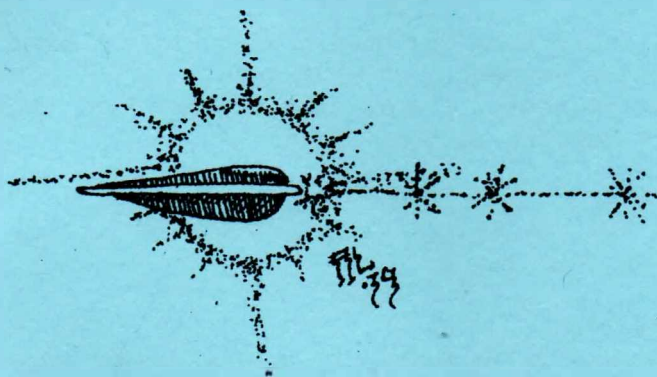




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Darrell Schweitzer: 6  
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Steven Fox: 9, 35  
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## WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS:

We trade.

Would you like to trade?

You locced.

You contributed.

I would like for you to contribute.

I would like more contributions from you.

I reviewed a book from your publishing house. Sorry.

Your contribution is being held for a further issue.

You subscribe.

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

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

Your fanzine is reviewed within these pages. You have right of reply (but do not delay -  
HTT always beats its deadlines).

It has been so long since I have heard anything from you that I will have to stop  
sending HTT to you if you do not Do Something by Dec. 1 of this year.

Doing something is not sending me an advertizement. I need some sort of Real Communi-  
cation from you by Dec. 1 of this year - otherwise, no more HTT.

You purchased this copy.

Editorial whim/wher.

Your name is Jerry Pournelle and you have been mentioned both here and on another page.

Your name is Larry Niven - this copy is for your sauna.

FIAWOL.

If you ever learned to read you might enjoy this.

You subscribe to the proposition that Minneapolis is frozen 12 months of the year.

This will scare you away from fandom.

Wait until you see what I do for a living.

You said something about having some free time?

Just you wait and see if We will let You gafiate.

You worship at The Stannous Church.

I am trying to see if flattery will get me everywhere.

I am trying to fill this page with nonsense.

I owe you something.

You owe me something.

Fill in this blank space \_\_\_\_\_.

The Gods picked you to be dumped upon this month.

Marty Cantor  
5263 Riverton Ave.  
Apt. #1  
North Hollywood, CA 91601  
(213) YU LACK 1

Trades and anything larger  
than letter size mail should  
be sent to:

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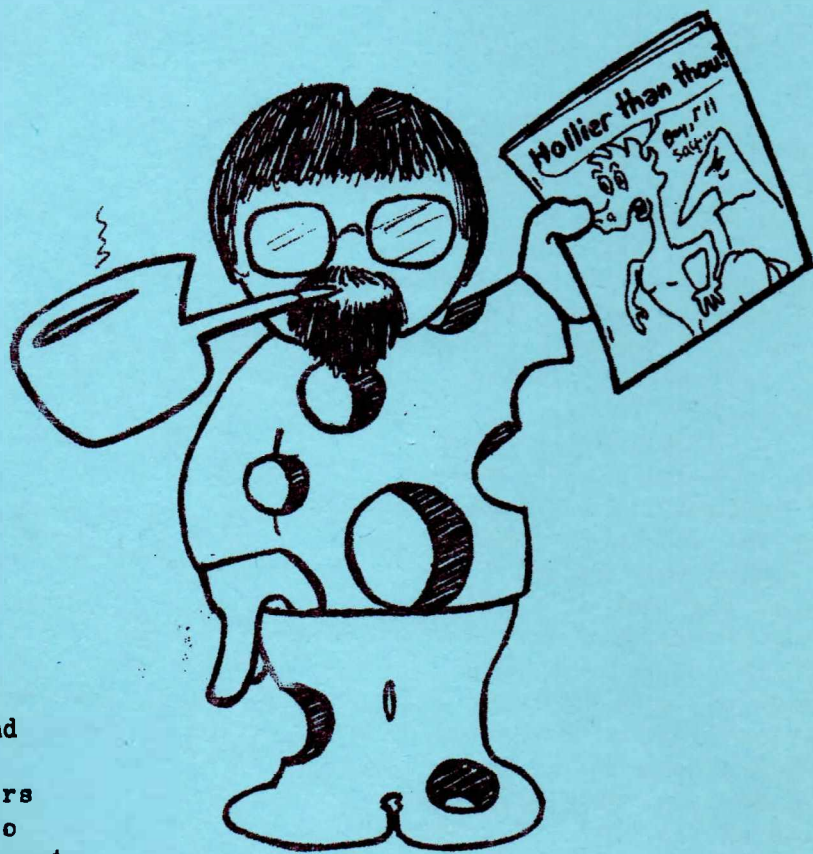
Hoo Hah Publication No. 256  
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Electrostencilling by:  
Linda Bushyager  
Brian Earl Brown  
Nicolai Shapero

HOLIER THAN THOU is published in  
the first month of each quarter and  
is available for contributions  
(written or artwork), trade, letters  
of comment or editorial whim. Also  
available for \$1.00 per issue. Except  
that it comes out a week or two early. Except  
that the last issue was almost a month early.  
And except that some of the above information  
will be changing in 1981. Read on.

# HOLIER THAN THOU

number eight



Yes, there are some changes  
planned for HTT. More about  
these changes in the following  
pages. Read on.

# NATTER

But first, before I get into the changes to be expected next year, there are a few items about which I would like to go on ~~and oh and oh~~.

Such as, for instance, the reasons why HTT #7 was ready almost a month early. (Which has lead to a separate letter column this time, a letter column of late LoCs.)

I rolled the first stencil for HTT #7 into the typer on June 1 - the last staple was driven on June 16. During this period I finished the last of the mailing of SHAGGY. I also typed and printed a 9 page LASFAPazine, with LASFAPA collation (including the typing and printing of the 5 page Official Organ) on the weekend of the 15th. You see, some time before 26th I had to somehow rearrange the piles of fanzines ~~and other fanzish trash~~ so that I would have room in the apartment for the LASFAPACON Mystery Guest of Honour who would be staying with me. And then, aside from being a tourist guide for the MGOH, there was LASFAPACON (starting July 1) and WESTERCON (starting July 3). On top of this there was my job at which I put in 50 plus hours per week. Fortunately I started my (2½ day) vacation on July 1. Yep - I am a workoholic, and I am more than half nuts. Well, I am an actifan -- and, most of the time, it is fun.

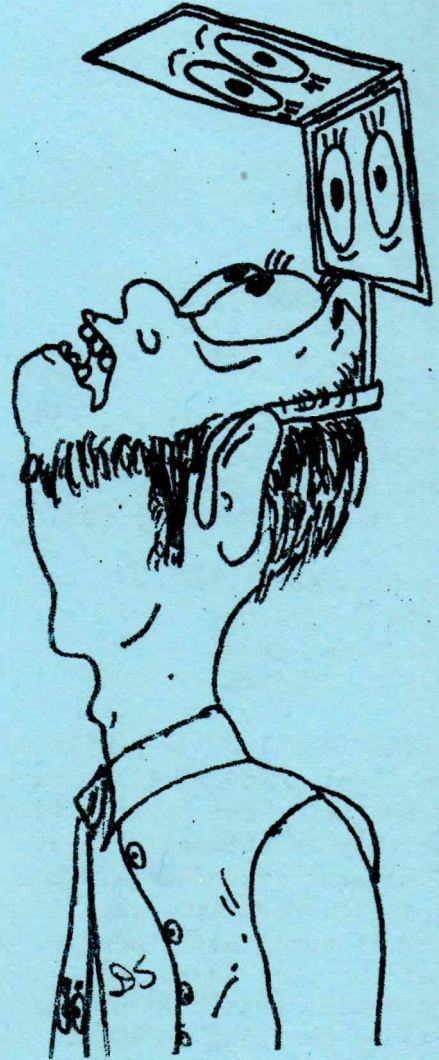
Anyway, realising that I would have little time during the month of June for working on HTT, I put myself into mental high gear preparatory to the commencement of working on HTT #7 - and I got it out so damnably fast that I surprised even me.

Which is really a sort of roundabout way of leading up to the first of the changes in HTT that I will institute next year.

The problem is that fans in places in Australia and other outlying areas really do not have enough time to get LoCs to me in time for me to get them into the proper issue. (Which ties into a problem that I have, the lack of money to send out HTT via methods faster than slow mules and slower boats.)

Next year HTT will be pubbed thrice yearly. Theoretically this will save me money -- I say theoretically because I have a hunch that HTT will grow to a size that will obviate most of the savings inherent in putting out fewer issues per year. More important, though, than the possible savings of money will be the increased immediacy of communication that will be gained in more of the letters current. After all, the LoC Ness Monster is the heart of HTT.

MANY  
SF  
READERS  
ARE  
MISFITS



The months of publication will be January, May and September. This means that I will be pubbing HTT one month before each issue of SHAGGY is due, a schedule that should be easy to maintain. Of course, this means that the first issue (#9) of this schedule will be out only three months after the last issue (#8) under the old schedule. So it goes.

The next item of change is the cost of HTT. At present HTT sells for \$1 per copy (to those few who purchase it rather than acquiring copies for the usual). I would much prefer that HTT went to everybody for the usual; however, being realistic about this, I understand that there will be a few who prefer purchase to locking etc.

