

TALES TO DRIVE YOU

WITCHES

COME
MALACK...
another slave
pleads for the
Transformation



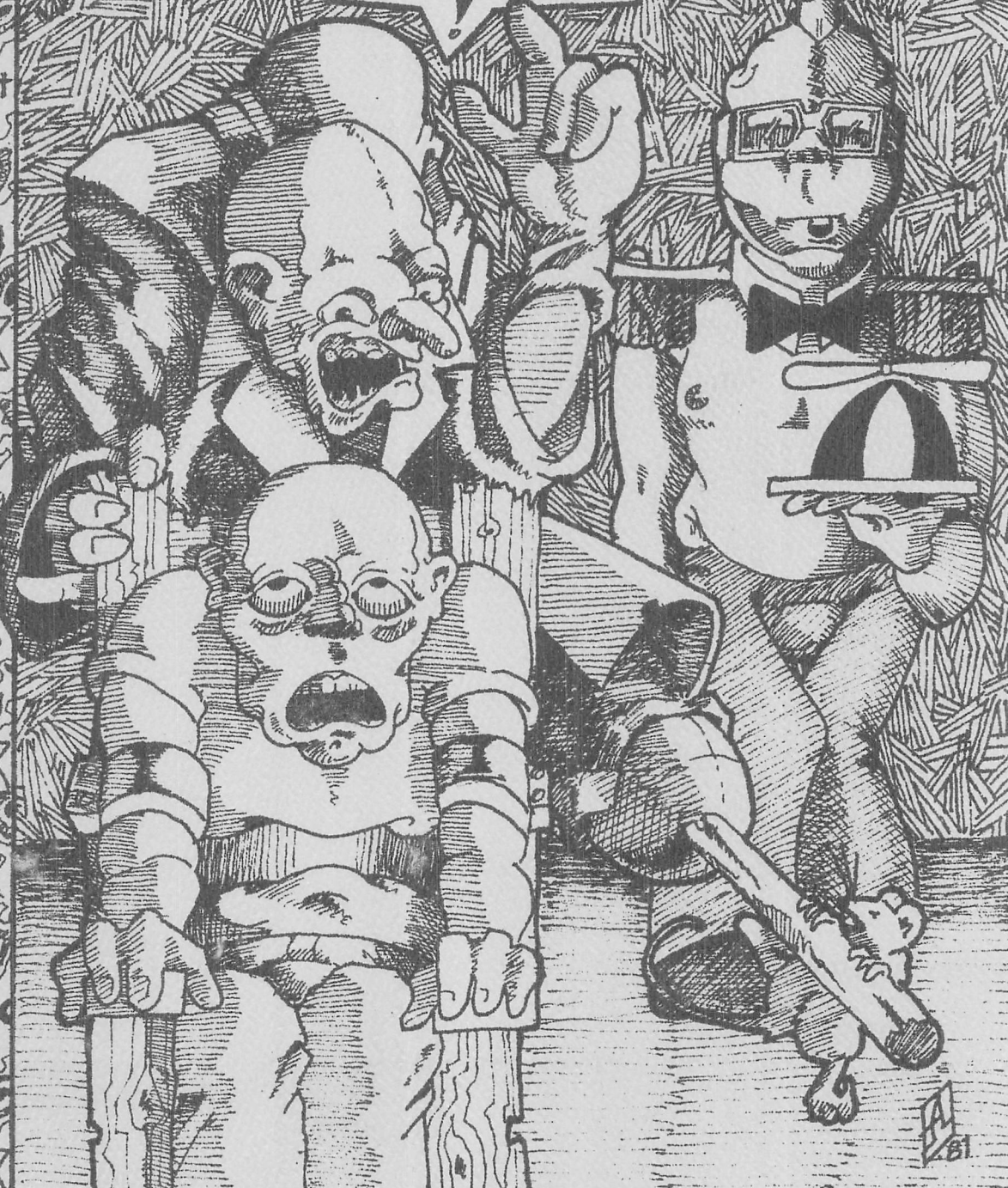
DARTH CANTOR



SYMBOLISM



Bad Habits!



MARTY CANTOR- MEETS THE MEDIAFEN



HOLIER THAN THOU #27. Edited and published by Marty Cantor, 11565 Archwood St., North Hollywood, CA 91606-1703, USA. Telephone: (818) 982-1746. Hoo Hah Publication No. 359, a production of the Renegade Press. Summer, 1988. Available for the fannish usual, IBM Selectric Type I typeballs, or \$5 (whichever comes first).

THE LOGGATE SCANDAL

BY SKEL

Dear Marty,

Marty, I'm surprised at you! Publishing that article by Harry Warner was nothing less than a goddamn leak. Even following it up with that bit of obfuscation from Marc Ortlieb cannot save the day. The damage is done, the hint is there - investigative fannish reporters will ferret away until the full truth is revealed.

Oh, I can see how it was - Harry sounded so bewildered about those LoCs that keep appearing even though he isn't writing them, that you began to feel guilty over The Faneds Secret that you've been sworn to keep...that we've all been sworn to keep. Yes, I can see the initial panicked reaction now, as the Fannish Bureau of Misinformation send in Agent Ortlieb to try and save the day. A good try too, but I think we're going to have to face facts - it simply won't work. The truth is going to come out, and if we want to avoid a LoCgate scandal we have no choice but to preempt it. OK, don't worry about it. I will accept the responsibility. If there are to be any accusations of breaking faith from the High Council of Faneditors, let the fingers be levelled at me. If we are to be shunned and held anethema by the readers that we have gulled all these years, then let it be me who is forced to make that last, lonely walk away from fandom's campfires.

The simple fact is Marty, that somebody has blundered. Harry Warner should never have been put on the list in 1979. Hell, he shouldn't be due to go on until he's well and truly senile - say next April or thereabouts. However, it's no use crying over spilled corflu, as we faneditors say. The truth will out, so I suppose I'd better set about 'outing' it. Best I think to go back to the beginning. The beginning for me that is. Back to my first convention - OMPAcon.....

I remember the precise circumstances when I was recruited. I was chatting in the bar to a convivial faned of some repute (who I subsequently discovered was old Null-M himself, but that's another story...) when I suddenly noticed a bunch of tatty tramps over in the corner. Well, not tramps exactly, but very shabby. They were obviously senile, spilling more of their drink than they managed to consume, dribbling it all over themselves in apparent unconcern. They obviously couldn't dress themselves properly for their shirts were mis-buttoned, pockets hung out, and they'd mostly forgotten to do up their trouser fronts. They were so out of place in the Grand Hotel that I couldn't help but remark upon them to my newfound friend.

"Who are those Skid Row bums?" I asked.

He quickly shushed me. Apparently these were the BNFs, the real old-time fans. His pointing finger ticked its way around the group as he bent forward and whispered their names. The whispering was only partly for secrecy, because these were such names that they were generally whispered anyway. When he'd finished I sat back, stunned. I couldn't believe it. I told him so.

"How can this be? I got a copy of SCOTTISHE only the other week, and most of them had LoCs in that issue. They were in fine fettle then, typically brilliant. How could they have deteriorated so much, all of them, in so short a space of time?"

"Them?" he said. "Ha! That lot haven't written any LoCs in years. Look at them, bunch of pathetic old farts. They couldn't write a LoC to save their lives these days. Actually, that's what I was wanting to talk to you about. The FRP."

"The FRP?" I asked inanely?

"Yes, the FRP. The Fannish Retirement Plan. Just take another look at them and then tell me how many fanzines they'd be getting these days if they had to rely on their own LoCing abilities. Go on, how many? None, that's how many," he answered without waiting for a reply. "Pathetic," he added again, in case I might be in any doubt.

"But we can't just ditch them," he continued. "Fandom *owes* these guys. They virtually created it. They made fandom what it is today. We can't just abandon them, we can't just let them not get any fanzines...though heaven knows if they understand half of what they read these days. Still, if they can't write their own LoCs, someone simply has to write them on their behalf. It's a Sacred Trust," he added, the capitals clearly audible. Then he leaned back in his chair and gave me a look that had 'ball in your court' written all over it.

He clearly had to advantage of me though because I was still struggling to take it in. I could sense that the next few moments would set the course of my life but I was too confused to take the initiative. "But who...", I began, and faltered. "If they don't write their LoCs, who does write them?"

He leaned forward across the table in a manner that drew me forward in response, and in that small club of confidentiality he hooked me. Smiling he said, "You're a bright young neo-faned, who do you think writes them?" Obviously I wasn't bright enough because I'd not got the faintest idea, but then the question was just a piece of flattery because again he didn't wait for my reply but went on to provide the answer himself in a manner that suggested he was only confirming what I, being a bright young neo-faned, had obviously worked out in a flash of inspiration. I see that now, but I didn't see it then.

"Who has the greatest incentive to forge LoCs by Big Name Fans? Why, obviously the faneds who are going to run them in their letter columns. Obvious when you think about it, isn't it? I mean, look at the incentive. Not only do you get to say nice things about your own fanzine, but you get to attribute them to BNFs whose opinions almost everyone respects. Why else do you think," he continued, "that LoCs from the Old Time Fans are always so pleasant, helpful, and supportive whilst those from the current generation of actifans are, shall we say, somewhat more negative?" This last remark he accompanied with a surreptitious flutter of the hand toward the far corner of the bar where the somewhat recently designated 'ratfans' were in riotous assembly.

"I never really thought about it," I replied. "All I've had so far are the latter kind, even though I've been sending my zine to as many BNFs as I could find in other zines' letter columns....." I trailed off as the realisation sank in.

"Precisely!" he exclaimed. "That's why we're having this little chat. We think it's time you were brought into the fold, so to speak. We think it's time that you started to run the occasional favourable LoC. What do you think? Obviously we're not going to throw you in at the deep end. Just the occasional one to start with, while you find your feet. I mean, nobody expects a neo-faned to have lots of Big Name Fans in his letter column. Then, over a period of several issues you can gradually work in more and more until eventually, who knows, you might become a Focal Point Fanzine. Just think about it."

I thought about it. A 'Focal Point Fanzine' indeed. What faned would not snap at such a lure? "A Sacred Trust, you say?" I dissembled, my mind, as he must have known, on 'focal points' and 'hugos'. "OK", I said, "You can count on me".

0·0·0·0·0

So it was for me, and so it was, with minor variations, for every other faned - and of course once it starts you're trapped. It's a bit like heroin (in that you always want more), and it's a bit like quicksand (in that you're drawn ever downward) so that it's like, can you imagine, snorting quicksand? Once in, your fate is sealed. Oh, your initial enthusiasm carries you for a while, as does the realisation that fanzine fandom is nothing like as cliquish as brash young neos claim. Your secret awareness that this is simply a manifestation of the fact that the longer-established, more experienced fans appear to be more 'in' with the in crowd simply because they are writing more of their LoCs themselves. Then of course there's the element of self-interest. The system works. You publish 'their' LoCs and other, newer faneds see them in your letter column, and send them fanzines...and you know that eventually, when your own brain cells are more like slip-sheets than crisply mimeod pages, then you in your turn will be taken care of. Somewhere out there the new young faneds will start writing your LoCs for you. The circle turns - that's why they call it the FRP, the Fannish Retirement Plan. You mustn't rock the boat, or you won't get your turn at bat.

But of course there was one problem they hadn't reckoned on. It will only work providing there's expansion. Much the same as governmental pension plans - they assume that the large number of people contributing *now* will support the smaller number of people whose pensions become due. Of course in the real world they are beginning to worry because it has dawned on them that with reduced population growth, there won't be enough people putting into the kitty to pay our pensions when our turn comes around to start taking out.

The same effect is already being felt in fanzine fandom, although it is somewhat disguised by the fact that fandom itself is still growing. Yes, fandom is, but fanzine fandom isn't, and hasn't been for quite some time. In fact it's shrinking, and the more it shrinks the worse the problem gets - which causes it to shrink more, which makes the problem even worse, and so on. What we have is a shrinking snowball effect!

The problem is that with this shrinkage the fewer new faneds there are to support a proportionately greater number of has-been BNFs. Everything is relative and just as in the fifties there was, in mundane life, a baby-boom, here in fandom in the eighties we have come upon a Boring-Old-Fart-Boom. Just look around you. Who can deny that there is now a greater proportion of Boring Old Farts to New Active Young Faneds than at any other time in the history of fanzine fandom? It's almost as if the pyramid has become inverted. Each active faned has so many old foops to support that more and more of them are beginning to crack under the strain. I am one such. It wasn't the strain of actually publishing SFD that cracked me. No, what finally told, was that after each issue had been finished I had to sit down and write myself over fifty LoCs.

The strain was of course enormous, and I simply snapped. Being far gone I didn't at first realise what was happening. It wasn't until I realised that I was carrying on a private correspondence, both sides of a private correspondence, with one of the BNFs whose LoCs I was writing, that I knew I had to throw in the towel. I got out of the Faned business. Just in time it would appear, because once the fannish public knows how it's been conned, as it will now I've revealed all, then it will rise up in its righteous anger and the currently active faneds are going to get creamed.

Get out now Marty, while you still have a chance.

---Skel

The previous loc from Skel was written in response to Harry Warner's "expose" in HTT #25; by rights it should have been put into HTT #26. However, as HTT #26 by necessity became the Terry Carr Memorial Issue, I decided that *all* material not relevant to such a Memorial Issue (including the locs on HTT #25) would be put off until HTT #27. This issue will have a two-part loccol with the first part being comments on #25 (after some commentary on previous-to-#25 issues) and the second part, quite a bit later in the issue, being devoted to commentary on #26.

In honour of Skel's desire that a fanzine should start with it's letter column (and also to help establish the tone of this issue) I have used Skel's letter as an article and placed it before the rest of the locs here in

NESSIE, PART ONE

starting with a loc handed to me at CONSPIRACY by Krsto Mazuranic:

* BRUNO OGORELEC * Krsto Mazuranic recently succumbed to my relentless pressure to
***** pry a few issues of HTT from his sweaty grip and issues 23, 24,
and 25 soon thudded onto my desk forming an imposing pile of

reading material.

"Phew!" I'd have said for sure, had I any idea how to pronounce it. I found HTT not just hefty but also g o o d. Consequently it wreaked havoc with my daily routine, replacing most other activities for a few days. (By the way, is it possible to wreak anything else but havoc? Or, alternatively, can havoc be done, or perhaps produced, or just wreaked? I only ever encounter the syntagm entire.) /Another thing that can be wreaked is vengeance - something done to you by Krsto when he handed you all of those HTTS (and something done by me to my readers by printing this loc).-ed./ It proved irresistible. I read it in bed, on the loo, in the office (artfully concealed among the paperwork), at lunch, in the bus... I rather enjoy reading fanzines in public places, surreptitiously watching other people craning their necks trying to find out what the hell *is* that weird looking paper that I am reading so intently. But that time...

The bus was overcrowded and I was hanging from the overhead handrail hanging on for dear life with one hand while clutching HTT with the other. All was well, however, until I got to Skel's piece on his father's drunken Christmas. Boy, that certainly did it. Naturally, I expected a few silly giggles to escape me, Skel being Skel, but after only a few sentences I just couldn't take it any more and erupted into loud laughter. That sort of thing just isn't done in public conveyances, you know. The entire M.A.N. Type 0-132 articulated city bus, 55 feet long, with 45 seats and room for 102 standing passengers turned its collective head in my direction and stared. It only made it worse, of course. Between Skel's prose and the blank amazement of 147 people (including the bus driver) I was soon howling, stomping my feet and bending double, stricken helpless with laughter.

But Skel went on and on. Not yet halfway through his piece I was weeping hysterically, tears streaming down my cheeks, all the while keenly following Skel's father's antics, moving my shoulders as if I was lunging at the shed door, my lips forming around his words... Quite a few of my fellow passengers were chuckling now, or even laughing, my mirth obviously being contagious. I couldn't laugh, all my

abdominal muscles having tightened into a knot; the only sound I was able to produce was a kind of choked neighing.

With great effort I managed to get a grip over myself after a while, with just a stream of tears and an occasional convulsion to show that anything untoward was happening. Only the funniest parts made me bang my forehead into the bus window now. In time even the bus driver stopped trying to find out what the hell was happening back there in his bus and concentrated on the road ahead. But then this woman decides it is safe to ask questions. Having obviously read at least a bit of text over my shaking and trembling shoulder, and coming to the wrong conclusion, she asked me in English:

"What is so funny?"

"Eh? - sez I, taken by surprise.

"What *is* it that you're reading?" - she insisted.

"Er..." - I said. - "Well..."

Well, you *can't* encapsulate Skel off the cuff, in a couple of sentences, can you?

So I try retelling Skel's story but as soon as a description of his father's antics forms in my head the laughter hits me again, chokes off the narrative, and I am again weeping, howling and neighing uncontrollably, banging my knuckles on the handrail and generally making a fool of myself in front of a busload of people. This isn't going to work, I thought, and thrust the wad of coloured paper into the woman's hands.

"You'd better read it yourself," - I managed to sob between the spasms.

She took HTT somewhat gingerly, looking a bit incredulous but quite amused, and started reading. What a terrible mistake! Within seconds -- well primed for laughter as she'd been -- her high pitched shriek pierced 296 eardrums and the bus started weaving between the lanes again as the driver turned around, desperately searching for a clue to the whoops and cries amid his crowded cargo. In her turn, the woman was now banging *me* with her fist, gasping for air and wrecking her mascara irreparably.

Half the bus was laughing by now, enjoying Skel by proxy, clearly curious to see the reason for all the commotion. Thank God that only a few people there had any English; otherwise the thing would have spread through the bus like wildfire and we'd have had a chain reaction on our hands. A comic bomb, as it were.

When things got back to more or less normal the woman handed me my HTT back and demanded an explanation.

"What kind of paper is it?" - she wanted to know (still in English, mind you).

"Well, it's a fanzine," - I said somewhat cryptically.

"A fanzine," - she repeated. - "I see. What's a fanzine?"

Hm. Should I have told her that *that* was a question that even fandom in all its combined intellectual might found too difficult to answer unequivocally? Where do you start with such an explanation, anyway? Do you define skiffy first, telling her about Hugo Gernsback and the pulps, and gradually moving on to an attempt to define fandom in general and fanzine fandom in particular? With only two bus stops left to my home I obviously wasn't about to start on a saga of such gargantuan proportions. And yet, I felt she deserved an answer. Besides, the audience was there, all 147 of them, waiting for a denouement worthy of the hoopla that preceeded it.

I hemmed and hawed for a while, about fanzines being amateur publications with limited print runs, about topics that the general press tends to ignore.

"They tend to be rather intellectual, you know," - I lied into her face as the bus pulled to the side of the road at my stop.

"But how do I get one?" - she asked as the pneumatic doors hissed (!) open and I turned to get off. All the English speakers on the bus pricked up their ears.

"You don't," - I said over my shoulder going down the steps, spreading my arms apologetically. - "It goes only to a select few."

With snickers but no other comment on Bruno's letter about HTT #23 we move on to a loc sent by a fan who picked up his first copy of HTT in the fan room at CON-SPRIACY - further locs in this section of NESSIE will be on #25.

* GEOGRE BONDAR * "Holier Than Thou" 25 is a great zine, the best I've read in ages.

It's really odd. In Britain, American fanzines have a reputation for being thick and boring, which put me off from making contact with the USA for years. Until, in fact, last year's Worldcon when I picked up a couple in the fan room - yours and Jeanne Gommoll's "Whimsy". Both were certainly thicker than the average Brit zine, but my other expectations were confounded: the contents were rather interesting. I wonder why such things get around. Joseph Nicholas has maintained for years that American fans are very literal-minded and their zines superficial. There was that "spoof" article he wrote years ago in "Nabu" before Ian Maule gaffed into postal computer-gaming. Lots of people in the USA fell into his "trap" but I suspect a great many Brits also took it literally. I am, quite frankly, dubious about his claims for the subtlety and depth of British zines. Such things have not particularly struck me in my reading.

However, there is no denying Joseph's experience of American zines is far wider than mine; it could be that you and Jeanne are exceptional and all the others are as he claims.

Not to put too fine a point on it (a phrase often used by Joseph), but I feel that I should point out that HTT is one of the "horrible examples" to which he points when he is pontificating in a negative manner about American fanzines. American zines differ amongst themselves as much as do zines produced in other nations - fans are as individualistic in the USA as are the fans in other countries, and their fanzines are equally individualistic. To all of the negative generalisations put forth by those with some sort of axe to grind it is best to realise that there are so many exceptions to these generalisations as to make them highly suspect at best. In these matters it is always best to form one's own opinion after looking at the zines in question. And, as you have found out upon looking at HTT, a zine often denigrated by Joseph, it is a zine that is not at all as he describes it.

Speaking of Joseph, here is a loc from him - in full.

* JOSEPH NICHOLAS * Oh dear. I do think you rather missed the point of what I was saying in the final paragraph of my previous letter. Or, at least, you completely misread the *tone* of my remarks.

Here's part of your editorial reply (in HTT 25) to that paragraph: "the only unsureness which I felt when I added the postscript to my loc on FUCK THE TORIES 2 'explaining my joke' was whether or not the ideologues at FTT had their humour button turned in the 'on' position. True believers often have their senses of humour turned off when it comes to their monomania". And here's part of the paragraph to which that's a reply: "Amazing how you can so manifestly fail to identify in others what

you do yourself. Or perhaps it was the lack of postscriptual explanation which led you astray...literal-minded American fandom lives on still!"

It would appear that you have read a fanzine entitled FUCK THE TORIES which calls itself "ideologically correct" and contains much sub-revolutionary rhetoric about the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of workers' democracy throughout the sevagram. And, in the absence of any parenthetical and marginal explanations to the contrary, you appear to have assumed that all this rhetoric is absolutely genuine -- that if we talk, say about the life-or-death struggle for peace and socialism then *we mean every word*, and are not merely determined about it but grimly determined to boot. You take it all literally, in other words -- and not once stop to consider whether we might have any ironic or parodic intent, might be saying some if not all of it with our tongues firmly in our cheeks.

This is in some respects what's so depressing about publishing a fanzine like FUCK THE TORIES -- you put in all this effort, but all you get by way of response are expressions of utter bafflement from readers who don't comprehend the terms of the debate or earnest lectures about our presumed errors from people who do understand the issues but haven't the wit to see we're sending them up. FUCK THE TORIES is a politically aware fanzine, runs the argument; therefore it must be serious about its politics. Therefore its editors must be serious too. Therefore -- according to you -- we are "ideologues", "true believers" and "monomaniacs"; labels you apply on the basis of no concrete evidence whatever. Except, perhaps, your own inability to recognise a joke.

Come on, Marty! Why do you have such trouble recognising irony and parody when they stand up and bite you in the bum? What's so obscure about such concepts that when I make passing reference to them in the final paragraph of my previous letter you fail to grasp them, and instead write some desperately po-faced stuff about our respective senses of humour? Lighten up here, man! Stop accusing us of wearing blinkers, and take off your own!

