squished ourselves, and the party crashers were asked to leave. Within minutes, the fans had gone back to doing whatever it is that they normally do at parties (which



might be the subject for a whole series of articles).

I was standing in the front hallway when the real festivities began. The first thing I noticed was a loud noise and a few pieces of plaster fell from the ceiling. My first thought was that some dummies upstairs had been fooling around and tipped something over. Then somebody yelled that we were being shot at. I guarantee that you have never seen and will never see a herd of normally slow moving fans move with speed like that. Within a fraction of a second, everybody had hit the deck and the lights were out. I can tell you that when you know there are bullets passing in the darkness somewhere over your head your attention to the floor can become downright erotic.

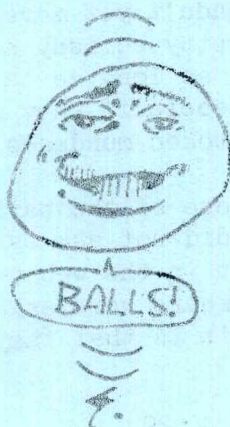
While I was communing with the floorboards, other fans took cover as they could. In those days, Fred Patten was noted for attending parties and spending the entire evening either reading a book or sleeping. The next week he would always produce a word for word transcript of the entire party including those sections which he had slept through or when he had not even been in the room at the time. Nobody ever figured out how Fred was able to do that. At the time of the shooting, Fred was in a corner reading a book. He decided that withdrawing further into the corner was probably the best thing to do. Later, when he observed how bullets had gone entirely through walls he had second thoughts on the matter.

It was Bruce Pelz who finally asked if everyone was alright. His wife Dian (who was about seven months pregnant at the time) replied "Don't get excited, but I think I'm hit." When the lights finally came on it turned out that the right side of her face was covered with blood. At the time, I thought that the actual bullet had grazed her. It later was figured out that she had really been hit with splinters of glass and wood from the window which had been behind her. She reacted with astounding calm at the time. A few hours later when it hit here that the guy had been aiming at the back of her head and only the offset shadow in the window had caused him to fire to the right she became a little less calm.

By the time the police arrived, the suspects were long gone. Investigation revealed that three rounds had actually struck the house. Which was more than enough by our standards. Later, the female party crasher was observed in a local super market by a fan who called the police. Of course, nobody had actually observed that trio do the shooting, and it couldn't even be proved that the three people had even associated together at any time other than that one evening. So no action was ever taken.

On the evening of The Great LASFS Shootout, I'm sure my sense of humor had gone out for a smoke break. Exciting and dangerous events can only be made positive in retrospect. At the time they are occurring, they have nothing to recommend them. You may safely assume that I am categorically opposed to excitement.

---Milt Stevens







# THE PIED TYPER

by  
MIKE GLYER

The Fanzine editor's mind is plastic and forgiving when it comes to his own mistakes. What was actually printed on the page could have attained perfection save for that ink blot where the electrostencil pasteup gave way... the transpositional typing errors one missed outright...the typos one found while proofing the stencil that were too difficult to fix so they were left in...the phrases that didn't read *quite* right when initially drafted, that just

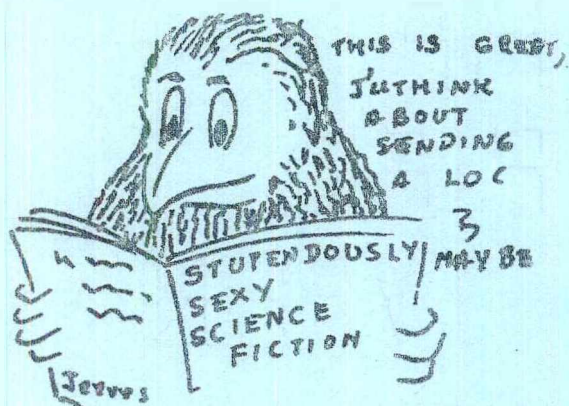
needed slight rearrangement to be grammatically correct... The fanzine editor knows what he *meant* to do, and in a secret corner of his mind believes he really did it.

So when I decided I wanted to write a summary of fanzines in 1984, it was a foregone conclusion that a few egos would be bruised even if I excused the reviews as being solely my opinion. Actually I was surprised by the low proportion of negative response, and the uncorking of long letters of comment from other fans who'd been waiting for an invitation to speak comparatively about the zines they liked.

Reader's reactions to my subjectively-chosen list of 1984's best fanzines, published in FILE 770:53, provoked me to wonder whether the list would have taken a radically different turn had I been attempting to create an objective list. For then the twin challenges would have been to generate objective criteria, and to screen out my personal biases when applying them.

As a popular culturist, and a fan, I would tend to generate measurements of excellence from an analysis of what pleases the readers. But as a writer, and a fan of fine writing, I also contend that effective use of language and style is critical to improved communication. Fanzines are both a literary and social event, so the value of communication and feedback temper the ever present tendencies toward in-group elitism. Therein is a basis for selecting among the litcrit and popcult tools for assess-





ing the best fanzines: good fanzines circulate good writing, but since a fanzine is a junior member of the free press, it is meant for an audience. Seeing how a fanzine identified and satisfied its audience is an equally valid concern as analyzing the quality of its contents.

When this column began I advanced a list of techniques I thought would guarantee a successful fanzine. I defined successful as a fanzine that generated positive strokes for the editor (lots of letters of comment, contributions of art and writing): and in that sense it was a pure popular culture perspective. My recipe was: publish at regular intervals several times a year, use your own material to create a personality

for the zine, publish feedback in a lettercolumn, and publish good art (or don't publish any). I had found that during my fanzine editing career, to the extent I deviated from those principles, my positive feedback tailed off. It's not difficult to attribute a fanzine's popularity to the proper causes: just read the lettercolumn.

Viewing fanzines from a fine arts perspective is also easy enough once you choose one, however the groves of academe include one tree from every theory of criticism: that's how they became groves. We know instinctively that fanzines don't warrant the ideological hair-splitting lavished on rival interpretations of James Joyce. Therefore I long ago extended to fanzine reviewing something David Gerrold insisted on from book critics: judge art based on what the artist is attempting to do. Back then it was a plea not to condemn YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN by comparing it to Star Trek, but it could just as easily be an attitude which makes it possible to evaluate genzines, clubzines, newzines and other fan publications on the same scale.

Can anyone *know* what an artist was attempting? Possibly not, but fanzine editors aren't that subtle. They'll usually waste a good chunk of their editorial explaining themselves. During one era of OUTWORLDS' existence Bill Bowers wrote a new editorial policy every issue.

Even if the policy isn't overtly stated, you can look at the issues of a fanzine and assess the editor's intentions primarily by what he chose to put in, and secondarily, what from a range of possibilities he chose against doing. For example: Leigh Edmonds' RATAPLAN ought to be mainly discussed for what it contains, but it is also worth noting that the zine has virtually no art or graphics.

The consideration of what a fanzine editor attempted to do, and whether he succeeded, is a sound starting point. Here Gerrold and I part company, since he dictated that was also the ending point of criticism. (Who knows if he's changed his mind; it has been 12 years since he said all this.)

Now, and later on, we're going to need a chart for dissecting fanzines into the components we want to evaluate: just like the butcher's diagram that helps us separate the shank from the butt. To me, there are three major categories that speak for themselves. (1) Contents -- the text of a fanzine. (2) Art -- cartoons, illustrations and original graphic art. (3) Design -- the manner in which the text and art is presented.

Contents is a category which dwarves the other two. While it could be subdivided into Style, Writing Quality, Interaction and Feedback, Audience, and a dozen more things, I want it to represent them all: I want enough room to manoeuvre when circumstances blur the categories. If you look at Bergeron's WIZ, Style and Writing Quality are a joint matter.

At this point, permit me to take a one-column intermission. Some of you may want to contribute your suggestions about objective standards of fanzine reviewing, and



with the right pleading tone in my voice I ought to be able to get Marty to show them to me so that I can incorporate the ones that persuade me about their appropriateness. Then next column I'll come back with a revision to my slate of Best Fanzines attempting to apply these objective standards. For now, let's concentrate on reviewing current zines.

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TIME AND AGAIN #1: edited by Dave Locke, 6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati, OH 45236, USA. Letters of comment and fanzines in trade are the way to earn this zine, though Locke will relent and sell you one (*just* one) sample for \$3.00.

With Dave Locke, Richard Bergeron, Jackie Causgrove, Cesar Ignacio Ramos, Eric Mayer and Paul Skelton contributing, TIME AND AGAIN might be mistaken for the yearbook of the Martha Beck for TAFF campaign committee. The impression would be reinforced by a reading of Dave Locke's editorial, a logical first thing to do since it leads off the issue. When it comes to the TAFF feud, Dave clearly feels that he has not been fully heard out, and since it *is* Dave's fanzine you have no more right to be surprised by Dave's obsession with his chosen topic than if you allowed your life insurance agent to take you to lunch.

But if your patience survives the initial contact with TIME AND AGAIN #1 you'll discover that it's really a very good genzine. Contributor list notwithstanding, it's got nothing to do with Topic A -- and might even represent a creative catharsis for some of the fans who were until recently squandering their talents on rabid dissections of the latest feud rhetoric.

Richard Bergeron has turned in one of the most admirable fanzine covers I've ever seen. Each copy of the cover is an eight-color screened abstract, prepared and signed by the artist. In technique it's similar to the HTT cover Bergeron created a few issues ago, but the color work had to have been far more time-consuming for him.

While on the subject of art, praise should also be addressed to Al Curry for his numerous caricatures of fans, and broad-humored captions. The exaggerated heads on diminutive bodies are obviously intended to be *somebody*, and I was convinced I recognized every single one of them, so if I just leave it at that we should all be happy with the results. Sincerely, Curry has captured the salient Lockian features: the hair at a stylish length for 1971, the trim beard Dave Hulan probably covets, the cigarette in one hand and the glass of Glenlivet in the other. Locke has discovered in Curry a gift for caricature that if properly exploited could make Dave as iconic as Derek Carter made Mike Glicksohn.

Really and truly, Dave's editorial runs several pages before he slips the subject of TAFF in on the unsuspecting reader. Dave's origin story to account for the existence of TIME AND AGAIN would do Stan Lee proud. Then he analyzes his reaction to Cosmos and Chaos, the fannish jugglers, and their mutilation-defying stunts with knives and bowling balls. Dave has the fanwriting skills to do justice to a good idea.

Even more so, Lon Atkins has fanwriting skills which enable him to write extraordinarily entertaining articles about virtually anything, or nothing more than a decisive meeting between a fat woman and a beverage cart in the aisle of a 707. "Tup-pence a Tuple", Atkins' first column installment, is actually the umpteenth reprint of a popular anecdote Lon wrote in 1981, but it will be new to many readers.

Harry Warner chips in an untitled article on fans' non-stfnal collections (I never knew that Burnett Toskey collects the scores for violin concertos). Arthur Hlavaty chronicles an uphill fight against the addiction to television.

Dean Grennell's column devoted to a lifetime of successful schemes for celebrating the Fourth of July with just the right bang reminds us why he has such an enduring reputation as an outstanding fanwriter. Bob Tucker writes knowingly about the contra-slannishness of fans. Al Curry chimes in with "Blue Flame Pure Shine Chronicles" -- personally I reacted to it as another example of "it reads like it's supposed to be funny, so why ain't I laughing?"



By the time Milt Stevens arrives with "Cleaning Up On Fandom", a wry account of his days as Lord High Janitor of the LASFS, the zine has taken on something of the feel of mid-70s FAPA: a sense that *of course* every fan can write this well, why everyone *here* does. A time when, briefly, so many great fanwriters were in one place at the same time...struggling to make 8 pp/yr minac. Eric Mayer, who hadn't arrived then, could have fit in with "A Real Artist", another of his meticulous character studies laced with natural humor.

With such a powerful cast of contributors, TIME AND AGAIN has the potential to attract a large following. Stare deeply into the crystal ball, and see whether Dave will prepare a second issue of *this* new title.

WESTWIND 95: NWSFS clubzine, coedited by Doug Booze and Becky Simpson. (Subscriptions with club membership, \$12 per year.)

Few Science Fiction clubs that have been fortunate enough to forge a close relationship with a science fiction writer have also had to withstand the sadness of his passing away. Seattle's Northwest Science Fiction Society made Theodore Sturgeon guest of honor for its first Norwescon in 1978. Sturgeon died in May 1985, and WESTWIND's June issue records an outpouring of sentiment, emotion, and memories that show how close a link the writer and the club forged with one another.

William Warren's beautifully understated cover suggests Sturgeon's face fading away, the eyes, smile and beard going last (almost like a Cheshire cat leaves only his smile). Warren's remembrance, among several well-written tributes in the issue, does the best job of summarizing Ted's effect on Seattle fans: "Ted was such a wellspring of fresh, cool water. He bubbled with experience and insight, he jested and japed, he played with the kids, he did mental acrobatics, he pawed everyone, and all the time he laughed and cavorted and tickled and oh, he carried on so. You want to find Ted? Follow the trail of people on a contact high. There be he."

Ray Bradbury's essay about Ted Sturgeon, written in '48 and used in the '78 Norwescon PB, is rerun. Also in the issue, Dora Auvil devotes part of her review column to some comments on Ted's writing, David Bray furnishes a partial bibliography of the writer's works, and Kitty Canterbury assembled a short biography. There are photographs of the club's ceremonial releasing of over 200 balloons into the sky to symbolize the release of Ted's spirit to the universe.

Especially when you realize that the issue was created within six or eight weeks, WESTWIND's tribute to the memory of Theodore Sturgeon is very impressive.

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN 25: edited by Joe Rico for NESFA. (Available for trade, letter of comment, contribution, editorial whim, of \$3.00. NESFA, PO Box G, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, MA 02139-0910, USA.)

Who put a quarter in the NESFA, anyway? Not only do they generate INSTANT MESSAGE every two weeks, now they've produced a new issue of their genzine PROPER BOSKONIAN which is big (75 pages) and blessed with numerous well-written articles.

While PB failed to adhere to its schedule -- a gaffe only in a club whose other zine keeps a schedule that would leave Mussolini and his trains behind -- the issue was certainly worthy of our patience. Actual distribution was February 1985, though the copies are dated November 1984.

Start anywhere, really. How about the beginning? (Twice in a row, must watch these obsessive habits.) "When I Was a Duchess" recounts Suford Lewis' experience role-playing at Rekon 2 (during Boskone XXI). We receive a journalistic analysis of what she did in the role assigned her during a diplomacy role-playing game, the materials provided, the rules, her interpretation of her character, and assessment of the competition. She writes clearly and entertainingly.

Major article of the zine, and one of the best things I've seen in fanzines this year, is Mark M. Keller's 18-page "'What if Hitler Got the Bomb?': World War Two In Alternate SF Stories." Keller, somewhere along the line, has plowed through 67 novels,



articles, stories and nonfiction books, and developed them into six variant scenarios for World War II -- to give us a break from the same old boring World War we've had to settle for 'til now... Keller's imagery and light tone make a basically fact-filled article work very well. For example:

"...If your hero falls through a time-warp, and emerges in a 1984 Boston (same buildings) with swastika flags flying everywhere, and black uniformed cops on every corner, and maybe a zeppelin floating by overhead ...the reader grasps very quickly that here is a world in which Germany won in 1945."

Though it is very clear that Mark has a thorough grasp of his topic both as history and science fiction, by taking an approach reminiscent of Bruce Jay Friedman's "Steam Bath" ("Very well, let the Luftwaffe destroy the Royal Air Force in dogfights over Britain.") he can get us to listen for as long as he wants. Which is for 18 pages, as I said. Plus the two-page bibliography.

Joe Rico, our editor, adroitly positions a collage of humorous excerpts from APA:NESFA after Keller's article, and maintains pacing in his issue. Because there's virtually no art, pacing depends entirely on the articles themselves, slightly helped by varying the color of the paper throughout the zine.

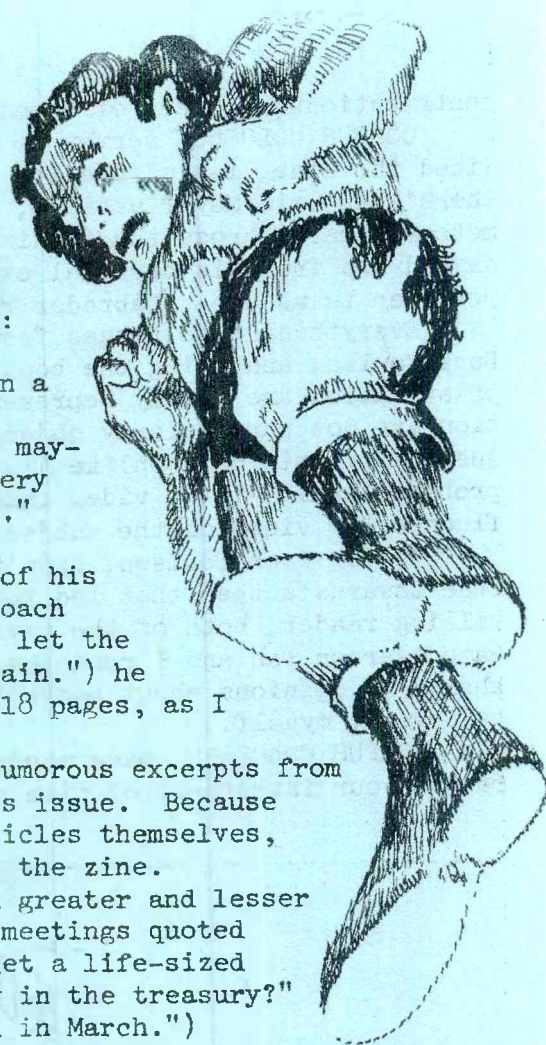
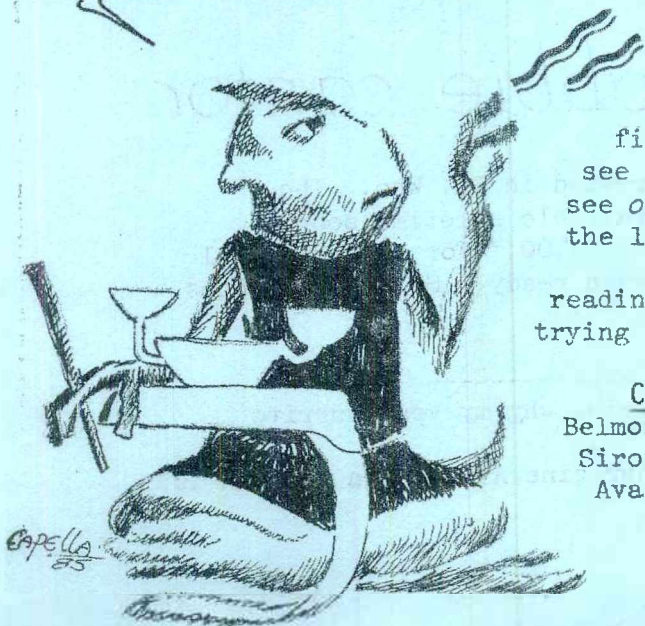
George Flynn compiled a "Bostonian SF Trivia Quiz" from greater and lesser works of sf and fantasy -- how many sf clubs have had their meetings quoted in a well-known science fiction novel? (It goes... "Let's get a life-sized /three-dee/ set for the clubroom." "Do we have enough money in the treasury?" "We do," said the treasurer, "if we cancel the rocket launch in March.")

