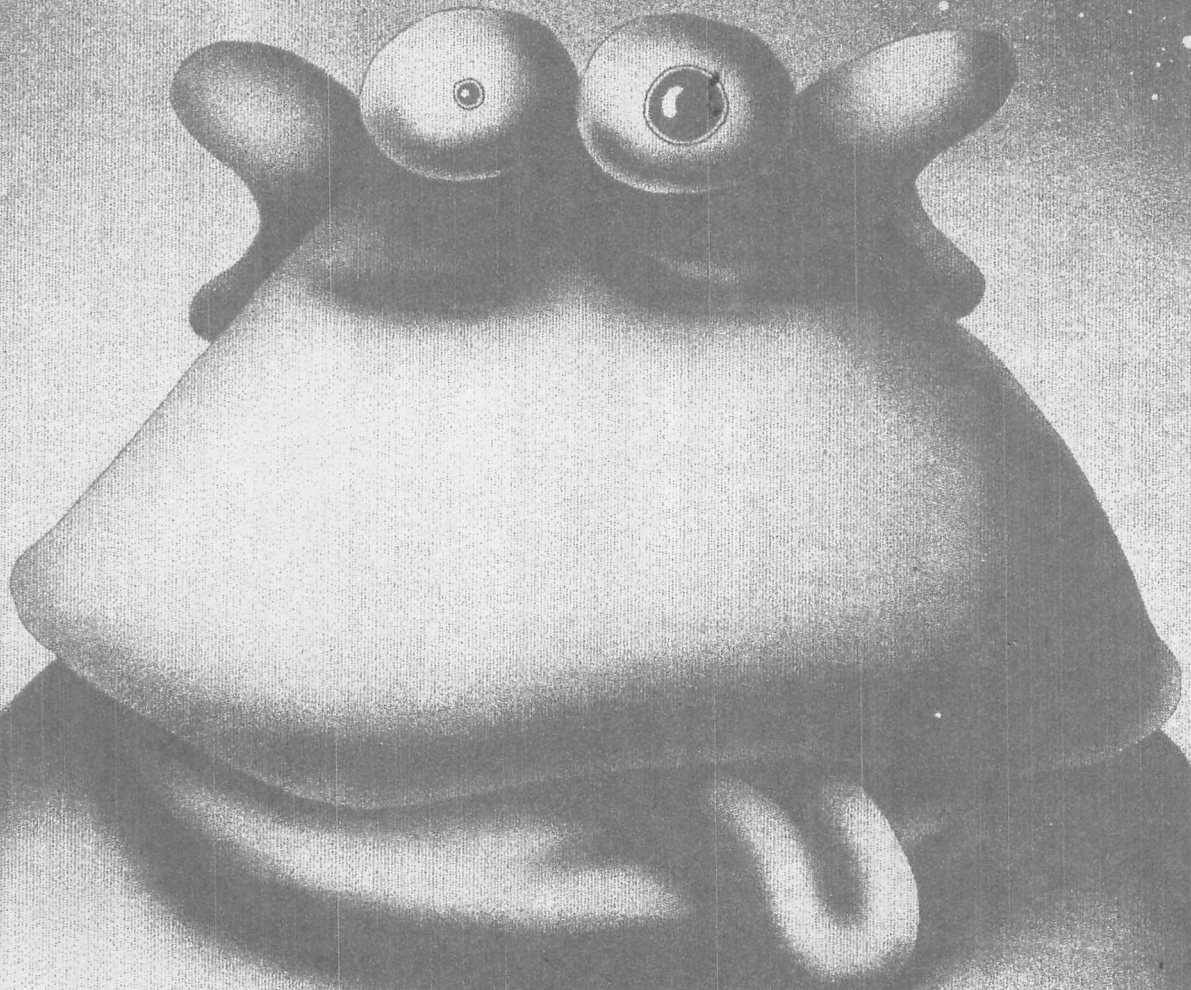
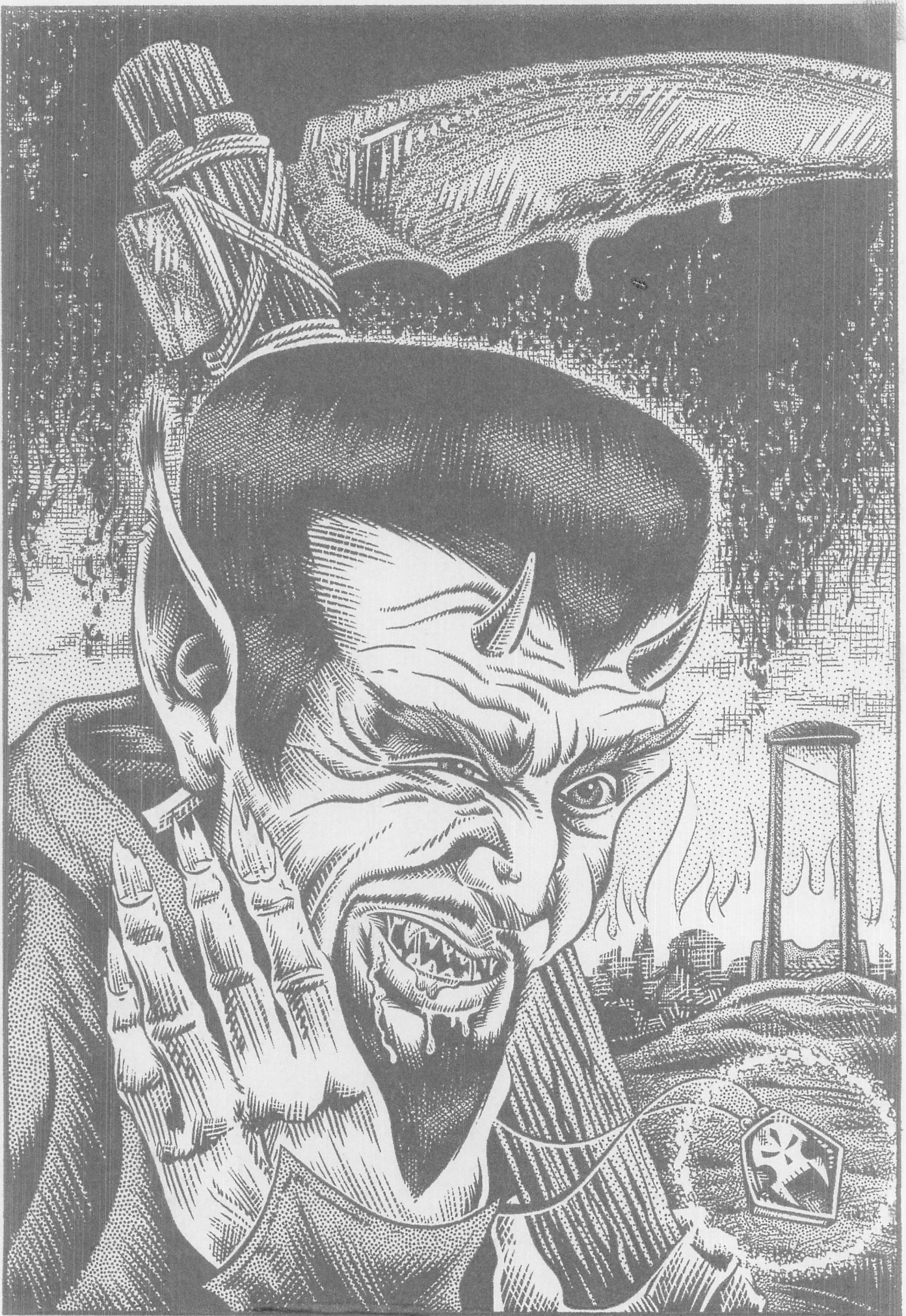


HOLIER THAN THOU 23





ARTISTS

Brad W. Foster: Cover
Sarah Prince: header on pg. 5
Rick Albertson: 6
Kip Williams: 12
Randy Clark: 7
Ray Capella: 43
Darrell Schweitzer: 51
David Heath: 34
Terry Jeeves: 25
Steven Fox: 17
Mel White: 30

Cathy Howard: 3, 58
Krischan Holl: 2, 59
T. Kevin Atherton: 8, 48
Guy Brownlee: 27
Barry Kent MacKay: 39
Schirm: 45
ATom: 19, 21, 53
Rotsler: 37
Alan White: 15, 28
Charles Lee Jackson II: 32
Pete Lyon: Bacover

*This fanzine most emphatically does NOT support:
SEASICKCON in '88. (see details in editorial on page. 5)*

At this time this fanzine has no other announcements to make of either support or non-support. Except, of course, it is very much in favour of DUFF, TAFF, GUFF, FFANZ, and SEFF.

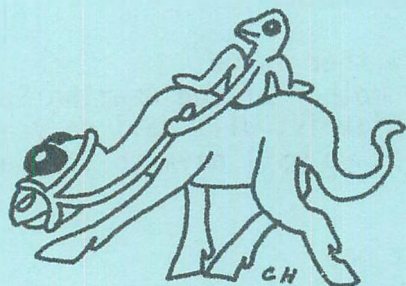
WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS

- ☒ We recommend that you read "Warning" on pg. 56 - if it applies to you we recommend that you Do Something. Soon. Or else.
- ☐ We trade.
- ☒ You locced/contributed/sent old fanzines ((many thanks)).
- ☒ We would like for you to loc/contribute.
- ☒ Your contribution(s) is/are being held for a further issue.
- ☐ You believe that Little Miss Muffet became the mother of the Amazing Spider Man.
- ☐ You purchased this copy. Thank you. Our psychiatrist will call on you.
- ☐ 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.
- ☐ If you loc this issue you will receive the next one.
- ☐ Put an 'X' on the line of your choice.
- ☐ We had scheduled you to receive a special copy printed on human skin but the donor was too busy feuding to, er, "participate" in the ceremonies.
- ☐ You are known for following orders - so hang by your thumbs.
- ☐ You are only partially putrid, but if you wear this around your neck nobody will notice the difference.
- ☐ Your fanzine has just qualified for Federal Disaster Relief funds.
- ☐ You have just qualified for Federal Disaster Relief funds.
- ☐ The con that you chaired was a disaster. Cheer up - things are about to get worse.
- ☐ You are the least promissing neo ever seen in fandom. How the hell did you get on our mailing list?
- ☐ You have just been a-arded The Order of The Typo. With Oak Leaf crusters.
- ☐ You have reached the last item of this list.

Remember: to continue receiving HTT you must Do Something at least ONCE between each issue of this fanzine (Arthur Hlavaty is allowed to do it TWICE).

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | | |
|---|--------------------------|--------|
| 1. Cover | Brad W. Foster | Pg. 1 |
| 2. Inside Cover | Krischan Holl | Pg. 2 |
| 3. Table of Contents | | Pg. 3 |
| 4. Why You Received This | | Pg. 4 |
| 5. Colophon | | Pg. 5 |
| 6. SeasickCon in 85 - Editorial | Marty Cantor | Pg. 5 |
| 7. Hopefully Travelling | Skel | Pg. 8 |
| 8. All My Yesterdays | Harry Warner, Jr. | Pg. 15 |
| 9. The Future of TAFF | Donald L. Franson | Pg. 19 |
| 10. The Concert on the Cape | Linda Blanchard | Pg. 21 |
| 11. The Law and Order Handbook - Chapter 8 | Richard Weinstock | Pg. 28 |
| 12. Callahan's Cross Time Cat House | Milt Stevens | Pg. 32 |
| 13. Notes from the Outside - A Berry Odyssey | Eric Mayer | Pg. 34 |
| 14. DUFF Trip Report | | Pg. 38 |
| 15. Nessie | | Pg. 39 |
| Commentary to Hlavaty | | Pg. 39 |
| Late LoC WAHFs | | Pg. 39 |
| | Brian Earl Brown | Pg. 40 |
| | Mike Rogers | Pg. 40 |
| | Jeanne Mealy | Pg. 41 |
| | Mike Glicksohn | Pg. 42 |
| | Harry Warner, Jr. | Pg. 43 |
| | Ian Covell | Pg. 44 |
| | Dave Langford | Pg. 44 |
| | Avedon Carol | Pg. 44 |
| | John D. Owen | Pg. 47 |
| | Eric Mayer | Pg. 49 |
| | Richard Brandt | Pg. 49 |
| | Buck Coulson | Pg. 49 |
| | David Palter | Pg. 50 |
| | Darrell Schweitzer | Pg. 50 |
| | Robt. Whitaker Sirignano | Pg. 51 |
| | Cathy Howard | Pg. 51 |
| | Garth Spencer | Pg. 52 |
| | Martin Morse Wooster | Pg. 52 |
| | Warren Norwood | Pg. 52 |
| | Walt Willis | Pg. 53 |
| | Joseph Nicholas | Pg. 53 |
| 16. WAHF | | Pg. 54 |
| 17. Addresses | | Pg. 55 |
| 18. Warning | Marty Cantor | Pg. 56 |
| 19. Inside Bacover | Krischan Holl | Pg. 59 |
| 20. Bacover | Pete Lyon | Pg. 60 |



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HOLIER THAN THOU

23

Edited and published by Marty and Robbie Cantor, 11565 Archwood Street, North Hollywood, CA 91606-1703, U.S.A. Tel. (818) 982-1746.

Hoo Hah Publication No. 340. A production of our new (to us) Renegade Press. Published in Winter, 1986. Electrostencilling by the LASFS's Gestefax. Mailing labels by rich brown. HTT is published whenever we get a round tuit - currently that is about twice-yearly - and is available for the usual (including interesting old fanzines) or \$2.00 U.S. per issue (but NO SUBSCRIPTIONS). Also available for seven International Reply Coupons per issue. Australian agent is Ken Ozanne, 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia, for A\$2.00 per issue.

SEASICKCON IN '85

editorial by Marty Cantor

"Sorry to read that you're against CRUISECON and I hope that in future you'll articulate your objections without the gratuitous insult you used in this issue. If you have legitimate problems with the concept of the bid by all means air them. Derogatory insults have as much place in worldcon bidding as they have in fan fund races." So said Mike Glicksohn in part of his loc on HTT #22. And he is entirely correct.

HTT #22 was mostly on stencil before we left for Australia - we finished it after we returned. The last pages typed are always pages 3 and 4; so, as I was thinking about what to include in our "support" section on page 4 I naturally came up with my non-support of the CRUISECON bid, a bid which had officially filed at AUSSIECON II. I am strongly *against* this bid for quite valid reasons, and not just for the personal reason that I am extremely prone to seasickness.

Let me start with the schedule inflexibility of this worldcon bid: the cruise is set for a full week and it is impossible to join it after the ship sets sail (as it were) nor to leave it before it docks at the end of the cruise. Also, there will be no such thing as daily memberships.

The main problem here is that whilst many fans may want to spend a full week at worldcon they will not be able to spend the exact same week as everybody else (mostly due to work committments). On top of that there is the fact that the majority of fans who attend worldcon just cannot attend it for a full week. Worldcon attendance patterns show that fans start arriving in large numbers on Thursday and Friday with most leaving on the following Monday.

Let me personalise the above: I would have trouble going on a full week's cruise because my travel time to and from home would have to be part of my week's vacation. Worse yet, I need at least a half-night's sleep on Monday night because I have to be at work early Tuesday morning. Unless I can be at the Miami airport by late afternoon there is no way that I can get enough sleep and be back

at work on time on Tuesday - and my work is impossible to do unless I am rested.

I met Neil Rest at LOSCON 12 and talked to him about the bid. He mentioned that current negotiations had the cost of the cruise down to \$695 per person (this was as of Thanksgiving). Even though this includes a stateroom and *all* meals and is probably a very reasonable figure for a cruise of this length, it is astronomically outrageous for worldcon expenses. \$695 for ONE PERSON - Robbie and I, together, spend less than that by more than \$100 for our Worldcon food and lodging (and I tend to be a prodigious eater at cons, usually eating at expensive hotel restaurants). Most fans spend less than I do for food at cons so I hazard a guess that the average fan couple probably spends more in the neighbourhood of \$500 for food and lodging at Worldcon. If this bid wins said average fan couple can expect to spend \$1390 for food and lodging at this con. On top of that, of course, is the money needed to get to the con and money spent at the artshow and dealer's room. Hah! The rich fans will not mind this but Joe Averagefan is not going to be spending a penny for either art or dealerstuff as they will be using all of their spare pennies just to be able to attend the con. I doubt if either dealers or artists are going to like this.

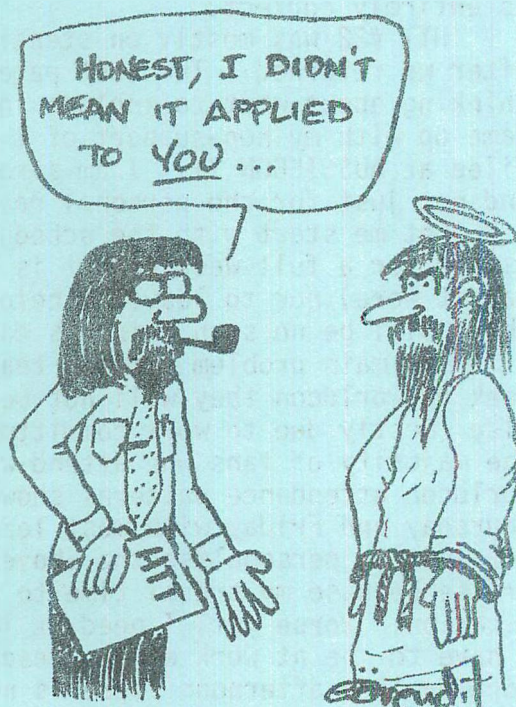
Neil told me that the bid is an attempt to solve many of the problems of Worldcons. I attempted to convince him, I think without success, that the way to solve Worldcon problems is to solve *them*, not come up with a bid which creates more problems. A worldcon bid is not a problem solving mechanism - it is *ONLY* a bid to win a worldcon. In the case of Worldcon problems the proper mechanism for solving problems is the WSFS Constitution and the WSFS Business Meetings. Take it from one who has been there - running a Worldcon leaves no time for solving problems as there is not even enough time for working on your Worldcon to leave any time left for solving problems.

Personally I see no problem with the size of Worldcons (even though many fans profess that they have gotten too big) as I find that there are more of the people whom I want to see at big cons than at small ones. I do, however, see a problem with the mentality of those who would make cons smaller by making them so expensive that only well-to-do fans can attend them.

The last part of this bid which bothers me is its pretense to being a foreign bid when it is no such thing, and it is the twisted logic which considers this bid to be out-of-country which sets my teeth on edge.

The con begins and ends in Miami, therefore it is an Eastern zone American con - and it is against the rules for an Eastern city (or ship or whatever) to have a bid in '88. The fact that the ship will be in international waters during most of the time of the con does not make this a foreign bid for several more reasons. All non-USA fans will have to come to the USA to attend the con. As they are not just transiting the USA to get to the foreign country where the con will be held but must have a valid American visa as their country of destination this in itself is proof that this is an American con. American fans will not need passports and visas for this con - all other fans will.

Then there is the fact that there are no "International Waters" fans out there waiting



for the rest of us to visit them and to enjoy their worldcon, their city, their country, their sights. As there are no "international Waters" fans out there, how can they be holding a Worldcon in their "country" so that it can be considered a foreign Worldcon?

As a matter of fact the bidding committee is mostly from the American *Wimpy* Central Zone and they are doing nothing less than running an out-of-zone bid via very long distance.

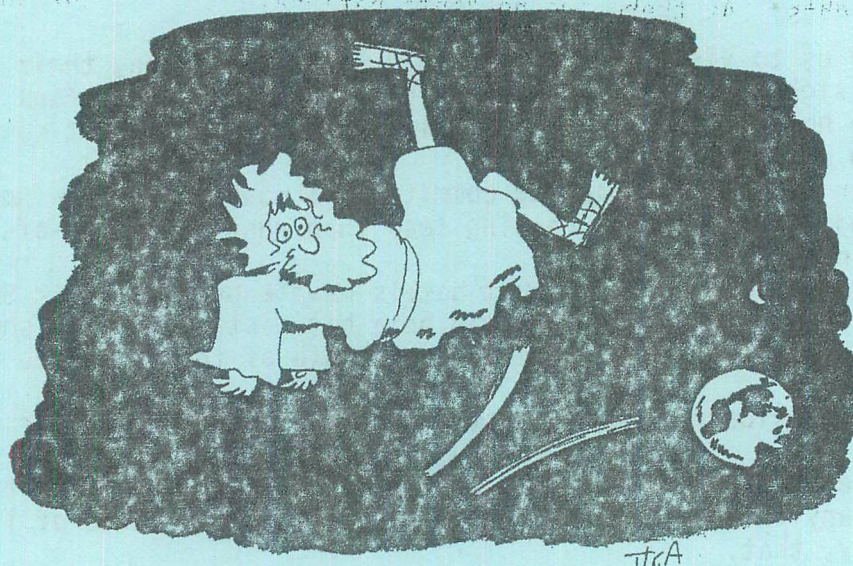
And on a ship, no less. At least hotels have experience with Science Fiction cons; methinks that the ship's crew may be a bit distressed with some of us. And remember, there is no going home in the middle of things if you want to do so.

All things considered, I wish that I could vote for "hold-over funds" this time around.

Unfortunately, there is not that option. And, fans, being what they are, I expect that many of them will be voting for CRUISECON because of its very novelty. A pity, that.

---Marty Cantor





HOPEFULLY TRAVELLING

BY SKEL

There exists a saying to the effect that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. This is an old saying. In fact, its very existence, without any qualifications, proves it to predate the formation of British Rail...but I digress. Back to the old saying. I feel comfortable with this saying. There is a homily feel to it. Yes, I like it - this is *my* saying. I claim it for myself. Not, obviously, its origination, but rather its application.

Not that I do all that much travelling. In fact I rarely travel anywhere, but when I do you would hardly credit the hopes that spring eternal (or does it only seem eternal? But then I'm digressing about British Rail again) beneath my fannish breast. It matters not my destination - wherever I'm going is sure to be the most exciting place in the history of the Cosmos...until I get there, whereupon it turns out to be every bit as exciting as watching re-runs of Battlestar Emetica.