Perhaps this is why North American fans have such trouble participating in British fandom, and vice versa - one thriving on understatement, misdirection and irony, and the other ploddingly literal and serious. Heigh-ho.

Thank you, Joseph, for a very good letter; it both expresses your position on the matter and also provides reference quotes. It also shows that you have made some very common mistakes.

Look. If you were to read to me, aloud, the "political" articles which you say are humorous in intent, I (and most in the audience) would probably detect the deadpan humour. However, as deadpan humour does not come across in writing when there are no written clues that a piece is meant as humour, you should not complain that the humour is taken seriously in some quarters. There is really no such thing as tone of typer - when reading words on paper we cannot "hear" the inflections which turn otherwise "straight" material into that which is meant to be funny or ironic (although content (read that word as "clues") can make irony successful on paper). Of course British fans can tell if you are trying to be humorous easier than can North Americans - they see you in person a lot more than do those of us on this side of the pond. Those of us who know you only (or mostly) on paper can only judge you by your written word and it is unfair of you to label those of us who know you mostly on paper as "literal-minded" when that is the only way which we can honestly react to what you write when that which you write is the only clue which we have as to your intent.

Another thing: when you write about your responses to FTT you state, "...you

put in all this effort, but all you get by way of response are expressions of utter bafflement from readers who don't comprehend the terms of the debate or earnest lectures about our presumed errors from people who do understand the issues but haven't the wit to see we're sending them up." I have two points to make about this statement of yours. Firstly, if that is the only type of response you have received (and from your phraseology I would assume so) then the lack of what you would term a proper response is the fault of the editors of FTT. Even if only a large number of the readers of FTT respond in the manner you detail (rather than all of them) it is still the responsibility of the zine's editors to see that the zine is written in such a manner that the majority of the zine's readers understand the contents. If nothing else, you are sending the zine to the wrong audience if the audience does not understand you. Secondly, your phraseology ("...earnest lectures about our presumed errors from people who do understand the issues but haven't the wit to see we're sending them up.") tells me two things: many Britfen who are socialists are taking you as seriously as are the "literal-minded Americans" you are lambasting for that fault - and, you have gotten such negative flack from so many of your readers that you have decided to pretend that you were joking all along instead of serious (your real intention) and have retreated behind a screen of "Nobody Understands Me" rhetoric. I believe that this latter is correct but I have no way of proving it so I will not press the point.

* LAWRENCE WATT-EVANS * I liked the piece on folknikdom; one of my sisters was a
***** folknik, except that by then it was the middle-to-late sixties and they were called folkies (at least in the suburbs of Boston). I remember paging through her stacks of SING OUT trying to figure out why she bothered; I liked the music fine, generally speaking, but couldn't see any point at all in reading or writing about it.

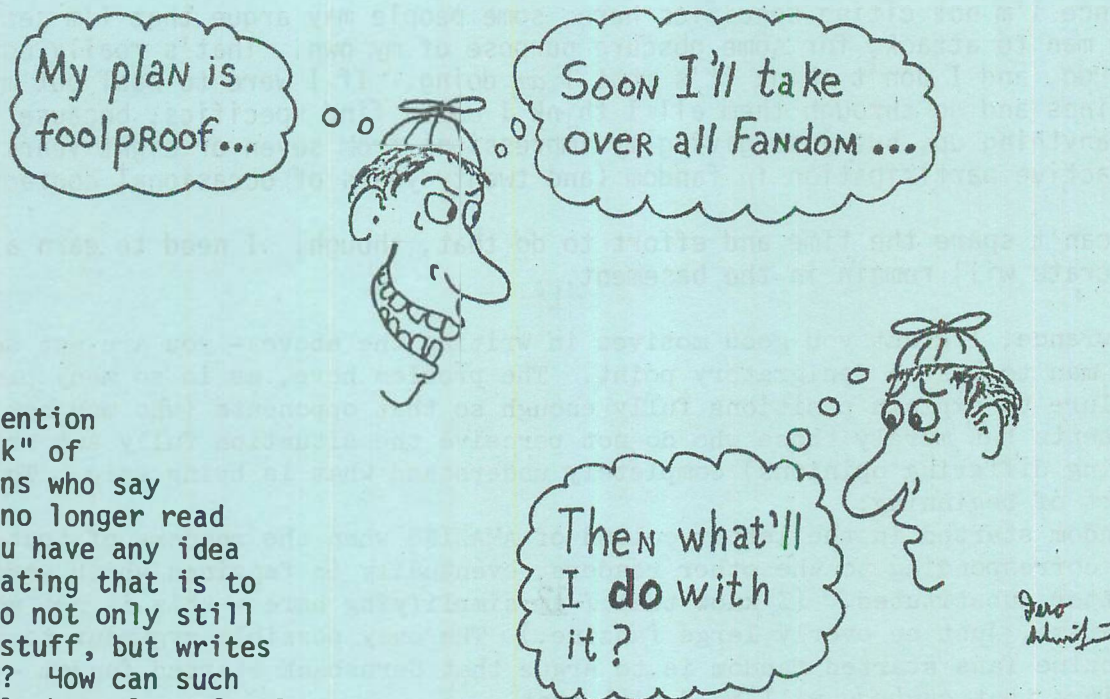
I'm flattered to be given the lead-off position, but I think I've been misinterpreted somewhat.

I have no objection to the existence of faanish fanzines; if they aren't so self-referential that I can't follow what's going on, I even like them. I like sercon 'zines too. What I was asking about is not why faanish zines exist, or how they justify their existence or their avoidance of sercon material, but why some people seem to consider them superior to sercon zines and to feel that they're the essential heart of SF fandom.

If you doubt that such an attitude exists, I refer you to Mike Glicksohn's letter in FOSFAX, wherein he takes FOSFAX to task for merely presenting news and gossip and reviews, rather than concentrating on great fan writing that will still be enjoyable five or ten years down the line.

(I haven't seen much fan writing of any sort that's worth rereading a decade later.)

You can remedy that lack easily: in HTT #26 I published the addresses of two sources of Terry Carr's fanwriting (and Terry was one of our better fanwriters). Send away for them. Terry's ENTROPY REPRINT column (which was in many other zines prior to its ending up in HTT) was dedicated to reprinting fine fanwriting from our past. Probably the greatest single compendium of fine fanwriting from the past is Richard Bergeron's WARHOON 28, a hardcover monster of a zine (over 600 pages) devoted to the writings of one of fandom's finest writers, Walt Willis. Send \$25 to Richard (P.O. Box 5989, Old San Juan, PR 00905) for your very own copy.



You mention the "schtick" of faanish fans who say that they no longer read SF; do you have any idea how infuriating that is to someone who not only still reads the stuff, but writes it as well? How can such people call themselves fans?

(I know, I know, they haven't got any better term, except maybe "faan.")

I think it's entirely possible to get so far into fandom that one comes out the other side, yet some of the people I think have done just that seem to feel that they're the true fen, while the people who still actually read SF are all just neos or fringe-fen.

This does *not* apply to HTT, however, which does still have ties to external reality.

Even if it did apply, this would not necessarily mean that HTT would be any less worthy of existence, merely that calling it a "science fiction fanzine" would no longer be accurate.

There really ought to be distinct terms for manifestations of faanishness that have evolved beyond any connection with SF.

You say that the fanzine fans invented fandom, and that you feel that fandom is now old enough to fend for itself. Fine. I have no quarrel with that, whether the claim is true or not (and it can be argued, you know). What I object to is the fanzine fans (and you may not be one of them, Marty) who feel that they deserve some sort of special respect *because* fanzine fans invented fandom, who feel that fanzine fandom is, as I said before, the One True Fandom.

I have never heard anyone tell a fanzine fan that he was doing it wrong; I *have* heard fanzine fans tell miscellaneous con-goers that *they* were doing it wrong by not paying attention to faanish fanzines.

Such people seem to see fandom as a ladder, with fanzine fandom the highest rung, a rung most people never reach. I prefer to see fandom as a tree, with fanzine fandom one branch among many.

Since I'm not citing specifics here, some people may argue that I'm setting up a straw man to attack, for some obscure purpose of my own. That's really not what I want to do, and I don't think it's what I *am* doing. If I were to haul out my crate of fanzines and go through them all I think I *could* find specifics, because I am not making anything up, but just giving my impressions from seven or eight years of fairly active participation in fandom (and twenty years of occasional contact before that).

I can't spare the time and effort to do that, though. I need to earn a living, so the crate will remain in the basement.

Lawrence, I grant you good motives in writing the above - you are not setting up a straw man to make a denigratory point. The problem here, as in so many places, is the failure to explain positions fully enough so that opponents (who may not really *be* opponents but merely those who do not perceive the situation fully and are therefore expressing differing opinions) completely understand what is being said. To start at some sort of beginning:

Fandom started in the letter column of AMAZING when the readers of that magazine started corresponding to the other readers, eventually in fanzines which were more or less letter substitutes. (I know that I am simplifying here - this is not an historical treatise, just an overly large fanzine.) The only possible argument to the fact that fanzine fans started fandom is to argue that Gernsback started fandom - and I do not believe that *anybody* will hold with that.

The early fanzine fans were SF readers - as are most of them today despite their "schtick". Some early zine fans started clubs; very many of the sf readers who either founded clubs or joined them soon became zine fans if they were not same when they became club fans. Again, to simply, this was where the *action* was. Many fans wrote for or put out fanzines very frankly to practise their writing craft: then, as now, it was the goal of many fans to become pro writers (or editors) - also then, as now, the best way to practice the craft of writing is to write.

Both in the USA and in Britain it was the fanzine fan who started the con.

So nowadays we have a fandom which has grown like Topsy. OK, only vague regrets on the part of most fanzine fans that fandom is not now like it was in the past; in fact, given the state of both everything and how people actually are, it was probably inevitable that fandom would become something like it is now.

What is bothersome to most fanzine fans (who are mostly acclimated to the idea that fanzine fandom is just a small part of fandom-as-a-whole) is not that we are not accorded the respect due us as the founders of fandom (which is, after all, a silly position to take, anyway, as most of us were not there in the beginning) but that we are usually not even given the recognition that we are even part of fandom. Look, most general cons (I am not talking here about specialised cons which do, properly cater to a specific interest) have neither a room for fanzine fans to gather and/or display or sell their zines nor do they have anything on their programmes related to fanzines. And that attitude on the part of cons is not only cutting off the traditional roots of fandom it is also a slap in the face of one of fandom's few creative elements (with the other two creative elements being the artists and neo-writers). I mean, what is creative about dressing up in costumes designed for somebody else's universe or writing new words to somebody else's music?

So, when fanzine fans are telling con-goers that they were doing it wrong by not paying attention to fanzines (or things similar to that) they are basically telling con-goers that they are carrying their activities beyond that which is part

of fandom (sort of like what you claim some fanzine fans have done).

SF is what brought us all here in the first place; in fanzine fandom, though, the faanish type of fanzine fan has discovered that the company of other fanzine fans is so congenial (in print and/or in person) that he or she comes to eventually devote his or her hobby time in fandom in the company of said fans and, rather than either talking or talking about SF they simply read it - often, voraciously. And in a way, you do this to. After all, your locs to HTT (and the very long ones to FOSFAX) have very little to do with SF - you seem to be writing about many of the other concerns of SF fans (which seem to be just about everything else under then Sun *except* SF - and you seem to be having great fun doing it.

* DAVID PALTER * Thanks for HTT 25. Once again you have come up with an absolutely
***** amazing cover. Lots of fanzines publish lots of good artwork and
good writing, but nobody has covers like HTT. You do the impossi-
ble, fannishly speaking, and have done so repeatedly.

Two points, here. I want to again mention that Krischan Holl both drew *and* printed the cover of HTT #25 - I merely provided for him and he came through wonder-fully. The second point is that I feel sure that future fannish historians will agree on at least one point about HTT - the high quality of the zine's covers.

* RICHARD BRANDT * Harry Warner and Mar Ortlieb's pieces are wonderful in tandem;
***** alternate explanations for the same inexplicable phenomenon.
What's great about Harry's is how it starts matter-of-factly relating bits and pieces of his experience, as usual, then by the end of the article has wormed its way into the territory of the absurd so gradually that we're not sure at just which point the article ventured out of the territory of the reasonable. (At least, I'm assuming this is what happened....) I've noticed in recent years that Harry has an off-the-wall sense of humor that isn't fully appreciated by fandom at large.

I would say that Harry's sense of humour is the most underappreciated of his many good qualities.

* RICHARD J. FAULDER * Krsto Mazuranic's piece was, though short, imbued with a
***** pleasant sense of whimsy. One thing worth noting is the
quality of the English. One thing I often notice about fan-
writing by fans for whom English isn't their first language is that their English expression is often better than that of fans for whom English is their only language.

Reading many of the unpublished locs will often underscore the point which you have just made.

You must excuse the long letter. I didn't have time to write you a short one.

---Darrell Schweitzer, FOSFAX No. 124

* BARNABY RAPOPORT * I was struck by the contrast between the Lee Hoffman reprint
***** and the new articles by Taral and Skel -- that is, the contrast
between classic and modern fanwriting at their best.

"My Days In Folknikdom" is a better read than the new stuff. It's a skillful, charming piece of fannish tale-spinning. Next to it, "Medical Practise" and "Sins You Been Gone" seem rambling and even crude -- yet next to them, "Folknikdom seems... what? Not superficial, because that implies that it's missing something it should have. It's not impersonal, but its personality comes from the way its sustained tone creates a persona, not from what the story reveals about Lee Hoffman. For example, she doesn't describe the changes in her life, or her politics, that underlie her move into folkdom the way Taral veers off into autobiography and reflection in his long digression on religion. It's stylized and detached.

"Medical Practise" and "Sins You Been Gone" aren't written by a fannish persona but by the whole person. In "Practise", the vivid depictions of hospital grimness are touched with a whole range of emotions, sometimes all at once. "Sins" could have been a tightly constructed article focussed entirely on that Sunday Mail poll. Instead, it's virtually a stream-of-consciousness piece -- theater, newspaper, fandom. Sentence by sentence it shifts unpredictably from humor to sarcasm to seriousness. A classic article like Jim Harmon's "A Different Aspect of Utopia" (in HTT 19) develops an idea. Here, the binding agent isn't a subject but Taral's and Skel's point of view. "Practise" and "Sins" are raw, but have lots of ingredients not found in the refined product.

You are engaged in unfair comparisons, here. Firstly, you are comparing a classic piece of fanwriting to pieces by modern writers - and the comparison is not valid because you are comparing a very good piece from the past to two articles which are not amongst their authors' best output. (Yes, these articles are good, but I believe that both authors have written better material.) Secondly, all three articles are attempting different things; are, in fact, different types of animals and should thereby be judged solely on their own merits (not in competition with each other) and on how they succeed at what they are attempting to do.

The following loc should have been placed next to that of Lawrence Watt-Evans; however, it got misplaced - and I am not going to retype all of the now-interveining stencils. *sigh*

* rich brown * While I think you responded quite adequately to Lawrence Watt-Evans
***** in HTT 25, I'd like to put in my own penny's worth. Lawrence is wrong
when he implies that fanzine fans believe an appreciation of fanzines is a "requirement for calling oneself an SF fan." That's silly on its face; anyone who appreciates (or, for that matter, reads) SF is entitled to call him- or her-self an SF fan -- and even if fanzine fandom thought it had the power to deny this (which, of course, is equally silly), I doubt it would do so.

But we do call ourselves "Trufans," which may explain why he feels we think we are the One True Fandom. But by "True," Lawrence feels we mean "Real" -- which is simply not the case. Thus, his error.

Trufannishness is an *attitude* toward fandom and SF, much of which you've covered in your reply to him; most of us love at least some aspects of the SF genre but we

also appreciate, at least to an equal degree, the friendships we've made through fandom. The archetypical Trufan is the fictional Jophan, of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR; thus, our historical claim to the designation. Trufans maintain contact with each other in person at clubs and conventions *and* via the written word, through fanzines -- and, to the extent that this "more" may also be "better," we make the not insupportable claim that Trufannishness is "better." SF is not the sum total of our being, however, so we often find things to talk about besides how one hack differs from another. Further, our love of SF is our best argument against being exclusively devoted to the topic of SF -- since the subject matter of SF is anything and everything in this or any other universe, why (we Trufans wonder) should we be constrained in our hobby by limits which are far narrower than the genre we profess to enjoy?

You cut to the core of the fannish/sercon debate in your opinion, Marty, that there's room enough in fandom for fans of both persuasions; to the best of my knowledge, it has always been the sercon fans who would make fandom over to conform to their way of thinking. A pity, but there it is.

It is, indeed, the sercon fans who would limit faanish types rather than the other way around. Personally I find many serconish zines boring - I would rather (and usually do) read SF than the zines which drearily expound upon that subject matter mostly disregarding fandom as they do so. I have read editorial and loc opinion in some serconish fanzines that state that serconish and/or sercon zines are the only ones which should qualify for the Best Fanzine Hugo and that the faanish fanzines definitely DO NOT qualify for the ballot because they do not discuss SF, totally missing the point that the Fan Hugos are awards that fandom has set aside to award fannish endeavour, ALL fannish endeavour in the designated areas.

rich goes on for another page on the topic of the Fan Hugos; however, as this is a drastically edited Nessie this time, the rest of his words will join a lot of other well-written words in not being printed here.

* HARRY ANDRUSCHAK * On page 24, John Purcell wonders why the term "stool" is used
***** to describe "one of those nasty, smelly things you unload
into the toilet.

Andy then goes on at length, writing the results of his research on the topic. He then goes on,

And since the subject seems to fascinate you, here is a portion of the book THE STRAIGHT DOPE by Cecil Adams.....

"Regarding the expression 'deeper than whale shit,' just how deep is whale shit? What would be the weight of the average bowel movement of the world's largest whale? -- Larry Lujack, Superjock, Chicago."

"Whale excrement is largely liquid in consistency and thus, like Top 40 radio and other effluvia, has little substance and no depth. The world's largest whales are blue whales, and these excrete a minimum of 2 percent of their body weight -- about 3 tons -- each day. --Cecil Adams."

At of which goes to show that all knowledge *is* found in fanzines, even if it has appeared, previously, somewhere else. * A caveat - you have to go to faanish fanzines to find useful knowledge like the above as the serconzines won't, er, handle it.

Lastly we come to the loc from Tim Jones. Along with his commentary on HTT 25 he sent a request for information. If anybody can help Tim send him a note at the address listed in the address section of this zine.

* TIM JONES * A fanhistorical inquiry: Fired with enthusiasm after watching the
***** U.K.-produced TV programme, "It Was Twenty Years Ago Today", looking back at 1967 per medium of The Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper" album, I searched our local public library for a good book on the Fab Four, and came up with "Shout!" by Philip Norman. Subtitled "The Beatles In Their Generation", it contains pen-portraits of a wide range of ancillary figures. One of these is Bill Harry, who (in 1961) founded the "Mersey Beat" newspaper which helped spread The Beatles' fame.

Now, on page 117 of "Shout!", Bill Harry is described as "an inveterate compiler of sci-fan fanzines". Disregarding Norman's skiffy leanings, Harry must have been an active fan indeed for this to merit mention in the book, but I've never heard of him. Do you, or any of your readers, know of Bill Harry, what his fannish achievements were, and whether he gafiated for good once "Mersey Beat" got off the ground? Although this query might better be addressed to a U.K. fanzine, HTT has plenty of U.K. readers, so I hope someone can help me out.

I ALSO HEARD FROM:

lots of good people with mostly very good locs. In other circumstances (like a regular issue without two Nessies) much of the material in their locs would be put into Nessie rather than having the locwriters listed here. But this is not some other universe, so here (in absolutely not order and with no smart-ass commentary about the contents of the locs), we have:

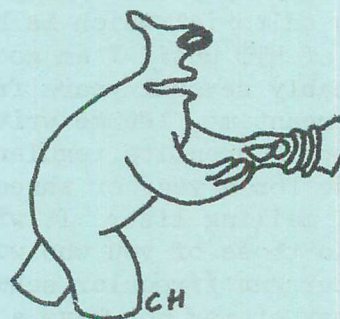
Jeanne Mealy, Thom Digby, Murray Moore, Craig Chrissinger, Tony Davis, Don D'Amassa, Cathy Howard, David Thayer, Arthur D. Hlavaty, Phil Tortorici, Martin Morse Wooster, Craig Ledbetter, Robert Whitaker Sirignano, Sheryl Birkhead, Richard Bergeron, Brian Earl Brown, Ben Indick, Lloyd Penney, Joanne Bloom, David Wolff (twice - the same letter, one arriving two days after the other - once in English and once in Esperanto), John Purcell, Joseph T. Major, P.L. Caruthers-Montgomery, Ian Covell, Craig MacBride, Tom Dunn, Vito Vitkauskas, Bev Clark, Dave D'Amassa, Jean Lamb, John D. Owen, Donald J. Roy, Jr., Michael Skeet, Ben Schilling, and Harry Bond.



I wish Pegasus would stop
flying over this way.

AN IMPORTANT EDITORIAL AND OTHER ODDMENTS

BY MARTY CANTOR



HOLIER THAN THOU #1 was distributed in January of 1979 - that was 9½ years ago. Were I now as fanzineishly ambitious as I was when I started this zine I would now be planning for a very special tenth annish. That is not to be; so, for better or worse, this twenty-seventh issue of HTT will have to serve as its tenth annish, even if it is 6 months early. Being early was something of a tradition for the early HTTs as many of the issues (when the zine was quarterly) were out before deadline. Ah, the joys of "neohood" way back when I was in my early forties. Let me explain why there will not be an HTT put out in January of 1989.

I have been mumbling about this for some time, and thinking about it for a period even longer - it is time for HOLIER THAN THOU to be put into hibernation for a while. The problem here is that I am getting a bit tired of putting out a genzine as large as is HTT. Shrinking the zine is not an answer as that would create something which is no longer HTT. Not that I would not mind putting out a smaller zine (and I am mulling over plans for a zine smaller than this one (and have talked to some of you about this smaller zine)); it is just that I think that I may one day want to put out HTT, again, in its usual size, when the mood strikes me; and, besides, what plans I have for a smaller zine will make it in many ways different (not just smaller) from what HTT has developed into and I would rather keep what continuity I can in HTT (given the fact that it will probably be a few years until I come out with the next issue) - I want to give the new and smaller zine (if I do come out with it) a bit of a different personality than that of HTT. But this is neither the time nor the place to talk about future publishing projects.