Mark L. Olson, Don D'Amassa, Joe Rico and Tony Lewis chip in some further interesting items of sercon. In fact, so much time may have passed since anyone did quality material seriously discussing science fiction that the term "sercon" may need explaining for a newer generation of fanzine readers. Suffice it to say that once upon a time in the early 1970s the term "sercon" evolved to mean any serious and constructive discussion of science fiction. It was worn willingly as a label by those who wrote book reviews, and uttered as a pouting protest by those who felt (rightly) that faanish writing had been eclipsed. Well, somewhere along the line fans stopped going to the programs, and reading science fiction, so naturally all they had left to write about were topics within the pale of Faanishness. The pendulum has swung so far back the other way that sercon is on the verge of assuming its original meaning, excessive seriousness and earnestness about science fiction fandom. After all, that's mostly what you see people taking seriously in fanzines. You want to see *old-fashioned* sercon? Read the lettercolumn in the last HTT.

Anyway, PROPER BOSKONIAN 25 is a highly rewarding reading experience. Run out. Buy an issue. NESFA is trying to build a clubhouse you know.

**CORPUS COLOSSUM:** co-edited by Susan Obermeier (77 Belmont Ave., North Plainfield, NJ 07060, USA) and Al Sirois (72 Hubinger St., New Haven, CT 06511, USA). Available for trades to both editors, written and art

wait there 'til  
I'm through.





contributions, letters of comment, or \$1.00 per copy.

CORPUS COLOSSUM serves up an eclectic group of short articles, but as much as I liked the zine, let's face it, the only reason I took the time to review it here is that there's an Eric Mayer article, "My Career As a Writer." Mayer seems to be tracing this meteoric path across the fannish sky in a series of stylish, amusing and truthful essays drawn from his personal experiences. It's nothing less than my duty as a fanzine reviewer to assume a Labrador retriever pose and draw your attention to this find.

Everything else ranges from a co-editorial instigated by "The Silent Scream" to Buck Coulson analyzing the book reviewer's role. Sirois and Obermeier's level of sophistication are fairly represented by this quote: "Be forewarned,-- my views on abortion are not particularly objective. I have no semblance of a coherent argument to justify my opinion. Unlike Al, I can't claim to have *seen* an abortion (although it's probably available on video cassette). I have, however, had one, which probably influences my views on the subject."

As for Buck Coulson, didn't you always want to know more about the man's attitude towards a task that led to hundreds of brief book reviews in YANDRO? I was a willing reader, both of the reviews and this article. Yes, once I was a far more dedicated sercon fan and I read the book reviews in SFR and YANDRO to see whether these guys shared my opinions about books I had *already* read. Those were the days. I can hardly believe it myself...

CORPUS COLOSSUM, made mandatory reading by the presence of a Mayer article, will reward your investment of time reading the complete issue.

---Mike Glyer

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# TIME MAGAZINE

EDITED BY john kahane

AND

robbie cantor

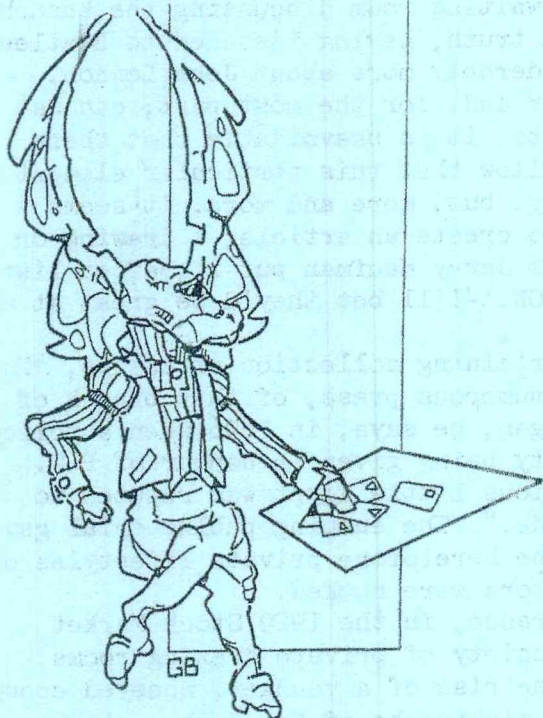
A Dr. Whozine of interest to all fans who are interested in Dr. Who. The fourth issue is available - issue number five will be available sometime soon after HTT #22 is completed and mailed. Buy #4 now - only \$2.00. For an additional \$2.00 a copy of #5 will be reserved for you and mailed when ready. Send all cheques payable to Robbie Cantor.

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If a taco is to vagina as burrito is to penis, that explains why my bean burrito keeps squirting sauce when I bite into it. Yum!

---Eve Ackerman, from her zine AT RISK in LASFAPA 107





# NOTES FROM THE OUTSIDE café fandom

BY

eric mayer

Because his murder is inseparable in my memory from the birth of my daughter Fleur three days later, and because, at the time, he had begun to write about family life and love -- things I was soon to learn the importance of myself, but which are not often dealt with by rock music or by that other hobby of mine, fandom -- I have an uncritical affection for John Lennon's art and for the human being revealed in his art. When I play "Double Fantasy", the album released before his death, and listen to him sing "life is what happens to us when we're making other plans", I don't wince at his unblushing use of cliché, but, rather, I am amazed to think that in 1980 we might have been inspired by the same tea bag. I feel, in a small way, that I know him. So it was disconcerting when articles began to appear in newspapers like The Star and The National Enquirer purportedly describing the "real" John Lennon.

Most notable were excerpts from two books, "Loving John" and "Dakota Days", whose respective authors, Mae Pang and John Green, painted John Lennon as a mean, neurotic recluse. A portrait at odds with his depiction of himself as a happy househusband. It was not the negative portrait itself which was disturbing -- although I've had experience with neither, I tend to give little credence to former mistresses or tarot card readers -- but the fact that those self-serving tales would likely constitute the only impression of the artist for millions of Star and Enquirer readers.

"It isn't fair," said Kathy. "Most of the people who read this stuff have never listened to one of John's albums. They'll never hear his side."

Scandal sheets are not, of course, concerned with art but with celebrity, which, while occasionally a by-product of artistic success, can be achieved just as readily by having a millionaire daddy, a famous lover or by weighing 978 pounds. Star readers, by and large, are not interested in the art that might have accidentally spawned a person's notoriety.

The uneasy relationship between art and celebrity is of interest to us as fans. We are, after all, artists in that we write, draw or edit, and we are also celebrities in the sense that people, who we will never meet except through our art or who we will meet only in passing, take an active interest in our affairs, read, write and talk about us. A very few fans are able to attend numerous conventions, but even they cannot hope to meet a majority of all fans or have more than a quick chat with most of those



they do meet, and can hardly claim, on that basis, any true personal acquaintance. Kathy might as well claim to be a personal friend of Yul Brynner's because they once spent half an hour together in a Manhattan doctor's waiting room discussing the French grape harvest with cocaine clips up their noses. In truth, having listened to Beatles records for twenty years, Kathy probably knows considerably more about John Lennon.

Since we are naturally curious about one another and, for the most part, can satisfy that curiosity only through second-hand accounts, it is unavoidable that there is in fandom an element of celebrity. It doesn't follow that this particular element must be stressed at the expense of art and creativity, but, more and more, it seems that fans are valued not so much for their ability to create an article, a drawing or a fanzine as for their ability to create a scene. As Jerry Kaufman put it, after listing potential TAFF candidates in INSTANT GRATIFICATION, "I'll bet they'd be great at a party."

Writer and bon-vivant Lucius Beebe, in his entertaining collection of essays, "The Lucius Beebe Reader", described the genesis, in the numerous press, of that branch of journalism dealing with "gossip and scandal". It began, he says, in 1896 when a police captain named "Whiskers" Chapman raided a dinner party being given in honour of P.T. Barnum's grandson -- a party at which the then notorious Little Egypt was reputed to have danced "in what in those days passed for the nude." The ensuing public trial gave newspapers licence to print titillating details of the heretofore private lifestyles of the rich and famous. Both newspaper readers and editors were hooked.

Another breakthrough occurred with the disappearance, in the 1929 Stock Market Crash, of much of the wealth of old society -- the society of private drawing rooms and clubs from which the press was excluded -- and the rise of a younger, moneyed crowd, not averse to doing its entertaining publicly in the nightclubs of New York, not unaware of the value of publicity and quite willing to be "constantly on parade" at El Morocco or "21".

During the 1930s, Beebe wrote a gossip column for the New York Herald Tribune. "This New York" concerned itself exclusively with the goings-on of this new crowd, which Beebe dubbed Cafe Society. His requirements for membership were stern. "A general definition of Cafe Society," he wrote, "might be an unorganized but generally recognized group of persons who participate in the professional and social life of New York available to those possessed of a certain degree of affluence and manners." There were, he added, no more than 500 men and women in the world fit for these dizzy heights.

It is easy to see the parallels with fandom. To see, for example, how the opportunities for fannish gossip journalism are increased by the proliferation of conventions, where those who value publicity and are willing to be constantly on parade can do their socialising in settings public enough to have them recorded in the fan press. Beebe's definition of Cafe Society sounds very much like a definition of fandom, or, at least, what some fans would like to think of as fandom.

No doubt, Beebe's Cafe Society has a superficial attraction about it. But one problem with celebrity reporting is that fascination with celebrity is as easily satisfied by accounts of Washington Redskins fullback John Riggins dead drunk under a table at a state dinner as by Lucius Beebe's recounting of Noel Coward's after-dinner bons mots. To judge by many of today's fanzines, Cafe Fandom -- that part of fandom seemingly obsessed with its own ersatz celebrity -- is under the table with Riggins, and proud of it. Rather than art, too many fan editors fill their fanzines with social calendars, frantic and inept efforts to retroactively enliven dull parties, tedious boasting about overindulgence in alcohol and its predictable effects, not to mention endless gossip about various antics and liaisons which resemble nothing so much as what you can read every week in The Star, but which are, so far as originality and pache are concerned, more on a par with what you overhear when passing the office secretarial pool at lunch break.

Aside from the fact that fan gossip tends to be trivial and boring, there is nothing inherently wrong with such material. I read The Star and Enquirer myself and



find them amusing and harmless, so long as taken with a grain of salt. I would not, however, be happy reading nothing but, nor would I claim that gossip-writing deserves a pre-eminent place in literature. Members of Cafe Fandom, on the other hand, would have us believe that there is nothing more "fannish" than gossip-writing, especially when it is about them. Fanzine reviewers castigate editors who fail to publish enough "fannish" material and critic D West has taken the audacious step of re-defining "fanwriting" so as to limit it to nothing but scandal sheet nonsense. In "Performance" West wrote:

"The idea that something published in a fanzine which is good enough to be published anywhere is thereby good *fan* writing is self-contradictory. Good *writing* such a piece may be, but if it is so readily detachable from the web of personalities and cross-references which give fanzines their unique character then it is doubtfully *fan* writing at all."

As regards *fiction*, fandom as a whole has long made this distinction and, probably wrongly, has scorned all but "faan" fiction. West and like-minded critics are simply asking us to extend this distinction to *all* types of writing. From the viewpoint of those concerned with their own celebrity status, this makes good sense. It offers a way to exclude from fandom proper those who are not members of the approved social circles on supposedly artistic grounds. Thus, there is no rule that, to be part of their fandom, you must attend a certain number of conventions or associate with certain fans, but, if you don't, you won't be able to produce suitably "fannish" writing or produce a "fannish" enough fanzine.

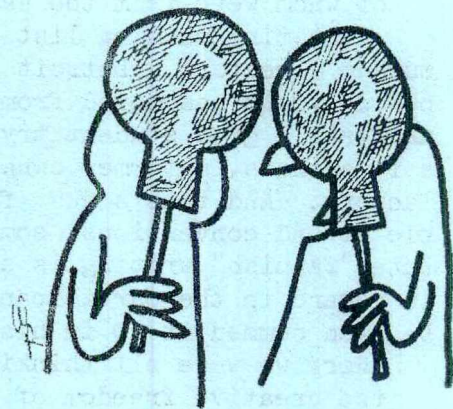
There may, indeed, be a kind of writing that is uniquely fannish, in the sense that it captures some spirit of fandom, rattles a screw that all of us have loose, although, from reading "mundane" authors like James Thurber, E.B. White, Robert Benchley and Wolcott Gibbs, I doubt it. But, to define fanwriting as narrowly as D West does, to claim that the only unique elements in fandom are its personal relationships and cross-references, is insupportable. If that's all there is to it, then we're all wasting our time and might just as well join the Rotary or form a bridge club. Such a view says more about the narrow and mundane interests of the critic propounding it than about the potentials of fandom.

Philosophical objections aside, to insist that fanwriting be based on celebrity is to insist on narrowing the diversity of personalities that helps make fandom so pleasurable. In the second issue of *EVENTS IN A DENSE FOG*, Steve Green wrote:

"Is every member of fandom honour-bound to entertain his or her fellows pledged to unpaid unction at the altar of slapstick and witty wordplay? Perhaps we are, but if so that'll teach us to read the small print of our unwritten contracts in future. There are introverts as well as extroverts in this twilight kingdom of ours, a fact fandom frequently prefers to forget."

What Cafe Fandom wants us to forget is that those people with the means, inclination and lifestyle to attend numerous conventions make up a much less diverse group than all of fandom, which, obviously, includes those who do not have the money or time to attend conventions, who are more introverted than extroverted, who are simply not interested, and so forth. In *KITH 3*, Debbie Notkin voiced a thought that has often occurred to me:

"It's clear to me that if I hadn't found fandom, I'd have lived out my life in an insular little group of (fascinating) friends all of whom were within ten years of my own age, within one degree either way of my own education and most





of whom were from the same sort of upper middle class background as my own."

The tiny mailing list for my own fanzine includes such diverse people as a retired museum director, a Detroit sanitation engineer, a missionary's daughter who during her 60-odd years has moved from China to the base of the Andes, a British computer systems analyst, a grad student trying to break into the literary magazines, numerous published s.f. authors, a former owner of a New York decorating firm and a worker in a bacon bits factory. And that's just for starters, with emphasis on vocation. Some of these people attend conventions; some don't. To contend that the ones who do not cannot contribute "fannish" writing is sheer foolishness. And why should we want to limit ourselves, in regard to the participants in fandom or to the subject matter available to us? John D. Owen summed it up in his CRYSTAL SHIP 9 editorial:

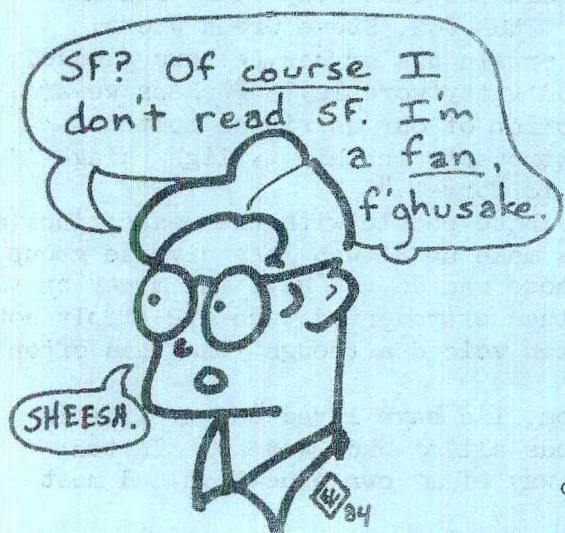
"Here we were all thinking the only thing we had to worry about was exercising the creative freedom of our fanzines...but sniggering in the small print all this time there have been clauses that restrict the creativity to rather more specific areas of concern, which one steps outside at one's peril... The peculiar beastie known as fannish writing is merely writing done with a particular market in mind, done for those fanzines which are more context dependent than others, that are offshoots of the socializing aspect of fandom. To say that this form is unique and laud it above all others as something fannish is to confuse the issue and, in truth, to propagandize a favored form of content over others no less worthy. And that is what we are being subjected to with these paens of praise for the "fannish" way of writing: propaganda and self-aggrandizement, nothing else."

To require that fanwriters write only about certain topics, aim their productions toward a market, is to sap fandom of its creativity. The gossip-writing that D West has called fanwriting is not creative, nor is it art. In fact, the purveyors of this sort of writing are up to *something else*. In "The Songs of Fandom", in Terry Hill's MICROWAVE, Skel voiced his fears that today's fandom was becoming less concerned with creativity than with *something else*, which he identified as status. He asks which comes first: performance or status?

"In Fandom past there seems little doubt it was the performance. You performed for the sake of the performance. The rewards were secondary. Well, the egoboo was tied to and possibly inseparable from the performance. The inevitable status however was purely incidental. It happened. The performance was the object, the status was the by-product of the performance. What D seems to be saying is that, in Fandom Present, it is the status that is important, the primary objective. The performance is in effect secondary and of importance only in so far as how it effects the obtaining of the primary goal.

The status is the object and the performance is relegated to a by-product of the attempt to gain status."