Conventions are a perfect example of this. I travel to a convention with the highest of hopes. *This* time it will be different. This time I will really get into the swing of things. This time I won't withdraw into myself when confronted with all those hordes of noisy fans (a 'horde' is defined as any number of people that outnumbers me). This time I won't stand there like a pratt, having been introduced to someone for the first time, being unable to think of anything to say whilst my brain screams silently within my skull "People...hide! More people...hide more!". This time I won't retreat immediately to the company of the small group of fans with whom I am on comfortable terms. This time I will not head straight for the bar and proceed to build an alcoholic buffer between myself and all those people who are giving a marvellously realistic impression of enjoying themselves. Ha!

Well, next time, for sure.

It isn't of course always me who does the travelling. Sometimes the mountain comes to Mohammed. Evenso, such is my nature that I travel hopefully whilst waiting for it to get to me. You see I am, let us admit it, a touch impatient. I always have been. As a child, waiting for Christmas used to be sheer agony, especially as there was nothing I could do to make it come around any faster. I would pace through December seething with impatience and frustration. It wasn't just Christmas Eve that I'd be unable to sleep. I'd not be able to sleep for weeks beforehand. Christmas Eve itself was, of course, interminable.

Well, I'd be laying there, pretending to be asleep, ears pricked for that faintest of creaks on the stairs which would mean that my waiting would soon be over. My parents on the other hand appeared to care not one whit for my suffering, choosing to go out every Christmas Eve to a party given by their closest friends, who lived a couple of short streets away. Closeby, as well as close. Then they would walk back home sometime between two and three in the morning, with my father invariably much the worse for drink (or maybe that should be 'much the better' - I suppose it all depends upon your point of view, upon whether you are drunk or carrying one). I always heard about such occasions from my mother's point of view, my father invariably having no memory whatsoever of the events which transpired, which I suppose is hardly surprising under the circumstances. There was no doubt whatsoever about my mother's point of view. She was a member, fully paid-up and in good standing, of the 'Much The Worse' school of thought. Oddly, so is Cas (I wonder if this attitude is governed by a sex-linked gene? But I'm digressing again...).

I remember my mother's version of one such occasion. It had been a White Christmas. There had been snow some days before and then a *really* cold spell had set in causing the snow on the sidewalks, unevenly trodden over several days, to freeze solid. It was exceedingly treacherous. So much so in fact that pedestrians were safer on the roads themselves, taking their chances with the seasonal hazard of drunken drivers and where the film of ice was at least fairly even, than risking life and limb on the uneven and frictionless pavements.

"The drunken sod fell down thirty-six times." reported my mother, disgustedly. Her counts, in such circumstances, were always absolutely reliable. Strangely, my father's reaction to this revelation was a look of frank relief. Apparently, on getting dressed that morning he'd noticed lots of bruises and abrasions on his arms and legs, and been at an utter loss to explain them. Fearing to draw them to my mother's attention lest she demand an explanation that he was unable to give, he'd quietly dressed and made no mention of them.

"That explains it," he said. "I thought I'd somehow been run down, whilst in bed, by a drunken driver. Actually, though, come to think of it, I had the wierdest dream..."

"That was no dream." my mother snapped, and my father's look of relief instantly vanished.

It seems that, upon arriving home my mother had somehow managed to get my father into his pyjamas, reasoning that this would give him that little extra time to sober up before he had to go get the presents. As these were outside, locked in the shed, safe from small prying eyes, it also meant that he'd have the chance to get his balls frozen off wearing only a pair of thin pyjamas, but I suspect that my mother felt she was by now entitled to some small measure of revenge for her evening's trials. Unfortunatley, when he went out to the shed, the key, possibly weakened and made brittle by the intense cold, snapped off in the lock. My father was left shivering on the outside in his striped flanelette pyjamas whilst the presents remained beyond his reach. Christmas would have to be cancelled... but my father was made of sterner stuff. We had a crowbar - but needless to say this was inside the shed. Mindful of the dejection his children would feel if they awakened on the morrow to an empty pillow-case, my father refused to be

beaten. As I said, he was made of sterner stuff. Alas he was also, unfortunately, still pissed out of his head.

Alarmed by the noise my mother went outside to see what the hell was going on. She was confronted by a bizarre sight. There, out on the roadside by the front gate, at three-thirty on Christmas Morning, in sub-zero temperatures and dressed only in his slippers and striped pyjamas, stood *The Hero*. He pointed his shoulder towards the shed door and, flinging himself down the icy front drive, sped and slid down the entry between our house and our neighbours', and hurled himself Hollywood-fashion at the offending door. Then he would pick himself up, trudge back down the short drive to the road, and repeat the process. Evidently the door of our shed had not been fabricated by an MGM carpenter.

By this point in the tale my mother was always reduced to helpless mirth, her good spirits repaired. I believe that entry to the shed was finally gained after borrowing a crowbar from our next-door neighbour who by this time had also, somewhat warily, put in an appearance.

I meanwhile, am listening to all this fracas from upstairs, convinced that the filthy Reds have launched a last-minute sneak attack whose sole objective is to prevent me from getting my Christmas presents. At last the peace of the night returns and I hear that faint clatter-stumble-clomp-BANG upon the stairs as a sozzled Santa finally gets his act together. The door, mysteriously oiled the day before, silently opens, there is a furtive whispering followed by a sort of *shushing-sliding* noise that sounds *exactly* like a full and heavy pillowcase being dragged across the linoleum, and then the door swings shut and the whispers and footsteps fade. In the room nextdoor the bedsprings creak for a while and then are silent. Now I throw aside the bedcovers and inch down towards the bottom of the bed, every groan of the bed-springs sounding to my ears like an entire armoured division liberating Paris. The pillowcase is dragged up the bed and disappears with me beneath the covers, in a manner very reminiscent of the way certain insects drag their prey down into their tunnels to be enjoyed at their leisure. Now all that remains is for me to find and unwrap the torch. There is always a torch, though it never occurs to me to question why Providence should always be so kind. One year though the rotten sods gave me a really odd-shaped torch which took me ages to fumblingly identify. Identify it I finally did though, and it joined the long list of torches whose batteries would be discovered to be strangely defective when my mother casually flicked it on later on Christmas Day.

Of course, all my presents would be nearly worn out come Christmas Morning - my Beano annual would be read, and fully half my chocolate smokers'-kit would already be causing me cancer of the teeth. Still, that's just the price you pay for being impatient and, truth to tell, I haven't changed. True, Christmas no longer holds me in its thrall, but then bottles of evil-smelling aftershave cannot compare to the delights of a Beano annual. However, fandom now provides me with ample opportunities to display my impatience. At the moment, for instance, I'm waiting for ~~BOONFARK~~ BOONFARK. BOONFARK 8 to be precise. You see, I got this letter from Dan Steffan some twelve weeks ago, in which he casually mentioned, in passing, that said issue was already on its way to me in the hold of some trusty steamship. As it happens, in the very same week, I also got a letter from Marty Cantor in which *he* mentioned, also in passing, that HOLIER THAN THOU 17 had also been consigned to the mails. I wish people wouldn't do this to me. Now Marty has twice managed to get copies of HTT to me, via surface mail, in less than five days. How he did it I'll never know but, ever the optimist, I immediately positioned myself by the letterbox and proceeded to wait for BOONFARK and HTT.

Well, not physically, of course. To the outside world I still have to give the appearance of moving and having my being, but it's all a sham. I am but a golem - my sould is by the letterbox. I am no longer living, merely waiting for

BOONFARK. Life has been put on 'hold'. It is worst at the office.....

"Now about this automatic interface system into the Group Nominal Ledger that I am designing for you - what reports do you expect it to generate (thinks.... I wonder if HTT 17 came after I'd left for work today)?"

Or... "Hello, Paul Skelton? Rochdale Accounts and Wages Department here. I've been asked to evaluate this 'Wages and Expenses' report you've designed for us. Well, the thing is, it *seems* OK, but I don't understand this column headed 'BOONFARK'....."

Seven sodding weeks I waited for those two zines, before HTT 17 finally turned up in my mail, and I'm *still* waiting for BOONFARK. Also, whilst a watched kettle may never boil, a watched letterbox never stops rattling.....kerclunk-clatter-flap-flop-flap.

"That will be BOONFARK," I cry, throwing aside the duvet and leaping out of bed as the first few sparrows cough and wheeze experimentally to each other in the cold grey light of a winter's dawn.

"Brrrr," responds Cas, "Put that cover back! And remember, two sweeteners in my coffee....." follows me down the stairs.

0-0-0-0-0

"What's BOONFARK 8 like?" she asks as I shuffle back, leaving a trail of tea and coffee drips from the kitchen to the bedroom. She is mocking me, but I lack the spirit to give her hair a hot-coffee rinse.

"He appears to have published it as a form of pastiche on a telephone bill." I reply gamely. "By the way, who the hell's been ringing up Tanganyika three times a week?"

"What? Ouch!" she cried, sitting bolt upright in bed and spilling hot coffee all down her front, providing me with my own small vengeance.

The thing is, all this is so unnecessary. If only faneds would keep their traps shut about their impending fanzines I would have been spared all this. Mind you, Dan is a mere tyro compared to his mentor back at World PONG HQ. It was back in December 1982 when Ted White wrote to me, casually mentioning in passing that the time had arrived for him to get GAMBIT 57 out, and that he was getting right to it. I waited for Gambit for nine months before I gave up and started waiting for BOONFARK in its stead. Well, I finally gave up on that too. I got onto International Directory Enquiries and then gave Dan a call, asking him to ship me off another copy, and used the excuse of wishing him a 'Happy New Year', seeing as how it was New Year's Day.

"Oh, by the way Dan," I finished, "I've just completed duplicating SFD 23. I'll be collating it within the next week or so and will be mailing your copy off almost immediately. You should get it in no time at all." That'll fix the bugger! Must try to get his copy mailed out within the next month-or-two.

The worst thing about waiting for all these non-arriving fanzines is the worry. I mean, when a fanzine doesn't arrive on schedule one immediately assumes it to have fallen victim to 'Real-Soon-Now-itis', that it was in fact never mailed. My problem is that 1983 has been a very bad year for me with regard to fanzines going astray. NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION 5 was the first, and then the arrival of RAFFLES 7.5 tipped me off to the mysterious disappearance of RAFFLES 7. Larry Carmody had to send off three copies of this before one finally got through. Similarly I first became aware of the disappearance of STICKY QUARTERS 7 when the eighth issue arrived. And lately I've been seeing references by Ted White to GAMBIT that indicate that he at least doesn't consider it to be an ex-fanzine, one that has gone nearly two years (and still climbing) between issues. Nor has the 'Mysterious Vanishing Fanzine' effect been all one-way. Why, my first attempt to send John Berry a copy of THE ZINE THAT HAS NO NAME 3 simply resulted in



yet another would-be Fortean statistic. Where are they going to, all these disappearing fanzines? Are they slipping down wormholes in the fabric of our universe only to pop up again in some completely alien reality? What, one wonders, would be the reaction of a six-dimensional smell-being when suddenly confronted with two copies of RAFFLES 7? Is there, I wonder, reciprocity? Have I received anything completely incomprehensible lately, I ask myself? Other than LoCs from Mike Ashley that is...? Nope, not that I can call to mind. Fanzines are simply disappearing from our universe.

Faneditors have, of course, long been aware of this phenomenon. They have always known that most of the copies of their zine, optimistically consigned to the mails, will vanish without trace, generating no discernible response and ap-

parently vanishing completely from this continuum. However, these effects have never before been correctly interpreted. In the past it was always thought that the zines were in fact reaching their destinations, such is a naive faned's faith in the efficiency of the Postal Authorities to whom he is forced to entrust the fruits of his labours, not to mention his low opinion of the gratitude and responsiveness of his fellow fans. Obviously what we faneds had failed to take into consideration was entropy itself, which works towards an even density of energy throughout all the infinite universes. This of course means that it has twice as much effect on fanzines which are both matter and energy and matter is of course merely a different form of energy. That fanzines are matter is self-evident (If I inadvertantly staple one to my fingers, do I not bleed?) and that they are also a form of energy is also irrefutable for they are the purest embodiment of the vast outpourings of fannish energies.

Thus we may conclude that somewhere there exists a universe without fanac, a universe where *shudder* fanzines are unknown. This, quite naturally, makes Entropy exceedingly snitty. A great imbalance is set up, not unlike trading fanzines with Lee Hoffman, and this void acts, vacuum-like, to suck the fanzines and fannishness out of adjoining universes. Already every trace of fannishness has been leached from LOCUS. Can anything be done?

Well, first of all, the most important thing we must do is *don't panic!* If we're not careful we could rush out and take action that will have an effect directly opposite to that which we intend. A little thought here will pay enormous dividends.

Firstly, let's face it, we aren't suffering too badly. Only a few fanzines are disappearing. Certainly not enough to fill the void in the non-fannish dimensions. Obviously we are not one of the prime reservoirs of fannishness in this entropic equalisation process. We are simply being used for 'fine-tuning', to top up when the bulk operation has already taken place. There must exist somewhere universes which are many orders of magnitude more fannish than our own, and it is in these universes where the greatest entropic deprivations must make themselves felt. Just think... somewhere there *must* exist a universe so incredibly fannish that the stencils disappear from the typewriters even as they are being typed!

Imagine then, if you can, such a fandom, in which the term 'pubbing your ish' describes the throwing of a vast party at which hordes of fellow fanzine fans come around to fondle the dents in your typewriter platen, their groans of ecstasy being all the egoboo you'd ever get. An apa would be even more like an orgy, where they all brought around their own typewriters.

The truth remains that cosmically we're simply not particularly fannish. We're certainly not in the big leagues, which is how we've managed to scrape through until now without attracting too much attention. By keeping a low profile we've managed to get by with only a few random hits - or have we? In truth no, for it isn't only the physical aspects of fanac that entropy seeks to even out throughout the cosmos. Fannishness itself must have a concrete existence, for even without its more physical manifestations such as LoC's and fanzines, fannishness itself has been known to attract the entropic eye. Thus it is finally explained how various fandoms, fannish civilisations, come to flower in all their glory only to vanish almost immediately through some mysterious agency. We must picture entropy acting, not in a steady-state fashion, but rather as some universal radar beam. On the fannish frequencies it goes around and around at a steady rate, and concentrations of fannishness glow brightly upon its monitor screen as the beam sweeps over them. Following along behind the beam is some cosmic vacuum-cleaner that sucks up these glowing bits and spits them out at random into the dark areas. Yes, staggering, isn't it? But these new concepts of cosmogeny are always difficult to grasp at first.

Now normally, not being too fannish, we remain below the electronic horizon and the beam sweeps across above us, missing us completely. The few zines we do lose can be attributed to the random effects of freak reception conditions. Then, calamity. Fannishness builds. Take the flowering of Sixth Fandom as an example. At the very height of this fannish civilisation, when the fannish energies were at their peak, we were effectively promoted to the first division. We were playing with the big boys. Around comes the beam and suddenly, where always before there had been only darkness, now there is a bright green glow that shines out beacon-like. Revealed to the awareness of the entropic conspiracy we are powerless before the revages of its voraciousness and all the fannishness is sucked from the corpus of Sixth Fandom. The beam moves on. The fans remain but, devoid of all their fannish energies, they quickly gafiate in betrayed bewilderment.

Mind you, maybe it wasn't simply the fannishness itself which attracted entropy's eye. After all there was still quite a high level of physical fanac around. Why, in a 1964 fanzine, HARLEQUIN, the Irish John Berry revealed that, over the preceding ten years he had material published somewhere, on average, every six days. God, that's 610 pieces over the decade! Bloody hell! I've been active in fanzine fandom for over thirteen years now, and my article file has only just got up to number 25. There were giants then... Perhaps the fact is that the death of Sixth Fandom can be laid squarely at John Berry's door. Maybe he, all by himself, embodied such a concentration of fanac that Entropy simply dropped everything and rushed right on over. Maybe it wasn't Eney's fault? Whatever the cause, though, it is obvious that too high a level of fannishness is bad for us.

Thus we can see that our likely initial reaction, to combat this loss of fanzines and fannishness from our universe by increasing our level of fanac, would in fact be entirely the wrong approach. We must *decrease* our fannishness, until we are once more bubbling along nicely, just under the radar beam. But does this mean that we must all pub our ish a bit less frequently, or write fewer LoCs (God forbid!) or accede to fewer demands for articles? Well, maybe not. You see, it's the *average* level of fannishness in this universe that matters and fortunately I see signs that some sections of humanity saw the possible seriousness of this problem some time ago, and steps have already been taken to

ameliorate the situation. Vast numbers of these far-seeing souls rushed forward, clambered aboard the fringes of fandom and immediately, by the very preponderance of their numbers, dragged down the average fannish quotient of fandom. Thus they sacrificed themselves for the rest of us. You will see them at conventions, trying to put a brave face on their rate, pretending desperately to be enjoying themselves. You will recognise them by their costumes - their cute pointy-ears or their long scarves, their swords or light-sabres, ~~their complete inability to read~~. When you encounter them please remember the sacrifice that they have made for you, that you might live and fan, and try to make their terminal tedium easier for them to bear by showing that you are at least aware of the situation and that you appreciate everything that they have done. Speak pleasantly to them. Go up to them, take their hand in yours', gaze deeply into their eyes and express your gratitude freely. It will, I'm sure, make their lot easier to bear.

The Media fans were not the only ones not to be caught unawares. Terry Carr too displayed incredible foresight. Why, the very title he gave to the fanzine that he published in an attempt to preserve the rest of fandom, shows him to have been only too aware of the situation. ENTROPY REPRINTS. Reprints for Entropy. His idea, and let us not listen to any modest denials he may feel obliged to make, was obviously to pack so much fannishness into a single issue of a fanzine that Entropy itself would, in concentrating upon this, fail to notice all the lesser aggregations of fanac going on all around it. I even know when he first stumbled across the problem. It was in the February 1965 issue of LIGHTHOUSE 12, where he wrote:

"There's some sort of plot going on to remove files of LeeH's FANHISTORY from the face of the Earth, I think. Several years ago my set of the zine disappeared, and when more recently I asked Ted White if I could borrow his he revealed that *his* set has disappeared too. So we both asked LeeH herself if she had any extra copies, and she replied that even her personal file set was mysteriously gone. So when I saw a set advertised for sale in Gregg Calkins' THE RAMBLING FAP 35/ I immediately rushed off an order for it -- to receive a note from Gregg that 'they're gone'. Not 'sold', mind you -- just 'gone'."

That Terry's ploy succeeded brilliantly is attested by the scarcity of the copies of ENTROPY which have managed to remain in our universe, as evidenced by the infrequency with which copies turn up in fanzine auctions.

I'm worried though that such measures, laudable as they are, might prove inadequate. Fannishness is bursting out all over. Why, take this very fanzine - fannishness all over the place. I'm afraid that there's nothing else for it, I must act, or rather not act, if you see what I mean. It is a time for personal sacrifices. Much as I might wish to respond to the request of this zine's editors, for a contribution, I must be firm. After all, I owe it to fandom, regretfully, to decline. No, don't thank me - we must all make sacrifices for what we believe in. A fan must do what a fan must do, and all that. I'm just stepping outside for a few minutes. Somebody close the back page after me.....

---Skel

(Comment to Joni Stopa) Hey, I like spaghetti as much as anyone, but I have to tell you that trying to force it through your skin by means of an exploding pressure cooker is just *not* a good idea! I trust you're past the worst of your injuries; and next time, use a fork!

---Stven Carlberg, The Pied-a-Terre, FAPA #193

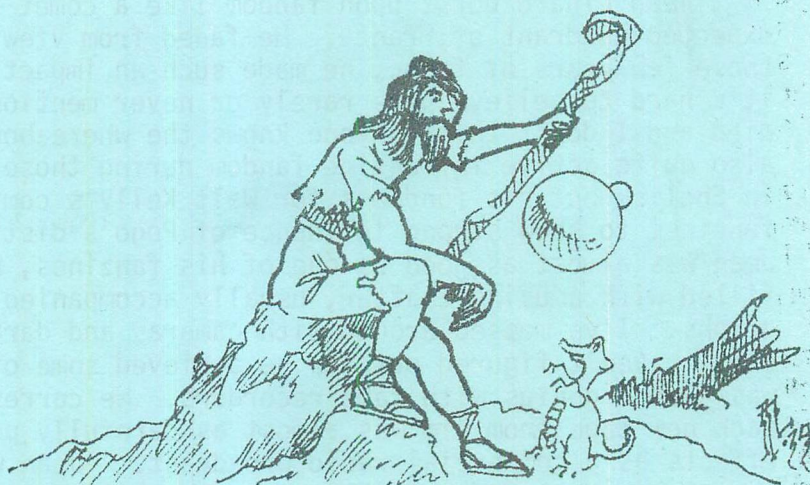
Forcing spaghetti through one's skin is no easier with a fork.

---Marty Cantor, smartass

ALL MY YESTERDAYS

BY

HARRY WARNER, JR.



It's strange, how some fans from the old days continue to pop up in nostalgia pieces, historical projects, and reprints while other

fans who once had just as much fame are virtually forgotten. It seems somehow unfair, because some of those forgotten fans had merits at least as great as many of those who still get occasional mentions in print or con panels.

The forgotten fans have a few things in common. Most of them didn't live in one of the areas which have been the topic of many memoirs and do-you-remember pieces, like Los Angeles, the Bay Area, and New York City. As a rule, the forgotten fans didn't do something which caused them to become a piece of legendry. Joel Nydahl is remembered today because of Nydahl's Disease, the fannish syndrome which consists of publishing bigger and bigger issues of a fanzine until it reaches a critical mass and collapses into a dark hole which engulfs both fanzine and editor. Many fans who published equally good fanzines are never mentioned nowadays. Naturally, a fan can't be forgotten if he resumes fan activity many years later or continues to show up at an occasional con after gafiating in other respects.