As has become all too usual, this issue is being prepared months after it should have been. Costs are a small part of the delays I have been experiencing; mostly, though, it has just become too much of a chore to produce this monster - the thought of sitting down and actually beginning work on the zine has more and more loomed over my mind, taking on the aspects of both a Mount Everest of work combined with the usual swamp of my natural inclination towards laziness - with the result being that producing an issue of HTT has seemed more like sheer work of a type which gives no joy of accomplishment (which is something, the-joy-of-accomplishment-through-work,

I am used to experiencing in things I undertake: for example, that which I do for a living and the early years of HTT). The result (which you all have noticed) is a schedule for HTT which has seen issues coming out with ever lengthening intervals between them. Well, enough of this; HTT has ceased to be fun (except for the actual typing of the stencils - when I can actually get myself psyched up to begin the work I actually enjoy the typing part, especially when I am creating as I go (like much of this editorial which is being expanded upon some general notes)) - so no more issues of HTT until I am good and goddamned in the mood to produce another issue. Probably several years from now - maybe. I make no promisses.

In the meantime, let me write about the coming hibernation of the zine and how that will impact upon its regular readers (aside from the obvious one of there being no next issue for a year or three or more).

The HTT mailing list. It will be kept intact (with addresses updated wherever possible) and those of you who would normally get the next issue if it were to come out on its current ~~ir~~regular schedule will receive the next issue. This ~~for~~ future next issue may or may not have a letter column, so this poses a problem for those who get HTT via loccking. All I can say is that those of you who want to loc should do so - I produce an Egoboo Express so that written contributors will eventually see what you say about them even if, in this case, they see your locs *before* the next issue sees the light of day rather than afterwards as is my usual wont (when I send them copies of locs which are *not* put into Nessie). As an alternative you might opt for sending comments directly to the contributors of this issue - their addresses will be in the address section.

Artwork. Well, I *do* have a lot of it, and it would not be right for me to keep it for an issue which may not be out for a few years (aside from the fact that much of it has been on hand for many years). Some of this stuff I will keep for the proposed new zine (and will write for permission to use it in same), the rest will be returned. Much of the artwork has already been turned into e-stencil format, so it will be awhile before I match up unused e-stencil artwork with the originals which are sitting in several repositories around this ~~big/ben~~ apartment (read that as I know which boxes and envelopes in which most of the artwork lives, but I am not certain what is where - and there may be a few items living even elsewhere plus I have used a LOT of artwork in 9½ years and still have ALL of the originals which makes for a lot of art through which to look -- please be patient).

Original written material. Yes, I have some which I have been sitting on and which will not be in this issue - it will all be returned. As for proposed future work (such as Taral's THE ILLUSTRATED FAN, the article about fanzine cover art which Taral has yet to turn over to me in its final form and which will be in the proposed future issue if the article is finished by the time I am again in the mood to put out a huge genzine); well, forget it folks. Except for Taral's piece (the receipt of which *might* (but no promisses) galvanise me ~~what? turn me into a piece of metal?~~) into putting out the next HTT, please do not send me anything for HTT. When the mood strikes me to put out the next issue of the zine I will contact potential contributors. There is no sense in sending me stuff which would either gather dust for several years (or maybe even get lost in the kipple) or make me send it back because of a lack of market (as it were).

Trades. Yes, I like them, but I will not be having anything to trade until the next issue of HTT comes along so traders will have to be patient. I *may* get back into the loccking business, but do not hold your breath about that, either. My proposed new zine (if it indeed does come to pass) will *not* be available for trade - it will,

indeed, be available STRICTLY by whim, only, and tradition be damned on that. So, zine traders, make of this what you will - I hugely enjoy many of the fanzines I receive in trade for HTT, but you are probably going to have to wait quite a while for my next issue; so, if you continue to send me your zine as a trade-item you *will* be sent the next issue (again, whenever *that* comes out) and I thank you for your patience.

§§§§§§§

There were several important matters left out of the previous issue of HTT; due to the nature of that issue being a memorial to Terry Carr I felt that things not germane to the spirit of the memorial would be out of place in the issue so they have been put off until now. Some of those things were personal commentary by me - they follow below.

HTT #25 was put out in March of 1987, just before NORWESCON/ALTERNACON. HTT #26, the next issue, was put out in December of 1987 (although it was not mailed to anybody except Carol Carr until later in January of 1988 (with many local copies being handed out at the Niven New Year's Party - I leave it to others to decide whether it was a 1987 or a 1988 issue). As a result of #26 being a special issue I did not get a chance until now of thanking, in the pages of HTT, the wonderful people of NORWESCON/ALTERNACON concom for the good time they provided us when Robbie and I were co-Fan Guests of Honour at that con. I did not see most of them as the Seattle CORFLU so I was not able to deliver them a personal thank-you, but I want everyone to know that I appreciated being made FGoH and I want you all to know that they treated us wonderfully. They put on a con that I would like to attend every year; unfortunately, our finances are such that I feel that I can only attend one out-of-area con a year (and may not even do *that* in 1989) and I will probably make my choice of out-or-area con between either CORFLU or WORLDCON. Well, I rarely even go to local cons.

My current plans for con-attending for the next few years are: 1989 - WESTERCON in Los Angeles, 1990 - CORFLU in New York (which is probably where it will be) and NASFIC in San Diego, 1991 - CHICON (if it wins) (I met Robbie at CHICON and have nothing but good memories of that con and its venue) and CORFLU in Los Angeles. Yes, the local fans (Mike Glyer, Bruce Pelz, the Moffatts, Robbie and myself) are bidding for that con in that year. After that - well, that is a bit *too* far in advance for planning at this time. And, of course, if the strange fickle finger of fate again points its finger in my direction with a request for me to be Fan Guest of Honour at another con, I will be wherever that con is happening - but I am not holding my breath about that.

... are still in

Robbie and I are still in this cramped apartment (it seems to be getting more cramped by the minute) in this same noisy neighbourhood. We would still like to move but cannot at the moment afford the rent necessary to get into a quieter neighbourhood. We have done some more than desultory looking, but only on a hit-or-miss basis as there is no way we can afford what is available. Maybe next year - depending upon raises at our respective workplaces. Anyway, the problem is not noise during the day; but, rather, trying to sleep at night. I *may* have gotten the live-band problem solved by calling the police whenever a party with a live band starts up. In this neighbourhood the live bands play outside; and, if it is within a few blocks, their amplified sounds (these are *always* Mexican bands) pour through the thin walls and

many windows of our second-floor (in other countries this would be called the first floor) apartment. The main problem, currently, is that the two downstairs apartments are rented (or used) by relatives of the landlord and I believe that they all sleep days (which *may* be why it is so quiet around here during the day) and work swing shift and have lots of awake time between midnight and 5:30 in the morning. On most evenings they have friends and/or relatives visiting (and the landlord has lots of children) - in and out all night long, or so it seems. Our bedroom overhangs their patio area -- so, for hours on end, it is talking and laughing and car-doors closing and engines starting (often with car-radios with LARGE speakers going on when the cars start or pull up) and etc. until three or four or five in the morning. Robbie gets up, usually, at 5:15, an hour before I do, but she does not suffer as much from the noise as do I as she is a much heavier sleeper than I. As a bit of an insomniac I find it most annoying to be awakened during the few times I *do* manage to fall asleep. Well, as the ubiquitous they say, this too shall pass. I hope, though, that it passes before I do. Just having said hello and goodbye to my 53rd birthday, I would like to spend my final few decades in a neighbourhood quieter than this one. (As an aside I should point out that there are a few plusses to this apartment - it is a bit nicer in layout than the usual ticky-tacky one usually finds at the lower money end of the spectrum AND the landlord has not raised the rent in the 4+ years we have been here (quite the opposite of what is usual in Los Angeles, the reason there is a rent-control law in this city).)

One of the ways in which the quality of life has declined in Los Angeles in recent decades is that it is taking more and more money to afford to live in a reasonably nice neighbourhood - and the rate is MUCH higher than inflation. What with my change of place of employment three years ago and Robbie's job, we are earning (together) three times as much money as I was doing alone at my old job when I first met Robbie. We have purchased a few toys (VCR etc.) and books and stuff since we got married (and there *is* to be considered the automobile payments we entered into two years ago), but the neighbourhood in which we now live is only marginally better than the one in which we lived when we got married. The cost of housing in Los Angeles seems to have gone up faster than our combined incomes what with most landlords treating rent ceilings as rent floors (what with most apartments going up, each year, at the maximum rate allowable by law). If this were not the only place on this continent where I could stand the weather - and if I could find employment in my chosen field in any other place with a liveable climate - I would consider moving. *sigh* The reason that housing is so expensive in this area is that the climate appeals to too many people (plus the large number of illegals moving here from Mexico) so I am suffering from the inevitability of the law of supply and demand.

Having recently decided to go on a bit of a diet (I am up to 150 lbs. - I am 5'10" - and would be more comfortable at 140 lbs.) reminds me of some mutual misrecognition at CONSPIRACY. I have written about how much I eat (and it is a *lot* - about 4 or 5 times the amount eaten by Robbie and a lot more than most people). When I introduced myself to Steve Green he was speechless for a moment: "I thought you would be *"large"* like most American fans." Hmph. My impression of Steve, based solely on his writings, was that he would be tall and thin. "I have never been tall and thin." Well, Steve, you *should* be tall and thin. The fact that you are not tall and thin is, as Robbie would say, "all *your* fault". Of course, she is always saying this to me, but that means nevermind in this instance. You are supposed to be tall and thin and I will brook no excuses in this matter. Anyway, onwards to the rest of the zine.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE GENDER AND SEXUAL ORIENTATION OF CERTAIN PROTAGONISTS IN THE NON-REALISTIC FICTION OF FRITZ LEIBER JR

BY DON D'AMASSA

It is axiomatic that many practitioners of fantasy, science fiction, and other non-realistic literature have been given short shrift by the academic community. In an attempt to fill some of the gap, I recently reviewed in depth the fantasy works of Fritz Leiber Jr., particularly those involving the exploits of his most famous characters, Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, with an eye toward pointing out the enduring literary qualities to be found therein. Much to my surprise, when I read the complete canon over a comparatively short timespan, I discovered that certain facts leaped to the fore which had formerly been obscured by Leiber's skill in distributing the evidence over a diverse body of work.

My initial suspicion was aroused when I perused the introduction written to *SWORDS AND DEVILTRY*, one of the collections of these stories published by Ace Books a few years ago. Leiber states therein that "no one at that moment could have guessed that the Gray Mouser was once named Mouse, or that Fafhrd had recently been a youth whose voice was by training high-pitched, who wore white furs only, and who still slept in his mother's tent although he was eighteen." This provocative statement piqued my interest because of the implication that there was something mysterious in Fafhrd's past, something involving his childhood that might bear examination. So I turned to *THE SNOW WOMEN*, not the first such adventure written but chronologically the earliest in the adventures of the tall, silent hero.

The story is set before the two adventurers met, and Fafhrd is an inexperienced youth still living with his mother. But the snow people have an interesting tradition. All of the men in the tribe wear dark furs and all the women wear white ones -- with one exception. Fafhrd chooses to wear white. A traveler arrives who is perplexed by the incongruity: "...the black turbaned man had never seen a Snow Clan male dressed in white". "I do not follow the new custom," Fafhrd explains at one point, but with some uneasiness.

The traveler attempts to unravel the mystery. "And your mother wishes you to wear white, as if you were your rather returned?" he inquires after learning that Fafhrd's father has passed away. But Leiber avoids this easy explanation: "Fafhrd neither answered nor frowned at that shrewd question." Why the mystery? Leiber never explains in this or subsequent stories why Fafhrd should have chosen to go against the customs of his tribe, or why his dominant, sorcerous mother would have allowed him to do so. After pondering the implications of this enigma and reading the story several times, I came to a conclusion which was subsequently borne out by circumstantial evidence in the other stories as well. Fafhrd is a woman!! It's the only explanation that fits the existing facts.

Let's examine the evidence in this one story. The turbaned man, upon first sighting Fafhrd walking about, "thought it was another Snow Woman." Certainly the clan was noted for tall females, and such a shrewd observer as this character would not likely have mistaken the gait of a man for a woman. Fafhrd himself -- or I should

say herself -- is well aware of the dichotomy, for at one point she feels constrained to observe that "I feel myself very much the man at this instant."

Scoffers will quickly point out that Fafhrd did in fact have a wife, Mara, whom he loses in this story, and that in fact Mara bore him a child. Surely this invalidates the conclusion which this paper endeavors to reach. But is such really the case? I think not. For example, when Mara informs Fafhrd that he (I will continue to use the incorrect male pronoun for the balance of this paper, simply to avoid confusion) is to become a father, he refers to her as a dryad and replies: "How wonderful! I am a father! How clever of you, Mara!" Why the surprise when, if Fafhrd was a male, he presumably knew of the eventual product of sexual intercourse. The answer, of course, is that Mara is indeed a dryad, a magical being, which explains not only Fafhrd's surprise at the fact, but also his characterization of her as clever, having gotten around the biological problem involved with a homosexual liaison. Indeed, it is quite clear that Mara recognizes Fafhrd's sexual orientation, because she refers to him as making "indecent love to dozens of southern women", additional evidence as well that Fafhrd could hardly be ignorant of sexual knowledge.

Later in the story, Fafhrd is sitting in a tree spying when Mara discovers him. Her comment is: "Now you'll tell me I shouldn't be here, being a woman...Well, neither should you be here." What could be clearer? If Fafhrd were truly a male, he would have been allowed to enter with the other males. Fafhrd's answer is, "No, I think all the women should be here." Note the word "all". Clearly Leiber was dropping hints to the perceptive reader. Fafhrd is not only a woman, she is proud of it. If she wanted to masquerade as a man, she would have worn a dark fur, not the telltale white. And later Fafhrd comments proudly: "Women are horrible. I mean, quite as horrible as men." Even Mor, his mother, tips us off when she calls Fafhrd "no son of mine." What could be more obvious than the admission by Fafhrd himself, buttressed by the testimony of his mother and his "wife". Even the anonymous narrator lets the true nature of things slip, when he notes that "While Fafhrd slept, the men of the Ice Tribe...had come in..." If Fafhrd was male, the sentence would have referred to the "rest of the men". The only alternative explanation would be that Leiber misused the English language, a charge which cannot be supported when one considers the competence of his work as a whole.

Is this story perhaps anomalous? Was it an elaborate joke Leiber was perpetrating upon his readers? The evidence does not support this interpretation because, even though the evidence in the rest of the stories does not as clearly support the contention that Fafhrd is female, there is sufficient evidence for us to determine that Leiber knew throughout the period in which he wrote them that Fafhrd was in fact female. For example, in THE UNHOLY GRAIL the evil Duke Janarrl refers to Fafhrd as an "effeminate creature". Does this sound like Fafhrd, the mighty barbarian warrior? Indeed, Fafhrd determines that the Duke must die, and I suspect this was meant as a method to conceal the knowledge which the Duke had unearthed. Even in the more recent CURSE OF SNAILS AND STARS Fafhrd refers to women as "co-mates". In the novel, SWORDS OF LANKHMAR, Fafhrd falls into company with a beautiful woman who believed "all men without exception were hairy beasts." How else explain Fafhrd's popularity with her under these circumstances except by accepting the fact that the tall silent warrior was actually a woman?

This new interpretation obviously casts a revealing light on all of the stories, but before we can utilize it properly - a goal which will be deferred to another time - we must first deal with another problem. For if Fafhrd is in fact a woman, as we have heretofore demonstrated, then the relationship with the Gray Mouser suddenly be-

comes perplexing. Initially, I suspected that the Mouser was actually gay. Remember that Leiber told us he was once named "Mouse" however, and then study the following quote from that same introduction alluded to earlier. "The Mouser's antecedents were more cryptic and hardly to be deduced from his childlike stature, gray garb, mouse-skin hood shadowing flat swart face, and deceptively dainty rapier..." Could it be more obvious? The slight stature, concealing hood, and the "dainty" weapon clearly point to the fact that the Gray Mouser is also female. This also explains why neither of the two were able to join the Thieves' Guild and were forced to operate outside of its protection despite the fact that they were known as the "two best thieves in Lankhmar". For the Thieves' Guild, as is well known, only accepted males as members.

Leiber provides a great deal of cleverly designed evidence to buttress this contention. For example, in CIRCLE CURSE, the Mouser defiantly shouts, "Damn your pronouns!", indicating his contempt for the differentiation between genders. In ILL MET IN LANKHMAR, his swordthrust is described as being "with the delicacy of a princess curtseying." The Mouser dresses in women's clothing in "Thieves' House", and the absence of any sense of wrongness on the part of either of the two "men" is revealing in itself.

In THE PRICE OF PAIN-EASE, we are given a hint of their femininity when Leiber assures us that their actions are "simply their real natures expressing themselves." Later he slyly tells us that "they didn't invite any girls to their charming new home and perhaps for a very good reason." There are hints throughout that perhaps the pair are satisfying each other sexually, and that *this* is the secret of the stability of their friendship. At times, their contempt for the male gender manifests itself. In CLOUD OF HATE, for example, the Mouser refers to men as "the ape who could not reach the apple", clearly a reference to the inferiority of the male sex, where the female sex did in fact acquire the apple of forbidden knowledge. Perhaps this is as well a clever allusion to the concealed knowledge of the true sex of the adventurers.

ADEPT'S GAMBIT describes the Mouser's obsession with one sex passing for another. He becomes fascinated with the enigmatic Ahura only when he begins to suspect she is really a man in disguise, the mirror image of his and the Mouser's impersonation. Perhaps he was looking for methods of refining their technique. And in THE TWO BEST THIEVES IN LANKHMAR, Fafhrd expresses his own dislike of the more significant role of men in the primitive culture of Newhon. "Am I to understand that you trust men simply because they are men? That were a greater failing than the one you impute to me." In the same tale, the supposedly lusty Mouser gives away his own disguise in an unwary moment when he exclaims, "I am injured, I'll have you know, to the ensorcelments of all the world's minxes and nymphs." The statement practically speaks for itself.

Sheelba, one of the two sorcerous mentors of the pair, is a product of his primitive culture and accepts the comparative role of the two genders. In SWORDS OF LANKHMAR, he provides them with a potion, and tells them "It will give you a power to deal with rats...which no complete man has ever possessed on Earth before." Why the allusion to a "complete man"? Clearly, this is a reference to the legendary creation of a woman from a man's rib. As women, therefore, Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser are incomplete men, and Sheelba's magic power has allowed him to penetrate their disguise. And finally, in CURSE OF SNAILS AND STARS, the two refer to the crew as "our grown-up unweaned babes". Nearing the ends of their lives, the two recognize that they have never taken the time to raise a family, and their maternal instincts surface and fixate on the crew of their ship.



Why the elaborate charade? Only the author could tell for certain. Certainly it is a tribute to his authorial skill that he could leave so many indications of the true nature of his protagonists sprinkled through the stories without anyone ever having spotted them before. But hopefully this article will lead to renewed research and the Fafhrd and Gray Mouser stories will take their rightful place as prime examples of feminist awareness in heroic fantasy literature.

THE END

(Postscript: Although the foregoing makes use of the traditional academic devices of quotations out of context, reinterpretation to make a point not intended by the author, and galluping misrepresentation of facts, all of the quotes are real.)

---Don D'Amassa

Don't you memorize every word in every FAPA mailing?

Come to think of it, I sometimes have the impression that Eney memorizes every mailing backwards.

Terry Carr, *LIGHTHOUSE* No. 4

Our hotel was in Cattolica, one of many resorts which stretch for miles along the eastern coast of Italy, between Venice and Ancona. The Tourist Industry is the only money-earning business in town, and the period of commerce in this direction only lasts for six months, during which the local populace have to earn enough to last for the remaining unproductive six months. This tends to galvanise the Italians into some sort of action, which is entirely contrary to their natural inertia, and the import of the situation is clearly shown by the decisive way they've cut down their daily siesta to only five hours.

---John Berry, 1971 - *Adriatic Host - Italy & San Marino*, *RETREAT FROM MOGONISSI*, 1986

UP THE ROCKIES and DOWN THE EXPO

BY ERIC BENTCLIFFE

Writing about vacation-travel is a fannish tradition still well observed, if not always logically so, and it is I suppose only typical of my own approach to the subject that I should write about my 1986 journeyings *before* those of 1984....or even of 1897! The why of it all being that some vacations are more writeable about than others, though logic being what it is these days this isn't always my *raison d'etre*. I haven't written about recent years superb vacations in Switzerland and Italy because whilst I (and Beryl) thoroughly enjoyed them, and returned from them all with terrific memories and photos, nothing inspires me to share those particular memories. We love mountains and lakes and the serenity, peace, and relaxation found in high and favourite places, but they aren't easy to write about.....and anyway, a description of such doesn't exactly move right along. Does it?

I did intend an account of our 1984 excursion to the western USA, still do for that matter. I mean, when you visit Los Angeles, Trimbles, Disneyland, Robert Bloch, The Grand Canyon, the LASFS clubroom, Las Vegas, Yosemite, and San Francisco, you should have a lot to write about. Write on, and I think I'm still suffering from sensory overload. It's either that or the shudders I'm still suffering after going on Disney's diabolical Space Mountain ride under the severe misapprehension that it was a gentle journey through space and not one of the top-ten most frightening rides in the USofA. Shutting your eyes doesn't help at all when everything is pitch black, I discovered! (Warning to future space-travellers, make sure the stars are out before you take a trip; Beware Of Black Holes; take a good strong flashlamp with you on all journies.) Those memories are vivid and fold in amongst themselves like a technicolor tesseract. Perhaps in another couple of years I'll be stricken with a thought that will put them into some linear perspective. Watch this space, eh, but not too closely.

Meanwhile, autumn of '85 saw us struck with an urge to re-visit the Pacific Northwest. We'd been there before in 1980, but we hadn't seen all we wanted to *partly* because we stayed the first half of the holiday with some distant relatives who were kind and thoughtful but who assumed we would want to spend our time visiting *other* distant relatives and also that was a wet Vancouver summer and you never could see across Burrard Inlet, even. We did have a very fine time the second half of that holiday with Frank & Ann-Jo Denton in the Seattle area, though.

So when our next-door neighbours (who have friends in Vancouver) said they were thinking of going to EXPO '86 it didn't take us many days to ripost with "right, we'll see you there!" Probably, to their utter consternation... "but we'll be going by a different route", I hastily added to restore their equilibrium. As previously mentioned we have a fondness for Mountains and we'd always wanted to see the Rockies, and would it be possible, perhaps? Hmmmm, yes, if we flew to Calgary and hired a car for a couple of weeks and slowly drove to Vancouver (*if* the firm would let me take three-weeks off all together, *if* we could afford it) it looked possible - generally I don't want to drive when I'm on vacation, I do too much of it in the course of business, but I'd found driving around Northern California reasonably relaxing and it was the only way we'd see what we wanted to see at our pace. The next few months were spent in pleasurable further exploration of the possibilities; I enjoy armchair-travelling almost as much as the real thing and a good way to get through Winter is to read about where you may be in Summer - wherever we intend to vacation usually provides me with pleasantly informative maps and brochures and Tourism B.C. combined with Travel Alberta came through with much that was of interest plus a lot of other addresses I could contact for local detail. Some of this latter information was very useful, some of it also was entertaining in its honesty (when compared to your usual tourist hype).... "HOWSER is a small town of 20 people located in the beautiful Lardeau Valley at the end of paved Highway 31. A store and meals are available in nearby Meadow Creek..." (Hmmm - thinks be aware of the term 'nearby' in a country as vast as Canada.) "The Hamil Pass Trail is a must for the adventurous hiker. The trail begins in Argenta, climbs through a canyon, goes through an open alpine area and comes out near Windermere in the Columbia Valley. The hike takes some 5 days..." That's nearby! That's a hike! "The Phoenix Open Pit Mine makes an interesting tour....." Journey to the Centre of the Earth, anyone?

