

24

HOLIER THAN THOU

N

# WELCOME

to the "new" HOLIER THAN THOU. How new is it? Lots of ways (one of which being a format much more informal than that used in previous issues) - read on and you will see how it has changed.

Firstly, though, let me do some necessary colophonish things: HTT is edited and published by Marty Cantor, 11565 Archwood Street, North Hollywood, CA 91606-1703, USA, the telephone number being (818) 982-1746. Copyright (c) 1986 by Marty Cantor. One-time rights only have been acquired from signed contributors, and all other rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. This is Hoo Hah Publication No. 343, a production of the Renegade Press. Spring/Summer, 1986. All e-stencilling on the LASFS's Gestefax. Left-over mailing labels (one last run) by rich brown (I did a few corrections and all of the new ones). HTT is published whenever I get a round tuit and is available for the usual (including interesting old fanzines) and the unusual (such as 12-pitch (Elite) typeballs for the IBM Selectric I (Tom Dunn recently sent two of them - he will be receiving HTT for quite some time for this wonderful piece of thoughtfulness). US\$5.00 will get you a copy of one issue - it will also get you put on a list of names of those who have used up their quota of one allowable purchase. Those on this list who wish to get future issues will have to Do Something (writing a letter of comment is recommended) as I will be accepting no further money from these people. In other words, as I believe that one of the main purposes of fanzines is to foster communication 'twixt fans, one may purchase one copy of one issue - after that, one *must* communicate with me in order to stay on the mailing list.

After several years of being my Australian agent, Ken Ozanne is no longer serving in that post. My decision, and it has nothing at all to do with Ken (who was an exemplary agent). You see, to put out the kind of HTT which I wish to put out, it is necessary to drastically cut my costs; and the best way of doing that, I feel, is to cut back drastically on my mailing list. I had been keeping several (read that as too many) non-responding Aussies on the list; in cutting many of these people off of the mailing list I discovered that I could no longer make the minimum weight necessary to use the cheap mailbag bookrate offered by the Post Office and that it was now cheaper (unless I were to fill the mailbag with lots of unassigned copies for Ken to sell) for me to send copies directly to each Aussie on the list. As my major cost-cutting is two-fold (fewer copies printed and lower postage due to fewer copies being mailed out), Ken's services were no longer needed (but he will be getting copies for a long time to come because of past services).

Before a misconception is set too firmly into your minds I should point out that it is not just Aussies who are (or who have been) non-responding to HTT. I have long insisted that I should hear from people at least once each year - and then have soft-heartedly allowed people to stay on the mailing list when many of them do not contact me that often. No more (mostly), as I cannot afford to keep putting out HTT at its current expense. Therefore, the draconian measure announced last issue: you must respond to each issue or out you go.

I am afraid that some of you had heart attacks when you read that; and, whilst that might do a *few* of you good to have that happen, I realise now that I should have announced a few exceptions to this rule.

Naturally I exempted a few people from this as I expected that fanartists (as an example) should know that their having art in my files would keep them getting HTT at least until I RAN out of their artwork. I forgot that, as I use only one cover each issue, my usual cover artists (if they contributed only covers and not

interior art) would keep getting the zine without worry.

And I forgot about the slowness of international mails; obviously, those respondents overseas do not have to respond to *each* issue as this would be difficult to do in a timely manner. But I see nothing wrong in having them reply to every other issue.

Once I get my mailing list down so that I have to print only 200 copies of each issue (it is now over 300) I will be relaxing my stringent requirements for getting HTT; in the meantime, though, I am taking the coward's way out and making those on my mailing list do the deciding as to who will keep getting HTT - I am too much of a softy to more or less arbitrarily cut people from the list.

I want to emphasise that contributors (artists, columnists, etc.) are safe from being dropped - as long as I get things from them every once in a while. The same rationale, here, as with cover artists - HTT is big, but it is not big enough to use each of its regular writers (and artists) in every issue (I *always* have material on hand which must be placed into a later issue because there is no room in the current issue). Effective this issue I will be de-emphasising interior artwork. It will not be going away, I will just be using less of it and will be using it a bit differently than previously. My regular artists should not worry, though - I will eventually be using all of the art in my files (or will return it if I no longer want it) and will continue sending them copies of the zine even if their artwork does not appear in several consecutive issues.

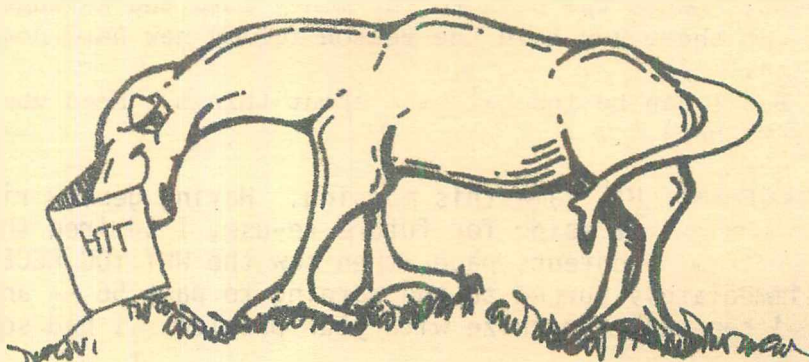
I have had many comments about this change of policy and here are a few of them.

BRIAN EARL BROWN: I'm not thrilled by your new policy of response to *every* issue. Even Donn Brazier, who published the highly response-oriented TITLE, only required response to every other issue. True he was publishing monthly and you're not, but it still seems excessive. True I'll continue to send you STICKY QUARTERS and probably loc most issue but the threat of *always* having to do something is so intimidating....

I, also, am not thrilled by this policy of response to every issue but I consider it the fairest means of getting down to a core readership of about 200 after which I will relax the rules. It is either this policy, arbitrarily cutting down the mailing list, or killing off the zine because I can no longer afford the expense. Anyway, I could have been even more draconian - there is, after all, an old fannish tradition of getting copies only "for *published* locs" and I have not gone that far.

DAVID BRATMAN: HTT is, naturlich, your fanzine, and you can do anything you want with it. And I suppose I understand that if one

wants to trim the mailing list one has to get a bit hard-nosed about it. But I found your "warning" a bit distressing. Chiding your readers for implied laziness because they don't loc every issue is a bit insulting; some of us do other things with our free time than fan. However, I do appreciate a *clear* policy, which you are one (or two)





of the few fanzine editors to have.

If you want readers to loc every issue, there should be a balance to strike in frequency of issue. Too frequent, and the reader feels inundated; too infrequent, and the zine just slips their mind. 2-3 times a year is probably ideal, at least for my state of mind.

I *try* to be clear about my policies so I hope that my readers understand why I am being hard-nosed in this instance.

As for frequency, 2-3 times a year is the current HTT schedule (and I would refer back to BEBs letter when he wrote that Donn Brazier required response only for every *other* issue - that is six letters a year and I am (currently) requiring only 2 or 3 per year).

I emphasise that my main reason for this policy change is cost.

ROBERT LICHTMAN: I had to chuckle when I read your "warning" at the back of the issue. I have wondered time and again since I began receiving your zine how long you would hold out handling the enormous expense of producing and distributing over 300 copies of such a large fanzine. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe I heard you say at CORFLU I that a typical issue cost you around \$700-\$800 to put out.

A slight misremembering on your part - it costs approximately \$500 per issue to put out HTT. That translates to \$1,000 - \$1,500 per year. I only go to one out-of-area con a year (usually Worldcon although I substituted CORFLU when Worldcon was in Los Angeles that year) and I do not want to drop this particular expense (after all, *one* con per year is *not* overdoing it) as I enjoy meeting fanzine fans in person - and this trip is always my vacation from work. My trip to Worldcon in 1985, even though it was paid for by DUFF, still cost us money as Robbie and I had to pay ~~4~~ of the expenses. Next year I will be going to two out-of-area cons but we will only be paying for one of them. At least we hope to be able to afford to go to Britain. The second, free, trip is to NORWESCON 10 where Robbie and I will be Fan Guests of Honour (and we hope to see many of you there).

What has made costs of putting out HTT so critical all of a sudden has been two things. The first has been my decision about retirement - when I *do* retire I do not want to live on just Social Security (which is a pittance) and Robbie's income. So I need to start an Individual Retirement Account (IRA) - this costs \$2,000 per year; and, as I am now 51, I feel that I should not wait any longer to start it. In fact, I just sent off the last of the money which initiated this fund.

The second thing which will need much money is the state of my elderly auto. It seems to be a race between the rotary engine (which is showing signs of expiring) and something in the drive train (strange noises and jerkiness at times) as to which will die first. I want to trade in the car before either of these things win their race - while it still has some theoretical trade-in value. To keep my montly payments affordable I would like to have a few thousand dollars to help with the down-payment; hence the need to put money into the savings account rather than just HTT. So there you have the reason for my new hard-nosed attitude (as David Bratman put it).

But I can be insonsistant about things. Read what Lee Hoffman wrote (and my reply to her).

LEE HOFFMAN: HTT came this morning. Having gently ripped open the envelope and set it aside for future re-use, I admired the assorted covers, perused the contents page, then saw the WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS. At the sign of the X I immediately turned to the warning to page 56 -- and was appalled.

I can well sypathize with your problem. I had something of the kind with Q in

my youth, when circulation reached the point where it seemed my primary form of fan-ac had become collating. But -- Lordy! -- I *can't* LoC every issue. Ghu knows how Harry Warner does it. One thing for certain -- he's got a far finer fannish mind than I have. (Else he's really using the services of Proxyboo, Ltd with a staff of dozens handling his account.) But then, I note that while my issue was X'ed for me to READ THE WARNING, there was no X next to "We would like for your to loc/contribute." So maybe it is NOT a Loc per issue -- or even a contribution -- which would assure me the next issue of HTT. The only other item checked is "Editorial whim/wher." Is my only hope is to trust to an editorial wher?

Not putting an X next to "We would like for you to loc/contribute" was a most gross error on my part as it is always a distinct pleasure hearing from you ~ I enjoyed talking to you at CHICON and consider your letters a continuation of that time. Well, there is *always* editorial whim/wher and I can whim and wher with the best of them. As editor and publisher of this here zine I reserve the right to be arbitrary in my application of the rules I lay down. In your case, Lee, I will probably be arbitrary in your favour.

LEE HOFFMAN: Pondering the problem of how to assure oneself a steady, though maybe irregular, supply of HTT, it occurs to me there is another problem more collective than my personal edification, connected with the situation Skel details, namely, the copies of zine that go bump in the mails and disappear without a trace, so that the publisher thinks the addressee has failed to LoC and the addressee thinks he's either been dropped off the list for some unmentionable, or at least unmentioned, sin or else that the ed has been delayed in pubbing his ish. Entropy affects a separation that ed and addressees blames on the other, bad feelings develop, someone Says Something, partisans choose up sides and attack each other and all fandom is plunged into war. And it will be ALL YOUR FAULT, CANTOR!

Robbie always says, "It's *your* fault" to me, regardless of whatever it is about which we are talking (she often says this out of the blue (like when we are both reading)). Well, I have already contributed more than my share in plunging fandom into war (but I will not be writing about *that* any more in HTT, at least not until my term as DUFF co-administrator comes to an end) so I absolutely refuse to take responsibility for fannish entropy. Besides, what is it with this historical revisionism bit, anyway? It will never fly - "It's Cantor's Fault" will never replace "It's Eney's Fault". Or at least it should not if we are going to respect our traditions.

But enough of this stuff. What I really want to talk about is work. My work. Not so much of the nuts and bolts (as it were) of running a pipe shop (or at least working in a pipe shop even though I do help run the place) as to some of the goings on where I work.

It is not just handing a customer his purchase and taking his money; work at John's Pipe Shop has more than its share of interesting moments and some of them should be put into print. The shop is on Hollywood Boulevard, right next to the Hollywood Wax Museum, one half block from one of Hollywood's major intersections, and it is a different world on that street. At least, it is not your ordinary street out there. The glamour is long gone - more about that at a later time.

Things are not always ordinary in the shop, either. For quite some time we have been almost the sole supplier of smoking items used as props for most movies and television shows. Not for ordinary cigarettes, but for pipes, lighters, cigars, and just about anything else which we sell. We recently sold some items (two lighters and some cigars) for a MURDER, SHE WROTE episode (which I later saw on the tube) and we would have supplied a TWILIGHT ZONE episode with Russian cigarettes if we could

have gotten them. Not only did none of our wholesalers have any in stock; but, when we called the importer in New York City (we *do* go out of way for our studio accounts) they told us that Russia was not currently exporting their cigarettes to the US. Considering that Russia *needs* hard currency and has been selling cigarettes to the US since before I got into this business (and that is almost 25 years) I can but theorise why their cigarettes are not now available.

Once we rented a goodly number of items to a studio so that it could build a replica of part of a pipe shop (with the then-owner of the shop going to the set to ok its accuracy).

Even conversations on the telephone can be, well, different. I took a call from Harlan Ellison's secretary about getting one of Harlan's lighters repaired. How I got the call in the first place is that Ellison has been a once-in-a-while customer of mine for some years in previous shops where I have worked and I had gotten his lighters repaired for him in the past. He had "lost" me after the shop where I worked in Glendale had gone out of business, so he called Robbie at the Canadian Consulate General to find out where I was - and I do not know how he found out that Robbie worked there. I guess that he has a fine fannish mind.

Anyway, whilst talking to his secretary, Harlan picks up an extension telephone so that he can ask me a question: "Marty, do you remember the complete quote, the one which begins 'Honoured more in the breech than in the \_\_\_\_\_'? I cannot find it in my sources of cliches and such."

"Harlan, I used the beginning of that quote in something I recently wrote, and damned if I can remember the whole thing, either. I recommend that you try Bartlett's."

(Later that evening, I mentioned this to Robbie and she completed the phrase for me (which I have again forgotten - I possess a fine, fannish sieve for a memory) so I called Harlan to give him the information. He told me that he had found the complete quote and that it was from Shakespeare.

Fandom is a funny place. I mean, where else would an author ask his tobacconist about a quotation he was unable to complete - and where else would a person have an author's telephone number convenient to hand at home so that he could call him back with the information?

And what other tobacco shop but John's would have an author call a clerk to ask for the completion of a quotation? Actually, though, most of the interesting stuff at work happens in the front room, not on the telephone, and I intend to tell you about many of these things; however, before I bore you too much in talking about me and things which happen at my work, let me turn these pages over to Hank Heath, a fan who drives a Taxicab in Florida. He sent this to me on tape, most of which was transcribed by Robbie (I finished the last of it). It is not just in Hollywood that things get strange.

T. T. A.

BY HANK HEATH

I want to explain to you T.T.A. Back in the 70's there was a big interest among the social scientists in Transactional Analysis and Cross Transactions - all this wonderful "Pop Psych" terminology and stuff. I was into it. I mean I was doing work in counseling and it was a terrific tool.

Well, anyway, now we have a new version available which is called T.T.A. or T.T. for short. The TTA stands for Taxicab Transactional Analysis or Taxicab Therapy. There are a number of unlicensed, untrained therapists on the road who are *posing* as people trying to make a living driving taxicabs and, of course, I just happen to be one of them. We perform services not unlike that which the bartenders used to do, but we have the problem of not offering up libations that make a person



feel better. We have to offer large doses of bullshit in order to make it work and we get pretty good at this, enough so that I'm thinking of handing out little Certificates of Taxicab Therapist. Maybe I could create a TTI, the Taxicab Therapist Institute of America and put it at a Post Office box in Fort Lauderdale. Anyway, mail order diplomas or whatever.

Yeah, I get to do a lot of therapeutic and transactional type of stuff. I'll give you an example.

A week ago a young man (this is during Spring Break) climbed into my cab...it was on a yellow day (I hope I'm going to have time to explain all this).

Every day down here has a certain colour to it and like today was a blue day: the robins-egg blue sky, beautiful days. Blue in this case means a happy blue rather than a sad blue. And some days are white. Those are usually in the summer. Those days are when the sun is hot and it's high and it blanches out the sky so that the sky takes on a texture of water with milk drops in it (have you ever seen that? You know, when you do diffraction experiments in Physics? That's one of the ways they do that. They take little drops of milk in a beaker of water.). That's the way the sky looks on white days.

On yellow days the sun is out, it's warm but it's not that white-hot. The sky is sort of bluish but you don't pay attention to it. It just feels yellow and warm and nice...fantastic.

This was a yellow day. Everything was yellow. I had on my sunglasses to guard against the yellow rays and this young man hops in my cab and I go, "How are you doing?"

Now, one of the things you have to learn as a Taxicab Therapist is how to greet people because the way you greet people is going to indicate how the Transaction is going to come about and you have to set things up. For instance, you do not say "Hi" for the very big reason that this shuts off communication. "Hi" is a word that stops people from communicating. I know that you don't believe that but people who say "Hi" are saying to you not just "Hello", they're saying "I have made this greeting as short as possible with just two letters and two sounds put together and that's the way I'm going to communicate with you. At most I will do things in short sentences and I will not expect a response anymore than I expect you to respond to 'Hi'."

So you don't say "Hi." "Hi" shuts off people. You also don't say "Hello" because "Hello" is much too formal and people feel uncomfortable. They feel like they have to reach over and shake your hand. "Hello, how are you?" "Just fine." And that's it. I mean, that script is written, sealed, sent to the publisher and royalties are being paid, you know. There's nothing to it. But, the perfect TT greeting is, "How're you doing?"

Now, what this guy did, when I said "How're you doing?", he said, "Hi".

That told me an awful lot. TT people are very much into detecting great things from little words. That told me that he did not want to communicate, because he's a "Hi" person. He didn't say "Hello" or "Just fine" or "Pretty good" or anything



of that sort. He said "Hi" so it must mean that he doesn't want to talk. However, the job of the TT is to make people talk. For one thing, TT's are generally taxicab drivers who do not have radios in their cars (that is AM/FM, stereos, you know, the whole thing). I am one of those who does not have a radio in my car. So, as a result, you have to have noise coming from somewhere and it has to come from conversation. It's vital. There has to be noise in a taxicab. That way you can hide all the rattles and creaks and groans of some machine that's got 150,000 miles on it, that's still going for a new record.

So, I said, "How're you doing?" (You have to practice that "How're you doing?" You say it a syllable off and it could change the entire meaning.) And he said "Hi". Now, in order to keep the conversation going you can talk about a) the weather, b) the traffic, c) politics - but, generally, the weather makes it down in Florida. So we started talking about the weather. I would ask; he would respond very little; I would ask more; he would respond very little. After you talk about the weather, you talk about, hmm, what is this dude doing down here. He's on his way to the airport - that means that he was visiting here. How long were you here? Where'd you come from? Things like this. So, he had been down here three days; he was from Ontario. Okay, three days, that's enough time to get a little bit of tan. Great! It's good to see you down here, I hope you had a good weekend. Well, I was supposed to take a whole week off but I feel ill and I'm going back home. Oh, that's too bad. You feel bad, something wrong? Did you catch something? Did you catch cold or did you have a sun allergy or something or other? No, he says, I'm schizophrenic.

Now TTs usually have a pat answer for just about anything that a passenger says *except* for the phrase "I'm schizophrenic." I went home and looked in my TT manual and there was not one reference to (or how to deal with) a person who is schizophrenic. So, I had to invent - and what I did was, I came up with a phrase, "That's nice." It turned out that that was the right thing to say. TTs have an innate ability to say the right thing at the right moment. I said, "That's nice" and he says, "Well, I'm not really schizophrenic, I was just diagnosed as being schizophrenic."

At this point I had the feeling that I was rapidly moving into a therapist mode of conversation - and the therapist mode of conversation was invented in complete dimensions one afternoon by Eric Adler (or whoever it was). And so I used the entire therapist mode of conversation with him (or the entire monologue) - I said, "Hmn." That's how you deal with these people. If you want to be a good therapist, once you get them going you've got to prime the pump, once you get them going you *shut up* and you say, "Hmn...mmmmmm?...mmmmmm (with various profound rising and downward inflections), \*cough, cough\* etcetera.

So I said, "Hmmm." And he said, "Well, the doctor didn't really say that I was schizophrenic. When I talked to him he said that my thinking was a little bit scattered." At that point I knew how to open him up. I said, "Yeah, by that definition, just about all of us would be schizophrenic, wouldn't we?" In which case I thought, I can ease his conscience, he'll be a lot more at ease and we could get this car ride done with so I could get his money and *get him out of here*. But he didn't take the bait.

He said, "My doctor was trying to kill me in Ontario."

Once again I didn't have a ready response to this; so I thought that as long as I was in therapist mode I would continue in therapist response pattern and I went, "Ummmmmm?" But that's a therapist's question. It could stand for, "Are you out of your mind?" or it could stand for, "Do you know that you have a pimple on the end of your nose?"; but, because we were trying to make it patient oriented here, as much as possible, you say, "Ummmmmm?"

And then he launched into his story about how he had been forced to go to a doctor and the doctor had recommended certain hospitalisation and diet and with the diet he had started feeling ill and had come down with an infection and the doctor had



said that it was not an infection so he went on vacation and came down to Fort Lauderdale and while he was down here he went to the hospital and checked to see if they knew anything about this imaginary infection and they found out it was a real one and they gave him penicillin or some such thing and cleared up the infection and so now he is convinced of the fact that because his brain was a little scattered that the doctor was trying to kill him with a strange infection which he'd kept maintaining was in his head. And I said a whole bunch of "Hummmmm?" (with lots of rising and lowering inflections in my usual professional manner) all the while thinking "How fast can I get rid of this kid?"

Eventually the ride did end. He explained that how I was such a nice guy and the fact that he could talk to me and never see me again in his life so, essentially, this conversation didn't count for shit. He thought that I was a wonderful human being for not rejecting him and get him out of their sight but I had been nice enough to allow him to stay to the completion of his ride and catch his bus back up to Ontario. And I said a whole bunch of "Hummmmm"s (with the previously explained inflections) and finally we parted, shook hands, and I told him my standard TT exit which is, "Have a nice day".

And he took off into the sunset.

Anyway, that's my life as a Taxicab Therapist. It's a rough life, but somebody's got to do it.

-- Hank Heath

---

In these pages I expect to be anecdoting here and there about things at work (as Hank just did in the previous contribution); in the following, though, Steve Green writes about where he *used* to work. Steve sent this along with a note asking about contributing to HTT on a regular basis. With my propensity towards grabbing off for HTT as many of fandom's fine writers as I can cram into its pages I naturally sent him off an aerogramme welcoming him as a regular columnist in the zine. He will be the second fan from Britain to write for HTT on a regular basis (Skel is the other regular). So, let us see what Steve has to say about working at a newspaper in Britain.

## AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS

BY STEVE GREEN

There are evenings, when I'm not engaged helping my wife Ann prop up the bar at our local or exiled in the shed stirring my duplicator into action (nowt like a good crank, right?), that I allow soft memory to bathe me in the proverbial light of other days and dwell upon the six years or more I spent trying to pretend I'd just joined the cast of LOU GRANT. The fact that my crumpled trenchcoat and battered fedora made me look more like a reject from a Phil Marlowe audition than ghod's gift to journalism swayed me not in my march down mummery lane; even the bewildered expression which suddenly took residence on my chief reporter's face the afternoon I strolled into the office of the *Solihull News*, positioned myself with deliberate effect on the corner of her desk, thumbed back the brim of the old hat and drawled "What's the story, Chief?", even that failed to shatter the self-illusion.

Things have changed now, of course. I finally quit in the fall of '84, fed up

to the back teeth with spending my lunchtimes in the pub exchanging pleasantries with people I detested and my evenings in cramped council chambers trying to decide which I found harder to swallow. The arterio-furring buffet or the party political platitudes mouthed by the resident reactionaries. It's odd to think that I once revelled in my freedom from the chains of a 9-to-5 office job, but now my views have rotated 180°. Perhaps it's merely that even my reservoir of self-delusion was not unlimited, perhaps that I never had anyone worth coming home to before I met Ann; whichever, I find I can no longer dismiss the virtues of a clerical lifestyle with my former arrogance.

Still, there are some things I miss: the free drinks, the free albums, the free drinks, the free theatre tickets...

Ah yes, *the theatre*. It's a confession I'm loathe to make, even in the pages of so broadminded a fanzine as HTT, but until I joined the *News* that distant summer of '78 the stage and I were virtual strangers; there is a yellowing mental photograph deep within the grey-matter catacombs of a ramshackle production of Gilbert & Sullivan's HMS PINAFORE snapped during some otherwise unmemorable school trip, plus a few sepia slides of homegrown productions (Tudor Grange Grammar pretended to a theatrical accomplishment it somehow never managed to achieve, not altogether surprising when you consider that its population included such anarchic elements as myself, Kev Clarke and Mike Taylor, all three of us still ridden with guilt at unleashing the Solihull SF Group upon an unsuspecting English fandom), but little else or artistic merit.

No wonder, then, that I approached my first assignment for the *News*' local arts column -- a production of Peter Shaffer's ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN at Birmingham's Crescent Theatre -- with some trepidation. But, leaving the trenchcoat hanging on the back of my bedroom door for once and donning instead an uncannily respectable three-piece, I wandered off in search of the Crescent, finally discovered ingeniously secreted up a dimly-lit blind alley just outside the city centre.

The effect was electrifying. Despite the amateur standard of the production, hardly alleviated by the director's over-emphasis on theatrical pyrotechnics, my reaction could effectively be summed up in one of Skel's lyrical adjectives: 'totally gobsmacked'. The addict had found his fix.

The addiction got steadily worse and by the time I inherited the mantle of arts section editor (replete with a guaranteed byline every week, though the added fame of your photograph appearing alongside the text had been ditched shortly before my arrival -- this was, I stress, a pure coincidence and no insight into the editor's opinion of this correspondent should be extrapolated) I was hooked on the hard stuff: Arthur Miller, Thornton Wilder and the like.