I'd like to recall briefly just a few of the many fans from my first decades in fandom who don't deserve the near-oblivion into which they've fallen. Most of them were favourites of mine, for one reason or another.

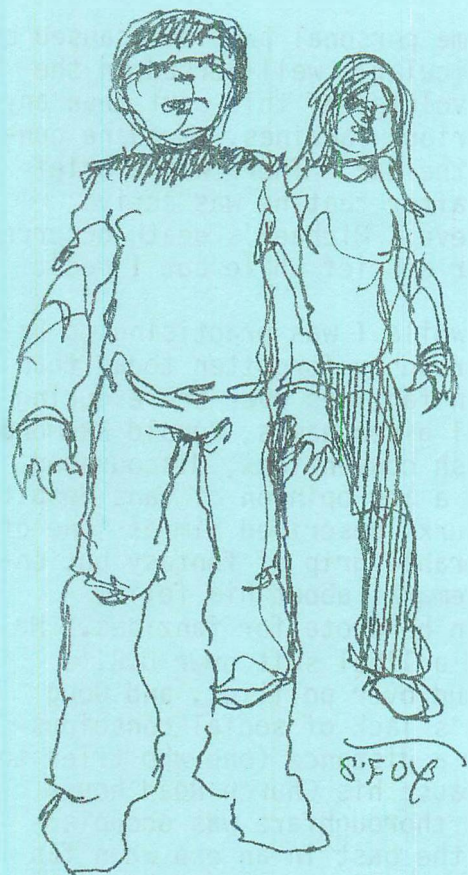
There was Walter Earl Marconette, an Ohio fan who was one of the few first-rate artists in fandom during the late 1930s and early 1940s. Unlike most fans of his time, he didn't imitate this or that prozine artist. Instead, he had his own basically simple, graceful style, and was particularly effective in the hektograph medium. Walt did all the covers for my HORIZONS when it was a genzine, little masterpieces that always caused me horror-filled half-hours because of the danger that the gelatin would rip asunder before I'd pulled enough copies of the cover from it. Walt had another merit by my standards. He was a relaxed, genial fan whey you encountered him face to face. That was a good contrast to the general tendency of fans to be intense, nervous personalities who always seemed on the verge of some sort of explosion. Besides his artistic merits, Walt published one of the neatest, most entertaining fanzines, SCIENTI-SNAPS, from 1938 through 1940. Alas, Walter gafiated soon after combining publishing efforts with Jack Chapman Miske and changing his title to BIZARRE. I haven't heard about any fanac from him since the 1940s. Someone or other hunted him up many years later and learned that he'd sold his science fiction collection to finance a new hobby, the collection of antique arms and armor.

Jean Linard burst upon fandom like a comet in the late 1950s from the unexpected quadrant of France. He faded from view in the early 1960s. But during those few years of fanac, he made such an impact on English language fandom that it's hard to believe he's rarely or never mentioned nowadays. Alas, Jean has died and I don't think anyone knows the whereabouts of his wife, Anie, who was also quite active in fanzine fandom during those years. Jean was able to write in English but his fondness for Walt Kelly's comic strip caused his letters and fanzines to show strong influence of Pogo's distinctive syntax. A letter from Jean was almost as good as one of his fanzines, because he wrote long ones, filled with amusing chatter, usually accompanied by some of his trick photographs. I've messed around with cameras and darkrooms most of my life but I still haven't figured out how he achieved some of his surrealistic images. Jean was also a genius with tape recorders. We corresponded for a time via tape, and each new tape from him was almost as carefully planned and filled with special effects as a commercial radio broadcast. Jean was plagued by ill health much of the time. Kool-Aid, of all things, was his favourite tonic and he enlisted the services of various American fans to keep him supplied with the materials for the drink which wasn't available in France. As far as I know, Jean met in person only one fan from an English-speaking nation, Britain's Alan Dodd. But he was much more vivid a person to me than most of the fans I've seen from time to time during cons or visits.

Joe Kennedy might rank as The Fan Least Likely To Be Forgotten But Was. He was enormously active in fandom from the middle of the 1940s through the early 1950s. His most ambitious fanzine, VAMPIRE, saw nine issues from 1945 through 1947, most of them fat ones, and it ranked near or at the top in popularity during its existence. Joe had a light-hearted attitude toward fandom, wrote vast amounts of material for other people's fanzines, and managed to stay out of serious feuding even though his New Jersey home wasn't too far from the sizzling factionalism of New York City. But somehow, his memory has faded. I seem to remember a paragraph or two of Joe Kennedy prose reprinted somewhere in recent years but that's about it. *[Kennedy's "After The Atom" was a Terry Carr ENTROPY REPRINT in HTT #20.-ed.]* Unlike so many gaffiated fans, we know exactly what happened to Joe. He became a far-out poet. Although he uses professionally a different set of initials which I seem to remember as X.J. Kennedy although I could be wrong, he's to be found in all the big reference works on modern American poets and he holds a faculty position at a prestigious New England college. I have no idea why Joe severed so completely and so permanently his connection with fandom after he started to publish all those slim volumes of poetry. He seems to have ignored some recent efforts to lure him back onto the SAPS membership roster, where he was a mainstay during that apa's early history.

Technically, Vernon L. McCain hasn't been completely forgotten because a few years ago, I published in FAPA about 10,000 words of retrospective and reprints. But otherwise, this Oregon fan suffers a neglect that is inexplicable. During the 1950s, I suspect he may have been among the top three or four fans with respect to the number of words published in fanzines. He once estimated his output for fanzine publication at 50,000 words per month during 1954. Vernon also corresponded widely and voluminously, rarely writing a letter shorter than four pages in length and often doubling or tripling that size. He was a mainstay for years in FAPA and SAPS, but I don't think he had personal contact with many fans outside the Pacific Northwest. Vernon could write interestingly and fairly on almost any subject. Like Jean Linard, Vernon died distressingly young, in 1958, from complications after what had seemed to be a routine appendectomy.

Francis T. Laney is one of the best-remembered fans from ancient times. Jack Chapman Miske was like Fran in certain respects, like frankness and willingness to slaughter sacred cows. But Jack's career in fandom was much shorter and



he has become undeservedly one of the respectable company of virtually forgotten fans. I was involved in one of Jack's major ventures, a regular column in my genzine, SPACEWAYS, in the early 1940s. He wrote it anonymously and the combined challenge to fans to solve the puzzle of the unknown columnist and the brash contents caused STARDUST, the column, to become a sensation for a while. I no longer remember exactly how the columnist's identity leaked out but I believe it involved information in it that was known to so few fans that a process of elimination left Jack revealed. I keep wondering if Jim Blish was influenced by the STARDUST matter when he decided a few years later to begin writing an anonymous column for Redd Boggs. Miske gafiated abruptly, mainly because of a boorish action of Cyril Kornbluth at the first Chicon. Kornbluth pretended to want to shake Miske's hand after the latter had given a talk, had a concealed buzzer in his palm, and the embarrassment disgusted Miske with all fandom. Two decades later, he showed up at the Clevention but stayed in semi-seclusion and I don't think he has shown any signs of activity since.

There are quite a few fans who have attended cons and local club meetings despite severe physical handicaps in recent years. Marijane Johnson must have been one of the first and most courageous fans who pioneered in this respect. She was so crippled with arthritis that she was confined to a wheelchair. But she managed to travel to some extent with the help of a wheelchair lifter and the cooperation of friendly fans. Even today, some handicapped fans seem to prefer not to mention in print their problems but Marijane was just the opposite. She created a personal mythology about Clancy, her name for the lifter, Mr. Mittens, her cat, and various other essentials in her semi-invalid lifestyle. However, Marijane concentrated her fanac in the NFFF, limiting her recognition in fandom in general. Her magnum opus was a 56-page publication, JANEY'S JOURNAL, published in 1961 with the assistance of Clay Hamlin and Robert Lambeck. Marijane is another of the growing company of gafiated fans who won't return to activity because of their death.

An astonishingly large proportion of the active fans in the United Kingdom during the 1930s and 1940s became major figures in various fields in later years: mainly as professional writers and editors, like Ted Carnell, Arthur C. Clarke, C.S. Youd (who wrote as John Christopher), Walter Gillings, and so forth. One who didn't was among the best fans of that period, J. Michael Rosenblum. He did so much for fandom and he was such a nice guy that he is unjustly overlooked nowadays. Michael was a major figure in British fandom as far back as 1935 when he became active in the Leeds chapter of the Science Fiction League. By 1937, he was publishing fanzines. Almost single-handedly, he kept UK fandom alive during World War Two, publishing Futurian War Digest as a rallying place for the badly

scattered fans in the armed services, despite extreme personal problems caused by his conscientious objector stand. Michael was particularly well-versed in the field of science fiction books, ferreting out more volumes of this sort than anyone imagined to exist and writing about them for various fanzines. Mundane consideration caused him to gafiate for a while after the war. There was a brief return to fanzine publishing in the mid 1950s, but after that he was active mainly in a smallish circle of British fans, I believe. Michael's death occurred several years ago. His son was active in fandom for a brief while but I don't think the son has been heard from in recent years.

Another British fan might have been my mentor while I was practising to become The Hermit of Hagerstown. He is even more thoroughly forgotten today than Michael Rosenblum, despite his extreme prominence in fanzines over there during World War Two. D.R. Smith (who rarely used his full given names, Donald Raymond) lived at Nuneaton, refused to go to the first British conventions, discouraged anyone who hinted about paying him a visit, and had a low opinion of fans despite behaving like one with respect to fanzines. John Burke described him as "one of those unfortunates who cannot escape from the inexorable grip of fantasy but endeavors to salvage his pride by making derogatory remarks about his fellow slaves." He reminded me of George Bernard Shaw when he wrote for fanzines. He was so outspoken that John Russell Fearn threatened a libel suit over D.R.'s criticism of Fearn's fiction, he feuded with Sam Youd over politics, and Doug Webster was scandalized by what he considered Smith's lack of social consciousness. Nevertheless, a lot of fans admired him from a distance (one who tried to pay him an unannounced visit gave up in despair because his Church Road house didn't have a number and almost every house on that thoroughfare was occupied by a Smith family) and his fanzine prose was among the best in an era when fanzine writing in England was infinitely superior to that in the United States. Like Rosenblum, Smith didn't make it big as a professional writer and I doubt if anyone has heard from him in recent decades. He would be approaching his three score and ten if he's still alive, because he was a bit older than most fans of his era, having been born in 1917.

There are two things wrong with a review of this type. One is the fact that it should be extended endlessly. I don't mean to imply that the fans I've written about are superior to those I've not considered in this look back at the forgotten fans of the past. I just happened to think of these sooner than others or they were better known to me than excellent fans with whom I had little or no contact in the old days. The other problem is the probability that I'm wrong about at least one or two of these fans having disappeared from view. I don't receive all fanzines published so some of them may have been the subject of retrospectives or reprints not long ago. I don't go to cons any more so I wouldn't know if one or more of those still living have appeared recently at a fan gathering. I'd like to see all who are still among us imitate Vinç Clarke, Bob Leman, and other long-gafiated fans who have recently bobbed up again in fandom.

---Harry Warner, Jr.

I paid a dime for a copy of Dahlgren at a yard sale and I don't think I've got my money's worth.

-Harry Warner, HORIZONS, FAPA #192



THE F U T U R E O F T A F F

BY DONALD FRANSON

No, this is NOT a re-eruption of the unmentionable subject in HTT; in fact, unless you have had a humourectomy, you should find this quite amusing. Both Robbie and I (on opposite sides in the late unpleasantness) both find this piece by Don to be not objectionable to our positions; indeed, it has nothing at all to do with the feud as such (although we believe that the feud was Don's starting place) and was written solely with a humorous intent. We also regret the necessity of this disclaimer.

An imaginary interview with the 1995 TAFF delegate, Holdover Funds.

DF: Mr. Funds, now that you have won TAFF, after many races, what have you got to say?

Funds: It's about time. I've been on the ballot for years. I never gave up.

DF: Some say TAFF is too controversial. Isn't it the main purpose of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund to bring fans together?

Funds: You mean like nuclear fission material?

DF: What do you think of the Australian ballot?

Funds: It should be deported to Australia. Who wants second-place winners, like the Hugos? So what if a majority isn't achieved on the first count? Most club elections get along with a plurality.

DF: What is your opinion on the proliferation of TAFF lookalikes -- DUFF, GUFF, SEFF, FFANZ and others I might name, but I can't remember them?

Funds: Let a thousand flowers bloom. I have also heard of LAFF, COFF, and SNAFU.

DF: What are they?

Funds: Los Angeles Fan Fund, Chicago's Own Fan Fund, and Situation Normal... no, that isn't a fund, it's a hotel motto...all filled up.

DF: What about individual funds?

Funds: I'm supporting send Richard Bergeron to Puerto Rico.

DF: He already is in Puerto Rico.

Funds: That will save thousands of dollars. If all the fan funds got together and exchanged names and countries, there would be no need of sending any fans anywhere. The excess money could be used for printing fanzines.

DF: What hopes have you for the campaign to get winners to write their trip reports?

Funds: We're still waiting for Wally Weber's report.

DF: Didn't he disappear from fandom so he wouldn't have to write a trip report?

Funds: That's the solution. All winners who don't write trip reports should disappear from fandom. Either voluntarily or by request.

DF: Don't some winners gafiate anyway, immediately after returning from the trip?

Funds: I'm going to gafiate during the trip. When I get to England, I'll just fade into the jungle.

DF: There are no jungles in England.

Funds: Have you never been to London?

DF: What do you think of all the new rules?

Funds: It's too hard for the administrators to fold and staple a 40-page TAFF ballot.

DF: What about the recent trend to dual and multiple candidates?

Funds: I voted against LASFS for TAFF bid. My only regret is that I don't have a wife to take along with me.

DF: Don't you have a girl friend? Are they allowed to go tandem?

Funds: That's a question not yet resolved by the TAFF rules. It hasn't been discussed by the TAFF brain trust.

DF: What is the TAFF brain trust?

Funds: It's everyone who has nothing to do with supporting TAFF in normal times, but has all kinds of destructive suggestions when it's in trouble.

DF: What could destroy TAFF?

Funds: Nothing, except a reversal of the continental drift, so that the two continents come together.

DF: Will you be running again next time?

Funds: It's an unwritten rule (if not written by now) that TAFF winners don't stand again, at least in the same fund.

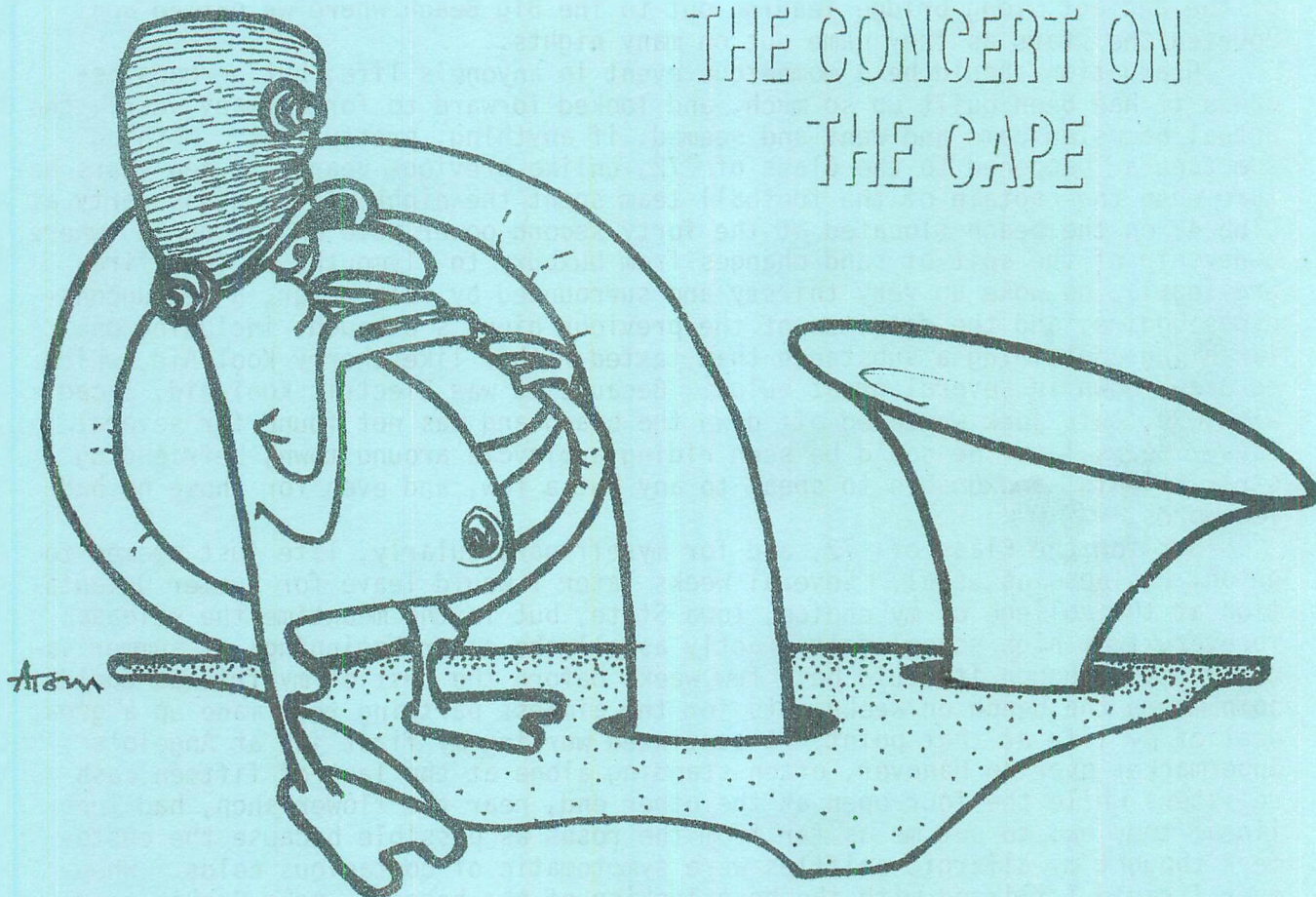
DF: What is TAFF without Holdover Funds on the ballot?

Funds: I'm thinking of entering my girl friend, Nana Theabove.

DF: Do you think TAFF is here to stay?

Funds: As long as there is controversy, there will be TAFF.

---Donald Franson



THE CONCERT ON THE CAPE

BY

LINDA BLANCHARD

// Linda Blanchard appeared on the fan scene just a few years ago -- she rapidly acquired a reputation as one of fandom's good new writers. Some personal problems have kept her out of the fan press of late. With this piece she again appears in a fanzine with some memories from her past and it is our hope that she will appear in HTT with regularity. /*/*

I graduated from Duxbury High School in May of 1972, undistinguished by the honours I might have had if not for a large chain of ifs. Among them: if my father, who had given me a great deal of direction as a child, had not died when I was eleven, leaving me to drift; if I had not, at sixteen, fallen very deeply in love with a straight but restless young man; if he had not, a year and many complications later, left me, causing one long, dark depression, a mild stutter that lasted several months, a few indelible scars, and a startling change in this once good student -- a rebellion that began with cutting classes so that I could cruise the back roads of Plymouth County, and ended with my hardly caring about school at all. All I wanted in the world was to get away from my little town's gossip, and all the painful memories brought up whenever I drove around the flagpole at Hall's Corner and didn't take the familiar road to *his* house on Standish Shore, or the sweet, soft lap of salty waves on the beach at the Old Cove where we skinny-dipped at night, or the rattle of tires over the silvery weathered wood

of the ancient, long bridge leading out to The Big Beach where we parked and counted the stars as they came out on many nights.

Graduation should be a momentous event in anyone's life, but perhaps because it had been built up so much, and looked forward to for so many years, the actual occasion came and went and seemed, if anything, pretty flat. Nothing spectacular happened to the Class of '72, unlike previous years. A few years before when the captain of the football team spent the night of the class party at Club 42 on the beach (located at the forty-second power pole on the dunes, where ownership of the spit of sand changes from Duxbury to Plymouth, so that fires are legal), he woke up very thirsty and surrounded by salt water, a few unconscious bodies, and the detritus of the previous night's debauch, including one large jug containing a substance that tasted rather like cherry Kool-Aid, which he drank down in several great gulps. Because it was Electric Kool-Aid, laced with LSD, this jock wandered off down the beach and was not found for several days. Years later he could be seen riding a bicycle around town, befriending stray animals, and unable to speak to any but a few, and even for those he had few words.

But for the Class of '72, and for myself particularly, life just seemed to go on, business as usual. Several weeks later I would leave for Summer Orientation at the college of my choice, Iowa State, but in the meantime the release, forever, from high school felt exactly as all the other beginnings of summer vacation had, though it would be a few weeks before the rest of my friends could join me on the beach on weeknights for the aimless partying that made up a great deal of my life at that point. I continued working my first job at Angelo's Supermarket over in Hanover, often standing alone at the last of fifteen cash registers while the four open at the other end, near the flower shop, had long lines; they had to put me as far from the roses as possible because the customers thought my allergic sniffles were symptomatic of contagious colds. Whenever I could I flirted with the best looking of the baggers, pale Jackie, and teased his dark, strange buddy, John, and the rest by calling them "bungle boys" which, given the gangliness of most teenagers, they were. On the too infrequent fifteen minute breaks I rushed to the ladies room, climbed up on the counter and soaked one foot in a sink of soapy water while massaging the other, and swore I'd never take another stand-all-day job.

Even my volunteer work for the Atlantis Rising Coffee House and Hot Line went on, though I'd recently soured on it when I realised that even with proper funding, which the town would never give, it couldn't prevent the youth in a small, wealthy town from cutting itself on the sharp edges of drug abuse, uneducated sex, and thievery for thrills.