The flight over from Manchester to Calgary by Wardair was 'comfortable' and made memorable only by the fact it was very clear ether over Greenland, and I got some rather superb shots of ice-covered mountains, glaciers, and (I think) the tail-end of a volcanic eruption....in usual mid-Atlantic bemusement I wasn't too sure what I was taking at the time but red-hot glowing lava is all it can be - unless there's a fault in the film!

The world disappeared under a layer of cotton-wool for awhile after Greenland but we found out it was still there and intact as we descended into Edmonton though it did seem to have become much flatter...and the roads were unbelievably straight - evidence perhaps for a good alternate-worlds yarn in which the Romans made it to Canada! Around half the passengers left the 747 here; we carried on for another half hour flight to Calgary.

Nice welcoming airport Calgary, adequately sized for its traffic, and Immigration and Customs swept us through quickly without any hassle; it's nice too, to arrive somewhere where they speak (almost) the same language. I always enjoy arriving somewhere foreign and exotic but some of the gestures encountered in some such places can make one wonder if one is welcome or is about to be cast in a convenient dungeon... it's oft a bit like arriving at a science-fiction convention in Birmingham, you know, particularly around the Balkans.

We stayed three nights in Calgary - having worked out beforehand that it was a three ~~night~~ night town...well, a city we could see the highs of in that period of time. We'd just missed (by design) the annual Calgary Stampede; one sampling of humanity en masse (at EXPO) per vacation being about all we really wanted. I'm sure the Calgary Stampede is a quite spectacular event and highly enjoyable if you are into

the wild-west scene, but if you are more in favour of blaster than six-gun... And we did encounter another unique (I sincerely hope!) phenomenon in that there was a Square-Dancing Jamboree in town. This didn't cause any problems, however, other than our having to occasionally muffle paroxysms of mirth when encountering yet another group of elderly ladies in ultra-short square-dance skirts - I'm sure some of those legs were left over from the Stampede!

And we did enjoy some of the western influences in the area; the morning after we flew in I picked up a hire car and drove out to Heritage Park, a 60 acre re-creation of turn-of-the-century western-Canada, all genuine and very interesting and fun. Apart from the buildings there was a good selection of working transportation of the period, trains and rolling stock, a street-car, bus, etcetera. A good place to regain control of your legs and shake off the jet-lag. And a leisurely drive to get used to the car (a Chevy Cavalier), though I did get lost a couple of times. The next day we visited the Calgary Zoo & Dinosaur Park - unlike America a couple of years back the weather was right for walking and both Beryl and I enjoy sightseeing on foot wherever possible - the Zoo was a pleasant one, and the Dinosaur Park very well done with the fibre-glass beasties exhibited in life-like settings. I suppose the highspot of our stay here though was the 600+ foot Calgary Tower which provided spectacular views of the area and civilised beverages...and added to our high-spot collection...Seattle's Space-Needle, LA's Westin Bonaventure Hotel, San Francisco's Coit Tower, The Bernese Oberland's Schilthorn, Rigi, and Jungfrau. I enjoyed them all but nature still impresses me more than mere man-made protuberances so the next day we headed for Banff and The Rockies.

I found the eighty mile drive to Banff a pleasant one, the couple of days in Calgary had enabled me to get the feel of the car, the roads were good with excellent sign-posting and traffic fairly light - I was surprised how light the traffic was everywhere we went (outside Vancouver); this was peak holiday time and I'd expected worse. The much slower speed of the vehicles aided relaxing driving, too....when you are used to 80mph M-Way madness it all seemed very civilised. Not that the other-driver was any more predictable and the current Canadian campaign (in Western States, at least) for everyone to drive with headlights-on was creating some problems in that, typically, those with headlights ablaze appeared to consider they could overtake anywhere with impunity! Personally, I think the solution is a sensor which would automatically switch headlights on when the light-level falls below a certain level, in *all* countries. It shouldn't be that difficult, either!

Banff is very pleasantly situated in the Albertan Rockies and within the Banff National Park. We arrived there well in time for lunch, checked into the Mount Royal Hotel, then took a walk 'round the town to decide where to eat....which wasn't difficult, Banff is a centre for anyone touring the area and is well endowed with every kind of eatery both junk-food and *real-food* (Thank Ghu!) With the world-wide growth of the diabolical McDonalds and similar 'eateries', I'm considering starting a campaign for Real-Food in the manner of Camra - I must say, though, that we were pleasantly surprised in the choice of food available wherever we went on this vacation; there was a plethora of junk-food outlets but there was also some excellent reasonably-priced restaurants serving a wide variety of fine-fodder. We had experienced difficulty finding such on our California trip and this was an unexpected bonus. The apparent fact that the ethnic mix was mainly European-base is a factor, I think.

We stayed in Banff for the next three nights, spending the rest of the day we arrived exploring the immediate vicinity and the two following days touring farther

afield. Banff is in a rather splendid setting and we could happily have stayed *there* three weeks - if time and money had been infinitely stretchable - apart from the beauty of the Bow River and the surrounding mountains there was the superb Banff Springs Hotel worthy of extended exploration. This gothic pile was originally built in a superb position by the CPR and helped create the town of Banff by its popularity; among other things it has possibly the most scenic golf-course in the World and whilst I am not a golfer I could become one if I lived around here - though I suspect I'd have trouble keeping my eye on the ball due to the fantastic views.

The next day we were up bright and early, and eager for further fine views, headed off to Lake Louise, 35 miles westish of Banff.

"KILLDOZER WUZ HERE!"

And it was on this day's excursion that we encountered a slight contretemps, a case of mal de mort, even. During my reading about the area I'd come across a recommendation that when journeying from Banff to L. Louise one should take the highly scenic alternate Bow Valley Parkway Hwy 1A, instead of staying with the Trans-Canada Hwy 1. So I did, but what no signs told us, and unbeknownst to the travel-guides, the Highways-ministry had decided this would be a good year for slowing the Bentcliffe's down. After some ten miles or so the well-paved road turned into a rutted track and almost immediately afterwards into a convincing mock-up of trench warfare in WW1 with the part of tanks being taken by vast Dumpers and Graders. I've never seen anything like it, the 'ruts' were *deep* and the car bottomed out several times and my only consolation was that if we did bog down at least there was stuff around that could easily elevate us fifty feet or so. Apart from these mechanical behemoths the wasteland was populated at infrequent intervals with orange-garbed individuals whose orange paddles (similar to those you see at airports) could occasionally be seen waving you on from in a nearby hole. Fortunately, Lake Louise - when we eventually reached it - was beautiful, tranquil, and peaceful and worth the journey and Moraine Lake & Johnston Canyon were equally rewarding, but we went back on Hwy 1.

The next day we drove up the Icefield Parkway - again, carefully avoiding Hwy 1A. This is a quite fantastic road closely paralleling the Continental Divide, built expressly to display the splendour of the Rockies and is closed to commercial traffic, running for some 145 miles between Banff and Jasper following the Continental Divide. The scenery is quite awesome. The weather had been mixed the last couple of days as it often is in the mountainous regions, tending to start the day overcast with an odd shower or rain but brightening as the day went on, and today was no exception. However, somehow this enhanced the spectacular nature of the surroundings - sure it would have been *nice* to see it all bathed in sunshine (it was late July!) but this was how it really was; at our first stop at Peyto Lake snow had fallen overnight providing contrast in the alpine meadows for the wild flowers of summer. And as the day progressed the clouds lifted, displaying really magnificent vistas - if I find it difficult to exhibit a sense-of-wonder about s-f any longer, a journey like this reminds me that I still have one. We drove over seventy miles along the Parkway, stopping at many of the superb viewpoints, taking a mountain trail here, investigating a canyon there - the Parks Authority have done a marvellous job of providing off-road, well-screened parking from which trails can be walked, tracks climbed to highspots of

scenic wonder....Bow Lake, Mistaya Canyon, Crowfoot Glacier, to name but a few. We arrived back in Banff that night somewhat footsore and weary but refreshed in mind.

Next morning we resumed our journeying in a westerly direction along the Trans-Canada Highway into Yoho National Park and now, as a bonus the skies cleared completely and the weather was warmer (indeed, it stayed bright and sunny and warm for the rest of our vacation). The Trans-Canada Highway in this region is a superb road; it is well-maintained and very interesting to drive, alternating between 7000 ft. mountain passes and narrow valleys and, as becomes apparent, was constructed under extreme difficulty with a great deal of derring-do - first came the explorers, then incredibly (when you see the terrain) the railway (yes, alright, first the alien terrain then the train...) which was built using river-boats and lake-steamers in the valley bottoms and on the flat bits, mule-trains on the higher sections. Quite a lot later the Trans-Canada Highway followed the route of the railway. And I'm most grateful to all those early pioneers and Chinese workers. And again, the Parks department provided interesting and spectacular side-trips; to the Takakkaw Falls a 1260 ft. waterfall reached by a pleasant (if torturous) drive up the scenic Yoho river valley, and to Emerald Lake, a sizeable body of water which we walked 'round in a couple of hours enjoying great views and a superb serenity. Disturbed only slightly by the thought that we were in Bear Country.....and that one shouldn't feed the wild life!

That night we stayed in Golden - a *two*-horse town - midway between Yoho National Park and Glacier National Park, a little too exhausted to go downtown and watch the traffic-lights change, we watched tv for awhile in our motel and had an early night. Next morning we arose rather earlier than is our wont, woken by the lonesome-wail of a passing freight-train, but were rather glad we had been; a mountain mist was only slowly dispersing and the sight of huge Mack trucks which had overnighted down the road pluming their exhausts as they warmed up ready to tackle the next mountain was an evocative one.

So much hyperbole is used these days that it is quite difficult (if not impossible) to convey the true majesty of such areas as this - hire the slide-show that illustrates the journey, it comes complete with operator for airline ticket and expenses! - but we certainly encountered more of it as our journey continued through Glacier National Park, over Rogers Pass and into Revelstoke National Park where I was to make a slight error of judgement - i.e., to drive up to the 6,000 ft. summit of Mt. Revelstoke. It wasn't just the dirt ~~track~~ road wound its way past increasingly horrific precipices, 'round tighter and tighter bends, past huge 'Avalanche Overdue' signs; oh no, those were just a precursor for the horror to come when we reached the Summit - hoards of extremely voracious mosquitos!! There was a noisome toilet up at six-thousand feet that was drawing them from all over western Canada and we were to be dessert.

Even if I can't recommend Mt. Revelstoke summit for other than its scenic splendour (glimpsed briefly as we ran back to the car) I can advise anyone passing through the town to stay at the Swiss Chalet Motel, run by a Bavarian couple who only cook for their guests and do it superbly. Don't go if you are a Burger-fan, but if you like food.... And the area also has an interesting ghost-town, Three Valley Gap, a good assemblage of late-19th and early-20th century shacks, saloons, and cabins brought here from throughout the region to form a 'typical' town. I must admit that collecting *buildings* is one facet of the sport I hadn't thought of. From hereon in our westward journey the scenery ceased to be awesome and became merely spectacular and as I've almost run out of adjectives anyway I'll skip more lightly over the miles yet to cover to Vancouver. We averaged around 100 miles a day in a straight-line, con-

tinuing to take sidetrips of interest; we stayed overnight with relatives at Salmon Arm (set in beautiful lake country), and in motels at Kamloops and Cache Creek where the scenery is pure Apache-country. We spent a fascinating day driving through the Fraser Canyon, alongside the Mighty Fraser River and its awe-inspiring rapids, "Oooh, look at the rafts go 'round and 'round in circles, Dad, they didn't mention they did. that in the brochure!" I did not make the error of rafting down the Fraser, you will note, these extra typos are due just to the thought of having done so.

We also stayed overnight at Hope (named, I suspect, for abandon hope all those who attempt to traverse the Fraser Canyon by pack-mule or boat)...it says much for the intelligence of the Indian race that no trace exists of them having been in this area) and at Langley; reaching Vancouver after a *very* enthralling two weeks. To once more be enthralled by Vancouver and EXPO '86. Vancouver, when the sun shines, is a quite beautiful city and on this visit (unlike our previous one) the sun did shine and one could see across Burrard Inlet to north Vancouver and the mountains beyond. San Francisco is scenic but on a Good Day Vancouver has it beat, I think. And from the 17th floor of the Century Plaza where we stayed for the next seven nights one could see a lot, in fact the nighttime views of the city were so superb that whatever time we came in we just sat and admired it until sleep crept upon us; it certainly beat the hell out of anything on television. The activity of the city, and the excitement of EXPO, provided a fine contrast to the earlier part of our trip - point and counterpoint, as it were.

Yes, EXPO '86, the 1986 World Exposition, and its twin themes of Transport and Communication, was very exciting and I'm somewhat amazed at its having received so little fannish attention. I recall sending Vince Clarke a postcard from there with a comment of corn that "This is where the future is!" and, I wasn't really joking... the twin-themes of this Worlds' Fair are integral to all science-fiction.

Allrighty, to get there wasn't exactly inexpensive - we put off certain *essential* household-renewal purchases, saved hard, and I sold a fair slice of my collection to make it possible - but Vancouver isn't any further (less accesible) than recent Worldcons have been for that widely scattered body known as fandom and it surely presented the attendee with a larger slice of wonder than any of those can do these days, rewarding him/her with all kinds of mind-boggling experiences. The only fanzine mention I've seen was made by Frank Denton - is it only *old* fans who still possess a sense-of-wonder? Could be, I suppose...it's been the thing for many years to act blase and worldly whether you are or not and, eventually, what you act becomes what you are I suspect. Is fandom more interested in reading its own entrails than in how reality and science-fiction interface??

The main EXPO site covered 173 acres along False Creek (more than double the size of Disneyland) - an ideal position since it allowed inter-site transport by water (in-on everything from hovercraft to paddlewheelers to rafts), as well as by monorail, and cable-car. All of which was covered in the price of admission...as was almost everything else within EXPO except food and drink. Of course, you could also *walk* and we did, spending three days at the fair...we didn't see everything and I suspect the only visitors who did were local residents with season tickets, but we saw a lot; there were over 80 pavillions representing a worldwide participation and providing supremely diverse examples of what Transport and Communication meant to them....literally, from rickshaws to spaceships, from drum-language to holograms.

Oh, no, we didn't see everything and if it hadn't been for our discovery of the egress-gambit and its subsequent refinement we would have seen far less. As each day wore on queues for many of the pavillions and shows became longer and longer and

deterred us from even attempting to investigate their wonders (there was, anyway, much else of wonder to be seen all around as one strolled the sight and absorbed the atmosphere (My Name Is Osmosis!)); it was all like a giant Disneyland for adults. However, almost by chance we found ourselves close by the Chinese Pavillion exit as a swirl of folk left causing much confusion as they all tried to recall where they were and where they wanted to be next and discovered it wasn't too difficult to casually drift into the pavillion against the tide. This modus operandi once discovered was subsequently used to great effect wherever there were long queues and convenient exits; whilst declaiming such phrases as, "... well we'd better go back and look for them!" whenever we were met with querying expressions. Naturally, this did result in our seeing some of the exhibitions from back to front instead of past to future but that is not a big problem when you have a cosmic mind.

I am not even going to attempt to list the wonders seen, the pleasures gained, this would turn a great experience into a meaningless (to you) catalogue - but I can't resist mention of the superb CN IMAX 3-D FILM, the Swiss 'JOLLYBALL' exhibit (which *must* have been designed by the shade of Heath Robinson with an assist by Rowland Emmett), the Roundhouse presentation on failed-inventions (very Wellsian), the HYSTAR jet-airship, the U.S.S.R. Pavillion, and the themed areas; the Land Plaza, Marine Plaza, and Air Plaza exhibiting a tremendous variety of craft - in both senses of the word.

I think our only indifferent EXPO experience was when we encountered some purely plastic lasagna at what had appeared to be a genuine trattoria; genuine it wasn't, in fact the dangling greenery was more edible than the "food". Why do they have to make it taste as though it just came out of the can....is this what vast (in more ways than one) multitudes want, the Kiddies and the Biggies and the tv-dinner addicts? Fortunately soon afterwards we discovered the Swiss pavillion's restaurant where they served fine regional specialities at reasonable prices (providing you ate before 4:30), and some absolutely inspired sweets at no more than the false-ristorante was charging for its abominations. We ate there the rest of our time at EXPO. Oh yes, Biggies... we'd never seen as many of them *en masse* (*en mass*?) as at EXPO, and in shorts too, it was like looking in one of those distorting-mirrors they used to have around fun-fairs. At least I now know where Kelly Freas got his inspiration for heavy-planet mutations.

We did other things around Vancouver as well as attend EXPO, of course: took a fine ferry boat ride across to Vancouver Island and supremely kitch B.C. capital Victoria...a pleasant boat ride but Victoria is a little too twee with Victorian (what else?) buildings redolent of Bath or Buxton or Bognor, its "Englishness" over-accentuated to attract American tourists - a Scots-piper playing outside 'Ye Olde Pig And Whistle' typifies the atmosphere. Thought the totem-pole he was leaning against did lend it a certain pleasing incongruity! Another boat-ride, up Howe Sound to Squamish was more typical of the area and its scenic beauty and more enjoyable, and we rode the rail back behind the beautifully preserved old steam-engine Royal Hudson. Great. We also spent an hour or so with our Holmeses Chapel next door neighbours and their friends in Richmond, even. But a good closing-memory is the very fine view from the 180 metre Harbour Centre Tower which we admired for several hours, with a civilised drink, and the late-evening sun gilding Vancouver harbour, Stanley Park, and the city's skyscraper heart.

That image sustained me through the bout of jet-lag that we suffered on arriving back home. Y' know, I've flown the Atlantic (return) four times now and on each occasion the *easterly* return flight has produced a far greater degree of ennui and exhaustion than the *western*; and Bob Shaw reports a similar phenomenon. Is it the

same for everyone? And can you avoid it entirely by circumnavigating the world in a westerly direction? Hmmm, this could give the term round-trip a whole new meaning. And, By Ghu, what must the Russian astronauts feel like after months of orbiting if it doesn't work that way. No wonder they are such a dour lot.

---Eric Bentcliffe

SALE ITEMS

Here we go folks, your *last* chance to buy from me (c'mon, you are not holding your breath waiting for the next issue of HTT, now are you?) the following three items. ALL of the proceeds from the sale of the first two items will be evenly split between TAFF and DUFF whilst all monies derived from the sale of number three will go towards DUFF (and I expect them to arrive there).

THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE-FICTION FANDOM - 6th edition, edited by Mike Glycer and Marty Cantor, 1984. Cover and all interior illos by Brad Foster - the artwork is relevant to the text, AND very good, to boot. This is the latest edition of Bob Tucker's classic introduction to our hobby - updated. You do not have to be a neo to enjoy this zine - it is a must for all fanzine collections. Price for all 22 pages - US\$1.00

THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR by Walt Willis & Bob Shaw, with illustrations by Dan Steffan. This is the 1983 edition which was funded by and first distributed at CONSTELLATION, the 41st Worldcon. Eighth edition (the first edition is dated 1954). Another classic, impeccably reproduced, also a must for all fanzine collections. SCIFFI purchased the remaining stock from CONSTELLATION and gave it to me to sell as a fundraiser for both TAFF and DUFF. Buy your copy now for US\$2.00.

THE 1985 DUFF TRIP REPORT (doublebacked): TALES OF DUFFBURY by Robbie Cantor (21 pages) and DUFFBURY TALES by Marty Cantor (43 pages) with both covers done by Mel White who also drew the relevant interior illos. Layout by Pat Mueller. Double-columned format, right-justified mimeozine. As of this writing it is still only the second North American DUFF trip report to fully see print. Excellent repro, two reports for the price of one. US\$5.00

The price of postage has gone up again - *sigh* - add the following money to the above prices and I will send your order at the fastest class of mail your money will buy (with any remaining odd cents going to the funds): North America - any one zine, US\$1.00, any two (or all three) zines, US\$2.00. Outside of North America: any one zine, US\$2.00, any two (or all three) zines, US\$3.00.

Genocide is impolite.

BILL ROTSLER

and

DAN STEFFAN



DRAT!

DRAT!

DRAT! DRAT!

DRAT DRAT

HEY BUDDY!
WHY SA MATTY?
DOWN IN
THE DUMPS?
hahahaha



ZAP! ZAP!
ZAP!

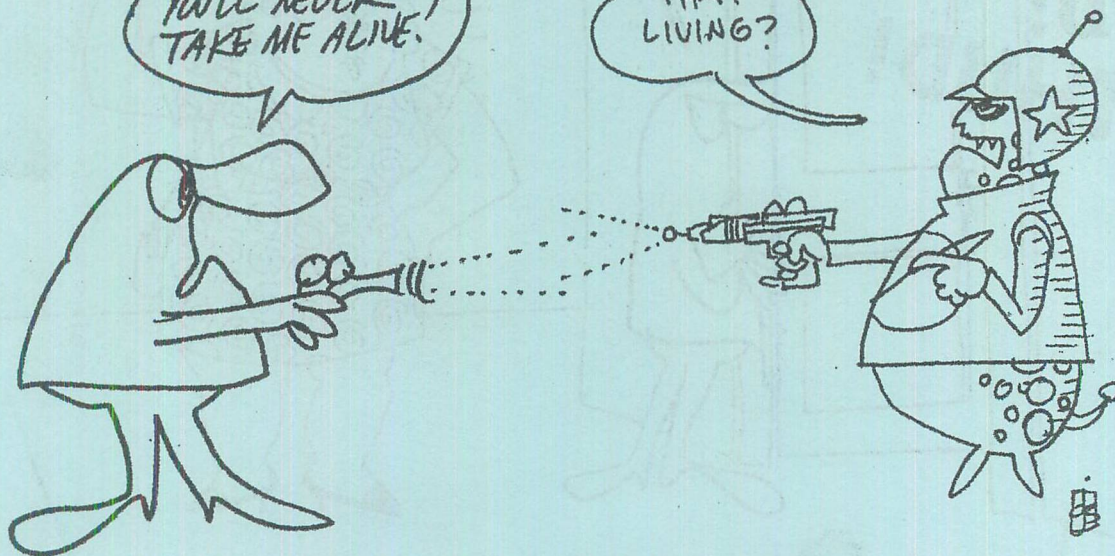
ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!

YOU'LL NEVER
TAKE ME ALIVE!