There seems to me little difference between Skel's concept of "status" and mine of "celebrity". Celebrity implies status certainly, and what Cafe Fandom calls "fannish" writing is designed, not with any artistic purpose in mind, but merely to reinforce and perpetuate its claim to pre-eminent status. In exactly the same way, scandal sheets like the Star and Enquirer perpetuate the celebrity status of those people they habitually feature. Occasionally, an artist, by dint of success, stumbles into this celebrity menagerie, but just as often celebrity is manufactured out of thin air.





Exactly what has Zsa Zsa Gabor ever done, except wear jewels?

It is depressing to consider the prospect of a fandom filled with nothing but "fannish" writing which stakes out a literary ground somewhere between Cream Magazine and a high school slam book. Worse, it is actually a dangerous form of writing. Art attempts to illuminate character. Gossip-writing thrives on caricature. So, today, reading fanzines, we are like as not to find ourselves surrounded by limp-wristed poofs, falling down drunks, rude bitches, KTF critics and their ilk -- fandom's equivalent of the Star's jet-setting billionaires, eccentric rock musicians, world's fattest men. Do we really want a fandom where each fan, to succeed, must project a persona that wouldn't look out of character under a word balloon? Is manufactured outrageousness that fascinating? Of course, only the artist himself can be counted on to give a true account of his character. Character is complex and subtle. But anybody can whip up a caricature, of themselves or others, and such caricatures are liable to be taken with perfect seriousness by those who have become accustomed to such poor stuff.

Whenever I think of the relationship between celebrity and art I think of John Lennon -- the artist he presents to us on his records, and the celebrity who is the target of the scandal sheets. Who is the more valuable, the more honest? Should we listen to John Lennon or to his tarot reader? Richard Bergeron once told me that he considered fandom to be unsurpassed as a creative hobby. I hope that continues to be true. I fear it will not if Cafe Fandom -- the fannish celebrities so insistent on replacing creativity with gossip-writing and on limiting participation in fandom to a particular sort of person -- have their way. If they have their way we will be in the position of legions of Star readers, who, with all of John Lennon's work available to them, choose to ignore "Imagine", "In My Life", "Instant Karma", "Working Class Hero" and all the rest, preferring instead to read Lennon's former mistress' account of how he once got drunk in a restaurant and stuck a tampon to his forehead.

- Eric Mayer

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## A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT OUR DUFF TRIP

BY MARTY CANTOR

All of my thoughts (and everything else) will appear in our forthcoming trip report (my section is already first-drafted - I took copious notes) but here are a few items.

It is actually hard to know where to begin as I had such a marvelous time that I am still on a natural high from the whole experience. To simply say that I enjoyed myself is a bit of an understatement.

Robbie is correct when she says that Australia seems a lot like Canada - I mentioned to her early in the trip that Australia seemed a like lot that part of Canada which I visited with her last year. But I also realise that Australia is a brown land much of the year even though it was wearing its winter greenery during our trip. Many fans in Sydney mentioned that it had gotten warmer and clearer just before our arrival, and that seems typical of all the good things which happened to us there. The people were wonderful - they treated us as very special guests, especially the AUSSIECON II concom.

AUSSIECON II was absolutely the very best con which I have attended. Those fans with worldcon experience extending back to the early ones commented about how the feel of the con was just like earlier ones.

I tried to spend as much of my waking time meeting and talking with Aussies at the con with much of that time spent talking with many who were attending their first con. The future of Aussiefandom is in good hands if many of these newcomers stick around - I cannot say enough good things about them.

The last thing I purchased in Melbourne was a pin which said "I Love Australia".

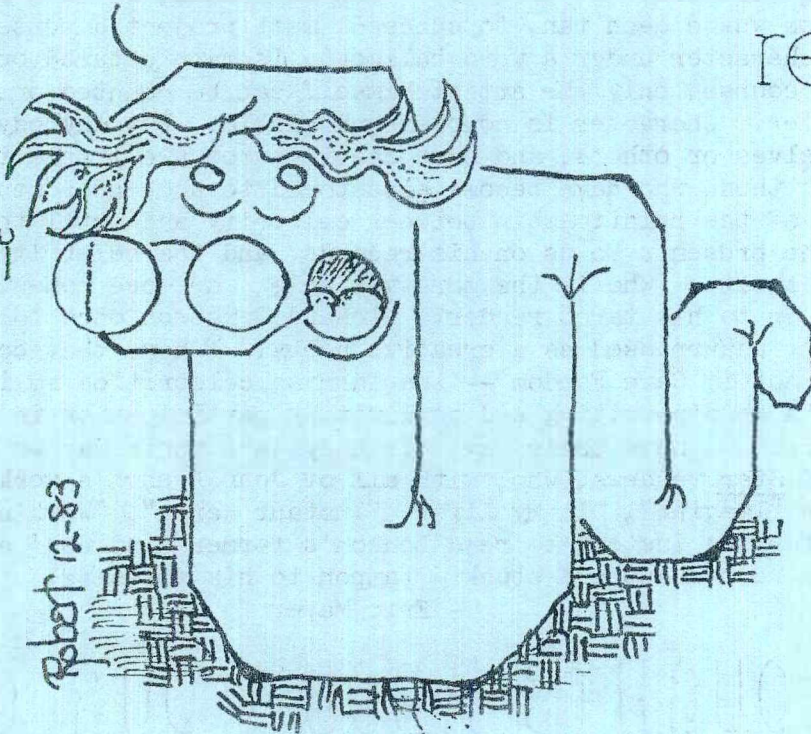


AND I ASK:  
WHERE ARE THE  
FANDOMS OF  
YESTERYEAR?

# TERRY CARR'S

## entropy reprints

AM I  
GOING  
TO BE  
A MEMORY  
TOO?



Bjo Trimble isn't widely remembered anymore as a fanzine fan, though she began contributing cartoons to fanzines in 1954 and became hyperactive in the late 1950s when she moved to Los Angeles and joined the LASFS. LASFS was, as of 1957 when they won the worldcon bid for 1958 under the "South Gate in '58: slogan, a fanclub with a long and mostly distinguished history (the second-oldest fanclub in the world, having been organized as a chapter of the Science Fiction League in the early thirties shortly after the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society) but one that had largely withdrawn from general fandom and the publication of fanzines in then-recent years. SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, its official organ, had been, in the mid-forties under the brilliant editorship of Charles Burbee, the #2 fanzine in fandom, right behind THE ACOLYTE, published by fellow LASFSian F. Towner Laney. But internal dissensions caused Burbee and Laney to resign and SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES was discontinued; an irregular and much less interesting fanzine, SHANGRI-LA, appeared into the mid-fifties, making very little splash in fandom. If it hadn't been for the "South Gate" bid being touted for years by young LASFSian Rick Sneary, and the support of this bid by British fans (the 1957 worldcon was held in London), LASFS wouldn't have had much chance of winning the 1958 convention, so much was it out of sight in general fandom.

But Bjo changed all that when she got active in LASFS. She was then in her early twenties, full of energy in quantities that fans have rarely seen (Susan Wood was probably the only fan after Bjo who matched her in this area), and she got the club back into a hyperactive phase not only at conventions but also in the production of fan-



zines. Bjo had a lot to do with the great success of the 1958 worldcon (which was held in Los Angeles but L.A.'s mayor was persuaded to declare the con hotel a part of its suburb South Gate during the convention) and thereafter she led the club back into fanzine publishing, particularly with the revival of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES in November 1958.

Djinn Faine, Al Lewis, and John Trimble edited the issues through July 1960, but with the September 1960 issue, after her marriage to Trimble, Bjo moved from star contributor to co-editor. She'd begun her column, "Fallen Angelenos," in the January 1960 issue, and continued writing it when she became co-editor, until the July-August 1961 issue, one issue before Fred Patten took over the editorship. Though she was primarily known as one of fandom's best artists/cartoonists, her writing was very good too; in "Fallen Angelenos" she covered local doings both fannish and nonfannish -- the latter in the selection here. (Which I suddenly notice was originally published in Shaggy #64, March 1963, so evidently she revived the column later on.)

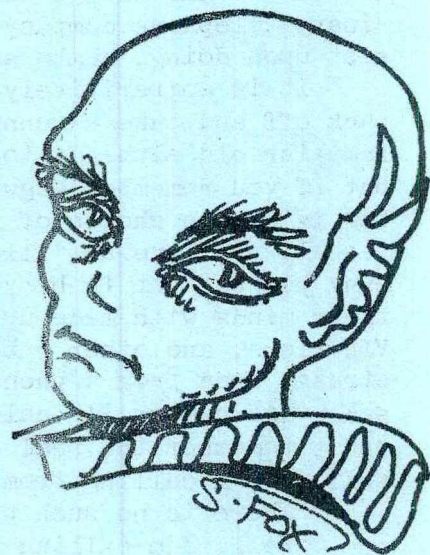
Bjo, along with Lee Hoffman, Susan Wood, and very few others, was one of the very best women fans we've ever had in fanzine fandom -- and considering the level of her competition as suggested just by those two of many woman fans who were in her league, she was obviously among the best fanzine fans of any sex we've had. In more recent years, Bjo has devoted her talents to such things as making convention art shows an important part of conventioning, and to building *Star Trek* fandom to its present overwhelmingly popular state. She's written a book about *Star Trek* fandom that was very successful -- in fact, I can't think of anything to which Bjo turned her talents and energy that wasn't successful.

In her fanzine writing, she had the advantage of being a fascinating character herself. See the piece that follows for illustration of this.

---Terry Carr

# FALLEN ANGELENOS

by bjo trimble



This was my day to feel cheerful about answering telephones, so when mine rang, I said "Hi!" into it. There was a pause.

"Is that all you usually say?" inquired a strange male voice.

"Well, what else did you have in mind?" I asked, reasonably.

"Oh, don't you usually say something like, 'Good morning, Los Angeles Boiler Works,' or something like that?"

"Not if I'm sober," I said, wondering what new fan in town had decided to play telephone games. "But sometimes I say 'City Zoo', if the fancy strikes me." There was another pause, then he chuckled. I chuckled back. It was an intimate moment. I



expected him to reveal his name and where he was stranded and when we were expected to pick him up.

The chuckle faded away, and then he got down to business. "Oh, well," he said philosophically, "you are a good business, so I should care how you answer the phone..."

"I'm glad you're taking it that way," I said. "What business?"

"Well, do you remember the pipe-fittings you sold us last year?" he said, briskly dropping the horse-play.

"No," I answered, still wondering what the game was.

"NO? Well, look it up later; I want to give you the order now," he said. "They were umty-umt type of framistanish brass with overhead undergrafting of the...."

"I'll bet you've got the wrong number," I said. There was a very long pause.

"Isn't this the Los Angeles Boiler Works?" he said in a smallish voice.

"No."

"This isn't Capital 1-1186?"

"No, this is HArrison 1-1186, and you're dialing into the wrong code area."

"Oh."

He sounded embarrassed, I felt moved to console him. "That's all right; I wasn't doing anything but answering the phone right now, anyway."

"Oh, good! I'm glad you weren't busy," he said. "Well, it was nice talking to you, I guess."

"I guess so, too. Goodbye." I looked at the telephone in speculation. Was I going to have trouble with this small instrument again? I was.

Two or three days later, the telephone rang again. Feeling more formal that morning, I simply said "Hello."

"Hallo," said a heavily accented male voice, "ees thees the Los Angeles Boiler Works?" I explained again that a mistake had been made. "Oh, so sorry," the voice said, "I am on thees wrong number."

I pondered the fate of telephone subscribers, and how numbers are so easily mixed. It has always been of interest to me that such a complicated set-up as an ordinary telephone company could manage to give any kind of service, using, as they insist upon doing, numbers of all sizes and shapes.

It is comparatively easy to remember a number with a prefix, for if you sort of back off and take a running guess at the number, with a helpful assortment from the familiar old alphabet to aid you, chances are good. Ted Johnstone's number is MUrray, but if you remember MUgwump, MURder, MURky, or MU-as-in-continent, the rest of the number is a mere choice of nine or so digits. Surely... well...

If you have an "illegal" phone, one which was not put in by the local phone company but was put in by your electrician cousin or such, you can drive people out of their minds with made-up prefixes on all but the "legal" phone. Such as Tligger-growl, VIcarious, and other cute bits. Consider having someone like me make a call, in a strange area from a phone that has a Tligger-growl prefix on the dial. The operator asks what number I'm calling from. Now, I *know* that this is not a real prefix, but I can't remember the real one, and can't count well enough to think out the numbers. Oh, well. "I'm calling from Tligger-growl 6..."

"There is no such prefix," announces the operator in solemn tones.

"Well, I'm calling from it!" I say, matching tones, "and if it's any help, the phone is tiny, cute, blue, and lights up. No do I get my number?" I got it. I also think the operator was trying to figure how to locate me and introduce me to the local laughing academy.

Telephones have always been a problem. When I was a kid, there were only three lines in the whole town (there were a few more people than there were lines, but not many). If all three old gossips o' the town got on the lines, they could tie up the whole town for hours. And did. Clear in my memory is my mother on the line, trying to get them to ring off so she could call the fire department. "Honest, the house is on fire," Mom would say. "No, I'm not joking, the house is on fire, listen, can't you



hear it crackle?" ...and on. The back porch burned off, and a girl rode the mile and a half on her bike for the firemen while mother argued. This is why I won't have a party line.

When I lived on Fan Hill, and before my marriage, my phone number had once been a business number. Usually a suitable time elapses before the same number is given out, but LA is a big city, and often businesses don't check new directories when they've their old, outdated books to use. Also, I guess the theory is that it is safe to give out these numbers to private homes. There are flaws in that theory.

One morning the phone awakened me. Well, it got me out of bed; I very seldom wake up at the same time, usually having to drink several cups of coffee and wander around for a bit before everything gets coordinated and I am prepared to face another day. I groped for the phone and answered it. The caller got a surly "Lo."

"I've got six crates of lettuce here," announced a cheerful voice, "What am I to do with them?" I had a suggestion, but refrained from voicing it. Instead, I mumbled something about wanting to know what he was talking about. There was a pause. Then, "Isn't this the Southern Pacific kitchen car?"

"No, I don't think so." At that hour of the day, I am seldom in any condition to guarantee anything as fact.

"Are you *sure*?" persisted the voice.

"Well, wait a moment, and I'll check," I said amiably. I rested the phone on a table, and ambled to the front door of my apartment. When the door was opened, it revealed Los Angeles at the foot of the hill, wrapped in the pink-and-goldish glory of a new day. I blinked at the view of City Hall in the sunlight, and went back to the phone. "No," I said positively, "I am *not* the Southern Pacific kitchen car."

"Then *where* is the Southern Pacific kitchen car?" demanded the voice suspiciously.

"I haven't got it," I said, and hung up. I went back to bed. But I couldn't sleep. Somewhere in this big, newly-awakened city was a man with six crates of lettuce and nowhere to go. I gave up the struggle and fumbled my way to the kitchen and the coffeepot.

With several grains of caffeine surging through my system, I felt ready to at least open the windowblinds and face the day. The telephone rang. I answered it and was immediately sorry that I didn't have another cup of coffee handy.

"Hello," said a heavy, sullen woman's voice, "is this Pacific Trust and Finance Company?" There were distinct sounds of children screaming and some birds in the background, plus what could only have been a soap opera on full blast. I informed her of her mistake, and she hung up with a snort of disgust.

A few minutes later, the same woman phoned. At least, I hope it was the same woman, for two households should not be burdened with children of such lung-power. She asked for her finance company again, and I told her that she was dialing the letter "o" when she really should be dialing the number "0". She told me to mind my own business, and hung up. I went for another cup of coffee, and waited.

Ten minutes later, the voice, now quite belligerent about this strange turn of affairs, inquired for her finance company again. As I started to speak, she bellowed, "YOU again!" and hung up. I pulled my chair close to the phone with a sense of predestined fate, and waited.

Soon the phone rang again, but the voice had taken on a new tone. Perhaps she felt that to sneak up on the problem was the only solution. In any case, a syrupy voice inquired in what she must have believed was a soft voice, "Is *this* the Pacific Trust and Finance Company?" There was an expectant wait.

"Lady," I said in as respectful a tone as I could muster, under the circumstances, "I don't wonder that you are so desparate to reach a finance company at all costs. With your inability to count to six, you *NEED* help!"

When I hung up, I felt sort of sad. Surely if I had not been so quick to end the game, I might have had this wonderful woman's persistent company all day. I called the telephone company to see about getting my number dhanged.



They were properly sympathetic, but observed that *all* possible number combinations had been used years ago, and I might be taking on another of even worse problems. Such as a former number used by a doctor. I gave up.

Along with problems with numbers (and the companies are going to increase those problems by dropping prefixes altogether) is the invasion of privacy. Anyone can phone you for a gag, or to take up time while your watercolor wash settles into irretrievable smears, or just to get you to answer the phone and then hang up. The world is too full of immature clowns who use the phone as their private plaything.

Of course, John claims that I don't like phones because the other party can't see me wave my hands around. This is true, but also I usually can't remember all the things I wanted to say until after I've hung up, which is entirely the wrong time.

The really galling part of paying for a telephone is that anyone who has something to sell may call you away from your work or play with a stupid sales pitch. One day at the old Fan Hillton, a pleasant male voice wanted to talk to Mr. Harness. Upon being informed that Mr. Harness was at work, he asked to speak to Mrs. Harness.

"This is Mrs. Harness," I said without hesitation. There is nothing in the rules says I can't bug back!

"Ah, Mrs. Harness!" said the voice in a low tone of happy discovery, "you'll be happy to know that the Los Angeles *Times* is fighting juvenile delinquency..."

"How are you doing?"

"Just fine, but we need help, and YOU are in a position to help needy boys all over..."

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that," I said, filling my voice with regret.

The sales pitch took a lurch. "You can't? But to combat juvenile..."

"Oh, no," I said sorrowfully, "my husband is very much in favor of juvenile delinquency." There was a long pause.