In early June, the schools shut down for the summer, and the town prepared for the long siege of bored youngsters, and the even more notorious migration of Summer People who crowded the stores and the beaches and took from the town for one season and then returned to their lives. On a Friday night I sat in my roomy Ford van, Molly, in the parking lot of the Atlantis Rising along with several of my friends, smoking cigarettes and good quality, inexpensive dope (ah! for the days of my youth! when the going price was \$20 an ounce for a good quality "lid"), and speculating on how we could earn more Hippy Status Points, a game with its roots in one you may have played ("Two points for running over old ladies, three for a nun"). Two points for getting stoned in a police parking lot, three for scoring a lid in front of the principal's office..... Tonight we were masterminding an escapade we thought should earn us at least twenty points: we'd gather the tools and, wearing dark clothes, with blackened faces, in the deep of night, climb up on the high school roof and switch the lettering of DUXBURY HIGH SCHOOL around to read BOY R U HIGH and see how long it would take anyone to notice. We could just see the photo on the cover of the Duxbury Clipper.

The slow strumming of a guitar drifted out the door of the boxy, old, white-clapboard building, and Valerie's voice, singing a sad song about valentines and maple leaves tucked into paperbacks, blended with the tune she played and got lifted with the night breeze to mix with the sigh of the pines in the tall wind and the voices of others wandering among the parked cars. "...for Bangladesh at P-town next weekend," a familiar voice was saying in passing. "George Harrison is going to play and James Taylor will..." They passed behind Molly and I put my head out the window and said, "Dave! What are you talking about?"

"WCBN says there's going to be a free concert to benefit Bangladesh next weekend," he said, but kept on walking. "Out on the tip of the Cape and I've heard that George Harrison and James Taylor were going to show."

"Thanks!" I turned back around. "Bet they don't," I said and passed on the news to those listening, along with my expectation that the Big Names were just a rumour. George Harrison was already connected with sending aid to Bangladesh (I was, too, for that matter since I'd organised a fund-raising dance for the cause a year before), and James Taylor summered out at Martha's Vineyard just a few islands and a bit of bay away from Provincetown. But the concert sounded like fun anyway and several of us passed the rest of the evening talking about going. I was sure *I'd* go, but some of my friends were younger than I by two years and they doubted their parents would let them go. My mother wouldn't stop me, and it was nothing to do with having graduated already, either, as I told my friends:

"The last time I wanted to go to a distant concert I figured my mother wouldn't let me, so I didn't ask. It had a really great line-up, though: Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young; Joan Baez; John Sebastian; Country Joe and the Fish; and dozens of other groups!"

"Woodstock!" Barb said.

"Yeah. When it got on the news my mother and I were watching and I told her I'd wanted to go. She said she wouldn't have any idea what it would turn into and she'd have let me go. I don't think this concert will be as big as Woodstock by a long shot, but I'm not going to miss it."

During the week I listened to WCBN warning people away -- no big names were going to show, just local bands -- but the rumours of the concert grew, and people were flocking out despite media warnings that the ecology of the dunes couldn't support so many. They just kept coming from all over New England and as far away as Pennsylvania and even the Carolinas.

Nancy Lucky, the only one of my group of friends who was my own age, said she'd come along and Valerie said the hell with what her parents said, she'd run away if she had to (typical Val). My best friend, Barbara, and her best friend, Sharon, wanted to go, too, but, knowing their parents wouldn't let them, each told their own parents that they were spending the night at the other's house. (Given that they both lived on my small street, I thought it unlikely their ruse would go undiscovered, but kept my mouth shut.) I told my mother where I was going, but even I didn't get away "clean" since I would have to call in "sick" for Saturday's work.

The five of us and my "van dog", Clancy (her registered name was Red Van's Clancy), took off late Friday afternoon right after I got off work. Actually, Clancy was not much of a van dog, though I'd bought her as a two-month-old pup back in March just for the purpose of keeping me company on the road. The first thing she'd done as I drove her home was get gloriously car sick. With each passing day the truth became clearer: this was one crazy dog. One of my mother's friends had her on his lap one day. When she hopped off, he began to brush the fur off his pants and she attacked him. When a neighbour was hoeing his garden, she went for his throat. She hated men, children, old people (or, everyone but women about my age), and blacks. Later we discovered two facts that explained

some of this: the kennel she'd been kept in had a little, dark monkey who'd let himself out of his cage to go imitate human behaviour by sticking his hands into the puppy cages and batting at them ("Shut *up!*"), and another of the owner's favourite pastimes when annoyed with the little ones was to chase them away with brooms.

At any rate, we had only just gotten past Plymouth and officially onto Cape Cod when nervous Clancy proved she *still* had a problem coping with vehicular motion. I quickly found a small road off the highway where we all bailed out while I cleaned up the mess. We decided to put the memory of the episode behind us by getting stoned, so we pulled up a bit of ground amid scrubby pines and passed the pipe around. I can't remember who suggested we get Clancy stoned, too, but soon the pup was being passed, three tokes behind the pipe. Since she objected to smoke being blown in her face, we blew it in her ears which (I'd heard) worked just as well since the veins are so near the skin surface there. We all got back in Molly and drove on. And that dog never got carsick again. (I guess she learned to relax from that episode. I wish it had taken away all her other twisted fears, too.)

Night soon closed down, limiting our view to a yellow cone of light illuminating white dashes painted on black tar, and little else. Earlier there had seemed to be a lot of traffic -- not unusual for a summer weekend heading out along the Cape's curving upper arm and around the elbow -- but, as time went on, sensible travellers found safe harbours in quaint hotels for the night, and we drove on, encapsulated in the smoke-filled party-on-wheels that my van so often was. Voices singing along with my 8-track player, reminiscing about our Vast Past of sixteen to eighteen years in length, and speculating about our futures passed the time. Dark green highway signs with reflecting, bright, white letters flashed by with the names of towns along the way -- Yarmouth, Chatham, Orleans, Eastham, Wellfleet -- and the highway grew rougher and narrower and finally dumped us off on a two-lane tarmac, the road rumpled and rutted by alternating seasons of winter's shrinking freezes and summer's expanding heat. Around us the dim outlines of monstrous sand dunes could be seen cutting black shadows against the cool of the night; we could smell the ocean.

I'd driven all the way out (I was the only one, then, who *could* drive Molly) and I was sleepy. We debated driving all the way to the location of the concert -- we didn't know exactly where it was -- to get a good spot. As we travelled further, still discussing it, the cars and campers and vans that had simply pulled off by the side of the road increased. Then they thinned out again and we decided those who'd gotten nearer must have already gone on to the amphitheatre. We might as well camp for the night. We found a wide, solid swath of hard soil, mostly sand, at one curve in the road and pulled off at a distance from the Winnebago that was parked there, and settled down for the night, some to sleeping bags outside and two of us to Molly's platform bed. The constant, low thrum and roar of the ocean pounding the beach on the ocean side of the cape put us quickly to sleep.

Sunlight through the front window awakened us to the crisp air and deep blue sky of coming day. We set about waking up: a cigarette; Clancy trotting around checking it out, her fox-brush tail high and wagging; someone boiling water to make tea; Barb using a red felt-tip pen to draw a sun rising, light streaming over fluffy clouds, surrounding the words "GOOD MORNING!" and taping it up on the back window; granola bars and milk from my Coleman icebox; Val's feet slipping in the sand as she tried to run up a huge slope of dune, spilling rivers of sand back down, falling and laughing and reaching the top and saying "Oh! Ocean!" and bidding us come up. The couple in the Winnebago were awake, and we offered them tea and granola; they made us bacon and eggs in their kitchen and were soon on their way. Their licence said Indiana and they were going to the concert.

Anxious to get on with the day, we packed up and headed on down the road, but got only a little way before Sharon said, "Oh! Look!!!" I pulled over and looked out her window at the broad, towering dune, sand gleaming white, shadows deeply cut by the angle of the low morning sun. Someone had used the dune as a giant chalk board -- one that blocked half of the sky -- writing on it by scuffing feet in the sand: a peace symbol, END WAR and another peace symbol. So big, so clear, so beautiful. I got out, camera in hand, and crossed the road to snap a picture. A VW bug chugged by, honked and its passengers waved. I looked back at the van and noticed I'd pulled up just in front of a sign in such a way that its arrow pointed right at Molly. It said "SUNSHINE MOTEL. Colour TV. Swimming Pool. Room Service." I photographed that, too.

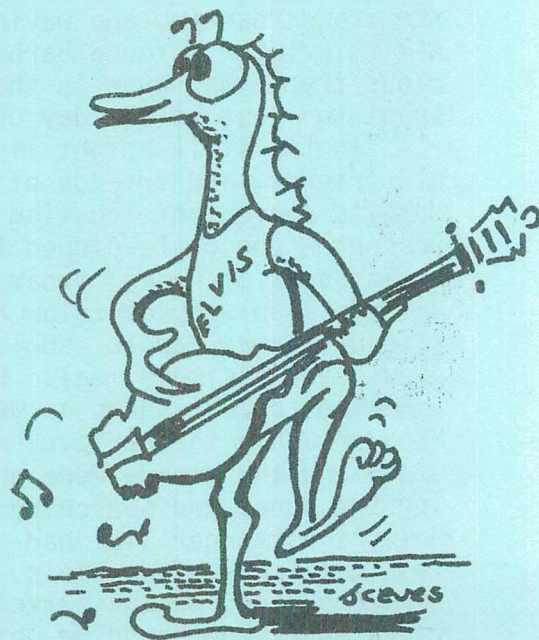
Driving again, slowly, all of us looking out at the dunes and the ocean and the hikers, people waving and smiling, there was a grand feeling of celebration all around. It seemed it would be a fine day, and a wonderful concert, if we just managed to figure out where the amphitheatre was, and to get there before the crowd closed out the last parking spot.

A mile or two down the road, having passed cars parked bumper to bumper and streams of people walking, but having decided to at least scout the location before returning to find a place to park, we came around a bend and saw a sign for the concert, turned off the road into a huge, mostly empty, parking lot. Driving across the lot, we could see the dunes drop down to a concrete, open-air amphitheatre and I drove right up to the edge and parked, neat as you please. We couldn't believe our luck! All those people parked back there must have thought, as we did, that there would be no room left. *Everyone* must have thought that, because there we were with front row seats and all the comforts of the Sunshine Motel parked right at the rim.

I'd like to tell you who played that day and how well, but, frankly, I didn't get to see much of the concert. Once we'd settled into our "space", the first thing we did was a sort of inventory, after which we decided we didn't have enough comestibles to support five of us through nightfall. We'd passed a turn off to a town a few miles back. It would be a short drive, but a long walk. We couldn't give up our great parking spot. We decided two people should hike to a store and bring back food. A coin flip settled it that Sharon and I would go. I left Clancy in Barb's care and we set out for town.

We walked and we walked and we walked. A steady flow of concert-goers passed us ("Hey!" they'd say, "Aren't you going the wrong way?") and a rare few were heading south, like we were, no doubt returning to get their cars and move up to the parking lot. Sharon and I walked. And walked. And walked. The sun climbed up in the sky. It got hot. The tarmac got soft underfoot. We walked.

From behind us I heard a distant call, "Hey, you! From Angelo's! Hey, you, up there!" and turned to see, at some distance behind us, Jackie and John, the "bungleboys" I worked with. Sharon and I stopped and waited for them to catch up, then we introduced ourselves and began walking again. I fell in, naturally, beside Jackie and Sharon and John strolled just behind us. We talked about what a small world it was, what we were doing there and the usual. We walked and



walked (and talked) some more. Sharon and John fell behind, so Jackie and I waited, and we walked and talked some more when they caught up. Soon they fell behind again, but it was hot and I was tired of walking and waiting. I just wanted to get it over with, so we kept on at a leisurely pace, hoping they'd catch up. I turned and saw them further behind -- a few stragglers between us now -- but we kept on.

Jackie was telling me how he'd awakened to find John gone, had spent hours looking for him from dawn til the sun was well up, and, walking along the ocean-side looking for him, had met more than one girl who said, yes, a fellow fitting that description had passed that way an hour before -- he'd stopped her and told her how beautiful she was, asking her to marry him (giggle!). Jackie said he didn't know what John had taken when he got up, but it must have been a doozy. I turned and looked back; Sharon and John were no longer in sight. We waited for them to come around the curve -- several other people did and passed us -- then we walked back for a distance, but they were nowhere to be seen. After a bit more waiting we decided there was nothing for it but to keep on and wait for them in town.

I did a bit of shopping in a small mom & pop grocery store and then Jackie and I sat on the bench outside for quite a while. Jackie finally decided he ought to go look for John; I thought I'd wait a little longer. In about fifteen minutes, a semi-hysterical Sharon showed up. John, professing undying love for her, had dragged her off into the woods and, in a show of fierce bravery, Sharon had convinced him, with brute force as a back-up, that she was not the girl of his dreams.

I got Sharon a cold pop and we started back through the heat of the day, it now being past noon, talking about theoretical methods of avoiding rape and getting out of bad situations. We swapped the sacks of groceries from arm to arm and person to person. It got hotter, the sun higher, our skins redder, and tempers shorter. During the last two miles about the only things we discussed were the shade we'd find inside Molly and the cold wineskin of Sangria I'd left in the ice box.

By the time we returned to the amphitheatre, the concert was in full swing. Four strangers, sitting on Molly's roof, had no idea where the van's occupants were. We put the groceries away, drank a few large gulps of ice-water from the box's melt-off, and went in search. We found Valerie standing on the edge of the crowd, dancing and waving an empty wineskin over her head. *Empty* wineskin. A little later I found Barbara chaperoning crazy Clancy under one of the tenacious trees that grew in the sandy soil of the dunes. I returned to the van and spent the rest of the day chatting with friends.

In the still-bright light of late afternoon, I cooked dinner for dozens of old friends, and friends of friends, and new friends who stopped by the Sunshine Motel's convenient location at the edge of the theatre. (Entrée - Tuna casserole. Dessert - Chocolate-dipped fruit fondue: slowly warm $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream and two tablespoons of honey, break up and add two eight ounce Hershey bars, stir til melted, keep warm over low heat while using forks to dip in cubes of cantaloupe, sliced bananas, apple, whole strawberries and orange sections. Expect rave reviews over a simple meal. Best served to stoned crowds of hungry people.)

The concert ended as we ate dinner and, when the sun was still a hand's breadth above the horizon, we got ready to leave. The parking lot was mostly empty and the crowds were gone, yet there were still hundreds of people wandering the dunes and searching for misplaced friends or looking for rides home. Molly's passenger list had grown from five to nine, with the addition of four female friends of Jackie's. While Valerie went in search of someone she thought needed a ride, we sat parked by the side of the road. Two strangers asked for rides to Plymouth and we let them in. Another couple stopped by my door and

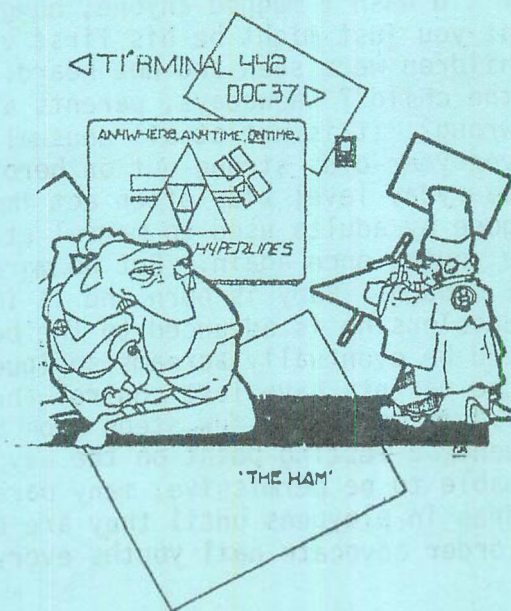
asked for a ride. I suggested they look in the open back doors and, if they thought they could fit, they should. They looked in -- the driver, Sharon straddling The Box that sat up front, a girl on her boyfriend's lap riding Shotgun, two people on the chest, three on the bed, and two crowded among the backpacks on the floor --and walked away. Valerie returned, alone, and started to climb in when three other hikers complete with heavy backpacks walked up and rapped lightly on the side of the van to get my attention. I started to tell them they could have a ride if they wanted, but... They interrupted to say they'd only wanted to tell me the van had a flat tire in the rear.

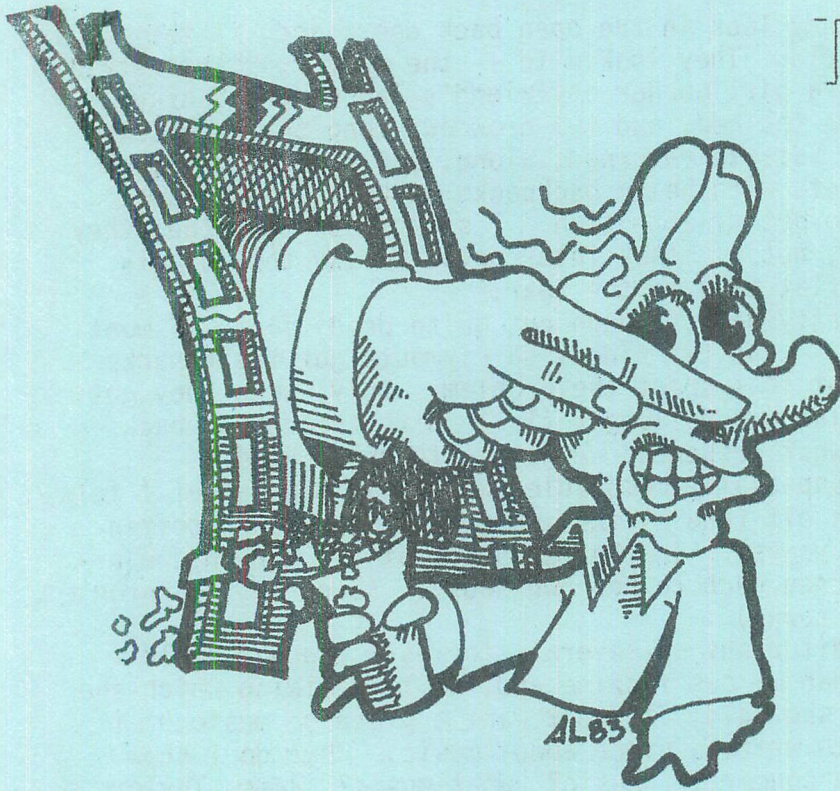
I got out. Sure enough, pretty damn (though not quite dead) flat. I went around the side to tell the gang -- the two riders to Plymouth got their packs and left -- and everyone piled out to inspect the problem. Only, when they got around back to look at it, the flat was no longer flat! With the roster back down to nine and the weight somewhat lessened, we got on the road home.

'Twas a long drive and not especially memorable except for the relief I felt when I'd dropped Jackie's friends off (one of them gave me a hand-made, coffin-shaped hash pipe that I kept for years). In the wee hours of the morning we arrived back in Duxbury and I returned each to her own house. (Barb's and Sharon's folks never *did* know they'd left town.)

Recently, I offered a fan editor any of several stories I thought could stand telling in a forum other than my own fanzine and, while deciding which she liked by process of elimination, she said, "I don't want a piece on music." I thought, "Music? I didn't offer to write a piece about music. What do I know about music? Oh! The Bangladesh Concert." Music? What music? James Taylor and George Harrison had never arrived, as we all expected they would not. I didn't go for the musical entertainment. Fortunately, since the local bands were forgettable. I went for the good company, for the adventure, which I got.

- Linda Blanchard





THE LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK chapter 8 JUVENILE DELINQUENCY -TOWARD THE KINDER-JAIL

BY

RICHARD WEINSTOCK

"Have you hugged your kid today?" the message on the bumper sticker queries. Good Lord! No wonder our society is going to seed. The bumper sticker message should instead read: "Has your kid mugged anyone today?" The "Have you hugged your kid" message reveals the depths to which our society has sunk in its permissive attitude toward child-rearing. Kids who mug people definitely should not be hugged. And, even if your kid hasn't mugged anyone, hugging him puts you in a vulnerable position so that you just might be his first victim.

It used to be that children were seen and not heard. What has happened to "Spare the rod and spoil the child"? Nowadays, parents are the slaves of their children. What has gone wrong? It is not at all unusual to read Pulitzer Prize winning articles about seven-year-olds strung out on heroin or twelve-year-old bank robbers. On a more everyday level kids often act immature and they are usually vagrant. In years gone by adults used to marvel at the wonder of childhood and wish they could become youths once again. But no more. Why is this?

Things start out well enough. Baby is born and is immediately put behind bars in his crib. As he develops he is advanced to the bars of the playpen. But then he learns to scream and he eventually screams so loudly that he is set loose in the house. Obviously the parents have lost control and junior is now on his way to becoming a criminal. It is just a few steps from Sociopisser to Sociopath with juvenile delinquency a resting point on the way.

Because it is fashionable to be permissive, many parents will continue to refuse to keep their children in playpens until they are eighteen, and this chapter will help the law and order advocate nail youths every chance they get.

WHY KIDS ARE CRIMINALS

There are many theories as to why youths commit public offences. The most important of these attributes it to a breakdown in discipline and parental authority in our society. But why has there been this breakdown in discipline and parental authority? The key reason is, of course, government meddling in the private affairs of its citizens.

Such an example of these misguided efforts are laws which prohibit minors from entering bars and taverns. How can Dad possibly keep a watchful eye on his errant child if the law won't allow the child admittance to the place where Dad hangs out? Another example involves child labour laws. It used to be that children worked alongside their parents in coal mines, factories, railyards and agricultural fields. But now, kids are supposed to go to school or spend their time at leisurely activities while their parents get Black Lung, spinal fibrosis or some other disabling occupational disease. Shouldn't it be *vice versa*? Isn't a sick kid easier to handle than a healthy one?

A second, related, reason for the breakdown in discipline and parental authority involves recent "modernistic" thinking and trends in child-rearing practices. The basic idea here is that children are just growing human beings who can be reasoned with and who will act responsibly when given the opportunity. Here the parent neither disciplines the kid, nor presents himself as an authority. Needless to say, sooner or later children raised in this fashion become delinquent, talking back to teachers, police officers, officials and others in positions of authority. People who espouse this philosophy would have us believe that four-year-olds could run a government as well as the people we elect who pretend to be that age.