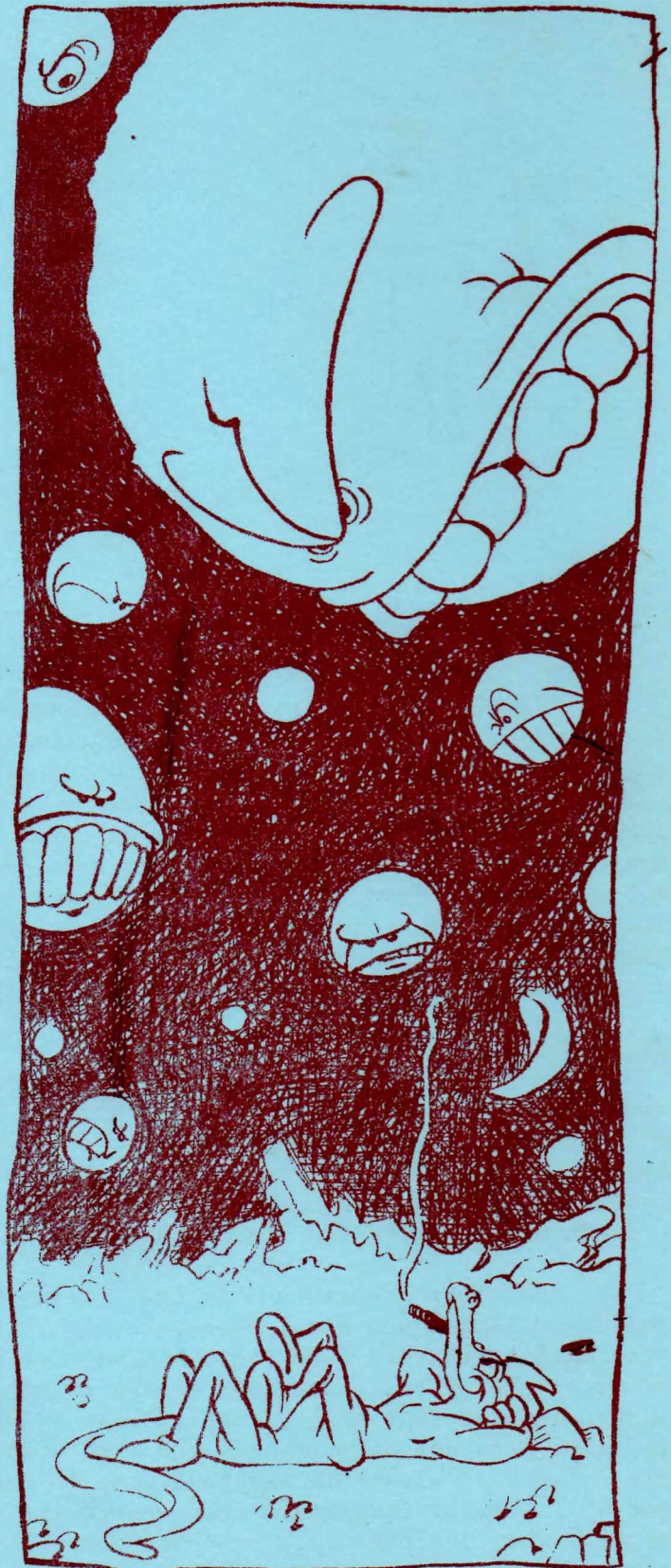
Well, postage costs are probably going to be going up next year (due both to the "promised" postal raises and to the probable increased size of HTT. Therefore, I do not mind a bit more extra money coming my way to help defray these increased costs. After all, HTT comes nowhere near to breaking even (nor do I ever expect that it will). On top of this there is the likelihood that the extra added 50¢ that I will charge for HTT may make a few of those who now pay for their copies start locking or contributing. It is to be hoped.

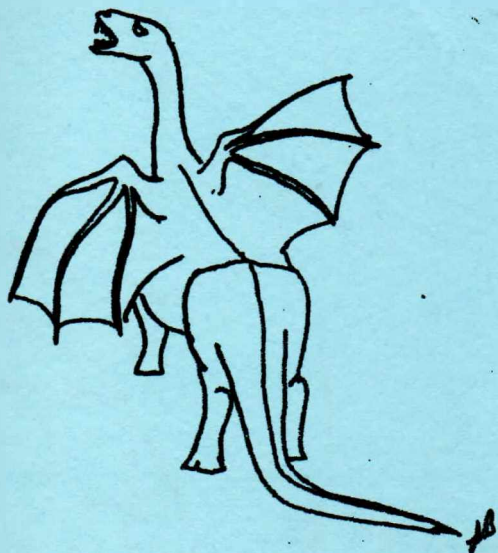
Concomitant with this increase in cost will be the elimination of the discount for subbing to a full years run. Starting now (actually, starting in January at the new rate - starting now at the old rate) the cost of subbing will be the cost of an individual issue times the number of issues to which one wishes to subscribe.

The last change - the print run is going up to 200 (\*ouch\*) as I am getting more trades. **IMPORTANT.** If I am trading with somebody who does not produce a zine more than once in a year they had better Do Something (such as a LoC or telephone call) if they want to remain on my trade list. The name of this game is Communication - and that is a two-way street.

Enough for this.

.....Marty Cantor





# LATE LOCs

on 5 & 6

/\*/ People do misinterpret that which they read - at times. This is not necessarily because they have had humourectomies; sometimes certain subjects are found to be very painful. Gail Weiss started reading HTT only recently - she has sent me some LoCs taking, well, violent exception to part of Taral's LoC in HTT #5. To refresh the memory of those who might not have their copy of HTT #5 handy, I will start this by quoting the offending paragraph in Taral's LoC.

"Anyone who waffles at Nazi concentration camp jokes is perhaps congratulating himself for his liberal sense of humour prematurely. Humour can reside in any situation and the inability to see it is only a blindness. That there are thousands, or millions of people who are blind to some jokes is no comment on the humour of the situation is only, in another sense, another joke on us... The most putrid joke about concentration camps is probably the one told about a camp commandant who, in response to a surprise visit by an SS officer, says, "If I knew you were coming I'd have baked you a kike." A Jewish fan asked me how you can tell a Jew from pizza and said that the pizza doesn't scream as it's put in the oven. (Lookie at all those knees jerking...)"

As a response to that I will now print Gail's first LoC. /\*/

## GAIL B. WEISS

I don't consider Nazi concentration camp jokes vulgar, or even in poor taste. I consider them obscene. My cousins, uncles, aunts, and grandparents died in the fires and the gas, and they "screamed as (they were) put in the oven." Is genocide a joking matter? My father still cries in his sleep when he remembers Auschwitz, and he cannot forget. There is a tattoo on his arm which will not let him. Should I crack jokes on the death of your parents? Or perhaps spit on their graves as you do on mine.

/\*/ Upon receiving this LoC I wrote to Gail and explained several things to her. I mentioned that I was also Jewish, having relatives who were living in Poland at the time of the Nazi occupation (and from whom we have never heard anything since the war). I also explained my philosophy/HTT policy of considering anything a valid subject for humour - and the fact that I particularly enjoy sick humour. I mentioned that many Nazi jokes came from Jewish sources - and that I would print any that I considered particularly "sick." I also told her that I would cease sending HTT to her if she wanted me to; after all, I fully understand from whence she cometh, even if I do not to that position ascribe. Most importantly, I pointed out to her that I did not believe that Taral was taking any kind of an anti-semitic position. I believe that Taral was jibing at those who would abandon their "liberal" positions when confronted with something that they did not like. I believe that she misinterpreted Taral. In reply I received the following./\*/

GAIL B. WEISS

Thank you for the letter. I wrote mine while still burning mad; while believing what I said. If I had waited to cool down before writing it, it probably wouldn't have been sent. I'm a quiet person, and do not enjoy making fusses. However, the wound was still raw. I had just returned from a visit to relatives in Israel, where I had learned of some of the atrocities visited upon my kin, which I had been deemed too young to know of before.

Theoretically, I believe in freedom of speech. Sometimes the theory breaks down.

However, I do (truly!) enjoy your zine (aside from a few things), and would like to remain on your mailing list.

Do show my letter to Taral, though. I was not picking at you for publishing Taral's letter, but at Taral for writing it.

/\*/ Copies of your letters have been sent to Taral; however, I do not expect a reply from him in time for inclusion right after this paragraph. (I am starting this issue much earlier than usual.) If I receive from him a reply before I finish the last stencil for this issue I will print it. To repeat, I do believe that you are doing Taral a disservice. /\*/

/\*/ I also received a late LoC from Nan Lambert who expresses worry about the fact that she almost understood Mike Glycer's "Revised Solution..." Now let us turn to late LoCs on HTT #6. /\*/

MARC ORTLIEB

Marty Cantor is unfair to Aussie LoC writers. Mumble. I've heard excuses for late issues, but being of the procrastinative fraternity, I tend to go easy on lazy faneds. However, when someone makes clear their intention to put issues out early, then I must raise my voice in protest. Hell, do you realise what might happen if such behaviour became commonplace? APA editors might start to enforce deadlines. Subscription type fanzines might insist that subs be paid on time. I might finish the next Q36. I trust you feel ashamed of your anti-social behaviour.

/\*/ Nope - I glory in it. HTT is always out early (except, maybe for this time - I just had to purchase another refrigerator, and the cost of that may force HTT #8 to be late (late, that is, by HTT standards (in other words, out on schedule)), SHAGGY is put out on schedule; and, as Little Tin God of LASFAPA, that APA is always out on schedule to the hour. Nyah! /\*/

Mike Glycer's article managed to be as dull and confusing as the forms he was making fun of. Darrel Schweitzer's article on horror films, on the other hand, maintained the silliness I like in fanzine articles, and the fact that he side-tracked himself halfway through added to the flavour of the piece. And in the interest of sidetracking, may I add that my favourite version of the Curse of Frankenstein was the episode of that name in the Goon Show which lasted for exactly one word,







"Blast!" before going on to another story entirely. (I don't suppose I could interest you in an article on the Goons and Science Fiction if I ever get around to writing it.)

/\*/ If you put the proper amount of silliness in it I would certainly consider it for HTT. /\*/

Poor Mike (Glicksohn) and his evaginating vagina. Sigh. I guess that's what spending ones nights alone with nothing but five hundred fanzines and a typewriter does to ones mind.

---

ERIC LINDSAY

On selfish parking, I question whether it is really selfishness to park partway over the white lines. Oh, I realise the effects, but I am concerned at the motives. In some cases, it is as you say; a lack of concern with others. But from observation, I would guess that a lot of it is straight out inability to do better. Consider. For most people, driving an automobile may well be the most complicated act in which they are ever engaged. I suspect that, because it is the most complicated, many people find themselves unable to handle it with more than minimal competence...to the point that, when faced with parking between two lines seven or eight feet apart, their skills are insufficient for the task. It would be interesting to set up an experiment to test this, and to test the possible decline in parking skills in the years following initial tests aimed at obtaining a driving licence.

/\*/ Given my druthers I would outlaw automatic transmissions and require mandatory competency testing on manual transmissions. Those failing these tests would be prohibited from driving. Those driving in spite of failing the competency tests would be summarily shot. This would have the effect of making our highways immediate safer. It would also result in an immediate shortage of burial plots. /\*/

---

WAYNE BRENNER

I don't see why everyone is razzing Mike Glicksohn because of his comments re the joke Joan Woods told him. I think it's rather obvious that Mike was making an allusion to BRACHMAN'S POP-UP BOOK OF VAGINA JOKES (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich; 1978...)