Not that I ever forgot my first literary love, of course. Shortly before I finally dragged myself to my first Eastercon in Scotland (if mankind had been meant to travel the country by train, God would never have created British Rail..), I made a journey almost as exhausting to Birmingham's Centre for the Arts in Gosta Green (a few hundred yards from the almost legendary General Wolfe, which astoundingly survived many a meeting of the infamous MiSFiTs only to fall victim to the city planners' curious obsession with car parks) to catch the Triple Action Theatre Group's bizarre incarnation of Lem's SOLARIS (the TATG took their lead from the politicised Polish theatrical tradition and evolved Lem's already enigmatic novel into an emotive series of highly intense vignettes structured around the central protagonist's life story; sadly, this was the only production by that company I ever tracked down and for all I know it may have disbanded by now). And who could forget that science fiction triumph BUGS BUNNY IN SPACE, jewel of the Birmingham Hippodrome's crown the summer of '79? Not I, try as I might once my great affection for the wascally wabbit had been trampled to death by the ridiculous introduction of a handful of comicbook superheroes and a plot so mindless even L Ron Hubbard would have let it gather dust at the back of some forgotten drawer.

Not that it was even necessary to board a bus in order to obtain a theatrical fix. Barely a stone's throw away from the Green abode (take it from me: I've seen my neighbour's kids checking trajectories) stands the Hall Green Little Theatre, which boasts not only some of the most illiterate exterior graffiti in the borough but enough interior enthusiasm to mak its company's more amateur moments. Course, it is a mite perverse to be sitting through a somewhat shaky rendition of TWELFTH NIGHT and suddenly realise the lovestruck fop with the garter problem is the same chap who sold you a pound of best mince at the corner butcher's the previous Thursday, but being able to stroll back across the road to grab a sweater if the radiators pack up does have certain benefits.

The problem I always faced with amateur productions, and this isn't confined to a cast so close to home too harsh a review could land me with diced Grand National winner in my chilli, was just how high a standard to demand of these homegrown entertainments. In fact, it goes far deeper than that, into an examination of precisely why people read newspaper reviews (I know why I used to *write* them: I was paid to, it was an automatic consequence of obtaining my 'fix' and, besides, I enjoyed the freedom it gave me to inject a little style into what is otherwise a fairly formulised writing technique -- hell, I still remember the time one of my more moronic sub-editors deleted the word 'catharsis' from one of my better features because he considered it too intellectual for our readers, meaning in fact that *he* didn't know what it meant).

For those like my neighbours in the Little Theatre, whose audience is largely composed of pensioners who need something mildly dramatic to gaze at on nights when they're deprived of DALLAS or DYNASTY, the urge to shuffle through the newspaper in search of the arts page is a blood relative of the way I run my finger down HTT's lettercol index: pure, unadulterated egoboo. Therein lies the truism that it matters not what is said, but whether your name's spelled correctly ("Loo, it's not my fault if the programme I copied it from was wrong, Mr. Brzincowicz", et cetera, ad nauseum...).

I've always held to the theory that the remaining readers fall into three categories: those who have seen the play in question, those who are considering forking out for tickets, and those who have absolutely no intention of seeing it (and may even view visiting the theatre as remote a possibility as joining a daytrip to a Parisian brothel). Those in the first two camps are searching either for confirmation of their own opinions (the same reason I enjoy reading film reviews, although it can be quite refreshing to hear another viewpoint) or an incentive to boost the box office (there is an unfortunate side-effect in that not only is the convinced punter given enough of the production's flavour to whet his appetite, he is also supplied with a ready-made framework in which to view the work; the danger is that this could well submerge his own esthetic perspective -- "After all, he's a *theatre critic*, so he must know what he's talking about, right?"). Those in the third are simply out for a little entertaining reading, a snappy cocktail of self-assured opinion, insight and wit; the fact that the author of the review was probably halfway to catatonia on the freebies served in the hospitality suite and almost certainly had the article sketched out in the back of his head before the curtain rose (all the better to slot all those smartass puns in, folks) most likely never enters their minds, nor would it truly make any difference if it did -- just like fandom, it's the *critic's* performance they're interested in, not the actors'.

Which brings me back, eventually, to that difficulty I mentioned with amateur productions. After all, it's really not fair to expect standards akin to those of the Royal Shakespeare Company from a bunch of bank clerks, office cleaners and redundant car workers, but neither is their non-professionalism any real excuse for pretentious self-congratulation every time someone walks on stage without falling flat on his face (an analogy could be drawn here with fanzine reviews, but this is not the place to expand upon it). The two sides of the argument are probably best



illustrated by calling to mind two productions I caught during my years at the *News*: the first a modern-dress version of one of Shakespeare's plays (TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA I think, though my memory stumbles at the final hurdle), the other a trio of one-act dramas which opened with N F Simpson's incomprehensible gibberish THE HOLE (or 'The Pits', as my broadside at the time dubbed it). The former opted out of a standard rendition of the Bard's work with laudable optimism and managed, for the most part at least, to pull it off (with more success in some ways than the RSC's staging of JULIUS CAESAR a few seasons later, Ron Daniels' STAR WARS-style production very nearly overwhelming the political intrigues of ancient Rome); the other was a blatantly arty choice in the first place and only the fact that nearly everyone in the audience had a relative on-stage prevented either a mass walk-out or a public lynching. My support for the latter option in the subsequent crit (though unstated, in those words at least) instantly earned me top billing on that particular group's hitlist and (thank ghod) a two-year respite from evenings in a converted lounge crumpled on seating so low as to appear custom-built for self-performed oral sex, had I been that way inclined.

But please don't get the wrong impression and start thinking that ineptitude and ennui are the sole prerogative of the amateur stage. I've seen allegedly professional productions so dire they'd be laughed at were they to 'grace' a village hall, let alone a venue as established as the Crescent or the Little Theatre. It's not always the cast's or the director's fault, of course -- when the company of an Agatha Christie revival were slotted in to fill a cancellation at Birmingham's Alexandra Theatre once with barely a few day's rehearsals under their belts the audience soon forgave one member for continually claiming the inevitable body was hidden behind a briefcase rather than the bookcase, and a similar reception greeted the unfortunate soul drafted into Mike Harding's working class comedy FUR COAT AND NO KNICKERS when the supporting cast were stranded halfway down the M1 motorway who spent the evening treading the boards with a copy of the script in his back pocket -- but during the few years I sat through the bulk of what the Birmingham stage had to offer I sat through enough theatrical abortions to seriously consider re-titling this article THEY DIED WITH THEIR MAKE-UP ON.

I'm still haunted by some of the turkeys I exposed my youthful mind to; perhaps, like the soldiers stricken by radiation-related diseases decades after the early atomic tests, the effects will one day come to light and my middle-age will be ridden through with nervous twitches and an inability to exit the safety of the theatre bar unless under psychiatric supervision. Indeed, a couple of these efforts were such unmitigated garbage my survival instinct cut in unrequested and guided me out of the building during the first intermission before I started searching for a sharp edge upon which to slash my wrists. (Such a happy escape was rarely available at amateur venues where, even were your movements not continuously monitored by off-stage cast members, the company would be certain to notice a 25% reduction in its audience.) Many's the night Kev Clarke and I have watched artistic reputations crumble into dust (the newspapers told us Rex Harrison departed this mortal coil whilst working with Claudette Colbert in the West End of London; take it from me, he headed for the exit the previous winter at Stratford in a touring production of Shaw's HEARTBREAK HOUSE) and retreated to the bar before the smoke from our short-circuited sensitivities set off the fire detectors. (Should any of you ever be ill-fated enough to sample the drink dished out at some of these gatherings, you'll see how desperate we were -- it never failed to amaze me that the Royal Shakespeare Company will merrily spend thousands of pounds on some of the world's most breathtaking sets and costumes, yet always balks at the thought of splashing out more than fifty pence on a bottle of wine with which to lubricate the critics' praises.)

Thankfully, not all of the productions I've attended have plumbed such depths else my mind would long ago have self-destructed (there are those, of course, who would argue it has, but enough of Kev). And, as Ann says whenever we find ourselves

slumped before some cinematic disaster like TITAN FIND or thumbing through the latest gory offering from our mate Shaun Hutson at the supermarket bookrack, if it wasn't for the crap we'd never be able to appreciate the good stuff. And there's been plenty in that catchment: the premiere of Arthur Miller's superb study of the Great Depression THE AMERICAN CLOCK, Peter O'Toole's controversial version of Shaw's MAN AND SUPERMAN, the original tour of CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD, Mary O'Malley's comedy ONCE A CATHOLIC (first read in text form while still at college), experimental studio productions such as the aforementioned SOLARIS and the Shared Experience tour of LA RONDE (a marvellous two-hander which also included an eye-opening demonstration of just how unreliable Victorian underwear could be), Theatr Clwyd's "special edition" of Doug Adams' HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE, the musical version of Voltaire's CANDIDE, even (if we step outside those works attended purely through journalism) Geoff Ryman's stunning interpretation of Dick's TRANSMIGRATION OF TIMOTHY ARCHER premiered at the 1985 Mexican...

All of this, good and bad, ended when I quit, or so I thought. But shortly before Christmas last year I received a telephone call from my successor at the *News* (he was actually appointed whilst I was on holiday and briefed to make the section 'more local', a curious instruction considering that I'd been briefed to do the exact opposite barely six months before, but loyalty and consistency have never ranked high among qualifications for newspaper management) asking if I'd be interested in helping him out with a few reviews. Since then I've disembowled a yuletide variety show (more a knife-sharpening exercise than anything) and cadged tickets for a pre-war murder mystery after Ann voiced interest in the summer revival (in the final event it was more like necromancy, but at least the seats were free), with more work to follow whenever the opportunity arises. Hell, I'm even considering approaching the editor of Birmingham's free daily for freelance work.

Odd really, how time travels in circles. Almost like an endlessly performed play, the world its stage, all the men and women merely players. All you have to do is hang around long enough and it'll start all over again.

\*\*\*\*\*

There are evenings, when I'm not engaged helping my wife Ann prop up the bar at our local or exiled in the shed stirring my duplicator into action.....

---Steve Green

Not really - reading HTTP is not like listening to an endless loop of tape. In fact, as you can see, we have here a sort-of progression: Hank wrote about his current job and Steve wrote about his previous job. We now move on to Linda Blanchard (I guess that should now be Linda Bridges but I do not know how she now wants her name to be styled and if I pause to contact her that will further delay this already late zine) who writes about a time before she commenced work, writing about a time during her college years.



# BEAR HUT

BY LINDA BLANCHARD

I came home from college deep in the winter of 1982/3, and decided not to return to Iowa State for the spring session. Instead I hung around my old home town of Duxbury, living with my parents and doing nothing in particular other than cruising around and getting stoned. As the high school's winter vacation approached in February, I began feeling antsy to get out of the fishbowl of my little puritan village. I regaled my friends with tales of my travels in exotic places like Ohio and Indiana, Iowa and Minnesota. I reminded them of last summer's trip to the Cape, and when their enthusiasm seemed great enough I told them about a cabin in the woods in Maine, one "Bear Hut" that a mutual friend had visited once, and I showed them the map he'd drawn. They took the bait, and so began another of our infamous expeditions in my red Ford van, Molly. *This* time, though, everyone involved would be honest with their parents about where we were going!

~~Barbara~~ Barbara Weatherlow (who had decided to change her life-long nickname, in the hope of getting some respect at her advancing age of seventeen) was my next-door neighbor and on account of many hours spent together fooling with my horses<sup>1</sup> I thought of her as my best friend and so, naturally, I invited her to come along. She invited her best friend Sharon.

These two were an interesting contrast. B. is tall, with dark hair often in a long, neat braid or ponytail, fair skin, and a lovely, broad-hipped figure (the kind artists are fond of sketching). By nature she has the calmest temperament, and a sense of wonder in all things that illuminates the world she sees, not just for her alone but for those around her. Sharon, on the other hand, was about my height (short), slim to the point of being skinny, with dirty-blonde hair that tended towards scraggly. To my mind, Sharon's outstanding personaliby trait was her love-of-worry.

B. also brought her boyfriend, Pete along. Pete had dark hair and tanned skin, a loose-jointed, coltish body and a ready laugh and smile that showed off his braces.

Valerie, with her ever-present guitar, came along, too. I'd met Val through my volunteer work on the Atlantis Rising Hotline -- she'd run away from home one night two years before, feeling persecuted by her parents, and confused. Coincidentally, she lived in my neighborhood, so it had been no trouble for me to take her in temporarily, and we'd been friends ever since. When we first met, the combination of her soft, folk-strummed guitar playing, her long, straight, ash-blonde hair, and wide, pale blue eyes had made her seem terribly vulnerable. Recently she'd cut all that lovely hair off when she discovered that she was gay, and she'd put on a tougher attitude, yet it seemed to me the same perplexed Val was there inside.

And of course, I brought my ever-present van-mate Clancy, a black and tan Shetland Sheepdog (or Sheltie, a miniature Collie), now partially cured of her car sickness, thank goodness. She was still the only one of the group who could out-nervous Sharon, though. Her nose ran continually as she rode with her butt in the doorwell and her head under the driver's seat.

We took off from Duxbury very early on Monday morning of the high school's February vacation, driving first up Franklin Street to get Valerie and then to the heart of town, Hall's Corner (five intersecting streets and a flagpole) to get Pete, and finally to the highway, northbound for Maine. Molly's snow-tires buzzed on clear pavement since coastal Massachusetts was miraculously snow-free at the moment, which left it dingy in barren-tree grey and dead-lawn brown, broken with a few



dark pines. We got buzzing on a little weed imported from somewhere warmer than New England. The sweet smell of pot mixed with the smoke of Tarytons and Marlboro Menthols, Neil Young sang about Searching for a Heart of Gold, I told a few lies about my out of class moments in college, and everyone laughed. As the pipe passed around again, we toasted my van (for luck) with the traditional Mexican toast "Tamale!"

It's a long drive from thirty-five miles south of Boston to Maine, but the drive was half the fun on this particular adventure. I did most of the driving, but could occasionally be convinced to let someone else drive. I suppose it was a good thing that my friends had never driven Molly -- a three-speed on the column with the synchro-mesh burned out so that you had to double-clutch to downshift -- because I had to teach them to drive her. Otherwise I would have been merely annoying as a nervous vackseat driver. (No Sharon, I'm *not* worried. What, me worry?)

We made our choices of stops along the way by a unique voting method. The system is as follows: one vote for every person in the car, one for the driver, and one for the vehicle's owner. When I drove -- usually I drove -- that gave me three votes to everyone else's one. A fair system, I think.

By the time we reached New Hampshire, the scenery vanishing behind us was that winter white that borders on pastel ice-blue. In northern New Hampshire groupings of great barns and farmhouses and silos were buried under layers of snow two feet thick, and the forested hills around us were glaring white, broken only by shadows of the green underarms of pine trees, while the scattered, naked deciduous trees made fairylands of sunlight sparkling through their ice-covered branches. Even with Molly's high output heater on at full blast (the driver had to take her shoes off to keep her feet from baking) and the insulation behind the wood-paneled sides and roof of the truck, everywhere but the front end ("cockpit") of the van got a little cool. Friendly arguments ensued over who would ride Shotgun (passenger seat), who would ride Bitch (driver) and who got The Box (a metal ammo cartridge box placed between the only two car seats in the van). Barb and Pete snuggled on the bed below layers of blankets and sleeping bags, and Sharon and Val kept me company up front, while Clancy's back-end got cooled by the draft from the driver's door and her front-end got parched by the heater.

A long time later, we reached Bar Harbor, Maine, and got out the friend's map, which was simple and clear. A left on the first dirt road after the First Congregational Church, two point three miles down the dirt road, there will be a path on your left, and the cabin is a short hike down that path.

Have you ever tried to find "the first dirt road" under three feet of Maine snow? Truth to tell, we had a wee bit of trouble finding the church! I suppose the pipe being passed around didn't help sharpen our scouting skills, but it kept us good-natured about getting lost. We cruised slowly into town and passed a church on the right before knowing it -- came around a corner to what must have been the only traffic light in town -- which immediately turned red. I tapped the brakes (tap: you don't slam them on in snow) and skidded to a halt. Behind me I heard B. and Pete laughing, but when I used my inside rearview mirror to look back at them they weren't on the bed. Neither were the mattress, blankets, sleeping bag and pillows, because they'd all slid onto the floor of the van -- in one piece. They hadn't even spilled the pipe! Both Pete and Barb had a hand on it, as they'd been passing it just when I hit the brakes.

"You passed the church," Sharon said. "How are we going to find the first dirt road to the left after the church, coming from the wrong direction?"

"Easy," I said, "It'll be the *last* dirt road on the right *before* the church, this way."

We never saw a road to the right, and the church, as we passed it, was the First Presbyterian. Could the directions show the wrong name? Were we on the wrong road? I pulled into the church lot and went in to see if I could get directions. The

minister -- or someone -- dressed in heavy denim overalls and a blue-plaid flannel shirt, gave me directions to the First Congregational: left at the light and down the road a mile, take your first right and then... by the way, what was I driving? If I didn't have a four-wheel drive I'd better not go that way. Instead, go *straight* at the light...

Later in the van, describing the minister's directions (and approaching the third time he changed my course) the peanut-gallery traveling with me beat me to the traditional punchline: "...actually, now I think of it, you can't get theyuh from heyuh!"

Which might as well have been true, because on the way, we got lost again and had to ask directions. The man out shoveling snow in his yard didn't know where the church was, but thought Bear Hut was up McPherson's Farm Road, theyuh. Ayuh, he was shua it 'twas...

A few miles further on, still no church, no road, we stopped and asked a woman trundling groceries from her car to her house. She knew where the church was (just a quarter mile up the road) but she'd never heard of Bear Hut... near the McPherson's fahm? Ayuh, the road just after the church went to the fahm.

As we drove on we speculated on the discussion at the next Town Meeting, where everyone in Bah Habah would be talking, ayuh, about those hippies in that bright red van looking for Bayuh Hut last week...

But we found the church, and began looking for a dirt road.

What dirt road? What *dirt*? There was no dirt to be seen.

There was, however, a sort of depression in the snow to our left which traveled, untreed, into the piney woods, marked by the deep treadmarks left by the passage of snow tires. I headed for it.

"We'll never get out of there again!" Sharon warned.

"No problem," I said, cool as a Maine Coon Cat stalking a winter bluejay. And nervous inside as the jay would be with the cat's eyes on him. The road was narrow, with high banks of snow on either side, leading up to the tall grey trunks of evergreens topped with perfect Christmas tree pines that looked a bit ludicrous perched on such long stalks. But Bear Hut was somewhere down that road, so I turned cautiously onto it and was please to find the snow was solidly packed below Molly's tires. I read the odometer and we clocked out two point three miles, and stopped in the middle of the road. Nothing.

"Maybe it's a little further on," Val suggested.

"Maybe." So I drove on, creeping along while five pairs of eyes scanned the woods left and right. A mile later, still nothing.

"Maybe we missed it earlier," Val said.

"Maybe." I eyed the snowy road ahead that vanished behind a curved snowbank. I'll turn around. (No simple task in a long van with no power steering.) Forward, sharp left, just enough to avoid touching the snowbank. Back, cranking hard around to the right, but don't back off the road into the snow there (who knows what's beneath it). Forward, sharp left. Back, hard right. Forward... and finally I brought her around to the ~~thousands~~ great relief of my passengers, and cruised slowly back down the road, looking for a path to the right. Saw a few places where there might have been paths, but nothing definite -- and we came back out on the main road. And turned around in the (blessedly wide) street and tried clocking the distance again. From two point zero to two point six we found no suspects, and a vote taken at the time forced me (four to three -- the three being me, the driver and the van's owner) to turn around again. Hard left, forward. Hard right, back. Hard left, forward. Hard right, back. Hard left, forward and around but my left tires went a little wide and off the well-traveled part of the road and into a rut about two inches lower than the road, and slickly coated in ice. Tires all around whirred and spun and the van would not move.

We all got out and stomped our feet in the cold and blew out our breath in clouds. (Barb's voice coming from around the back said "Those tires aren't flat!" with a response of laughter all around.) Here it was, approaching dusk, and we're stuck in the middle of nowhere. I got back in, four people pushed and got themselves showered with snow for their trouble. I got back out and we all discussed the situation, until Pete's voice came from the snowy side of the van and interrupted us: "Hey, gang? Un, hey, Linda? There's someone coming."

We moved around the back and followed his gaze. Far back in the woods came a *big* man. On snowshoes. Wearing an army-green parka, with the fur-lined hood thrown back and partly open in front to reveal lumberjack's garb of denim overalls and a flannel shirt. Carrying a rifle. "Oh, God," Sharon moaned. "We're dead." I had the sudden urge to run, and looking at the others, they'd have followed me if I had. But we all stood and watched him stride toward us.

"Hello?" I said when he was near enough.

"Trouble?" the man asked, and the word relaxed us all. He no longer seemed so large, and the rifle not quite as ominous.

We explained, and he took off his snow shoes and hiked up the road to his jeep -- it was parked just a little further up the road than we'd gone and within sight of McPherson's farm, which had a nice, wide turn'around in front of it. He came back with a piece of cut plywood with nails driven through it and wedged one end under my left rear tire and stomped the other, nailed end into the ice. With me at the wheel and a little shove from behind, Molly rolled up onto the board and I turned her out of the mini-ditch. Before we departed we thanked the hunter profusely and asked him where Bear Hut was.

"You've got the right spot -- it's yonda about two hundred yaads off the road. You can get theyuh if you've got five payuhs of snow shoes with you."

We figured we might as well skip visiting Bear Hut till spring. Or maybe even summer.

We wandered back toward downtown ~~B&H Harbor~~ Bar Harbor in search of food and a place to sleep. Food we found inside a warm Friendly's restaurant. A place to sleep was only slightly harder to come by. We knew no one and finding a motel (back on the highway) was out of the question, given the number of us and our finances, so I parked Molly in a residential district and we settled down for the night. As well as five people and a dog *can* settle down in a van in below-freezing winter. Pete, Sharon and I won the toss for the bed (it was a squeeze with three) and Barb curled up on the old wooden chest I had snuggled against the driver's side of the van. Valerie tried out curling up in the front seat, all of us bundled in winter clothes and wrapped in sleeping bags and blankets.

Sometime later, Valerie woke us when she said, "Oh *shit*!!" and jumped away from the window. There was a man standing there, frontlit by the strobe of yellow lights. His truck and snowplow was parked in the middle of the street behind us, and he told us we had to move.

We did. Settled down, and about forty-five minutes later, repeated the scene again, only this time I asked him where he thought we ought to park. He figured the only safe place was the police parking lot, and he gave us directions. So, sometime in the wee hours of the morning, with huge fluffy snowflakes just beginning to sift down from the skies, I drove to the police lot and parked, and we fell asleep in the snow-silenced Maine night.

Shortly before dawn a familiar noise awakened only me. I opened my eyes and caught a flash in the dim light -- a yellow light caught fat, falling snowflakes and strobed the cars parked across from me, and I heard the sound of a truck, and a blade scraping pavement. I crawled over bodies and out of bed and looked out the wide front windshield. The snowplow was almost done plowing the lot -- he was just turning the final corner and heading toward us, throwing a huge parrier of snow against the parked cars as he came, as he'd done already. We were already snowed in



on three sides, and he was about to finish the job by closing off escape to the front. I leapt into the driver's seat, pumped the gas, bent the key around and hauled Molly out of there as fast as I could, waking everyone else up in the process.

Over breakfast we speculated on how e'd have survived being buried alive in the van -- we'd need air, so we'd have to put together some kind of pipe system to run out the windows and through the snowbank...

Valerie had relatives in the nearby town of Ellsworth, and her folks had some land which we wanted to visit. Along the way we stopped at Acadia National park and climbed along the rocky shore, admiring the cold grey of the winter-time Atlantic. At Val's aunt's place we were fed lunch while we warmed our feet. Leaving, I backed Molly out of the trailer-park's driveway, but couldn't get her moving forward. "We're stuck again," I told my friends, and made them get out and push. They pushed, and then I looked down at my emergency brake. "Okay now!" I called, and slipped the brake off while no one was looking.

We went out to Val's untouched land in the woods and spent the rest of the day fooling around there. We gathered dry kindling and logs and had a fire, and sat around in the cold roasting hot dogs and telling stories, and slept in the van without interruption.

We were to head back the next day, but decided to take a detour through a state park. Before we'd driven a mile on the cleared road we were all impressed by the intense odor of pine. It smelled so fine we couldn't stand it -- so we parked and got out to wander in the woods again. The firs here all had long, soft needles almost blue in color, and the forest floor was mostly protected from snow by a thick padding of needles and humus that gave way underfoot like a thick carpet. It was a beautiful, windless day, and we were all so enchanted by it that we got in mind that we should bring back a souvenir to help us always remember the moment, something that would bring back the smell of the pine forest... one of these baby pines would be just the thing. One for each of us would be ideal -- take them home and plant them -- but we'd need buckets to put them in and a shovel to dig them out with. "We'll get arrested!" Sharon protested, "pine trees are protected in the state of Maine!" We, nonetheless, drove back into town to the local hardware store.

Barb and I went in, having already agreed on a story to tell if we were asked why we needed buckets and a *dirt* shovel in mid-winter (to get sand in case we got stuck again). The man leaning behind the counter, wearing denim coveralls and a flannel shirt (is everyone in Maine a lumberjack?) watched us wander the aisle and offered assistance. We told him what we wanted, he showed us where to find them, following along behind, observing us, and asked us what we wanted them for. We told him The Story. As he rang up the tab he looked at me dourly. "Not from around heyuh, eh?" he asked. I guess he could tell by the lack of overalls and flannel.

"No, we're not."

"Wheyuh you hail from then?"

"Massachusetts."

"Massachusetts," he said, drawing the name out in all its majesty. "Thet's down south somewheyuh, isn't it?"

I frowned at him with a smile behind it (one corner of my mouth down, one up) and said, "Why *shame* on you sir! You should know that Maine used to be a part of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts! But we didn't need it, so we threw it away."