SIZING UP THE PROBLEM

The number of youthful offenders is on the increase, and will reach epidemic proportions in the 1990s if current trends continue. Things are even worse off on a *per capita* basis because of the declining birth rate. Putting both trends together, it seems certain that by the year 1995 there will be more juvenile delinquents than children in the United States. Furthermore, hubcaps will be stolen at a far greater rate than they can be reproduced and the major means of public transportation in the United States will be hitching rides with joyriders.

The law and order community need not despair, however. Grownups have always enjoyed sticking it to kids and the above scenario shows that the future holds many opportunities for exactly that. There are many ways this can be accomplished through changes in the present system of dealing with minors in the fields of education, the media, juvenile justice and the other institutions by which we mold the hearts and minds of our youth.

KIDDY KRIMES FOR THE EIGHTIES

At the present time one out of every twenty youths has or will be in trouble with the law before he is eighteen. Since, as has been pointed out, this will increase considerably by the nineties, the process might as well be hastened so that we can catch most of them much sooner. Here are some serious offences to the adult world worth criminalising to this end.

- 1) Contributing to the Delinquency of an Adult. Minors will often ask an adult to go into a liquor store to buy beer for them, offering the adult free beer in exchange. The consenting adult may have never before touched a drop of alcohol and incidents of this nature have been known to set such an adult on the road to chronic alcoholism. Also, one often sees kids nag their parents for ex-

pensive bikes, computer games, clothes and other playthings. This can result in the parent becoming delinquent on his Ferrari payments or some other important account and should be discouraged at its source. There are, of course, many other ways in which minors contribute to the delinquency of adults.

2) Practicing Medicine Without a Licence. How many kids in your neighbourhood play doctor? No survey has ever been done, but the results, if one were taken, would surely be startling. If adults want to play doctor these days, they have to suffer through ten years of higher education, four divorces and an ever-increasing number of sexual harassment and malpractice lawsuits. Kids who play doctor are practicing medicine without a licence and deserve to be incarcerated.

3) Driving While Under the Influence of Peers. This is an easy one to get adolescents on because most life-loving adults will refuse to drive with anyone under eighteen forcing the latter to seek each other out as driving companions. Once this happens, driver(s) and passenger(s) will giggle together incessantly or act in some other way to make other adults on the road feel excluded. This is dangerous since it angers and frustrates the adult drivers, increasing the likelihood of them having accidents. Offending youths driving under each other's influence should therefore be prosecuted.

4) Aggravated Acne. Offenders should be treated just like any adult who pollutes the environment. Acne is not only as unsightly as junkyards, but also of little value when trying to save on a new transmission.

5) Malicious Enthusiasm (Also known as the M.E. generation). The younger they are, the more likely they are to be guilty of this offence. This is also a public health problem because it is infectious and has been known to spread to adults.

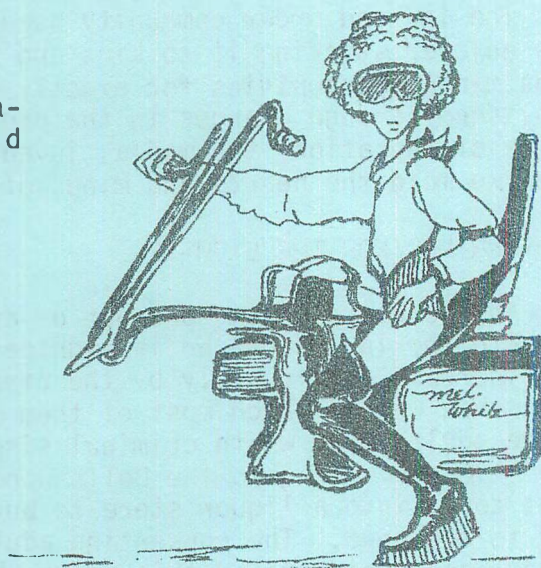
6) Statutory Masturbation. We are quite willing to jail an adult who tampers with the innocence of youth, but what of one who despoils himself while under age? Isn't the result the same and shouldn't its perpetrator go to jail?

7) Petty Adolescence *vs* Grand Adolescence. Some offences by youth deserve greater periods of incarceration than others. Here is an example of how petty adolescence may be distinguished from grand adolescence: a teenager breaks into a school on a weekend and bludgeons the facility's computer system -- petty adolescence; a teenager breaks into a school and reprograms the computer to make out paycheques to the students instead of the faculty -- grand adolescence.

HOW YOUNG IS TOO YOUNG?

Actually, even with the enactment of the above offences, very few juvenile offenders would end up behind bars.

In the first place, the current philosophy of the juvenile justice system is merely to send the rookie crook to Juvenile Hall for a few days and then to release him after a warning and a bit of counseling. The younger they are, it is argued, the less accountable they are for their crimes. Thus four-year-olds who pilfer fruit and consume it while being wheeled around the supermarket by their parents and eight-year-olds who assault their dentists are rarely ever arrested. Similar crimes against persons and property, until kids



are fifteen, sixteen or even seventeen, are just not taken seriously. But isn't this a backward approach? Doesn't it, in fact, show that children are born criminals and doesn't this mean that the younger they are, the better it is to incarcerate them?

There are also many side advantages to incarcerating little ones. As we all know, integration in public schools has been a gigantic flop because parents hate to see their children wasting time on buses. But jails are perfect examples of effective integration and, as opposed to schools, jails eliminate the need for busing. If we held all children to the same standards as adults with respect to their respect for others and their treatment of property, our race problems would soon disappear.

The juvenile justice system will, of course, have to accommodate itself to the vastly increased processing and holding of tots and pre-teens. For one thing, it would be wrong to jail a little one born with a respect for private property and, to assure that this will not happen by mistake, it seems clear that the accused toddler should be read his rights, such as the right to counsel, confrontation by his accuser, etc. These are, however, complex ideas for a young mind to grasp. To help get the concepts across new nursery rhymes should be written, such as:

Cutesy little babies cannot be put away,
Until their parents pay a man to teach them what to say.

Perhaps another did it, perhaps it wasn't done.

Playing games with Dad and friends can be, Oh, so much fun.

Furthermore, incarcerating little tykes will require a new generation of toys: jail toys which will help the little ones pass the idle hours. Barbie dolls in prison garb and bubble gum cards depicting famous criminals such as Dillinger and Lucky Luciano are good possibilities.

THE FAMILY THAT PAYS TOGETHER, STAYS TOGETHER

One of the major reasons for the various breakdowns in our society is the decline of the patriarchal nuclear family. Imprisoning a kid without consideration of this fact increases this tendency because the authority of the State is substituted for the authority of the father. In order to retard the break-up of "male-in-charge" nuclear families, whenever a kid is found guilty of any particular offence, his father, mother and the rest of the family will go to jail with the offende. Likewise, when any adult male commits an offence, his family will be sentenced to jail with him. Thus jail will no longer have the effect of breaking up nuclear families.

In addition, in recent times fewer and fewer families have been able to secure safe and decent housing. The public at large, increasingly older, single and childless, has become less and less willing to pay for new government housing and education programmes. But this same public is increasingly victimised by the people and children who would have benefited by such government programmes, so the public at large has become more than willing to pay huge additional sums for law enforcement. It is a political natural for the expansion of prisons, prison programmes, and juvenile detention facilities to be the public housing and education programmes of the eighties.

SCARING 'EM STRAIGHT

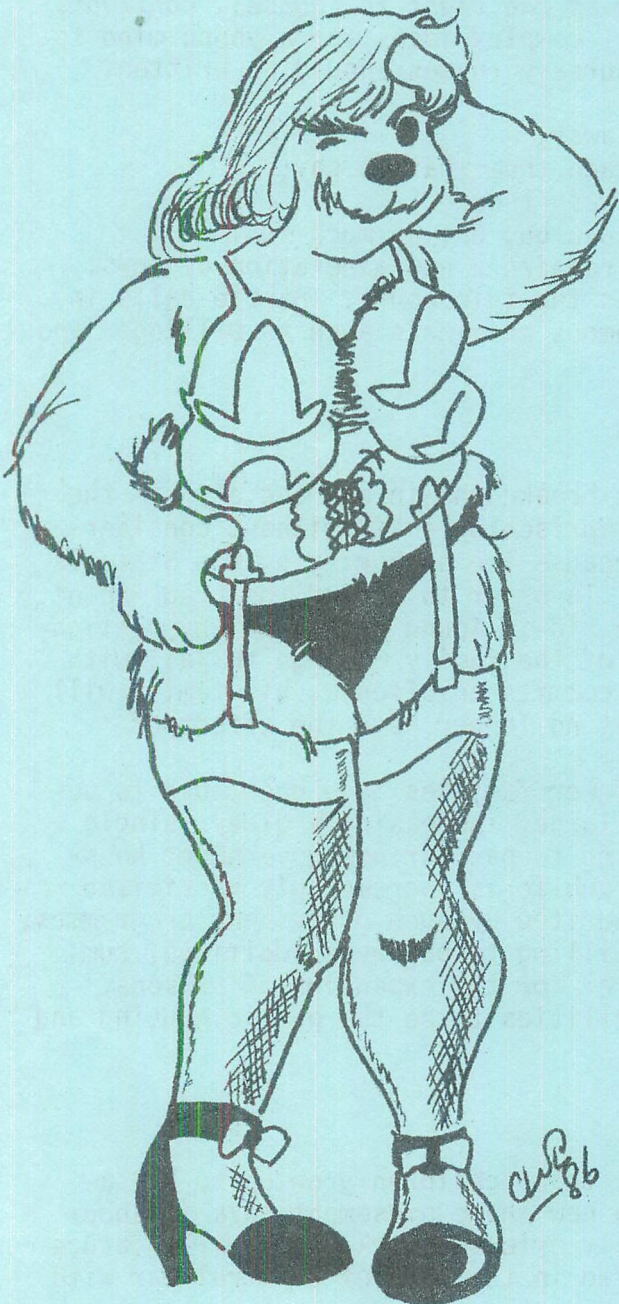
Parents concerned about making sure that their children grow up to be law and order types will be happy to learn that a new theme amusement park is about to open: Calabozo-land. This will be a family oriented park which will feature such rides for the kiddies as riding handcuffed in the back of a patrol car with

sirens wailing and "jail riot" in which the conditions of a prison take-over by inmates are simulated. The park will also include various exhibitions and booths depicting the joy and filth of life in the stocks, and souplines will feature prison food.

GRADUATION TO ADULTHOOD

A good juvenile justice system should have as its goal the eventual transformation of a youngster from rebellious delinquent to mature, responsible adult. How do we know when this has been accomplished? The best indicator is when the former artful dodger starts cursing youngsters in his community and claiming that, because of them, society is going to the dogs.

- Richard Weinstock



CALLIHAN'S CROSS TIME CAT HOUSE

BY MILT STEVENS

// Milt mentioned to me one night at LASFS that he had been thinking of writing the piece which follows this introduction -- he told me some of the lines. Knowing Milt's writing abilities I told him to go ahead with it.*

At a later LASFS meeting Milt handed me the manuscript. I liked it so much I showed it to Larry Niven for his delectation. He was as amused by it as I was. We now present it to you. Enjoy. //*

Times had been rough at Callihan's since the Hokus had started reading John Norman novels. Mary-Sue hitched up her garter belt for the dozenth time this shift and began seriously considering her current occupation. At first, it had sounded like a great job. You got to meet all the famous and exciting people from the various universes. Unfortunately, not only did everybody in the universe eventually

come to Callihan's, just about Every Thing in the universe came to Callihan's as well. Mary-Sue would gladly strangle whoever told those Draco Centauroids about rishathra.

Some customers didn't even come to Callihan's in person. Like that Vader fellow who kept calling in and breathing funny. Ma Bell should really do something about the way that guy used The Force over the public phone lines.

As a general rule, tentacles could be sort of fun, but pincers were a real drag. Then there were the puppeteers who didn't have either. Having sex with them was about as much fun as getting a vaccination for twonks disease. Some races had only one sentient sex and usually you couldn't figure out which one that was. There were some Venusians who had seven sexes. They'd be okay if they just didn't think that a telephone booth was the ideal place for having sex.

There were a whole bunch of anthropovegetable races. Let those guys get a snoot full and they'd want to pollinate with everything in sight. Rutting rutabagas were bad and the intellectual carrots weren't a whole lot better. Even Mary-Sue wouldn't have anything to do with killer tomatoes. After having done business with the veggies, Mary-Sue would never call anybody an animal in a derogatory sense again.

The Eddorians were the nastiest and rottenest race in the whole universe, but they did tip well. Since strictly speaking they didn't have any sex, they had become a race of sex researchers. Many of them wrote best-selling books later.

Insects really bugged Mary-Sue. Most of them wanted a hive discount before they would even discuss business. Then there were those Investor travelling salesmen who always wanted to trade something weird. The last time Mary-Sue had traded with an Investor she'd ended up glowing in the dark for a week. After that she'd developed a strange urge to eat gerbils. That was definitely the last time she would ever mess with a nuclear-powered vibrator of uncertain origins.

Not many robots and androids came to Callihan's. Most of them went down the street to Helen O'Joy's. Helen had all those electric sheep that androids really like. She also kept a bunch of small foreign cars for robots who liked auto-eroticism.

There was one Vulcan who came to Callihan's fairly regularly. His sexual tastes were a little odd even for Callihan's. Mary-Sue could understand the two chickens and the bottle of mazola oil. After all, she'd met lots of SFWA members over the years. It was the step ladder and the pipe wrench that made her wonder. In any case, thank God he was gay!

Mary-Sue remembered the first Kryptonian customer she had ever had. Suddenly things had seemed to be looking much better. This guy was a real Hunk (as opposed to be a real Hulk). However, something told Mary-Sue that she should check the library before committing herself to anything definite. She found one article on the sex habits of Kryptonians by a fellow named Niven.

Uh, oh!

Mary-Sue was a versatile woman and she felt that the difficulties of having sex with Kryptonians could be overcome. A Kryptonite diaphragm seemed to be the perfect answer. A problem arose, though, when the Kryptonian got within three feet of Mary-Sue.

"Argh," he exclaimed, "that's the unkindest cunt of all!"

- Milt Stevens

NOTES FROM THE OUTSIDE -



A BERRY ODYSSEY

BY ERIC MAYER

Eric Mayer's column in the last issue generated more commentary than any other item. Eric now takes off in a new direction, writing about "Irish" John Berry, a long-time fanwriter who is still producing articles for fanzines.

When the lithe young woman slipped into the bus seat beside me I couldn't suppress a smile of pleasure. Don't get me wrong - I don't look for brief encounters on my way home from the office and I'm not partial to the dreadlocks she sported anyway. But the girl lacked girth. When you're skinny enough that you resemble a folded paper doll when you sit down you attract those commuters who need the extra space you leave-and then some- so I'm always thrilled to sit beside anyone who wouldn't put a medium sized brachiosaurus in the shade.

It's easier to turn fanzine pages when you're not pinned against the wall and the fanzine pages I'd been turning for the past week - all 184 of them in John Berry's RETREAT FROM MOGONISSI - were among the most enjoyable I'd ever read. It had been quite a week. While the Number 10 to Seabreeze idled in front of Midtown Plaza I'd climbed mountains in Ireland; while it bumped up Portland I raced around Melbourne in a road rally; when it pulled abreast of the imposing plaster poodle that graces the lawn of the Poodle Shop - just past my bus stop - I was observing through John's practiced eyes the effects of "gravity grappling with centrifugal force" at a topless beach at Makyammos. Luckily, the bus was no more than a block past my house when I was brought to my sense by two aged French ladies, well into their seventies, who, "giggling coyly to one another, stripped completely and lay back on their towels" looking as though "they'd just fallen out of a starling's nest."

Then the girl sat down beside me and ruined it all. The strange artifact I was chuckling over - too large for a magazine, but not a proper book - must have caught her attention.

"Did you type all that," she asked, sounding astonished.

"No. An Englishman did," I stammered, volunteering extraneous (not to say dumfoundingly irrelevant information) as I tend to do when caught by surprise.

She gave me a wary look. "Well, that sure is a lot of typing. I'm sure glad I didn't have to type all that."

I was struck. Struck and hurt. She had not asked whether I "wrote" the pages, a feat I would gladly have taken credit for, but whether I had "typed" them. To think that she could have mistaken my sensitive writer's face for that of a common typist! Had the barb been aimed at John instead, I wondered? He had been describing one of those attractive young women who have thrown themselves in his path across five continents, or whom he is constantly stumbling over at any rate (I'm not sure if it's the same thing) with the result that he has not yet made it to South America or Antarctica. I can't recall whether it was the Senior Girl Guides in the railroad car couchette or the scantily clad blonde, refusing the coat proffered by one of the three elderly, distinguished looking gentlemen trailing her down Avenue B Gabriel. In any case, it occurred to me that the young woman's inexplicable remark might have arisen because she was a feminist (do they wear dreadlocks?) who had taken offense at this "sexist" material and had hit upon the typing remark by way of paraphrasing Truman Capote's withering line, to the effect that a certain book was not "writing" but "typing".

Then again, maybe she did think I looked like a typist. How could anybody dislike RETREAT FROM MOGONISSI?

* * * * *

You might know John Berry as the ATom (Arthur Thompson) cartoon character who seems to accompany nearly all John's fanzine articles, the goggle eyed fellow with the impossible moustache - the moustache toward which the artist who made it famous has maintained the same expression of bewilderment over the course of more than a quarter century - the moustache which John himself admits was once large (as most definitely not portrayed) but which is now somewhat ragged and grayish, as might be expected of any moustache which has been drooping about fandom for more than 30 years.

Or maybe you know John Berry and "The Irish" John Berry - this despite the fact he is English and has been around Fandom for considerably longer than the fan who, through no fault of his own, Americans have not thought to nickname "The Seattle" John Berry.

The confusion as to John's nationality may be understandable. Though he has worked since 1975 for the Hertfordshire police in England he was for 27½ years a member of the police force in Northern Ireland and was closely associated with Irish Fandom. In fact his first article appeared in 1954, in HYPHEN.

In 1956 John began to publish - with ATom who co-edited the first 10 issues - the popular RETRIBUTION, a zine which parodied, in an affectionate manner, such things as detective stories, fandom and fans, and out of which grew The Goon Defective Agency. In A WEALTH OF FABLE Harry Warner describes John Berry and Arthur Thompson as "perfectly matched a fanzine publishing pair as Gilbert and Sullivan had been in a different field", an observation that can be attested to by anyone who has enjoyed the pairing of a Berry article and an ATom illo - although, surprisingly, John and Arthur first met in 1956 and did not meet again until 1981.

Between 1956 and 1961 John's output was prodigious - 16 issues of RETRIBUTION, 16 of POT POURRI and 9 of VERITAS, not to mention several large one shots and countless articles for other faneds. It has been reported that he once produced 20,000 words of the travel report later published as THE GOON GOES WEST in a period of four days spent with New York fans during his 1959 American trip - this despite such mild distractions as being driven out onto the Bowery in the middle of the night by a plague of cockroaches!

Given such production - and determination - it isn't surprising that John Berry has, by his own count, published 1000 articles in fanzines and written over 1,000,000 words. And his efforts have hardly been geared exclusively to fanzines.

He is the editor of FINGERPRINT WHORL, a professional, international, journal for fingerprint experts (which he is) and has written hundreds of published articles on fingerprints, not to mention not yet published short stories, spy novels and sf books.

Though John's fanzine appearances trailed off, by his standards at least, in the sixties he continued to appear in fanzines into the seventies (in Eric Bentcliffe's TRIODE for instance and Mike Gorra's RANDOM) and began to return with a vengeance (if not with RETRIBUTION) with a regular column - "Berry-Center" - in DNQ published by Taral and Victoria Vayne.

In one editor's opinion "Fandom hasn't responded particularly well to Berry's revival". If this is the case - and it is surely true that any number of lesser, but newer writers, have garnered far more plaudits than John during the past few years - it may be partly because, as John observes, "I have noticed a transition from fannish writing to the point where although I appear in quite a number of fanzines, none of the articles are fannish in nature." It might also be due to the fact that John Berry is nominally a member of British Fandom, a vocal part of which has, during the past decade, taken it as a matter of faith that Greg Pickersgill spit Fandom up whole, on October 2, 1972 at 9 A.M. - complete with the fossilized remains of Terry Jeeves, Eric Bentcliffe and The Wheels of IF just for verisimilitude...

* * * * *

Although one might hope - or dread - that fandom will storm along forever, there's no doubt that its individual parts are ephemeral. Fanzines are short lived and limited in circulation; fans themselves have traditionally blazed briefly across the fannish heavens before falling, cold and inert, into the darkness of mundania. Even when fans remain in fandom for long periods their creative careers are usually shorter than their fannish lives. More often than not, once a fan has attained a certain amount of recognition/awards/perks he hits the fannish celebrity circuit which leaves him only enough time and energy to produce the occasional, overpraised, bit of work - just enough to justify his continued fannish status. (Compare, for instance, the creative output of TAFF winners before and after their win.)

Thus, John Berry's feat in making a creative contribution to fandom over the course of four decades is a rare one and if fandom had a Hall of Fame for career achievement, as baseball does, rather than just handing out yearly MVPs, he would take his place there along with such other long-time stalwarts as Harry Warner and Bob Tucker. RETREAT FROM MOGONISSI, published in 20 copies by John in 1984, offers an overview of one facet of John's outstanding career.

ATom has supplied the front and back covers to the collection utilising his usual artistic wit and peerless design sense. In between we have, as John puts it in his introduction, "...110,000 words, written over a period of 40 years, describing my visits and holidays to 30 countries, usually accompanied by my intrepid wife Diane. We did not seek out the tourist enclaves, consequently we had many adventures and experiences which are described herein in my delicate and sensitive literary style, which I like to think is full of humour, whimsicality, and with a modicum of exaggeration thrown in for effect."