---

DONALD FRANSON

There are some really creative typos in this issue: "counn," "copetency," "onewhot," "wom," "spash," "collapible," "ylur," etc. They sound like they might be actual words in someone's dictionary.

/\*/ Only in a dictionary for Creative Scrabble, though. Anyway, my typos thank you for the attention that you give to them. Not that they need the attention, though. They are self-breeding. /\*/

SETH GOLDBERG

One thing I must compliment you on is the consistent quality of your covers. Given some of the poor quality of your interior art, this is actually a bit surprising. There may be hope for you yet. I also compliment you on the Bob Lee illos. Tell him to keep them coming.

In thinking about the problems with your typer's typeface, I have concluded that it is more the age than the fact that is a manual. Face it, you will just have to get another typer. Maybe the HTT loccers should set up a fund to buy you a good typer, say a Selectric II or an Executive C.

/\*/ Whilst I (obviously) do not agree with you about the interior art in HTT, (except, of course, about your comments about Bob Lee), I would certainly not mind if the loccers decided to grace me with a new typer as per your suggestion. /\*/

/\*/ On #6 I also heard from Barney Neufeld who is still sticking in there despite his recently moving and my sense of humour (although he does not mention either subject). David Bratman writes, "But then, you would like getting glisteringly angry letters, wouldn't you?" when writing about Gary Deindorfer's column - to which I can reply that I would not mind them in the least. /\*/

/\*/ David Bratman also sends the following article. It should be noted that it was written just before the resignation of Secretary of State Vance. As per his suggestion the name of the current Secretary of State (Muskie) is being inserted in the place of Vance. Who knows - by the time that this is pubbed even that might change. /\*/



# ONE DAY IN THE OVAL OFFICE a farce

by david bratman

"I think Carter ought to go before the Congress and the country, apologize for being the most incompetent and inept president we've ever had, and resign."  
-- voice on radio, 25 April 1980

\*

Vice-President Mondale paused before entering the Oval Office. It had been so long since President Carter had invited him there, he wasn't sure if he had the right room. He knocked on the door, and heard a familiar voice say, "Come in, Fritz."

"Sit down," said the President as Mondale entered. "Let me get right to the point. I've been listening to some of those radio broadcasts saying that I'm the most incompetent and inept president the country's ever had, and y'know, it's beginning to make some sense. I really am the most incompetent and inept president we've ever had. Inflation -- unemployment -- taxes -- Iran -- Russia -- it's just too much. I can't even keep American planes from crashing into each other."

Carter buried his head in his hands.

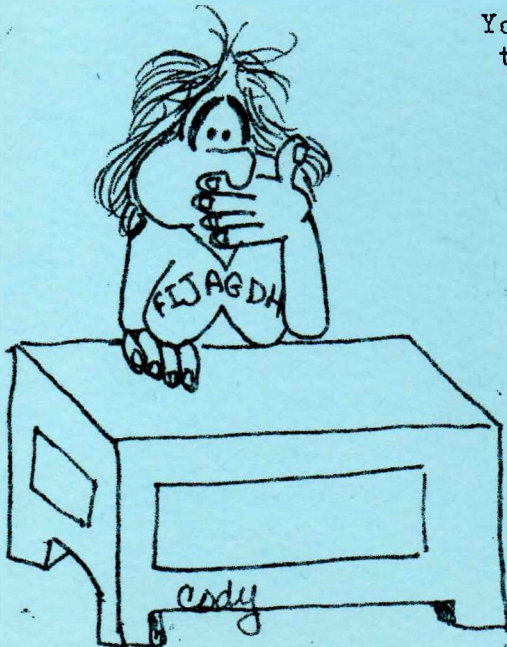
"Sir," said Mondale, "you shouldn't say that. You're a fine president. But if you really have had too much, perhaps you should withdraw your candidacy for the nomination this summer."

"No, no," wept Carter, "it's too late. I have so many delegates, and they're all required by law to vote for me, there's no way to prevent me from getting the nomination. But," and here he lifted his head and began staring intently at his vice-president, "there is another way out."

They sat, looking at each other, for a moment. Mondale knew what was coming, but refused to accept it. "Sir?"

"I'm going to resign."

Mondale stood up, tried to step backwards, and fell back into his chair again. "Oh no, Jimmy," he said. "Nothing doing. I don't want to be president anyway, and there's no way I'm going to straighten out



the mess you've gotten the country into. If you resign as President, I'll resign as Vice-President first."

Carter's intent grin did not change. "I thought you might say that. You won't get out of your responsibility this easily." He pressed the button on his intercom. "Send Muskie in here immediately," he said, and began writing on a pad of paper.

Mondale looked over, and realized that Carter intended to resign right then and there.

\*

When Secretary of State Edmond Muskie entered the Oval Office, he was greeted by the unexpected sight of the President and Vice-President of the United States on the floor, wrestling madly for possession of a pad of paper. Both had their pens out and were flailing ineffectively at the paper and each other. Muskie watched this amazing spectacle for a while. Carter was a more nimble fighter, but Mondale was stronger and eventually wrested the pad away, leaving Carter with only one scrunched-up sheet of paper. Mondale immediately knelt down on the floor and began scribbling on the pad, while Carter limped into his chair and flattened out his prize on the desk. "Aha!" he cried, "here's mine already half finished!" He jotted down a few more words, signed his name, and handed the sheet to Muskie, who took it with evident distaste. "You resign?" said Muskie, after he'd deciphered the last few words on the page. "But Mr. President..."

"Shit!" yelled the new President, who was still on the floor, writing. "You beat me, Jimmy." He crossed out the word "Vice" on his page, finished writing, threw the pad over to Muskie, and collapsed on the floor.

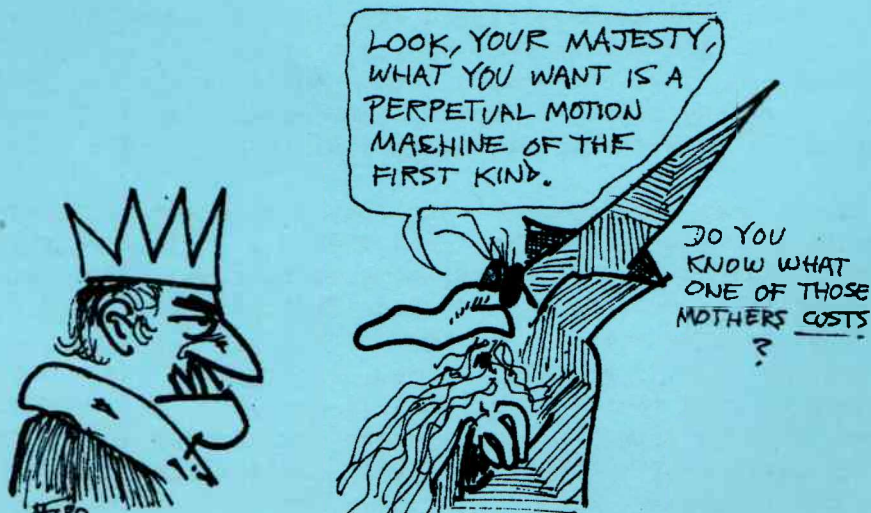
Muskie looked at the two pieces of paper for a minute, and said, "I suppose you both think that Tip O'Neill is President now." The two panting men nodded slightly. "Well, he isn't. I've just received a document signed by half the members of Congress. They are so disgusted by Administration policies that they're declaring their independence. Tip says he's not a citizen of the U.S. any more."

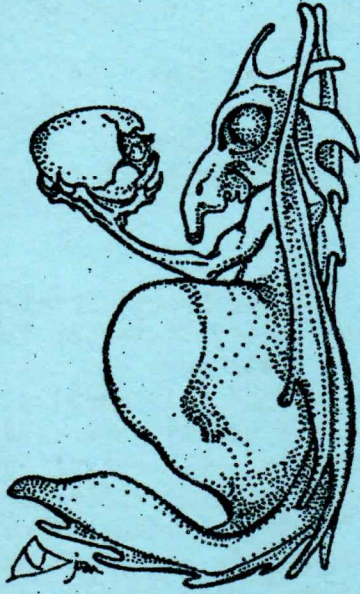
"Did Senator Magnuson sign it?" asked Carter. "He's next in line."

"No sir, he didn't," said Muskie. "I'll call him and let him know he's President."

"No, you won't," interrupted Mondale. "I see you two haven't heard. When Magnuson found out that the two Air Force planes that crashed into each other in Iran were built by Boeing, he went out in despair and drowned himself in the Tidal Basin." He stood up and walked over to shake Muskie's hand. "Best of luck, Mr. President -- you'll need it."

...David Bratman





# THE CUTTING EDGE

book review

by

MARTY  
CANTOR

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF THE YEAR

Eighth Annual Collection

Edited by Gardner Dozois

Dell Books ISBN: 0-440-11232-X

(c) 1980, 412 pgs., \$2.25

For several months Dell Books has been sending me review copies of their new releases. I have reviewed only one of the books that they have sent me (THE INCREDIBLE UMBRELLA by Marvin Kaye, reviewed in HTT #7). That particular review was really just a cursory notification to my readers that this was a book that I particularly liked - it was, in no sense of the word (or phrase), a good full-fledged review.

I really have not had the time to write any reviews, but I must say that all of the books that they have sent me have ranged from poor to excellent, with most of the books being good. One book, though, is very bad. It stands out as being a prime stinker. As this book also pushes one of my buttons, I intend to level at it a loud blast of criticism. This may cut off my supply of books from Dell; however, I am not going to let a little thing like the possibility of the loss of review copies keep me from saying my piece.

You see, it all goes back to something that I have long claimed - that which is known as New Wave is not Science Fiction. And more - I believe (with Frederick Pohl) that Science Fiction is that at which I am pointing when I use that label (or something like that). I do not point to New Wave as Science Fiction; neither do I point to agglomerations of words which do not tell a story as Science Fiction. Science Fiction is a story telling medium; and, I believe, without a plot, no story is being told.