We drove, with shovel and pail, back to the park and clambered up the hill and over the next hill till we were out of sight of the road so that we could safely dig out baby trees. Put shovel to ground at the base of one fine little specimen and stepped on it -- it sank in all of about an inch and a half, through the top layer of pine needles and humus, before it hit frozen earth. We'd forgotten that it had been freezing in Maine since last October, and no way would the earth yield up the tiniest tree to us, no matter how much we'd nurture and treasure it for years to come.

"I told you it wouldn't work," Sharon said.

"No you didn't, you said we'd get arrested."

Well, maybe we could find some sand, in case we got stuck again.

We drove back home through the snowy hills, along highways cleared with salt and sand, against a backdrop of softly rounded, time-worn mountains blanketed in snow, with their summits partially hidden behind ragged wisps of clouds. We smoked, and sang, and recounted our adventures, and planned others for the future, most of which we'd never make since our paths would soon part -- myself to the Navy, B. to the Army, Sharon to marriage and children, Val to become a wandering minstrel and militant lesbian, and Pete to I don't know where. But at the time the future didn't matter. It seemed we'd always be having these adventures. In the background John Lennon sang: "You gotta live/You gotta love?You gotta be somebody?You gotta worry..."

"See?" said Sharon.

"See what?" Val asked her.

"Even John Lennon says it's okay."

"What is?" I asked.

"Worrying."

Yes, well, I supposed even I would learn to worry. But not just then. I'd worry about learning to worry -- later.

We never *did* find Bear Hut.



1. I'm not going to tell you about one rainy late spring when she was riding my ~~ferocious woolly mammoth~~ crazy Welsh pony Sir Lancelot (alias "Tom-Tom") when they were clearing the lot across the street in preparation for building Sharon's house, and had only one *huge tree* left standing. I won't even mention how after listening to the sound of a chain saw for several minutes, we heard the workers yell "TIMBER" and everyone knew what it meant -- everyone but Tom-Tom, that is -- so that when the tree, creaking and groaning, tipped and landed with an earth-quaking CRASH! Tom was the only one caught off-guard. Unless you count ~~Bobby~~ Barb, who was quite surprised when Tom did a fantastic leap in the air and took off from a neat two-point landing, leaving Barb (briefly) suspended in mid-air and then depositing her in a mud and maure puddle. I can't tell you about it or she'd *kill* me.

---Linda Blanchard

At this point I could interpose here some remembrances of when I lived in snow country (Connecticut) but I will spare you for now as it would interrupt the flow of things as we move into the past -- we will continue with Harry Warner continuing his reminiscences, this time writing about fanzines of yesteryear (Hi-yo FANZINES! or something like that).

# ALL MY YESTERDAYS

BY HARRY WARNER, JR

Last time, I tried to revive the memory of a few long gone fans who should be more renowned today. This time, I'd like to do something of the sort for several fanzines that are rarely publicized nowadays as a source of reprints or sold for huge prices or listed among the best of the past.

One of these remains to this day unique in the history of fanzines. Voice of the Imagi-Nation still holds the distinction of being the only long-lived fanzine generally circulated whose contents were almost exclusively letters. It was a spin-off from Imagination! which the Los Angeles fan club published in the late 1930s. Forrest J Ackerman and Morojo based it on the clubzine loc section. Its unwieldy title was usually shortened to VOM and no, I don't know why. It lasted about 50 issues through and beyond World War Two.

VOM was basically comments on comments on comments, just like the reputed nature of some apas. The only thing remotely resembling it in more recent years has been Tightbeam, but that has been a publication solely for NFFF members and Tightbeam has often published non-letter material. Almost every famous fan of the era turned up sooner or later in VOM, where the emphasis was on serious matters to a much greater extent than you might expect from Forry's reputation for humor and a light touch. Today's youthful fans who feel very much Up To Date when they express their opinions on religion, politics, war and similar mundane topics might be mortified to discover in VOM much the same opinions on teh same topics almost a half-century ago. VOM became the despair of both collectors (for its legal length pages which didn't fit many filing systems) and biology students (for its VOMaidens, full-page illustrations depicting young ladies with various abnormalities that seem to have been unintentional on the part of the artists.

VOM had one other distinctive feature. Through most of its existence, the editors maintained a strictly sic policy. Letters were published exactly as they'd been written, often to the extent of having strikeovers reproduced. Letters might be abridged but they didn't suffer changes of wording or punctuation. It was a policy that might be faulted as too rigorous in one direction, but I think I preferred it to the opposite extreme of certain modern fanzine editors who tamper with locs until individuality and sometimes meaning are lost.

Another Los Angeles fanzine saw only two or three issues in the early 1960s but I remember it with particular fondness. It was Meretritious and I hope I've spelled the title as the editors did, because this fanzine was one of the select company like Quandry and Solor that possessed a misspelled title. The title was intended as a pun on Merry Christmas because that was the theme of this plump joint effort by Los Angeles fandom, in which I think Bjo had a major role. Meretritious was made up principally of gorgeous full-page illustrations by the many fine fan artists resident in and around Los Angeles, almost all of them with a Christmas theme. Some impressed me as worthy of The New Yorker for their combination of wisdom, humor and artistic achievement. There were also a few prose pieces, like Bjo's wonderful little fable about the child who lost its sense of wonder at the holiday season. Meretritious was Los Angele fandom's Christmas present to fandom, distributed just before December 25, and like VOM, it has had no precise counterpart in more recent years. The spirit of Meretritious is caught by the special little fanzines that appear for the holiday season from this or that cluster of fans but none of them has its bulk and variety of contributors.

The golden age of fandom in England and Ireland, during the 1950s and 1960s,



has gained such lasting fame that fanzines like Hyphen and Retribution are almost as well known today as they were during their existence. But one excellent and lively fanzine that was their contemporary has suffered inexplicable eclipse. Aporrheta was a good-sized, literate and vastly entertaining fanzine which appeared quite regularly for a while from Inchmery fandom: principally Vinç and Joy Clarke and Sandy Sanderson. If it wasn't dominated by one person, like the Walt Willis and John Berry fanzines, it nevertheless possessed a strong editorial individuality, exuded faanishness, and left this reader happy to have been alive long enough to get this latest issue every time it arrived. Anyone fortunate enough to have a file of Aporrheta should think about it as a source of reprints. I remember with particular fondness one long narrative, "The Search for Strawberry Ice," which typified the whole fannish spirit in the British Isles in the era.

Mentioning Title in this company might be a mistake: it's by far the most recent of the fanzines I'm recalling, I've seen it referred to once or twice in current fanzines in recent months, and many currently active fans were on its mailing list during the 1970s. But its editor, Donn Brazier, has gafiated almost completely and there's such a turnover in fandom that I suspect half or more of the Holier Than Thou mailing list have never seen a copy of Title. Donn had been active in fandom in the 1940s, publishing a sercon fanzine then, and those who remembered him when he resumed activity in the 1970s weren't expecting the nature of his new fanzine. Title was intensely faanish, and Donn was so skilled at throwing out ideas and topics for discussion that Title enjoyed one of the best response ratios any fanzine has experienced in recent decades. Donn crammed an amazing auantity of items into each issue by keeping many quotes short, achieved many wonders of editing by his systematic record-keeping and filing procedures, and quickly made Title's circle a sort of subfandom, in which everyone knew everyone else. Reading an issue of Title was something like attending a high school class reunion, something like spending an evening around the hot stove during the winter in a country store, something like a session at one of those brain-stimulating inventions in certain science fiction stories. Donn was older than most fans, lived far from the biggest fan centers in St. Louis, but Title made him one of the most prominent of all fans until he suddenly regafiated.

The Reader and Collector is remembered today solely for one of its editor's crusades. H.C. Koenig had the odd habit of hunting through prozine stories for quotes in which no sibilants appeared, followed by the author's insistence that the character "hissed" those words. Somehow, that caught the fancy of fandom and by some magical mechanism the memory of the anti-hiss campaign has been preserved in fandom to this day. Every once in a while, you'll see a passing reference to H.C. Koenig and his unhissable hisses from a fan who couldn't possibly have been around when it was happening. The Reader and Collector not only was the main outlet for H.C.'s obsession; it may hold to this day the distinction of being the only fanzine ever dictated to and published by a fan's secretary. Heck was two or three times the age of most fans of his era, the late 1930s and early 1940s, had a responsible job, a secretary's services were part of his working conditions, and he used her to save himself the more laborious aspects of fanac. The Reader and Collector looked something like a legal brief and the unhissalbe hisses were only a small part of its material. The editor had sardonic things to say about the more stupid things he found in fanzines and prozines, did some propagandizing for favorite writers of fantasy fictions, and flourished maily in FAPA during his publishing career. Several months ago, I watched the New York City Opera's production of Puccini's La Rondine on television. In the last act, the former maid of the heroine returns from a disastrous attempt to become a professional singer. She holds her hands over her ears, and the subtitle flashed on the screen to translate the Italian text said something like: "I can still hear the hisses!" Meanwhile we can hear in the orchestra shrill

whistles, not hisses. In many parts of Italy, the audience whistles to express displeasure instead of hissing or booing and the Italian text uses "whistle" instead of "hiss". Whoever wrote the subtitle apparently thought the American audience would understand the meaning better by a deliberate mistranslation, not knowing about what the orchestra did at that spot. I couldn't help but think about H.C. Koenig and the probability he would have wakened his secretary in the middle of the night to put out an extra edition of The Reader and Collector, if he'd been around to experience that unhissed hiss.

The fabled Al Ashley published during the middle 1940s an excellent FAPazine, En Garde. I liked it when it was appearing and I like it even more today for not only its own excellence but also for the proof it provides that Al was unjustly maligned after he left fandom. Several old cronies created for him a paper personality when he was safely out of fandom, making him into a fumbling half-idiot. Al was actually one of the best writers in fandom of his day, possessed of an excellent sense of humor, he had good ideas about all sorts of fannish matters, and En Garde contains lots of material worthy of re-reading even today. Not the least of its merits were its magnificent airbrush covers by Jack Wiedenbeck, which seem to have suffered in all these years not a trace of the fading that some hekto and ditto color art of that period has undergone.

I may be cheating to include here the Bizarre Series. It could be considered professional or semi-professional in nature. But the Fanzine Index lists it without apologies. Rich Frank put out three items in the series, each a beautifully printed tiny booklet, in 1939 and 1940. The first two were undisputed classics, reprints of Merritt's Three Lines of Old French and Dr. Keller's The Thing in the Cellar. The third was a gross anticlimax, Eando Binder's The Cancer Machine. You could consider this series among the forerunners of the pioneering spirit that was to lead other fans in a few years to start publishing full-size books reprinting science fiction and fantasy classics. Rich soon left fandom to become an editor of Grit, a weekly newspaper published in Williamsport, Pa., for old-fashioned homebodies. I know he was in very poor health several years ago but I know nothing of his circumstances today.

I'm tempted to go on and on. Bill Evans' Remembrance of Things Past offered a wonderful series of large-scale reprints from famous fanzines of the past, one fanzine per issue. Max Kaesler's Fanvariety was a sort of Quandry run wild, carelessly done but loveable for the energy it embodied. Jack Speer wrote a series under the generic title of Full Length Articles, valuable both for the information they contain and also as some of the earliest examples of the ability of fans to produce material in longer lengths than the usual fanzine contributions. Sam Youd's The Fantast was one of the most literate fanzines ever, before its editor turned himself into a pro named John Christopher. If you ever find opportunity to buy at reasonable prices fanzines like these, you'd better do so, before their prices escalate to the heights commanded nowadays by fanzines published by Ray Bradbury, Walt Willis, and a few other celebrities.

---Harry Warner, Jr.

---

Whist on the subject of fanzines I do not think it inappropriate to move from the nostalgia of fanzines past to fanzines present. In this case, the return of Mike Glycer's fanzine review column wherein he not only explains why he missed being in the last issue of HTT but he actually reveals a fanzine. He does both of these things with aplomb and insight - and I am now looking for another way to get Mike to get his columns to me in some *reasonable* semblance of on time.



# THE PIED TYPER

BY MIKE GLYER

While I have another reason for the absence of my column from HOLIER THAN THOU's previous issue than the one given by Marty, I cannot deny that I have always been a deadline-pusher where HTT is concerned. I am profligate with deadlines. I don't even get serious about my column until the first one has passed. Marty, realizing this, has taken to giving me simulated deadlines, theorizing that if I am at liberty to feel under pressure of a missed deadline, I'll turn my copy in on time. Of course, the patient has not been deceived by this technique, to Marty's unending frustration.

Last issue's column had been promised to be about "objective standards" for fanzine reviewing. The topic was introduced two issues ago in my column, and readers were invited to write in their thoughts about the matter. A few of you wrote in, however I was not given your letters until after HTT went to press. In the absence of feedback, and taking the lack of it as a cue that "Glyer, you're on your own", what I formulated on the subject started to look more and more like my first fanzine review column for HTT, devoted to what makes a *successful* fanzine. That column described editorial techniques, not a method of evaluating fanzines. So rather than persist down the wrong road, and not wanting to crank out something just for the sake of it, I missed the issue entirely.

I have decided that the most sensible thing to do is to wait until later in the spring when I write my '85 fanzine summary for FILE 770. That should refuel the creative engines with everything needful to write about "objective standards" of fanzine reviewing. Remember: it's not that anybody in fandom is champing at the bit for the tools to scientifically compare TRAPDOOR with INSTANT MESSAGE. But the Hugo Awards already foster that kind of comparison by having a "Best Fanzine" category, so one wonders, can it be done legitimately? Stay tuned.

\*\*\*\*\*

LAN'S LANTERN #18, edited by George Laskowski. Available for the usual, or \$2.00 postpaid. (55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013, USA.)

There is a kind of whining inherent in any discussion of the dearth of sf commentary in amateur fanzines. The implicit criticism is that there ought to be lots of dedicated discussion of sf in fanzines created by so-called sf fans, and that somebody had better darn well do something to fix it before the pros take away our right to be fans. Well, experience has shown us that these matters run in cycles -- the fannish fans who now have the stage to themselves once had nothing better to do than whine that no one had picked up the torch from VOID. Before long new fans who like to discuss sf will find each other, start publishing, start holding small cons...which we won't go to the programming at...

So busy am I keeping abreast of the blizzard of fannish paper from the Nielsen Hayden mills that I had to see the newest LAN'S LANTERN to remember what kind of fanzine I secretly crave to see more often.

George Laskowski, though not a skilled writer, is a successful faneditor, dedicated school teacher, enthusiastic pilgrim to Midwestern conventions, and vital cog in the local apa MISHAP. The kind of pace he maintains has been the end of many other faneditors, but Lan's persistence and longevity have seen him through today when he published the only amateur sercon genzine in North America. (Please, make me



make me a liar! I wish there were more!)

Like any successful fanzine, a sercon genzine needs the continuity that comes from a core of enthusiastic, skilled writers who stimulate each other and the zine's readers. It has long been asserted, with truth, that it's easier to write sercon material; all you have to do is write a book review. After all, if you can't organize your own writing -- and lack of focus accounts for much lame fannish writing -- you can at least work off the structure of the story at hand. Also, book reviews are specific reactions, while fannish fanzine-writers must define the scope of their topics by themselves.

Sercon discussions of sf topics do not have to be book reviews, but it is very hard for most fans to escape a review approach even when their topic is broad. Consider Dennis Fischer's lead article in LAN'S LANTERN 18 -- "The Rise and Decline of Robert A. Heinlein." At least from the title, Fischer is permitted to bring a wide range of history, psychology and literary analysis to bear on modern sf's most influential author. But even though Fischer is a perfectly capable writer, he doesn't illuminate the subject very effectively because his method of analysis is to chew through every short story Heinlein wrote in the 1940s rather than talk about general conclusions supported by selected observations about Heinlein's fiction. I recognise this pitfall very well from experience: years ago I thought I'd written a wonderful article on Clark Ashton Smith (it appeared in NYCTALOPS) that on rereading turns out only to be one story synopsis after another. Fischer's insights about Heinlein have been diffused throughout a bunch of plot outlines.

Even so, Fischer is provocative. He sounds a bit tired of Heinlein -- a side effect of researching this article, no doubt -- and won't put up with his routinely competent heroes, his 40s racism, and his solipcism. (Can you say solipcism? I knew you could.) Unfortunately, some of Fischer's critical ideas aren't fully developed. They seem to rely on autobiographical material in Heinlein's EXPANDED UNIVERSE, so no wonder. For example, Fischer discussed the influence of Campbell on an era in sf, and on Heinlein in particular. Campbell gave Heinlein this idea, that idea. Lacking specific correspondence by the two setting boundaries of influence between the writer and editor, one wonders if Campbell should be considered in the driver's seat? Even you or I could give somebody a story idea; the point is that Heinlein *wrote* the stories, didn't he? Unless Fischer knows of a way to make that more than a rhetorical question, I think we should assume that the writer, Heinlein, deserves most of the credit for his work. John Wooden was the greatest college basketball coach, but his players won the championships.

Despite the problems with the organization of Fischer's article, many parts are very successful. Take this example:

"... 'Blowups Happen' (September 1940) deals with the stress of operating a potentially dangerous nuclear power plant and the possibility of a blowup or a meltdown. The science has become hopelessly outdated but the solution the story offers -- putting these power plants in a safe orbit -- sounds more intelligent every day. Campbell had been promoting atomic energy steadily in his editorials, so this 'negative' approach to atomic dangers was surprising for its time, but the heroes are typical Heinlein competents, engineers who know the risks and know what they are doing. (Unfortunately, this is quite unlike how real life turns out)."

Fischer spends a lot of time belaboring that Heinlein's protagonists are usually the author in various guises, espousing his editorial views, rather than fully formed characters with original and independent motivations. Due to piecemeal story analysis, Fischer seems to repeat this criticism over and over without explaining why he considers it a shortcoming. How horrible can it be? It's helped sell books for forty years. Fischer in this half of his article never really takes the time to

explain what his critical views are. If he had forced himself to objectively express a set of standards, it would have improved the article substantially. Once upon a time I would have closed by saying something like, "This is pretty good, for a fanzine." But I now regard fanzines as more a writing lab, where unsuccessful mixtures should be a clue to move in different directions.

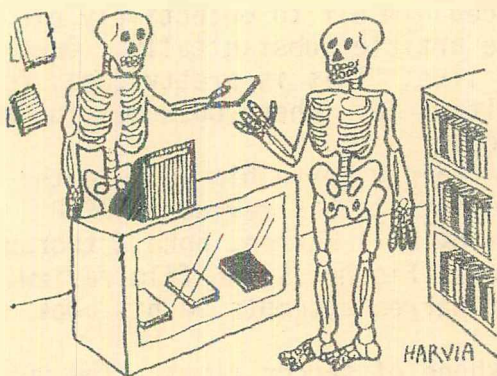
Dennis Fischer's acute powers of observation certainly serve him well in the book and film review section of LAN'S LANTERN. He brings to his review of KEEP WATCHING THE SKIES!, a critical tome on 50s sf films by Bill Warren, both a thorough knowledge of the field and the background of the book. Fischer's own film reviewing experience forms a good basis for understanding what Warren attempts in his book (successfully).

The book review section is the traditional backbone of sercon zines. The purpose of book reviews in fanzines has been debated for years. Few reviewers are either sufficiently equipped or arrogant to teach writers how to improve themselves through fmz book reviews. Most reviewers feel their calling is to provide a consumer service, pointing out the good and discouraging the bad reading experiences. The best of these have an unusually clear self-understanding and can explain the story elements that enhance the quality of reading experiences. At the bottom, a few reviewers just like to rip the hell out of a book because isn't that what great critics are for? To help artists suffer?

I like to see a strong written editorial presence in zines. Most of Lan's writing appears in the book review section, and it's guarded. Lan doesn't sound motivated to know why writing works, he mainly wants to be able to say, truthfully, to Tim (Zahn), Mike (Kube McDowell), David (Brin), Gordie (Dickson) and other writers who appear as midwestern con guests of honor, that he's read their latest big book. I can assure you that makes them easier to be with than if you *haven't*! Consequently, if Lan doesn't excessively praise a book, he also never deals out any serious criticism of writing techniques or plot defects. Sentence fragments abound. There is a very fuzzy focus that makes Lan's reviews read like book jacket copy. Part of the problem, beyond guarded writing, are flawed efforts at plot synopsis. In Lan's review of THE POSTMAN, by Brin, Lan's phrase "survivalist scavengers" renders innocuous the rather ferocious antagonists who've shaped Brin's postwar society.

If Fischer is the best in Lan's stable of reviewers, Evelyn Leeper is racing in the opposite direction. Almost all her reviews in this issue are negative. Why waste so much energy on books you hate? The reviews are also poorly written. Evelyn pans the story selection in H. Bruce Franklin's COUNTDOWN TO MIDNIGHT collection around the nuclear war theme. Much of the review is a simplistic series of one-line story reviews. This tells a reader nothing. Evelyn also pans EMERGENCE by David Palmer. She mocks the author's utilization of short story material in the novel as laziness. You have to earn the license for that kind of review by proving you understand what the writer was trying to do; Evelyn doesn't even discuss the subject. It's just as well -- in the rest of the world, EMERGENCE ran a strong second for the Hugo Award last year.

Mark Leeper makes a strong contribution, reviewing briefly (3 or 4 paragraphs each) films like BACK TO THE FUTURE and BEYOND THUNDERDOME. He is solid and logical. He writes well enough to carry his points, and some of them are provocative. Mark is opinionated but not mean-spirited. He carefully explains his methods of evaluating films and books, and earns my respect even when I completely disagree with him. Which happens whenever Mark writes something like, "...King is to horror writers what McDonald's is to restaurants. He's a sort of decent, never great, all-pervasive standard." I wouldn't want to shock anyone speechless, but I read King despite giving up on the horror genre in general. King towers over his contemporaries the way Raymond Chandler did over detective story writers. Although it's hard for me to envision someone doing literary criticism on King a hundred years from now (forensic pathology, yes), the man's psychological insight on his characters,



A real tribute to a great author  
is that fans keep buying his books  
long after they're dead.

and descriptive powers, are not surpassed. King can verbalize modern life very accurately -- when he's not busy hacking the bejeezus out of a corpse. But then *MOBY DICK* was only a book on commercial fishing, right?

It certainly occurs to me that if Stephen King and James Michener are merely successful commercial writers, the science fiction genre still hasn't yielded up their match. So where's that leave us?

The balance of copy in *LAN'S LANTERN* is in a few more articles, a section of conreports (here is where Lan shines as a writer), and a strong lettercolumn. I recommend the zine for a number of reasons. Not only is *LAN'S LANTERN* a rare sercon genzine, it is also a good

forum (as is *OUTWORLDS*) to hear from midwestern fans. They offer a spectrum of rambunctious opinions, which Lan edits and balances with fairness and experience.  
---Mike Glyer

Before we continue with the business at hand I would like to point out that *LAN'S LANTERN* is on the Hugo ballot this year (congratulations, Lan!), competing with *HOLIER THAN THOU* (on the ballot for the third year in a row) for the award.

We will now take a break from the continuing flow of this zine so that I can introduce a new feature, a feature without a name (although it *could* be called Artist of the Issue or some such thing). As you have all by now noticed, I am using far fewer illos in *HTT* than was my previous wont. This will continue in the future as I think that it is more fitting to use fewer illos and to emphasise the words - at least that is the way that I think that *HTT* should go for awhile. In the meantime, though, I think that this relative sparsity of illos will help set off a few pages of nothing but art; and, to give these all-art pages even more impact I will be using the illos of just one fanartist on these pages, a different one each issue. In this issue the fanartist is Bob Lee and it turns out that all of these illos, culled from my art files (in other words, not commissioned for this issue) is about a topic that has always been something either written about or drawn throughout most of the history of *HTT* - food. I do not recommend that you eat Bob Lee's illos.

BOB LEE







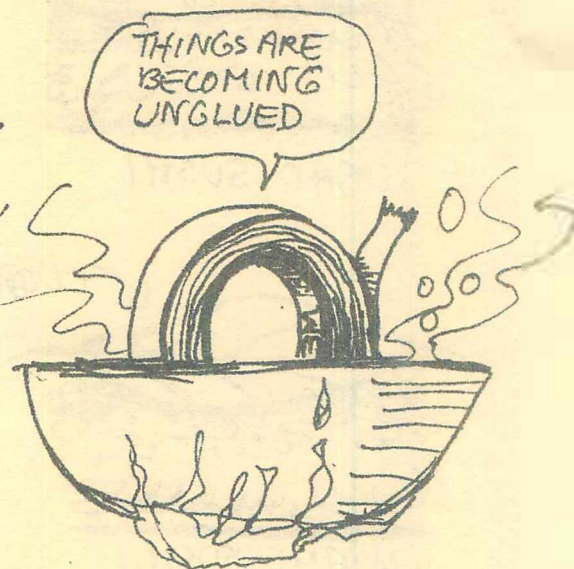
CHINESE COOKING



POLISH COOKING



SWEDISH COOKING

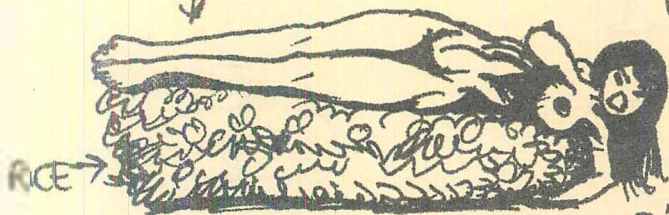


SCOTCH COOKING



# JAPANESE COOKING

PIECE  
↓

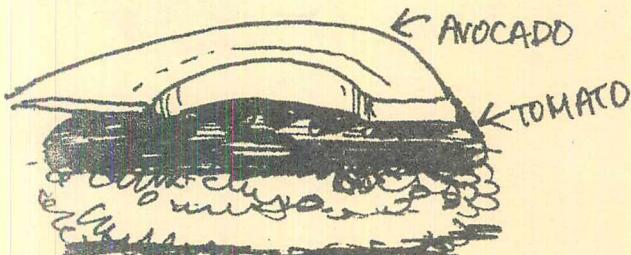


WHOA, JOE!  
I NOT COOKED!  
I RESPECTABLY  
LAW!!