In all there are 23 accounts, beginning with John jumping out of a Halifax over Scotland in 1945 (luckily for fandom he was a member of the parachute regiment) and doncluding in an A. 300 Airbus somewhere over the Alps in 1984. The articles range from a 600 word sketch of an inflight encounter with a gnarled German frau and an inscrutable young Chinese girl named Miss Wong (really) to a 20,000 word odyssey through South Africa. The earlier articles, which tend to be shorter, are expertly framed snapshots of John's experiences while the later, longer arti-

cles are veritable photo-albums full of such shots.

As travel writing the accounts are not, as John suggests in his introduction, what you might expect. He does sketch in some normal tourist information and each selection has a deft touch of local atmosphere, but John is more inclined to observe people - both the natives and fellow tourists - and to note minutiae which the professional travel writers often overlook. For John also gives the reader the sense (and nonsense) of "getting there" by cramped buses, late trains and airplanes of which he is a conossieur.

John admits he has been criticised for including "superfluous details about the fundamental functions of the body." In other words, if you would like to be forewarned (as I would) about toilet facilities on the Blue Sky Express, or the flooded bathrooms of Corfu or the decidedly rustic but convenient lavatory on the other side of the stone wall in Valencia do Minho, Portugal, this is the travel collection for you. I found this detail fascinating, since I've always thought that all that stood between me and world travel - aside from money - was the size of my bladder, an impression reinforced one agonizing afternoon visit to Manhattan during which unlimited beer at Beefstake Charlie's was followed by the unlimited line at the Empire State Building where the only toilets were at the top. If this is not up your alley there is similar detail on many other topics like obtaining lemonades in foreign climes and techniques for safely observing German tourists.

In his introduction to John's 1958 collection, THE COMPLETE FAN, Bob Shaw called him "The man who invented the scientific use of exaggeration, but while John's style might have seemed exaggerated compared to the fanwriting of 1958, today it seems almost understated. John, after all, says that while he has indeed exaggerated the descriptive aspect in his writing he has never invented anything - a statement one suspects few of today's masters of hyperbole could truthfully make.

Then too, there is a difference between producing funny writing, as John does, and writing funny - an approach often taken by fanwriters who attempt to wring humour (not to mention interest, or even logic) out of nonhumorous (or boring or illogical) material by sheer force of verbiage. Although a Dave Langford may sometimes pull this off few fanwriters have his ability. (Even Walt Willis, one of fandom's best, fared less well in his early, pun encrusted essays.) Writing, like drawing, requires 90% observation for every 10% execution. Before he writes, the writer must first see what is worth writing about and clever words (or lots of words) are no substitute. "My seemingly mundane work of solving crimes by fingerprints," explains John, "has enabled me

to have a sort of 360 degree radar when I consider things...searching for imponderables." So, while lesser writers flail away with their noses in their typewriters, striving desperately to force humour unto whatever comes to mind, John observes, extracts from his experience the real humour, the precise things that make a situation funny, and emphasizes them - just enough! Scientifically, as it were! And maybe because he is observing what is going on around him rather than projecting words unto experiences, his humour is self deprecating, lacking the egotistical bombast so much in vogue.

If we're lucky some enterprising publisher will make RETREAT FROM MOGONISSI generally available in the near future and fandom can incorporate into its collective consciousness the collec-



tion's innumerable classic accounts - John being pursued, in a downpour, around a nearly deserted beach at Lyme by a sodden but desperate and tenacious band of Morris dancers - unwittingly earning the fawning gratitude of the head of a delegation to a communist convention in Portugal, much to the amazement and consternation of John's fellow travellers - scoring the winning goal for The Rest of the World against England in a hotel soccer match, despite his best efforts, on a spectacular header assisted by Manuel the crippled waiter - or the snapshot, taken at a police post on the border between South Africa and Mozambique, of Captain Taute, "The Terrier" carousing drunkenly long after the braai (bar-be-que), blasting a transistor radio at the armed guards across the hostile border, singing "Carry Me Back to Old Transvaal".

And what is John Berry up to now, having already produced one of the finest bodies of work, and in RETREAT FROM MOGONISSI one of the best single publications in fandom's history? No, he's not busy collecting kudos. He's pursuing his discovery that our sub-primate ancestors had fingerprints 55,000,000 years ago, and researching ridge detail in sea shells; reading; listening to Ravel and Gershwin and Elgar, travelling...and, yes, writing. "I've just concluded my write-up about my trip to Romania, and quite fascinating things happened to me..." he reports. And what does John think about his spectacular fannish career? "I think writing for fanzines has been a tremendous apprenticeship for my writing," he says.

We should all be such apprentices...

* * * * *

NOTE: More about fifties fandom, John Berry and Irish Fandom can be found in Harry Warner's A WEALTH OF FABLE, from which some of the information in the above article was taken. GALAH EVENT, which appears as a chapter of RETREAT FROM MOGONISSI is available as a separate publication from Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4, Canada. Ask him for details.

---Eric Mayer

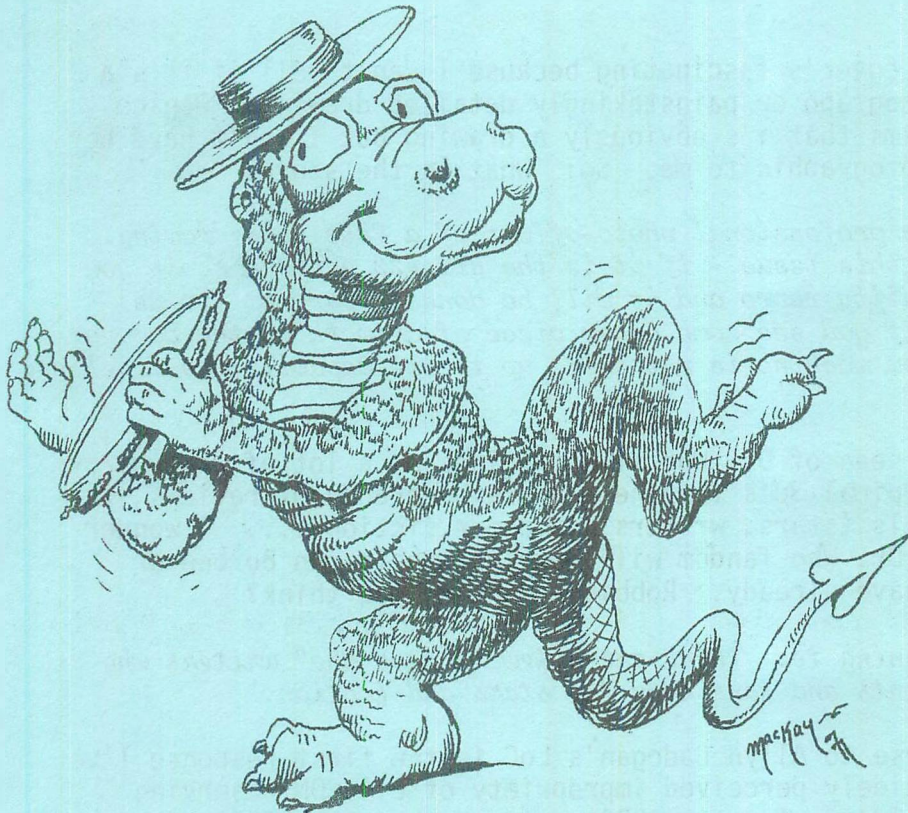
DUFF

TRIP REPORT

N * O * W A * V * A * I * L * A * B * L * E

THE FLIGHT OF THE KANGAROO by Christine Ashby

The 1976 DUFF Winner's Report, just published. Available from Marty Cantor for \$5.00.



Uppercase letters in Letter Gothic typeface

Herewith a probably shortened LoC Ness Monster; ergo, the use of its nickname up above. As per usual the loccers are in this typeface (Letter Gothic as sad misfortune recently befell both of our Elite typeballs), *my commentary will be in this Light Italic typeface and Robbie's commentary will be in Script typeface.*

But, before we begin the fun, here is a comment from Robbie to Arthur D. Hlavaty (who would otherwise be buried in the WAHF section).

Hey, Arthur, whence come the old stamps which have been gracing your envelopes lately? And how come the Post Office never cancels them?

LATE LOCS ON HTT 21

Bernadette Bosky wrote that the TAFF Wars section "/had/ all the morbid fascination of something multi-segmented, black, and glossy crawling out of one's sandwich." Gee, I was not aware that we were talking about Francis Towner Laney's nightmares. Bernadette also recommended that certain of the principals engage in trial by ducking. // We met *Jeanne Mealy* for the first time in Melbourne; she wrote us late Loc on #21 after coming back from Australia (I guess hewing to the song from the musical, showing that everything was up to date /only/ in Kansas City). // *Liz Schwarzin* picked up a copy of #21 whilst visiting a mutual friend on the West Coast and wrote to tell me that I helped save her sanity. If HTT helped save her sanity it probably was not worth saving, anyway.

Cast your bread upon the waters and you will get back soggy fish sandwiches.

* BRIAN EARL BROWN *

* MIKE ROGERS *

much Chicon party expenses were included and nickle-and-dime expenses never being turned in. The important point is that we had to spend over \$20,000 to run our bid.

Here are some facts that may illuminate that number. First, let me state the reimbursement policy we followed on travel and rooms. We never reimbursed for travel. We never reimbursed anyone's sleeping room. We did occasionally pay for hotel space, but only if the space was rented specifically for bid parties. For example, let's say I went to a con to publicize the bid. I had to pay my gas bill or plane ticket. The first night of the con, I rented one sleeping room. I paid for that myself. For the second night, I rented the second half of a suite to provide adequate space for a party. The bid paid for the one-night use of the half-suite that was over and above what I needed for myself. In addition, the bid paid part of the cost of the suites we used in Baltimore and Los Angeles. At L.A.CON, Atlanta in '86 paid \$100 per night for the use of our suite. The suite actually cost a lot more than that, but the remainder was covered by Committee members sleeping in the suite (a contradiction of terms, to be sure). To that limited extent, the bid paid for hotel space.

The single biggest factor in the massive escalation of bidding costs is the bid parties. We spent almost half of our total outlays on parties. Obviously, it worked. Frankly, it's sheer lunacy to gauge convention-running ability on the basis of throwing parties, but enough folks think there's a correlation to make party-throwing mandatory. Remember that in most instances, the party organizer is buying supplies in a strange city at odd hours. This means in most cases one must buy at retail prices. In LA, we had local contacts and were able to get better deals, or the total would have been higher. Another factor to consider is the cost of advertising. We spent almost \$4,000 on various ads, most of that being in L.A.CON publications. Knowing how fans think, I don't see those costs coming down anytime soon.

Allyn's fears are totally understandable. I am not happy that it takes this kind of money to run a realistic Worldcon bid. Hell, when I realized we would go over \$20,000, I almost had a heart attack. I was used to fannish ventures being penny-ante affairs. But from the looks of these numbers, times have changed and fandom had better realize it. I have gone to such detail in this letter because I want potential Worldcon bidders to fully understand what they're getting into. Unless their name is Boston, they must be able to raise at least \$15,000 to mount a serious bid. If they don't think they can do it, they would be better off not trying.

Under the circumstances, SCIFI is totally justified in holding back a five-figure amount for L.A.CON III bidding expenses. Some folks want to change the WSFS Constitution to prohibit successful Worldcons from using such profits for future bidding expenses. Before we make that change, let's see if it's really necessary. Yes, we could get to the point where two or three established Worldcon bidders had such massive war chests that no one would be able to match up with them. On the other hand, fans are ornery. It is quite conceivable that a backlash could set in and fans could refuse to vote for a city no matter how much they spent. Let's see if we have a problem before we monkey around with the Constitution; or in other words, if it ain't broke don't fix it.

* JEANNE MEALY * The other night, some of us Minne-fans were bemoaning the
***** success of southern worldcons. How come all of these places
win the bids -- and then we attend the cons, and die of heat-stroke? Chicago was a nice, rectn exception to this, and Melbourne certainly wasn't overly warm -- but they're the exceptions. The Nasfic in Austin was pretty awful, speaking of the weather (walking unshaded blocks between the pro-

gramming hotels in a blast furnace, then entering air conditioned buildings added up to an endurance test). Denver wasn't *too* bad. We decided that Seattle or a Canadian city should bid for a worldcon - WE'D go! Vancouver, Toronto, Winnipeg, wherever -- as long as it's cool(er) than most places are in late August. Just in case anyone was waiting for our approval or encouragement... they can stop waiting, and start bidding!

Someplace cool for a Worldcon? What a noble idea! Careful with your enthusiasm for a Canadian bid -- it can go to 100+°F in August in Canada. Mind, it doesn't do it too often that close to September.

Bleah!

* MIKE GLICKSOHN * Skel, naturally, is Skel and that's all that normally has to be said. I'm second to ~~SKEL~~ none in my admiration for and enjoyment of Paul's writing so naturally I thought his contribution was a highlight of the issue. The quality of his fish jokes was simply off the scale and if I know Paul he'll use this issue of HTT at English conventions when he invites nubile young neofans up to his room to see his cod piece. (It is, of course, hardly surprising that a famous tippler such as Skel should have a consuming interest in fish; as all tourists know Scotch whisky and other spirits are served in British bars in measures which are a fraction of a gill!)

I must admire Paul's fannish integrity. He had the guts to tell me he was somewhat underwhelmed by ENERGUMEN 16 which I thought was the best fanzine of 1981 and now he berates DNQ 34 which many will feel was the best single issue of 1983 (or 4, I don't recall exactly when it finally appeared although I know the copyright date is 83). I think he's a bit hard on the contents of the issue (although I had my own criticisms of it too) and I hope his comments won't put any of your readers off trying to get a copy. Even considering the price Taral is charging for the issue DNQ 34 is something *every* serious fanzine fan ought to have in his or her collection. It helps show where some of the frontiers are.

Norwood's column/letter was interesting to read but he more or less answers it himself. He admits to not seeing that many fanzines and he admits that what he wants in a fanzine doesn't seem to be what people want to do (anybody who expects fannish news in combination with fiction and poetry had probably better start a fanzine himself!) so there isn't that much more to say. Fanzines are what their editors want them to be, not what their readers would prefer and that's the way it has to be. I stick with HTT because I enjoy large parts of it (while thinking other parts are a senseless slaughter of trees) and if Warren wants to be a part of fanzine fandom he'll learn to do the same. Of course, it might help if he went a little further afield too.

Congratulations to Terry on a fine choice of reprint. Bjo was one of the first West Coast fans I became friendly with when I entered fandom in the late 60's but by then she was more or less out of fanzines and into art shows and STAR TREK. She had five illustrations in ENERGUMEN but I never really saw anything of her fan writing, at least not beyond ST-oriented material. So I knew she was a damn fine artist but really didn't appreciate what a deft touch she had for personal fannish writing. Well done, Terry, and keep the revelations coming!

To me Allyn makes the obvious point; worldcons are now Big Business. Even to pay lip-service to the old idea of volunteer fans running a non-profit convention seems ludicrous nowadays. Two groups, LASFS and NESFA, have shown that a properly run major convention (not necessarily even a worldcon but certainly including them) is a major profit maker. For years fandom has had unwritten "laws"

about the dispensation of worldcon profits but they were unwritten by and large because the profits were non-existent. It's naive of anybody to expect those old altruistic concepts to still apply in this era of the megabuck profit. Either the members of the World Sf Society (that's you and me, folks) should set up a constitution that lays down very carefully what can and cannot be done with convention revenues or we learn to live with the knowledge that those who are willing to do the work on our major annual gatherings will do whatever they damn well feel like with the profit they generate. We're very lucky that NESFA and LASFS have been as honest as they have been. They may have channeled some cash into their own backyards but by and large they've upheld the old-fashioned ideas from decades past. Perhaps it'll take a concom pocketing the *entire* proceeds instead of just a fraction of it before fandom as a whole decides it's time we covered our collective asses.

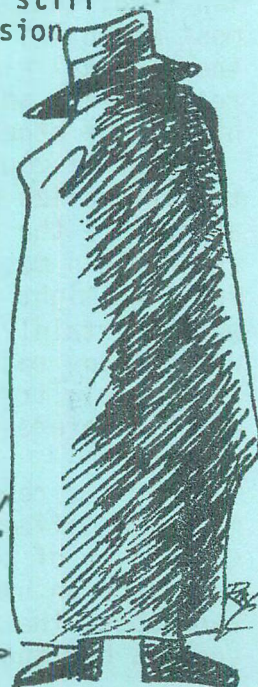
To clarify about the LASFS' backyard and such: none of the profits went to line the pockets of any concom member but some of it went (or was spent, as it were) to Los Angeles area things - specifically, heating and air conditioning the LASFS' two buildings. There are many fan happenings at LASFS, not just club meetings are held on the property. The club itself uses its property at least two evenings every week and the property is open (by arrangement) for collations, parties, using the club's mimeo and/or e-stenciller, and whatever. Robbie and I were married there. Between 100 and 150 people show up at the meetings every week. In short, a very large number of fans make use of the premises for a variety of things. Now they can do so in comfort, so I feel that the money spent on the LASFS clubhouse benefits a large segment of fandom - and on a continuing basis without any more L.A.CON II profits being expended in this area. ALL fans are welcome to visit us at our Thursday night meetings - enjoy our clubhouse with us.

* HARRY WARNER, JR. *

It isn't surprising that Stockport has a White Fish Authority, since the United States Supreme Court's authority doesn't extend far enough to rule it unconstitutional. Nor am I shocked that the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851 still exists. Right here in Hagerstown, I was once appointed to the Commission for the Poor, whose assignment was the overseeing of the local poorhouse, which had been torn down a dozen years before I joined that group. As it was explained to me, this committee needed to continue in existence so there would be defendants in lawsuits involving poor people who hadn't been able to get into any of the institutions that now took those who would live in the poorhouse if it was still there. I accepted only after I was promised that I would never be bothered with summons or judgments or other nasty things about litigation; the local government's legal staff would handle all that. Come to think of it, I may still be a Commissioner for the Poor because there was no specific term of office and I never was notified I'd been dismissed.

Richard Weinstock is most informative. The only suggestion I can add to his would involve renaming the nation's courts. All the magistrates' courts, police courts and other small fry should become supreme courts. State courts of appeal would have the same name and function that they now possess. Today's Supreme Court

The Shadow knows.



would become a trial magistrate's court. In this way, there wouldn't be any real reason for all the time and effort spent today in appealing court decisions, because the original verdict would have precedence over the appeal courts. Cases would be decided when the memory of witnesses was still fresh, by jurors and jurists with some knowledge of the people and area where the litigation originated, and two-thirds of the nation's lawyers would become eligible for food stamps.

* IAN COVELL * I like Skel's column.. let me rephrase that: I like what Skel
***** did in his col-.. no, try again: I like the sense of what exists
in Skel's column, I like the way he starts off on one track,
gets sidetracked, then forgets to look for the first track before going down another road altogether. Of course, he never quite explains why a town with 'port' in its name is at the source of a river.. has the sea receded, and if so, why? Does it know something Skel hasn't yet learned?

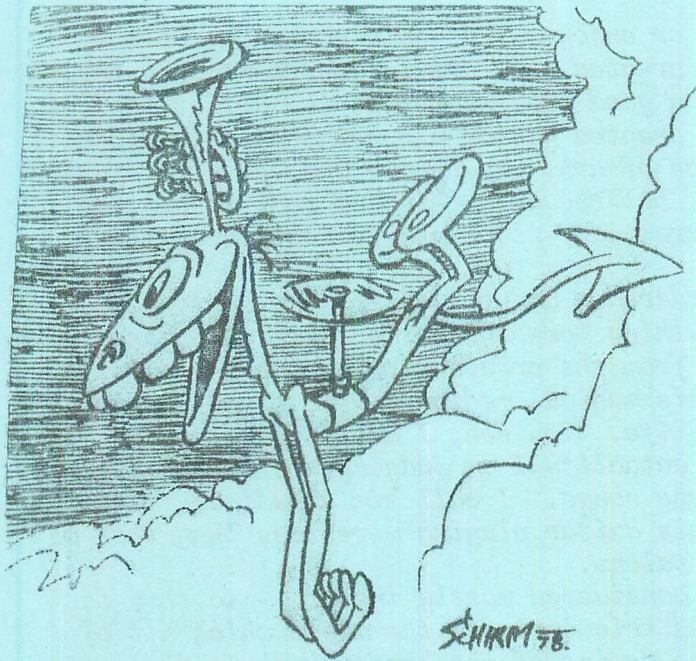
* DAVE LANGFORD * I must say I always enjoy Skel's pieces, though I can never
***** think of anything to say about them. In his weirdly skewed
way, he's one of the Great Fanwriters. However, I bet most
of your response will focus on Eric Mayer's even more wondrously eccentric contentions.

Dear old Eric appears to have identified a brand-new heresy in the religion of fandom. Fans have long questioned the notion that fanzines should talk about SF (even arguing that to do so is damaging to the street credibility); Eric now points out that it's an undetected and even more enormous sin to talk about fans.

* AVEDON CAROL * With my morbid memory for dates, I don't suppose it was possible
***** for me to avoid going into mourning today, even though it's
been five years since John Lennon was killed. I remember then
that Eric and I commiserated, and I also recall being powerfully touched by his writing about bringing his first child into the world under this shadow--ironic, isn't it, that five years later he writes a piece about Lennon which denies the most essential element in his own tribute to Lennon at the time of his death--the personal element, the fact of how this thing in Eric Mayer's personal life reacted with an internationally important event, and the impact each one had for him on the other.

But of course this piece isn't about Lennon at all, it's about Eric trying to rationalize his dislike of certain kinds of fanactivity. We are supposed to appreciate the artist apart from his life, says Eric, using Lennon as perhaps the world's most inappropriate example. Lennon's work taken apart from his life--well, it might work for "She Loves You" and "I Want To Hold Your Hand," but I would certainly be interested to hear anyone try to interpret "How Do You Sleep" without any reference to Lennon's personal life. I *have* heard, to my disgust, some people try to interpret the line, "Mother, you had me, but I never had you," without reference to Lennon's own life, and been pretty well appalled at the result.