It is claimed by some that the New Wave is dead, is not being written any more. Maybe, in some senses, this is true. However, there is a legacy of the New Wave that is just as bad as the New Wave itself. There are still plotless messes (pointless non-drolleries) that are passed off as Science Fiction. Even more incomprehensible to me are

the good stories (with real plot and real characters) which are called Science Fiction, yet are 100% mainstream. Whilst I will not attempt the impossible task of defining Science Fiction, I must point out that I have been reading the genre for thirty five years; as I was a super heavy reader for about twenty of those years (I did not discover fandom until about 6 or so years ago, and my early years of reading Science Fiction were when I was young), I dare say that I have a good grounding in the field.

One further bit of explication before I get to the book; in other words, I intend to point at some Science Fiction that is good (and real) Science Fiction. The kinds of stories that I consider good Science Fiction would be the Empire-League stories by Poul Anderson, MIDDION OF GRAVITY by Hal Clement, the Hospital Station stories by James White, MOTE IN GOD'S EYE by "iven and Pournelle, the Rim Worlds stories by A. Bertram Chandler. With lots of etceteras along the same lines.

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF THE YEAR purports to be the best Science Fiction short stories of 1978. Let us examine the individual stories to check on the validity of that claim.

THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION by John Varley. Despite being set in the future (albeit, a near future) and its air of cold realism, this story is Fantasy, not Science Fiction. It is Fantasy instead of Science Fiction because of its ending. Why is it that so many writers (and editors and readers) do not seem to understand that if you want to put into the plot something for which there is no basis in science/fact you can do it (and remain Science Fiction) by laying in as a part of the plot the pseudo-science/logic/postulates for the departure from reality. Thus we get good Science Fiction (non-fantasy) plots about alternate worlds, time travel, and What Have You.

What Varley has done, though, is to tease the reader with a good solid plot (up to the end of the story) and very good characterisation of the lead character - and then, with a wave of his magic wand, throw in two pieces of mumbo-jumbo out of thin air. Nowhere previously in the plot has he prepared us for the alteration of reality that would make moving onto some other plane then our accepted reality to be Science Fictionally valid. Neither does he show the pseudo-scientific rules that would allow a person to be made both blind and deaf when another "enlightened" person merely passes her fingers over a person's eyes and ears.

The ending also is a break in the characterisation built up for the protagonist. Always before whown as open minded (though very tough-minded and practical), he was never portrayed as a credulous fool - until the final paragraphs of the story. Instead of saying, "Now, wait-a-minit - what's going on here!?!," he happily submits to being both blinded and deafened. Hogwash. Bullshit. Varley has not previously shown his protagonist to be a wimp.

In other words, despite the rigours of reality present in most of the story, it breaks down (at the end) into the usual Fantasy story nonsense which is a waste of the paper on which it is printed.

EARTH CALLING FLYING SAUCER,  
EARTH CALLING FLYING SAUCER...  
UFOLL BEEN CLEARED  
FOR LANDING AT  
DULLES INTERNATIONAL  
AIRPORT.

≡ SNICKER ≡  
GET IT?  
UFOLL?  
> SNICKER ≡  
≡ SNICKER ≡



FOUND! by Asaac Asimov. An interesting old style story of "there is a problem here - how do we solve it?" style of writing. Asimov solves the problem quite well. Actually, though, this is fairly tepid Asimov - he can write much better than this. If this story, which is very minor Asimov, is one of the best stories of 1978 than Science Fiction is in excruciatingly bad shape.

WHORES by Christopher Priest. A well-wrought tale that says nothing - proof that the pointless New Wave is still splashing around and wasting paper. Totally non-Science Fictional.

COUSINS by Bernard Deitchman. An interesting story about primitive apemen (?) conquering some others who might be from some collateral branch of the human family. The Cro-Magnon/Neanderthal analogy is there, but not clear. Maybe this has happened on some planet other than Earth (or in some alternate time-line) - that, also, is not clear. At most this is but a vignette; and with its New Wavish influence of incompleteness plus the vagueness of its setting it fails to be Science Fiction.

VIEW FROM A HEIGHT by Joan D. Vinge. Real Science Fiction; but of a type that I do not like - all character study with very little plot movement. But yet, real Science Fiction. Not bad - five stories into a collection of Science Fiction stories and a whole two of them (so far) are Science Fiction.

MUTABILITY by Thomas M. Disch. In this stringing together of words Mr. Disch again proves that he has an amazing multiplexity of talents -- he can put together coherent (although meaningless) sentences, he has less sense of plot than a kindergartener making up a prevarication, and he has the amazing ability to hypnotise editors into thinking that he writes Science Fiction. Fortunately, I am not an editor. Mindless effusions like this do not fool me into calling them Science Fiction.

LOST AND FOUND by Phyllis Eisenstein. My god - a really and truly Science Fiction story - and one both highly original and very good. This is the best story in the book, and it deserves further reprinting in the future (in books that are all Science Fiction). It is not a story that will some day be called a classic, but it is very good. I will not ruin this very short story for you by telling you anything about it - it should be enjoyed with no clues as to plot or anything else about it.

However, once you read this story you just might find it hauntingly similar to things which have happened to you in everyday life. Naturally, we just put such things down to the paranoia which we do not have. Right?

I suppose you're going to say that it still isn't hot enough, eh EH?

Maybe you're absent minded but I made the request, the

third one, to turn up the heat in the Turkish bath over an hour ago.

It took me that long to find the torch.

I'll give you an "A" for persistence...

DM  
79



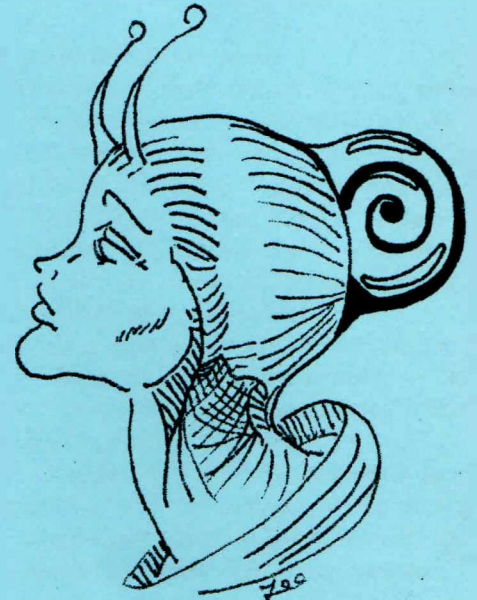
OLD FOLKS AT HOME by Michael Bishop. A slice of life, how some elderly people take care of themselves in a mid 21st century Atlanta. This is a quiet story, one of Bishop's UrNu series about life in a domed Atlanta. This should appeal to those who like their Science Fiction to be realistic, yet very personal.

SEPTEMBER SONG by James P. Girard. A somewhat different time travel story - rather brutal and rather tender. It shows the New Wave influence of being somewhat pointless (or, at least, without enough background for the plot) and entirely too light in tone for the brutality that it has. As is usual for me when reading stories of this type, I find it difficult to either become involved in it or to take it seriously - characters are foully and graphically done in, yet it seems like the merest bagatelle. And yeah - it is (borderline) Science Fiction.

IN ALIEN FLESH by Gregory Benford. Science Fiction today is different from the Science Fiction of earlier days, and I do not mean the New Wave crap which has influenced many non-New Wave writers. Much of Science Fiction nowadays concerns itself with the inner person, the warm reactions of what makes us tick. Even in off-Earth locales. I find this type of Science Fiction not too much to my liking as I prefer the fiction where characters react with (and to) other characters and with (and to) their environment. To my taste, I find too much introspection in recent Science Fiction. Therefore, this Science Fiction story is not to my taste, but it might satisfy others. It is a piece of Science Fiction.

SEVEN AMERICAN NIGHTS by Gene Wolfe. In his introduction to this story, Gardner Dozois says, "At his best, writing at the top of his powers on a subject that moves and interests him, Gene Wolfe may well be the best SF writer working today." Poppycock. This story is an excellently crafted mood piece, and it does have a plot (which begs for expansion - this story is woefully incomplete as it stands; however, just setting a story in an America that has collapsed into a hollow shell of itself is not Science Fiction. Amongst other things, the story begs for an explanation of how this state of things came to pass. I understand that it is hardly possible for a writer to encompass the entire fall of a large nation (and the human culture that follows that fall) in a short story - it is difficult enough to do all of that in a large novel. Yet, some sort of tying of the short fragment of the short story into the whole of the context of the culture in which the story takes place is necessary in Science Fiction. All of the good pre-New Wave Science Fiction writers were able to tell a coherent short story that, at the same time as the story was being told, showed the reader the societal context, the background, the total reality of the social milieu in which the story took place. And the best of them (such as Poul Anderson) could tell you not only the previous about the human society of the human occupied galaxy but could do an equally complete word portrait about the aliens (and their society) in which the human protagonist found himself in. All at the same time in the same short story. And the story would glitter with reality.

The perniciousness of the New Wave is its influence on many Science Fiction writers - turning these writers into purveyors of story fragments rather than tellers of honest-to-goodness complete stories. What bothers me even more than the fact that writers are turning out this drivel and that publishers are wasting paper in printing them is the fact that readers are spending money on buying this shit.



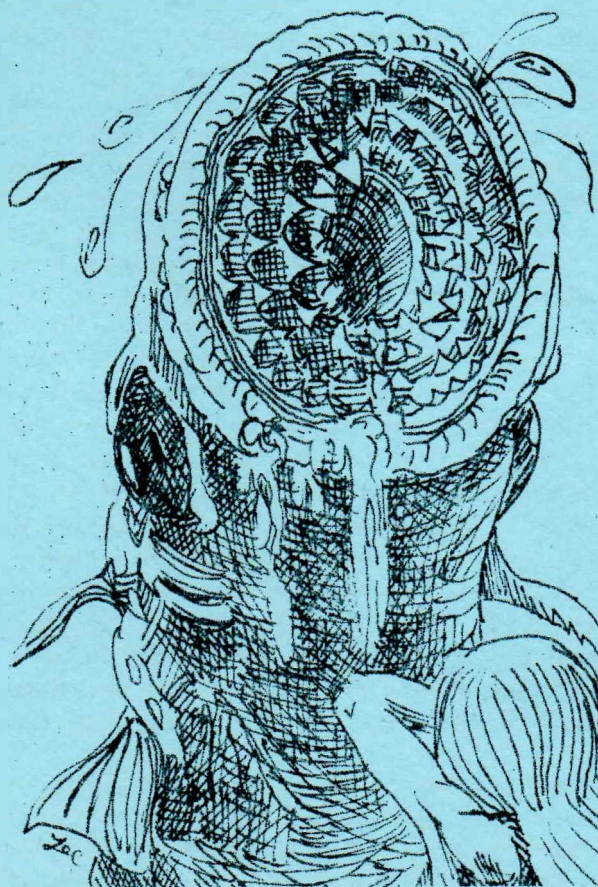


I have pointed out that there is some real Science Fiction in this book; however, in a book that purports to be a compendium of the best Science Fiction of 1978, the inclusion of non-Science Fiction non-stories along with the Science Fiction is a cheat and a fraud. It would be both a cheat and a fraud if the book were merely a "collection of Science Fiction stories" without the appellation "best" attached to it. I mean, there is mostly non-Science Fiction in a book that purports to be all Science Fiction. And having only one story (LOST AND FOUND) that is memorable in a collection of purported "best" stories is a further crime.