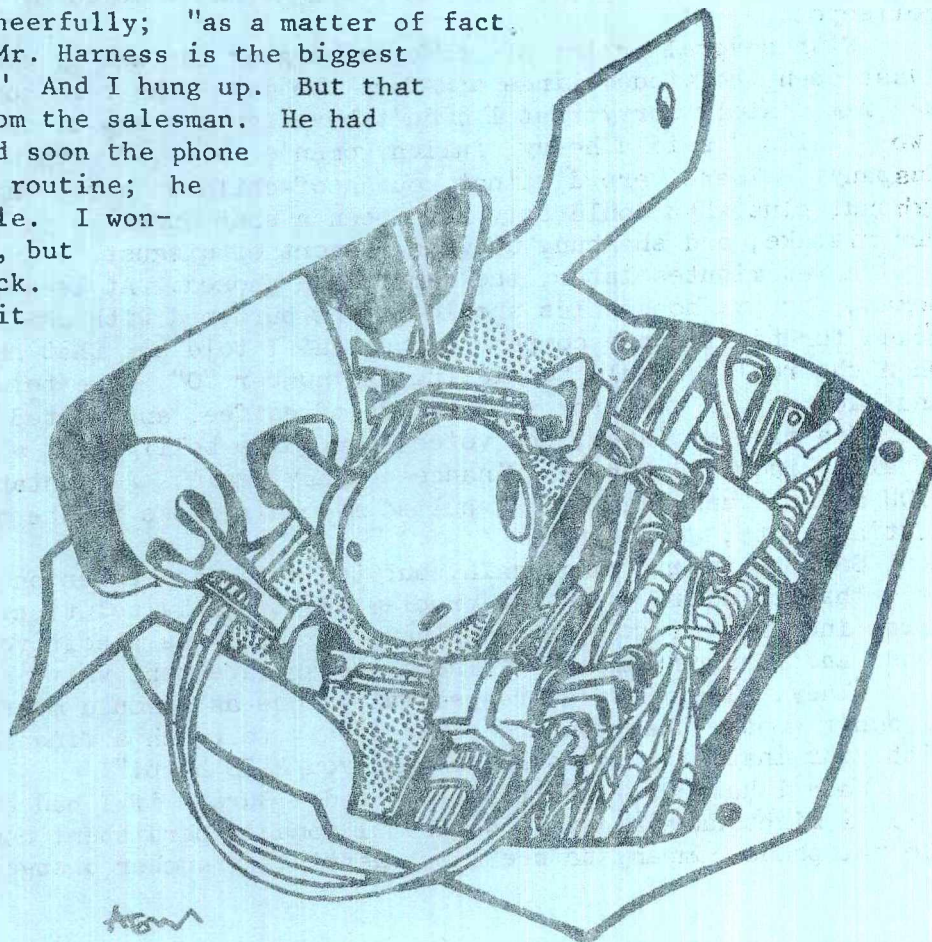
"He... is...?" This was obviously a telling blow. The sales pitch went out the window.

"Oh, my, yes," I said cheerfully; "as a matter of fact, his mother and I agree that Mr. Harness is the biggest juvenile delinquent we know!" And I hung up. But that was not the last we heard from the salesman. He had a list of names to go on, and soon the phone rang again. It was the same routine; he wanted to speak to Mr. Trimble. I wondered how they'd missed Pelz, but gave him the same routine back. He went into the soft-shoe bit about how a sub to the *Times* would save tender young souls...

"We've got a subscription to the *Times* already," I said plonkingly. They should have checked that out before disturbing people. "And I simply love the comics you people have."

"Really?" said the man, making note-taking noises.

"Yes," I assured him, "the *Times* editor-



AGW



ial page is the funniest bit of propaganda for idiots I've ever read; wouldn't miss it for anything."

Later that day, the same man phoned and asked for Mr. or Mrs. Wheatley. I identified myself as Mrs. Wheatley. There was a very long pause, punctuated by rustling paper. He asked for the address, which I gave. He verified the phone number, too. Then, after another long pause, he asked if a Mr. Harness and a Mr. Trimble lived there, also. I assured him that they did. He cleared his throat. "And *you* are Mrs. Wheatley?" he asked cautiously. At no time during the day had I made any attempt to disguise my voice.

"Why, yes, I am," I said. "It's sort of a strange situation here...."

"I'm sure it is," said the salesman, and hung up.

I went back to work with the feeling that I had somehow brightened the life of a fellow man.

The last bit of telephone salesmanship that was tried on me was a call from Forest Lawn Cemetary. "Hello," said a bright, lively voice, "our counselor will be in your neighborhood soon, and we thought you would like to talk to him."

"Is he advising for or against dying?"

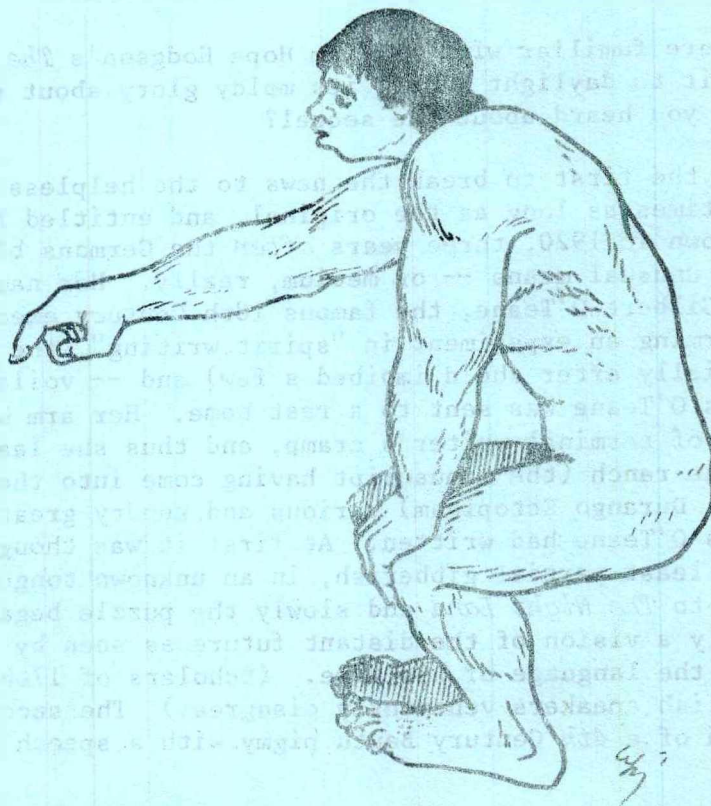
"Well, he... that is... well, it's for the cemetary preparations, and..."

"In other words, you are *for* dying?"

"Well, no, but..."

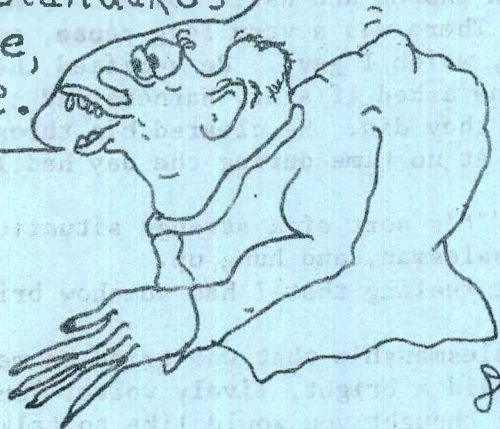
"Sorry," I said firmly, "but I'm not interested in dying." And, as no salesman came to our door, I can only guess that whe took my word for it and marked me off their list of prospects. It's probably just as well. Forest Lawn is the type of place that would have colored "Princess" phones in each vault...and that is one bit of civilization that I don't want to take with me!

---Bjo Trimble





Aesthetic standards  
are relative,  
you realize.



A FEW WORDS  
ABOUT THE  
SECOND  
PART  
OF  
HODGSON'S  
COSMIC EPIC

(DEDICATED TO  
LEE WEINSTEIN)

BY

darrell schweitzer

I trust many of you are familiar with William Hope Hodgson's *The Night Land*, since Lin Carter exposed it to daylight in all its moldy glory about ten years ago, but I wonder, have any of you heard about the sequel?

I thought not.

In that case I'll be the first to break the news to the helpless world. A sequel does exist. It is three times as long as the original, and entitled *The Fright Land*. It was actually written down in 1920, three years *after* the Germans blew up Hodgson, and it was obtained by an unusual means -- or medium, really. Her name was Ethelbruda O'Teane (a descendant of Gilbert O'Teane, the famous 18th Century executioner) and one night, when she was performing an experiment in "spirit writing", the spirits began to write voluminously (especially after she'd imbibed a few) and -- voila! -- three months later, there it was. Miss O'Teane was sent to a rest home. Her arm had to be amputated from the elbow up because of terminal writer's cramp, and thus she leaves our story.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch (the manuscript having come into the hands of the famed spiritualist cowboy, Durango Ectoplasm) various and sundry great minds were trying to interpret what Miss O'Teane had written. At first it was thought to be complete gibberish, or at the very least partial gibberish, in an unknown tongue or dialect. Then somebody compared it to *The Night Land* and slowly the puzzle began to fit together. *The Night Land* is allegedly a vision of the distant future as seen by a 17th Century Englishman and written in the language of his time. (Scholars of 17th Century literature, and most native English speakers vehemently disagree.) The second book, *The Fright Land*, is the vision of a 4th Century Bantu pigmy with a speech impediment, told



in *his* native tongue. In style it is much like its predecessor.

The story, as far as anyone can make out, goes something like this: The hero of the last book, X, has acquired two companions, Y and Z. Hodgson's adeptness with names continues unabated. Having grown tired of Naani (or more precisely, her feet<sup>1</sup>), whom we met in the first book (or books really -- two volumes, and the Oscar Wilde quote about three volume novels novels may apply here), X, Y, and Z go looking for the legendary Maami, a colossal, brooding, ebon figure which makes the four Watchers of the original seem like hotel security guards. The glittering white teeth of this entity can be seen shining for hundreds of miles, and around the top of it is wrapped a red bandana about the size of the Isle of Man, which, if spread out flat, has the potential of being the hottest bit of picnic area six million years hence. Maami is an archetypal maternal figure, from whom vast earthly riches flow, including the lost secret of eternal youth and health, "Sho'T'nin Bred".

How successful our heroes are on this quest, no one has quite figured out. The Bantu pigmy got very excited in the last few chapters. But before that point, it is interesting to note an improvement in Hodgson's ability to handle character. X, Y, and Z all have a few recognisable characteristics. X is clearly the leader, a domineering type who drags his comrades around by the ear, and constantly bonking them on the head. This latter action always results in loud knocking sounds, like hammers on hollow wood. When they sleep, they snore in sequence: X inhales; Y exhales; and Z makes a sound like "me-me-me..." while running a finger rapidly up and down over one's lips. Sometimes, to keep Y and Z in line, X will attach a wrench to their noses, twist, and say, "Hold this". They'll hold it, too stupid to let go.\* When they come to a new place, they introduce themselves by singing "Hello --Hello --HELLO!" in a grating attempt at three part harmony, while eldritch and amorphous flute players strike up "Three Blind Mice" just over the horizon on the next page.

The only problem with all this is that it isn't fully comprehensible without a full understanding of *The Night Land*, and *that* isn't possible because of the language it's written in. It is so difficult to read that allegedly even a true fan like Sam Moskowitz had trouble. The story goes that Sam and friends, in the 1930's, found out that this book was \*S\*C\*I\*E\*N\*C\*E\* \*F\*I\*C\*T\*I\*O\*N\* and thus had to read it, but after wading knee deep into the Hodgsonese, had to resort to reading chapters aloud to one another, a little bit at a time, and thus ploughing through it. For us ordinary mortals, it is made almost accessible by a remarkable abridgement called *The Dream of X* published in an absolutely beautiful edition by Donald Grant and illustrated in color by Steve Fabian (1977). The remarkable thing is that a 200,000 word novel could be chopped down to a mere *twenty* thousand words and retain any trace of coherence. If anything, it is strengthened that way. This tells us a great deal about the original. Passages like this tell us more:

And the Master Monstuwacan lookt at me from the feet of Mine Own Maid, and I to know that the moment did be come when I to part from the maid Naani forever and forever, even though I live in some strange future, and to find her soul in some other sweet child. And I stoopt and laid the Diskos beside Mine Own Maid there upon the Last Rest; and the two maids drew back the light wonder of the Garment, and showed me the face of Mine Own, and she to sleep there forever so sweet and husht as a child, and as oft as I to have seen her to sleep.

(p. 125)

This is, of course, an alien dialect, and you can understand why the spirit writing of the sequel was thought to be gibberish at first -- the syntax and grammar are quite strange. The use of the infinitive, for instance, resembles nothing in any known earthly language, least of all 17th Century English.

But the contents verge on the magnificent, so I wonder -- would it be possible for someone to translate this whole work into English? Hodgson is safely dead more than



fifty years, and the book is in the public domain even by British rules, so it would be legal. Would it be ethical? Someone will inevitably bring up the 18th Century guy who mucked around with Shakespeare, giving *Lear* a happy ending, and all that -- but this is hardly Shakespeare. I feel that whatever worthwhile imaginative content there is in *The Night Land* ought to be rescued from beneath the millstone of that language. I translated a short passage for an article in SFR and discovered that my version was only 2/3s as long as the original. Presumably this would hold true throughout, and the novel could be gotten in one volume in the English version.

All we need is a publisher willing to finance the project, and a translator. My choice for the latter would be Brian Aldiss (who will no doubt be horrified at the idea), because he has already given us some magnificent glimpses of the distant future, because he writes immaculately and eloquently, and because, if his comments in *Billion Year Spree* may be taken on face value, he has some sympathy for the work.

Then we can put him to work on the sequel...

---

\* Once there's no wrench handy so he does it with the diskos.<sup>2</sup> This costs Z -- the fat one with the crewcut -- both noses and an ear. This anatomical oddity is never explained by the author.

1 Has anyone yet written a paper on the element of foot-fetishism in Hodgson?

2 A weapon. Sort of a buzz-saw on a stick.

---Darrell Schweitzer







In HTT #21 I wrote that the Trans Atlantic Fan Feud would no longer be carried in future issues of HTT. Except for a wisp or two of faint commentary (usually as an allusion or as something to point up a contrast) this has transpired - HTT has finished with that controversy. Back to our usual fun and games. In fact, back (in time) to late locs on previous issues. As per usual (except for my fun with this new typeface in this paragraph) *my commentary will be in this italic typeface* and Robbie's commentary will be in *this script typeface*. Late locs will be on both issues 19 & 20.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* LUCY ZINKIEWICZ \*

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Think you've excelled yourself with the cover of HTT 20 - worthy of being kept from my brother's eyes, lest it adorn the back of his door along with the 'Playboy' pinups. Took me a while to figure out whose appendages belonged to whom, though.

Marty, forgive my ingenuousness (or is it cynicism?), but I'm still not sure I understand the American definition of altruism, especially when it concerns neighbouring nations. Is it altruism to support the Contras in rebelling against a Nicaraguan Marxist government that was clearly voted in by the people:

*Leaving aside all of the many complicated things which I could (but will not) say here, let me say just a few things about the Nicaragua situation. Firstly, I am not in favour of the current American policy vis-a-vis Nicaragua. Secondly, I am not quite certain just what policy it is that would be the best here as I have many conflicting*



thoughts about just what is right. Thirdly (and my main reason for writing this comment) - the Nicaraguan election. With the whole world watching, this election (meaning the voting process itself, and the counting of the ballots) was probably a model for honesty. However, as for it being a free and open election where opponents of the current regime were given what the civilised world considers a fair chance - well, it is to laugh. ALL avenues for free expression by the opposition were closed off - no radio time, censored newspapers, ALL rallies broken up at government order. Naturally, as a result of this unfair situation, the Sandanistas "won" the election. "Clearly voted in by the people"? Technically, yes; but no person who values real freedom should consider this as anything other than a travesty of a real democratically elected government in the civilised sense of the term.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* CREATH THORNE \* Many thanks for the recent copies of HTT, which have taken me days  
\*\*\*\*\* to read through. Where do you find the time to do all the work  
that must go into the preparation of each issue?

*I will let you in on a little secret - we do not find the time to do all of this work. As a consequence of this we never really do get out any issues of HTT.*

Congratulations on snaring Harry Warner's "All My Yesterdays" from Warhoon. I do think that Harry's column would have been a little more spicy if he had named names & told who all those awful visitors were. But, then, I would never expect Harry to do that. ...You know, in a way though, Harry has been writing his fannish memoirs all his fannish life. Warner has always written about the immediate texture of his life & the common incidents of everyday (and made them sparkle, too) and, in a way, his memoirs could really be compiled by some diligent fan who would go back through Horizons & the many locs & articles Harry has written, putting everything together chronologically & perhaps doing some thematic organization. I sense that a great part of Harry's life is there, and a fascinating volume it would make, too.

*Considering the vast amount of material which Harry has produced (and is still producing - Horizons, alone, is 24 pages long, and continues to be included in every quarterly distribution of FAPA) it would take one person, working alone, a long lifetime to do what you have just suggested. Any neos care to apply?*

Bergeron is normally so reticent about his private life, that it was interesting to learn a bit about his wallpaper company, his clothing line, his adventures in Puerto Rico, his expertise on Japanese masterworks in wood of the Kamakura Period, etc. Having opened up this line of inquiry, I think it's only fitting that he go on to write about each of these subjects in detail; and I hope that you will encourage him to do so in "Fangdom" (which, as I don't believe Richard mentions this time, was the late Seth A. Johnston's contribution to fanspeak. This was the same Seth Johnston Terry Carr mentioned in the introduction to my story in the first Entropy reprint in HTT).

\*\*\*\*\*

\* BEV CLARK \* Amen! to part of Robbie's editorial -- the part about being comfortable  
\*\*\*\*\* around media fans and always being able to talk to them, while being  
sometimes uncomfortable around fanzine fans. I feel exactly the same way, which is probably why, after 12 years in fandom, I've never ventured further than the fringes of fanzine fandom. I can't say exactly what it is, but some fanzine fans, at least in the aggregate, seem to belong to a different world than I do. And I am comfortable with print personae, more so sometimes than with the flesh-and-blood persons; I didn't learn how to enjoy people until after I got involved in fandom.



All I can say, is different strokes for different folks, and all that. Robbie, and I, and undoubtedly many other people, find our community among media fans, though we have friends and acquaintances in other communities; other people find that their communities are fanzine fans, or convention fans, or some other fannish subgroup.



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\* RICHARD FAULDER \* How somebody like Brad W.

\*\*\*\*\* Foster manages to draw illustrations like the one

on the cover of your twentieth issue (which arrived here on the eleventh of last month /February/) without suffering an erotic overload is beyond me. What I want to know is: who is going to write the story which goes with the illustration? I don't know about your post office, but Ken Ozanne made sure the Australian copies got through by enclosing them in plain brown envelopes.