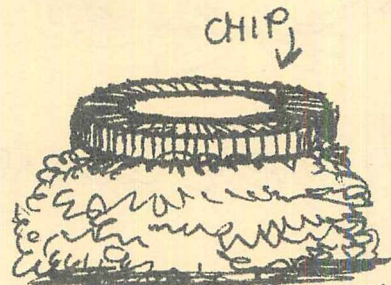
CLASSIC SUSHI I

@'85 Lee

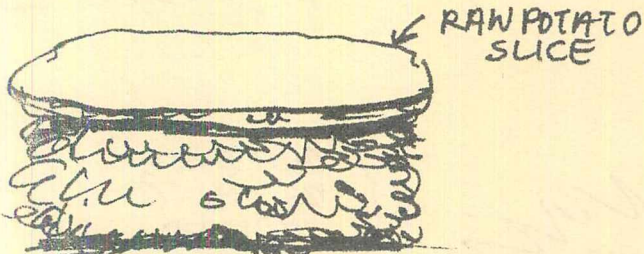
## REGIONAL SUSHI I



CALIFORNIA SUSHI I



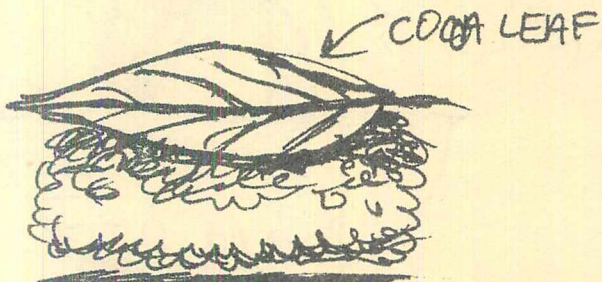
LAS VEGAS SUSHI I



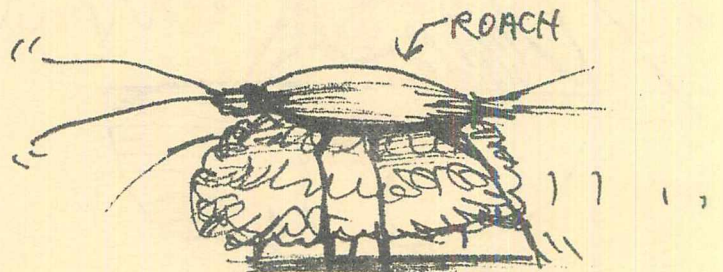
IDAHO SUSHI I



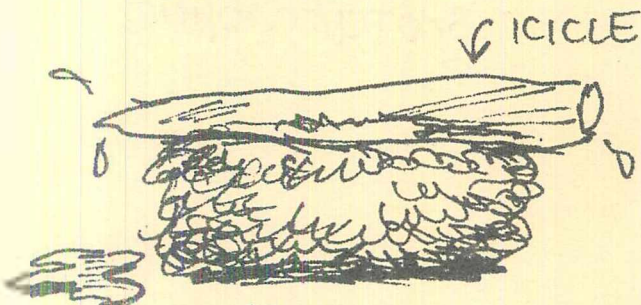
PENNSYLVANIA SUSHI I



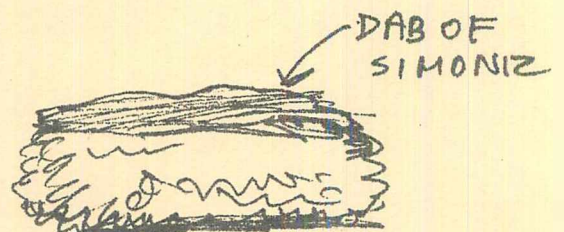
MIAMI SUSHI I



MANHATTAN SUSHI I



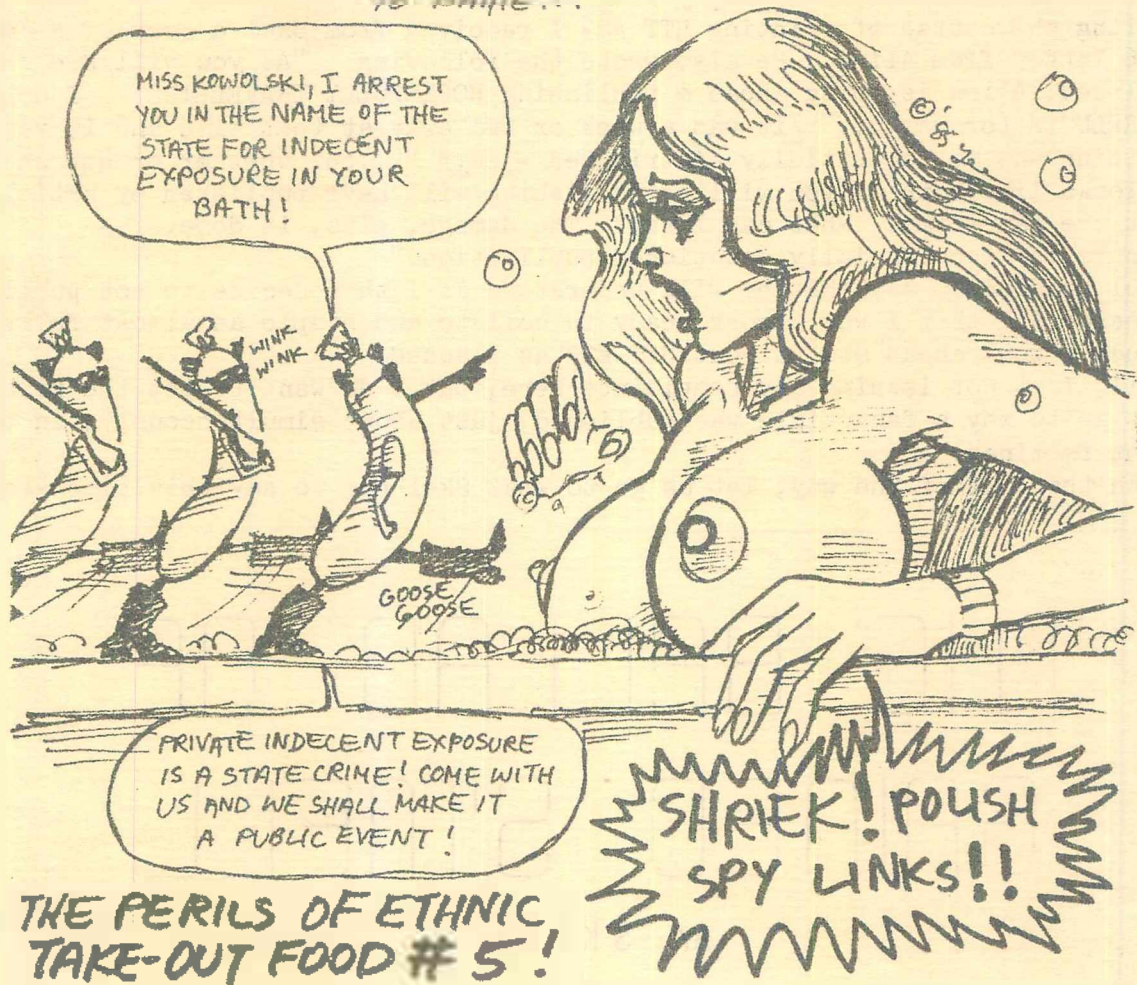
ALASKA SUSHI I



POLISH SUSHI I



IN POLAND A GIRL MAKES THE ERROR OF BUYING SAUSAGES  
FROM A GOV'T STORE AND LEAVING THEM UNATTENDED  
TO BATHIE...



Bob's illos definitely contribute to the putridity quotient of HTT, and I must say that there have been a few locs noting that HTT is not as putrid as it used to be. To continue with things putrid we move on to another of HTT's regular writers, Skel. In his covering letter which came with this contribution he wrote, "Herewith the first article I've ever sent you with a built-in degree of grossness." It is, indeed, what he said it is. Written, though, with that degree of skill which makes me again wonder when enough fans will start nominating him for a justly deserved Hugo as Best Fanwriter. He is that.

But, before we get to his current article, there is a matter concerning Skel which must be cleared up. I refer to the fact that his contribution to HTT #23, HOPEFULLY TRAVELLING, also appeared, simultaneously, in the Chu and Minabres edited zine, NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION.

When I received HOPEFULLY TRAVELLING Skel's covering letter said that he had originally sent it to Alina Chu in January of 1984. "I heard, via Stu Shiffman, that it had been accepted, & then I heard nothing further. Well, I finally got pissed off - it wasn't the only one of my articles stuck in Limbo, nor the oldest



one. Here I was, with requests from you ....., no material, & some of my better pieces wasting away. So I acted. I wrote to them all, saying in effect 'Piss or get off the pot!!!'. Still no reply from Alina ....."

During the course of printing HTT #23 I received from Skel a copy of a Jan. 23, 1986 letter from Alina. He also wrote the following: "As you will see from the enclosed, Alina is going ahead & publishing HOPERFULLY TRAVELLING!. I don't know when CORFLU is (or was)..." /it was a week or two away at that time and it was where Alina's zine was to be initially distributed - ed./ "...but whether or not she made it, it looks like both of you will be publishing/will have published my article at or about the same time. What can I say? The damage, alas, is done.

"Yours is *the* officially sanctioned publication."

Skel goes on to say that he will understand if I then decide to not publish it. Considering that I was almost ready to collate and staple an almost fully printed issue, I went ahead and put out HTT #23 as planned.

Well, I am not issuing any complaints here, but I do want to set the record straight as to why a fanarticle was published, just about simultaneously, in two different fanzines.

With that out of the way, let us go to what Skel has to say this time around.

# THE BALLAD OF GAINED S'MELL

BY SKELL

Were you aware that there are aliens amongst us?

No, I thought not. Hardly anyone is. Aware, that is. Why, I wasn't even aware of it myself until just the other day, though of course being a Science Fiction fan I have long been alive to the possibility. I think my introduction to the concept came with Eric Frank Russell's 'Three To Conquer'. You recall the plot I'm sure - Viruses from Venus stage a sit-in in the central nervous system of the three intrepid US spacemen who formed the crew of the secret American expedition to their world and culture. Wearing the Earthmen's bodies in much the same way that Joan Collins wears her Paris fashions, and obviously impressed by the standard of Terran couture, they head back to Earth in secret in order to pick up a more extensive wardrobe.

Fortunately for the survival of the human race there are a couple of ways of recognising these starwolves in sheeps clothing. Your basic average everyday telepath can spot them a mile off because of their habit of thinking to themselves in Goose - "Gabble, gabble, honk" being one of their most frequent thoughts. Now thoughts like that may be ever so soothing and reassuring to a Venusian Virus doing his early Christmas shopping in an alien land, but to even the dimmest witted telepath they are a dead giveaway. Luckily for the scheming aliens telepaths are not ten-a-penny in our society. In fact there's only the one, who luckily for us turns out to be the Hero (later on there turns out to be a second, an attractive female who ends up as the Hero's girl)...but we shouldn't be amazed at such a fortunate co-

incidence, because Heroes tend to get breaks like this. Let's face it, there is a school of thought that says you basically make your own luck and, Heroes, being what they are, are just better at it than the rest of us).

As luck would have it there is a second way of spotting people who have been taken over by the aliens - they like eating Menthol-Eucalyptus lozenges. This revelation came as a great relief to me. Having previously tried a menthol-eucalyptus lozenge I couldn't figure out how anyone even remotely human could enjoy such a foul-tasting abomination. Apparently Eric Frank Russell was of a similar opinion, for obviously he too thought that you'd have to be an alien to obtain any pleasure from sucking such muck. This opinion must also have been shared by all the Australian Science Fiction fans who must have taken the novel to heart and gone sniffing out Eucalyptus-smelling aliens wherever they could find them, which goes a long way towards explaining how come the numbers of the koala fell so drastically in such a short space of time, leaving them today as an officially endangered species.

Of course the 'Aliens Among Us' theme didn't originate with Eric Frank Russell's book; nor, unfortunately, did it end there. Television also indicated some concern on the topic. An early example was of course 'The Invaders'. David Vincent saw them. Unfortunately David Vincent was the only one who ever did see them, or at least the only one to both see them *and* survive to the end of each episode. Seeing aliens, unless you're The Hero, is a very risky business and not being a hero-type I immediately made up my mind that if there was one thing I definitely didn't want to see, it was aliens. In fact I resolved that if ever I saw David Vincent walking towards me I would shut my eyes and refuse to open them again until Cas assured me that he had gone away.

Television viewers of more recent vintage might point towards the producers of 'V' as another TV example of the genre, but pointing to the producers of 'V' is something I would actively discourage, unless the thing being pointed was both loaded and lethal. Suffice it to say that anyone who is even remotely aware, science-fictionally, is alive to the possibility, if not the possibilities, of 'Aliens Among Us'. Thus it was that, being an SF fan I spotted the evidence of just such a situation where millions of others apparently did not. I think I am safe in assuming that I am the only one to have discovered, *and fully understood*, the clues indicating their presence. Let's face it, if the world were aware, you'd think it would have rated at least a paragraph or two in the newspapers, wouldn't you? Of course it would. Even the Daily Express would have been forced to give it a mention at the foot of an inside page somewhere, possibly even curtailing its fourteen page editorial comment on how lucky we are to have this particular Tory government to be unemployed under, or possibly even interrupting one of its seventy-two anti-Arthur-Scargill stories with a word or two to the effect that we'd been invaded by Aliens From Outer Space (a threat surely only marginally less terrible, even to the Daily Express, than Left-wing, Trotskyite, Militant Tendency subversion of the Labour Party). But no, I don't recall ever having read a word about the threat, which would seem to indicate that the world is unaware of its peril. I mean, it's not just that the evidence is too recent for I chanced upon it in the March 1980 issue of 'Punch' magazine which is surely long enough ago for every newspaper except 'The Star' to have featured the news in an edition by now. Notwithstanding this, the article in that particular issue of 'Punch', 'Lumbar'd' by Basil Boothroyd, not only revealed that there are aliens amongst us, it also revealed that Basil Boothroyd was one of them. You want proof? OK, let me quote the damaging first paragraph in its entirety: -

"Socks are the worst. Getting them off last night was easy. A matter of scraping the ankles together. Flies do it. But that's why they're inside out this morning, and rolled into round lumps that just kick along when you try to get a toe in."

No, it's not the inside-out flies. After all, you have to grant an Alien Being a degree of unfamiliarity with the English language. I think we can safely assume that it is the socks which are inside-out. Which in itself is a dead giveaway. I mean, in this article where the creature that was pretending to be Basil Boothroyd was doing its utmost to convince us that it too suffered on occasion from back trouble, just like the rest of us human beings, whilst it was concentrating on this, it allowed something else to slip out. Aliens do not have sweaty feet. Aliens can in fact wear a single pair of socks for more than one day.

Let's face it, we know what a ludicrous concept this is to any human male. We know that when you or I take our socks off we must either declare a total exclusion zone of at least fifty yards or face a lawsuit brought by Amnesty International, the R.S.P.C.A., the R.S.P.C.C., and doubtless also the R.A.C. Yes, wearing the same pair of socks for two consecutive days is banned by the Geneva Convention. Right there immediately below "a dirty thermonuclear device" and above "mustard gas" and "biological warfare". Why, if you're a man you only have to remember the last time you took your own socks off. "Daughter" you said, "take these socks upstairs to the linen basket, and bring me down a fresh pair, please." Daughter inches her way forward, already accoutred in a Second-World-War-surplus gas mask. She carries one of those long poles with gripper-fingers at the end which are used in laboratories dealing with highly radioactive or infectious material. Gingerly, with her ten-foot pole she approaches your socks, snags them up and conveys them to the laundry basket. You know from experience that, come the weekend when she asks for her pocket money, she will also be asking for her duly negotiated hazard allowance. It seems at first glance a bit excessive to be paying your own children danger money to take your socks away, especially when you recall that you used to hold your nose and carry your own fathers socks up to the laundry basket *with your bare hands*. However, as you look down at your own dermatitis-ridden and chancered hands you realise that your children are not so much more mercenary, as simply more toxically aware.

Oddly though no SF novel has yet been written in which the fate of the Earth, of its soon-to-be-enslaved billions, hinged upon the Hero's keen and discerning olfactory abilities. In fact it is more than merely 'odd'. After all, surely each and every science fiction writer, *without exception*, cannot have made the assumption that all alien races will have sweaty feet? If that's to be the case then I wouldn't want to be in the position of Barlennan's future missus, when he takes his socks off, all 200 of 'em. No wonder no female Mesklinites would come anywhere near Dondragmar's crew in 'Mission of Gravity'. It is to be hoped that they didn't also suffer from flatulence. Christ, if they farted as well it would take about 200 gravities just to keep the smell down.

Actually, I wonder what would be the situation regarding smells on ultra-high gravity planets. After all, smells are caused by molecules in volatile gasses leaping about hither and yon, aren't they? Let's face it, at those gravities, a molecule is going to have all on just crawling off to die somewhere. I mean, we're not talking about the energy levels of suns here, just smelly socks and, however bad they are, they're hardly in the 'solar furnace' category. So how do smells behave under extremely high gravity? Are they affected? Would a Mesklinite for instance take his socks off over a bowl, and would the smell sort of glp down into it and slop around a bit? It's certainly something that you have to think about. If that is the case, just how do you get rid of smells on Mesklin?

Now at first thought you might think there'd be no problem. If they can't get out of their containers, simply hammer a cork in and forget them. Out of ~~the~~ smell, out of mind. The problem is that in no time at all you're up to here in bottled smells. All it would take is one mesklinquake and the entire race would be wiped out in the most horrible fashion imaginable. No, the smells would have to be disposed of somehow. Which brings us to another point - do smells break down under



such incredible gravities? If so, what is the half-life of a fart? Actually this probably gives us a clue as to how the smells are disposed of on Mesklin. Your Mesklinite carefully peels his socks off over a mesklinware bowl. This in turn is poured gingerly through a funnel into a crock and corked. The crocks are then encased in concrete and dropped overboard into the deepest parts of Mesklin's oceans.... and isn't this really a far better justification for the Mesklinites to have developed seafaring than anything Hal Clement ever came up with?

An alternative method of disposal would of course be, as in the case of nuclear wastes on Earth, to bury it at the bottom of deep mineshafts, but as no Mesklinite worth his salt would risk having n-zillion tons of fall-able material over his head, there can't be any mineshafts on Mesklin. Just about their only other option would be to dispose of the smells by pouring them down cracks in the Mesklin crust. This of course raises another spectre - what happens to them then? Down there near the centre of the world they are subjected to the immense pressures of the rest of Mesklin above them. Are they compressed? Is it possible that there might be worlds so massive that the smell at the centre became so compressed that it changed into a Neutron Smell or, at an even greater extreme, a Black Smell - a smell so dense that not one whiff of it could ever escape? A smell that, to all intents and purposes, was not truly in our universe at all?

Such smells would of course defy the normal laws of Newtonian physics. Space and Time would be as one to them. Just as physicists are now beginning to speculate that Black Holes might be the basis for some future 'hyperspatial' method of traversing galactic distances, just so would Black Smells negate the vastness of the space-time continuum. Aromas would be sucked down into a Black Smell, only to reappear into our universe thousands of light years away, at the other end of these gravitic wormholes in space. Come to think of it, this is the obvious explanation for those strange and offensive smells that keep manifesting themselves in my living room just as I'm finishing my late-night snack of beans-on-toast.

But how many SF authors have really, seriously, developed concepts such as this? Go on, how many? None, that's how many! And yet, it isn't even as if they were ignorant. I mean, they don't even have that excuse. No less an authority (can there be less an authority?) than Brian Aldiss has given the game away. Science fiction authors are fully clued up on the subject of seamy socks. Brian wrote in a fanzine article about the sorts of things that used to take place at some of the early British science fiction conventions. Apparently the highspot of the occasion was where some of the Pros would get together in one of their rooms and hold a competition. They would all take their socks off and throw them against the wall. The winner was the author whose socks stuck to the wall the longest before falling to the floor. All this of course was long ago, before the Pros sacrificed literary credibility on the altar of populism, and moved over to the Hugos instead.

Nope, all those Good Old Boy SF Writers simply couldn't imagine any creature whose feet didn't stink, despite figuratively having their noses rubbed in at least one terrestrial example. Women! Here is the *real* proof of the sexist underpinnings of male-dominated SF. It's nothing to do with the preponderance of brainless female leads as The Hero's cock-fodder. The lack of credible and sympathetic female characters doesn't come into it. The real proof that all male science fiction authors are blinkered sexist pigs is that they've never shown any awareness that there are people whose feet don't smell. They simply weren't aware that 'women' were 'people'.

Of course the reason why women's feet don't smell is now finally understood by medical science. I heard some biochemist discussing it on the television once. It's because their trousers are tailored differently. Probably something to do with them being made broader in the hip. Anyway, it's definitely their jeans. It's because of their jeans that women don't sweat. I heard it quite distinctly. Well,

we all knew that women don't sweat. Bloody hell, I may not be terribly well educated, but I'm not ignorant! Not only don't women sweat, they don't even bloody well perspire. No, what women do is 'glow', or 'blush', or mostly 'bloom', and we all know that 'sweat smells bad whilst 'blooms' are supposed to smell sweet. Even Will Shakespeare, about as good an old boy as they come, had to admit that a rose, by any other name, would smell like a bloom, or something to that effect. And would anyone deny that old Will was A Good Old Boy when it came to sexism? Why, even his pen-name, 'Shake-his-spear', let's you know where he was, you should pardon the expression, coming from. He didn't want anyone to associate his work with concepts like bakin'.

Anyway, it's this great semantic divide that dooms us men to have smelly feet. Men sweat, whilst women bloom. It's a pisser. We men got our feet dealt off the bottom of the semantic deck.

Mind you it isn't only women's feet that don't smell. Women do not make offensive smells of any sort, or so they claim. I've never met a woman yet who has admitted to farting. I mean, I have sat there, in a bus, nothing but women around - and suddenly there's this horrible smell. I look up from my fanzine, trying to see if someone's thrown a decomposing ferret onto the bus, and all the women are looking at me, and let me tell you, if looks could kill I would be reading that damn fanzine posthumously. And it isn't fair, because IT WASN'T ME! Unfortunately it isn't etiquette to stand up in the middle of a bus-full of ladies and scream "IT WASN'T ME!" Miss Manners does not cover this situation at all, she just sits there, smugly silent.

Like Cas. We will be sitting there, watching television and suddenly the wallpaper will start peeling off of the walls. Unfortunately I won't be able to see this too clearly because my eyes will be watering. Yes, both of them, and believe me it takes some fart to make a glass eye water! A miasma fills the room. There can be only one explanation - 30 million rats have been rotting under the floorboards for several decades - unless.....I look towards Cas who is smiling smugly as I lay gasping and choking on the floor. "You've farted!" I cry, or rather croak, or wheeze. But will she admit it? Will she buggery!

The thing is, women have TSC. I capitalise it because it is a strange and wonderful power about on a par with ESP, or Extra Sensory Perception. Women may not have ESP, but they do have TSC, Total Sphincter Control. There's not a sound. It's incredible. Now with me, as with most men, there's a sudden pressure in the bowelly region, followed by the sound of someone ripping up several telephone directories in front of fifty million microphones, but with women...total silence.

You can't even take evasive action. You don't know it's coming. There's no Early Warning System like with us men. For instance, when you're drinking with the guys, say Mike Meara, and you hear The Crack of Doom, there's no panic. You make your way to the nearest exit in good order and assemble at the official Emergency Point for roll-call. Then you wait an hour or two for the 'All Clear' and troop back into the building. No problem, except that with Mike Meara you also need thirty-two fallback emergency areas for when the first thirty-one, one-by-one, become untenable. But that's not an insurmountable difficulty.

With women though it's different. There's no warning. The first intimation you have that a woman has farted is that your leg drops off. If you happen to be drinking and don't immediately notice this, then your first awareness of the situation will also probably be your last. Your one remaining chance is to hop to the side of the room and throw yourself out of the nearest available window. Of course if you happen to be on the twenty-second floor then the result will be almost as bad as if you'd stayed in the room.

So there I lay, going green at the edges, as Cas smiles ineffably down at me. This is a Total Sensory Experience. Not only can I smell it, I can taste the fucking thing. Hell, I can bloody well see it. I can feel it. "You've farted!" I gasp

accusingly, as it knees me in the groin.

"Me?" she responds, shocked. "Don't be silly. Women don't fart."

To be perfectly frank, as I lay there wheezing and choking, there are times when I wish to Christ that women did have a room of their own! The simple fact is that I, like most men, have no problem with the concept of women taking responsibility for their own destinies. No problem. I just wish they'd also take responsibility for their own farts.

I mean, just who do they think they are kidding? It's not as if women's farts smelled even remotely like men's. Maybe it's caused by the biological breakdown of a completely different set of hormones, I dunno, but the fact is that to a man a woman's farts smell completely alien. Completely. Alien. Hmmm...

I begin to see it all now. Suddenly it is as if a veil has been peeled back from mine eyes. I can see clearly now. If Aliens are creatures that don't smell, and women are creatures that don't smell, then women must be aliens. No, don't mock. We're all aware of all those old "I'll never understand women" schticks, you know, the ones that claimed they must be an alien species because of their alien thought processes? Well, it looks like there might be some truth to this after all except that it isn't their mental processes that reveal their alienness, but rather something more fundamental - we men simply got things arse over tip, as usual.

Aliens don't smell, and neither do women....or rather, neither did women. My mother never made an offensive smell in her life, as witness her reactions whenever my father took his shoes off. And one thing I can guarantee - my mother never farted! Unthinkable! An amazing awareness and understanding comes over me. Aliens don't make offensive smells, women didn't make offensive smells, but now they are starting to, they are becoming furtive farters. The only logical conclusion is that women are aliens who have lived amongst us so long that they are finally beginning to mutate towards our norm. They are beginning to smell. Is it any wonder that women are going through a gender-wide identity crisis? Why, even the worst excesses of feminism are understandable now. It's always tough when you get more than you bargained for. It's one thing to get the vote, it's quite another to get the fart.