YOU CALL
THAT
LIVING?



THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PROZINE LETTERHACK

BY MILT STEVENS

Every article begins with the process of sorting through potential topics. I considered doing a deconstructionist analysis of some Vargo Statten novels. No, his novels were pretty much deconstructed from the beginning. I thought about telling you how I saved Sir Francis Drake from Hell. No, I've told that story before. Then it occurred to me that letter writing is a topic that is almost never dealt with in fanzines. Do you realize that fanzines devote more space to the topic of throwing-up than to the topic of writing letters? This is sort of strange considering the amount of time fans spend writing letters compared to the amount of time they spend throwing-up. Or at least, I hope most fans spend more time writing letters than throwing-up.

In the beginning, some of the people who wrote letters to the science fiction magazines started writing to each other. Once the spirit of fannishness was loose in the world, fans couldn't keep their act cleaned up for very long. Soon there came the First Staple War. (It was "First" by analogy to the First World War. However, there never was a Second Staple War.) Since I wasn't doing much in the way of prenatal fanac at the time, I have to rely on Fancyclopedia II for an account of the First Staple War.

"In 1934 Bob Tucker announced, in Brass Tacks, formation of the Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Science Fiction Magazines; the dictator of the organization, of course, being Tucker. Recruits to the number of about 35 came, with suggestions for such things as rubber staples, or sticking the magazine together with chewing gum - a different flavor every month. At last Don Wollheim could endure it no longer, and precipitated the First Staple War by launching the International and Allied Organizations for the Purpose of Upholding and Maintaining the Use of Metallic Fasteners in Science Fiction Publications in the United States of America, Unltd. Wollheim was Grand High Cucolorum of the Force and all other members had suitable titles, except one suspected of being a spy who was deprived of his title."

"Not satisfied with mere conservatism, Wollheim at length announced the Platinum Plan. In accordance with this, wire staples were to be made of platinum; then, after the stfnist had finished reading the magazine, he could take out the staples and sell them for more than he paid for the magazine. This would boom the circulation of stf magazines and carry science fiction to the world."

There was assorted other silliness. The metallic forces generated a military arm known as the Ultra-Violet Shirt Shocked Troops. The anti-staple faction was infiltrated, so that the second issue of their official publication was stuck full of wire staples by the time it was distributed. All this activity was ended by the first Tucker Death Hoax. When Editor Tremaine discovered he had been had he tossed everybody out with stern warnings never to darken his letter column again. Thus Brass Tacks has remained a bastion of the sercon unto this very day.

There are things that oldtime fans don't talk about. There are things worse than "Ah Sweet Idiocy." There are things worse than the Cosmic Circle. There are things worse than Little Willie Poems. In fact, there are things like... SERGEANT SATURN. Fancyclopedia II describes Sergeant Saturn as, "The lettercolumn editor of the Standard Magazines (Startling and Thrilling Wonder) for a best-forgotten period." Obviously, what some folks want to forget are the things that other folks find most amusing to remember. So I pulled out my copies of Thrilling Wonder Stories from 1941 to 1946 (which was the period when Sergeant Saturn was running amok and atwitter through the letter columns) and did a quick skim. Here is a sample of a typical Sergeant Saturn intro from the Fall 1945 issue of Thrilling Wonder Stories.

"Bring out the beautifying mirror, Snaggle-Tooth...and the Xeno juice. Let's see if I'm still any use!"

"Uuugghh! Dark worlds and meteor showers! It's warm this season of the year on the sunny side of Venus when the fog removers are at work. So tell me, Frogeyes, why is my tongue wearing this heavy coat?"

"Ah, well, slack and Mercurian hop-skip-and-jumptoads! When mere earthlings dare to defy Sarge, anything can happen, even lingual overcoats in a Venusian July. Next week, Wartears, the Galactic Council will probably outlaw Xeno - but no, that would be the end."

"Ah, Xeno. Thank you, Snaggle old tooth. At times you have your uses. The Sarge feels better able to face this blast from earth. Onc. M. Katerman of Reading, Pennsylvania - outlandish name for a place, what, Snaggie? - has defied the Sarge in the following caterwaul. Caterwaul from Katerman - not bad for an old space toddler - and don't throw any more Venusian crocodile tears at me, Frogeyes. The Sarge can't help half punning. But here is the dire missive that has reduced us to such pitiful condition:"

Sort of sets your teeth on edge, doesn't it? Of course, the letter writers tried to match the editorial style set by Sergeant Saturn, and the overall effect was something like a scientificational Romper Room. While skimming through this stuff, I noted the names of those people who are still around fandom and who are not currently paying me hush money. Those people include Chad Oliver, Gerry de la Ree, Leroy Tackett, and Rick Sneary. While I'm not absolutely sure of it, I think that one D.W. Boggs of Minneapolis is aka Redd Boggs. There were also a couple of future pros among the letter writers; Lin Carter and Milton Lesser. Some of the letter writers were well known fans at the time but have been gone from the field for a long time. These include Charles Lee Riddle, Al Ashley (of "Apologize Al Ashley" fame), and Joe Kennedy (who later became a litprof and well known poet under the name X.J. Kennedy).

Even bad things eventually come to an end. When Sam Merwin became editor for the Standard Magazines he wanted to make them at least a little bit more mature than they had been. So Sergeant Saturn, his eldritch associates, and their Xeno vat were cast into outer darkness.

The prize for utter peculiarity in letter columns would have to go to Amazing during the period of the Shaver Mystery. While looking through the letter columns of 1947, I had difficulty figuring out what the gibberish was supposed to mean at all. Ray Palmer claimed that Amazing had received 15,000 letters regarding the Shaver Mystery with 3000 of them recounting Shaverian experiences. Shaverian experiences included ancient cave cities, flying saucers, psychic phenomena, and just about any other damn fool thing you could think of. Of the letters I could figure out at all, one was talking about a cave in Mojave that contained 7000 mummified dwarves. Another letter was talking about a Shaverian cure for arthritis caused by gold salts. Since

gold doesn't form salts or any other compounds, I'm not sure what this could have meant. To fandom's credit, none of these letter writers were recognizable fans. Fandom at the time was entirely opposed to Palmer, Shaver, and everything they were doing.

For a brief period in the seventies, Shaver was writing to Donn Brazier's letterzine "Title." He was still going on about the things he had been going on about in the forties. It was readily apparent that he was entirely nuts.

Throughout the forties and fifties, some prozine letterhacks proved to be as persistent as athletes foot. A regular prozine reader who was not in fandom (like myself in the fifties) could recognize the names of the regular letterhacks. Even in the late fifties, fans like Marty Fleischman and Kent Moomaw seemed to have letters in just about every issue of every prozine. At a time when there were still about twenty prozines that was no small feat.

Historically speaking, the beginning of the end for the prozine letterhacks was the appearance of the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. It was the first prozine of any duration that didn't even have a letter column. H.L. Gold in Galaxy initially intended to have a letter column but no editorials. A reader survey indicated a preference for the exact opposite policy, so Galaxy didn't have a letter column. Another factor that was going against the letter columns was that the newer digest sized magazines had a lot less space than the old pulps had.

The prozine letter columns of today are pitiful lizards in comparison to their dinosaur ancestors. And what's worse, they aren't even very healthy lizards.

---Milt Stevens

MORE EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

BY MARTY CANTOR

The Hyundai automobile is relatively new in the USA (although it had been exported from South Korea to Canada for several years before being sent to this country). The Excel model, brand new from the company, was the first model sent here with the first autos arriving on these shores about five months before I purchased mine. I continue to receive inquiries (including those in locs as I mentioned my purchase some issues ago) about the auto, so here is a general reply to all of that. I have had the auto for two years and it has on it 18,000 miles. So far it is the most reliable auto I have ever owned. Aside from regular quarterly service it has been into the shop for non-regular service ONLY for the following things: installation of air conditioning, adjusting the speedometer, sewing in the driver's rubber floormat which kept slipping forward, tyre balance, and the replacement of a door handle which an inept thief had broken whilst attempting to break into the auto. Now, if only the auto were not so outrageously RED in colour.....

At work the boss has decided that we need the money that extended hours can bring to us (we are, after all, on Hollywood Boulevard in the heart of Hollywood, and hordes of tourists pass by every day). So he has hired a part time clerk, given his son (who has worked for us for a few months) some more work-hours, and changed the hours which both he and I work. I now work a straight 40 hour week (2½ hours less than before). Actually, I work a bit more than this (and always have) because I do not count the few hours a week I work before the shop opens. The major change, though, is that I now work four 10-hour days, having off Friday, Saturday, & Sunday. Hooray!

---Marty

LAST YEAR'S GLORY

(COVER CHARGE 3)

BY TARAL

If it's odd that "no award" was voted as often as it was in 1987, what can you say about Noah Ward's Hugo as Best Fan Artist? Yet that's who won... according to the way the ballots were counted until the change to the Australian Run-Off System. In a plain count of first place votes, Noah Ward beat Brad Foster by a slim margin of 133 to 126. Only the category of Best Fan Writer came anywhere close to this, but even so Dave Langford won with a two-to-one margin. How did it happen that fandom nearly decided no practising artist in 1987 was worthy of its highest honour?

Unfortunately, this article doesn't have an answer.

However, it may surprise you in several small ways if you'll bear with me.

Not long ago I was writing to a friend, and began to say "even to be nominated was ah honour shared by few. Only --" Only HOW many people, I suddenly had to know, had ever been nominated as best fan artist. Without Howard Devore's excellent little booklet recording all past winners and nominees in all categories, for all awards associated with the Worldcon, the question was more easily asked than answered. The fan art award, fortunately, dates back to only 1967. As it happened I had an unbroken run of program books going back to just that year, and spent an hour or so copying down names. Then another while playing with the data.

Looking through the program books made one thing quite clear. No one gives a golly-goddamn about last year's nominees. Although nomination for a Hugo is supposed to be an honour in itself, the honour is wiped from the slate each year by the neglect of the concom to keep a public record. This is not the time-binding of stfnists; this is Warhol's fifteen minutes.

Even the rocket itself tarnishes fast. In 1984, for example, LA Con spelled Vaughn Bode's name G*e*o*r*g*e B*a*r*r.

The second thing I learned was that 29 people had been nominated. It was a fairly elite body.

To replace the nominees in the public record, if only for another brief moment:

Nominees

George Barr	67	68	69	70	--	--	--	--	75	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--
Jack Gaughan	67	68	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--
Jeff Jones	67	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--
Steve Stiles	67	68	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--
ATom	67	68	--	--	--	--	73	--	--	--	--	79	--	--	--	--	--	--	87
Bjo Trimble	--	68	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

ings is a flat understatement. Canfield himself shares fourth place honours with Joan Hanke-Woods. In fifth spot are George Barr and ATom with five nominations each.

Something that's a little less obvious is that apart from two exceptions, no one wins the fan art Hugo on their first nomination. The first exception is trivial: the first year the award was presented, someone had to win, and could hardly have been nominated before. The other exception is an article of faith. You accept it or not. Vaughn Bode was a whirlwind phenomenon rather than a fan, and broke the rules by winning the Hugo the first and only time he was nominated.

Looking at the data from the point of view of winning the Hugo, however, changes your perspective somewhat.

Winners

George Barr	68
Jack Gaughan	67
Tim Kirk	70 72 73 74 76
Bill Rotsler	75 79
Alicia Austin	71
Phil Foglio	77 78
Alexis Gilliland	80 83 85
Joan Hanke-Woods	84 86
Victoria Poyser	81 82
Brad Foster	87

Ten people. Hardly anyone, really. The number of fan art Hugos that've been given is twenty-one, so the average these people have won is just over two. But the average is only met by Phil Foglio, Joan Hanke-Woods, Bill Rotsler, and Victoria Poyser. Alexis Gilliland exceeds the average by one award. Fully one quarter of all the fan art awards given have been given to none other than Tim Kirk, and everyone else has had to do with a single Hugo.

Perhaps the least obvious, certainly disputable, but potentially most important conclusion I reached from the data is that there are slack periods in fan art. You can safely assume that once an artist appears on the Hugo ballot, he or she remains for a while. Eventually the pressure of support for newer artists displaces them. I extrapolate further to say that the longer it takes for this turnover to happen, the slower new artists are making their mark in fandom. Normally you'd expect every year to debut one or two new artists, and by and large this is the case. But --

There are no new artists appearing on the ballot between 1973 and 1976. This is readily explained as the period in which Tim Kirk had a stranglehold on the award. And in general, older artists dominated fandom from the pages of Locus, SFR, and Algol. Newer artists existed in plenty, but were simply crowded off the ballot.

Although no one new appeared in 1977, things seemed more or less back to normal for a few years. And then the ballot scarcely changed for four years. No new names appeared at all in 81 and 82. The monopoly on the ballot broke at last in 84. Then for the first time since 1979, when Barker and Bell appeared, there were two new names on the ballot, Fox and Foster. The no one again, for three whole years.

That was when I was nominated. And I'm scarcely a "new" artist you know...

Of course, the Earth hasn't halted in its diurnal rotation. Global detente is secure. The stock market will have nothing to blame but itself for a sudden crash.

Conventions will have trouble with hotels as always. Clubs will suffer periodic wrangles. Zines will be published and be looced by Harry Warner Jr. Nothing short of nuclear holocaust will end an apa. Could I make it any clearer that I'm not raising an alarm? And yet I believe fanart is in decline. If fandom is none the worse if it no longer counts artists among its many talented people, the loss will be all the sadder I think.

--Taral



13 YEARS OF FLAWOL

BY MARTY CANTOR

With this being the last issue of HTT for some time I see no reason not to be a bit self-indulgent in some of what I do in this issue. So, and for the public record, here is a list of zines which I have published up to this point in time. As near as I can remember it, I joined LASFS (the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society) a few months before my first zine appeared in APA-L - in the 13+ years since this time I have pubbed many zines with this issue of HTT being number 359. During this stretch I have often used the same zine title for a zine running in a given APA; until, that is, I got tired of it and started either a new string of titles or just changed the title every issue. Ten months into my zine publishing career I stopped numbering my APAzine titles consequetively and began the practise of appending the number of the APA issue as the number of my zine. As I remember it only Dick Eney (in FAPA) mentioned that nobody would ever believe that I had been in the APA long enough to have produced one zine for each issue.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

During my time in fandom I have been in charge of two APAs: APA-L twice (where my title was OC, Official Collator, the continuing title of whoever is currently in charge of that APA), and LASFAPA once (I was the second person to run that APA and I self-titled myself Little Tin God - my successor (and current OE) titles himself Little Sin God). I have not been in LASFAPA for several years but Robbie continues to participate in that APA (she is currently the Emergency Editor) and may possibly take over, eventually, if the current OE follows through on his once-in-a-while noises of giving it up. I have no idea what title Robbie will take.

I have been in several APAs during this 13+ year stint of zineac: APA-L (the APA put out every Thursday night at LASFS), LASFAPA (a Los Angeles' based APA put out every month), FRAPA (a short-lived Friday night APA put out at LASFS), APA-W (an even shorter-lived APA where various LASFS members were cast as woodland characters), MINNEAPA (a usually tri-weekly APA out of Minneapolis), AZAPA (a now-defunct APA out of Phoenix - many well-known fans were at one time or another members of this APA and it is amazing how many are still active 10 or so years after the APA ceased its activity), APA-H (the APA of hoaxes and humour), FAPA (Fantasy Amateur Press Association, fandom's first APA, still going strong, the Elephant's Graveyard of fandom, where old fans go to die), WOOF (World Order Of Faneditors, the APA put out yearly at Worldcon). I have also pubbed for almost ten years this string of 27 HOLIER THAN THOUS.

One Shots: a Hugo Report for distribution at CHICON, a CHICON report, a CONSTELLATION report, a DUFF trip report, and a Fan Guest Of Honour zine for NORWESCON/ALTER-NACON.

I also produced one Six Shot: 6 issues of a DUFF newsletter.

My first issues were produced on Ditto by Jim Hollander, June Moffatt, Thom Digby, and Bruce Arthurs. I started my own ditto production when I purchased the

Niven's ditto machine (later sold to APA-L). Eventually I purchased a mimeo machine from the Trimble and acquired a second machine from the Los Angeles Canadian Consulate when they upgraded to more modern repro methods.

Here are two notes appended to my written list: "Hoo Hah Publication numbers were appended to all of my zines starting in December of 1976 - retroactively - a review of the situation in early May of 1977 shows that almost all of the later numbers are in error, so I have undertaken a complete review of all of my zines and to the best of my knowledge the list is substantially correct." At the time I penned this I had no knowledge of how monstrous the list would become.

"The dates for all of my zines appearing in FRAPA are those dates when my zine was written. All other dates listed are the publication date of the APA in which that zine appeared."

Key to symbols:

(*) - HEPRESS Ditto (Jim Hollader)

(**) - Moffatt House Ditto

(#) - Digby Ditto

(\$) - Arthurs Ditto

(@) - Foot-In-Mouth Press Ditto

(@M) - Foot-In-Mouth Press Mimeo (Trimble machine)

or

Renegade Press (Consulate machine)

(%&*) - Hoo Hah Publication number misnumbered in colophon

So why should you read this thing? Well, aside from its archival value there are some wonderfully putrid titles therein. Search for them.

1. Notes From The Tobacco Works #1 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #522 - May 15, 1975 (*)
2. Notes From The Tobacco Works #2 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #524 - May 29, 1975 (*)
3. Notes From The Tobacco Works #3 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #526 - June 12, 1975 (*)
4. Notes From The Tobacco Works (unnumbered) (1 pgs.) - APA-L #527 - June 19, 1975 (*)
5. Notes From The Tobacco Works #5 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #528 - June 26, 1975 (*)
6. Notes From The Tobacco Works #6 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #530 - July 10, 1975 (*)
7. Notes From The Tobacco Works #7 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #531 - July 17, 1975 (*)
8. Notes From The Tobacco Works #8 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #532 - July 24, 1975 (*)
9. Notes From The Tobacco Works #9 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #533 - July 31, 1975 (*)
10. Notes From The Tobacco Works #10 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #534 - Aug. 7, 1975 (*)
11. Notes From The Tobacco Works #11 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #535 - Aug. 14, 1975 (*)
12. Notes From The Tobacco Works #12 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #536 - Aug. 21, 1975 (*)
13. One Toe Free In The Tobacco Works #1 (with Allan Rothstein) (2 pgs.)
APA-L #536 - Aug. 21, 1975 (*)
14. Notes From The Tobacco Works #13 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #537 - Aug. 28, 1975 (*)
15. One Toe Free In The Tobacco Works #2 (with Allan Rothstein) (2 pgs.) -
APA-L #537 - Aug. 28, 1975 (*)
16. Notes From The Tobacco Works #14 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #539 - Sep. 11, 1975 (*)
17. One Toe Free In The Tobacco Works #3 (2 pgs.) (with Allan Rothstein) -
APA-L # 539 - Sep. 11, 1975 (*)

18. One Toe Free #13 (NFTTW #15 - traded colophons with Allan Rothstein) (2 pgs.)
APA-L #539 - Sep. 11, 1975 (*)
19. Notes From The Tobacco Works #16 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #540 - Sep. 18, 1975 (**)
20. Notes From The Tobacco Works #17 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #541 - Sep. 25, 1975 (**)
21. Notes From The Tobacco Works #18 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #542 - Oct. 2, 1975 (**)
22. One Toe Free In The Tobacco Works #4 (with Allan Rothstein) (2 pgs.)
APA-L #542 - Oct. 2, 1975 (**)
23. Notes From The Tobacco Works #19 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #543 - Oct. 9, 1975 (**)
24. Notes From The Tobacco Works #20 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #544 - Oct. 16, 1975 (**)
25. Notes From The Tobacco Works #21 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #545 - Oct. 23, 1975 (**)
26. Notes From The Tobacco Works #22 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #546 - Oct. 30, 1975 (**)
27. Notes From The Tobacco Works #23 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #547 - Nov. 6, 1975 (**)
28. Notes From The Tobacco Works #24 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #548 - Nov. 13, 1975 (**)
29. Notes From The Tobacco Works #25 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #549 - Nov. 20, 1975 (**)
30. Notes From The Tobacco Works #26 (10 pgs.) - APA-L #550 - Nov. 27, 1975 (**)
Betty Bandy wrote the last 1½ pgs. of this zine
31. Notes From The Tobacco Works #27 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #551 - Dec. 4, 1975 (**)
32. One Toe Free In The Tobacco Works Plus One (with Allan & Larry Rothstein) (4 pgs.)
APA-L #551 - Dec. 4, 1975 (**)
33. Notes From The Tobacco Works #28 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #552 - Dec. 11, 1975 (**)
34. Notes From The Tobacco Works #29 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #553 - Dec. 18, 1975 (**)
35. Notes From The Tobacco Works #30 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #554 - Dec. 25, 1975 (**)
36. Notes From The Tobacco Works #31 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #555 - Jan. 1, 1976 (**)
37. Notes From The Tobacco Works #32 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #556 - Jan. 8, 1976 (**)
38. Notes From The Tobacco Works #33 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #557 - Jan. 15, 1976 (**)
39. Notes From The Tobacco Works #34 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #558 - Jan. 22, 1976 (**)
40. Notes From The Tobacco Works #35 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #559 - Jan. 29, 1976 (**)
41. Notes From The Tobacco Works #36 (1 pg.) - APA-L #560 - Feb. 5, 1976 (**)
42. Cover for APA-L #564 (4 pg. cover) - Mar. 4, 1976 (**)
43. Fools Rush In #37 (1 pg.) - APA-L #565 - Mar. 11, 1976 (**) - meant for prev. wk.
44. Where Angels Fear To Tread #38 (1 pg.) - APA-L #565 - Mar. 11, 1976 (**)
45. FEH #39 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #567 - Mar. 25, 1976 (**)
46. Paranooids of the World Arise #40 (1 pg.) - APA-L #568 - Apr. 1, 1976 (**)
47. How Many LASFS Members Can Dance On The Head Of The Clubhouse Standpipe? #41
(2 pgs.) - APA-L #569 - Apr. 8, 1976 (**)
48. Forty One Years of Hiccoughs #42 (1 pg.) - APA-L #570 - Apr. 15, 1976 (**)
49. GOIK #43 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #571 - Apr. 22, 1976 (**)
50. It's Done With Mirrors #44 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #572 - Apr. 29, 1976 (**)
51. I Have No Mouth And I'm Hungry #45 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #573 - May 6, 1976 (**)
52. Furor Scribendi #46 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #575 - May 20, 1976 (**) - meant for prev. wk.
53. Faster Than A Slow Bullet #47 (1 pg.) - APA-L #575 - May 20, 1976 (**)
54. Notes From The Mad Tobacconist #48 (1 pg.) - APA-L #576 - May 27, 1976 (**)
55. ANNOUNCEMENT (cover for APA-L #577 - with Mike Glycer) (1 pg.) - June 3, 1976
Glycer/club mimeo
56. If It Looks Like A Duck, Walks Like A Duck, And Talks Like A Duck, It's Dan
Goodman #49 (1 pg.) - APA-L #577 - June 3, 1976 (**)
57. A Passing Parade of Typos #50 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #578 - June 10, 1976 (**)
58. In One Ear And Out Your Left Arm-Pit #51 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #579 - June 17, 1976
(**)
59. Issue #52 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #580 - June 24, 1976 (**)