*Almost every loc on #20 mentioned Brad's cover - it would have been sensory overload to print every reply on that cover/topic. That cover surely has to be listed as being amongst the most memorable covers ever to grace a fanzine. When I say this I am not denigrating the many other fine covers which have been on HTT (the fine art Bergeron covers, Schirm's multi-colour extravaganza on #14, Foster's magnificent #16 cover, Pete Lyon's cover on this issue) - it is just that Foster's cover on #20 is probably the most commented-upon cover in recent fanzine history, possibly surpassing the amount of commentary on Pete Lyon's cover for MATRIX a year or so ago. In any event, this cover is less controversial than the MATRIX cover. // We send HTTs to Ken Ozanne in addressed envelopes (all in sealed boxes which are put into a large mail sack, the entire sack being addressed to Ken).*

Among others, something I have come to realise over the years is that feminism is like SF - it is what a feminist means when s/he points at it. Some feminists really do believe in equality of the genders, compassion and so forth, while for others their religion is simply a way of justifying the oppression of others. While it is true that a person's paper philosophy doesn't necessarily match reality - I've defended Jean Weber from charges of being a lesbian Machiavelli - one can't assume that the paper personality does not match reality just because one doesn't want it to. Joy Hibbert does say some outrageously sexist things at times, and there is no intrinsic evidence in her writing that she is using hyperbole to drive home a point. To say that this isher usage is to belittle the strength of Joy's apparent feelings. Still, as you say, Joy was being eminently reasonable this time around. Both "make love" and "sleep with" are euphemisms, and I dislike using either. What we're talking about is "having sex" (which implies something goes on before and after the actual act of copulation). To talk of "making love" is intrinsically ridiculous - "loving" is something one does, you can't "make" love (not outside the likes of "A Midsummer Night's Dream", anyway). As for sleeping with, I sleep with my burmese cat, but that satisfies (well, partly, anyway) something to cuddle up with, but it doesn't satisfy my libido.

Leigh Edmonds makes some very cogent points. The concept of the primacy of the individual seems to be very much a phenomenon of western society, although, much as I hate to risk having someone of Leigh's leverl of learning (couldn't resist it) make me look foolish, I would suggest that the concept goes back at least to Ancient Greece: democracy is a system whereby a number of individuals make decisions together in order to maximise their individual advantage; Christianity is based on the priciple that if



I do something for God, God will do something for me. The deleterious effect that the quest for individual advantage seems to be having in western society rather tends to refute Ed Rom's view of personal freedom as A Good Thing. In addition, it seems rather strange that someone with Ed Rom's affection for technology should believe that the ideal size for an organisation is that of a peasant village. I believe I can make a case to the effect that the reason for the small size of peasant villages was the slow speed of communications, the larger an organisation can become and still remain efficient. The reason for the inefficiency of some large organisations, both public and private, is the development of unnecessary bureaucracies by those at higher levels in the organisation seeking to justify their existence by having those below them generate unnecessary work.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* JOHN KAHANE \* I love to watch sf and fantasy on TV and in a movie theatre, but I  
\*\*\*\*\* much prefer to sit down with a good sf book ("Heechee Rendezvous" by Fred Pohl or "Chanur's Venture" by C.J. Cherryh, at the moment) for several reasons. Sure, the picture on TV or the big screen is fine, but it causes one to not have to use one's own imagination. The written word leaves more to one's own imaginative processes, lets one's mind wander over the different visual versions of what the written word might look like. Maybe I'm wrong, but I don't think you could take "The Pride of Chanur" by C.J. Cherryh or Larry Niven's "Ringworld" and put it on the boob tube or the screen with a great deal of effectiveness. On the other hand, maybe you could with today's technology, but it would certainly destroy one's impression of *what* Ringworld looks like, *what* a Hani looks like.

There are "media fans" out there, alright - they're the ones who hooked onto sf and fantasy because of the visual thing (starting with "Star Wars", probably), and they've never gotten to the point where they wanted to sit down and read a good sf/fantasy novel - too hard on the eyes! (not to mention the mind!). I think they are lacking in imagination, possibly creativity, and I guess I feel sorry for them because of what they missed. The phrase "live and let live" still applies, though, 'cause I wouldn't want to stop their freedom of expression. After all, real classic sf and fantasy is never brought to the big screen; some writers have a degree of integrity that wouldn't allow them to put their work on visual display. That said, however, the VCR terminal is mightier than the pen...

*John Kahane is Robbie's co-editor on TIME MEDDLER, a Dr. Whozine.*

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\* DIANE FOX \* The Bob Lee nude, while upholding HTT's reputation for salacity, wasn't  
\*\*\*\*\* depicted with sufficient sadism to match the subject of the article.

LATE LOC WAHFs: D.M. Sherwood, sending a loc utilising black and red typewriter ribbons and three colours of pens probably thought that he was vying for some sort of award combining illegibility with illiteracy; Krsto A. Mazuranic wrote to say that he still lives spasmodically; Victoria Vayne wrote a letter to say that she is gafia (Hah!); Doug Booze (who has probably heard all of the wiseass remarks about his last name) distinguished himself by writing a loc from which I cannot extract any wiseassery; Jim Meadows sent a poc commenting about #20's "tasteless but unimaginative cover"; Mary Bohdanowicz said that she had to rip the cover off of #20 before her 74 year old father saw it; Eric Lindsay, late as ever, can't see why everyone laughs at Peoria - he says that he "spent a pleasant week there one day"; John DeChancie says that he has been prodding Bob Leman to put out another edition of the VINEGAR WORM "but don't hold your breath" (even though I would as I cannot imagine such a thing having a pleasing



aroma; John Playford, writing about receiving #20 in a plain, brown envelope, said "...it's not every day you get a publication so utterly gross you can't use it to cover up your copy of R. Murdoch's latest acquisition." I sure wish you lot down there would take Murdoch back - the blighter has taken out papers to become an American citizen. \*Bleah\* Keith Asay was awed and delighted by the cover on #20 - some people have no taste; Daniel Farr, no speed reader he, said that we managed to ruin nearly a week of his very precious reading time - if it is so precious what is he doing wasting it on HTT?; William H. Doyle, III (mighod, was not one enough?) was "Shocked, scorched, and stimulated..." by #20 - some people will do anything for another issue; he also wrote, "Fifteen minutes ago I had a glass of iced tea sitting on my desk. I am now watching steam rise from the bubbling brew... whoops! I accidentally set it on the cover of HTT-XX; aptly numbered, to be sure. I can hardly wait for number thirty!" Whilst waiting he should cultivate a taste for hot tea, the only way which that beverage is fit for civilised society; (oops! sorry for the wrong typeface, there) John D. Owen "thought it was about time I trotted out a grovelling apology or three about why I hadn't replied to HTT 20..." A very good attitude, that - we need more grovelling from certain people (and I know of some people who should buy it in wholesale lots); Don Glover the younger (pass him a diaper) reports being obsessed with the idea of seeing further issues of HTT after reading the first 20 pages of #20 - and the obsession did not go away after finishing the issue - \*sigh\*, another masochist on our mailing list; Jim Meadows, obviously writing in his sleep, sent us a letter saying that "I've been a comatose fan, I admit it". Sorry that all of this drivel awakened you. Thus ends the smartass, er, Late Loc WAHF section. Onwards to locs on #21.

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\* TONY ALSOBROOK-RENNER \*  
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I hope I'm not the only HTT reader who far, FAR, FAR, prefers Richard Bergeron's cover to Brad Foster's cover on the last issue.

Congratulations, by the way, on winning DUFF. I think that your winning, Robbie and Marty, will do more good for DUFF than anything in the past five or more years. Why? First of all, you guys publish HOLIER THAN THOU, a big, frequent fanzine. I know what you do; what you're all about. I was sort of out of the swing of things fannish in 1981 but, still and all, I should be able to give some vague idea as to why Joyce Scrivner won DUFF, but I can't. I've been involved in fandom since 1975 and I've never received a fanzine from Joyce Scrivner, and, further, I can't think of reading any of her work in any other fanzine, either. None of this is meant to cast any doubt on Joyce's worthiness as a DUFF candidate, but, rather, to point out how much more visible to fandom-at-large you guys are.

It is possible that this reflects more your isolation than our being well-known. At least I can say that putting out HTT has made us known in fandom and was probably a key factor in our win. Certainly I was not as well known in fandom as was Joyce when she won her race - no way could I have won against her had I been a candidate in that race. You cannot judge Joyce in 1985 terms, you have to judge her worthiness as a DUFF candidate by conditions obtaining during when she was elected. Currently I believe that Joyce is very active in Mid-Western con fandom - and she was quite active during her DUFF administratorship; and, as the good administrator that I believe she was, she still is interested in DUFF stuff. Still another point in what I believe is your unnecessary downgrading of recent DUFF administrators ("past five years") is that the other North American administrator in this time-span, Jerry Kaufman, was quite visible before and during his race (putting out a worldclass fanzine, MAINSTREAM) - and I know that he actively promoted DUFF during his administratorship (auctions etc.) and was quite helpful when turning over to us the administratorship, offering advice and answering questions. Joyce also sent us a letter. I hope that we can maintain their standards.



Not to pick on Joyce, but this installment of her trip report is rather lack-luster. The story should pick up steam when she reaches Australia.

*Considering the pace at which her report is being written, one wonders if Australia will be there by the time she finishes her report.*

It's hard to decide whether my favorite piece in this issue is "Food For Thought," by Skel, or "Dogs," by Bob Leman, or "Notes From The Outside," by Eric Mayer. Skel's article was the funniest, Bob Leman's was a classic example of fan writing that could easily appear in the pages of the NEW YORKER, and Eric Mayer's was just wonderfully well-written.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* MANDY SLATER \* It was great to see that I was one of the 3 negative responses to  
\*\*\*\*\* the cover of HTT 20. I think it is very funny that the 3 of us were  
either Canadian or English. As I live in Canada and I'm from England,  
my opinion of Americans is again reinforced. I'm not being nasty when I say this as I  
guess you Americans are a bit more open-minded about such things.

*Whoa! "You" Americans? Mandy, you know bloody well I'm French Canadian. And I liked the cover.*

The cover for HTT 21 was very pretty. I like silk-screening. The design had an Eskimo or Indian feel to it. Does it have a meaning beyond just the design?

*Check the TOC - it had a title.*

I always enjoy trip reports and con reports and Joyce Scrivner's continued to entertain me. The LASFS clubhouse sounds like a dangerous but interesting place to escape to. Will we see Chapter 3 of her report soon?

*Well, Robbie and I got married at the LASFS clubhouse, so I guess that it could be considered dangerous. // I have no idea when Joyce will have her next chapter ready to be pubbed.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* AL SIROIS \* I hope that the TAFF-whacking doesn't obscure the other material in HTT  
\*\*\*\*\* XXI, because much of that material was pretty damn good!

The cover, for instance: There is rather a lot going on in that piece of art. Bergeron has gotten across (to me, in any case) a complicated, sensawonder-type idea. I wish I could do artwork like that. Alas, I am but a humble ~~drawn~~ ~~big~~ cartoonist.

The funniest thing in the issue was Skel's article, and the best-written piece was the Leman reprint from Terry Carr. These two pieces form the backbone of the issue, with Scrivner supplying the flesh. But not, I fear, enough flesh... I wish her trip-report had gone on for a few more pages. I was enjoying it and didn't want it to end. I like what Joyce says and how she says it. Please finish the report soon!

Also like Fein's whacked-out diet article.

Really, the material aside from the TAFF junk was exceptional...I'm sure you know this. I hope other fans realize it. (I'm sure they will.)

All in all, Eric Mayer espouses the most sensible course for us all...just go on. I would add, though, that we must always question authority---especially the authority within that comes from one's convictions. We cannot all always be right. Sometimes one must bit the ~~big one~~ bullet and say, "Hey, I was wrong...I was an asshole." It happens. I am going through this right now with regards to certain convictions I have



held for years about my creative algorithms. It's hard to face facts sometimes...

\*\*\*\*\*

\* DAVID BRATMAN \* I found two things in HTT 21 supremely funny. One was the final  
\*\*\*\*\* disgusting pun at the end of Milt Stevens' article, which I've been  
passing on to putrid people wherever I could find them. And the  
other was the equally climactic last page or so of Skel's column, describing the actual  
Japanese meal itself. The earlier parts of the article are mildly amusing as they  
ramble about, providing among other things the build-up, but this last bit is a chunk  
of prime fannish comedic genius.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* WALT WILLIS \* It was both a pleasure and a relief to get HTT-XXI since I didn't  
\*\*\*\*\* comment on XX. Maybe I should make it clear it wasn't Brad's Banana-  
rama cover that put me off. That was great: sex has certainly caught  
on since Burbee invented it in 1926. Bergeron's cover this time was magnificent.

In XXI I loved Stevens and Leman. Possibly even more memorable was Eric Mayer's  
thoughtful and sensitive Notes from Outside. This idea of the improbability of fans  
is one I had when I tried to describe LeeH in a Convention Booklet article by com-  
paring her to a lone bird glimpsed in a travelogue. It's why I always hate to hear  
of people quitting fandom. Nobody can be replaced.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* ERIC MAYER \* Surprisingly, even with printing all the feud stuff, you still put out  
\*\*\*\*\* an excellent fanzine. (Should've been an Ace double). The cover is  
superb, surpassing Richard's previous effort. It has a sort of happy,  
birdlike quality about it. Spectacularly brilliant color and bold shapes.

I have to admit, I found Milt Steven's piece very funny - although I realize it's  
in questionable taste.

*Milt is amongst fandom's finest fanwriters. Now that he has retired from con-  
running I hope that he can be convinced to spend his "copious free time" writing.*

Harry Warner also amused me, and bemused me in a way too. I always find it odd,  
reading about how this or that fan discovered sf through the prozines. By the time I  
was old enough to read much sf even the late fifties fanzine boom had passed. I sub-  
scribed, sporadically, to F&SF and didn't much care for it, to tell the truth. I read  
hardbound novels and old story collections which the small local library kept stocked  
in a special room upstairs.

As for newer books - I've been hard pressed to find anything that automatically  
is of no interest (i.e., anything that's a trilogy - or features  
barbarians with swords on the cover - or is just feminists in  
outer space...ok, ok, I'm being flip, but basically I'm being  
honest). I have reread the stories that gave me pleasure a  
long time ago - and they are mostly undiminished. I've also  
found, in my opinion, that much of the writing in fifties  
novels was far superior to that in many new novels, despite  
the new wave of the sixties and the supposed trend toward  
greater literacy. And that observation surprised me be-  
cause I felt, reading sf during the sixties that it was  
better written than before. Now, it just looks artsy.

*I go back a bit before you, Eric (and I started  
reading sf in the early forties), but I feel about the*





same way as you on this matter. (No, people, I do not intend to ressurect the Old Wave/ New Wave furor which raged in HTT from #8 though #16.) I think, Eric, were you to go back and check those sixties stories which liked the most you would find that the authors were those who concentrated on plot and characterisation. In other words, they were story-tellers, just like the best of the fifties writers. SF is a story-telling medium and those authors who emphasize other attributes of the written-word medium whilst downplaying plot (mostly) and characterisation are.....(oh, hell, there goes the old diatribe again)...

Skel's article was amusing also. Somehow the idea of risking incineration or a scalding with boiling oil in order to eat a prawn is not particularly appealing. Actually, lifting a fork in order to eat a prawn is not very appealing. I'd rather just toss them into the oil, let them sink, and be done with it.

Terry Carr's "Entropy Reprint" was much appreciated. I certainly agree that Bob Leman's writing reminds one of Thurber and that's a high compliment to pay to it. There's something in the cadence he uses, the bald statements, the way each paragraph tends to be clipped off with a flat statement, a way of saying outrageous things rather matter of factly. (Well, there's some similarity but I obviously can't quite put my finger on it.) I'm reminded once agin of how much good stuff is lost, for one reason or another - maybe because the writers didn't stick around for long enough to solidify their reputation, or appealed to those who left fandom with them. I think of Mal Ashworth and Eric Needham who also did topnotch work decades ago but whom I had never heard of until recently, first through reprints, then in Mal's case a return to fanac. No doubt there are plenty more. With all the money raised to send people to cons maybe some ought to be raised to collect some of this stuff. I realize that could get awfully political - who from the past to reprint - but, unfortunately fandom doesn't produce a Willish every few years. A collection of Terry's Entropy Reprints, especially considering his commentary, would be fascinating.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* BEV CLARK \* The cover is wonderful. I have a naive consciousness and love bright  
\*\*\*\*\* colors and interesting shapes to begin with, but Bergeron puts them  
together in a particularly felicitous way. It's also a pleasure to see  
a fanzine (or anything else in the SF field) using something other than a cartoon or  
a steadfastly representational illustration.

Skel's column brings home a fact I've noticed for years: fans, no matter what their fannish allegiance, share a devotion to food. Any food. The more food the better. I'm surprised there aren't more fannish cookbooks: "How to Feed 20 of Your Closest Friends and Have 10 Pounds of Food Left Over," and so on.

*This 5'10", 150 lb., non-plump hearty eater (Robbie calls me a bottomless pit who will eat any time, any place "you're always eating") has noticed this fannish pre-occupation with food. At least I am picky about that which I will eat. Anyway, HTT has had many articles which concerned themselves with food.*

*On t'other hand, I eat very little and am quite uninterested in food per se.*

I particularly enjoyed "Entropy Reprints" this time. Being the new owner of a dog (first time I've been the sole owner of a dog in my adult life; we had one when I was growing up), I nodded and chuckled my way through. I was also reassured that owning a dog instead of a cat is an acceptable fannish alternative. There have been times when I felt like a heretic for preferring dogs to cats, or like a moral degenerate for being actually allergic to cats. We may be a minority, we dog-lovers, but we do exist.



Both Robbie and I are dog-lovers. Personally, I have never found any use for cats other than as incipient food for dogs.

Uh, uh. Dogs have more sense than to eat cats. Marty doesn't, though.

*\*Barf\**

I haven't read BATTLEFIELD EARTH and don't plan to, due mostly to a strong strain of skepticism about L. Ron Hubbard and his wacko religion, but I can believe that for some people it did have virtues that shone through the darkness.