---Skel

---

In connexion with the above (mailed to me on Dec. 30) I would like to mention a Christmas present from Arthur D. Hlavaty and Bernadette Bosky which arrived not too long before I received the article by Skel. Arthur's and Bernadette's present was a copy of "The I Love To Fart Cookbook."

I guess that the only thing which I can do at this point, given the current emphasis on putridity in this part of the zine, is to present some material from/by Darrell Schweitzer. Firstly, a limerick, then some artwork.

#### PROBLEM CHILD

Young Archie was too fond of bugs.

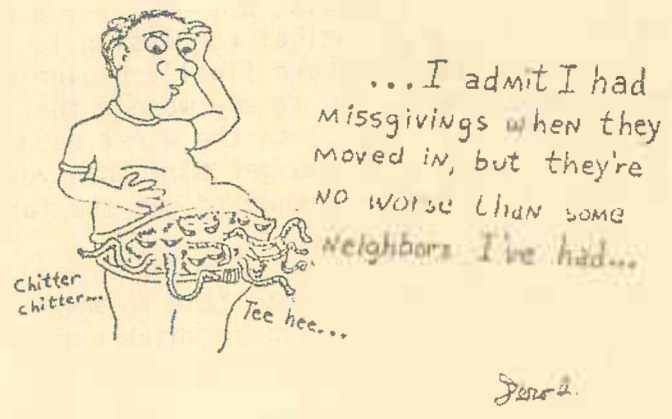
He'd often devour fat slugs.

The first of each June,

he's spin a cocoon,

and sleep for a month beneath rugs.





darrel schweitzer's page

Darrell's limerick reminds me that we were talking about food. Well, at least Bob Lee was using food as a topic, and food and eating is a topic never far from the HTT scheme of things. Skel is also part of the HTT scheme of things, so let us tie together the topic of food and the topic of Skel. Actually, Skel more or less did this himself in HTT - several times, in fact. In HTT #17 he wrote I REMEMBER GERALD LAWRENCE...VAGUELY, an article about a fan whose mission in life seemed to be to eat just about every kind of animal and other food. In HTT #21 Skel wrote FOOD FOR THOUGHT, an article in which he told about a complete Japanese meal sent to him by Joni Stopa. Joni now writes about how she came to send that meal to Skel.

---

## a put-up situation

BY JONI STOPA

There are times that it doesn't pay to be nice. Sending a package or two to Skel can eventually lead you right into boiling water. At this point, most of my fannish friends from the frozen wastes of Canada to the Antipodean shores are probably wondering just why THEY haven't received a parcel or two in the mail from me. The only excuse is that they weren't fated to get one.

Long before Skel had even heard of fandom a chain was set in motion that caused me to eventually mail a package to Cas. I want you to make particular note about that. It was not addressed to Skel and Cas; it was addressed to Cas Skelton.

The real starting point was the very first Worldcon art show. Up until that point the only way a fanartist could show hiser ability was to cut a stencil. If you couldn't cut your own stencil then you were at the mercy of the average fanned who could trace and many didn't do this well. Bjo Trimble was the first person to come up with the idea of an art show at the worldcon. In spreading the word about that idea she managed to do the most unlikely thing in the world: getting artists to write each other. Since a picture is supposed to be worth 1000 words, why bother writing at all? To find easier and cheaper ways to cut those stencils! We are discussing a time that most fans of today can't quite comprehend; 1960 P.E. (Pre Electrostencil). One of my correspondents was Eddie Jones who was very active in fanart at the time.

It only stood to reason that when Jon and I went to Loncon II that we should join Eddie for a few meals. He was horrified that we had spent 3 weeks in Europe and never once got near a fine restaurant. Our guide book was "Europe on \$5.00 a day." We tried to do it even cheaper than that by finding even less expensive places to eat. In Paris we dined at Wimpy's and in Versailles we found a small place that catered to the Alsace Sausisson & pomme fritte crowd. Roughly translated: hot dogs and french fries. Further translation for Brit fen: Bangers and chips. Hardly gourmet dining by any translation.

Eddie did his best to rectify this error of ours by leading us to some good restaurants that still stayed well within our fannish budgets. This was very much appreciated.

In 1969 Eddie won TAFF and attended the worldcon in St. Louis. Alas, we couldn't help him find the good cheap eats in that city. We couldn't even find ourselves good eats near that hotel. There were but 4 choices; the hotel coffee shop or the hotel dining room. Both seemed adverse to serving fans. They kept trying to close the coffee shop and the service was poor to non-existent. That was the least

of the indignities the hotel was foisting off on fans. There were only 2 other places to eat; a greasy spoon that had the certain charm of being fast and friendly and open during the afternoon, and a fairly decent Chinese place that was only open during the evening. However Eddie was to travel to Chicago with us right after the con. We promised him an excellent 4 star Armenian restaurant once we got there. However he actually got started on gustatory delights on the way north.

I have to take time out here to explain that I have always been fond of Stucky's, if you like nuts you are bound to like Stucky's. When travelling on an interstate I always want to stop at one. I am ever so slightly addicted to pecan logs, coconut patties, pecans, pecan turtles, pecan divinity and other nutty items. I can live without some nutty items like the souvenirs they sell, but I do like the nuts. Naturally we stopped at a Stucky's and Eddie discovered the nutty part of the U.S.; other than fans, that is. He bought pistachios and pecans and cashews and proceeded to eat his way north. We kept reminding him that there were 4 stars at the end of our journey but that barely slowed down the sampling he was involved in.

I have to admit that although he had binged on nuts he did more than justice to the food at dinner. Several appetizers, soup, salad, entree and finally a dessert. He ate almost as much as I did, something I really like in a man! As we continued on our way up to Wilmet we stopped at a small supermarket for breakfast necessities. To us this was a small place with no pretensions about what it offered. To Eddie it was a treasure cave of things he had never eaten. We had to force him through the check-out line with only one or two bags of food.

The next day he was just as keen on eating as well as sight seeing in Chicago. He was very much looking forward to the evening meal and the Party at the Eisensteins. Eddie and I certainly had a lot in common; we were both artists and were quite willing to eat our way compulsively through any good food at hand.

For a couple of more years I sent Eddie a package of food or two, odd assortments of nuts and the like. My contact with fanzine fandom grew less as our own business grew in size. Eddie ceased doing most of his fan artwork since he was now earning his keep as a professional artist. We did keep in some sort of contact since he had married the former Marsha Brown who was a good friend of ours. But my fanatic was pretty much limited to attending conventions. Just about the time Seacon came around I was getting somewhat interested in fanzines again, but the real trouble was getting the buggers. I certainly didn't want to do fan art again and as a writer I am as dependable and just as slow as molasses in winter.

When we headed for Seacon in 1979 there were only two things I knew for sure. Midge Rietan had promised Rob that I would help on the costume ball and that Midge, Jon and I were going to be throwing the Chicago in 82 bidding party. Not that it really mattered to any of us exactly who won. The people throwing the Detroit party didn't much care either. We were all in the same boat, we got to work no matter who won. In fact, I managed quite by accident to help one of the Detroit fan unload their excess suite by getting Roger Sims (the fan with the suite) and Ara Pashinian together. Ara was looking for a suite at the METROPOLE although he was willing to settle for a room; which he also couldn't get. Roger found himself with two and Ara was only too happy to take one off his hands.

Friday afternoon Midge, Jon and I as well as a few others set off in search of party supplies. We figured we would need Coke, Pepsi and at least 3 kinds of beer. We settled on Lager, bitter and I think shandy. We even bought ice for the pop. The Brits don't seem to understand that cola is supposed to be served ice cold. We understood that the worldcon committee was supplying a room for the bidding parties, we were fully prepared to throw a bidding party, it was just a matter of waiting our turn. That was all much easier said than done.

The very night before the Scandinavians had thrown a bidding party in that very same room. They were freely pouring every form of booze known to fankind. This in turn gave the hotel management IDEAS. They suddenly started talking about



payment for the room, corkage fees and all those other things that turn a bidding committees' blood to ice. The concom and Midge did battle with the hotel, time was already past when our part was to open. The hotel was being oblivious to reason. In the meantime we are in my room, Jon, Ara, Ben, etc. awaiting word from Midge or the concom. We have the relatively small amount of party supplies there before hauling them down to the party room. Ara finally asked me why we hadn't started carrying things down. I tried to explain the convoluted problem. Ara came up with the perfect solution; we would simply change the venue to his suite. Word was gotten to the fans, we just conveniently forgot to tell the hotel.

After making the move we opened the Chicago party. In the meantime Midge and the concom were still fighting with the hotel. Our only problem was getting the church key from Midge. We dispatched someone down to the embattled room for the necessary item. Midge showed up about an hour later but was in no mood to play hostess; she was more in the mood to bite off somebody's head. Ideally the hotel manager's. She went to watch a movie and even out her temper.

The party continued for a few hours. Tucker was passing a bottle of Bean's Choice. Ara and I were dispensing liquid refreshment, I was managing to sell a few pre-supporting memberships and Midge finally returned: in a mood to party. That is when the hotel discovered what had happened to the Chicago Bidding Party. Some officious official from the hotel came to Ara's suite with the full intent to close us down. Ara managed to talk him out of the corkage fee but we were told that no more than 8 people could be in the suite at any given time. This could not stop intrepid fans determined to have a good time.

Someone had discovered that just down the hall was a large and lavish ladies loo. Unlike the kind found in most American hotels this had a nice sized living room arrangement in which ladies could relax leisurely after a meal at the hotel's finest restaurant. With the suite closed it served as just another party room. We dispensed the drinks from Ara's suite and they were then carried to the loo. Midge made an occasional foray to remind everyone that this was, in spite of the hotel, the Chicago bidding party. Even given fannish thirst we ran out of people before we ran out of supplies.

The next night it was the Detroit turn at having a party, they had it in their own suite. Since they had been nice enough to help us with our party we returned the favor and helped them host theirs. Their concom wanted only lemonade and tea and munchies served, so we still had all that leftover beer and a lot of pop.

There were too many other parties on Sunday night but when Monday rolled around we still had a lot of beer and even more coke left on our hands. There was but one thing to do, throw another bidding party; only this time in our room. The beer and coke were kept cool by putting them out on the windowsill. The party was a huge success, people had packed into our small room because we had the very last of the Coca-Cola left in the environs of Brighton on Monday. I didn't get to meet everyone there, there isn't much room for movement in your average sardine can. Unknown to me at the time the hotel was kicking out guests without proper roomkeys. We were not only an oasis but a refuge as well.

We spent the rest of our stay travelling around England, visiting with a few fans here and there. Among those fans were Eddie and Marsha Jones. Marsha surprised us with a home cooked American style meal. Marsha, like Eddie and myself is somewhat of a food mavin. Shortly before we left I asked if there was any way I could repay their hospitality. There was. Nuts! Pistachios, macadamias, and all those things uncommon on the British shores. By November of that year they had received a box of the chosen goodies.

Sometime after Seacon I started to make a tentative re-entry into the world of fanzines. Not as an artist, but to try my hand at writing. To make this all a bit easier I joined a small apa, FLAP, where most of the people were already my friends. They would have the patience while I learned how to make what I had to say worth

reading. I'm still learning. Bear with me.

The following spring I found a fanzine among my seed packets. The title was "Small Friendly Dog". It had gotten among the seed packets which were totally obscuring the tabletop. It had obviously come in the mail to land there. It was an English fanzine and from a totally unknown person. I was delighted to get it of course; I just couldn't figure out why I got it. I hadn't produced anything outside of FLAP for years so the answer didn't lie in that. Naturally I thought that Mike Glicksohn might be responsible; but he pleaded innocence. He thought that perhaps Ian Williams had a hand in it. A quick note to Ian confirmed that he knew nothing about it. I had only one option left, write Skel and ask how a "Small Friendly Dog" got on my table where even my favorite cats fear to tread.

Well I got a copy because Skel had round refuge at our Monday night party and sent me the fanzine as a kind of Thank You. If this were a common practice among fans my house would be swamped with zines. Unfortunately it isn't a common practice.

I was further surprised when I found that the next issue of SFD had a portion of my letter printed. May I also say I was pleased as hell with myself. Here I was, a tyro at this writing business and Skel had seen fit to print a portion of my letter. Talk about egoboo.

I think I have mentioned somewhere earlier that I am a food mavin. I don't know just when I started my love affair with things edible but I was already working on a recipe collection at age 9. Had I married Calvin Trillin he never would have been able to title a book "Alice. Let's eat". I would have already been dragging him out in search of the perfect Tangerine Beef. My extensive knowledge of fans gave me the insight to know that others involved in this hobby also shared a love of good food. Mike and Carol Resnick noted fans of both dogs and SF even have a little household saying. If fans are coming, put out the booze and hide the food. If dog people are coming you put out the food and hide the booze.

When I read in SFD that Cas was a might depressed I naturally thought that something different, very good, and extremely edible might be a help. I instantly thought of Eddie's plea for nuts and made up a box of nuts and a few other things I thought might please her palate. This is why I say the whole thing was pre-ordained. Had I not been a fan artist in 1960 I wouldn't have been aware that certain nuts were anything but common in England. If I wasn't such a food freak I wouldn't have thought of an edible in the first place. I would have sent a get well card instead.

When I get depressed the first thing I do is look for something good and unusual to eat. I get a cold and I bypass the chicken soup (in spite of the fact that they have proven that it helps the common cold) in favor of chilies rellenos or empanadas. In fact, I get depressed if I am not getting enough good or unusual food in my diet. I just sort of assumed that everybody was like me.

English food has a certain reputation. During our month-long stay we discovered that it lived up to every word. True, there are many very fine restaurants in England; not many of which really match the fannish pocketbook. It's dandy for the Arabs and wealthy sorts but it does keep away the hoi-polloi. There are a good many excellent Indian restaurants; alas I didn't marry Calvin Trillin. My husband will not even consider an Indian restaurant. Most of the Chinese restaurants aren't even well developed Cantonese let alone Szechuan and neighborhood sushi bars are few and far between or non-existent. Pub grub is nourishing and filling but otherwise bland. The same goes for the general run of English restaurants. I find this odd since most of the food business over there is like here; Greeks own most of the eateries. Greeks and Chinese are just great for going into that business. The Chinese make chop suey and the Greeks make the most common food.

There is nothing wrong with Greek food, I'm quite fond of it per se. Food in Greek owned restaurants is quite a different matter. They tend to serve a rather watered down version of whatever the local populace eats on an everyday basis. They



might have bar-b-que on the menu, it's just not the very best barbeque. It isn't that they don't know how to do a better one, they just don't want anyone to be offended by too much spice; so the whole lot bland out to nothing in particular.

My taste buds cry out for more ethnic diversity. That's why we have ethnic groups, isn't it, so that we can sample everybody else's cooking? It's really hard to dislike a group which invented teriyaki or linguini or blintzes and any other good thing you can think of.

A love of good food is an acquired thing. I was raised in an Irish family so it didn't take me long to discover what good food was; anything which wasn't Irish. I read a theory last March which said that the Irish drink to fortify their stomachs for all of the bland food they had to eat. I believe it, it made perfect sense to me. Corned beef and cabbage and a few boiled potatoes might be fine for St. Padraigs day, just forget it the rest of the year. The Gaelic word for whiskey, Ousgibaugh, translates loosely as water of life. Potcheen had to beat potatoes!

I was lucky though, I had neighbors who came from all over the place. The Komar's always had good Syrian food - I loved the lentil soup. The Kuvinka's served better than average halpukis. Ethnicly diverse neighborhoods are real nice for kids who like to eat.

The other kids didn't understand why I always wanted to eat at their houses. As far as they were concerned we had perfectly fine cuisine at my place; roast beef, cheese & noodle casserole and other plain food like stew. Plain old standard English-Irish cooking. The kind of diet my husband would be perfectly happy with. I have a slightly different viewpoint. The appetizer could be tekkamaki, then some gazpacho soup; followed by an entree of ravioli with a side dish of stir fried vegetables and possibly tarte Tatin as a dessert. In my own humble opinion this is an all American meal provided that you wash everything down with "classic coke".

Just about the best way I can think of to eat is going out for a dim-sum lunch. The only problem with that is, although the variety is great, it's still all Chinese. There is more to life than just eating: even if I put a very high stress on that. People need change and unexpected surprises to keep a bit of thrill in things. It's like ordering a hot Szechuan dish, a subtle reminder that you are still alive. I discovered in reading SFD that the Skeltons got little enough of that. Anybody that went into ecstasy over getting a new bog seat needed a little more excitement in life.

Having noted the lack of Japanese Restaurants in England, I thought it only proper to send Cas some Tempura batter mix. I even said to use the chip pot. This is what a sensible Japanese would do. It never even occurred to me that they would try a fondue pot with forks yet. There would have been some hope to do it that way using chopsticks; but never, ever, with forks. The only way to eat, more frustrating to a Westerner, would be to have a very expensive meal in a very fine restaurant for a special occasion, say "Boy's Day". You sit in a perfectly appointed room, the table is set "just so", and you sip your Saki while watching a highly trained chef prepare everything before your eyes in a highly stylized fashion. The food is then whisked away to be served to some other patron who was not paying for the esthetic experience of watching it prepared.

There was only one thing left for me to do, send an occasional surprise. It really isn't all that expensive when you ship by sea slug. Now you understand why you don't get packages in the mail from me. Not only was Skel predestined to get food packages but he brought it on himself by what he printed in SFD. I have had very little to do with all of this; I'm just another cog in the wheel of fate.

---Joni Stopa

---

*My shattered illusions tinkled to the floor, and we spent the rest of the evening walking on brittle shards and cutting our feet.*

---Tina Helsel in AWRY #1

A food mavin I am not - but I do love to eat. Almost constantly (with occasional pauses to smoke a pipe). Robbie considers me to be mostly stomach; considering the amount of food which I eat she may be correct. Still, I never show it - I weigh, usually, just under 150 lbs. And I love *good* food (Robbie is the junk food addict in this family) but suffer from two things which preclude me from usually eating really *good*: laziness/busyness (I refuse to spend much time cooking, often because there are stencils to type - I have used my wok, this past year, only to reheat Cantonese take-out leftovers) and a lack of finances with which to purchase comestibles in gourmet restaurants.

Anyway, somewhere along here we seem to have gone astray. As I remember, I was talking about things at work and then I was interrupted by Hank Heath talking about *his* work - then Steve Green butted in and we were off and running about thirty thousand other things. Enough. I want to talk about a kids game.

You know, cops and robbers, where you point a forefinger as if it were a real gun barrel, stick up a thumb as if it were a gun hammer, and close the other three fingers of that hand in a fist-like manner - and then point your hand at the person whom you wish to shoot and go *\*bang\*bang\**. Real cops and robbers - except that I am not a robber but my partner in this silliness is a real cop, a real uniformed cop, who buys cigars in the shop where I work. We shoot each other every time he comes into the shop. Sometimes I get him first, sometimes he gets me, sometimes it is a draw.

Once I was so busy with a customer that he told me that he was able to reload his "gun" and fill me with even more holes than usual. "So you want a reply from some swiss cheese?" I asked. Another time he sneaked into the back room and went "BANG!" as I was preparing afternoon tea.

But this is not just a one-way thing (although I have a problem as there are few places in the store where I can hide from him). One time, though, seeing him approach, I ran into the humidor and managed to get off the first shot as he was not expecting me to be in there. Another time I saw him pulling up in his patrol car - I ran around the counter and shot him as he was in the middle of the sidewalk (he spun around very convincingly).

He got me once as I was restocking the cigarette display. After he left I went to the bank to buy some rolls of coins - I noticed that he was in his patrol car, parked at the kerb, not yet ready to move into traffic. As I passed him I asked him if he minded if I threw a hand grenade into the car with him? "You can't do that - you're *dead*." "That's right - dead men can't throw grenades."

Another time I noticed that his car was in one of the traffic lanes in front of the shop, waiting in a line of cars for the light on the corner to change from red to green. I moved to the door: "Hey, Mac!" He turned at the sound of my voice. "BANG - gottcha!" "My God, he got me in my car!" he cried as he threw up his hands. Later that day he shot me as I was busy with a customer. "Getting me in my car was *good* - I will have to get you ten times for that one." As of this writing there are 9 more to go

He did once wonder what the average passerby thought of such goings on. Well, as my boss says, he hopes that we keep shooting each other so that we do not make too many holes in the walls and the merchandise.

All of which brings to mind Richard Weinstock's THE LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK which has been running here for several years. I now present to you Chapter 9, BEST BURNERS: A GUIDE TO CENSORSHIP IN THE EIGHTIES. Right after this interlineation.

---

*It has been observed that an entymologist is a scholar of words that bug you. And an orinthologist studies birds. An ichytheologist concerns him/herself with fishy religions and so it goes.*

---

---Dean Grennell in AWRY #9



# THE LAW & ORDER HANDBOOK - CHAPTER 9

BY RICHARD WEINSTOCK

B  
E  
S

T BURNERS: A GUIDE TO CENSURESHIP IN THE EIGHTIES

There is a tremendous and long overdue reawakening of moral authority in our Country today, firm in its determination to put Mom and God back into the apple pie. From this groundswell has arisen a powerful organization, *The Anal Majority*, organized and headed by the Reverend Oral Syndrome, which is committed to cleaning up the red light districts of the American psyche.

To this end the Anal Majority has selected as one of its most important targets the various media pandering to the base and crude sexual proclivities of the American population. These interests have become quite powerful politically, so censorship is unfortunately out of the question at the present time. However, all this means is that moral forces must become more creative in their initial efforts attacking pornography and filth. For this reason Reverend Syndrome has contracted to be the centerfold feature in the November issue of Playgirl Magazine. "Horrors! Why?" decent people everywhere gasp. The reason for this ploy is really quite simple. The purveyors of filth have succeeded because they have convinced a substantial portion of the general public that the human body is beautiful - something to be admired, photographed, and publicly explored in all its orificial splendour. But the public display of Reverend Syndrome's body will change all that. At least when Reverend Syndrome has tested the theory out in various public parks, judging by the response of the viewing public, full frontal views of him were not well appreciated.

The PLAYGIRL centerfold "revelation" will just be the first blow in the strike for decency in the public media.

## Titilators, Stimulators and Denigrators

In addition to pornography there are many other proper subjects of censorship that should be explored in the coming year. It is an understatement to say that science has gone overboard in the last century and censors should weigh the facts carefully to determine if too many eternal truths have been offended by its studies and theories. No society has ever survived without eternal truths, and ours is no exception, so censorship can play a vital role here.

Also, in recent times our flag and our Country have often become the objects of derisive ideas, words and/or actions.

"My Country right or wrong" is a prime example of this kind of negativity, first, because it implies that our Country just might be wrong and, second, because it suggests that foreigners may also be entitled to defend their own erring homelands.

"America, Love it or leave it" is another example of desecration because it suggests that the person to whom the message is communicated does not already love

America.

There are so many areas of potential censorship that prospective careerists in this field would do well to specialize choosing either titillation, stimulation, denigration, or other expressions offensive to community standards as their area of expertise.

#### The Many Ways To Say \*\*\*\*

Alas, gone are the days when the excrement of the abberent mind could only be committed to paper. In those bygone days censors merely had to ignite a match or a torch to carry out their important missions. But now we have movies, television, radio, computers, audiotapes, graffiti, and many other media which can be used as repositories of sin and irreverence. Furthermore, even such traditionalists as poets are getting into the act. But the creative censor will find ways to deal with these new outlets.

The cinema may be dealt with easy enough. The Supreme Court in a landmark case early in the century ruled that offended people have a Constitutional right to burn down a movie house provided that they don't yell "fire" if the theatre is crowded.

Television is another matter. Powerful vested interests protect prurient and heretical subject matter which are often shown on the tube. Furthermore, one may not burn down the home of another simply because he is watching TV. The latter may be, after all, someone who is watching "The Southern Christian Motherhood Hour" rather than "Cosmos". But there are laws of great help here. The "Equal Time" provisions of the Federal Communications Act can be interpreted to require any company that sponsors a show on evolution or reproduction to also sponsor one on Creationism or morality, preferably right after the offensive production.

Moreover poets are no problem at all. They may be outlawed on the grounds that you can't make a living at it.

#### The FBI's List Of the Ten Most Wanton Books

Although many different media are deserving of the censor's blue pencil, the success of censorship in the eighties is likely to be measured by its affect on the most traditional form of mass communication - the printed word. To this end, law enforcement must let the book burning public know which publications are the most ignitable. The Anal Majority has conducted many surveys of its members and recommends the following:

##### Fiction

1. Charles Darwin, THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES
2. Keynes, John Maynard, THE GENERAL THEORY
3. Darwin, Charles, THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES
4. Froemer, Arthur, EUROPE ON FIVE DOLLARS A DAY
5. Tantra, Joe, FIFTEEN HUNDRED POSITIONS FOR SEXUAL INTERCOURSE
6. THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES, Charles Darwin

##### Nonfiction

7. Confort, Alex, THE JOY OF SEX
8. Mephistopheles, Lucifer, SECULAR HUMANISM
9. Mill, John Stuart, ON LIBERTY
10. Webster, Noah, RUSSIAN-ENGLISH, ENGLISH-RUSSIAN DICTIONARY



## Keeping Sex In The Family

People should not get the idea that those concerned with moral values are prudes who deny the existence of sex. Not at all! Sex is an important concern which has its proper place in the scheme of things. Few of us would be here without it. Sex is to the rights of unborn children as electric outlets are to the oil depletion allowance. The point here is that public places, especially schools, are not the proper places for sex education.

Parents are the obvious ones who should teach their children about sex, because it should not be taught in the immoral or amoral environment of the schools. Such teaching of sex leads to promiscuity, irresponsibility, free love, unmarried motherhood, VD, Socialism, and Communism.