Eric's report of Kathy's reaction to the news items about John's lost weekend may mean different things to all of us, as well. When I heard how Lennon had gotten out of control (maybe trying to brush it off with, "Well, Harry's a bad influence on him..."), I was worried about him--we all were, I think. I don't know about the small handful of people who had "never even heard" a song by John Lennon, but the rest of us had already suspected that the man might be human, and



simply hoped that the condition wasn't permanent. In a way, it made his later work that much more meaningful--he'd found his love and then when things went bad and he still hadn't learned to pay attention yet, she kicked him out, and he couldn't handle it. He needed her. We learned later of how he begged her over and over to let him come home and she kept saying, "You're not ready." And then when she finally did take him back, and the whole world, even his colleagues who had expressed loathing for her before, finally had to admit that here, at last, was a great love story. And he baked bread. God, it was wonderful, inspiring, seeing how he had learned from his earlier mistakes with Cynthia and Julian and now, by

God, he was going to be a part of his family, he was going to raise his own son. He was doing it, in front of the whole world. And when DOUBLE FANTASY came out, it was wonderful hearing him sound so happy, so hopeful and realized. We knew he'd worked it through, he'd come to understand that he finally had what he'd wanted all along. It was the one consolation we had five years ago, that he had gotten it together before that shot was fired.

John Lennon believed in being honest about his life, even when it hurt him, even when it was bad PR. He told us all about it because he wanted us to know. He probably told us more about himself than any other superstar has ever done, and that was our privilege as well as his great gift to us. It's one of the things that made him so special in our lives, and he said himself that talking about the real things in his life was the most satisfying part of his art. He showed us that he was human--he got crazy when he got kicked out on the street, he did embarrassing things, he was outrageous--and thus he gave us every opportunity to love him and to care about him and to make him a part of our own lives. That's why his death was so painful and personal for us--because he had allowed us to take him into our own lives.

What we love and need most about art, I think, is its existence as an illuminator of life. I suppose one must be very clever to write songs or books which appear to illuminate those aspects of life with which we are not really familiar, but I'm not sure such work is, in the long run, so valuable to us. I like knowing my artists are human beings who have paid their dues--imperfect, foolish, and infinitely more valuable to me than gods.

I'm afraid Eric's piece in HTT shows a disappointing lack of understanding of what made John Lennon such a treasure to us all.

I think that we have just read Avedon Carol, media fan. No, I do not mean that pejoratively; rather, it shows an outlook on life and things which is oriented more towards a star or performer and what he or she brings to his or her

creations/works of art than to a study or enjoyment of said works of art more from the viewpoint that the artist who created this art is important only insofar as the artist either did or did not do a good job. Not that the artist is insignificant but that after the artist has created his or her art then the artist is of no further significance to that piece of art. Beethoven created some of this world's most sublimely beautiful music, but the only thing of real importance about Beethoven is the music which he created. Also Mozart, Robinson Jeffers, Picasso, et fuckin' cetera.

I was saddened when Lennon was murdered, and for all of the obvious reasons except one - I never considered him anything more than a mediocre musician/composer/philosopher. As must be obvious from the previous paragraph I knew little of his personal life - my judgment of his musical mediocrity is based on what he created not on any other aspect of his life. You see, I am not judging anything here except that which he created; in actuality I am judging his songs as songs and not John Lennon, the creator of these songs. I call him a mediocre musician only by inference - both his songs and his guitar playing were less than that which one should expect from a major musical talent.

The music of The Beatles I always considered mostly insipid - to this day there is very little of their music (and this includes the music which all of their ex-members have produced since the demise of the band) which I like. At the time when they first achieved popularity I thought that many contemporary groups (The Rolling Stones, The Animals are two examples) were much more vital and musically interesting than were The Beatles.

And no, I do not think that this is a generational gap thing in the usual sense. Yes, I am older than most Beatles fans (I am 50), but you must realise that in rock music I find most people (of whatever age) much more conservative than I am. I did not find The Beatles outrageous when they first achieved popularity; as I said above, I found what they played to be insipid. When they started to sing "message" songs I found what they were saying to be puerile (when it wasn't being obvious). I guess when one is relatively young one can find great meaning in these songs; personally, they were telling me nothing new.

As a person with musical training I have always looked for musical values in the music to which I listen and am rarely interested in any lyrics (whether rock or opera or whatever). I can get my ideas and philosophy from texts, thank you, and I have never considered any "messages" put into music in the form of lyrics to be of much value, and never when they detract from pure musical values.

Which, by the way, is one reason why I find so much punk (or whatever the up-to-the-moment name is) music uninteresting - too much reliance on the shock value of the words instead of solid musicianship and musical ideas. I am old enough to have been "shocked" this way many many times over and it no longer does anything for me except produce boredom.

I should also add the following: I realise that my music views probably are unique to me and should be taken as only my viewpoint and not some great cosmic truth. It also probably shows why I do not tend to have much interest in movie stars, rock stars - in performers (media figures, if you will). I will go gah-gah over many varied pieces of music - and not know anything about who is playing it. I cannot often tell you the composer of the piece of classical music which is simultaneously giving me intellectual and emotional stroking - and I can even fewer times tell you the name of the song and the group playing it when I am having similar things happening to me whilst listening to rock music (or traditional jazz etc.). Because I really do not care about such ephemeral things as it is the music which is all important. I mostly gave up playing classical violin, folk and blues guitar (and a wide application of wash-board playing) because such playing interfered with my full enjoyment of listening to the music being played. I would give up almost anything for music.

Just to show everyone how far apart Marty's and my experiences are: I am musically inept in myself and so, perhaps, less critical. I want music to touch me, the soul of me, not the mind. The day John Lennon was shot, I was riding the bus to a friend's place and could not figure out what all the other passengers 30 and under were talking about at first. One I knew what it was, I turned around and went home for a long cry. John Lennon and The Beatles touched me with their music and it was a disgusting way to have that torn away.

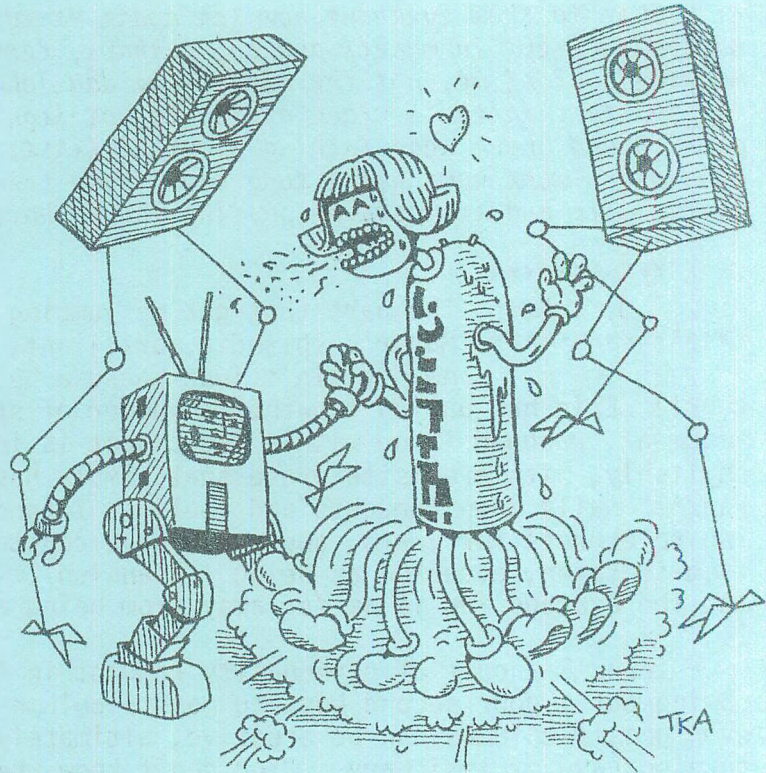
* JOHN D. OWEN * The part that got me jumping up and down, naturally, was Eric Mayer's splendid, brilliant, beyond superlatives column. (And no, it ain't just because he mentioned me in the column, either!) Eric has pulled together a number of strands of a long-running fannish argument, wrapped it up with a logic that is inescapable, and presented it stylishly, with exquisite prose that simply has me gasping in admiration. "Cafe Fandom" nails down thoughts and feelings I (and plenty of others) have been trying to express for years, and which have constantly been ignored or, if any notice is taken, attacked as being 'unfannish'. Yet, when it really comes down to it, the average fan is as far away from being a member of Cafe Fandom as Eric and I.

Tere IS a cult of personality rampant in fannish fandom, and creativity is coming out a poor second best to gossip-column ramblings and while I'd agree that even gossip-columns can be creative, ultimately they are self-serving, inward-turning, and exclusionary. "You don't know what the 'in-references' mean in my fanzine? That proves that you are not a member of MY fandom, so why should I bother with you?" Unspoken comment, perhaps, but there and implicit in the attitudes of Cafe Fandom, directly analogous to the "If you have to ask the price you can't afford it" beloved of the chic 'in' shops of the nouveau riche. Yes, you can easily gain entrance to the clique; you simply take on the protective colouration of the In crowd and gain acceptance. The fact that you are then denying any individual creativity you might be capable of in return for a set of relatively frivolous 'rules of behaviour', is naturally carefully hidden from you. In a few years, you might say "Oh, isn't fandom boring? Same old round of events, and people, and ideas." and bugger off into gafiation, never realising that fandom is capable of being MORE than a long party. After all, even the finest party has to end some time, after which everybody goes home.

Fandom is what each of us bring into it: if I, or Eric, or Marty and Robbie were to leave fandom tomorrow it would be a different place, with a different future. Each of us takes from fandom what we want, and contributes to it what we can, and fandom benefits the more if we each put into it something that is individual, that is in some way unique. It benefits each of us to seek that individuality, that uniqueness, since there lies the core of what makes us tick: if we know what that is we become better able to find the contribution we can make that is most effective. If we simply come into fandom, treat it as a place to display and massage our egos, then we simply get further away from that personal uniqueness. Some of the displays of pure truculence of the last couple of years have really been nothing more than large egos banging their heads together, to the detriment of the people concerned, and to fandom as a whole. Can anybody look around fandom in general, and fanzine fandom in particular, and genuinely say that it is in a state of good health at the moment? It has fragmented beyond belief, and communication between the fragments is strained, to say the least.

If we just take fanzine fandom, (or 'fannish' fandom if you prefer) as an example, the big fannish fanzines of even three or four years ago are effectively dead. The people who produced those zines are either enveloped in Cafe Fandom,

or have been brow-beaten into silence, or, perhaps more truthfully, have simply run out of things to say that haven't been said before a hundred times. The honourable exception to that seems to be HTT, but HTT has never tried to limit itself to the purely "fannish", or at least has not had a narrow definition of what IS fannish. The result: HTT has gone from strength to strength, while other zines which were far more lauded by Cafe Fandom have bitten the dust, or produce so infrequently as to be irrelevant. There is still plenty of activity around the fringes, but the self-proclaimed 'centre of fannish fandom' is effectively moribund as far as effective publishing goes.



This is not to say that the activities of Cafe Fandom should be routed out, purged from fandom. I'm sure that Eric would agree with me when I say that what the members of Cafe Fandom have often contributed a great deal to fandom, that they contain in their numbers a great many fans whose work we all cherish. No, what we must press for is a more tolerant attitude within fandom, an end to the 'exclusionary clauses' I choked on, and which Eric felt the full blast of in the past year. When arguments arise (as they certainly shall), they should be conducted in a way conducive of further communication between the parties involved, not pitched battles with no quarter given, and certainly no one should have it thrown back in their teeth that they should have 'no right' to a point of view because they aren't 'proper fans'. You're either in fandom, or you're not, and there isn't a graded system of membership. That said, I must add that there are certain persons in Cafe Fandom whose activities of the last two years have been way beyond what I construe as civilised behaviour by any interpretation. Those persons I, personally, will not communicate with, or take notice of, ever again. But that's a personal choice, and I would not even name those people, even in my own zine.

The way Eric has handled the whole article is quite exquisite. He picks up on a timely anniversary (it being the fifth anniversary of John Lennon's death this weekend), weaves into it a comment on society's insatiable demand for gossip, and then demonstrates that that demand extends into fandom, and makes up the major part of 'fannish' writing. It's so beautifully done that I'd be bowled over by the column even if it wasn't saying something I entirely agree with. THE best piece of fanwriting I've seen all year, bar none.

There is a time for laughing and a time for not laughing and this is not one of them.

---Alan Arkin in INSPECTOR CLOUSSEAU

* ERIC MAYER * I like Mike Glycer's opening comments on criticism. Indeed, with
***** fanzines, even more than commercial writing, it is difficult to
decide what critical tools to use. Sadly, too often, fan critics
seem automatically to use a Litcrit hammer. Now, to my mind, this tool, used
alone, is never much good. You can use it to compare fanwriting to professional
writing (or the writing of less experienced fans to more experienced fans) in
which case you can't help but destroy the writing under consideration - wrongly
in view of the fact that there is an interactive, contextual component to fan-
writing...or you can use the litcrit technique and compare fanwriting only to
other fanwriting...in which case you make the better fanwriting sound much better
than it really is, forgetting that (1) although Fan of twenty years standing may
write well compared to Neofan, he doesn't write very well compared to what you
might read in your local newspaper or any magazine you care to name and (2) the
fan writing may succeed only because of the fan context, the various crutches we
have to prop our efforts up. Now, there's nothing inherently harmful in this
except it gets people going around in very serious states of mind, bumping their
swollen heads together. How many times have you gotten a comment to the effect
that "This ought to be in the NEW YORKER" and exactly how many fanzine articles
have you seen in the NEW YORKER? In other words...let's have a little perspec-
tive. Nope...our stuff isn't all that shit brilliant (on one hand) and (on the
other hand) it doesn't have to be. The only way to get that perspective into
criticism seems to be, as Mike seems to suggest, to look at it from several an-
gles at once. A difficult task. I will be very interested to see his next
column. It sounds like he's set himself a challenge.

*Oh, I think that there is some fanwriting that is good enough to appear in
professional publications - that is based on the quality of the writing. The
reason that you do not see fannish writing in the NEW YORKER and other promags
is that the subject matter of fannish writing would make it out of place in those
venues. One major function of fanzines is to provide a place where fans can read
the writings of fanwriters.*

* RICHARD BRANDT * Gee, I think Warren Norwood's demands of a perfect fanzine
***** are too great; I'd settle for the keeping-me-up-on-what's-
going-on-in-fandom and exchange-of-ideas part. Of course,
I'm as happy getting the greater exchange of ideas that I do from receiving *many*
fanzines, however imperfect they may be. There are already too many sources of
good stories than I can keep up with. There are already too many sources of sf
poetry, period.

* BUCK COULSON * I now have indisputable medical proof that I do, too, have a
***** heart. Or 2/3 of one, to be precise. Had a cardiac catheteri-
zation earlier this month, and the heart is really there,
folks. (More importantly, I don't have to have a bypass; the problem is con-
trollable by diet and medicine. One of the 3 major blood ve-sels is 90% blocked,
but that part of the heart is dead anyway, so the doctors are concentrating on
the other two. Cheery.....don't worry about it, they said.)

*Ah, I see how it goes, Buck; you let the doctors concentrate on your heart
so that you can concentrate on fanac as usual. Sounds like a sweet racket, if
you ask me. By the way, Buck - did you survive the catheterization?*

Bjo has had some more strange telephone encounters since I last read that piece. Southern California is weird, you know that? I don't get people calling up to ask if I'm a boiler works, or a finance company. Good thing, too, because I probably wouldn't respond as imaginatively as Bjo does. I used to have people coming up to me at conventions and trying to sell me old movie posters in the belief that I was Forry Ackerman, but the beard took care of that. (Incidentally, I realize that the Bjo piece is a reprint, but I didn't remember that many phone encounters the first time around. Maybe my memory is flawed?)

Terry provided us with a Xerox copy of the original.

Bev Clark is right; dogs are superior to cats. And to most fans, for that matter. (But they belong outdoors. So do most fans, for that matter....)

* DAVID PALTER * Darrell Schweitzer's article is very perceptive and informative. Here is a man who truly understands the SF genre. By the way, Darrell, the fantasy you write is quite a bit better than the usual imitation-Tolkien. I think that when the world tires of The Belgariad, The Sword (etc.) of Shanara, and so forth, your work will still be read. (Or deserves to be.)

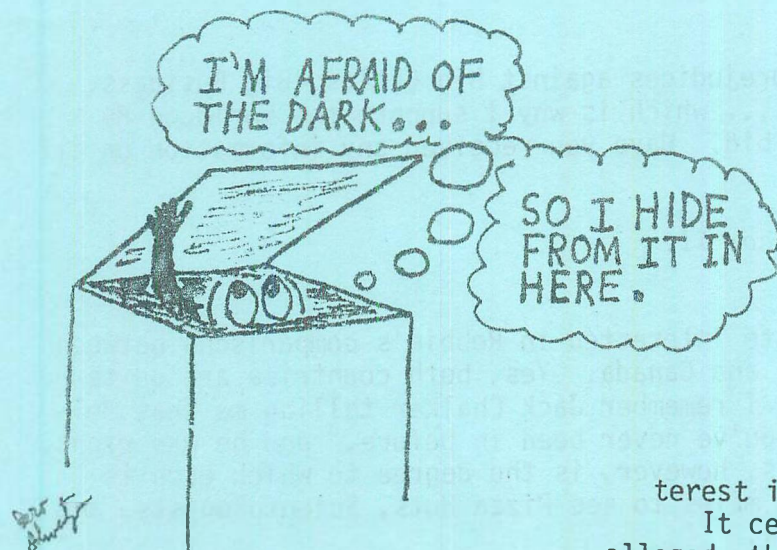
* DARRELL SCHWEITZER * Right now I am tight up against a novel deadline (CONAN THE DELIVERER -- and I deny that it's about how Conan finds satisfaction and a more constructive role in life as a midwife...)

The one thought that comes to my mind while reading Harry Warner's article is that, while I dare not contradict somebody who was there when I wasn't, Harry has overlooked a point about the earliest fanzines. They had little *fannish* writing of significance in them, but the *sercon* material was often another matter. Much of this has indeed survived.

The most obvious example is Lovecraft's *The Supernatural Horror in Literature*, which has been printed as a separate book twice, and is included in the Arkham House collection *Dagon*. (It was also in *The Outsider*.) This treatise has become a classic in its field, but it began life in the 1927 proto-fanzine THE RECLUSE, and then was serialized in THE FANTASY FAN, 1933-35. Then there's Fritz Leiber's "A Literary Copernicus" (another classic essay, about Lovecraft), which first appeared in an earlier version in THE ACOLYTE in 1944. Robert E. Howard's pseudo-history, "The Hyborian Age," also appeared in a fanzine. This, used as the introduction to one of the Lancer/Ace Conan books, has been read by hundreds of thousands, and may be the most widely-reprinted fanzine article in history. There was even a Conan story published in a fanzine -- "The Frost Giant's Daughter" in THE FANTASY FAN, although the title was changed to "Gods of the North" and the hero became Amra cf Abaktana, so as to avoid competing with WEIRD TALES.

Most of the fanzines from that period I have seen, which *were* focussed on STF, were indeed, as Harry says, of little consequence. The oldest one I own is a 1941 issue of Gerry de la Ree's SUNSPOTS. It contains nothing of great interest, and little which is even grammatical. So it would seem obvious enough that "fannish" writing developed late.

I think we might as well admit that what we call "fannish" writing (Bjo Trimble's reprint this issue is an excellent example) is really *mundane*. It is about ordinary, everyday things, not necessarily unique to fandom. As a form, it is akin to the kind of personal essay which developed in the British magazines of the early 1700's (THE SPECTATOR, THE GUARDIAN, THE TATLER, etc.) and was



practised most effectively in our century by writers like James Thurber and Alexander Woolcott. It has nothing, or nearly nothing to do with what attracted the writers into fandom and fanzines in the first place. The people who write these witty pieces about travel or telephone calls or cooking or whatever probably arrived through an interest in Science Fiction.

It certainly isn't true, as is often alleged, that the stuff in fanzines is only there because it isn't good enough to sell. This is true of the serious attempt as fantastic fiction, but nothing else. The writer of the personal essay is exercising a considerably different talent from that of the

fiction writer, and the fiction writer may not even possess it. Or, the fiction writer may never have had the chance to develop it, since he concentrated on fiction instead.

* ROBERT WHITAKER SIRIGNANO *

Gee, I'm so glad that Mike Gunderloy has set me straight. The Church of the Sub Genius is going broke. I'm glad to hear that part of it. I guess

I was wrong about it making money. Maybe in a year or two the whole group won't be around. While I find that there is nothing wrong with making money honestly, this does not excuse The SubGenius yahoos from being overly self referential, empty headed, insultingly stupid and a waste of time. With such a wide variety of real paranoia to go towards, why waste your time with fake paranoia?

* CATHY HOWARD *

As I'm sure you are aware you have sent copies into this city over the years. Friends would enthusiastically admit to being the proud possessor of the latest issue. I'd interrupt the singing of praises of HTT's many features by first casually hinting then boldly pointing out that I'd very much like to see such a wondrous thing. "Sure," is the answer to pop out of their fevered heads. Then in a very few minutes The Rot sets in. Eyes examine me corner-ways. Doubt lurking in their depths as to how can they trust me, someone they've known for a mere ten years as honest and upstanding, with the precious issue. What if they never see it again. Panic sets in and my chances of seeing the issue dive to ziltch.

After having aroused their suspicions in such a way it was foolish of me, but I was desperate, I'd ask for the address of the editors that I might make inquiries for obtaining an issue on my own. Another quick "sure" is issued with the same results as the first ziltch. Maybe they were afraid I'd let you know they had allowed an unauthorized stranger to Fondle their copy of HTT.

As it is I've added them to my list of who I'm coming back to haunt. My hereafter looks to be a very busy time.