I, also, did not read BATTLEFIELD EARTH and do not plan to do so - but for reasons other than yours. Most intelligent fans have built-in Bullshit Detectors (those without BDs fell for Scientology, Astrology, and other pre-human aberrations). No - Hubbard, in his early career as an SF writer made his living through quantity, not quality. To call what he wrote "sub-pulp" writing (as a quality designation) would be to praise it several orders of magnitude higher than it deserved. As those sympathetic to BE have never said that it was significantly better than Hubbard's earlier stuff I will take that as a recommendation that I need not waste any of what little time I have reading it.

I agree with Vicki Rosenzweig that it's highly unlikely that the U.S. will ever become communist; in fact I don't think the communists ever posed, or ever will pose, an internal threat to this country. It's not just that people hate communism, or don't understand it, but that they assume that they or their children will someday make it big. They want the rewards of making it to be there when they do make it, and they're willing to tolerate the abuses of people on top because they know, deep in their hearts, that they too will get theirs. It doesn't matter how unlikely their belief is, it's too deeply ingrained in the American character to be easily erased or even countered. American objections to communism, at least that variety practiced in the U.S.S.R. (which doesn't bear a whole lot of relationship to what communism ought to be), are more pragmatic than moral or ideological. The Russians would like to make the world safe for communism, true. Unfortunately, they would like to secure some of the the same parts of the world the Americans want to co-opt for democracy. Like the parts with large oil or other strategic reserves, for instance, of those close to the borders of The Enemy. I can understand American nervousness about communist nations in Central America -- but I can also understand Russian nervousness about American missiles in Germany that can reach Moscow in 6 minutes.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* VICKI ROSENZWEIG \* You folks certainly know where to get good cover art. I like  
\*\*\*\*\* this one, although I have no idea what the title has to do with  
the work.

I like Marc ortlieb's piece, it's in the proper HTT tradition of putridity.

Skel had me laughing out loud on the bus. The man is a menace. They'll lock me up if this continues. Things like this are why I get my Japanese food in restaurants, where someone else can do the worrying. And sashimi spares the curtains, which around here are mismatched and makeshift and have a tendency to bite back.

The esthetics of the Foster cover have nothing to do with the law of averages. The question is whether it's attractive and erotic, and it does very well on both counts. You should bribe this man to do more art for you. I'm amused by the person who liked "Fangdom" for the dirt but objected to the cover. S/he has his/her priorities confused, or something. I'd rather have sexual pictures than feuds. Ian McKeer's problem with showing fanzines to non-fans is a case of the Mrs. Grundy office at Cosmic Coincidence Control picking on him. I once got an apa with a cover, copied





from THE REALIST, designed to offend everybody. It was marked "Special Don't Read on the subway issue".

I have to take issue with John Hertz. History does not make value judgments. History may show that personal freedom increases, or decreases, the standard of living, the chance of war, infant mortality, or the inflation rate, or any combination. (I'm not saying it does, I've never studied the question, but it could.) But whether any of those things are good or bad, or what trade-offs are worth making, is a judgment call. Democracies can screw things up as badly as dictatorships. Before anyone calls me a fascist, I want to say that I consider personal freedom to be a very good thing. But that's an a priori judgment, an axiom which I will use to evaluate societies, not a conclusion drawn from history or statistics. Also, unfortunately, if enough people do buy repressive ideas, our thousands in fandom will be too late to do much about it.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* MIKE GUNDERLOY \*

\*\*\*\*\*

I think Robert Whitaker Sirignano is quite wrong when he says the folks in the Church of the SubGenius are in it just for the money.

Further, it's that sort of attitude that's cutting fanzine fandom off from all the fresh, new fanzine writers in the world. You see, they're not in fandom at all anymore, but the Elder Fannish Generations refuse to come out of their enclaves and lood for them.

First things first. The gentlemen who came up with the Church of the SubGenius, despite having thousands of members and having put out a book through an actual honest-to-Bob publishing company (McGraw-Hill), are flat fucking broke. They haven't made a cent off the whole deal. They have lost money. Why? In order to amuse a lot of people, mostly. So that they could prepare huge fanzines and send them out to their friends. Because they were having so much fun with what they were doing that it didn't matter if they were losing money hand over fist.

If this isn't fannish, I don't know what is.

But no, the SubGenii can't be fannish because they indulge in behaviour of which Mr. Whitaker Sirignano does not approve. "The motivations /are/ making money" seems to be a way to say "They can't be having any fun: I don't like to do those things."



Sounds just like a dismissal of those crazy sci-fi fans to me.

Now on to my larger point. I've seen it written many a time that there aren't any new fanzine fans. And yet I just reviewed 216 fanzines for my own zine going out this week. Most of them are less than two years old. Why haven't any of the fanzine writers heard of them? Because these new folks aren't in fandom. They're into punk rock, of SubGenius, or just publishing short fiction or poems, or anarchy, or paganism, or any of dozens of other things.

I suggest that fanzine fans actually have more in common with these folks than they do with the type of fans one generally finds at conventions these days. The non-fan zinners *write*. Some of them write quite well. They print their zines in a variety of low-budget ways -- photocopying is most prominent, but I haven't seen a lot of mimeo, ditto or hecto fanzines lately either. The non-fan zines trade for other zines. They print locs. They go broke, rapidly, paying for their zines.

And these people are completely ignored by fanzine fandom. It's a damn shame.

Marty's statement of principles ("IN CONCLUSION") matches perfectly well of what I know of him. You've always been principled, Marty -- sometimes nauseatingly principled. Insinuations that you can be bought or that you're only trying to stir up trouble are horsepiss. Naturally, I don't expect you to want to print this, and I don't expect the Big Guns would take my word for it, but I thought you'd like to know there are a few of us who comprehend the way you work.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* ROBERT WHITAKER SIRIRGNANO \* The issue certainly is synchronicitous to me! Currently I see in the papers about New Yrok cops using TASERS on drug suspects, and my brother-in-law was pistol whipped by a psychotic policeman for doing nothing in particular (the case is currently doing the rounds in the court); I'm reading the news and hear from the news about Reagan's visit to a cemetery where some nice Germans are buried and your issue has Adolf Eichmann's report card...

Then there's this nonsense about food...I wrote a note to a fanzine about this already. I have, according to Darrell Schweitzer, an alien metabolism. I've developed allergies to beans. All types. Soybeans, peas, peanuts, kidney, black eyed peas, and down the line. If I eat them, I get aphasia (I stumble through my words instead of having them at my command), my skin breaks out wherever the hair is thick (yeah, between the legs too, damnit), if I scratch, I welt. I tend to get ill a lot.

I can't eat chicken, pig, cow or lamb because commercial feeders feed the animals soybeans to fatten them up. 90% of all foods sold in supermarkets use soybean oil, and a large number of them use peanut oil.

I have to eat seafood, and I have to make sure they don't use "vegetable broth" of the stuff when they can it, because that's a reference to soybeans. Primarily, I eat seafood. I guess I have to be fond of sushi (but the business of being forced to like something because it happens to be the only thing I can eat bugs the hell out of me).

Well recently, I discovered I can eat muskrat. They aren't commercially grown, and when prepared properly taste like turkey liver. Well, I was never fond of turkey liver before all this nonsense started, so I haven't developed a fondness for fried rat (or stewed, or baked). It's a problem enough trying to lop off their thick skulls before boiling their bodies. Darrell tried some of the stuff and found it wasn't too bad, though there are lots of little bones to work your way through.

I often boil up some oatmeal and throw lots of baby clams into the mess and cover it with catsup and pepper and chopped up bits of hot spicy peppers and eat it like a dip with potato chips. The six pack of beer helps.

Note to John Hertz: that someone can acknowledge and enjoy bad writing is not an inducement for me to read bad writing, no matter how honest you are about your enjoyment of it. Writing should elevate, not condescend. The golden age of fandom is the age of 12, not an IQ of 12.



\*\*\*\*\*

\* BEN INDICK \* I haven't looked through HTT XXI yet but Richard Bergeron's cover is an  
\*\*\*\*\* absolute delight! Someone surely will find scatological meanings  
hidden within its lovely curvings but I am satisfied with its abstract  
beauty.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* ROBERT BLOCH \* I should be packing to leave for France tomorrow but must interrupt  
\*\*\*\*\* to thank you for HTT #21, which I particularly enjoyed, including its  
filthy cover. I must admit that the cover illo for #20 raised my  
eyebrows slightly, but this new one is *really* pornographic! Anyone who has studied  
the works of the late Carl Jung will recognize that the symbolism here is really  
obscene. (Or as the McMartin defense lawyer puts it - "Children should be obscene  
and not heard"). In this issue, aside from The No-No Topic, I was particularly im-  
pressed with Milt Stevens' lovely article. One must accept things as they are; for  
example, I don't question why you refer to yourselves as "Marty and Robbie" instead  
of "Martie and Robby". In any case, it's a great issue -- and congratulations on  
winning DUFF!

\*\*\*\*\*

\* DIANE THOME \* Commendations on the voer to XX. And, for some reason, despite my  
\*\*\*\*\* distaste for most modern art except Escher and some Dali, I find that  
the cover of XXI begins to grow on me. No that I'm about to hang  
that on my wall (I'd much rather do that with the fly-on-the-food cover), but I'm  
beginning to accept it. I understand your search for putridity. This latest cover  
has its own level of putridity, after a fashion. And I can find the plant referred to  
in the title. Even the human (the pink thing on the left?) Yes, it does grow on me.  
Skel's set-to with Japanese food is excellent!! The man can write! As can Bob  
Leman -- is this man still active in fandom, or what? And Eric Mayer's writing brings  
smiles to me. He sounds very entitled to participate in fandom. And, back to the  
fannish fixation with food in Adrienne Fein's amusing article. I've a taste for vinegar,  
too, except when I'm expecting it to be wine.

Regarding Ted White's comments, I have decided that *all* groups tend to operate by  
exclusion. In most, if not all, cases, I'd rather be accepted by individuals rather  
than by groups. Even, say, a hypothetical "Group for Open-Mindedness" will exclude  
people, namely those who are close-minded. The group-herd instinct seems to be to put  
up barriers between "acceptable" and "unacceptable". I feel fairly positive that co-  
hesive media groups likewise have these barriers in place, just like us ~~superficial~~  
fannish groups. Somewhere, evolutionarily, this all must have served a function.  
Danged if I know what good it is now.

Oh, yes, -- White's contention that 24 hour movies is what made con prices sky-  
rocket. Boskone each year has a movie schedule that runs close to 20 hours a day, and  
their prices remain under twenty dollars. Blame poor management, especially in the case  
of ConStellation. Blame that insidious feeling that, if you (as a con committee) can  
get in megabucks from the attendees, you don't have to watch your budget and can thus  
fritter it away without procuring best possible deals for least expenditures.

Back to media fandom with John Betancourt's letter -- frankly, I find there is (or  
can be) a large portion of cross-pollination possible from variouls fandoms. Without  
any particular fandom really losing its identity. Which I suspect is what the various  
fandoms fear will happen. Personally, I watch about 2 hours of TV a week at most, and  
much prefer to read (and create my own visualizations of how events progress) than to  
sit glued to a screen.

But there are media fans who do read, and I really like hearing from them. Eclec-  
ticism is really more fun than finding only one path. Eclecticism is leaving the op=  
tion for media and gaming items at cons. Well, enough on this subject.



Yep. That's what I always liked about fandom before I got to L.A. and became involved in HTT -- it seemed to me that it allowed and encouraged the eclectic choices I wanted to make. Sometimes, now, I wonder from where I got this impression.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* RUTH SHIELDS \* I have only been reading  
\*\*\*\*\* HTT for a couple of  
issues, but I have already put it high on my list of favorites; mostly because it is interesting without requiring that I know all the people involved personally. I know how difficult that is to accomplish.

*Especially when one considers that HTT is very faanishly oriented and is in-groupish in a way. I feel that a large part of its accessibility comes from the way that Nessie is edited - I edit "in" more of the "personality" of the loccers, allowing them a bit more of their natural "ramble" than many editors. I also use the "dialogue" tradition of faanish loccols.*

I find all the argument about mediafen, fanzinefen, and now comments about gaming fen, very amusing. If I had to choose only one aspect in which to participate, it would probably be the gaming, because I love the process of designing a background "world" and sharing it with people in cooperative story-making. But I enjoy ALL the varieties of fandom. Except for the labels. Robbie, don't let the petty minds get to you; people who can only cope with the world by pigeon-holing other people should not be allowed to push you into accepting THEIR labels for YOU. Just laugh at them and do whatever you enjoy.

I plan on doing just that, but since I enjoy my Who fandom and fanzine more... well, I may let teh "fanzine" fans go their own way if I get tired of the labels they keep trying to stick on me. Oh! for your amusement or whatever, I have sent you my zine, TIME MEDDLER.

\*\*\*\*\*

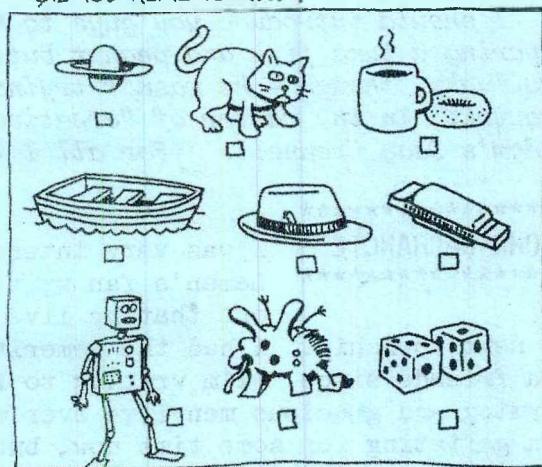
\* BRAD W. FOSTER \* Enjoyed this latest installment of Harry's memoirs of growing up  
\*\*\*\*\* fannish. Hope there are many more of these to come.

Skel's article on food fandom just sets up yet another fan-nish group I'm excluded from. I subsist on tuna fish sandwiches and the occasional hotdog or bowl of soup. For me food is there because if you don't fuel your body you'll grow weak and die, but beyond that not of much interest. Now, I can appreciate a good meal (well, almost) if given one, but really don't care if I eat nothing but tuna the rest of my life. I'm one person whose taste is definitely all in their mouth I guess.

Well, except for the tuna fish and soup, your diet sounds right to me. Throw in peanut butter sandwiches and cinnamon raisin buns and that's about all I eat - not

## UNIVERSE CREATION CHECKLIST

BEFORE YOU REST ON THE SEVENTH DAY;  
DID YOU REMEMBER...?





necessarily every day, though. Peanut butter sandwiches and hot dogs the same day is just too much.

*I should introduce you guys to Mike Gunderloy - at one party at CHICON IV he was preparing a tuna fish and peanut butter sandwich. I guess that the other party-goers were lucky, though - he wasn't trying to prepare a tuna fish and peanut butter dacquiri. In the matter of "creative" alcoholic beverages Gunderloy is present-day fandom's Dean Grennell. (For all I know, Minneapolis fan Dean Gahlon is the same way.)*

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\* JOHN DeCHANCIE \* I was very interested to see in HTT-21 a reprint of some of Bob Leman's fan writing. I met Bob less than a year ago when I found out that he lived not four miles from me, just over the line into the next township. I had the temerity to phone him out of the blue, and we've been good friends since. I'm writing to let everyone know that Bob Leman is one of the most charming and gracious men I've ever met, and fandom's loss was prodom's gain. Bob has been gafiating for some time now, but that old mimeograph machine of his is still in the basement. The Vinegar Worm may turn yet again.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* BOB LEMAN \* Thanks very much for HTT 21. I was of course astonished to see these reprints of stuff I wrote long ago in a lost time, but I must admit that I was also pleased that Terry and you thought them fit for re-printing. Seeing these things again gave me a lump right down here in the nostalgia. Once again, many thanks for this huge and beautifully produced HTT. Is this great size your usual practice?

*HTT #1 was 18 pages long - #2 was double that, and HTT has kept growing (although never again doubling in size in succeeding issues). I expect that 80 to 100 pages is probably the usual/optimum size of HTT. We shall see.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* MIKE ROGERS \* Once again, you have produced an outstanding fanzine, even if it was perhaps not exactly the issue you would have liked to publish. Despite possible protests from others in fanzine fandom, it is clear to this observer that HOLIER THAN THOU has become the focal point for our subculture, with all the good and bad it implies. Both can be seen in this issue.

Particular kudos go to Milt Stevens, whose article seems prophetic in light of the events in Philadelphia recently. If Frank Rizzo's police department had dropped the bomb on that house, the riot would have turned into a small civil war by now. Harry Warner's series is fascinating to one who looks for fan history whenever possible. It's so easy for significant people and events to be lost to fannish memory forever because of the small size of our group and the inability to remember everything that occurred. Harry's work is important in combatting this problem.

*The bad, Mike continues, is the verboten topic - so we will skip that except for a one-sentence quote: "I humbly request that all parties think about what they're doing to fanzine fandom and SHUT UP!"*

A question--I believe I'm responding to each issue of HTT, but never even see my name listed in the WAHF's. I don't keep copies of locs in most cases and so I can't be sure I'm responding. Are my letters arriving too late to make it in? Or am I forgetting to respond?

*Our records show that you have responded to 11, 14, 18, & 21.*



\*\*\*\*\*

\* ROY TACKETT \* I expressed surprise, Marty, when you stated your age as 49 because  
\*\*\*\*\* I had thought you were younger...somewhere in your 30s. Robbie, what  
do you see in that old man?

*Well, you see he has this really fantastic, large nose. I'm a pushover for large, well-shaped noses.*

*The better to \*snif\* at you with, m'dear.*

Oops, I forgot. Since Gorbachev arrived on the scene anyone in their 50s is young.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* DANIEL FARR \* Once again you continue to amaze fans with your madness. One hundred  
\*\*\*\*\* and twenty six pages is really getting out of hand, besides which you  
pub frequently; you know how to hurt people and make them feel  
guilty for not being as active. This seems to be an Issue to tie up loose ends per-  
manently and prepare your readers and writers to move on.