The more students learn about sex in schools, the more misguided they become. Sad to say that the greater the knowledge acquired, the larger the amount of moral damage to the student. For this reason the first and most crucial place to eliminate sex education is in medical schools. One of the worst moral evils of our time is to have future gynecologists and obstetricians learn about reproduction in medical schools. Young people who want to practice these branches of medicine can find out all they need to know from their parents.

Medical school books are themselves a scandal with their detailed illustrations and descriptions of private parts and their bodily functions.

Few patients are aware of the fact that doctors learn about sex at Med School instead of at home from their families. And perhaps this is why there is a significantly higher incidence of unwed pregnancies, VD, and free love among the clientele of gynecologists and obstetricians than among the clientele of CPAs who rightfully are not taught about sex in business school.

## The Four Rs: Reading, Righting, Rithmetic and Razing

What schools let into their curricula is just as important as what they keep out. Obviously schools must stress the basics, and a school is off to a good start if its primary reader is the revised and recently published DICK AND JANE GO TO CHURCH.

In many schools it is typical of curricula to make much of the value of free speech while ignoring the importance of censureship. And yet censureship is just as much a basic part of learning as the more well publicized three Rs. Writing, for example, has long been considered a basic educational tool, but what happens when students start writing on the walls? We censor them of course. And math: What about those crib sheets that most students must bring to algebra exams just to pass? Confiscated on sight! Freedom of expression is the flower, censureship the hidden gardener pulling weeds.

Notwithstanding the value of censureship, most schools have not included it as an area of practical or academic study. In primary grades students learn how to identify contraband pamphlets and turn them into their teachers. At this young and tender age they should not actually burn any books because they are too young to play with matches, but a "censuring bee" where students devise ways to imply that passages in books are offensive, would be a good training device. At intermediate levels, students should be able to master the technique of burning thin books of no more than a few hundred pages. No student should pass the course teaching this unless he or she has successfully torched J.D. Salinger's CATCHER IN THE RYE. Finally, in high school English Literature, students should be able to deal with more difficult material such as Chaucer and Milton, successfully identifying bawd and sacrilege through the veil of fancy language.

Learning the art of censureship should naturally not stop at the high school

level. Bookburning is indeed an appropriate subject area for a college major, the only question being whether it belongs in Public Administration, Liberal Arts, Visual Arts, or Chemistry.

### Unholy Alliances

The plans set forth in this chapter are indeed ambitious, but they may be achieved soon enough in the Eighties with proper organizing and coordination. In fact almost anything can be accomplished in public life in America if one is willing to participate in coalitions. Examples of such coalitions include the Dairy lobby and The National Rifle Association uniting to insure that our Armed Forces have both guns *and* butter. A few years ago the National Funeral Directors Association combined forces with Network Television to pass legislation that voids any provision in the last will and testament of a President or other important public personage that upon death he or she can be cremated in a private service. Due to the load of poor people on the American Public Health system, the American Medical Association, The National Liquor Distributors and Manufacturers, and Highway Lobby are co-sponsoring legislation recognizing the cost effectiveness of liquor in the treatment of indigents. One of the objectives is a mailer to all poor people on welfare with the message, "If you drink, Do drive." Any person who is injured on the highways too poor to pay for hospitalization or medical attention, or not sufficiently covered with insurance, will receive additional liquor at the scene of the accident paid for through Medicare.

What alliances are possible for the Anal Majority? The Northern Tissue commercials which you have probably seen on television featuring the Reverend Syndrome's endorsement, are a step in the right direction, but not enough. However, one only need look around in most communities to find potentially friendly interest groups. A not so obvious but potentially powerful alliance exists in many communities with ecology groups which oppose oil drilling and importation such as Friends of The Earth and the Sierra Club. These groups are very concerned about the environment and are particularly aware of the dangers inherent in energy dependence on foreign oil. They would no doubt go along with the concept that books could be burned by power plants to produce energy, rather than coal and oil. Books are not only cheaper, but burn cleaner and are a renewable energy source.

Right To Lifers are natural allies. They most certainly would go along with banning telephone directories on the grounds that the latter provide information in an amoral manner about abortion clinics and birth control centers. Advocates of new technology can be won over with a pledge that the recently patented paper shredder will not be overlooked when a decision is made to turn print into fodder. Finally, when the SUNSET GUIDE TO BUILDING BOOK BONFIRES comes out, do it yourselves will be a ready source of community energy.

### Prologue

From the Los Angeles Times, Sept. 18, 1981: "WASHINGTON - A bipartisan majority of the Federal Communications Commission voted Thursday to urge repeal of the so-called 'fairness doctrine', a 32-year-old requirement that broadcasters must present balanced views in airing public issues. Three Republicans and one Democrat on the seven-member commission ruled, in effect, that the fairness and 'equal time' provisions of federal communications law are misnamed. They amount to government censorship, the members decided. Mark S. Fowler, the commission's new Republican chairman, who led the move toward repeal of the controversial provisions, said, 'Today we strike a blow in the cause of freedom'."

Some people are worried that there will be an unreasonable amount of censorship in the eighties. Isn't there a risk to freedom of expression, one of our most funda-



mental Constitutional rights, many inquire? Not to worry. The above article from the Times indicates that under our marvelous system of checks and balances the communication industry and its platoon of lobbyists will insure that the best, most important, and most popular expressions are free from government interference.

---Richard Weinstock

Moving right along from talking about my interaction with one particular cop, through Weinstock's LAW AND ORDER HANDBOOK, it is only natural that we now consider a contribution from a fan who works for the Los Angeles Police Department, Milt Stevens. He often regales us at LASFS with anecdotes from his work. Here, though, he falls back on his fannish experiences for this article (along with, of course, an anecdote from his police work). Like many fans, Milt is sometimes

## getting lost

BY MILT STEVENS

Once I was sojourning through the wilds of Central Ohio in search of the legendary city of Cleveland. Even I knew that Cleveland was not in Central Ohio. However, presuming that you are already in Central Ohio, you have to get out of Central Ohio before you can reach Cleveland. Remembering the time I had been in search of Indianapolis and darned near ended up in Chicago instead, I had developed the habit of checking the map occasionally. I was doing just that when I realised there was something a little strange about the area where I had stopped. At least, I thought it was a little strange that I was parked next to a WWII Messerschmidt fighter with Nazi markings.

It was later that I discovered that there was an air museum in Columbus Ohio. That information wouldn't have done me as much good at the time, because I didn't know I was in Columbus Ohio. Actually, I hope I was in Columbus. If I wasn't, there may be some other region of Ohio that the tourist bureau really doesn't like to talk about very much. Which brings me to the subject of all the interesting things you can encounter while you are getting lost. Fans get lost with enough frequency that it probably should be considered a popular fannish pastime.

One of the best places to get lost is at a convention. Fans are often aided in this endeavor by ever helpful convention committees that publish maps in their programs. These maps are frequently either upside down and backwards or show the hotel the way it was before it was rebuilt in 1915. By scrupulously following these maps, you can end-up anyplace but where you want to go.

Once I have determined that I am in the right convention hotel, I regard relying on maps as almost cheating. After all, where's the adventure in knowing where you are going. At various conventions, I've discovered all sorts of remarkable things. I discovered the Tunnel Under The World four floors below the Claremont Hotel in Berkeley. That was the same convention that I discovered Charles D. Hornig in the men's room. The Tunnel Under The World didn't surprise me, but encountering Charles D. Hornig did. At the Huntington Sheraton in Pasadena, I discovered an escape tunnel for dwarves that exited the rear of the hotel. Or at least, I can't think of any other explanation for a hundred yard long subterranean tunnel that is only four feet high. Granted, I don't know of any period of California history in which masses of dwarves were escaping from some unnamed evil, but it is a colorful idea.

## A CONVENTION IS: #4

THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE



Then there are all the convention events that you can only find by getting lost. There is always something that is located on a floor that you can't reach by elevator. Sometimes the elevators theoretically go to that floor, but they don't stop there anyway. The subject of elevators might lead to another article titled, "Getting Marooned." You never know what you might find in some strange corner of a convention hotel. It might be a bunch of fans trying to contact F. Towner Laney by Ouija Board or a

scientific program on flatulence in outer space.

At Toronto in 1973, an entire Ranquet managed to get lost for awhile. Of course, it may have been that Mike Glycer and I got lost (such things being sort of relative). The city of Toronto had successfully resisted American Hamburger Imperialism to the extent that there wasn't a McDonald's within miles of the convention hotel, so the Ranquet had to be held at a submarine sandwich shop instead. The usual festivities took place with Mike Glycer nearly falling into a fountain while announcing the Hogu Winners. After all was said and done, the Ranqueters were faced with the problem of finding their way back to the convention hotel. Mike and I went one way, and the Ranquet went the other. About ten minutes later, we did encounter the Ranquet again. By that time, they had somehow gotten organized and were marching in step, three abreast, singing the dwarves' work song. They spotted us, did a double column left, and started following Mike and me. I guess we must have been going in the right direction.

There was one several second interval in my life when I really felt totally lost. I woke up in a totally strange room. I was in my underwear, and I'd been sleeping on a couch under a blanket. A woman entered the room.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"You're in Lower Manhattan," she replied.

For a couple seconds, I didn't remember how I'd left Los Angeles. Then things started coming back. I'd graduated from Naval Officer Candidate School the day before. I'd come down to New York and attended a Fistfa/Fanoclast Meeting the previous evening. A fan couple had offered to let me sleep on their couch. The explanation was a big relief.

One of my most disturbing instances of getting lost was when I found myself in the middle of Nickerson Gardens at 10 p.m. on a Friday night. Nickerson Gardens is a huge housing project at the corner of Imperial Highway and Central Avenue. The area is otherwise known as Darkest Watts. I'd been out riding around with a sergeant in a police car. In the middle of the projects, the sergeant bailed out to go in foot pursuit of a car stripper. I was left with the car, the radio, and a six cell flashlight. I didn't have the keys to start the car. By the number of teeth and eyeballs I could see, I knew I was pretty much surrounded. If worst came to worst, I could put out a help call on the radio, but I had to know where I was. I



decided to borrow an idea from the British Army and Brass It Out. I got out of the car, folded the flashlight under my arm like a swagger stick, and marched over to the nearest group. When asked, they told me the address. I then got back in the car, locked all the doors, and waited for the sergeant to get back.

As you can see, getting lost has many exciting and educational possibilities. All you have to do is learn to appreciate them.

---Milt Stevens

Food, cons, fanhistory, even American Cultural Imperialism (of a sort) - all standard HTT topics - were covered (or at least were touched upon) by Milt. Sort of a last stop for petrol before venturing into the desert - in this case something very different for HTT.

I will now insert into the zine a complete change of pace. Fiction is something I rarely like in a fanzine; however, Warren Norwood's piece is so different, so strange, I think that many of you out there should also "enjoy" this. With HTT breaking new ground with this issue (not that I am intending to pub much fiction in the future, you should understand) let us see how this flies.

## JEREMY'S WORLD

BY WARREN NORWOOD

During those thirty-odd minutes it took to drive home from the store each evening, Jeremy Rushkin lived.

During those thirty-odd minutes he made love to the most beautiful women he had seen that day (and sometimes to the ugliest ones because the variation intrigued and aroused him). During those thirty-odd minutes he killed people -- rude customers, the owner who ignored him, inconsiderate drivers, and imperfect strangers whose looks offended him. During those thirty-odd minutes he committed suicide, helped discover his own body, attended the funeral, listened to the quiet eulogy, and wept for himself and for those in attendance.

During those thirty-odd minutes Jeremy used his rifle with deliberate skill and fought glorious battles in Vietnam (saving his buddies these times instead of failing them).

During those thirty-odd minutes Jeremy Rushkin lived.

Then he would turn into his driveway, put the car in first, pull on the brake, turn off the engine, and let out the clutch -- every movement part of an unconscious ritual that took him step by step from life and joy to that other place, to that land where the life force was cut off, disciplined, and restricted. Then during the next twenty-three hours and some-odd minutes he would dwell in that place, and none would know that he did not belong there, that he was a stranger, an interloper who lived another life in another reality.

"How was your day, Jer?"

"About the same as usual. Yours?"

Devera looked as cheery and energetic as Jeremy felt tired and glum. She was peeling a cucumber at the sink and only half-turned to receive his kiss. "I think it was a good day. My students seemed to be awake for a change and actually asked some intelligent questions."

"Must have been sick. Any mail?"

"Bills. Ads. Nothing very interesting."

"Susan didn't call, did she?"

"Susan Hammer? No. Why?"

"Well, she came by the store yesterday and we had coffee. She wants me to

counsel with Paul again and said she'd call about a time and place."

Devera's frown was small, but solid. "Why do you keep doing that, Hon? You know their marriage is on the rocks. It's only a matter of time till they split for good."

Jeremy busied himself with a cigarette before he answered. "I know that, and you know that, and maybe even Paul knows that. But Susan doesn't. She still thinks Paul can be changed into the person she really wanted to marry. What should I have told her?"

"That you couldn't do it any more. That you don't think it will do any good." Devera was working on a carrot, now, and the orange peelings were flying all over the sink. "Can't you see that every time you try to counsel them you're just prolonging their unhappiness?"

"No, Dev, I can't. They ask me to help them and I try the best I can. Ever since Raymond moved back east they haven't had anyone they could both talk to."

"But Raymod was a minister."

"And I'm an assistant store-manager. But I'm also Paul and Susan's friend. For whatever it's worth, I agreed to help if I could."

Without waiting for her response, Jeremy went upstairs to change his clothes. As he unbuttoned his shirt, Susan let her blouse drop to the floor. Her small perfect breasts with their hard rough nipples demanded his attention. How could he deny breasts like that?

"Supper's almost ready," Devera called up the stairwell.

"In a minute," he called back, caressing himself the way Susan carressed him.

They sat in the living room after dinner. Devera curled up in her chair with a glass of sweet red wine and one of the innumerable biographies she devoured at the rate of four or five per week. Jeremy had a glass of amontillado in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and was staring at the television. The program was one of those science documentaries he could claim required his entire attention. That saved him from having to attempt any kind of conversation. It also released him from the fantasy for brief moments -- moments too short for him to escape, but long enough for him to step slightly away and ask himself where he was. The answer was always the same. Here. Waiting for something to happen -- like the book where nothing did.

After the news they went to bed and made love in what they called their *regular* position, then kissed each other goodnight and Devera immediately fell asleep. Jeremy stared at the ceiling. He knew what he was supposed to do. The fantasy demanded that he be creative, that he get up, go downstairs, and write. He resisted the demand just long enough to convince himself that he had resisted, then got up, went downstairs and wrote -- but nothing good, nothing worth saving, just some lines arranged in the shape of a poem with one acceptable phrase he might be able to salvage, but no beginning and no end.

It was almost midnight and Jeremy knew he should go back to bed, but something kept him at the desk even after he had laid his scribbling aside. He sat there as he had many times before, doing nothing, thinking of nothing, his head vacant until the ringing of the telephone filled it.

"Hi, Jeremy, did I wake you?" Susan asked quietly.

"No. I was just sitting here thinking about you and writing grand verses of lurid lust," he lied.

"I need to talk to you, Jeremy. I'm afraid Paul's gone crazy. Can you meet me someplace?"

Jeremy recognized the pattern in her voice and reluctantly agreed. He dressed, told Devera that mail security had phoned to tell him the store wasn't locked, and left for the all night restaurant where he and Susan had met several times before.



Jeremy passed it every day on his way home, but it was never open those hours. He was sure it was only open in this other world, this unreal place.

Susan insisted that they sit in a back corner and she kept eying the door. At first her rapid-fire monologue of incomplete sentences didn't make much sense, but finally it became clear that she was afraid Paul was going to do something violent.

"Why would he want to do something like that?"

"Because he found out about us -- about you and me. He knows we've been sleeping together. He said he'd kill me. And you, too. Then he raced out of the house."

"Paul couldn't kill anyone. He's not the type and you know it. Just calm down and start at the beginning. Exactly what did Paul say?"

Jeremy never heard Susan's answer. The blast of the gun deafened him. The shock slammed in his chest.

He looked up from the bottom of a dark hole toward a light shining above him. It was Devera's face. Smiling. Then the gun roared again and the darkness swallowed him.

It had been a beautiful eulogy. Almost everyone in the funeral chapel was fighting tears -- even the beautiful young organist. But Jeremy wasn't fighting his tears. As they rolled down his cheeks, he delighted in their presence. Everyone had said such nice things about him, Jeremy wanted to join the line filing past the casket to see how he looked in his moment of glory, but he knew that wouldn't be acceptable. When the organist started playing the anthem, he slipped out the door, got into his car, and drove away.

As he headed toward home he glanced at his watch. Fifteen minutes -- enough time.

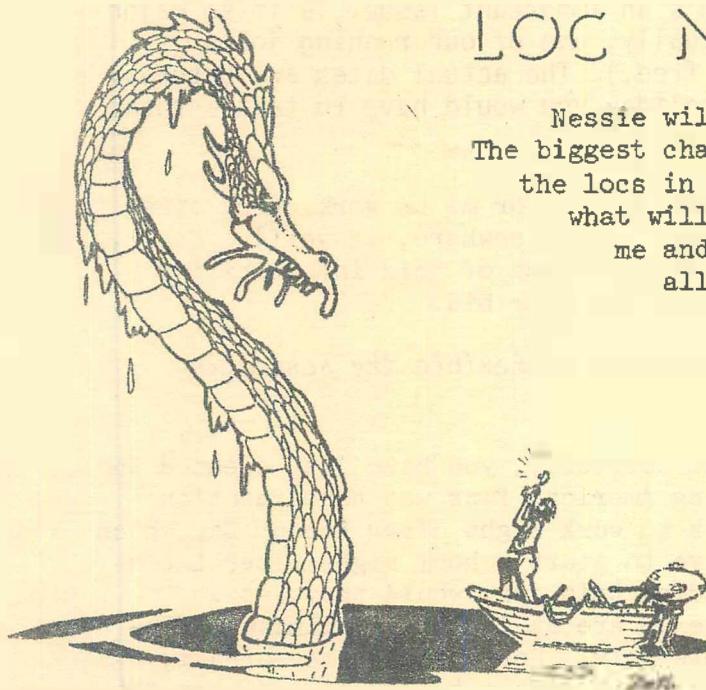
He started undressing the organist. It would have to be a quickie, but he would be good to her.

---Warren Norwood

## LOC NESS MONSTER

Nessie will be handled differently this time around. The biggest change will be that it is segmented (putting the locs in topic order). This will allow me to create what will seem to be even more of a dialogue 'twixt me and the loccers than before. It will also allow for the appearance of a dialogue 'twixt the loccers themselves. As throughout this issue, everything which is what I am writing will appear in this Elite 72 typeface; the loccers will appear in various other typefaces.

Before we begin with commentary on HTT #23 I would like to mention that I received late locs on previous issues from Richard Faulder, Diane Fox, Terry Jeeves, Adrienne Losin, Joe Rico, D. M. Sherwood, and Arthur Thomson (ATom). Thanks, fellows.



"Smile!"

The topic in HTT #23 which got the most response from the loccers was my editorial about CRUISECON. I expect that Nessie will be spending more time on this topic than on other things. We will start our conversation with Neil Rest (of the CRUISECON bidcom). As I mentioned in my editorial last time I spoke to Neil at LOSCON (it was he who told me the cost which I reported). I made no secret that I was against the bid and I told him that I would be writing an editorial about this - and that Mike Glicksohn, a member of the bidcom, would be getting a copy of the editorial as he gets HTT. Well, Neil complains (in his letter) that I do not have the good manners to send copies to people when I talk about them, even to bad-mouth them. I would point out to Neil several things: I did not bad-mouth him in HTT #23 (all that I said was that I did not believe that I convinced him that his was not a good bid) nor did I really talk about him as what I wrote was mostly a mention that I had talked to him at LOSCON and that I had gotten certain information from him; and, as Glicksohn would be receiving the editorial it is certainly not incumbent upon me to raise my print run to accomodate copies to any more of the bidcom. Had not one member of the bidcom been on my mailing list I would have certainly made certain that *one* (please not that "one") member of the bidcom would have gotten a copy as I assume that they talk to each other so I see no need to send copies to more than one member of a bidcom.

One more thing before I quote Neil. Neil gets the above treatment on the above points because that is what happens when I want to talk about just part of a paragraph and the loc starts off with the caveat that I can print whatever paragraphs I want to print but I am not to cut within *any* paragraph. As Mike Glicksohn (and any longtime readers of HTT) could tell him, I am very fair in my editing of locs, never unfairly editing locs so that positions are misrepresented (except, of course, in the WAHF section, an HTT tradition). Neil would have been better off letting me have editorial discretion in the matter.

We will now let Neil start off the conversation.

**NEIL REST:** You say "the main problem" is the inflexibility of HAVING to spend the entire week. Not too many people really see that as a hardship, but even agreeing for the sake of argument that it's an important issue, is it so major as to call for such violent derogations? (Actually, one of our running jokes is that one-days will be cheap, and walk-ins are free.) The actual dates are Saturday through Saturday, so counting Labor Day as a holiday you would have to take a total of four days off work.

**MARTY:** I will admit that my work situation which calls for me to work every other weekend is probably rather rare in fandom (and elsewhere, as well). Still, there are fans around who have not considered the problems of this inflexibility - when they think about this they just may not vote for your bid.

**NANCY LEBOVITZ:** *It* had never occurred to me just how inflexible the scheduling would be.

**MARTY:** Neil, if I have read your last sentence correctly, you have just created another problem for yourself. Most working American fans who take vacations so that they can go to Worldcon usually go back to work right *after* Labour Day which is the end of their vacation - and students have to start school right after Labour Day (but of course students would not be attending this con, would they, as it would be too expensive for them?). Sure, while we are at it let us eliminate students from this elitist Worldcon for rich people only. Sorry about the sarcasm, but I am never one to be very happy with any proposal with a built-in "let them eat cake" attitude. As much as I am disinterested in many aspects of present-day fandom I still feel that Worldcon should try to accomodate *all* aspects of this hobby

of ours, not just those which interest our richer brethren. Ipso facto, Worldcons, by their very nature, will be large cons - and I object to measures to ensmall them; most especially to the use of a money criteria as the way by which they are made smaller. I think that you are too entwined with your proposal to see how it disgusts some fans.

NEIL REST: No one in Los Angeles can talk about "astronomically outrageous for Worldcon expenses". An awful lot of a lot of people spent a grand for the week at Disneyland, got a lot less for it than the S.S. Norway offers, and then found out that they'd produced \$20 a head cash profit for LASFS. I have no acquaintance with your personal finances, but a lot of people are planning to save up the thousand dollars for a one-in-a-lifetime Worldcon.

MARTY: Anybody who "spent a grand for the week at Disneyland" is a person who either funded *many* people at L.A.CON II besides themselves, did one hell of a lot of non-Worldcon touristy stuff, ate all meals at only 4-star restaurants, included airfare as an at-the-con expense, or did a lot of all of the above. If one did at the con what *most* fans do at cons (that is, attend the con and to hell with what else is going on in the world out there) their only expenses were travel to and from the con (a variable which varies every year and which, therefore, should not be considered a concom-induced cost), hotel room, and food (Plus whatever they spent in the dealer's room and at auctions (again, something not a concom-induced cost)). In other words, as a basic Worldcon, L.A.CON II cost about the same as any other Worldcon for the average attendee. One area where it was cheaper for some fans was that the usually expensive Banquet was changed to a FREE ice cream social.

For those who wanted to attend the nearby Disneyland the concom arranged to have available discount tickets and a free shuttle service, so the cost of going to that particular tourist attraction were indeed minimal (mostly food - unless a person bought lots of doodads there).

Now let me again try to lay to rest a base cannard - the con was NOT put on by LASFS nor did LASFS realise a "\$20 per head cash profit". The LASFS was used as a meeting place for the concom and as a place to store stuff - it also provided a pool of willing con workers. The concom used LASFS in this manner for several years. Had the concom, instead of using LASFS, rented office and storage space for the same period of time, it would have incurred an expense greater than the \$14,000 it spent on providing an air conditioning and heating system for LASFS' buildings (the LASFS clubhouse comprises two buildings on one property).

But the nitty-gritty here is the expense of attending the Worldcon itself, not the cost of any other sightseeing which one might do and which would drive up the cost of the trip. As an aside I should point out that less airfare, the DUFF trip which Robbie and I took in 1985 cost us and DUFF (DUFF picked up the cost for only one person) less for a two-week tour of Australia (including Worldcon expenses) than it would take to attend CRUISECON - by far! Adding airfare to Australia and airfare to Miami as part of the cost to both trips makes the total cost of our DUFF trip only about \$500 more than it would take to attend CRUISECON.

The point which I am making (and which you continue to overlook) is that the per person cost of the food-lodging-membership expense of CRUISECON costs more than what two people would have spent at any one of most recent Worldcons.

NANCY LEBOVITZ: You mention that the \$695 is a lot to spend for room, board, and membership, and it doesn't include whatever one might spend in the art show and dealer's room.

MARTY: And, what about the fannish tradition of crash-space/room sharing to cut the costs of the con? Do not tell me that you consider this one of the "problems" which your bid is attempting to solve?



**SHERYL BIRKHEAD:** *Where is the fanish tradition of crash space and wall to wall fans? The only ways of making the costs within reach are being removed by such a bid.*

**NEIL REST:** As for re-hashing the 'it's really East Zone' stuff, stuff it. The location of the convention is the high seas, in international waters, though the ports of call are, indeed, under a few other flags. If you flew to a Worldcon from LA, would that make it "really" a West Zone con in some devious way? We're trying something which has never been done, because it sounds like a hell of a lot of fun. That's spelled F-U-N.

**WILLIAM T. CENTER:** *I heartily agree with Marty that the Bermuda Triangle bid is illegal since it is clearly an eastern zone bid and should not be allowed on the ballot. I thought Marty stated the case quite well.*

**ROY TACKETT:** I agree with you that it is an east zone bid. I cannot imagine anyone seriously considering it to be an overseas bid. Perhaps the idea behind it is simply to keep out the rabble. That may well be a noble cause but I hardly think something such as CRUISECON is any real solution.