Write to Dell Books and tell them that you are tired of ri-offs of this kind. You might also tell them to find an editor who can recognise Science Fiction when he reads it - Gardner Dozois, based on reading this book that he mis-edited, is obviously too much influenced by the New Wave to be a competent Science Fiction editor.

Old Doc Smith, God rest his soul, could barely write his way out of a paper bag vis-a-vis the quality of his writing. His story-telling abilities, though, were much above some of the writers of the stories in this volume (as evidenced, at least, by their inclusions herein). Sooth, I wouldst rather read Doc Smith's primitive writing to much more of some of what is now passing as Science Fiction.

----- Marty Cantor



# ARTHUR D HAYATY,

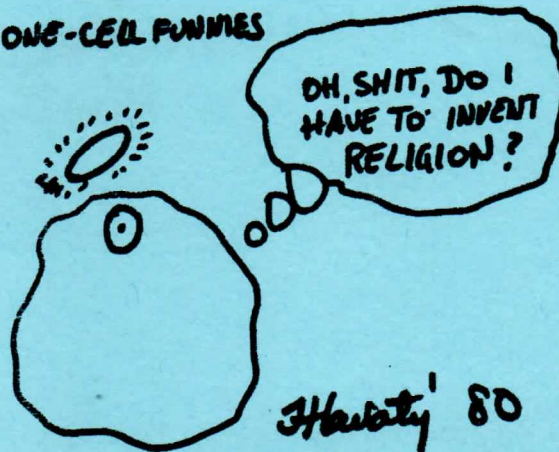
# FANARTIST

In the furthurance of increasing the world supply of putridity and good stuff like that there I have been encouraging Arthur's career as a fanartist. In fact, I do believe that I can lay claim to having invented Arthur's fanartist career - it certainly did not just lay about waiting to be discovered. Here are two notes from Arthur.

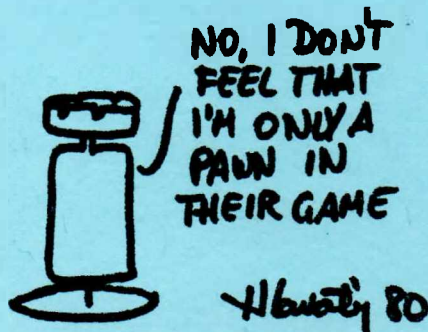
"Now look what you've done. You have created a monster, and generations of fen yet unborn will curse your name. To be specific, your continuing putrid suggestion that I am capable of doing fanart has inspired me to turn out 4 pages of the shit, and I am sending out to faneds, and lest you escape the consequences of your acts, I am sending a few of the horriblemest examples to you. May the other ghods have mercy on your soul."

"I appreciate your efforts to get me an award, and I am enclosing a couple more illos in furtherance of that scheme, but aren't you going to an awful lot of trouble just to get them to add a Fan Artist category to the Hogus?"

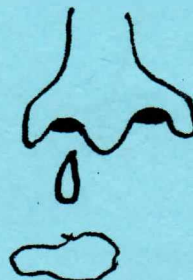
ONE-CELL FUNNIES



Hayaty '80



Hayaty '80

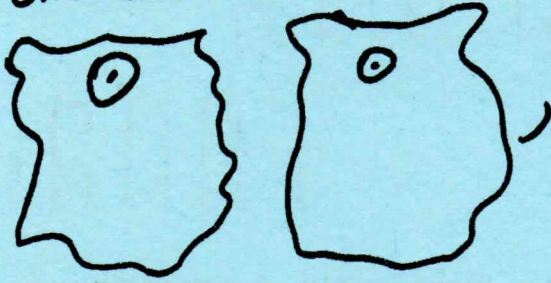


"TERRY HUGHE'S Cried  
NOSE... CRYING FOR  
SPACE IN FANZINES"

Taral loc

Hayaty '80

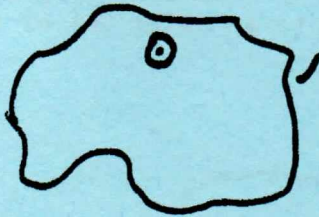
ONE-CELL FUNNIES



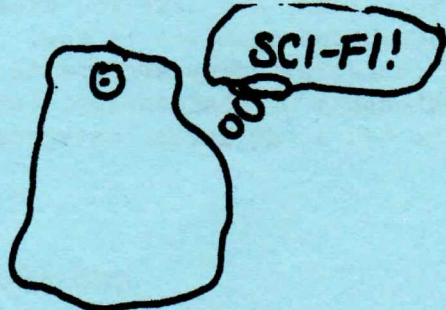
WHAT DO YOU MEAN,  
GO FUCK MYSELF?  
WHAT ELSE WOULD  
I DO?

Hlavaty '80

ONE-CELL FUNNIES



AND SOMEDAY  
THEY'LL FIND  
BEINGS GREATER  
THAN WE ARE

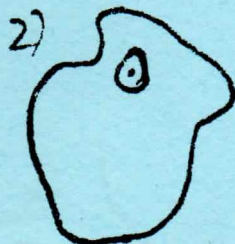


Hlavaty '80

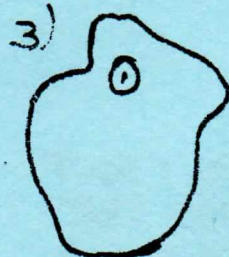
THE HLAVATY APPROACH TO FAN CARTOONING



rough  
sketch



detail pencil  
sketch



final  
inking AH80

# ASHKERA BA'SHETACH OR

"I Didn't Call You a Blockhead Charly, but Put on Your Kefiyeh, Cause Here Comes a Flock of Woodpeckers!"

/\*/ Wherein we read another chapter in the continuing saga of Sheldon Teitelbaum, Canadian turned Israeli. Previous installments of this column have appeared in issues number 2 and 5 of this zine. /\*/

Time once again to take on the monster. This time though, no gassy literary profundities, nor rabid Zionist polemic. Rather, a series of recollections and anecdotes designed to inform and amuse.

First, an update on the Sheila business. The green-eyed Irish philosemite I recalled several issues ago. Well, I ran into her last fall. Having wrangled a two month pass for travel abroad, I headed Stateside to visit my family. Stateside because, recent refugees from the ongoing constitutional crisis in La Belle Province, they had resettled in Florida.

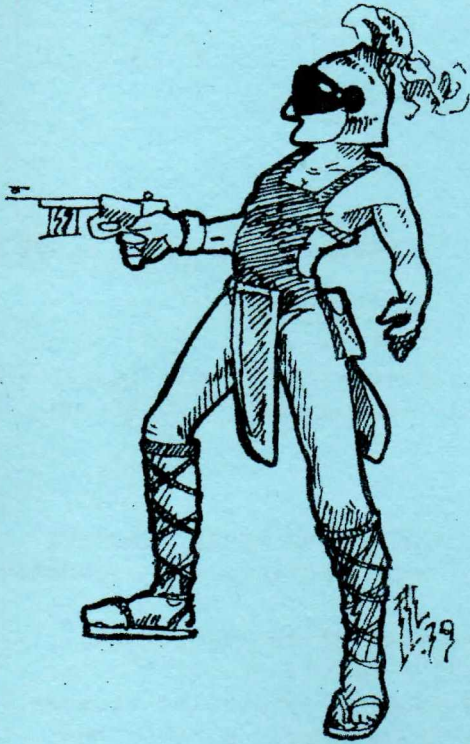
From there I caught a flight to Toronto, where a goodly number of my Montreal friends had set up stake. Sheila, who had since landed a job as a hospital administrator there, picked me up at the airport. We pecked each other's cheeks at the gate (something definitely wrong there, thought I), and headed for the bar. I walked with a pronounced limp, the result of a nasty grenade accident some months previous. Not a word. Sensing something seriously amiss, I ordered a double V.O. on the rocks. Had I known what was coming I would have bought the bottle.

Some choice comments? Try this for starters: "Anybody who deliberately joins a foreign army is a mercenary and a psychotic!!" "But I only earn 20 bucks a month," said I. "Just proves my point." Or, "They are not your people. You have more in common with the local Orange Lodge. You know, I think they really fucked over your brain. They probably spotted you at the airport. 'Well boys, looks like we got us another sucker.' You're really sick, you know that Sheldon?"

Zetzed between the eyes! There would be no warm reunion, no nooky tonight. "Thanks for the lift doll, but I gotta go see a Moony deprogrammer." Yeah... A bitter woman.

From that point on, no more talk about the army, and not a word about politics. You want me to describe my apartment in Tel Aviv, fine. I'll even show you my Science Fiction Encyclopedia. But Zahal? Forget it, baby; I'm under security restrictions. Lord, that got me into more beds than I care to think about. Had about the same effect my Canadian passport has here. The best of both worlds, right?





I ate like a Cambodian during my visit. I'm a pretty skinny guy, but I returned to Israel positively chubby. And I drank like a barbarian. Couldn't figure what was driving me. It was such a pleasure to get out from under the pressure, to see old friends and lovers, to check out Les Canadiens, and Gordy Lightfoot. And there I was putting a layer of shmaltz and booze between me and the world.

It hit me during my last week back in Florida, when in front of the tube, rotting my mind on Buck Rogers in the Twenty-Fifth Century, I broke into a cold sweat. My mom asked me what was wrong, and it jumped out of my mouth before I could put the lid on. Bahad Ahad. Officer Training School. The course I had failed a year ago because of language difficulties, and would be returning to in two weeks time. Fear is the mindkiller, right?