60. Happy Birthday, Declaration of Independence #53 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #581 - July 2, 1976 (**)
61. Primal Whimpering #54 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #582 - July 8, 1976 (**)
62. Hire The Handicapped, They're Fun To Watch #54 (misnumbered - actually #55) (3 pgs.) - APA-L #583 - July 15, 1976 (**)
63. Jabberwocky #56 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #584 - July 22, 1976 (**)
64. Jabberwocky #585 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #585 - July 29, 1976 (**)
65. Jabberwocky #586 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #586 - Aug. 5, 1976 (**)
66. Jabberwocky #587 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #587 - Aug. 12, 1976 (**)
67. Jabberwocky #588 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #588 - Aug. 19, 1976 (**)
68. Jabberwocky #589 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #589 - Aug. 26, 1976 (**)
69. Jabberwocky #590 (1 pg.) - APA-L #590 - Sep. 2, 1976 (**)
70. Jabberwocky #591 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #591 - Sep. 9, 1976 (**)
71. Jabberwocky #592 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #592 - Sep. 16, 1976 (**)
72. Jabberwocky #593 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #593 - Sep. 23, 1976 (**)
73. The Editor's Tirade #594 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #594 - Sep. 30, 1976 (**)
74. The Editor's Tirade #595 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #595 - Oct. 7, 1976 (**)
75. The Editor's Tirade #596 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #596 - Oct. 14, 1976 (**)
76. Solar Constant Road Thingie Department (1 pg.) - APA-L #596 - Oct. 14, 1976 (**)
77. Sea Dragon Conqueror (written as Caine Smithe) (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA #1 - Oct. 16, 1976 (#)
78. The Editor's Tirade #597 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #597 - Oct. 21, 1976 (**)
79. The Editor's Tirade #598 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #598 - Oct. 28, 1976 (**)
80. The Editor's Tirade #599 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #599 - Nov. 4, 1976 (**)
81. It's L (2 pgs.) - APA-L #600 - Nov. 11, 1976 (**)
82. The Editor's Tirade #600 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #600 - Nov. 11, 1976 (**)
83. Mask Of The Red Demiurge (written as Caine Smithe) (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA #2 - Nov. 13, 1976 (#)
84. Fugghhead Of The Year #601 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #601 - Nov. 18, 1976 (**)
85. Weep, Wail, Contrition #602 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #602 - Nov. 25, 1976 (**)
86. I Woke Up Unconscious #603 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #603 - Dec. 2, 1976 (**)
87. Cover for APA-L #604 (1 pg.) - Dec. 9, 1976 (**)
88. Furor Road Thingum #604 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #604 - Dec. 9, 1976 (**)
89. Forest Goblin (written as Caine Smithe) (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA #3 - Dec. 11, 1976 (#)
90. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #605 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #605 - Dec. 16, 1976 (**)
91. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #606 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #606 - Dec. 23, 1976 (**)
92. Aerated Jabberwocky #21 (6 pgs.) - AZAPA #21 - Jan., 1977 (\$)
93. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #607 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #607 - Dec. 30, 1976 (**)
94. An APA-L Editorial From Ye Official Collator (2 pgs.) - APA-L #608 - Jan. 6, 1977 (**) (%&*)
95. The Idea Of Entropy At Maenporth Beach (written as Caine Smithe) (1 pg.) - LASFAPA #4 (thrown out by the OE) - Jan., 1977 (#) (Reprinted on May, 1980 as late postmailing to #4)
96. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #608 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #608 - Jan. 6, 1977 (**) (%&*)
97. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #609 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #609 - Jan. 13, 1977 (**) (%&*)
98. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #610 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #610 - Jan. 20, 1977 (**) (%&*)
99. Aerated Jabberwocky #22 (6 pgs.) - AZAPA #22 - Feb., 1977 (\$) (%&*)
100. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #611 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #611 - Jan. 27, 1977 (**) (%&*)
101. Esacerbating Jabberwocky #5 (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA #5 - Feb., 1977 (#) (%&*)

102. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #612 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #612 - Feb. 3, 1977 (**) (%&*)
103. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #613 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #613 - Feb. 10, 1977 (**) (%&*)
104. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #614 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #614 - Feb. 17, 1977 (**) (%&*)
105. Exacerbating Jabberwocky #6 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #6 - Mar. 12, 1977 (**) (%&*)
106. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #615 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #615 - Feb. 24, 1977 (**) (%&*)
107. DEAR APPY Advises The Fans #616 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #616 - Mar. 3, 1977 (**) (%&*)
108. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #616 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #616 - Mar. 3, 1977 (**) (%&*)
109. Something is Ghoti (1 pg.) - FRAPA #1 - Feb. 25, 1977 - Typed with carbons (%&*)
110. Something Ghotiay #1.5 - FRAPA #1 - Feb. 25, 1977 - Handwritten (%&*)
111. Something Ghotiay #2 - FRAPA #2 - Feb. 26, 1977 (**) (%&*)
112. Aerated Jabberwocky #23 (12 pgs.) - AZAPA #23 - Mar., 1977 (\$) (%&*)
113. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #617 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #617 - Mar. 10, 1977 (**) (%&*)
114. Something Ghotiay This Way Comes #3 (1 pg.) FRAPA #3 - Mar. 5, 1977 (**) (%&*)
115. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #618 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #618 - Mar. 17, 1977 (**) (%&*)
116. Something Ghotiay This Way Comes #4 (1 pg.) - FRAPA #4 - March 12, 1977 (**) (%&*)
117. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #619 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #620 - Mar. 31, 1977 (**) (%&*)
meant for previous week
118. Something Ghotiay This Way Comes #5 (1 pg.) - FRAPA #5 - Mar. 19, 1977 (**) (%&*)
119. Aerated Jabberwocky #24 (12 pgs.) - AZAPA #24 - Apr., 1977 (\$) (%&*)
120. Exacerbating Jabberwocky #7 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #7 - Apr. 15, 1977 (#) (%&*)
121. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #620 (1 pg.) - APA-L #620 - Mar. 31, 1977 (**) (%&*)
122. Something Ghotiay This Way Comes #6 (1 pg.) - FRAPA #6 - March 26, 1977 (**) (%&*)
123. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #621 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #621 - Apr. 7, 1977 (**) (%&*)
124. Something Ghotiay This Way Comes #7 (1 pg.) - FRAPA #7 - April 8, 1977 (**) (%&*)
125. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #622 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #622 - April 14, 1977 (**) (%&*)
126. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #623 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #623 - Apr. 21, 1977 (**) (%&*)
127. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #624 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #624 - Apr. 28, 1977 (**) (%&*)
128. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #8 (18 pgs.) - LASFAPA #8 - May 20, 1977 (#) (%&*)
129. Aerated Jabberwocky #25 (14 pgs.) - AZAPA #25 - May, 1977 (\$) (%&*)
130. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #625 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #625 - May 5, 1977 (**) (%&*)
131. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #626 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #625 - May 12, 1977 (**) (%&*)
132. Close Encoounters of the Worst Kind #2 (1 pg.) - Comment on APA-W #600 -
Charles Lee Jackson Xerox
133. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #627 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #627 - May 19, 1977 (**) (%&*)
134. Vote "None Of The Above" (written with Harry Andruschak) (1 pg.) - premailing for
AZAPA #26 - written May 19, 1977 - printed and mailed by Andruschak
135. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #628 (1 pg.) - APA-L #628 - May 26, 1977 (**) (%&*)
136. Aerated Jabberwocky #26 (8 pgs.) - AZAPA #26 - June, 1977 (\$) (%&*)
137. Something Ghotiay This Way Comes #9 (10 pgs.) - LASFAPA #9 - June, 1977 (#) (%&*)
138. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #629 (1 pg.) - APA-L #629 - June 2, 1977 - Ditto by
Andruschak
139. Reciprocal Jabberwocky #630 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #630 - June 9, 1977 (**) (%&*)
140. Gallstones of Jabberwocky #631 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #631 - June 16, 1977 (**) (%&*)
141. A NOTE FROM THE NEW OE! (1 pg.) - LASFAPA #9 - June 19, 1977 (Ditto by Andruschak)
142. JABBERWOCKY #632 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #632 - June 23, 1977 (**) (%&*)
143. JABBERWOCKY #633 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #633 - June 30, 1977 (**) (%&*)
144. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #27 (7 pgs.) - AZAPA #27 - July, 1977 (\$) (%&*)
145. SOMETHING GHOTIAY THIS WAY COMES #10 (12 pgs.) - LASFAPA #10 - July, 1977 (#) (%&*)
146. STAR WARS - A RATIONAL REVIEW (2 pgs.) - (written July 16, 1977) - APA-L #636,
LASFAPA #10, & WOOF #2 (repro on club mimeo by June Moffatt)

147. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #28 (4 pgs.) - AZAPA #28 - August, 1977 (\$)
148. SOMETHING GHOTIAY THIS WAY COMES #11 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #11 - August, 1977 (#)
149. JABBERWOCKY #641 (1 pg.) - APA-L #641 - August 25, 1977 - Andruschak Ditto)
150. SOMETHING GHOTIAY THIS WAY COMES #12 - LASFAPA #12 - Sept., 1977 (#) (12 pgs.)
151. JABBERWOCKY #642 (1 pg.) - APA-L #642 - Sep. 1, 1977 - Andruschak Ditto
152. A GAGGLE OF LEFTOVER LINOS #643 (4 pgs.) - APA-L #643 - Sep. 7, 1977 (**)
153. A MOUTHFUL OF SPARE FEET #13 (12 pgs.) - LASFAPA #13 - Oct., 1977 - Winston Ditto
154. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #30 (8 pgs.) - AZAPA #30 - Oct., 1977 - Greg Brown
Ditto
155. BEWARE, LEST THE OGRE RETURNETH #31 (1 pg.) - AZAPA #31 - Dec., 1977 - Greg Brown
Ditto
156. HANDBILL #655 (1 pg.) APA-L #655 - Dec. 1, 1977 (@)
157. THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE NEWT #15 (8 pgs.) - LASFAPA #15 - December, 1977 (@)
158. THE RETURN OF JABBERWOCKY #656 (1 pg.) APA-L #656 - December 8, 1977 (@)
159. THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY #31 (4 pgs.) - AZAPA #31 - Dec.,
1977 (@)
160. JABBERWOCKY #657 (1 pg.) - APA-L #657 - Dec. 15, 1977 (@)
161. JABBERWOCKY #658 (1 pg.) - APA-L #658 - Dec. 22, 1977 - (@)
162. SLOW - DANGEROUS FOIBLES AHEAD! #16 (13 pgs.) - LASFAPA #16 - Jan. 1977 (@)
163. JABBERWOCKY #659 (1 pg.) - APA-L #659 - Dec. 29, 1977 (@)
164. JABBERWOCKY #660 (1 pg.) - APA-L #660 - Jan. 5, 1978 (@)
165. JABBERWOCKY #661 (1 pg.) - APA-L #661 - Jan. 12, 1978 (@)
166. JABBERWOCKY #662 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #662 - Jan. 19, 1978 (@)
167. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #32 (8 pgs.) - AZAPA #32 - Jan., 1978 (@)
168. JABBERWOCKY #663 (1 pg.) - APA-L #663 - Jan. 26, 1978 (@)
169. SOMETHING GHOTIAY THIS WAY COMES #17 (12 pgs.) - LASFAPA #17 (@)
170. JABBERWOCKY #664 (1 pg.) - APA-L #664 - Feb. 2, 1978 (@)
171. JABBERWOCKY #665 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #665 - Feb. 9, 1978 (@)
172. WURLITZER ADDENDUM (1 pg.) - LASFAPA #17 - Feb., 1978 (@)
173. JABBERWOCKY #666 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #666 - Feb. 16, 1978 (@)
174. IF YOU FIND THAT HELL IS FREEZING OVER, YOU MUST BE IN MINNESOTA #101 (2 pgs.) -
MINNEAPA #101 - written Feb. 12, 1978 (@)
175. WHY IS THIS JELLY BEAN GROWING IN MY BANANA #33 (5 pgs.) - AZAPA #33 - Feb.,
1978 (@)
176. JABBERWOCKY #667 (1 pg.) - APA-L #667 - Feb. 23, 1978 (@)
177. JABBERWOCKY #668 (1 pg.) - APA-L #668 - Mar. 2, 1978 (@)
178. SOMETHING GHOTIAY THIS WAY COMES #18 (14 pgs.) - LASFAPA #18 - Mar., 1978 (@)
179. THE MARK OF CAINE (2 pgs.) - APA-H #59 - Feb., 1978 (@) (as Caine Smithe)
180. JABBERWOCKY #669 (1 pg.) - APA-L #669 - Mar. 9, 1978 (@)
181. JABBERWOCKY #670 (1 pg.) - APA-L #670 - Mar. 16, 1978 (@)
182. TO YOUR SCATTERED IGLOOS GO #102 (4 pgs.) - MINNEAPA #102 - Apr.1, 1978 (@)
183. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #34 (3 pgs.) - AZAPA #34 - Mar., 1978 (@)
184. JABBERWOCKY #671 (1 pg.) - APA-L #671 - Mar. 23, 1978 (@)
185. THE DOUBLE AXE #19 (10 pgs.) - LASFAPA # 19 - Apr., 1978 (@)
186. JABBERWOCKY #672 (1 pg.) - APA-L #672 - Mar. 30, 1978 (@)
187. JABBERWOCKY #673 (1 pg.) - APA-L #673 - Apr. 6, 1978 (@)
188. JABBERWOCKY #674 (1 pg.) - APA-L #674 - Apr. 13, 1978 (@M)
189. AS MINNESOTA FLOATS SLOWLY DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI #103 (4 pgs.) - MINNEAPA #104 -
MINNEAPA #103 - Apr. 22, 1978 (@ and @M)
190. JABBERWOCKY #675 (1 pg.) - APA-L #675 - Apr. 20, 1978 (@)

191. A PASSING PARADE OF BOSTWICKS #35 (5 pgs.) - AZAPA #35 - Apr., 1978 (@ and @M)
192. THE MARK OF CAINE (2 pgs.) APA-H #60 - Apr., 1978 (@) as Canie Smithe
193. JABBERWOCKY #676 (1 pg.) - APA-L #676 - Apr. 27, 1978 (@)
194. SOMETHING GHOTIAY THIS WAY COMES #20 (10 pgs.) - LASFAPA # 20 - May, 1978 (@M)
195. A SNOWBALL GROWS IN MINNESOTA #104 (4 pgs.) - MINNEAPA # 104 - May 20, 1978 (@)
196. JABBERWOCKY #678 (1 pg.) APA-L #678 - May 11, 1978 (@)
197. JABBERWOCKY #679 (1 pg.) - APA-L #679 - May 18, 1978 (@)
198. JABBERWOCKY #680 (1 pg.) - APA-L #680 - May 25, 1978 (@)
199. A RUSHED PARADE OF TYPOS #36 (4 pgs.) - AZAPA #36 - May, 1978 (@ and @M)
200. THREE YEAR CELEBRATION #21 (10 pgs.) - LASFAPA #21 - June, 1978 (@M)
201. PARDON ME WHILST I BARF #681 (1 pg.) - APA-L #681 - June 1, 1978 (@)
202. MARQUIS DE SADE AS A FROZEN MINNEAPAN #105 (3 pgs.) - MINNEAPA #105 - June 17, 1978 (@)
203. A TEMPORARY FAREWELL #682 (1 pg.) - APA-L #682 - June 8, 1978 (@)
204. APPROACHING DREADFUL MINAC #37 (3 pgs.) - AZAPA #37 - June, 1978 (@)
205. HOW MUCH WOULD IT COST TO BUILD A NEW THURSDAY? #22 (12 pgs.) - LASFAPA #22 - July, 1978 (@M)
206. FROZEN PLERGB #106 (2 pgs.) - MINNEAPA #106 - July 14, 1978 (@)
207. CHANGE OF ADDRESSZINE (1 pg.) - LASFAPA #22, AZAPA #38, MINNEAPA #106, APA-L #687 - July, 1978 (@M)
208. IT IS PARTY TIME (1 pg.) - APA-L #689 - Jul. 27, 1978 (@M)
209. HOW MUCH WOULD IT COST TO BUILD A NEW THURSDAY #23 (11 pgs.) - LASFAPA #23 - Aug. 13, 1978 (@M)
210. A SNOW JOB #108 (5 pgs.) - MINNEAPA #108 - Aug. 26, 1978 (@)
211. MASTER OF CHEAP SHOTS #24 (10 pgs.) - LASFAPA #24 - Sep., 1978 (@M)
212. NO SPECIAL TITLE #109 (3 pgs.) - MINNEAPA #109 - Sep. 16, 1978 (@M)
213. IGGY CON: TRIP REPORT (3 pgs.) - LASFAPA #25, MINNEAPA #109, AZAPA #29 - written Sep. 12, 1978 (@M)
214. HOW MUCH WOULD IT COST TO BUILD A NEW THURSDAY #25 (10 pgs.) - LASFAPA #25 - Oct. 15, 1978 (@M)
215. WHAT NOT TO NAME YOUR ZINE #110 (5 pgs.) - MINNEAPA #110 - Oct. 14, 1978 (@M)
216. JABBERWOCKY #700 (1 pg.) - APA-L #700 - Oct. 14, 1978 (@M)
217. NOT A HOAX #111 (5 pgs.) - MINNEAPA #111 - Nov. 11, 1978 (@)
218. ALLIGATOR FUR #26 (15 pgs.) - LASFAPA #26 - Nov. 11, 1978 (@M)
219. PROBABLE RESIGNATION ZINE #112 (2 pgs.) - MINNEAPA #112 - Dec. 2, 1978 (@)
220. A PASSING PARADE OF HEPHALUMPS #40 (3 pgs.) - AZAPA #40 - Dec. 8, 1978 -
Greg Brown Ditto
221. HORSEFEATHERS IN THREE QUARTERTIME #27 (9 pgs.) - LASFAPA #27 - Dec. 8, 1978 (@M)
222. ROOSTER PETRIFIERS HAVE STIFFER COCKS #28 (10 pgs.) - LASFAPA #28 - Jan. 14, 1979 (@M)
223. HOLIER THAN THOU #1 (18 pgs.) - Jan., 1979 (@M)
224. BRUTES, BEASTS, & OTHER HUMAN FRIENDS #29 (10 pgs.) - LASFAPA #29 - Feb. 11, 1979 (@M)
225. LOOKING AT THE GIANT EEND #30 (3 pgs.) - LASFAPA # 30 - Mar. 11, 1979 (@M)
226. HOLIER THAN THOU #2 (36 pgs.) - Apr., 1979 (@M)
227. ENEMAS OF THE GODS #31 (8 pgs.) - LASFAPA #31 - Apr. 15, 1979 (@M)
228. PAGE TWELVE AND A HALF, A SPECIAL EMERGENCY SUPPLEMENT TO HTT #2 (1 pg.) - Mar. 30, 1979 (@M)
229. A LARGE CASE OF THE LAZIES #32 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #32 - May 13, 1979 (@M)
230. SLOPPY SECONDS #32 (1 pg.) - LASFAPA # 32 - May 13, 1979 (@M)

231. A QUICK BROWN RESEARCH JUMPED OVER THE LAZY APAHACK #32 (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA # 32 - May 13, 1979 (@M)
232. A MORNING AFTER PILL FOR MEN #33 (7 pgs.) - LASFAPA #33 - June 10, 1979 (@M)
233. THE DAY THAT THE LASFS SECEDED #732 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #732 - May 24, 1979 (@M)
 overrun to LASFAPA #33
234. HOLIER THAN THOU #3 (43 pgs.) - July, 1979 (@M)
235. A TYPHOON OF TYPOS #34 (7 pgs.) - LASFAPA #34 - July 15, 1979 (@M)
236. TIPPECANOE AND TYPOS TOO #35 (9 pgs.) - LASFAPA #35 - Aug. 12, 1979 (@M)
237. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #36 (6 pgs.) - LASFAPA # 36 - Sep. 16, 1979 (@M)
238. HOLIER THAN THOU #4 (60 pgs.) - Oct., 1979 (@M)
239. THE LOC NESS MONSTER #37 (7 pgs.) - LASFAPA #37 - Oct. 14, 1979 (@M)
240. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #38 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #38 - Nov. 10, 1979 (@M)
241. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #39 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #39 - Dec. 16, 1979 (@M)
242. HOLIER THAN THOU #5 (54 pgs.) - Jan., 1980 (@M)
243. SOME THOUGHTS ON SNOW # 39 (1 pg.) - LASFAPA #39 - Dec. 16, 1979 (@M)
244. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS # 40 (3 pgs.) - LASFAPA # 40 - Jan/ 13, 1980 (@M)
245. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #41 (6 pgs.) - LASFAPA #41 - Feb. 10, 1980 (@M)
246. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #42 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA # 42 - Mar. 16, 1980 (@M)
247. HOLIER THAN THOU #6 (42 pgs.) - Apr., 1980 (@M)
248. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #43 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #43 - Apr. 13, 1980 (@M)
249. VOTE FOR EVERYBODY #44 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #44 - May 11, 1980 (@M)
250. PEANUT SANDWICHES OF GOR #45 (7 pgs.) - LASFAPA #45 - June 15, 1980 (@M)
251. HOLIER THAN THOU #7 (44 pgs.) - July, 1980 (@M)
252. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #46 (9 pgs.) - LASFAPA #46 - July 13, 1980 (@M)
253. THE WHOLE TOOTH (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA #46 - Jul. 13, 1980 (@M)
254. LETTERING GUIDES #793 (1 pg.) - APA-L #793 - July 24, 1980 (@M)
255. A QUICK SLITHER OF A ZINE # 47 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #47 - Aug. 10, 1980 (@M)
256. HOLIER THAN THOU #8 (54 pgs.) - Oct., 1980 (@M)
257. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #48 (9 pgs.) - LASFAPA #48 - Sep. 14, 1980 (@M)
258. ABSINTHE #800 (3 pgs.) - APA-L #800 - Sep. 11, 1980 (@M)
259. ANNOUNCING A COUP #801 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #801 - Sep. 18, 1980
260. THE JOYS OF WRITTEN SEX #802 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #802 - Sep. 25, 1980 (@M)
261. STRAWBERRY TOILET PAPER # 803 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #803 - Aoc. 2, 1980 (@M)
262. NO COMMENT #49 (1 pg.) - LASFAPA #49 - Oct. 12, 1980 (@M)
263. TYPINK PRACTICE & SPELING ERORS #804 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #804 - Oct.9, 1980 (@M)
264. SELF FLAGELLATION AND OTHER DELIGHTS #805 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #805 - Oct. 16, 1980 (@M)
265. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS # 50 (11 pgs.) - LASFAPA #50 - Nov. 16, 1980 (@M)
266. AN EXPERIMENT #806 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #806 - Oct. 23, 1980 (@M) (mis-labeled #265)
267. SAURKRAUT AND WATERMELON #807 (1 pg.) - APA-L #807 - Oct. 30, 1980 (@M) (mis-labeled #266)
268. THE EGGPLANT THAT ATE THE LASFS #809 (1 pg.) - APA-L #809 - Nov. 13, 1980 (@M)
269. TERMITES FOR BREAKFAST #810 (1 pg.) - APA-L #810 - Nov. 20, 1980 (@M)
270. HICKIES ON DICKIES #811 (2 pgs.) - APA-L #811 - Nov. 27, 1980 (@M)
271. CHOCOLATE FLAoured SPINDIZZIES #51 (6 pgs.) - LASFAPA #51 - Dec. 14, 1980 (@M)
272. HOLIER THAN THOU #9 (54 pgs.) - Jan., 1981 (@M)
273. HAPPY DAY OFF # 815 (1 pg.) - APA-L #815 - Dec. 25, 1980 (@M)
274. NEW YEAR'S BLUES #52 (6 pgs.) - LASFAPA #52 - Jan. 13, 1980 (@M)
275. TIN TINNABULATION #818 (1 pg.) - APA-L #818 - Jan. 15, 1981 (@M)