**MARTY:** As you can see, I am not the only one who considers CRUISECON to be an east coast zone American bid. Before I answer some of your fallacious reasoning let me allow Mike Rogers to get a word in edgewise in support of your position.

**MIKE ROGERS:** *I must disagree with your reasoning that Bermuda Triangle is an illegal Eastern zone bid. As with the last time, I can claim special knowledge here. I ruled them a foreign bid for the 1988 site selection ballot and they will appear on that ballot. I read the Constitution as best I could and it said nothing whatsoever about territorial limits or Caribbean islands or any of that. The definitions are very clear: the North American zones consist of states and provinces. No more. If the con is held outside U.S. territorial waters, it is being held outside North America for purposes of the WSFS Constitution.*

**MARTY:** The problem here is that the WSFS Constitution is too vague (even though its intent should be clear); and, even though it does not exactly address this particular problem (probably because those who framed it never thought that any fans would ever come up with such a hare-brained idea as a CRUISECON as a Worldcon), the intent of rotation should make the answer clear. The intent of rotation is to make the Worldcon more accessible to different fans in different years. CRUISECON violates this tenet; indeed, it makes Worldcon more expensive for EVERYBODY.

Also, Mike, you missed out on a very fundamental fact. The fact which you missed is this: as an American citizen I do not need a passport to go to either Canada or Mexico but I do need a passport (and visa) to go to other countries; and, as this con is not going to be in either Canada or Mexico and as I will not be needing a passport to attend CRUISECON I will not be attending a con in a foreign country, now will I? So, to put it VERY simply, there is no way that CRUISECON can be considered a foreign bid. Therefore, also, it is an eastern zone bid because Miami is where all fans will have to go to get to the con. The con is being run out of the midwestern zone because that is where the bidcom members live.

Now, if this is not an American bid but is really a foreign bid, is it not some sort of slur on the capabilities of these foreign fans that they have to depend upon some sort of American Imperialism to run their bid for them? What is that which I hear, that there are no local fans to run the con because it is not being held in a country with any fans; indeed, it is not being held in any foreign country at all

but is being run by a bunch of Americans and one Canadian? Does not that make my point that this is an American bid for a con which starts and ends in an American city even though the bulk of the time-span of the con will be spent on the high seas?

NEIL REST: "At least hotels have experience with Science Fiction cons." Ye gods and little fishes, that's another of the PROBLEMS. Hotels are not built for the way we use them, be the management friendly or unfriendly (and I assume you've seen both, too). They're for the blue suits who do meetings and presentations and seminars. We party. A cruise ship exists for partying. You know all the stories about how much less hotel damage we do than Shriners and Republicans and such. A cruise ship is a natural.

MARTY: I admit that hotels are not "ideal" for our kinds of cons; hotels, though, are one hell of a lot better for what we do than is a cruiseship. Instead of solving the "problems" (as you prate that it will) it will create a whole other set of problems. For instance:

KATHERINE DUNCAN: *What do they do with con members behaving in an objectionable manner or someone caught wearing weapons etc. Throw them overboard? Fly them back to the mainland? And someone could fall overboard while intoxicated also. And staterooms are very small on most ships. How could one hold room parties? How could one even have six people in a room for a friendly discussion? And from the size of most rooms, you'd better be friendly.*

NANCY LEBOVITZ: How many dealers do you think will spend \$695 plus the cost of tables for the privilege of spending the week working? (I'm putting this as a question because I don't know the answer, but I have my suspicions that a lot of dealers won't consider it worthwhile, especially with only 2000 people to sell to. Just getting to Miami isn't all that cheap, for most people, either.)

TERRY HUGHES: *While I am not in agreement with all that Marty said, I doubt if I would vote for a CRUISECON because (1) I don't think I could stand to be surrounded only by fans -- I like interaction with the real world, too, and (2) I enjoying exploring the city where the Worldcon is held and I fear the charms of any vessel would fade after the first day.*

JEANNE MEALY: Marty's right -- there's no going home if you don't like it or have some problem that occurs.

JOE RICO: *I would like to add my own fear about the Convention which is that of access. These ships are, I believe, divided into classes of passengers. What happens if a convention function is placed in the First Class Section but most of the attendees have Second Class tickets? Would fans be limited in access to the con? Along with this point is a more general concern that I have about Convention/Facility relations. At a con, the committee often convinces a hotel or auditorium to alter some of their procedures to accomodate our slightly unusual gatherings. But a committee's bargaining position vis-a-vis a ship would be compromised because one company holds all of your rooms and function space. This problem may be compounded if, as I suspect, the majority of money by the Norway will come from passengers rather than the Convention Committee.*

MARTY: Yes, I agree that a cruise ship is set up for partying - of the very large and organised sort held in ship ballrooms, not the kind of hotel-room partying done by fans.

IAN COVELL: Isn't there a danger that the attractiveness of the surroundings will detract from the serious business of having fun?

THOM DIGBY: *I prefer having the opportunity to explore areas outside a con hotel. With a cruise ship there's nothing else within walking distance unless you're Jesus.*

MARTY: I would like to end the response to Neil's letter there, but there is one final paragraph which needs attending to.

NEIL REST: And incidentally, after all, you can vote No Preference, which is almost as good as Hold Over Funds. I take the liberty of assuming that you are indicating a lack of excitement for any of our competition. In closing, may I point out that here in the Midwest, where all the bids are presumably best known, we seem to be the most popular.

MARTY: Well, no. "No preference" is nowhere as good as is "Hold Over Funds".

Look, and this is simple. In a fan fund race, if Hold Over Funds wins in a race that is all there is to it - there is no trip that year. In Worldcon bidding (such as in CRUISECON's race), if CRUISECON gets 10 votes, New Orleans gets 1 vote, St. Louis gets 1 vote, Colubinnatti get 1 vote, and No Preference gets 500 votes, CRUISECON wins the election as No Preference means exactly that - the voters have no preference and are not counted as going to any of the other bids, leaving the bid with the most votes as the winner. Personally I do not like any of the bids and am not intending to go to Worldcon in '88; in fact, I dislike all of the bids so much I wish that there was a way of not having a Worldcon in '88 - and *that* is why I wish that there was a way of voting not to hold it (which is what Hold Over Funds does in a fan fund race).

Now let us turn to another member of the CRUISECON bidcom, Mike Glicksohn.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: I'm glad you took the time, Marty, to explain some of your objections to the CRUISECON bid. Superficially your objections sound somewhat reasonable but a little closer examination reveals them to be just that: superficial. Rather than attempting to refute each point let me just ask you a single question; if your answer is "yes" then your editorial is a cogent positional statement; if your answer is "no" then your editorial is a crock of rationalisation (spelled "shit".) Question: Did you vote against AUSSIECON 2 for the very same reasons you cite for being against CRUISECON? (With the obvious exception of your concern over the legality of the bid's status which certainly was not in question when Australia bid.

MARTY: Mike, you have a problem in logic with your question as stated.

ERIC LINDSAY: *All Worldcons are inherently expensive, unless you happen to live in the right city.*

MARTY: And there you have the crux of the logic-problem with your question. I voted for Australia in '83 and for Australia in '85 even though I knew that I could never get to Sydney in '83 and my getting to Melbourne in '85 was contingent on me winning DUFF (anyway, and as I point out in my upcoming trip report, I announced for Melbourne before I thought of running for DUFF). Worldcon is, after all, the science fiction convention for the whole world; and, as such, it should be moved around to various parts of the world so that the chance of it being inexpensive enough for some fans is a fringe benefit which is spread around to fans in varying parts of the world.



So I did not vote against AUSSIECON II - I voted for it, my reasons being that I felt that it would be a good con put on by competent fans and that the Aussies deserved a con which would be inexpensive for them. I realised at the time that this would make the con financially out of reach for me; but then, as Eric Lindsay said, you have to be in the right city for Worldcon to be inexpensive - it is always expensive for those who live out of a Worldcon city. Rotation is supposed to try to solve the problem of Worldcons being expensive by making the boon of propinquity go to different parts of the world each year. CRUISECON is the first Worldcon (or will be, if the bid wins) where it will cost a fan living within walking distance of where the con will begin and end (Miami, Florida) much more to attend the con than it will for him to take a round trip air flight across the country (say, to Los Angeles).

You see, Mike, my vote (along with many others) gave the Aussies (especially those living in the Melbourne area) an inexpensive Worldcon whereas there is no way that CRUISECON will be inexpensive for ANYBODY! The situations are not parallel, therefore your question is inoperative as far as it proving anything based on how I answer it.

**BRIAN EARL BROWN:** Since I don't know specifically what Craig Miller has been saying or doing about CRUISECON it was unfair of me to characterize it as "screwing". However I will argue that efforts to keep CRUISECON off the site selection ballot is grossly unfair to a very popular and very *uncommon* bid. If CRUISECON were just an ordinary worldcon bid, the fact that the site is not in the midwestern zone would be enough to preclude it from balloting. But this is not an ordinary bid. The site is a cruise ship sailing international waters. The con committee is committed to a radically different kind of Worldcon, which they have been clearly and loudly enunciating, and clearly this is a one-of-a-kind event. It is so exceptional that one exception to the rotation rule should be allowable. After all, the purpose of such rules is to make things organized and orderly and this one instance is not going to throw everything into disarray.

**MARTY:** Yes, it was unfair of you to characterise Craig's presumed actions in the way that you did. There are fans who feel that there are very good reasons for the Worldcon rotation scheme, and when these fans object to what they see as a bypassing of the rules, *they* are the one who should be entitled to yell about being screwed. Your "should be" in your penultimate sentence shows that you realise that the CRUISECON bid is not allowed for in the present rules - you call it an "exception", I call it illegal. And the fact that something may be popular does not make that something right. Remember, the Nazi's were popular in Germany - this does not make their genocide right.

And I fail to see the logic of an illegal something being considered legal for the sole reasons that it is "uncommon", "exceptional", and is popular.

**BRIAN EARL BROWN:** You also talk about the cost of the CRUISECON. Say \$1400 for two. Admittedly high, but not so high for an overseas Worldcon bid. A room for two for 5 days runs around \$350; meals, an easy \$200. You know better than I what international air fares are like but that must run to \$500-\$800, so we're looking at ten to thirteen hundred dollars which is very close to CRUISECON's estimated membership costs.

**MARTY:** I do not want to continue on this cost thing for too long; but, as it is important, I will go over it one more time, this time from a personal perspective emphasising some different facts.

To the projected \$1400 costs of attending CRUISECON (membership costs which include food and lodging but not dealer's room and auction costs are estimated at

\$1400 based on figures given to me by Neil Rest at LOSCON). To this one adds the approx. \$600+ airfare costs for two from Los Angeles. So we have a minimum of \$2200 for 2 people to spend 7 days at Worldcon plus travel time (another 2 days off of work even though it is only a 4+ hr. aeroplane trip each way). Anything purchased in the dealer's room and at auction is extra - and both the con and the various fan funds *rely* on these auctions for needed funds.

Contrast this with the 2 weeks plus one day which Robbie and I spent on our Australia trip. It cost both us and DUFF a bit over \$2700 for this trip (the bit over is for the dealer's room stuff and some other things which Robbie bought). There is only about \$500 difference here, and I want to emphasise that we toured from Sydney to Melbourne - we would have spent less had we just gone to Melbourne for the con. We also sent a lot further to this worldcon than going to CRUISECON would entail (20 hrs. vs. 4 hrs.). In other phraseology, we got one hell of a lot longer bang for our buck. DUFF's buck, too.

In fact, based on current costs (value of the American dollar vs. the British pound) it will cost us less to attend CONSPIRACY in Brighton in '87 than it would cost us to attend CRUISECON in '88.

Let me end this section of Nessie with comments from two of HTTs esteemed regular loccers, David Palter and Robert Bloch.

**DAVID PALTER:** *Your reasoning regarding CRUISECON is flawless. I would like to add one further point: if anyone (such as, presumably, Mike Glicksohn) truly has their hart set on having an ocean-going convention, let them do so! Just don't try to make a Worldcon out of it. Anybody can hold any kind of con they want. But the Worldcon is special, it is for everybody, and cannot be appropriated by the small segment of fandom who could afford something like CRUISECON.*

**ROBERT BLOCH:** Above all, I heartily agree with Marty's editorial anent the CRUISECON. I have no objection against elitism amongst fandom as a whole. As far as I'm concerned, the wealthy fen have every right to buy a tropical island, fly there in their own Lear jets, and - if rich enough - play poker with Mike Glicksohn. But supporting a bid for a con that would eliminate all but the well-to-do from attendance strikes me as most unfannish.

We now move from discussion of possible-Worldcons-future to actual Worldcons of the past: to wit, L.A.CON II. I have made my position clear on this topic in the past (and allowed L.A.CON II co-chairman Craig Miller to answer specific complaints) so I will just stand back and allow the conversation to continue without me at this time.

**BRIAN EARL BROWN:** I unfairly linked two separate issues that touch me strongly, SCIFI's embarassingly great profits from LACon and efforts by various people to preemptorily exclude CRUISECON from the site selection ballot. I am outraged by LACons profits in light of the \$30 subscribing memberships which seems like sheer gouging for just some progress reports, the usual tacky Program Book and the privilege of nominating and voting for the Hugos. And adding insult to injury was that it was non-converting to an Attending membership if you suddenly discover that you could attend. And other little things just left me cold about this committee.

**MIKE GLICKSOHN:** *It's hard for me to imagine that anyone can fail to see how unethical it is for a successful Worldcon to earmark profits for future bids but it seems that this is the case. How does the LACon committee justify their war chest as being for the good of fandom? I certainly have no desire to subsidize*

their next Worldcon bid and I feel strongly that if LASFS wants to try for a future Worldcon it should do what all other bids will have to do, that is be willing to risk its own money in the attempt. Then if LASFS should lose that bid I won't be the one paying for that loss. I cannot conceive of any argument that could make this action by LACON seem either ethical or moral (although it is certainly - and unfortunately - legal.)

**MIKE ROGERS:** Mike Glicksohn: Have you any idea whatsoever how much work goes into running a current-day Worldcon? When was the last time you had a major position on a Worldcon committee? I feel your comments about Worldcon committees are totally off-base. I do not feel the Worldcon should be a money-making venture for the committee. God knows I've sunk enough of my own funds which I'll never see again into Worldcon-related ventures over the past few years. The committee should not make a personal profit from the Worldcon. On the other hand, I see nothing whatsoever wrong with a committee using whatever surplus might be left to fund fannish projects. I get so sick and tired of all the bitching over LASFS getting climate control for its clubhouse from LACON II profits. That strikes me as a perfect use of Worldcon surpluses because it benefits a noticeably large chunk of overall fandom.

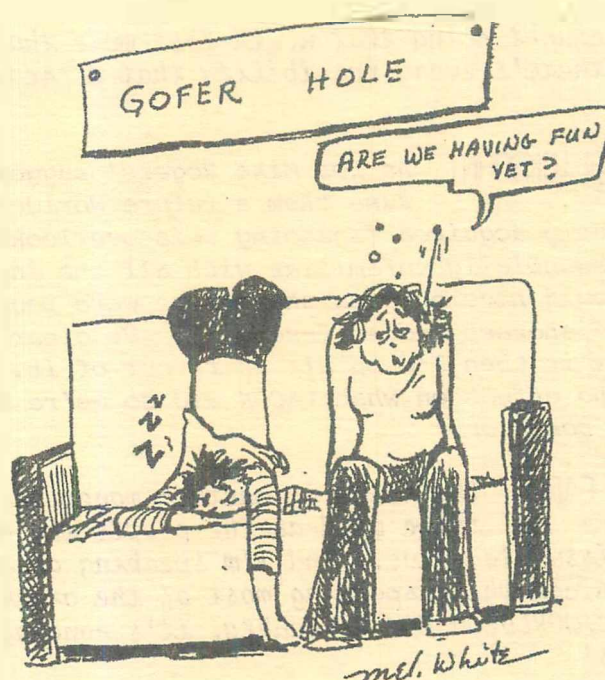
Maybe I'm a bit sensitive about this, but I feel most Worldcon committees are truly trying to do the right things with the con and don't need know-nothing sidewalk superintendants trying to tell them what to do and what's ethical. If these people know so much, let them put together their own Worldcon bid!

**BRUCE FARR:** In response to Mike Rogers' comments in HTT 23, yes, Worldcon bidding has gotten outrageously expensive (even our own low-key bid was quite expensive, especially considering that the voting was in Australia). It seems to be getting to the point that it's too much a matter of throwing money at everyone until you win the bid rather than a question of who can do the best job. A wealthy bid is not necessarily the most qualified to run the con.

However, I don't think that \$20,000 can necessarily buy a bid. I know a number of people who have definite, unswervable opinions about L.A.'s deserving to get the 1990 Worldcon. People on both sides of the question. And no amount of money on any side is going to get them to change their minds.

There will be many Americans in England, but I doubt they will form the majority of what may well be a 4,000 person convention. This means that the average potential voter will not care who will win, since they doubtless won't be able to afford to travel to L.A. Therefore, most voters will be relatively well-informed American and "foreign" fans who can afford to attend L.A. from England.

I don't believe, therefore, that there is any particular problem with L.A. spending over \$20,000 from the L.A.con II funds as to their "buying" a vote for 1990. The only possible problem is with the bid itself casting votes, and anyone





ever caught doing that would lose more than they could possibly gain. So I believe that there's every possibility that a credible foreign or western bid could beat them.

**MIKE GLICKSOHN:** As for Mike Rogers' suggestion that fans may turn on LASFS and refuse them a future Worldcon despite (or perhaps because of) their dubiously acquired financing this overlooks the vast numbers of site selectors who are essentially unfamiliar with all the ins and outs of Worldcon committee politics and would have no idea that there were people who felt the LACON actions were basically dishonest and self-serving. We clearly do have a problem and if there is a way to fix it then I'd be all in favour of it. Regretably anything that is done will have no effect on what LACON did so we're stuck with what strikes me as an abuse of their position.

**BRUCE FARR:** The issue is whether money earned from a Worldcon should be "allowed" to be used as the people who earned it wish. I believe that this is an easy issue to solve. And I'm speaking as someone who spent 14 hours a day working on L.A.con while spending most of the other 10 hours a day working on our Phoenix NASFIC/WORLDCON Bid. Frankly, it's none of our damn business...they earned it, it's theirs!

With all of that sercon stuff out of the way let us see what people have to say about some of the contributors to HTT, starting with commentary about a fan who is long overdue for a Best Fanwriter Hugo - Skel. Mike Glicksohn echoes this sentiment.

**MIKE GLICKSOHN:** Splendid piece by Skel although it lost some of its impact for me as I'd already read it. Still; Paul Skelton is one fan-writer whose work can be read over and over again and enjoyed with each re-reading (one of the reasons I've nominated him for a fan-writer Hugo and I hope other HTT readers will be equally perspicacious) and this article holds up to re-scrutiny very well. I don't think any active fan writer can take an incident, idea or statement and spin it into a coherent network of bizarrely related concepts as well as Skel can. His childhood anecdote alone would be a major success for ninety percent of the people writing for fanzines but for him it's merely a jumping off point for some delightfully whimsical fannish extrapolation. He's as good as they come and is overdue for more widespread recognition.

**BRIAN EARL BROWN:** Skel's idea that there is a fannish entropic principle sucking the fannishness out of us is an amusing conceit and almost frighteningly possible. Of course the important thing to remember is that humans, nay all of life is a vast pool of negative entropy valiantly fighting to prevent the universal leveling too soon! And the best way to fight fannish entropy, of course, is to publish more fanzines.

That idea leads to some interesting fannish speculation (?).

**KEITH ASAY:** The lessening of fanzines may be due to the direct correlation of a Republican presidency and postal rates. Whenever more zines appear on the market, a presidential advisor tells Ronnie and he tells the Postal Service (a contradiction in terms) it is OK to raise the rates because the "weirdos" out there can afford to print more radical stuff. Of course this is just a theory I worked out while watching Marcos' home movies. I wonder if the little guy ever made home porn?

JEAN LAMB: Please keep publishing articles by Skel. I like them a lot. If he is like his articles, I like *him* a lot. Perhaps entropy explains some of the strange things I get in the mail. However, when he mentions mediafen he completely fails to account for those who wear something vaguely medieval, cart around a broadsword or other length of sharp metal, and call it a costume. And here in the Pacific Northwest we also have a small infestation of would-be lizards in red plush uniforms running around eating candy (I hope) worms.

MARTY: But maybe if they are eating *real* worms we will soon be seeing the last of them.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE: *That very good fannish writing I mentioned in an earlier /not pubbed...ed./ para comes from Skel, Eric Mayer, and from Harry Warner...and isn't it time that something quite serious was done to get those former two fine fannish fen crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic in opposite directions. Yes, I know they both have family ties which makes it difficult for them to so journey, but in this day and age it shouldn't be impossible to ship the entire Mayer Family or Skelton Entourage (excluding gerbles) on a TAFF (or special fund basis) to a convention across the sea. Certainly both fans could write reports that would revitalise TAFF's current lacklustre image and that is the right way to revitalise TAFF! And mebbe you could send Harry along with Eric, as well, I mean they have now started showing baseball on Channel 4 so maybe he could be persuaded.*

MARTY: I have already tried to get Skel to stand for TAFF but he would have none it. I would be glad to work on getting a special fund set up for him if he would go along with it. The other two are equally deserving of a special fund but I am afraid that certain segments of fandom are currently holding Eric in bad odour, which is a pity. There is a lot of fallout from the TAFF brouhaha and related issues.

JEANNE MEALY: *I love how Skel builds from one small anecdote into another, and another. He talks about traveling, then seques to disappointed anticipation, then into impatience and waiting for Christmas (slipping in a wonderful sketch of family life). And he's oh-so-right: a watched letterbox never stops rattling (especially when the lid keeps getting opened by a tremorous mailaholic's hand). I'm glad Paul pointed out the sacrifice made for us by the mediafen. I'll have to remember to express my sympathy and gratitude to the next one I see...*

MARTY: If you loved the technicalities in the writing in Skel's last piece you should love what he does with his contribution in this issue. In the constellation of HTTs fine writers I believe (with no denigration intended to the others) that Skel is the brightest star. HTT will be far the poorer if he ever stops writing for it. I certainly hope that he attends CONSPIRACY - if I can afford to get there, meeting Skel is my number one priority.

Linda Blanchard is a new HTT contributor and I think that she fits right into the group. Here is what Harry Warner has to say about Linda's contribution to the last issue.

HARRY WARNER, JR.,: You seem to come up somehow each issue with one contribution that is instantly recognizable as essential for any best-of-the-year anthology of fanzine writing that someone might think about publishing. In this issue, it's Linda Blanchard's The Concert on the Cape. She manages to convey in it the same recreation of past youth Hollywood requires the better part of a year and many millions of dollars to imitate in The Last Picture Show or some such movie.

Linda's past experiences are not even remotely like anything I did when I was that age. But they seem quite believable and logical when she describes them in this sort of prose. The climax of her article was particularly meaningful to me because I'm sure the only way I could enjoy a rock concert would be in her way, having a good time without hearing much if anything of the music.

IAN COVELL: *Excellent. I've tried to distill my reaction to the Linda Blanchard down to as few words as possible. That was the word. The lady can write. The lady can evoke pictures and personality. Hasn't got a damn thing to do with sf fandom -- even though it is about 'fandom' in the abstract, and proves -- were proof needed -- that some people are in sfandom increasingly for meeting rather than discussion. It could have been twice as long and I wouldn't have felt it too long. Primarily lighthearted and nostalgic, the attempt at sex late on comes as a dash of cold water to the general jollity. I suspect Linda wrote that section several times. I certainly wish my own leavetaking of either school or college had as much significance, or as many pleasant memories. I never sought enough to know what I missed.*

KEITH ASAY: To Linda Blanchard: You have a beautiful way with words. Small excursions are fun and usually I travel alone. I've never been much of a trusting soul and I usually like to see things in a pace that bothers more people than amuses them.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: *Linda's concert piece was highly interesting (if just a tad over-written in a few spots: I get the impression that Linda occasionally writes for The New Yorker or Rolling Stone and loses her easier going fannish style) although completely foreign to my personal experience. Drugs were never a significant part of my life and as a teenager I was almost completely ignorant of drugs and the drug subculture so I missed out on travelling around in vans and getting stoned. So it goes. It's fun to read about other people's experiences, though, and Linda certainly holds your interest well.*

CATHY DOYLE: *I'm glad to see Linda Blanchard writing again. She sent me a zine full of wonderful things back when she was in Seattle, but I somehow (don't ask for details!) forgot to respond. I'm one of those people who think they've led incredibly boring lives and reading about hers just makes me sit back and gasp. Being the eldest I was subjected to all sorts of protection that my younger sisters didn't suffer through once my parents figured out that I might have turned out well. Of course rock concerts were right out, although there was a racy Pete Seeger concert at a local college once....*

JEANNE MEALY: Do encourage Linda Blanchard to submit more articles! She does have a fine way of setting a scene, creating an atmosphere... and while I'm Class of '73, I never was directly involved in the '60s novelties. It's a combination of seeing someone else's experiences then and comparing mine, to read things by Linda.

MARTY: Consider yourself encouraged, Linda. There was very little negative response to what you wrote and I am sure that most of us would like to see more contributions from you.

\*\*\*\*\*  
SIGN SEEN ON A TRASH TRUCK; If you are not satisfied with our service we guarantee "double" your trash back.  
\*\*\*\*\*



Let us talk a bit about Harry Warner, shall we?

**ERIC LINDSAY:** Harry Warner Jr.'s comments about old fans turning up unexpectedly seem very relevant. Not too long ago a school teacher friend of a friend, Michael McGhiness, revealed himself as a 1950's Sydney fan, with many unpublished tales of that era to tell. I'm now trying to persuade him to write up his memories of those days, in the hope that Ron Clarke will publish it, as he has so much else about Australian fannish history.