Harry Warner as always managed an amusing personal fan history article that started me thinking back to only a few weeks ago, when I purchased a copy of the 1962 memory book for the Worldcon held in Chicago that year. The book pubbed by Advent is a delight, with pictures of most everyone there. Unfortunately they aren't labelled, the people I mean, so it isn't always easy to tell who's who. The book was purchased from a local store that sells second hand, the owner let me go back to his storage area, off limits except with a clerk and pick out some items, the Chicon book was a fluke. Obviously not really knowing what it was they let it go reasonably. However they have some pulps, oh ever so few that might force me back there to clean them out.

Mike Glycer tackles his reviews with a sharp edge calling the shots as he sees them. And as usual there seems to be plenty to see.

Eric Mayer seems in his column at this time to typify the saying, It is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan - his rejection from some fans and calls for his ouster from the group speak more of the purveyors' idiocy than anything else. This is not, I repeat, THIS IS NOT! a group that is controllable, and anyone who thinks otherwise is greater the fool. This is a trend that I find very childish in every way. Calling for someone's ouster for spite and vindictiveness is by far one of the worst traits I have seen from fans since I began fanaccing again after an absense of five years.

Which finally brings me to Joyce Scrivner's second chapter of her DUFF report. Her metaphors used to describe L.A. fandom does everyone a type of justice. I'm not necessarily sure what kind of justice, but then, has anyone quibbled?

The cover is wonderful, in an abstract way. It makes me feel good everytime I look at it, and that is a sure indication that the message has been received by the brain.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER \* Many thanks for HTT 21, which was another fine issue. Con-  
\*\*\*\*\* gratulations on your Hugo nomination, and deep congratulations  
on your DUFF victory. I see that I can't say anything about  
the increasingly rancid \*\*\*\*\* affair, but I see your DUFF victory as a decisive  
vote of confidence, a quiet assurance by fandom that your work is far more important  
than the negative bleating of \*\*\*\*\*.

Two small points. In his "Pied Typer" review of ANSIBLE, Mike Glycer attributes to Dave Langford a comment about POLTERGEIST II. I am fairly sure that the quote is not Langford's, but is instead an example of the fine writing of R.I. Barycz, ANSIBLE's



media correspondent. In fact, Glycer implies that ANSIBLE is largely Langford's work, where in fact ANSIBLE features the work of a number of fine writers in Britain and the U.S., including Joseph Nicholas, Ian Watson, Chris Priest, D. West, and \*koff\* me.

I missed the usual list of addresses, which would have clarified one point. Mandy Slater argues that the unmitigated cover by Brad Foster would not have made it through the customs agents of her country. Is she Canadian, or British?

*See her letter on a previous page for an answer to that question.*

Skel worries about so much of fandom's energies being consumed in eating and writing about eating. I think this is understandable when you consider that conventions these days consist of a series of stylized acts; what I think fans enjoy most about conventions are not new experiences, but old, comfortable experiences which can be endlessly duplicated. Conventions serve as anchors to turbulent lives; regardless of what happens to me in my work, I know that I will spend every Easter at Balticon, every Memorial Day at Disclave, and every Labor Day at Worldcon.

I was a bit bothered by Robbie's comments about biligualism. As someone who is part-Canadian, I can certainly empathize with Robbie's comments about being discriminated against in her youth (the early '60s?). What bothers me, though, is the emphasis on requiring services in French in areas of Canada where there are few Francophones. I recall, for example, that in parts of Saskatchewan the second language was Ukranian, with Francophones at 2 percent or less of the population, civil servants and teachers are required to learn French. Do you think this is right?

*Last I heard no one is required to learn French in Saskatchewan unless they work for the Federal Government. Saskatchewan is not an officially bilingual province.*

\*\*\*\*\*

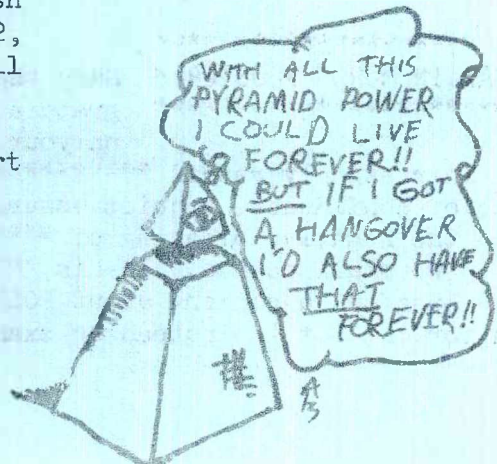
\* GEORGE FLYNN \* Thanks for HTT 21. As it happened, I got my copy before Paula Lieberman got hers. I ran into Paula at a meeting that night, and so let her look at my copy. Thus it was that I was sitting next to her when she discovered Bob Lee's letter and cartoon (pp. 47-48). I can report that she was overcome by emotion; since I value my life, I'd better not try to *describe* the emotion...

\*\*\*\*\*

\* BOB LEE \* SHRIEK!! You okras! RAGH! You garbanzos! GREATGOGGLYMOGGLY!! You hydraxes with jellyfish dressing! And vice versa, too!! What happened to POETOP #3, the one with chilies and burritos making a south-of-the-border raid? You're supposed to be printing these morsels in order! Obviously a puerile, chitinous and unshaven-legged attempt to resist and foil my brilliant master plan for you to print every POETOP I send you. You unnatural hybrid garlic bulbs. For this bit of twittery, #5 will be something about Polish sausages, and I better see both that and #3 in HTT #22, or the next time you take out Chinese food all you will get is carping in black bean sauce and unrolled eggs.

As for this fan war, I have enough ~~sharp~~ brains to duck during a crossfire. The duck detests this sort of fowl play, but she can't prove a thing. Next time everyone would follow my example and just stick to food. Even if he can't cook, Skel says it's fannish.

*Bob, your letters are so refreshing.*





\*\*\*\*\*

\* SHERYL BIRKHEAD \* Is Harry Warner going to do another fan history book? I would  
\*\*\*\*\* really hope so--and his writing just furthers that conviction.  
Fan historian extraordinaire. I usually don't do more than  
glance at yard sales, but the mention that some prozines may be found there could lead  
to a change! I asked at the library and they no longer get any prozines and the new  
sf on the shelf is sadly old.

Skel's article was very well done - ever considered "Skel's Kitchen"? Otherwise  
known as "What's Stewing in fandom?".... Then there is the diet article, asking for  
favorite fannish diets might bring in a bit more than desired (reminds me that I was  
asked if I wanted pickles in a peanut butter sandwich lately--guess I ought to give  
that a try to see if it is worth it--didn't sound good at all)--- but they could turn  
out to be very interesting.

*This thin person is not interested in any written material about fannish diets;  
moreover, it is doubtful that any written material (on this particular topic) will  
make it into these pages unless of a particularly putrid nature. Or, at least, funny.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* HARRY WARNER, JR. \* The new HTT arrived this morning. I've been suffering all day  
\*\*\*\*\* from extreme giddyness, and if it continues long enough for me  
to see a physician, I'm sure he'll say that your publishing  
accomplishments are enough to make anyone dizzy in this era of declining fanzine  
fandom.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* JIM MEADOWS \* The strongest parts for me in the front of the book were those pieces  
\*\*\*\*\* that looked to the past. That is, Harry Warner's column, and the  
Entropy Reprint. Harry's piece brought back to me memories of where  
I first discovered science fiction as such. It was, indeed, in the prozines. My dad  
has been buying them since the '30s, and most of them still remain in his collection.  
My first fascination was with the pictures, the Emshwiller and Freas covers for the  
GALAXY's and ASTOUNDINGs of the '50s. Eventually, I got around to reading some of the  
insides. It's because of the magazines my dad kept around that certain stories written  
and published in the magazines printed long before my birth stay in my mind. Heinlein's  
-- excuse me, Anson McDonald's "By His Bootstraps" from an old ASTOUNDING, Damon  
Knight's "To Serve Man" from an early GALAXY (doubly vivid, because I had already  
seen the TWILIGHT ZONE adaptation), a time travel story that preached an anti-racist  
moral (and this in the '40s, too), another trick-box time travel tale from WWII that  
used Adolph Hitler as a major character. And, from a very yellowed 1934 ASTOUNDING,  
much older than the rest of my father's collection, I remember a strange story, better  
written than the others in the issue. It concerned a strange change in molecular  
structure which ended up in the whole world--eventually the whole universe, maybe--  
turning to, well, much. Because my father kept his prozines, I discovered Harlan  
Ellison and R.A. Lafferty, two favorite writers of my adolescence. Because he kept  
his prozines, I became a habitual buyer, latching on to AMAZING as Ted White was begin-  
ning to take it over. That led to the magazine's CLUBHOUSE column, which eventually  
led to those queer little magazines I keep getting in the mail, although I never  
pay for them.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* DAVID HEATH \* I received and enjoyed HTT 21. No, I don't subscribe or anything, but  
\*\*\*\*\* since The Pied Typer found it necessary to comment on me in its  
review of TIGHTBEAM #135, I received 2 copies of HTT XXI and had the  
review read to me over the phone by Owen Laurion.



I just wanted to correct one mistake or misunderstanding in the review for N3Fs TIGHTBEAM. I do the cut/paste and layout. Text-typing is done by Owen Laurion, the editor of TIGHTBEAM. I edit TNFF, N3Fs official newsletter.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* ALLYN CADOGAN \* Well, damn you guys; normally, I find HTT's size too overwhelming  
\*\*\*\*\* and, while I do read bits and snatches, can never quite bring myself to finish the entire thing, and then never loc. But. There was Karl with his nose burind to the arch in HTT, chukling away. He's no more into low humor than I am, so I had to wonder. When he finished the article, he handed me the zine with the comment, "You really have to read the article about dogs. It's *wonderful*." So I did, and it was, and then I found myself reading about police brutality and chortling away (maybe I do like sleazy humour, after all), and then Eric's beautifully written whither fandom piece, and Robbie's editorial, and... before I knew it, it was 3 a.m. and I'd completely forgotten to watch Magnum P.I. I can't guarantee that I'll read future volumes as carefully or as thoroughly, but I do appreciate that you keep me on your mailing list despite my lack of response.

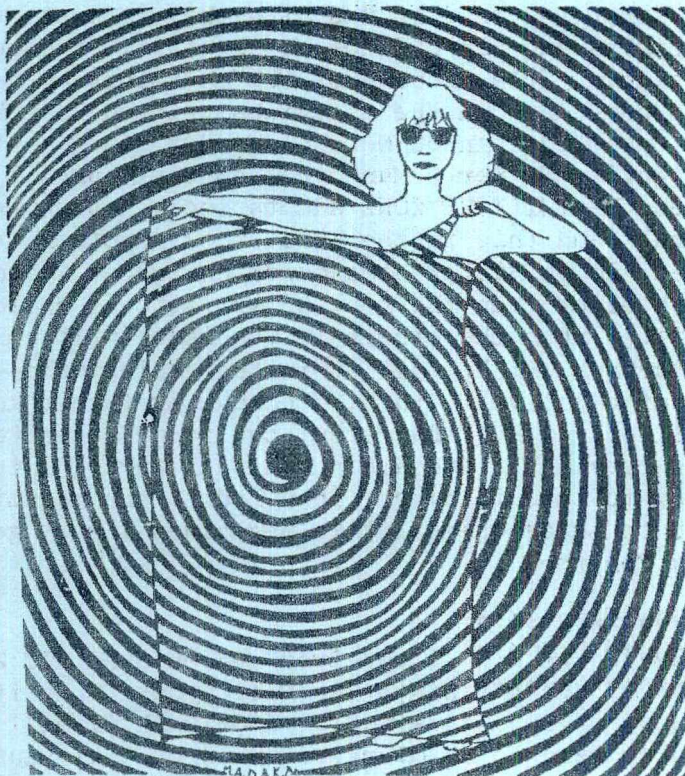
*Well, there is this here trade between us.*

In your response to William Center re LACon "profits", you mentioned one thing that bothered me, and didn't mention another, and that bothered me, too.

First, what you didn't mention. I believe I read in FILE 770 that LACon has set aside \$20,000 for *bidding* expenses for another worldcon. I forget the year; the year is not important. Even in today's inflated economy, \$20,000 is no small piece of change.

Back at the tail end of the good old days, when I first got into fandom (nine whole years ago!), people were beginning to moan about the growing size of cons, worldcons, westercons, and the fact that the cons were being increasingly invaded by fringe-fans. And looked down their noses in disgust and horror at media oriented cons put on by professionals. Cons were not supposed to be Big Business. I seem to recall that at that time cons were more or less expected to end up at least a tad in the red: When we tallied up and finished paying the bills for Westercon 30, we were a little embarrassed and at a loss to explain how we'd managed to come out roughly \$2000 to the good -- my god, what were we supposed to *do* with profits? (I *think* we bought an electro-stenciller for the club, and dumped the rest into a fund for future V-Cons, but I could be wrong.)

Fandom and cons grew out of fanzine fandom, which itself grew out of the letter columns in Uncle Hugo's little magazine, but these





days fanzine fandom is merely a subgroup of the larger fandom, which, in a small way, we helped create. We're living in a science fiction world, and I don't think it terribly odd, or even a Bad Thing, that cons have grown to encompass what used to be fringe fandoms (the more reactionary of us went off and formed CORFLU, but we still go to worldcons and westercons). (Be patient; I'm working toward my point.) Ok, so now we have incredibly huge conventions attempting to cater to the needs of a truly amazing variety of groups.

/Whatever its flaws, I think LACon did a pretty fine job of this. And they made a pretty fine profit. And in fairness I must admit they stayed loyal to their roots, beyond the call of duty, by dumping a stupendous amount of those profits back into a subgroup of the body that generated those profits. I, personally, don't particularly like the way those funds were disbursed, but I have to admit that they were dumped back into faanish fandom, which was not represented in the majority at LACon; nowhere have I seen any mention that funds were donated to Trek fandom, comics fandom, or any of the other so-called fringe fandoms./

But I think that possibly the sheer size of LACon, and the sheer amount of its profits, might be the straw that breaks the camel's back. (Sorry.) LACon finally turned the "amateur" worldcon into a "business". The fact that they think nothing of setting aside a small portion of those profits, \$20,000, for the bidding expenses for a future worldcon confirms this. Shouldn't we just admit publicly that worldcon is now a money-making business, at least worldcons held in Los Angeles? Maybe we should simply turn the running of all future worldcons over to Los Angeles. Face it, no other group is going to come up with \$20,000 in expense money to bid against L.A. No other group has the resources or the expertise to match LACon's scope. But from now on, they're going to *try*. And we could end up with a lot more Constellations.

Maybe we'll all get wise. Fanzine fans will hold their own "worldcons". Trek fans will hold their own "worldcons". Elfquest will hold their own "worldcons". Each of our own worldcons can cater to our individual needs, and we don't need to get in each other's hair.

Yaaargh! I just *really don't like* the implications of that \$20,000 fund for bidding expenses!

*The following response to the foregoing was written by Craig Miller, Co-chair of L.A.CON II.*

Marty and Robbie asked me to respond to Allyn Cadogan's letter, or at least to the part regarding S.C.I.F.I.'s/L.A.con II's income and the disbursement thereof.

L.A.con II was not designed to make a profit. We set out to run the best Worldcon we could and to break even financially. We budgeted carefully, making projections on attendance, when (and at what dollar rate) memberships would come in, etcetera. We acquired the registration statistics from most of the past ten Worldcons and plotted ours along side theirs. Registrations have mostly followed a single curve over the past ten years and we thought we had a pretty good idea of the number of members we'd end up with.

We were wrong. During the summer of '84, new memberships started arriving much faster than anticipated. We started dumping the extra money into various areas -- food and refreshments for the con suite and other areas, increased pages in the program book, more exhibits, etcetera. We never expected over 2,000 walk-ins. Had ConStellation received half that number, they would have broken even. We ended up with a significant amount of "revenues above expenses."

So far, fandom seems to like or, at least, accept how we've chosen to distribute those revenues. We refunded membership fees and/or partial or full expenses to all speakers (both to the professionals and the fans who appeared) and to virtually everyone who worked on the convention. Money went to various fan funds and to aid ConStellation. Etcetera.



# A CONVENTION IS: #98

TRYING TO FIND THE  
LAST COORS



There are two areas that seem to have attracted some antipathy: the funding of the Los Angeles in 1990 Worldcon Bid and the \$10,000 donation to LASFS.

Taking them in order, after L.A.con II, we set aside \$20,000 to fund a bid for the 1990 Worldcon. That's approximately 10% of L.A.con II's revenues above expenses. A number of people have complained that with such a war chest, a Los Angeles bid would be unbeatable. While we'd be glad to be unbeatable, that amount is not large enough to do it.

We didn't pick the number out of the air. L.A.con II had bidding expenses of almost \$7,000 for a bid that was basically unopposed and run from 1979 through 1982. And

all of that was for ads, flyers, and party supplies. No transportation or rooms were paid for by the bid. We can't count on the 1990 bid being unopposed.

Atlanta told us that they spent \$23,000 on their bid, again not including any rooms or transportation. I don't know how much New York and Philadelphia spent, but probably not that much less. And then there's inflation to consider. When we allocated the money, the vote would have taken place in 1988, 4 years after the end of Atlanta's bidding.

While \$20,000 is by no means a small amount, it really appears to be on the order of what it costs to bid these days. And, once again, that's with no money expended on transportation or rooms for individuals.

I should note, however, that at the last meeting of S.C.I.F.I., the matter came up again. While the facts seem to indicate that \$20,000 is what will be required, we just can't quite accept that. Therefore, it was voted to change the allocation for the Los Angeles in 1990 bid to \$10,000 from the already held funds.

With regard to the \$10,000 donation to LASFS, our reasoning was essentially: a) the major work force of the convention -- certainly those involved the longest -- came from LASFS; b) the majority of the attendees were from the Western region, the majority of them from California, and the majority of them from the Greater Los Angeles area; and c) office space.

What do I mean by "office space"? The last several Worldcons each rented offices for as much as a year before and six months after their convention. LASFS provided free meeting, storage, and work space to L.A.con II for well over two years before the convention and is still providing space for meetings. LASFS provided its non-profit rate bulk mailing permit. LASFS provided a location where convention business could be taken care of outside of the large committee meetings. Etcetera. My own office in a good but by no means expensive part of Los Angeles runs me \$6,000 a year not including electricity, telephone, gas, water, furniture, or other such necessary items. And my office is only 400 sq. ft., much smaller than L.A.con II needed.