276. TEA & TOENAILS #53 (6 pgs.) - LASFAPA #53 - Feb. 15, 1981 (@M)
277. A SQUID WILL EAT ITALY #54 (8 pgs.) - LASFAPA #54 - Mar. 15, 1981 (@M)
278. HOLIER THAN THOU #10 (58 pgs.) - Apr., 1981 (@M)
279. IMPECCABLE TYPOS #55 (7 pgs.) - LASFAPA #55 - Apr. 12, 1981 (@M)
280. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #56 (6 pgs.) - LASFAPA #56 - May 10, 1981 (@M)
281. LONG PIG LATKES #57 (8 pgs.) - LASFAPA #57 - June 14, 1981 (@M)
282. THE SMEGMA REVIEW OF LITERATURE #58 (10 pgs.) - LASFAPA #58 - Jul. 12, 1981 (@M)
283. A GUIDE TO LIVING HAPPILY EVER AFTER IN LASFAPA (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA #59 (& over-
runs to future waitlisters) - Aug. 16, 1981 (@M)
284. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #59 (8 pgs.) - LASFAPA #59 - Aug. 16, 1981 (@M)
285. HOLIER THAN THOU #11 (70 pgs.) - Sep., 1981 (@M)
286. SOMETHING GHOTIAY THIS WAY COMES #60 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #60 - Sep 13, 1981 (@M)
287. FLOTSAM, JETSAM, & FRIEDMAN #61 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #61 - Oct. 11, 1981 (@M)
288. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #62 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #62 - Nov. 15, 1981 (@M)
289. LOVE AT THE FLAMING WHACKO WORKS #63 (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA #63 - Dec. 13, 1981 (@M)
290. HOLIER THAN THOU #12 (72 pgs.) - Jan., 1982 (@M)
291. NOT A PARTY INVITATION (1 pg.) - Dec. 7, 1981 (@M) (Distributed at LASFS)
292. FREE AT LAST, FREE AT LAST (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #64 - Jan. 10, 1982 (@M)
293. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #178 (9 pgs.) - FAPA #178 - Feb. 15, 1982 (@M)
294. HEADACHES & HEADECTOMIES #65 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #65 - Feb. 14, 1982 (@M)
295. PHLEGM ON THE ROCKS #66 - (6 pgs.) - LASFAPA #66 - Mar. 14, 1982 (@M)
296. THIS NEW TOY IS FUN #67 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #67 - Apr. 11, 1982 (@M)
297. HOLIER THAN THOU #13 (68 pgs.) - May, 1982 (@M)
298. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #179 (8 pgs.) - FAPA #179 - May 8, 1982 (@M)
299. FINGERNAILS OF GOD, EMERITUS (6 pgs.) - LASFAPA #68 - May 16, 1982 (@M)
300. NEVER THE SAME TITLE TWICE (2 pgs.) (written as Greg Chalfin) - APA-L #888
301. TOTALLY NON-PUTRID TITLE #69 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #69 - June 13, 1982 (@M)
302. WHAT ARE WORDS FOR, IF NO-ONE LISTENS ANYMORE (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #70 - July 8,
1982 (@M)
303. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #71 (5 pgs.) - LASFAPA #71 - Aug. 15. 1092 (@M)
304. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #180 (17 pgs.) - FAPA #180, Aug. 15, 1982 (@M)
305. HOLIER THAN THOU #14 (72 pgs.) - Sep., 1982 (@M)
306. RECLAIM OUR HUGO (2 pgs.) - Distributed at CHICON IV, Sep., 1982 (@M)
307. THEY CAME FROM THE CERVICAL CRYPTS #72 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #72 - Sep. 12, 1982
(@M)
308. CHICON: A Milestone Con (1 pg.) - LASFAPA #72, Sep. 12, 1982 (@M)
309. THE ILL-TEMPERED BEAST IN LOVE #73 (3 pgs.) - LASFAPA #73 - Oct. 10, 1982 (@M)
310. TYLENOL FLAVOURED LONG PIG #74 (3 pgs.) - LASFAPA #74 - Nov. 14, 1982 (@M)
311. LIVING WITH AN ALIEN #75 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #75 - Dec. 12, 1982 (@M)
312. HOLIER THAN THOU #15 (82 pgs.) - Jan., 1983 (@M)
313. SMEGMA WITH WHIPPED CREAM AND MAPLE SYRUP #76 (3 pgs.) LASFAPA #76 - Jan 16,
1983 (@M)
314. THE PLANS OF MICE AND MEN #182 (1 pg.) - FAPA #182, Feb. 15, 1983 (@M)
315. HAPPY FELLA #77 (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #77 - Feb. 13, 1983 (@M)
316. LONG PIG IN A WOK #78 (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA #78 - May 13, 1983 (@M)
317. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #79 (3 pgs.) - LASFAPA #79 - Apr. 10, 1983 (@M)
318. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #183 (7 pgs.) - FAPA #183 - May 15, 1983 (@M)
319. HOLIER THAN THOU #16 (78 pgs.) - June, 1983 (@M)
320. STRINGSAVER OF GOD #80 (1 pg.) - LASFAPA #80 - May 15, 1983 (@M)
321. TIRED, RUSHED, SLIGHTLY ILL #81 (6 pgs.) - LASFAPA #81 - June 12, 1983 (@M)

322. A PASSING PARADE OF TYPOS #82 (2 pgs.) - LASFAPA #82 - July 10, 1983 (@M)
323. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #184 (4 pgs.) - FAPA #184 - Aug. 15, 1983 (@M)
324. RESIGNATIONZINE (4 pgs.) - LASFAPA #83 - Aug. 15, 1983 (@M)
325. EGOBOO/NEGOBOO, SUPPLEMENT TO HTT #16 (7 pgs.) - Aug., 1983 (@M) to contrib. only
326. HOLIER THAN THOU #17 (92 pgs.) - Oct. 1983 (@M)
327. REPORT ON THE FANZINE HUXTER TABLES AT CONSTELLATION (1 pg.) - Sep., 1983 (@M)
328. HOLIER THAN THOU #18 (92 pgs.) - Jan.-Feb., 1984 (@M)
329. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #187 (8 pgs.) - FAPA #187 - May 12, 1984 (@M)
330. HOLIER THAN THOU #19 (100 pgs.) - Spring-Summer, 1984 (@M)
331. REGURGITATED JABBERWOCKY #1000 (1 pg.) - APA-L #1000 - July 12, 1984 (@M)
332. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE (Mini Edition) #188 - FAPA #188 - Aug., 1984 (@M) (1 pg.)
333. HOLIER THAN THOU #20 (114 pgs.) - Sep.-Oct., 1984 (@M)
334. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #190 (3 pgs.) - FAPA #190 - Feb., 1985 (@M)
335. HOLIER THAN THOU #21 (126 pgs.) - Winter-Spring, 1985 (@M)
336. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #191 (1 pg.) - FAPA #191 - May, 1985 - (@M)
337. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #192 (1 pg.) - FAPA #192 - Aug, 1985 (@M)
338. HOLIER THAN THOU #22 (78 pgs.) - Fall, 1985 (@M)
339. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #193 (1 pg.) - FAPA #192 - Nov., 1985 (@M)
340. HOLIER THAN THOU #23 (60 pgs.) - Winter, 1986 (@M)
341. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTELET #194 (1 pg.) - FAPA #193 - Feb., 1986 (@M)
342. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #195 (3 pgs.) - FAPA #195 - May, 1986 (@M)
343. HOLIER THAN THOU #24 (70 pgs.) - Spring/Summer, 1986 (@M)
344. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #196 (4 pgs.) - FAPA #196 - Aug., 1986 (@M)
345. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #198 (4 pgs.) - FAPA #198 - Feb., 1987 (@M)
- 346 - 350. HERE WE GO 'ROUND THE DUFFBERRY BUSH #s 1 - 5 (1,6,6,2,2 pgs. respectively) -
DUFF Reports, 1985 & 1986 (@M)
351. DUFFBURY TALES (43 pgs.) - Jan., 1987 (@M) (Doublebacked to TALES OF DUFFBURY
(23 pgs.) by Robbie)
352. HERE WE GO 'ROUND THE DUFFBERRY BUSH #6 (5 pgs.) - Jan. 1987 (@M)
353. CONFESSIONS OF A MAILBOX JUNKIE (7 pgs.) - NORWESCON/ALTERNACON Fan Guest of
Honour Speech Substitute - March, 1987 (@)
354. HOLIER THAN THOU #25 (78 pgs.) - Winter, 1987 (@M)
355. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #200 (2 pgs.) - FAPA #200 - Aug., 1987 (@M)
356. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #201 (3 pgs.) - FAPA #201 - Nov., 1987 (@M)
357. HOLIER THAN THOU #26 (32 pgs.) (Terry Carr Memorial Issue) - Autumn, 1987 (@M)
358. THE LIME JELLO GAZETTE #203 (2 pgs.) - FAPA #203 - May, 1988 (@M)
359. HOLIER THAN THOUGH #27 - *this particular issue*

NOTES

1. When I started in fandom I was the owner of a pipe shop named INDIAN LEAF TO-BACCO WORKS - hence the title of my early zines.
2. Allan Rothstein's zine was called ONE TOE FREE - our combozines were entirely humour and included (but never finished) a serial, the fictionalised account of a fan going to his first con.
3. "GOIK" was a typo in a Lee Gold APA-L zine.
4. Some L-zines were a week late in placement because -- I typed up and mailed the

ditto masters to June Moffatt a day or two after collation but mail delays sometimes got the envelopes to her too late for her to get the masters printed in time for the next collation. Non L-ers just do not know the pressures of current commentary on a weekly basis when you do not have repro machinery - and there was a short period of time when the club did not have repro machinery of its own. Even after the club got a Gestetner I stayed with ditto (mostly with the Moffatt House) for awhile.

5. My first several zines in LASFAPA were written under the pseudonym of "Caine Smithe". OE Andruschak couldn't abide the thought of a pseudonymous member and trashed zine #4 - he used a different excuse as to why he did it each time he was pressed for an explanation (mostly that it was obscene or libellous). When I eventually reprinted it in a later LASFAPA the most common comment on it by those who remembered the controversy was, "But that is so innocuous!". I never used the Caine Smithe persona for feuding - that I reserved for my own name. Anyway, amidst the resulting foofooraw I entered LASFAPA under my own name - several issues later on (#9) Andy turned the APA over to me and I ran it for another 60+ months.
6. In APA-W I was called Marty Coonter - hence my zine title CLOSE ENCOOUNTERS OF THE WORST KIND".
7. My STAR WARS review found very little positive about that film.
8. Has everybody noticed that many of the zine titles are literary references of one kind or another?
9. As you have seen I produced a few more one-shots than I mentioned at the beginning of the list - so much for brief perusals and a sieve-like memory.
10. For those not in APA-L: disties with all numbers the same (111,222,333 etc.) are considered hoax disties. Or, at least, this used to be the case. Now, with disty numbers being in four figures, things may have changed. I pay little attention to APA-L in these tired old days.
11. #299 included fingernail clippings taped to each copy.
12. It appears that I must have been consumed with some sort of desire to "catch up" on missed fanac in my early zines (I did not discover fandom until just before my fortieth birthday) - I churned out an incredible number of zines in my early years. As you can see, of the 13+ years of zine production the last 5 years of them are on the last page of the list. I am an old fan and tired.
13. Because so much of my fanac has been in the pages of APA-L and LASFAPA overruns of this list *may* appear in those APAs.

The trouble with conspiracy-theory nuts is, they think somebody's running things.

---Teresa Nielsen Hayden in IZZARD #9

THE PIED TYPER

B
Y
M
I
K
E
G
L
Y
E
R

If you read fanzines long enough, by some accretive process you'll learn the ideal fanzine is one of those doorstep-sized genzines with a lavish cover, containing a deliciously witty editorial, a blockbuster leadoff article by one of the more fannish pro writers, supporting columnists notable for their charm and humor, and a tightly edited lettercolumn -- that despite being "tightly edited" still runs as long as the phone book for a small town. To this golden ideal editors still occasionally return. It ever lingers in the back of readers' minds as they mark time reading clubzines.

No need to ask "Who killed the genzine?" It's still twitching, even if HOLIER THAN THOU will present a leaner and feistier look in its next avatar. Genzines are expensive and time-consuming, and the fact is most faneds have a lot more fun for a lot less cash creating smaller, more regular fannish zines, or even producing their local clubzine.

As I turn out the lights over this particular shop, I am delighted to see that today's fanzine field is far deeper and stronger, much more fun to be part of, than it was when I started this column and sarcastically longed for the days of frequent fanzines like SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH. Today there are half a dozen frequent clubzines, genzines and newzines energizing networks of interest throughout fandom, including WESTWIND, and 1988 Hugo nominees LAN'S LANTERN, FOSFAX and MAD 3 PARTY.

The composition of this year's Hugo ballot attests to the popular acceptance of quality fanzines identified with convention fandom. Fandom also acknowledged that the finest sercon zine in North America is a clubzine, FOSFAX. That is not to say the fannish pendulum should, or has, swung away from appreciating a top genzine; come back next year when the Dick and Nicki Lynch's MIMOSA has sufficient issues eligible to qualify for a nomination, and you may see a different result.

But to conclude this column, I want to review a British fanzine that exemplifies how North American trends in fanac and publishing have found parallels overseas.

CONRUNNER 8, Ian Sorenson, 304a Main St., High Blantyre, Glasgow G72 0DH, United Kingdom. Availability not stated.

With MAD 3 PARTY adorning the 1988 Hugo ballot, it is interesting to encounter Scottish fan Ian Sorenson's CONRUNNER 8, and encouraging to see that CONSPIRACY '87 did not slay British fandom out of hand. Sorenson has produced to issues since the Worldcon, and they have provided a cathartic forum for fans who are determined to learn from the experience and go forward: there is virtually no personal criticism, whether by accident or design, but there has been an energetic exchange of letters. Indeed, in a fancom whose in-print personality has been stamped by the vitriol of Pickersgill and the sarcasm of Langford, the surprising kindness of the exchanges in CONRUNNER suggests stiff upper lips on the verge of petrification.

CONRUNNER blends editorial comments on bidding politics with a letter column, how-to articles on all the facets of convention-running. It is the verbal snapshot of a rapidly growing part of British fandom that was never directly observed but - like the perturbations in the orbit of Neptune - was evident from its impact on British fanwriters and editors.

As Bernie Leek says in CONRUNNER's lettercolumn, "Since 'Voice of the Lobster' from the '79 WorldCon /sic/ conrunning in the UK has started to get more organized. Conrunning fandom has arrived in the UK, a mixed blessing."

VOICE OF THE LOBSTER, of course, was George Flynn's mimeod conrunning fanzine sponsored by NOREASCON II, and despite providing the attitudinal foundation for MAD 3 PARTY now seems quite remote from the "Journal of NOREASCON 3" and its microde-tailed litany of how to organize every tick of the clock from the day a bid is ima-gined to the final disposition of Worldcon profits and losses. CONRUNNER more closely resembles VOTL in style and its handy mimeographed appearance.

The themes preoccupying the editor in CONRUNNER 8 also seem more appropriate to VOTL and the late 70's American fandom. Sorenson's freewheeling analysis of recent Eastercon bidding betrays the Brits are still hung up on the last vestiges of media fandom vs. "real" fandom. However, Sorenson's conclusions show they will probably dispose of this phony issue years sooner than their American cousins did. "'Straight' SF fans will also be found watching films but their principle love is reading. I would question whether a programme largely devoted to the writing of SF will necessari-ly appeal to its readers. In any case, I don't reckon there will be enough "straights" at Eastercon now for them to be able to vote in a 'bookish' bid, though they are a sizable minority. They are, I think, the last remnants, in attitude, of the pre-Seacon '79 convention goers. The reality of Eastercons these days is that they are very big, do not have a homogenous membership and will require a committee to supply a wide range of entertainments. Maybe not bread and circuses, but a multi-stream, wide ranging programme."

CONRUNNER 8 is an attention-grabbing scrapbook of convention-running wisdom from a land whose fans problems are deceptively similar to ours, but who can best be under-stood by paying attention to everything they say, not merely the resonation of famil-iar tunes.

---Mike Glycer

Leave it to my good friend Mike to hand to me (4 months late) a very frustrating "last" column. Firstly, the zine he reviews is by a faned with whom I have not had any previous contact. Ian will get a copy of this issue of HTT, of course, but it reeally is a bit late to initiate a trade. Secondly, Mike makes the ridiculous assumption that the argument vis-a-vis media vs. trufandom is dead in this country - HAH! - and I have no near-future issue coming up in which we could argue his perverse notion. Thirdly, Mike touches on how sercon fanzines are dominating the Hugo ballots and I do not have a series of follow-up zines planned, a series in which we could all write about this in the context of sercon vs. fannish (or even faaanish) in zinefandom. Mike probably did this to me on purpose. It helps me to know that Mike is probably my best friend in fandom.

HOIER THAN THOU has had two fanzine review columnists in its history: Gary Deindorfer in issues 6, 7 & 8 and Mike Glycer (starting in issue 10). In any future issue of this zine I expect that Mike will be reviewing zines for me again as I feel that fanzine review columns are the glue which holds this portion of our hobby together - and Mike is one of the best fanzine reviewers around.

Never trust anyone under fifty - unless she is my wife.

THANK YOU, CAROL

BY WILLIAM ROTSLER

This final item, written as an article, is a natural lead-in to commentary on HOLIER THAN THOU #26; therefore, as this section of the issue is a reprise of the Terry Carr Memorial issue of HTT, we will segue directly into locs on HTT #26. Copies of all locs on #26, whether or not printed here (and except for anything not pertinent to the topic or DNQ) will be sent to Carol Carr - she will also get a copy of this issue.

Terry Carr's been dead a year now and you'd think I'd get used to it. I haven't. For the purest of selfish reasons I hope to get used to him being dead.

You see, it's pretty hard some time. I keep seeing people across vast distances at cons and think, "Oh, there's Terry!" or "I didn't know he was here!"

I start to say, "How's Terry and Carol?" to Bay Area people and stop. I see something or hear something and say to myself, "Oh, Terry would love that--!"

People grieve for themselves, I think, for *their* loss, but even being aware of it doesn't help a hellava lot.

I received HOLIER THAN THOU and read some of the things people said, then I read my own "tribute," and churned it all up again, and cried again. But that's not why I'm writing. (Actually, I don't *really* know why I'm writing but I *think* what follows is the reason.)

At the '87 Westercon there was a kind of memorial service for Terry, a "How I Remember Terry," affair. The night before someone asked Bob Silverberg if he was going and was startled when Bob said, "No...I don't intend to parade my feelings towards one of my best friends in public."

I knew what he meant and I agreed. I wasn't going either. I'd flown to Oakland some time earlier (courtesy Bill Warren, Len Wein, Marv Wolfman and possibly others) to a memorial in a park, and it had been seriously emotional for me. I didn't need another like that. I figured Terry, in the Big Mimeograph Room in the Sky, would understand.

Then a few minutes before the memorial at Westercon I saw Carol. I couldn't not go if she was going.

I sat with umpteen others at what seemed like a panel -- people in folding chairs, 5 or 6 people at a table in front, mikes, poor acoustics, etc. People were pretty "up", for they were "celebrating" his life. I cried.

I just couldn't help it. I *seeped*. I "seeped" on the outside and was going *ohshitohfuckoghoddamm, jesus, let it stop* on the inside.

About the time I thought I had it all in control someone would say something so goddamn sweet (or funny) and I'd lose it. I couldn't possibly have said anything without making a complete fool of myself, so I kept quiet.

It was a very traumatic event for me.

Afterwards, Carol and several close friends just sort of wandered the halls for

awhile until Carol looked at me. She took my arm and said, "Let's go talk." We found a big bare wall and talked.

I have no idea how long we talked. 45 minutes, an hour. Talked about Terry, about life & death, about grief & love & God Knows What. She told me how he died, what he said and felt, hating hospitals, wanting out, dying.

The grief, the tears, the loss poured out of me. I hadn't felt that way even when my father, mother, sister, and Jack Kennedy died. (When JFK died it was a grief for the Nation, for Where Are We Going Now, for a kind of loss of innocence, because, so you may have noticed, the World Has Not Been the Same.)

All the time Carol was dry-eyed. She was doing this for me. She's my friend, one of the people I love & honor most in the world, and she saw my hurt. And I thank her for it. It honestly helped. It made it all almost "livable," though perhaps you wouldn't know it right now, because -- like every other time I've tried to write about Terry -- tears are just running down my face.

Excuse me while I blow my nose.

I've really got to get over this, but "getting over it" seems almost like a betrayal, like I don't care, like I didn't care. (Goddamn it, Terry, say something funny right now.)

I thought writing all this would help. It hasn't really. A teeny bit, perhaps. But I thank you sincerely, Carol; it did help. (Did you have to do that kind of "rescue mission" many times, with other friends? And who helped you?)

Terry Carr may be gone but it's going to be a long time before he is ever forgotten.

---William Rotsler

DAVID PALTER: Thank you for HTT 26. You have produced a beautiful tribute to Terry Carr, and in doing so you exhibit one of the finer aspects of fandom, which is its capacity to genuinely appreciate and care about those who have contributed, so generously and brilliantly, their creativity and intellectual participation in our literary-oriented microcosm.