That was a rotten bit of business, that. You wanna hear a sob story? You got it. Three months before my first OTS course, in January, 1979, a lady I had been seeing off and on for eight years came over to visit me on my kibbutz. Her name was Penni, and when she was thirteen, and I was her karate instructor at a summer camp in the Laurentians, she sat on my lap and said,

"I just want you to know that I'm going to marry you some day." That was a fairly weird thing for a thirteen year old to say to a 17 year old guy, but she was a real stunner, and if I threw her off, well, there were some peculiar things going on inside my speedo. I laughed, and she wriggled.

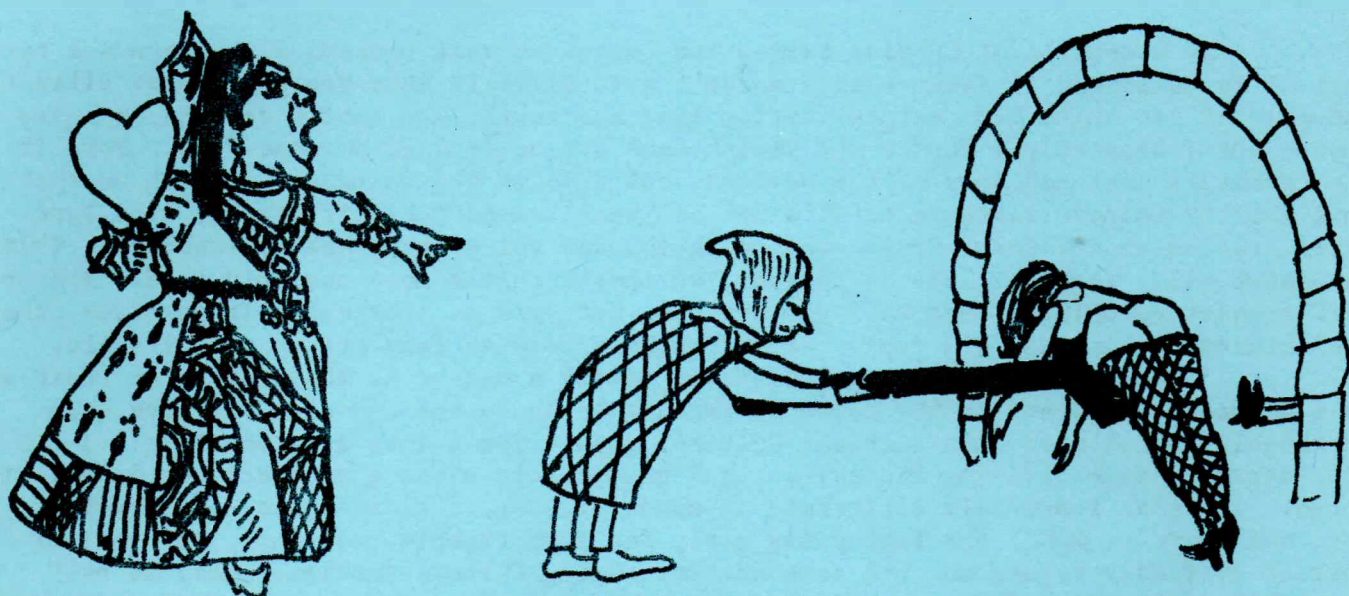
And so we would go out, and break off, and more of the same for the next six years or so. After 6 hours on the kibbutz, I proposed. She accepted. We lived happily ever after for three months. Then I went to OTS, and sent her to complete her intended trip through Europe, as I wouldn't be getting home much.

Bahad Ahad was literally almost the death of me. My Hebrew was not up to the material, my body not up to the demands put upon it, and my mind not up to the pressures of being tested 24 hours a day. I hung on by my teeth, but a week before graduation, my instructor tossed a live grenade on a roof I happened to be using as a vantage point to spray covering fire over a killing ground. I jumped three stories, and tore every ligament in my knees. He went to jail for gross negligence, and I was informed that I would have to repeat the course if I wanted my bars. "Come back when your Hebrew's better." Sure, no problem.

I returned to the kibbutz more than a little deflated. I had worked like a fiend for something I had wanted very badly, and blew it. Sympathetic at first, she got fed up within three days, especially in light of my wandering attention whenever she would describe the trip. I headed back for the hospital, and after three weeks, and a series of operations, was informed that she was living with another guy on the kibbutz. Rock and Roll!!

That was a year ago. In the meantime, I returned to Israel, and worked up the resolve to go through with the course. They sandpapered my genitals with as much fervour as they had the first time around, but this time I made it. I graduated three weeks ago. Life is sweet. Please send cheques and letters of congratulations in the mail. I've got me two tickets to the premiere of The Empire Strikes Back tonight, and a date with the Iraqi education officer of Bahad Ehad. Ashkera Ba'Shetach!

---Sheldon Teitelbaum



"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS,  
SHE BAKED SOME TARTS..."

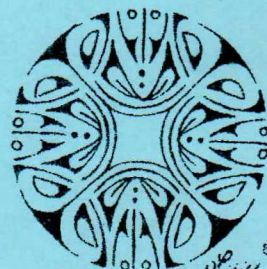
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some notes about

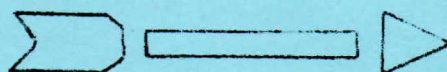
# CHINESE FOOD

by

BOB LEE



Lee 21



As a Gentile of Chinese extraction (might as well confess all; born and raised part of my childhood in Japan---this doesn't automatically make you a Japanese citizen, though; if you think U.S. naturalisation laws are tough, you should see the Japanese ones---but I digress), I wonder why Jewish fans are so fond of Chinese food. Pork is the favourite meat not only of the Germans, but also of the Chinese. So much so that in a quality Chinese restaurant, it's not oil that's used for stir-frying, it's lard. Note: second choice for a frying medium is chicken fat (second best is kosher?), third is peanut oil. Vegetable oil is cheaper, so that's what's more commonly used. And no self-respecting Chinese chef will use anything but lard as shortening in pastries (that's read almond cookies and dim sum). So any orthodox Jewish fans are in real trouble.

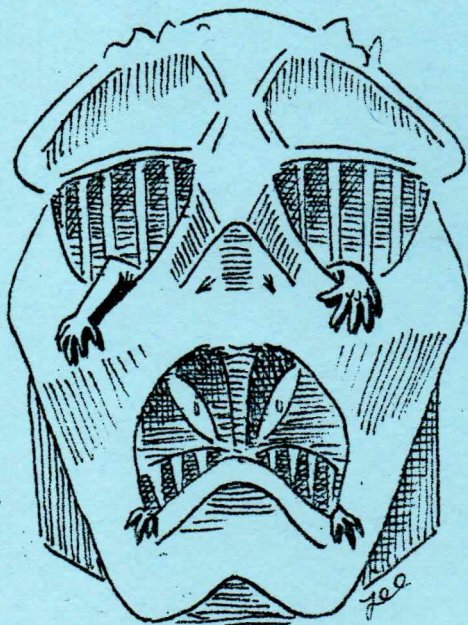
I'll also save fans the trouble of making a detour to shanghai me on their way to a Chinese restaurant in the hopes of forcing me to do the ordering. I have been thoroughly Assimilated Into American Culture, guys. Isn't that disappointing? I can understand someone speaking Mandarin, but I'm unable to utter a coherent sentence in the lingo. I'm also functionally illiterate in Mandarin; oh, I'll recognise a character here and there---~~子~~, for ~~that~~ young girl, for ~~that~~ example. In fact, the Ancient Ones of my family regard me with some horror. Being Chinese-American makes me half (or more) depraved, I suppose. ~~If they discover that I'm a fan as well they will extort me!~~ So to order "right" in a Chinese restaurant, I should take courses in Mandarin, Cantonese, Shanghai dialect, etc., just like everybody else. I should, but I don't and I won't. I do the American thing. I shanghai friends and relatives who can converse in Chinese on my way to a Chinese restaurant.

Give you a list of their names and addresses? Are you crazy? I'll never see them again!

These friends and relatives are often quite horrified to see barbarians nearby pouring soy sauce over rice and everything else at the table, but Chinese are too polite to make any remarks. In English, that is. I am of course, so depraved I am devoid of such courtesy. Mah fellow ~~barbarians~~ Americans...don't pour soy sauce over rice and everything else at the table, idiots. The fallacy that Chinese use soy sauce like ketchup (whoever originated it should be shanghai'd in the truest sense---shanghai'd to Shanghai), I suspect, has led to this shameful and unhealthy behaviour. Look at it this way: do

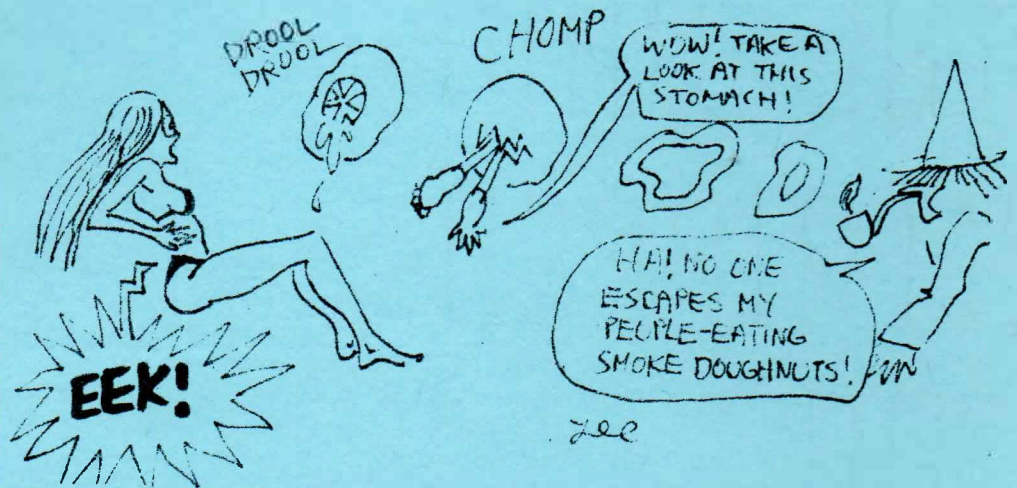
Italians pour tomato sauce over spaghetti al pommarola 'ncoppa at the table? If your meat loaf is baked and simmered in tomato sauce, do you pour ketchup over this dish at the table? Most stir-fried dishes already have just the right amount of soy sauce in them, and it's the sauce that collects at the bottom of the dishes that's spooned over the rice. Besides insulting the chef by implying he has improperly seasoned his food and destroying the subtle, delicate balance of flavours he has laboured to achieve (in China, according to the Ancient Ones, a great chef, brandishing his largest cleaver, will order offenders to leave), an excessive table use of soy sauce is bad for you. Soy sauce contains MSG, monosodium glutamate, the active ingredient in Accent and Aji-no-moto, the magic flavour-pick-upper, the thing that makes soy sauce give everything that special tang.