LASFS did not require a fee of L.A.con II for the usage of its facilities, but it does not seem out of line to me to pay for them, nonetheless.

*Thank you Craig, very well put.*



Then there is this \$7,500 for "FANCY III". Jesus Christ, \$7,500 for a *fanzine*? Ok, I'm quite certain you can come up with completely reasonable reasons why a zine could and even should require \$7,500 to produce. I'm going to stick my neck out and list all the ways I would manage to come up with those types of production costs, and then argue against them. Size: lotsa paper, lotsa ink. Print run; 1000 minimum. Given the size, possibly hard cover binding, with maybe gold lettering on the front and spine, and involving stitching rather than stapling. It suddenly becomes much more feasible, time-wise, given the size, to have the thing professionally typeset, and much more cost efficient to have it professionally printed (though the last time I looked, the cost break for printing versus mimeo or photocopy was at around 2,000 copies, and so maybe it would be cheaper in the long run to print up 2,000 copies rather than mimeo 1,000; it would certainly save me a lot of valuable time). Postage; it's going to cost a lot to mail our even one copy of this beautiful sucker. At this point, I would realize, with this much effort and money involved, I certainly couldn't afford to give the publication away; I would have to sell it. I divide \$7500 by 2000 and come up with \$3.75 a copy. I know I'm not going to sell 2000 copies; I might realistically sell 300 copies, at \$25 a copy, and I've recovered my \$7500, and still have 1700 copies left over. The receipts from those 1700 copies is gravy, to be donated to fan funds and such. Gosh, now I can be a fannish benefactor. I begin to wonder if this is all quite necessary.

I could reduce the size, eliminate the fancy binding and lettering, type the stencils or masters myself on my cute little home computer, or get friends to help on their cute little home computers, mimeo or photocopy a realistic 350 copies, get a real *fanzine* cover by Brad Foster or someone of that ilk, sell the whole thing for \$4 including postage, and become a fannish benefactor a whole lot sooner, and with a lot less public questioning of my use of funds.

Of course, that's *me*, and how LACon chooses to use its profits is entirely LACon's business. But, whatever the reasons, I'm croggled that any *one* or any *body* would even consider spending that much money on what is supposed to be, and will probably be promoted as, an amateur publication. The amount of money proposed, seems to me to take the whole venture out of the realm of "fun hobby" and into the realm of "business."

*Let me start my answer by pointing out the size of this undertaking: 1,000 copies of 300+ 8½" x 11" pages. By any reckoning that is one hell of a lot of paper, ink, stencils, and time. As a person who regularly produces 100+ page fanzines let me tell you that the time involved to produce (in the usual fannish mimeo manner) a 300+ page, 1,000 copy run zine like this is totally out of the question, even for a workaholic such as myself. Stencil-typing time, printing time, collating time - forget it. And stapling 300+ pages? Hah!*

*The only feasible method of producing FANCY II is to have it both professionally printed and bound (most likely hard bound).*

*That said let me allow as how \$7,500 just may be an over-estimate on costs. Considering the money situation in which L.A.CON II finds itself, is this so bad? If we have over-estimated what it will cost us to produce FANCY III we can then use the extra money for some other fannish project. Of one thing you can be certain; with Bruce Pelz on the editorial board of FANCY III there is no way that we are going to spend more money on this project than we have to.*

\*\*\*\*\*

\* BRIAN EARL BROWN \* The note read: "your fanzine is reviewed, you have the right of  
\*\*\*\*\* reply". I'm tempted to do so. There's a certain futility to  
responding to a fanzine review since, unless one catches the  
critic in a major factual error (minor ones don't count), like for example, that you've  
never published a fanzine, any reply is no more than a case of special pleading. I



could make a list of everything that went wrong with that issue - and darn near everything did, but Mike Glycer would only reply - "so why did you bother to distribute it?" And to that I can only reply that a foolish consistency is a hobgoblin of my life. I've sent him all the other issues of RATS ON FIRE, so why not that one, too?

What seems stranger than that Glycer didn't like RATS is why did he review it - and at such lengths! He knows that I have done better, he knows that I can do better, and he knows that I don't care and thus his review is not for my benefit. Moreover, this is the second time he's reviewed RATS in HTT. Why does he review a fanzine he doesn't like? Why has Andy Porter reviewed RATS twice now in S.F. CRONICLE? And how has it escaped Mike's awareness that RATS is a throwaway intended for the amusement of our local friends and is sent to Mike because he's been sending us F770 for all these years? If he doesn't want me to send them to him anymore, why doesn't he just send me a postcard saying so? Why are there so many more questions to life than answers?

These fancy covers on HTT almost need a dustjacket to keep them from getting soiled.

I'm glad to see Harry Warner continuing his memoirs. It's hard to think of any other fan better equipped to reminisce about his youth.

Terry Carr's usual impeccable taste took a dive with this issue's "Entropy Reprint". It isn't that the two pieces from Bob Leman were badly written as that they were kind of boring. "Dogs" is the kind of light natter that's very interesting when written, is by someone we know well, and whose life we enjoy hearing about. But Leman, at this late date, is just some stranger who has trouble with his pets. Hopefully next issue Terry will have something a little more timeless to reprint.

Eric Mayer offers an interesting acid test for fannishness in his new column for you. A trufan is someone who'd walk up to someone wearing a propellor beanie in the World Trade Center and ask if they're a fan. Certainly, as Bob Shaw mentions in his "Colliding Fandoms" article in THE ZINE WITH NO NAME #3, fandom has become so big and so easy to get into that people are beginning to act as if this or that fan is expendable, jettisonable if and when the going gets rough. Recently I attended a Neofan panel at a convention, and the panel just broke down into a "discussion" (he said diplomatically) between two huckster-room organizers on the relative merits of their approaches - appealing to everybody vs. narrowly focused cons. "But surely," I argued from the audience, "there's more to fandom than cons?" - They thought about it for a moment, then went back to their argument! .....Then a rival con committee interrupted the panel to announce a room party for their con..... Cons seem to be the alpha & amega of fanac these days. \*sigh\*

It is easy to understand how, in such light, people might get asked to leave fandom, or be told that they don't count just because they don't go to conventions, irrespective of how good they might be at their preferred type of fanac. It's a very sad complicated issue.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* VAL DOUGLAS \* Bob Leman's "Dogs" article was a positive delight to someone who has  
\*\*\*\*\* also shared a bed with man's best friend. He may/may not be comforted to know that bulldogs aren't the only breed prone to wind, though. One of our dogs has a very delicate stomach so I can really appreciate the comment "there are times when the night is made hideous" - dog farts are positively lethal and make stinkbombs smell almost wholesome in comparison. Must admit that none of our lot snore quite as badly as Dolly, but on the other hand it's just as difficult to get to sleep when the dogs decide to crawl under the blanket and have a fight. Painful, too, at times, as they don't bother about where they put their feet.

\*\*\*\*\*

The more you know the less people listen to you. ---Kim Neidigh

\*\*\*\*\*



\*\*\*\*\*

\* GREG HILLS \* Full marks, as always, to Skel! Even now, hours later (during which  
\*\*\*\*\* time I waded through the TAFF Brouhahahahaha) I cannot think of his piece without laughing. The episode of the Japanese meal deserves a slot in fannish history as an object lesson in situation comedy without cuteness. But his reference to his mother's packrat urge struck home: my infrequent visits to my postal address are punctuated by periodic failures to avoid some of the more substantial pieces of packrattery, such as the camp-bed in the hallway, the boxes of old magazines, the broken-down TVs, and the gutted radio chassis on the floor. "Why don't you get rid of some of this junk?" I demand, rubbing bruised shin or stubbed toe. "Because we've nowhere else to put it," comes the matter-of-fact reply, "and it might come in useful."

So matters stood for a long time, until one day they announced that they had settled on the perfect solution to their space problems! Caught completely aback, I naively said, "but I thought you were keeping it all in case it came in useful?"

They looked at me in astonishment. "Throw it away? Heavens, no! No, what we're going to do is build a second storey onto the house..." (Perhaps I should add, for the benefit of you foreigners, that most homes in NZ are single-storey 'bungalow'-style buildings. As for cellars a la Skel's antecedents, wha dat?)

\*\*\*\*\*

\* IAN COVELL \* I found nothing at all funny in Milt Stevens' 'humorous' piece; oh,  
\*\*\*\*\* I *know* it's ludicrous and deliberately slanted for maximum effect and so on, but godsdamnit even the *notion* of causing people pain/bewilderment/embarrassment/problems is just not amusing. (I have the same problem with films like ALLIGATOR and THE HOWLING and other so-called horror comedies which make other people fall about - that's *people* on screen; you don't *hurt* them to make someone laugh..)

I'm never sure how to react to reviews of fanzines. Mike Glycer writes well, and and perhaps his sometimes acerbic (even nasty) comments do some good -- but coward that I am in such matters, I

always imagine some presumably nice people spending days or months on a mag, sending it out, then getting back some really violent antipathy that shuts them up for the rest of their almost-fannish lives. Others must have thicker skins, or more confidence, because some vilified fanzines have continued without pause. Glycer at least seems to criticise the mags for what they are, rather than what they should be. The only other drawback to reviewing fanzines, at least to readers who see only the reviews, is the same as reviews of artwork: you want to *read* the copies of the (presumed) good fanzines,



LET'S SEE...  
WHO SHOULD I  
OFFEND TODAY?



as you want to see the artwork. Yet somehow.. oh, I don't know.. but if a reviewer was to talk about William Morris, Robert Silverberg, Kate Wilhelm, Larry Niven, in a consecutive series of critiques, wouldn't the question of diversity arise, diversity of source and purpose? Just a niggle.

Eric Mayer -- who, by the way, I do *not* recognise from Ted White's letters! -- makes, as usual, the pluperfect point; not by saying 'This is all a storm in a teacup, with too many people dabbling their toes in the tea' but questioning the very presence of *all* participants, wondering -- as I read him -- how a collection of interested minds (a congruence?) can descend from discussion to personality destruction so sharply, and so viciously. Perhaps, though, in a congruence where paper contains personality, where in fact for the majority of fans, the personality on paper *is* the person because that's the only communication possible, in such a situation, perhaps it's obvious how such an argument does -- should? -- develop..?

I'm incredibly pleased you had only three 'complaints' about the cover; the English one, it turns out, was from Terry Jeeves. Now, I think I could've guessed it would be, judging by certain remarks Jeeves passed in the issues of ERG he sent to me; Jeeves is the only fan editor I've stopped talking to for political reasons.. I sincerely trust he'll be the only one. (I also stopped talking to Joy Hibbert, but then, doesn't everyone?) (Not a cheap shot, it's dispiriting to try to talk to someone who yells into your face whenever you purse your lips for conversation..)

*There are only a very few fans to whom I have stopped talking; in my case I make the decision about ceasing to talk based on one of two criteria: I find the person incredibly embarrassing/annoying to be around (because of their stupidity or social ineptness/statements/etc.) or because the person is a flaming asshole (fugghead). It would not be of any use to name any names (of the above people) but I will say that Joy Hibbert is not one of these people. I neither agree with everything she has written nor always the manner in which she expresses herself; however, to date, I merely consider these things to be matters over which we disagree, not cause for any warfare between us - she, like you, are part of the HTT 'gestalt'.*

I don't know why, but John Hertz's comment, p61, that "(Langford) blackened the book long before he read it" seems a bit of an insult. I gather that My Langford is fairly intelligent and perceptive, and speaks his mind on issues he feels qualified to judge; I suspect that if BATTLEFIELD EARTH had turned out to be a lot *better* than Langford thought, he'd have said so; it doesn't seem fair that when someone says 'That book looks bad' then reads it and says 'Gods, it was worse than I thought.. and here's why' that he should be dismissed because he held a prior view. That Langford submitted himself to the torture (I think 'cruel and unusual punishment' is understatement) of reading it all before saying why it was trash is a measure of his caring attitude. Langford may not defend his stance, but I do. I too knew quite well how BE would .. er.. be, and I was right as well. Anyone listening?

*I am listening, and I believe that you are quite correct in your defense of Langford. I know Langford only from what he has written (which includes many personal letters to me); and, in that which he has written I think that I can sense the integrity of the man. I do believe that John Hertz has misjudged the man.*

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Certain people think that the way I write indicates that I have a beard. This is not so. I do a neat line in designer stubble from time to time, but since my student days, barring winter or two with Br\*t\*sh T\*I\*c\*m, I have practised pogonotomy nearly every day. Way I see it is that if God had meant men to have beards he would have put our mouths elsewhere.

---Nigel E. Richardson, FOR PARANOIDS ONLY #7

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## WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

At AUSSIECON II I was handed a loc on #21 by *Diane Fox*; I told her that it was too late to get into the main part of Nessie but that I would lead off the WAHF section with its mention. A week and a half earlier *Ken Ozanne* handed me a loc on #21 when I visited him in Faulconbridge - #21 had gotten to him just the week before after 2½ months in transit and he had not had the chance to distribute many copies. Ken wondered how many HTTers know if Robbie is President of LASFS - or even cares? As Robbie is on her third term I guess that she cares.

*Krischan Holl* of Germany thinks #21 looks great and promises some illos. *Leland Sapiro* thinks that #21 was soporific. *Hans-Juergen Mader*, loser of SEFF, sent congratulations to the winners of DUFF. *Craig MacBride* sent a loc on #21 to *Ken Ozanne* (which was forwarded to Ken who was touring in the USA and Europe) - Ken handed it to me at a LASFS meeting - I wrote Craig an aerogramme answering his questions about Faulconbridge (a place I saw for the first time a month later). *Teresa Minambres* sent a card wishing us luck with our Hugo nomination - thanks, *Teresa*, but Glycer won again. *Bob Lee* sent along a boring idea that readers send in their top 20 favourite dishes/foods, an idea which would have gone into our garbage disposer if we had one. *Garth Spencer* wrote, "I love practicing sociology without a license". *D.W. Howard* said that he would religiously stay out of the TAFF brouhaha. Praise Roscoe for that. *Alexis Gilliland* (who partied with us on the flight from Melbourne to Auckland (see our trip report for details)) sent us too many words on the TAFF mess, but he did congratulate us on our DUFF win. Alexis and I do not agree on the TAFF mess but we remain friends nonetheless. *Rich Coad* also disagrees with me about TAFF (and how did I get onto this subject? BEGONE FOUL FEUD!!) but he sent it on an Australian postcard. I know this because it has the word POSTCARD imprinted in big grey letters on the back of it. See - I amn't dumb. *Harry "Andy" Andruschak* congratulated us for getting *Milt Stevens* to return to fan writing, also for re-printing old fan articles. *David Palter* observed, "...the articles are charming, the cover astonishingly colorful, and the overall effect of the issue is a most satisfying piece of reading." I find it hard to crack wise about that. *Rob Gregg* wondered why we had an Aussie agent and not one in the U.K., the answer to that being that, until recently, HTT has had an Aussie tilt to it (also more readers there than in the UK). More of my overseas fan connexions were with Aussie fans than with others in HTT's early days - which is a prime reason why I opted to run for DUFF rather than for TAFF. Having now visited Australia I can say without any equivocation that I feel strong bonds with Aussiefandom - I would love to visit there again. *Joy Hibbert* wrote the kind of loc which I always like to receive; it is too bad that time and space considerations (a much smaller than usual HTT was very much desired, this time, by Robbie and me) made me wahf it. I also had a longish answer to something written by *Sally Syrjala* but (insert my reply to Joy Hibbert here). *Richard Brandt* returned from a short period of semi-gafiation and wrote, "You can't win, I guess; now people complain if a world-con makes money..." *David Wolff* writes, "...the typos in HTT add immeasurably to the thing." Well, you will not find me doing any measuring. He then goes on to note, "Evial Incarnate?" I wish to point out that "evial" is a fannishism, not a typo. *John D. Owen* wrote, "...Owen's late with the goddamned loc again." No problem; for, without late locs I would have less grist for the WAHF mill. *Steve Tymon* wrote, punningly, about some story concepts which he has had (Conan the Barbarian take-offs) such as stuff about Cohen the Librarian and the adventures of a barbarian detective, Conan Doyle, ad nauseum. *Kim Neidigh* sent, along with his CoA, a note about how he liked the way we used his filler material. *Joseph Nicholas* sent a short two paragraphs complaining about a variety of things, concluding with a request to remove him from our mailing list. I met Joseph at AUSSIECON II (also met Judith Hanna) - Joseph is as nice in person as people have said that he is. Therefore, with HTT returning to its former non-feuding and putrid ways, I am not honouring that request of his. I sincerely hope that we have "repaired relations" (his phrase) between us.

Next issue I hope to return the wahf column to its smartass ways.



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#### A few words about LOOMPANICS UNLIMITED:

I very much enjoy the cartoons of Alexis Gilliland; his first book of cartoons (published by Loompanics) was a sheer delight (I purchased it from Alexis a few years ago). His second book (WHO SAYS PARANOIA ISN'T "IN" ANY MORE?) was recently published (also by Loompanics); out of the blue the publishers sent us a copy, so I am giving them this unpaid ad/blurb as a thank-you. Loompanics publishes a wide variety of, er, unusual books - let me quote a bit from the introduction to their catalogue:

"This catalog is an important source for anarchists, survivalists, iconoclasts, self-liberators, mercenaries, investigators, drop-outs, researchers, and just about anyone interested in the strange, the useful, the arcane, the unusual, the unique, and the diabolical...

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I am a liberal, a statist- and MORE POWER to Loompanics for doing what they do. Loompanics Unlimited: P.O. Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368, USA.

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#### DUFF in '87

Yup, that is correct - '87. I advise any and all North American fans who may be contemplating running for DUFF in 1987 to get their Australian nominators NOW!!! Adding to the fact that even aerograms have been known to take several weeks getting across that very large ocean is the problem that the recipients Down Under are fans - and fans have been known to not answer their mail promptly, to say nothing about the problems which come about when many would-be DUFFers all try to use the same nominators (and each candidate will need 2 Australasian nominators (along with 3 North American nominators)). Do not expect many Aussies at CONFEDERATION, so act now!! The winner will be expected to go to the Aussie Natcon - in '87 it will be in either March or April - details will be pubbed as soon as I have them.