**MARTY:** Very relevant, indeed. Sometimes these old fans turn up in high places - such as Race Matthews, Victoria's Minister of Culture. His opening ceremonies talk was a recounting of his fannish days of yore when he, amongst other things, put out a fortnightly fanzine. But then, heed what Brian Earl Brown has to say about the remembering of fans.

**BRIAN EARL BROWN:** I can't say that I've ever heard of any of the fans Harry Warner mentioned in his column of forgotten fans, unless he has happened to mention them once before in ALL OUR YESTERDAYS. It is odd how some fans live on in memory and others fade away almost as soon as they put the dustcover over their typer. Life isn't fair. Most of the fans we do remember were either notorious like Joel Nydahl, who gave us Nydahl's Disease or were acquainted with gifted storytellers. How many 40s LASFans would we remember if F. Towner Laney hadn't made so many of them the butt of his ire? Fandom exists in a bubble of oral traditions. As people stop talking about the past, we forget it, we lose it. It's fun listening to Lynn Hickman talk about some of the fans of the early 50s that he knew. Outrageous people. But who will remember them when Lynn is gone?

**IAN COVELL:** What I must ask about the excellent Harry Warner article is just how he wrote it -- does he really have files of fanzines going back to 1935 (a year mentioned), files so accurate he can tell you precisely how many issues of a fanzine appeared, or does he just have the best memory outside.. who was it again?... it's on the tip of my tongue.. no, it's not.. I was sure he must be doing it from files, but then he says these are only the first names he *thought* of, so.. Even across forty years, I felt a twinge of sympathy for D.R. Smith -- and extreme puzzlement; for such a recluse, just how did he contact that coterie of fans who knew him in the first place and what magic prose facility did he have that he could concentrate (I presume solely) on fiction and its content rather than personality and make people eager to meet him in any case? (I *do* know a fan like this today: never goes to cons, doesn't want to meet people -- is definitely heated at any prospect of it. Shame.)

**MARTY:** I think that Keith Asay expressed quite well the way which many fans regard Harry. Let Keith tell it:

**KEITH ASAY:** To Harry Warner: I enjoy all your columns and letters and when I receive a zine from anywhere in the world, I check to see if there is a letter from you. You are undoubtedly the most dependable LOCing fan in the history of the world. And yet you never offend. You're very special, sir.

Darrell Schweitzer also has nice things to say about Harry Warner; however, as it is in the context of disagreeing with something said by Eric Mayer (at least this is carried on in a temperate manner and no fur is flying), let us now move to consideration of another of HFT's contributors.

**DARRELL SCHWEITZER:** I can't agree with Eric Mayer that fanzine writing standards are all that different from professional ones. There are some basics: do the sentences say what the author means to say, or merely come close to it? We cannot, for instance, excuse the tortured convolutions of a Joseph Nicholas on the grounds that this is fan writing and therefore doesn't have to be grammatical. Does the piece have some overall unity and point? Much of the dulllest "fannish" writing I have ever encountered consisted of formless con-reports or other ramblings about what so & so did at this or that quite ordinary occasion. If we don't know the people involved, the piece is dull. Even in fanzines, outside of a few apas, the writer is addressing the *public*, not a small circle of friends. Therefore he must bring the characters alive, even as a good journalist must.

Does the piece contain irrelevant material? This is a judgement call (let me let some folks in on a secret: it always is, even in a limerick), but if the piece contains much material which detracts from the overall effect, rather than adding to it, then it is badly written.

I really think fan writers ought to study some of the great humorous/personal essay writers of the past -- Twain, Benchley, Thurber, Woolcott -- and become a little more literarily self-conscious about what they're doing.

It is no coincidence, I think, that most of the great fanzine writers have been *professionals*. Harry Warner is a newspaperman. Willis sold a story or two, and published a book about Ireland. And we don't have to look far to account for the literary skill of Terry Carr, James White, Bob Shaw, etc. Those fan writers who aren't in any sense professionals, but who write well anyway, are like self-trained hobbyist painters -- they probably could be professionals if they wanted to be.

But good writing is good writing, and a professional on a lark is more likely to produce good writing for a fanzine than somebody who has either never written anything before, or never had to meet any standards before. It is deceptively easy to get into print in fanzines, you know.

**MARTY:** However, as the "fannish standards" arguments have been run through HTT before, let us move on to another aspect of Eric's last article.

((It seems that there was a problem which developed when I started typing this page. After typing Darrell Schweitzer's name with the Orator typeball I attempted to remove the typeball from the typer -- and the spring broke. Well, we have only one Orator typeball -- so I went to Plan B. This involved removing the stencil from this typer and putting it into the other typer so that I could use the other typefaces, placing it back into the first typer anytime I wanted to use the Orator typeface. \*phooey\*. As I refuse to hold up production of HTT until we can afford to get the typeball repaired (which may not be until sometime next Fall as I hope to be buying a new auto before the end of June and there is absolutely no money for anything else until a new auto is purchased as the old auto is REALLY about ready to die) I have decided to use the MANIFOLD 72 typeball as the replacement for the Orator. Sorry about the abrupt change of look.))

Let us now continue with some words from Brian Earl Brown.

**BRIAN EARL BROWN:** It's a nice change of pace piece for Eric Mayer, whom I wish good luck in his sabbatical. I've never seen him write a review before but this piece shows him as capable with that as he is of the personal essay and the anecdotal story. It's not the sort of critical review we're used to but not every review has to be critical. Eric talks about what the collection says and how it affected him. And ultimately all reviews are about how a piece affects the reviewer. I'd like to see Eric do more pieces like this, while at the same time wishing that he succeeds in writing commercial fiction. Eric could use the money from professional writing. Fandom will just have to make do as best it can.

MARTY: I suspect that fandom will do all right without Eric here; we, though, will all be the poorer for his absence. I also suspect that Eric will return to the fold - he has a space reserved for him here when he does return.

Arthur Hlavaty, like Darrell Schweitzer, has some negative things to say about a position taken by Eric. Like Darrell, Arthur is not in agreement with a position taken by Eric and it is sort of refreshing that he is also not denigratory about Eric nor his writing ability.

ARTHUR D. HLA VATY: I cannot imagine what newspapers and magazines Eric Mayer limits himself to so that they are all vastly superior to fanzines.

Really, does he think that professional journalists like Harry Warner write brilliant stuff for the newspapers and then forget all that they know when they turn to their fan writing? There are a lot of newspapers and magazines that publish competent, but not brilliant, writing, just as many fanzines do; there are some professional publications that have appallingly low standards. (Try THE WEST COAST REVIEW OF BOOKS, a publication I occasionally scavenge for choice Horrible Examples.) Of course, THE NEW YORKER publishes better writing (in some senses) than any fanzine; it publishes better writing than most prozines. (Interestingly enough, though, there's at least one cartoonist who publishes in THE NEW YORKER and in zines like yours and mine -- T.K. Atherton. I think we publish his funny stuff.)

MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER: I don't know what editors from the NEW YORKER think of fanzines, but, as an editor at HARPER'S, I can say that I've looked at fanzines for nearly three years hoping to find something to reprint, and have never found anything I thought suitable. (I once managed to get part of a Richard Curtis column from LOCUS into HARPER'S, but that is another story.) On the other hand, one should always remember what Watson once said of Sherlock Holmes: "His work was its own reward." If a fanwriter enjoys what he or she is writing, and it brings pleasure to others, that's almost as important as getting a paycheck.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: Because I find it hard to believe that anyone would type 184 pages of fanzine material and then make only twenty copies of it I'm strongly tempted to believe that Eric Mayer made the whole idea of RETREAT FROM MO-GONISSI up from whole twiltone. The fact that I've never even heard of it before makes me suspicious also (although I've got a copy of Taral's GALAH EVENT so I know he's telling the truth about that part of it) but I suppose I could just be getting paranoid and out of touch in my old age. Whether the fanzine is a hoax or not, though, Eric's praise of John Berry is accurate and deserved; I've rarely failed to enjoy a Berry fanzine piece and even "ordinary" Berry is better than much that is written today.

I have many more locs with commentary on everything else which was in HTT #23; however, with both space and time considerations in mind, I will have to bypass most of the leftover goodstuff. What follows is a smattering of miscellaneous things.

WILLIAM T. CENTER: Congratulations on your Hugo nomination. I expected to see HTT on the final ballot but was somewhat dismayed by the fact that I'd never heard of two of the nominees. Shades of Philk-Fe-Fo-Fum. I think that it is a sad commentary on the current state of fanzine fandom that something like Guild Newsletter could make the final ballot through bloc voting. Where are all the fanzine fans and why aren't they voting? It is sobering to realize how few votes it takes to make the Hugo ballot these days. I plan to vote for HTT since I think it is the best of the lot and deserving of a Hugo but I do wish that you had some stiffer competition.



Thank you, William. Personally, I would like to see the ballot with five fannish fanzines on it; however, as in any democratic situation, we do not always get our druthers. As it is, ANVIL is a very good club genzine and LAN'S LANTERN is a fine serconzine. If the fannish fanzine fans bother to vote, HTT will get the nod this year. As I have said before, though: it is an honour to be on the ballot at all, to be considered one of the five best zines.

WALT WILLIS: You've no idea how thrilled I was to learn from HTT #23 that you were married in the LASFS Clubroom. To me it is the fannish equivalent of being married in Westminster Abbey. It is a place of veneration, a sort of First Foundation. I remember that in Irish Fandom we used to make a point of meeting on Thursday evenings because that was when both the LASFS and the London Circle met and it gave us a sense of mystic communion. And then when in 1952 I actually myself attended a Thursday night meeting....well, for sheer awe it left the Grand Canyon quivering at the starting gate. (Being fans you will have no difficulty visualising that.) Well anyway as a card-carrying Life Member of the LASFS I feel a sort of proprietary interest in your marriage and if I'd known about the ceremony I would have sent you a wedding present. It's too late now, of course, but bless you my children.

MARTY: Blesseing taken in the spirit in which it was given (even though you are only 16 years my senior - as if that really makes any difference in *this* hobby). ~~late of del del would complete this of which SLANT of which will be statitally accepted~~ As a hint (and as an aside), if you ever revive THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE please note that it has an instant home here in HTT.

LESTER BOUTILLIER: I received your latest, HTT #23, such a sublimely together issue that to comment on it would be superfluous, if not a desecration. It now joins the other zines in my small collection of mylar-enclosed stfzines in my terperature=controlled, dehumidified collection room, in other sections of which are similarly preserved copies of CHILDHOOD'S END, MAD #100, and COSMO THE MERRY MARTIAN #1. How does that make you feel?

MARTY: Usually with my fingers.

I will end Nessie with a typically Digbyish comment from Thom Digby.

THOM DIGBY: An item in the WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS list about printing a zine on human skin reminded me of some researcher who had succeeded in cloning the stuff. The intent is to make replacement skin for burn victims using the patient's own cells so there's no rejection problem. It does, however, lead me to wonder about the ethics of running off human-skin lamp shades and other such goods during slack periods between burn patients. I personally think it's OK if the donor consents to it (think of the market for people wanting a piece of their favorite celebrity) but I could see others feeling otherwise.

LASFS Vignettes #1: LASFS raises money in various ways, one of which is the LASFS auction which is held right after each LASFS business meeting. (Currently LASFS is allowing me to hold a DUFF auction in lieu of every other LASFS auction.) Bruce Pelz is the usual LASFS auctioneer. The LASFS tries to find humour in everything, and the auction is no exception. Recently Bruce auctioned a TV set which happened to have a silverfish on its front and somebody bid 5¢ for the silverfish. The silverfish eventually sold for 90¢ - while the TV set eventually went for only 50¢. Only at LASFS.....

I ALSO HEARD  
FROM:

Harry Andruschak, T.K. Atherton (who liked my "Warning" - "fanac or else"), Buck Coulson wrote, "Weinstock's article reminds me of one of my cousins' remarks about another cousins' child; 'They should lock him in his room and feed him through the keyhole'." I could nominate at least a few fans to be objects of that remark.

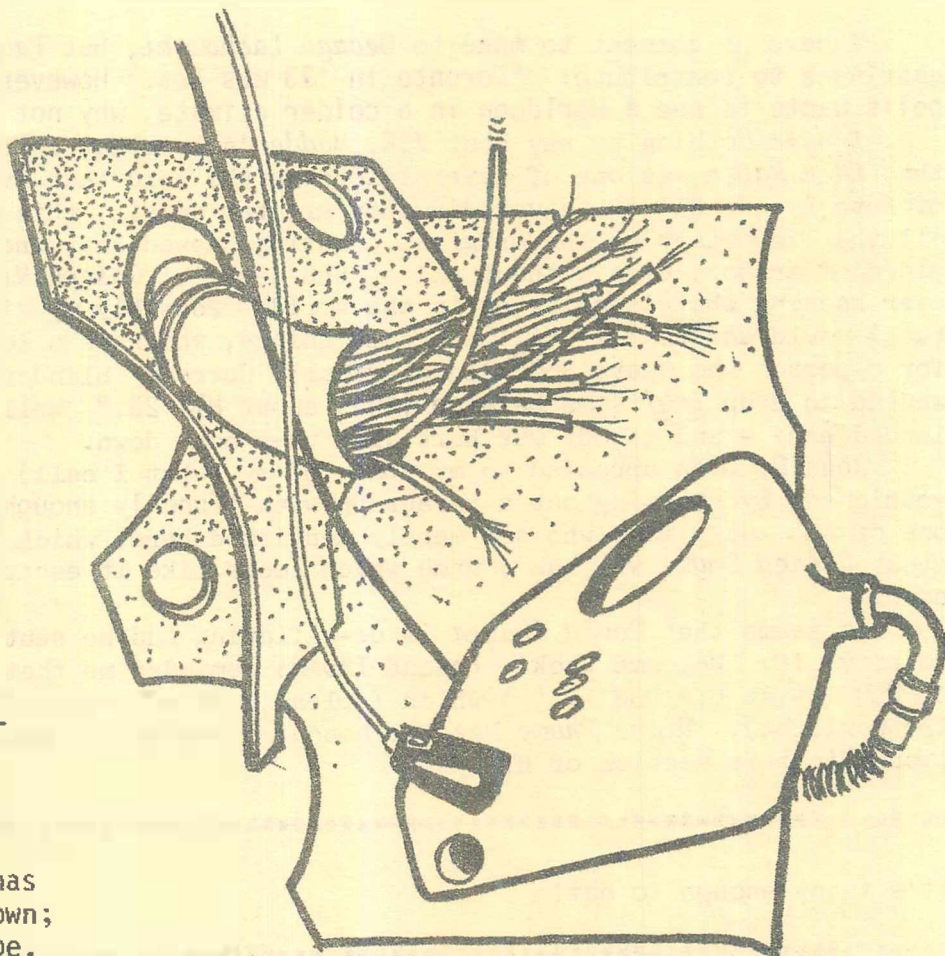
David D'Ammassa wondered about his WAHF appearance: "...are you just being nasty?" "Nasty" is a specialty of this part of HTT. Dave's father, Don D'Ammassa, wrote: "The US has very little culture of its own; most was imported from Europe. Rock music arguably originated in Africa." But that bit of partial truth is not going to stop the complaints from those of non-American persuasions.

A true civilised internationalist is going to accept and enjoy good aspects of any culture and reject the bad aspects of same, no matter what the origin of any of this. Only those insecure in their identities as well-developed human beings will reject this.

I heard from Tom Dunn three times, twice sending typeballs (again my heartfelt thanks), Nola Frame continues to hand me scribbled notes, mostly on past issues. I heard from Don Glover the younger (which appellation will not keep him from ever growing older) twice: the first time he fessed up to being the person who nominated us to the NORWESCON 10 concom as possible Fan Guests of Honour, the second time was a loc on HTT #23 wherein he maunders on about a theory he calls "Nature Abhors the Unemployed". As I have no room for that bit of drollery I suggest that interested parties contact Don. Call him collect.

Rob Gregg wrote: "I was disappointed that you checked the 'you locced' section on page four though - surely 'you are the least promising neo ever seen in fandom' would've been more appropriate for one such as I?" I did not check the latter box because there was no room for oak leaf clusters.

Cathy Howard is spared nastiness in this column, as is C.W. Howard. C.W., though, is sent from me a whole lot of sympathy for the flood which ravaged his bookstore. May his new location be successful. Ben Indick, seemingly forgetting about locs, sent me a note about no longer seeing HTT because I was no longer trading for his apazine. You cannot get out of receiving HTT that easily, Ben.





I have no comment to make to *George Laskowski*, but *Paula Lieberman* has her own nastiness to contribute: "Toronto in '73 was hot. However, if someone in Minneapolis wants to see a Worldcon in a colder climate, why not Minneapolis....."

I have nothing to say about *J.R. Madden's* loc, but I feel that I should mention that *Eric Mayer* was one of several loccers who said that even though the reprinting of *Pete Lyon's* HTT #22 cover did show greater detail, this greater detail was not all that important as the original printing showed that the cover was a very good piece of artwork even without all of the detail. *Joseph Nicolas* despairs of me ever knowing what is going on in the world. Possibly my vision is slightly narrow, but I would add that I still see some things, which is a lot more than I can say for a person who wears 360° 'Ideologically Correct' blinders. *Warren Norwood* "Just wanted to drop /me/ some belated lines about HTT 23." Well, they missed *Nessie* and landed here - and nobody was hurt when they came down.

*John D. Owen* appealed to my sense of my (what I call) sense of grammatical gothicness by starting out a paragraph with "Funnily enough..." *Monica Sharp* is one of the lucky fans who are merely mentioned here, which is more than I can say about *D'Arcy Smyke* who has a name which looks like it escaped from a *Randall Garrett* novel.

It seems that *David Thayer* is de-gafiating and he sent a note and some artwork to prove it. Welcome back! *Pascal Thomas* reminded me that I had seen him since CORFLU I - at L.A.CON II (to which I plead lack of remembering due to overwork at the Worldcon). *Diane Thome* has the honour of being the writer of the last loc mentioned in this section of HTT.

\*\*\*\*\*

It's funny enough to eat!

\*\*\*\*\*

## ADDRESSES

*John P. Alexander*: Paleontology Div., American Museum of Nat. Hist., Central Park  
West at 79th St., N.Y.C., NY 10024, USA  
*Keith Asay*: 24 Breckinridge Sq., Louisville, KY 40220-1457, USA  
*ATom*: 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2 3RU, UK  
*Eric Bentcliffe*: 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR, UK  
*Sheryl Birkhead*: 23629 Woodfield Rd., Gaithersburg, MD 20879, USA  
*Linda Blanchard*: 605 Ballard St1, Seagoville, TX 75159, USA  
*Robert Bloch*: 2111 Sunset Crest Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90046, USA  
*Lester Boutillier*: 2229 Dauphine St., New Orleans, LA 70117, USA  
*David S. Bratman*: P.O. Box 662, Los Altos, CA 94022, USA  
*Brian Earl Brown*: 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224, USA  
*William T. Center*: 1920 Division St., Murphysboro, IL 62966, USA  
*Ian Covell*: 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS3 7BP,  
England  
*Thom Digby*: 1800 Rice St., Los Angeles, CA 90042-1150, USA  
*Buzz Dixon*: 8961 Yolanda Ave., Northridge, CA 91324, USA  
*Katherine Duncan*: 51 Leonard Pl., Wayne, NJ 07470, USA  
*Bruce Farr*: 3411 S. Margo Dr., Tempe, AZ 85282, USA  
*Mike Glicksohn*: 508 Windermere Are., Toronto, Ont. M6S 3L6, Canada  
*Mike Glycer*: 5828 Woodman #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401, USA  
*Steve Green*: 11 Fox Green Crescent, Acocks Green, Birmingham B27 7SD, England  
*Hank Heath*: 5117 NW 5th St., Miami, FL 33126, USA  
*Arthur D. Hlavaty*: 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701, USA



Lee Hoffman: 3335 Harbor Blvd., Port Charlotte, FL 33952, USA  
 Cathy Howard: 3600 Parker Ave., Louisville, KY 40212, USA  
 Terry Hughes: 6205 Wilson Blvd. #102, Falls Church, VA 22044, USA  
 Jean Lamb: 4846 Derby Pl., Klamath Falls, OR 97603, USA  
 Nancy Lebovitz: 400 Wallaston Ave. C6, Newark, DE 19711, USA  
 Bob Lee: 1720 Burgundy Rd., Leucadia, CA 92024, USA  
 Robert Lichtman: P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, USA  
 Eric Lindsay: 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia  
 James McLeod: 4440 Arden Way, Sacramento, CA 95864, USA  
 Jeanne Mealy: 2633 Dupont Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408, USA  
 Warren Norwood: 500 Greentree Rd., Weatherford, TX 76086, USA  
 David Palter: 137 Howland Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5R 3B4, Canada  
 Neil Rest: 5309 N. Clark, Chicago, IL 60640, USA  
 Joe Rico: 193 School St. #1, Taunton, MA 02780, USA  
 Mike Rogers: P.O. Box 19933, Atlanta, GA 30325, USA  
 Darrell Schweitzer: 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, PA 19087, USA  
 Skel: 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW, England  
 Nick Stathopoulos: 17 Norfolk St., Blacktown, NSW 2148, Australia  
 Joni Stopa: P.O. Box 177, Wilmot Mountain, Wilmot, WI 53192, USA  
 Milt Stevens: 7234 Capps Ave., Reseda, CA 91335, USA  
 Roy Tackett: 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107, USA  
 David Thayer: 7209 DeVille Dr., North Richland Hills, TX 76118, USA  
 Harry Warner, JR. 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740, USA  
 Richard Weinstock: 1108 Winthrop Lane, Ventura, CA 93001, USA  
 Mel White: 5338 Heather Glen, Garland, TX 75043, USA  
 Martin Morse Wooster: P.O. Box 8093, Silver Springs, MD 20907, USA  
 Walt Willis: 32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, Northern Ireland BT21 OPD, UK  
 Catherine Doyle: 131B Rugby Rd., Newport News, VA 23606, USA

#### A FEW MORE WORDS

A couple of articles came in the post after I had already started stencilling this issue - they will be in the next issue. Terry Carr sent another ENTROPY RE-PRINT (something by Lee Hoffman). Terry Would have liked for it to be in this issue so that it would be out by Worldcon; however, to put it in I would have had to scrap 51 or so stencils and then rewrite and reorder all of the material - and I am not *that* dedicated. But, as the material is well worth waiting for, you all have something nice to look forward to in #25.

Taral is awaiting a word processor (or, at least, the use of one) to finish TIF (The Illustrated Fan), the long-promissed article on fan art which will be pubbed in HTT when it is done. In the meantime he sent me MEDICAL PRACTISE, an article which he originally wrote in 1982. Taral has sent this article to two other zines which died before they could publish it (TAPPEN and RAFFLES) and now he wants to see if it will kill HTT. A not-so-sneaky way of getting out of finishing TIF, I guess. Well, the ploy will not work - HTT has before pubbed articles which had purportedly killed other zines but HTT is too hardy to succumb to these kinds of curses. MEDICAL PRACTISE will appear in #25. As will lots of other things (most of which have not yet made it to my door).

In the meantime, before we turn to the last page, an automobile update. I have started the wheels of progress into motion (as it were) by putting down a deposit on a new vehicle (a Hyundai EXEL 5-door hatchback), a very basic auto to which I am adding the air conditioning option. So it is good-bye to my 14-yr.-old Mazda Station Wagon (which I may sell to auto-less fan Mark Sharp).

## TABLE OF CONTENTS:

T.T.A. - Hank Heath - pg. 6  
And All The Men and Women Merely Players - Steve Green - pg. 9  
Bear Hut - Linda Blanchard - pg. 14  
All My Yesterdays - Harry Warner, Jr. - pg. 20  
The Pied Typer - Mike Glycer - pg. 23  
Bob Lee Portfolio - Bob Lee - pg. 27  
The Ballad of Gained S'Mell - Skel - pg. 30  
Problem Child - Darrell Schweitzer - pg. 35  
Darrell Schweitzer's Page - Darrell Schweitzer - pg. 36  
A Put-Up Situation - Joni Stopa - pg. 37  
The Law & Order Handbook, Chapter 9 - Richard Weinstock - pg. 43  
Getting Lost - Milt Stevens - pg. 47  
Jeremy's World - Warren Norwood - pg. 49  
Loc Ness Monster - all kinds of idiots - pg. 51  
I Also Heard From - a few more idiots - pg. 67  
Addresses - pg. 68  
(all uncredited writing in this typeface is by the editor)

## ARTISTS

Nick Stathopoulos - cover  
Sheryl Birkhead - 3  
Hank Heath - 7  
Cathy Howard - 13  
Buzz Dixon - 19  
Teddy Harvia - 26  
Bob Lee - 27, 28, 29  
Darrell Schweitzer - 36  
John Alexander - 48  
Jim McLeod - 51  
Mel White - 59  
ATom - 67

Somewhere just under this paragraph is a square. In some cases the square will be empty; in other cases, there will be some sort of mark in coloured ink. The blank squares mean that the recipients can rest easy - they will be receiving the next issue because they have work in my files or are regular columnists or article writers or cover artists (see what I have written about this in the early pages of this issue). And those who have arranged trades will also have blank squares if I have received their zines within living memory. Those with marks in the square, however, had best do something if they want the next issue.



## LAST WORDS OF THIS ISSUE

I will be at CONFEDERATION but Robbie will not be there as finances will not allow for the both of us to be there if she is going to take a trip to Canada later in the year. I will probably be spending much of my time in the Fan Lounge (or whatever they call that room) so you can all look me up there - or leave messages there with Neil Kaden or anybody else who is working the fanzine sales tables. I will also be spending much time on DUFF stuff - be sure to come to the TAFF/DUFF auction prepared to bid.

IMPORTANT DEADLINE: Sunday evening of the con - for those who want to stand for DUFF in 1987. See me for details (or write or call me at home).

Last item: for reasons too complicated to go into in two lines I will simplify and just mention that there will be no jelly-bean party at CONFEDERATION.