It is well, every now and then, to be reminded of the better things of which fandom is capable; the uglier face of fandom frequently obtrudes. I have despaired of fandom on more than one occasion. But, for all the stupidities and squabbling, fandom remains the repository of great human warmth, which is seen in HTT 26.

Fandom does mean something after all, and the passing of a great fan has been suitably memorialized. I appreciate it.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: One thing that struck me immediately when I'd finished reading this issue: the almost total consistency of the contents. There were no major contradictions from one item to another, everyone seemed to adopt a similar attitude balanced between the unwelcome extremes of sentimentality or raucous graveyard laughter, and everyone seemed to have seen the same Terry Carr as the others. Sometimes there is one jarring, out of place contribution to a fanzine issue devoted to one topic. I don't know if Terry's personality or your editing was responsible for the fact that HOLIER THAN THOU's 26th issue didn't have that sort of flaw.

You will probably be criticized for the cover and perhaps one or two of the interior illustrations. But I don't think Terry would have minded. The art is extremely high in quality throughout (at first glance, I thought a couple of Grant Canfield's full-page cartoons were New Yorker reprints) and it's all fannish in spirit, the very elements Terry liked to find in fanzines.

The reprint by Terry that begins on page 25 would be an excellent introduction to his fanzine writing style and nature for those in fandom who haven't been around long enough to experience much of his fanzine appearances.

DAVID THAYER: My first memory of Terry Carr is of seeing his name on an anthology I bought in Vietnam. I read the SF stories in the jungle, an appropriate setting. I still have the book although a little worse for wear. Your tribute revealed to me a man I wished I'd known better.

MARIE RENGSTORFF: Thank you for starting the new year so well with your issue of HTT 26. The dedication to Terry was deeply moving. I did not attend the memorial service for him although I wanted to. A memorial service -- we learn from anthropology, because our culture sets such bad examples we need others to show us good ones -- is for the beings still around.

A memorial service has several functions: to explain the unexplainable, to verify the social order, to share emotions, and to help close the space left by the one who has gotten the heck out of here, even if he did not "complete his fanzine collection". HTT 26 did a nice job serving these functions.

Thank you.

BARNABY RAPOPORT: Regrettably, Terry Carr was only an editorial byline to me, but when Bill Rotsler says that Terry wasn't "full of mad adventure, derring-do and that sort of thing. His was a deeper, quieter appeal", he could be describing Terry the editor.

UNIVERSE didn't call attention to itself. In the 70's, it was always eclipsed by other, more famous anthology series, but it wasn't a fluke that it outlasted all of them. Though it never tried to be the cutting edge, it was always remarkably fresh and well-written. It was fun without being retrograde, and intelligent without being self-conscious. Most of all, it captured the sense of wonder, more so than any other anthology series or magazine of its time -- which is our time.

I picked up a copy of FANDOM HARVEST at Boskone and I made a funny discovery. As great as it is, the material just doesn't seem as good in a hardcover format as it does in a humble mimeographed fanzine.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: Just wanted to thank you for HTT #26 and to say that I'm pleased to have been a part of it. It's a fine tribute to Terry's memory and I'm glad that my own piece seems to fit with the contributions of your other writers. It's a shame that Grant couldn't do more original work for the issue (such as his cover) and had to recycle some of his old cartoons but that's a minor quibble only. The volume stands up well and should give newer fans who weren't familiar with Terry's fannish and professional legacy an understanding of just how influential a figure he was. And how beloved.

ROBERT WHITAKER SIRIGNANO: I really didn't know Terry Carr at all; I met him a few times and the encounters were brief. He said, after being asked about CIRQUE (he was more than delighted anyone had read it and talked about it), he was inclined to being somewhat mystic, and that a lot of the Ace Specials were chosen because they appealed to that sense within him. 900 GRANDMOTHERS, RITES OF PASSAGE & LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS (and so on) were selected not only that they were good, but that they appealed to Terry Carr interests in the arcane. I haven't heard

much about this. I suspect it was something he didn't discuss much. He left my knowledge of his interest largely undefined.

CIRQUE is vastly underrated. It's an excellent novel. I'm sorry he did not find the time to write a half dozen more.

LIGHTHOUSE #16. This is probably never going to get published. Terry told me that it was all on stencil. This was the Bob Shaw fund issue, drummed up a bit back in 1971, to help raise monies for Bob Shaw so that he could visit the US for NOREAS-CON. Terry was surprised I still remembered, some fifteen years later. Terry said he still thought of putting the issue out, but never got himself too interested in doing an issue for a cause now a decade and a half dead and gone by, but added, "Real Soon Now." The stencils probably sit somewhere in his fanzine collection, probably ready to go. One wonders if the thing could still be run off before mimeo paper becomes extinct.

That's all I can recall. Meetings fewer than fingers on one hand. No more. His personality comes across vividly in his fannish writings, and I wish that FANDOM HARVEST was much thicker.

Seems there wasn't enough of Terry Carr to go around.

PASCAL THOMAS: Thank you for HTT #26. Although I share some of the feelings of the contributors, and entirely agree with them about the towering importance of Terry Carr to fan- and prodom, I must say that this issue makes for depressing reading. That may stem from the fact that it comes, for me, after the TRAP DOOR issue which pays homage to Terry.

Delightful stuff from Terry himself. I should get a copy of FANDOM HARVEST, but rear I have no time to read it. Even living forever, would I want to devote myself to fandom? Or would I consider it a method of near-suicide akin to those chosen by the *other* six immortals in Terry's story? Unfannish thoughts, but I never saw fandom as a way of life.

ROGER WEDDALL: I wanted to write to let you know that I was particularly touched by what you had to say about the life and death of Terry Carr.

I felt the news of his untimely death as a shock, but more the shock of hearing of a serious train accident or the like. I saw the shock and dismay of others who had known Terry, such as Lucy Huntzinger, but again this was a second-hand grief.

I don't know why, after reading the testimony of others who had been intimate friends of the man for years, I found your account of your feelings the most immediate and relevant to me. Thank you, in any case, for sharing that with me - with us - so well.

MURRAY MOORE: I agree with Debbie Notkin. You need never have hesitated at organizing a Terry Carr Memorial issue on the grounds that others have and were. Publishing a fanzine inspired by Terry Carr is the most appropriate reaction to recognize his contribution to fanzine fandom.

I had not read FOREVER AND FANDOM. It was placed perfectly as the final piece of the issue. Whether I will ever own BETWEEN TWO WORLDS or FANDOM HARVEST remains to be seen: economics being what they are.

I don't know when I last saw so many Grant Canfield cartoons in one place. I know he has been around for more than 15 years. I bought at auction a full page illo, that was part of a portfolio in ENERGUMEN, in 1973, at TORCON 2. He is best at images, like the cover.

C. HOWARD: This is the best memorial I have seen on anyone. I hope doing it helped ease your heart.

Unfortunately, producing HTT #26 did *not* ease my heart; to the contrary, it focused my thoughts very much more on Terry Carr the man, the fan, and his accomplishments and what he meant to fandom and to individual fans than it focused on the Terry Carr who wrote a column for my fanzine and whom I spoke to all too seldom at cons and on the telephone and whom I knew not at all well enough on the personal interaction level. That issue of HTT was the most difficult zine I have ever produced; not only did I find it hard to actually get down and start the first stencil (and I admit that incipient gafia had a hand in keeping me from beginning the work) but but considerable introspection and other mental delays made it difficult for me to produce the finished "product" at my usual speed for such things - I more or less just sputtered along in first gear whilst trying to put it out.

In many ways, though, I suspect that for many of us Terry Carr is not dead - he is, merely, elsewhere for the moment. His importance to fanzine fandom was such that it does not take a belief in mysticism to imagine him chuckling or tsk-tsking over what is going on in current zinedom - his influence was such that all zine producers who are aware of his impact on our hobby probably have thoughts of him whenever they place stencils in their typers. Terry was too important for us to forget about him soon.

I ALSO HEARD FROM: Craig ledbetter, Buck Coulson, Cathy Doyle, Ann Nichols, Lloyd Penney, Jean Lamb, Harry Andruschak, Ben Indick, Janice Eisen, Jeanne Mealy, Pavel Gregoric Jr., Ben Schilling, and Richard Bergeron.

The following loc is misplaced from Nessie because it is not immediately germane to the topics in #25 (it was a reaction of sorts to a first-ever reading of a traditional fanzine). It is placed after the reactions to #26 even though it is, technically a loc on #25, because it was written soon after its writer learned of the death of Terry Carr and I believe that his death also influenced what she wrote.

One final note before the loc: Marie requested that I not refer to the person in the story as other than "Scott" as she has been unable to verify that he is the same person as a Hugo Award winner of the same name. "One old neighbor swears Scott does not write SF any more."

MARIE RENGSTORFF: You have no idea of what kind of flood gates you opened by sending me HTT #25. In the first place, I have never before read a SF fanzine in the traditional style. (I have a novel published as a volume of a Star Trek fan club fanzine. That was the first fanzine I ever read -- 1986.)

Reading HTT caused the recall of a story I will impart in a moment about Scott. We shared a high school English class together. At least, I think it is the same



person who wrote /title deleted - ed./ and won a Hugo for it. Anyway, how many "Scotts" are there who write massive amounts of SF The one I knew was published about once a month in fanzines by high school (mid 1950's). He was never seen without one among his books. In class, he was a non-stop doodler of weird monsters.

Your publication acted as a second source of nostalgia, one of the more recent and painful kinds. I got to know Terry Carr a couple of years ago when I prepared to add a course called psychology through science fiction to our college curriculum. I needed permission to make reprints of some materials published by Carr, Wolheim, or both, in their anthologies. I'm afraid I got reprimanded by the college administration for spending too much time on the college phone, long distance, with both of them. The reprimand was deserved. Terry lived near San Francisco, where I am taking some classes, so we continued the friendship in person. It was cheaper and more fun anyway. I miss him.

Back to "Scott". Scott always wrote the most depressing, angry stories in school: Mankind goes into space, is arrested by the rest of the Federation of Universal beings, found guilty of excessive, innate violence, and is blasted out of existence. The award winning story referred to above has this same underlying pessimistic theme about the nature of human-nature.

There was a brief moment when this was not true of his writings. He came back from summer vacation to senior year of high school and wrote one of the most moving stories I have ever heard. It was about a little dragon who could not blow fire like all the other dragons his age.

He submitted the story as the first assignment for senior English -- "write a descriptive essay". That dragon was so well described, he came alive in the classroom. I still have a mental image of the little thing with its baby blue eyes, pink ears, and drooping, graceful neck. That memory held over many years.

The teacher gave him a scathing review. "You are in Honors English. You are supposed to be the next generation of scientists..." She basically told us we were the scientific community of the future who were supposed to save the Americans from the Russian hordes. How could he write such fantastic garbage etc. (By now, the French had started to bomb Vietnam, but I don't think she was into that.)

The teacher had her problems with us, for sure. She was a victim of the baby-boom. Those kids were in kindergarten and elementary school behind us. New classrooms were going up in mass. The world was out of teachers. This one was snatched from her second year in college to teach us. Scott and I were already published authors. Many of us were in college part-time and probably ahead of her in college math and science.

I think the teacher was terrified of us. Whatever the problem, she verbally smashed Scott in front of the whole class.

I read my essay in class soon after Scott's demise. As I waited, my confidence was high. My essay was surely descriptive, and "How to Explain Color to a Blind Person" was definitely an academic topic.

Wrong again! "It can't be done," the teacher responded to my essay. "Color can't be described to a blind person. How can you consider yourselves scientists? You live in a world of fantasy " I received the whole routine she gave to Scott. The poor class was bored out of their minds. Scott and I had started Honors English with "F's" and orders to replace our essays with ones of academic quality. (Ironically, I took my psychology internship with the Blind Association of Central Ohio some years later. Many blind children asked me about colors.)

The teacher then read an "exemplary essay" describing the crowds forming to go to the University football game: the flowers, banners, traffic, noise y-yuck, barf. (And I love football.)

After class, in the hall, Scott grabbed me by the arm. His grasp spun me around violently. He is normally gentle and quiet. He had plenty of reason to flare a little. That class was the first time he ever opened his feelings to the public, and they had been crushed by an insecure teacher. (Although, I'm happy to remember, the *students* had the maturity to see what was happening and sit through it with grace.)

But Scott was fuming. "What are you going to do about re-writing your essay?", he demanded.

I had no intention of doing a thing. Long before, I learned that cute, little blonde girls do not overachieve, or they get into trouble. "Which of your parents did this for you?", was a line I got sick of hearing. Scott stood with his mouth open as I gave my explanation of why I would let the "F" stand so my grade would average out to a "B" and everyone would be happy.

I had bruise marks on my arm by the time he remembered to let go of me. His mouth did not close until he started to speak. "You are going to write an essay on your dog," he said quietly. "And I'll write one on mine."

"Scott, you don't have a dog. And neither do I."

"You'll describe your sweet little Pekingese and I'll describe my tough, but companionable Doberman."

"But Scott..."

"You'll do it tonight and hand it in tomorrow."

I did as he demanded.

He made his point. Our "doggie" papers were circulated, secretly, through the class with the teacher's "A" grades circled and a few, well chosen words added by Scott about the relationship between science, reality, English teachers, and fiction. But I never knew Scott to include the softer side of himself in his fiction again.

In some ways, that burial of part of Scott's writing talent is harder to accept than Terry's death. I wonder how many other talented writers keep that part of themselves boxed up.

HOLIER THAN THOU ZINE SALE

I would like to create some room at the end of one shelf so I am offering for sale my remaining back-issues of HTT. Usually I cart off to Worldcons and such a small pile of HTTs and other zines (also, usually, I sell almost everything I bring to a con - some critics may denigrate HTT but other fans gobble up what copies I offer for sale at cons and it has been my experience that fanzine sales tables which have my zines on them always generate more money for me than for others). I do not have too many back issues available; and, as I am not going to Worldcon this year, this offer is being made in these pages. Price: US\$5.00 per issue, US\$1.00 for each 2 copies for postage. I will refund money if what you want has been previously purchased.

#9 - 2 copies	#16 - 1 copy	#23 - 9 copies
#12 - 1 copy	#17 - 2 copies	#24 - 2 copies
#13 - 1 copy	#19 - 7 copies	
#14 - 1 copy	#21 - 2 copies	
#15 - 1 copy	#22 - 6 copies	

ADDRESSES

Harry Andruschak: P.O. Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510-5309 USA
 Eric Bentcliffe: 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR, UK
 Geogre Bondar: 33 Ragstone Road, Slough, Berks SL1 2PP, England
 Richard Brandt: 4740 N. Mesa #111, El Paso, TX 79912 USA
 rich brown: 2300 Lee Hwy #B-1, Arlington, VA 22201 USA
 Randy Clark: 9617 Robin NE, Albuquerque, NM 87112 USA
 Don D'Ammassa: 323 Dodge St., East Providence, RI 02914 USA
 Richard Faulder: P.O. Box 136, Yanco, NSW 2703, Australia
 Mike Glicksohn: 508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6S 3L6, Canada
 Mike Glyer: 5828 Woodman #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401 USA
 Cathy Howard: P.O. Box 70104, Louisville, KY 40270 USA
 Tim Jones: 20 Gillespie St., Dunedin, New Zealand
 Pete Lyon: 9 Church Ave., Meanwood, Leeds 6, England
 Murray Moore: 377 Manly St., Midland, Ont. L4R 3E2, Canada
 Joseph Nicholas: 22 Denbigh Street, Pimlico, London SW1V 2ER, UK
 Bruno Ogorelec: Kopernikova 10, 41020 Zagreb, Yugoslavia
 David Palter: 137 Howland Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5R 3B4, Canada
 Barnaby Rapoport: P.O. Box 565, Storrs, CT 06268 USA
 Marie Rengstorff: P.O. Box 7037, South Lake Tahoe, CA 95731 USA
 Bill Rotsler: 17909 Lull St., Reseda, CA 91335 USA
 Robert J. Whitaker Sirignano: P.O. Box 11246, Wilmington, DE 19850 USA
 Skel: 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW, England
 Dan Steffan: current address unknown
 Milt Stevens: 7234 Capps Ave., Reseda, CA 91335 USA
 Taral: 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4, Canada
 David Thayer: 7209 DeVille Dr., North Richland Hills, TX 76180 USA
 Pascal Thomas: 55 Rue Henri De Sahuque, 31400 Toulouse, France
 Harry Warner, Jr.: 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740 USA
 Lawrence Watt-Evans: 5 Solitaire Court, Gaithersburg, MD 20878 USA
 Roger Weddall: P.O. Box 273, Fitzroy, Vic. 3065, Australia
 Alan White: 455 E. 7th St. #4, San Jacinto, CA 92383-8401 USA

One of the girls was addressing a picture postcard of Powerscourt House, so I sneaked a look over her shoulder and saw that the card was en route to Spain. My wife was of the opinion that I was more interested in the V-neck of the flowered blouse, which had the most intricate red and pink small-petalled flowers embroidered on a background of small palm leaves, with little insects flitting about looking for pollen...but of course, I had no such motive in mind.

---John Berry, 1961 - Up the Republic - Eire,
 Retreat from Mogonissi, 1986

The Prime Minister was said to very concerned about the large amount of litter as she swept down the M4 recently. --You and Yours (Radio 4), The Listener

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover - Alan White	
The LoCgate Scandal - Skel - pg. 3	
Nessie, part one - pg. 6	
Important Editorial - pg. 17	
An Inquiry..... - Don D'Ammassa - pg. 21	
Up The Rockles..... - Eric Bentcliffe - pg. 25	
Sale Items - pg. 32	
Bill Rotsler & Dan Steffan - pg. 33	
The Rise and Fall..... - Milt Stevens - pg. 35	
More Editorial Thoughts - pg. 37	
Last Year's Glory - Taral - pg. 38	
13 Years of FIAWOL - Marty Cantor - pg. 42	
The Pied Typer - Mike Glyer - pg. 53	
Thank You, Carol - William Rotsler - pg. 55	
Nessie, part two - pg. 56	
HTT zine sale - pg. 61	
Toc and credits - pg. 63	
Last Words on Topic A - Marty Cantor - pg. 64	

ART CREDITS

Alan White: 1	Cathy Howard: 17
Randy Clark: 2	Pete Lyon: 24
Darrell Schweitzer: 11	Bill Rotsler & Dan Steffan: 33, 34
Teddy Harvia: 16, 59, 64	Taral: 41

HOLIER THAN THOU #27. Edited and published by Marty Cantor, 11565 Archwood St., North Hollywood, CA 91606-1703, USA. Telephone: (818) 982-1746. Hoo Hah Publication No. 359, a production of the Renegade Press. Summer, 1988. Available for the fannish usual, IBM Selectric Type I typeballs, or \$5 (whichever comes first).

Copyright (c) by Marty Cantor. One-time rights only have been acquired from signed contributors, and all other rights are hereby assigned to the contributors.

We mustn't put women in compartments. We'll talk about that separately later.

Derek Jameson to Sue Ryan (Radio 2).

It's a precedent ... where there wasn't one before.

Sir Michael Havers on International Assignment (Radio 4).

LAST WORDS ON TOPIC A

BY MARTY CANTOR

THIS IS NOT WHAT YOU THINK

This is, basically, a plea for a lot of people to shut up. This has been preying on my mind for some time; so, as this is the last HTT for some time to come (and a way to fill the last page) I am first-drafting these words. First draft on stencil, yes, but I have been thinking about this for awhile.

Topic A (or TAFF Brouhaha or whatever) blew up over four flippin' years ago - my ghod, folks, some of you are still going on and on and on about it.

O.K., I know that many people were hurt by this mess - I was one of them. But do we need to keep cutting each other forever? FOUR YEARS IS ENOUGH! More than enough.

It is no longer a matter of who was right and who was wrong - it is all over and done with and nobody, at this late date, is going to change his or her mind over anything now. Must some of us continue to act as though the feud was still at its height? Apparently - and unfortunately.

Look. I know that some friendships were permanently torn assunder by this feud - some fan's feelings will be forever hurt by what went on. BUT -- nothing positive will come out of continuing the nastiness in print.

At CORFLU 5 Ted White and I had occasion to say a few things to each other - and this we both did, coolly, and without show of emotion. Ted and I were on opposite sides of Topic A - we have said and printed bad things about each other. O.K., we do not like each other and it is quite probable that we never will again like each other. But, so what? We both inhabit the same segment of fandom and life will be more pleasant for each of us (and for those around us) if we "cool it" with thefeuding

(continues below)

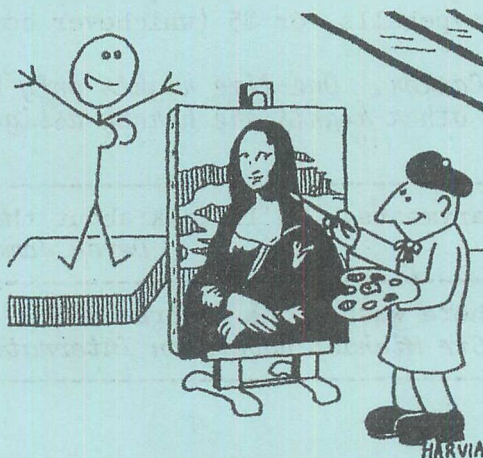
and stuff. After all, except for our divergence on Topic A, Ted and I share similar values vis-a-vis fanzines and such. As we are going to be interacting in fanzine fandom for many more years I think that the "cool and correct" attitude that we are both seeming to assume towards the other is the attitude that all of us in this mess should assume. Leave off the sniping

(ends below)

and fandom will be more pleasurable for all of us.

I hope that this plea does not fall on deaf ears - fanac is, after all, supposed to be fun. On my part I offer an olive branch to all of those 'on the other side'.

Marty



How's it coming?

HEY FOLKS, WE'RE MOVING

Effective Aug. 20 (or thereabouts) we will have a new address, to wit:

11825 Gilmore #105
North Hollywood, CA 91606

As this new apartment is only 6 blocks from our present abode there is every likelihood that we can have our telephone number transferred to the new place. As I just signed the rental agreement earlier this evening (7/27/88) I have not checked with the telephone company about this - nor with anybody about everything else.

We take possession of the place this next Sunday; however, that will be just picking up the keys and making a floor plan (so that we know how many and what size bookcases to buy - the new place does not have the shelving we have in the old place. Also, the new place has no built-in shelving in the bedroom so we need to pick up a dresser. And, with our old refrigerator dying, we might as well pick up a new one at this time (and have it delivered) instead of schlepping the old one over there only to have to replace it in a few months - or earlier. Just what we need right now - MORE expenses. Robbie and I will not be going to ANY out-of-area cons next year.

The move was prompted by the unending noise around here (see my editorial) - it will be nice to be able to get more than 2-4 hours sleep a night. And the new place is air-conditioned and it has a pool. And it is a rent-controlled building. But it is a bit smaller than what we have now. Oh, well. Even though it is more expensive than our current place it is cheaper by a bit than we expected to find. The peace and quiet make it all worth it.