* GARTH SPENCER * I'm developing prejudices against Big Cities, Big Business,
***** Big Conventions ... which is why I support the Worldcon 89
at Myles' House bid. Have you received any information on it?
If not, this can be corrected.

We picked up a flyer at Aussiecon II.

* MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER * I was quite interested in Robbie's comparisons between
***** Australia and Canada. Yes, both countries are quite
similar; I remember Jack Chalker telling me that Melbourne was "like a part of Canada you've never been in before," and he was right. What bothers me about both countries, however, is the degree to which each is Americanized. I didn't come 12,000 miles to see Pizza Huts, Scientologists, and "Good Morning, Australia," after all.

This brings back the old debating topic (before The Feud devoured all, like an amoeba that wouldn't quit) of American Cultural Imperialism. I think the overseas fans are dead right on this issue, not for economic reasons, but for aesthetic ones. There is something pathetic, and perhaps tragic, about traveling to an extremely remote spot (Alice Springs) and discovering that the hot issue is how many concessions to give to the Sheraton under construction. It's sad, and wrong, to sit on a beach in Townsville and worry about shutting out the noise from the David Lee Roth cover of "California Girls." The problem is that what Americans export of their culture *reduces* the world by homogenizing it. I think if the anti-imperialists would frame the question in spiritual terms rather than Marxist ones (the last time I heard from Joseph Nicholas, for example, he was talking about "global hegemonisation," which sounds too stupifyingly dull to be for or against) they would have a stronger case.

Speaking of "Americanization", KNBC in Los Angeles has just dumped their American News Anchorman for a Canadian import. Another point, many "American" heroes have been best portrayed by Canadians: Raymond Massey's Lincoln is considered the most definitive; Lorne Greene's Pa Cartwright was considered a perfect example of the American spirit and a true American Patriarch; "Rambo" was created by a Canadian writer; even the best known game show hosts on American TV are Canadian (Monty Hall for one, the gentleman from "The Price is Right" for a second).

I find Wooster's viewpoint condescending in a bleeding heart way: "Oh, what a shame that the quaint natives have had their culture contaminated by greedy businessmen." That attitude is degrading - it belittles the free-choice possibilities and the free will minds of citizens of other countries. Australians and Canadians (for example) can opt for their local kangarooburger or mooseburger chains instead of eating at local branches of the American McDonald's chain. But I will not get into this again as you should know where I stand on this issue.

* WARREN NORWOOD * Wayne Brenner's portrait (it's too accurate to be a caricature, and I won't degrade it by calling it a cartoon) of you
***** is wonderful. How about a Wayne Brenner portrait of Robbie?

That is up to Wayne, I rather think.

As Wayne may not have met Robbie some other artist will have to come forward.

At this point it is altogether appropriate that I make a correction of something I printed previously. When I wrote that Warren Norwood was a Hugo nominee I was incorrect. As Warren (and at least one other loccer) pointed out, he was twice nominated for the John Campbell Award. The John Campbell Award does appear on the same ballot as does the Hugo Awards, but a Hugo it is not. My apologies.

* WALT WILLIS *

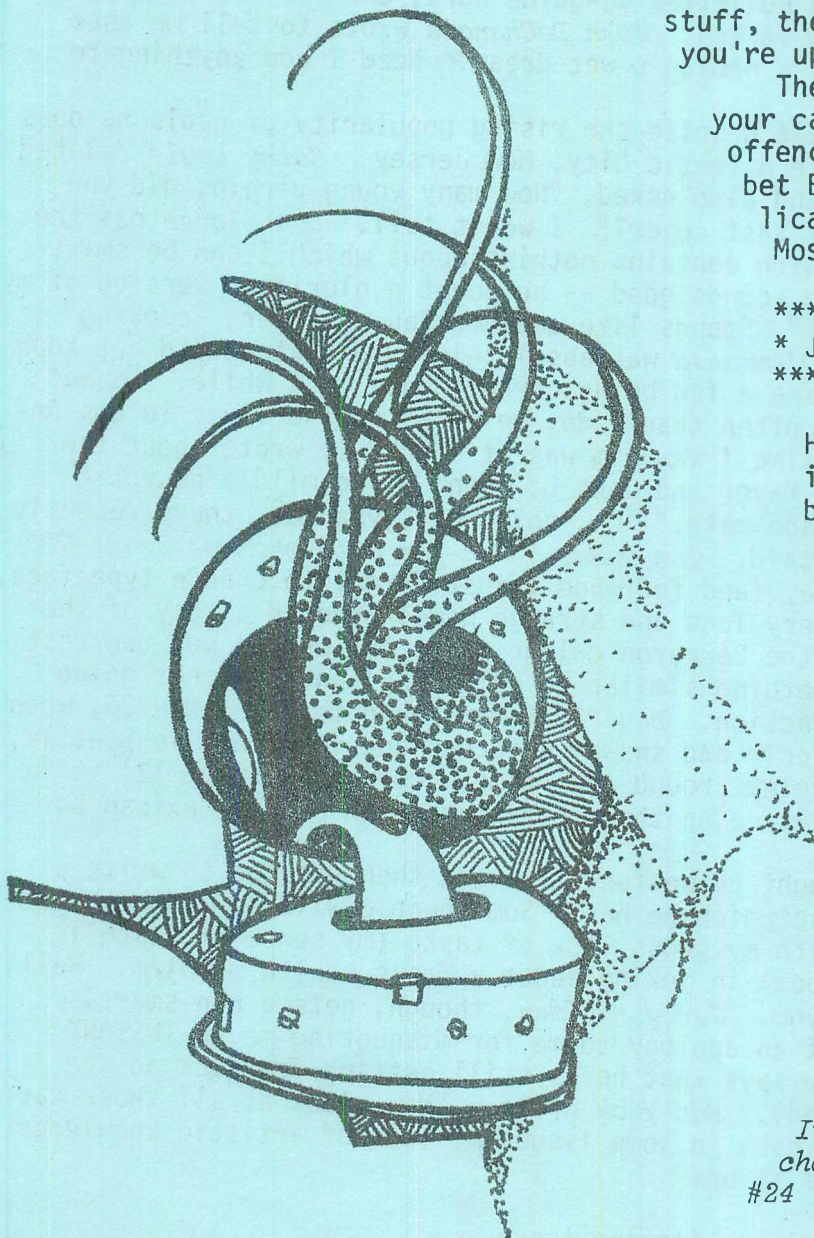
Everyone will tell you how marvellous were your writers this issue (including the editors) so I thought I would put in a word for TKAtherton's delightful little cartoon on p.63. This to my mind joins a select group of fannish cosmologies, with Boucher's "My theology, briefly, is that the Universe was dictated but not signed" and Carole Carr's speculation that God had no intention whatsoever of creating Mankind: what happened she suggests is that when he had risen and created the firmament and all that stuff, the Archangels said, "While you're up...."

The trouble with the rest of your cartoons is that they don't offend enough people: why not bet Brad to do a series of Biblical scenes, eg "Go Down, Moses".

* JOSEPH NICHOLAS *

A specific point to make about HTT, and particularly this issue, is that it seems so bland -- although whether by comparison with previous issues or in and of itself is difficult to determine.

By comparison with recent issues it is certainly less controversial; and, perhaps a bit of blandness was in order so as to cool everyone's blood. Which is not to say that HTT is maybe, overall, too bland for many people. I certainly was disappointed by the loc response this time. It is definitely time for a change - look for it in HTT #24 (next issue).



WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Daniel Farr, from farr off Hawaii, wrote to tell us that HTT would be just as successful if the circulation is allowed to rise and subscriptions were available. He should bite his free time and his wallet. This hobby is already taking up more time and money than it should. *Harry Andruschak* wrote to tell us is starting a new "We Agnostics Meeting" of Alcoholics Anonymous. I'll drink to that. *Robert Bloch* said that he was taking HTT #22 on the plane with him to NE-CRONOMICON. I hope that there were barf-bags on the plane.

Sam Long provided a page and a half of information from Whitakers Almanack, much more than anybody would every want to know about the White Fish Authority and the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851. Wrtie to Sam if you want more information about this. *Monica Sharp* took John Kahane to task for his negative remarks about media fans, deftly forgetting that John is, himself, a media fan (co-editor, with Robbie, of a Doctor Who fanzine). *Lester Boutillier* misremembers "an early issue of HTT in 1978 - an offset overcrowded ugly zine..." For the record, HTT #1 was pubbed in January of 1979, was adequately laid out even though there were few illos and no lettering-guide work, and was (as always) well repro'ed mimeo. 18 pages long, it was. *John DeChancie* wrote to tell me that GLAROOON 1 came out looking like a neofan's wet dream. Need I add anything to that?

Ben Indick wrote to say that despite the rising popularity of gaols he does not think that they will replace Atlantic City, New Jersey. *Cathy Doyle* related some telephone horror stories and also asked, "How many young virgins did you have to promise Foster for that last cover?" I won't tell. *Don Glover* has the distinction of writing a loc which contains nothing about which I can be smart-ass. *Jean Lamb* says "Blog Suey sounds good -- no doubt a glorified version of my own Cream of Bottom Shelf Soup." Sounds like another fan whose er, "cooking" I will refuse to sample. *David D'Amassa* was absolutely sure that we did not know him - and it is refreshing to see a fan being correct once in a while. *Pascal Thomas* (whom I really see more often than I do, being as how he lives in Los Angeles - I think that the last time I saw him was at CORFLU I) wrote about the similarity of opinions by Eric Mayer and John D. Owen: "Two mildly neurotic hermits do not a swell of opinion make." Oh, no? Well, you see, there recently was this Fan Feud..... 'nuff said. *Tom Dunn*, a non-fan with whom we trade HTT for *The Pipe Smoker's Ephemeris*, (and for whom I just forgot to change type face, making it seem that he has a very long and strange name) ordered a copy of the Neo-Fan's Guide and a copy of the Bergeron colour print (so why do not the rest of you goest though and do something similar to help DUFF) and I am not going to smartass that type of nice action. *Bev Clark* mentioned that (on Nov 26, when she was writing to us) it was cold and snowy (8 inches and counting) in Seattle. There was some rain in Los Angeles around that time; currently (Jan. 12) it is 85°F, pleasantly the warmest place on this continent north of the Mexican border.

Rob Gregg says "fandom ought to be fundom" - and then goes on to write a short bit some nauseous disease which he has. Some people will do anything for a laugh, I guess. Even me, with my gross lack of taste (my sense of taste is sitting in a box in another room) in joking about a fan's health problem. Well, that is the WAHF column, for you. *Jerry Kaufman*, though, gets a non-smartass reference here insofar he sent an apology to me for misquoting me in INSTANT GRATIFICATION. *Brad W. Foster* says that he is still getting feedback on the cover of HTT #20 (so am I, Brad). *Edd Vick* wrote, "Wow, look at all those cartoons by that Vick fellow." Yeah, in some issues my lack of artistic knowledge really comes to the fore, does it not?

Well, that is enough nastiness for one issue.

addresses

Rick Albertson: 357 Sterling St. NE, Atlanta, GA 30307, USA
T. Kevin Atherton: 3021 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657, USA
Linda Blanchard: 605 Ballard St., Seagorville, TX 75159, USA
Richard Brandt: 4740 N. Mesa #111, El Paso, TX 79912, USA
Brian Earl Brown: 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224, USA
Guy Brownlee: 602 Twilight Dr., Garland, TX 75040, USA
Ray Capella: 217 W. Grand Ave., Alhambra, CA 91801, USA
Avedon Carol: 9A Greenleaf Rd., East Ham, London E6 1DX, England
Randy Clark: 9617 Robin NE, Albuquerque, NM 87112, USA
Buck Coulson: 2677 W - 500 N, Hartford City, IN 47348, USA
Ian Covell: 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland, TS3 7BP, England
Brad W. Foster: Jabberwocky Graphix, 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75038, USA
Steven Fox: 5646 Pemberton St., Philadelphia, PA 19143, USA
Donald L. Franson: 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606, USA
Mike Glicksohn: 508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ont M6S 3L6, Canada
David Heath: 332 33rd St., San Pedro, CA 90731, USA
Krischan Holl: Freiburger Str 33, D-6800 Mannheim 61, West Germany
Cathy Howard: 3700 Parker Ave., Louisville, KY 40212, USA
Terry Jeeves: 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield S11 9FE, United Kingdom
Charles Lee Jackson II: P.O. Box 38604, Hollywood, CA 90038, USA
Dave Langford: 94 London Rd., Reading, Berks RG1 5AU, United Kingdom
Pete Lyon: 9 Church Ave., Meanwood, Leeds 6, England
Barry Kent MacKay: 197 Main St., Unionville, Ont L3R 2G8, Canada
Eric Mayer: 1771 Ridge Road East, Rochester, NY 14622, USA
Jeanne Mealy: 2633 Dupont Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408, USA
Joseph Nicholas: 22 Denbigh Street, Pimlico, London SW1V 2ER, United Kingdom
Warren Norwood: 500 Greentree Rd., Weatherford, TX 76086, USA
John D. Owen: 4 Highfield Close, Newport Pagness, Bucks MK16 9AZ, England
David Palter: 137 Howland Ave., Toronto, Ont M5R 3B4, Canada
Mike Rogers: P.O. Box 19933, Atlanta, GA 30325, USA
Bill Rotsler: 17909 Lull St., Reseda, CA 91335, USA
Marc Schirmeister: 1555 Vista Lane, Pasadena, CA 91103, USA
Darrell Schweitzer: 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, PA 19087, USA
Robert J. Whitaker Sirignano: P.O. Box 7709, Newark, DE 19711, USA
Skel: 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW, England
Garth Spencer: 1296 Richardson St., Victoria, BC V8V 3E1, Canada
Milt Stevens: 7234 Capps Ave., Reseda, CA 91335, USA
ATom: 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2 3RU, United Kingdom
Harry Warner, Jr.: 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740, USA
Richard Weinstock: 1108 Winthrop Lane, Ventura, CA 93001, USA
Alan White: 139 S. St. Andrews Pl. #3, Hollywood, CA 90004, USA
Mel White: 5338 Heather Glen, Garland, TX 75043, USA
Kip Williams: 131B Rugby Rd., Newport News, VA 23606, USA
Walt Willis: 32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, Norther Ireland BT21 OPD, United Kingdom
Martin Morse Wooster: P.O. Box 8093, Silver Springs, MD 20907, USA
Sarah S. Prince: 4 Assabet Dr., Northboro, MA 01532, USA

Humpty Dumpty was pushed.

WARNING

BY MARTY CANTOR

HOLIER THAN THOU #23 is a transition issue, of sorts. Actually, it is more like the previous issues than what is to come; as you have just seen, though, it is a bit smaller and with fewer illos. HTT #24 will be quite different in many respects.

Physically there will be a different layout and a somewhat different use of illos. It is too early to tell the number of pages the new HTT will run to but I expect that most issues will be bigger than this issue. I also expect that HTT will never again have 100+ page monster issues - those are just too much damned work to put out.

It is my hope that my line-up of contributors will remain substantially the same as before (give or take a few as time passes); of course, that will depend if they like what HTT will be becoming.

Another change will be a drastically reduced print run (at least a third fewer copies will be produced), and this is where the title of this piece comes in. I am changing the availability of this zine, so all of you pay heed to what follows. You see, it takes entirely too much of my time and money to put out frequent issues of a large genzine when I have to put out 300+ copies of each issue - and I hope, in future, to keep the zine both large and relatively frequent. So the number of copies must be reduced.

Therefore: basically, HTT will be available *mostly* by editorial whim. Right up front I will say that editorial whim includes trades - no longer, though, for APAzines of *any* sort. Contributors, naturally, will continue to get copies of HTT. I will continue to sell single issues but the price is going up to \$5.00. AND - once a person has purchased a copy his or her name will go on a little list, said list of names being of those who will have to do something else other than paying money for future issues.

Everybody else (unless I am feeling rather whimsical (but do not count on it)) will have to write letters of comment on *each* issue in order to receive the next one. If I am going to all of this trouble to produce this zine you can go to just a little trouble to write me a letter of comment on it each time I produce an issue. Or go produce your own issue to trade with me. All trades will be arranged trades and I intend to be pickier in the future than I have been in the past. However, except for those few APAzines which I have previously accepted for trade in the past and am now dropping, all current trades will continue to be honoured.

A *very* few pure whim copies will continue to go out.

In case of doubt, please contact me.

It has become increasingly difficult to put out HTT; mainly because I have wanted to change its format to reflect more the kind of zine it seemed to me that it had wanted to evolve into. The problem here is that the kind of zine I now want to produce is not the kind of zine that can be co-edited. So HTT in the future will have a lot more of my writing in it - and Robbie will no longer be its co-editor. Not that Robbie will not be aware of what is going on in the zine nor is she being closed out of its pages - it is just that she will no longer have any co-editing duties.

This has plus effects for the both of us. Hers is that she now has more time (or will have, after #23 is finished) for working on TIME MEDDLER (her Doctor

Who zine) and for her various APA commitments. The change will give me time to work on HTT when I feel that it should be worked on without the problem of Robbie not being available to do some of the work because of other commitments; in effect, I will be planning on doing ALL instead of SOME of the work on it and will not be delayed because Robbie is too busy to work on HTT as she is working on another zine at the time. She gains the time she would otherwise be working on HTT.

Oh, and in case you are wondering - we own 2 IBM Selectric I's, so there is no conflict over the simultaneous use of a typer. Though there are the occasional shouts of "typeball thief" as we do not have duplicates of each typeface. Well, we live with it.

One thing I have not talked about is what HTT will be turning into, and this is on purpose. You see, I know what I have in mind for the zine, but I remember what I had in mind for the zine when I started it in the late 70's and I know how different it became from my original conception and I expect that the new HTT will probably diverge from what I will start. But I can tell you some of my current plans.

The layout will be much more fluid than at present. And also tighter. This is not a contradiction. Let me explain.

Currently HTT starts out with a cover, an inside cover full page illo, the ToC and Why You Received This pages are strictly structured on pages 3 and 4, with an illo and colophon appearing on page 5 just before my editorial (although, a few times, Robbie's editorial (if she had one) appeared before mine). Nessie has always appeared after the articles, followed by the addresses and my closing natter.

I have always typed Nessie before starting to type the articles which Robbie had not gotten to. This led to layout glitches (large areas after an article which was usually filled with an illo). Then, after all of the typing was done I had the tedious job of running all of the stencils back into the typer so that I could type in the page numbers. *Then* Robbie could start cutting and pasting illos.

In the new format I will be able to completely plan the issue in advance and type the page numbers as I go. But I will leave it a secret most of my other plans for the next issue.

But I will give you a little clue - I have been enjoying the few Britzines which come my way.

* * * * *

Several regulars are not in this issue; it is my hope that they will be appearing in these pages in the future.

Mike Glycer gets almost weekly reminders about his column; maybe that is a mistake. I gave him a final deadline last week - and he missed it. "Did you really mean that was a final deadline?" Obviously, that technique does not work.

Another technique which did not work was giving Terry Carr a long deadline. When I saw him over Thanksgiving Day weekend (the deadline) he told me "end of the year, for sure". It is now one week from the end of January.

Taral got enamoured of word processing the final draught of his article; he is waiting until he gets access, again, to word processing equipment to finish the work.

I think that Richard Bergeron is just too busy with his new gallery.

All of these fans have expressed interest in continuing in HTT and it is my hope that they will have material in the next issue. I see that it is letter writing time again.

* * * * *

Please note that the bacover of this issue is the frontcover of the previous issue. I was quite unhappy with the repro that the professional printers gave us on that cover; however, as they are located inconveniently (next to where I used to work) and I had no time to get the cover re-printed, I e-stencilled it and ran it off on our new mimeo machine. If you compare this copy with the previous one you will see a wealth of detail which was not there on the first printing. The printing is still not perfect but it is better this time around.

As for our new mimeo - it is new to us although it is an older machine (a Gestetner 360 with motor). Our old machine (the Foot In Mouth Press) is a Gestetner 300 T (hand inked and hand cranked) and is being reserved for colour work.

The Renegade Press (our new machine) was previously owned by the Canadian Consulate. Four years ago the Consulate acquired new photocopy equipment and retired their mimeo machine. We acquired it when they finally declared it surplus. We then had it cleaned and adjusted and put it to the good use you now see. It works better (and faster) than our old machine. And it does not have to be hand cranked and hand inked. Ahhh - the benefits of modern technology.

* * * * *

Enclosed with this zine is a copy of the latest TAFF ballot - if you feel that you should do so please fill it out and send it (with the appropriate voting fee (or even more than the requisite minimum)) to the appropriate TAFF administrator.

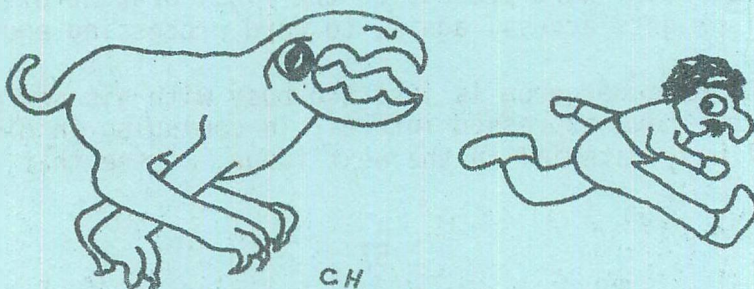
Neither Robbie nor I are endorsing any of the candidates at this time; mainly because we cannot make up our minds as to whom we like the most. Speaking for myself, I consider the field quite good and am finding all kinds of reasons for voting for all three of the candidates. At the moment I am leaning towards Simon Ounsley (but he is far enough away so that I will not damage him if I fall) but that is probably subject to change several times before I finish typing this page.

* * * * *

The voting deadline for DUFF is coming nigh - all votes must be in the administrator's hands by Feb. 28 at the latest - there will be NO extensions of this deadline. If you need a DUFF ballot just let me know and I will send you one.

I again remind all potential North American candidates that they should start getting nominators if they wish to run in 1987. There really is no such thing as starting too early, everything considered.

---Marty Cantor





HOLLIER THAN THOU 2.2.