It also rots gray brain cells.



It's also why your stomach feels nasty or you get heartburn after some Chinese meals, especially in a poor Chinese restaurant. Either the chef was an incompetent, depending on MSG rather than skill to bring out the flavour of the foods, or you O.D.'ed on soy sauce at the table, ha ha ha. Serves you right. All this, and hypertension too.

Remember, soy sauce contains plenty of salt. We already get whole mines of the latter in American food.



---Bob Lee

The following item by P.J. Hoffstrom is reprinted from The Tobacco Observer (a publication of The Tobacco Institute), issue of August, 1980.

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Magnificent Yankee, once said: "If a law makes you want to puke, then due process has been denied." That statement may make sensitive souls cringe. (They would prefer "regurgitate.") Yet there still are some "freak laws" on the books that will make you kinda ill.

Scholars have traced such laws through ancient times. They usually are born on the winds of movements bordering on hysteria. In the Middle Ages, laws provided for animals to be put on the rack to exact confessions of misconduct.

France's Louis XIV was so carried away by his power to lay down the law that he posted a sign in a certain area saying: "God is hereby forbidden to work miracles in this field." Sure enough, no miracles have since been reported there.

New Jersey's Gov. Alfred Driscoll had to veto a bill his frantic legislature passed that would have made it a crime to commit "et cetera."

The particular fervour which has been behind the recurring anti-smoking crusades in this nation has spawned some unusual laws. For instance:

- \* It's illegal to offer a bird a cigarette in Knoxville, Tenn. This is a relatively new law, part of some 50 rules covering conduct in that city's parks.

- \* In Kansas it's unlawful for a candidate for public office to give away cigars on election day.

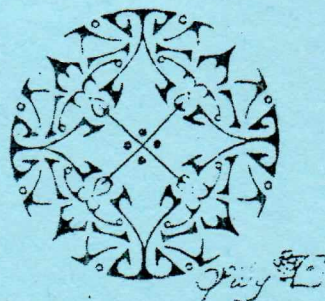
- \* If you chew tobacco in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., you violate the law if you spit against the wind.

- \* Undertakers in Shreveport, La., are forbidden by law to give away matches.

If you run afoul of any of these freak laws, remember the technicality successfully used as a defense in a Massachusetts case. The accusation stated that the offense was committed on May 15, 1933. It didn't state whether it was A.D. or B.C.



# THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE



by GARY DEINDORFER

Each column I select certain fanzines to be reviewed. I can't review all of the zines I get, because then I would be reduced to doing a "list review": a few sketchy comments on dozens of zines. There are more than enough list reviews already. So if you sent me your fanzine and don't find it reviewed here, I hope you are not too disappointed. My criterion of whether or not to review a fanzine doesn't depend on how good or even how bad I think it is, but how interesting I think I can make my review of the zine. Now, if you would rather not send me your fanzine, that's okay. I get too many of the creatures as it is.

Also, please notice that I try to save some space by omitting most qualifying phrases, such as "in my opinion," "I believe" and so on. If I write "CRUDMAG is stinko" or "FABZINE is too good to be true" this does not mean that they necessarily ARE such. The qualifiers are there, tacitly. My opinions are very much my own, and my own only. I am not handing down pronouncements from on high, engraved on stone tablets. I just hope I manage to express myself interestingly enough to hold your attention.

I believe that a failing of some fanzine reviewers is that once they have taken a public stand on a given fanzine they feel it would be a weakness to change that stand in view of subsequent issues of the given fanzine. I would like to reevaluate three fanzines I have already reviewed in previous "Bride" installments. Perhaps I will seem madly inconsistent, with the critical standards of a blind newt, but I'll take that chance.

In the first "Bride" I said that Marty Levine shows a rare ability to change from issue to issue of his personalzine BRASSOR. This is true. Each new BRASSOR is always in some ways a surprise. This does not mean that the change will be change for the better. I thought BRASSOR #5 was a wonderful issue, one of the best issues of a personalzine I have ever seen. But Marty has always had a tendency towards preciousness and pretentious artiness. Up until now he has kept that tendency under control, but with the new #6 he has fallen over the brink. He, Eddie Anderson and Scott Means have short pieces of various degrees of contrivedness. One or two of these pieces can spice up a BRASSOR, and such has been the case in past issues. But this time there are too damned many of them, making

BRASSOR #6 seem like an issue of a particularly mannered and dismal "little magazine" rather than a fanzine. The lettercolumn has always been one of the high points of the zine. Marty's readers express themselves very candidly on a great variety of topics in a lettercolumn that, this time, is just about the ONLY high point of #6. This is a very weak issue of a good fanzine. Marty is an unpredictable editor. The next BRASSOR will probably be completely different from this one, and chances are that it will be much better.

In the first "Bride" column I praised RUNE to the skies. Later I asked myself, "Is RUNE all that good?" Really, it isn't. So why did I give #58 such a rave review? Partially it was because I have gotten a lot of enjoyment out of RUNE under the editorship of Lee Pelton and Carol Kennedy, all the while ignoring something about them that is annoying. And partially because the art and cartoons make RUNE seem better than it actually is. Now what is it that annoys me about Pelton and Kennedy as editors? It is their complacent self satisfaction with RUNE, as though it is above all criticism. How do they deal with criticism when it appears in the lettercolumn? They are very touchy about it. They make you feel that you really have to watch your p's and q's with them.

I have become tired of their touchiness. Sure RUNE is good. But it isn't the wonderful creation Pelton and Kennedy seem, by now, to have convinced themselves that it is. RUNE always has a lot of humour, both drawn and written. Often the humour is very wild, way out and funny. But there is a sameness about it. It's always that ultra bozoid Minneapolis stuff. The new issue, #59, is pretty much like all the previous Pelton/Kennedy RUNEs. The touchy, sketchy editorials; Carol Kennedy's critically deficient fanzine reviews; book reviews; letters; announcements. Gerri Balter's interview with John Varley is well done, I'll grant that -- she asks some good questions. "Captain Audio and the Space Cassettes" is a very lousy playlet with ten different authors. Bozoid humour at its worst. But John Bartelt's piece about a Crab Man is very funny, bozoid humour at its best.

Suddenly, though, I am tired of this very same RUNE I praised to the skies in the first "Bride" outing. It's always the same old same old. It NEVER changes. I have always been hesitant to criticize RUNE in my locs to it, because Pelton and Kennedy are so exceedingly sensitive to criticism. The hell with that. I've decided I'm tired of their RUNE. That will show you how wildly inconsistent I can be. I hear #59 may be the last Pelton/Kennedy edited RUNE. Maybe that is just as well. I'd like to see what somebody new can do with this grand old dinosaur of a clubzine.

I really slammed TELOS #1 (Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden) in the last "Bride." For some reason the attitude of both Nielsen Haydens rubbed me the wrong way. I think, though, that I allowed myself to get unnecessarily personal. I have probably made them my enemies, but I must admit this basic truth:





TELOS #2 is superior to RUNE #59. The Nielsen Haydens may be snotty to some extent, but unlike the editors of RUNE they aren't complacent, and they aren't so irritatingly touchy about criticism. But they've added a third coeditor, Gary Farber, who often does seem complacent to me in various writings of his I have seen lately. Complacently fiawol, if you will. In his column he writes a pastiche which is reminiscent in tone and topic of the legendary Willis/Shaw The Enchanted Duplicator. It completely lacks their stunning wit, though, and is kind of grimly earnest, indicating to me that Farber takes fans and fandom very seriously.

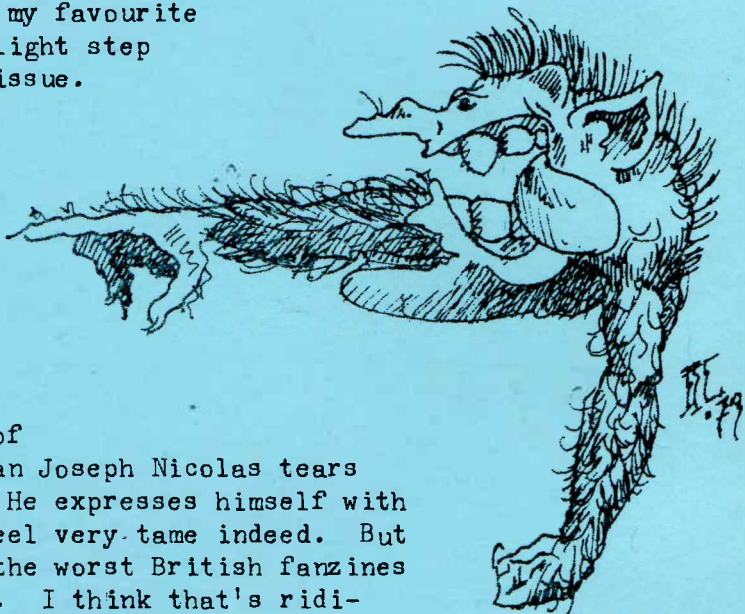
I will not disavow my pan of TELOS #1. I called it the way I saw it. But TELOS #2 is very good indeed, and I would be wrong to say it wasn't. It has some very high quality material from Loren MacGregor, who reminisces amusingly about porno movie theatres; Richard Bergeron, who begins a carefully written column which is, at times, very fastidious in attitude; a piece by John D. Berry which shows how beautifully atmospheric and rich in mood his writing is getting to be -- this is great writing; a very witty full page Jay Kinney cartoon; and a reprint by the semi-legendary Les Gerber, "The Fallow Men," a fantastic pastiche of T.S. Eliot's poem "The Hollow Men." The letter column is better than RUNE's has ever been, starting off with a loc from Terry Carr in his wittiest style. I would be an

idiot if I tried to pretend that material like this adds up to less than a damned good issue of a fanzine, in spite of the fact that I am no doubt on the Nielsen Hayden's shit list. I can live with that, though. Part of the fun of writing this column is all the toes I get to step on. It would be odd if I didn't expect my toes to get stepped on in retaliation once in a while.

THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP #s 13 and 14 and LINES OF OCCURRENCE #2 are from Arthur D. Hlavaty. Arthur never succumbs to false modesty. He has a high opinion of himself. Somehow he constantly gives the impression that he is, intellectually and morally, one of the Best People. This can get to be subtly irritating. Mostly, I think, because he writes very clearly and never leaves you in any doubt about where he stands on an issue, leaving you to admit, defensively, "Maybe he is one of the Best People, damn it." Arthur has a special talent for making devastating turns of phrase. But he is not merely a phrase maker. His long essay on Heinlein in DR #14 is filled with rich observations on the writing and psyche of a man whom I must admit has been one of the most influential SF writers in my life, however much I try to rationalize away the hold his ideas have had over me from the time I was 12 years old and discovered his juveniles. To give you some idea of how I feel about Heinlein, I though TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE was great. I admitted it, so there. Arthur makes one realize the far flung opposites Heinlein contains, but also how these opposites reach the point of finding their resolution in each other. Hlavaty makes you see why the man who wrote Starship Troopers can be the same man who wrote Stranger in a Strange Land.

LINES OF OCCURRENCE gives Hlavaty a chance to comment on fannish customs and foibles rather than Great Ideas. He is capable of writing much more faanishly than he is generally thought to be. This little zine is far wittier than the laboured and self righteous humour efforts of the overrated Gary Farber. It would be nice if Hlavaty didn't keep hitting us over the head in his zines with his pretensions as an Illuminatus, though.

Rich Coad's SPACE JUNK is still my favourite fanzine around today. #4 seems to be a slight step down from the brilliance of the previous issue. But it is still crazy and funny as hell. Coad continues to express himself insouciantly and forthrightly. He is one of those nuts that most of us pretend to be (y'know, fans allah time telling each other how CRAZY they are,) but which we aren't. Coad IS. He's half out of his fuckin' mind, I suspect, though he is also devilishly sane. As usual, he writes a very funny editorial, packing about ten pages worth of insights into three pages. The English fan Joseph Nicolas tears into American fanzines in a long column. He expresses himself with a slash and trash swagger that makes me feel very tame indeed. But he states the condescending opinion that the worst British fanzines are as good as the best American fanzines. I think that's ridiculous. I continue to think that the best American (and Canadian) zines are every bit as funny as Dave Langfor's TWLL DDU. I've started to tire a little of Langford humour, noticing how inherently repetitious it is. But you never know what Rich Coad is going to come out with next.



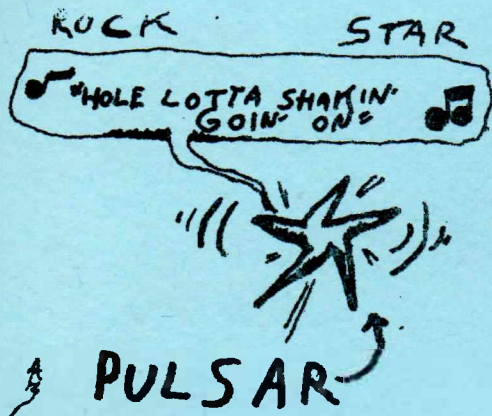
William Gibson has a piece about experiences in Europe which reminds me very much of something that William Burroughs might write, or have written. He has an interestingly skewed outlook on life. The lettercolumn has once again been edited to contain mostly highpoints. SPACE JUNK is right out there on the edge of Something, a place which Pelton and Kennedy of RUNE will never get to.

Cheryl Cline's WRETCH #4 continues to seem to be strongly inspired by the Coad spirit of inspired sloppiness of production and writing. Her writing is very loose and splashy and punky. "Call Me Madame" is an article about her apparently very crazy family and the weird nicknames they have for each other. It is very funny indeed. Cheryl then explains why it is no contradiction for a feminist to like punk/New Wave rock. She follows this article with a very inclusive discography of feminist oriented punk/New Wave records. Her lettercolumn is chock full of good stuff, especially insane letters from Luke McGuff and Gary Mattingly and an exceedingly intelligent letter from Candi Strecker.

Cheryl continues to use rubber stamps and different colours of ink to brighten up her pages to very good and original effect. You may wonder why I am reviewing SPACE JUNK and WRETCH in this installment after reviewing the previous issues in the last installment. I will make no bones about it: The Coad and Cline zines are two of my favourite publications, and I think it is remarkable that they could both have published two issues so close in time to each other which sustain such a high level of inspired splashy punky brilliance.

Allyn Cadogan has finally come out with a new GENRE PLAT, the first issue in about two years. SPACE JUNK, THE WRETCH and GENRE PLAT are all Bay Area publications. When you take them together, they make a stunning trio. The range of the subject matter they deal with is much greater than for most fanzines. The quality of writing is much higher than for most fanzines. These people have strong opinions and they say what they think, come hell or high water. They do not hide behind a facade of faanish respectability. They are funny and fresh. They take chances. I would advise all faneds that they could learn much from studying these three fanzines from the San Francisco area.

I would have to say that perhaps the new GENRE PLAT, #4, is actually a better fanzine than Coad's SPACE JUNK, if it weren't for my abject admiration of Coad's special blinding brilliance as a writer and editor. I think that most of the readers of this



column would like it a little better. It is less freaky and more accessible. It is also superb in terms of art, layout, graphics. I should mention at this point that I can tell good graphics from mediocre and bad graphics, and that the new GP's graphics are about as good as fanzine graphics get. But I should also say that technically I know very little about graphics. I don't feel qualified to discuss them in detail, which is why I tend not to say much about them in "Bride." But I'd have to be blind not to realize that in this GENRE PLAT the art is very good and very varied; the headings are elegant; and the integration of the art with the text is very well done. The cover is a good one, reminding me of the "Cabaret" movie, done by Joe Pearson. But the bacover completely eclipses it, a collaboration between Grant Canfield and Dan Steffan, "The Nuclear Family." It is a very nuclear family.

The real drawing card for me in this issue is "4 Views of the Bay Area." The first one is by Rich Coad, very brief, very funny and condensed madness. The second piece is a Berkeley cafe seen through the eyes of Andrew Brown, with the ghost of Jack Kerouac throwing up on stage while reciting a jazz poem. Deadly satire. The third Bay Area view is a very weird thing by M.C. Swift, a pseudonym, I believe. It resonates with multi-levelled meanings in its two-thirds of the page. The fourth view is also the best, Allyn Cadogan's write-up of a visit to a punk club. It is subjective reportage on the level of a Tom Wolfe bit. Allyn shows good instincts putting these four pieces together. They reinforce each other and the total adds up to more than the sum of the parts.

As if that weren't enough, there are three other extremely well done articles: a very outspoken, funny pastiche of flower child writing by an Angela Moon Feldperson; William Gibson, fandom's William Burroughs, with an essay about an Inexplicable Incident in Turkey which surpasses even his piece in the new SPACE JUNK; and Poul Anderson, who uses the old Burma Shade signs as a pretext for examining the possible nature of secret hierarchies.

As is also true of the Coad and Cline zines, the GP lettercolumn is deftly edited. Taken together, the Cadogan, Coad, and Cline fanzines have an energy that I find lacking in most fanzines. They suggest inspiration rather than perspiration.

PHOSPHENE #8 is Gill Gaier being as self revealing as ever, alying his heart, soul and chubby body on the line for all to ponder. This is his first trip; he does it well, with a great amount of apparent love. I notice, though, that for all his intense efforts to be open and warm and supportive and all that Esalen stuff, he has a real flair for making bitchy remarks, usually oblique ones aimed at whoever fits that particular shoe. I also notice that he seems to be repeating himself, going over the same warm, open, loving, accepting ground he has in his other issues of PHOSPHENE, not to mention his other fanzines, his locs, etc.

The lettercolumn has an amusing feature: the inevitable occasional overly indiscreet letter writer exposing his innermost secrets in print more than he probably intended to. I am thankful that Gil did not print my own loc on the previous PHOSPHENE. It was wrenchingly self revelatory as well as being gooey beyond belief. As trusting as I felt towards Gil when I wrote it, I know I would have kicked myself with chagrin if any of it had made it into print.

Gil Gaier is a great photographer. This issue has a 22 page portfolio of his photos of fans. I don't get to many cons, and it was fun to see what some of the people

look like whom I know on paper but have never met. I don't know anything about photography, but I am able to tell that Gil has a knack for really capturing people's personalities in his photos. Or so it seems. Harry Warner has mentioned that photos of fans should be published more often because they are such an invaluable reference source for future fans. I am sure he is very happy with this remarkable portfolio, something that really makes PHOSPHERE #8 a thing of joy.

I would like to comment briefly on some fanzines by relatively unknown, new fans. (Thoughts of little birds leaving their nests and learning to fly, etc.)

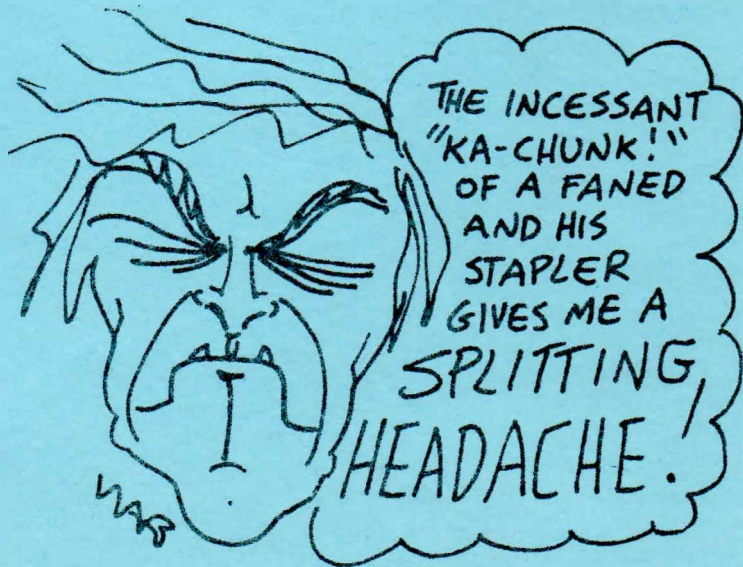
QUAHOG is from Ed Rom. #1 is a pretty crude effort, laden with feghoots and superficial book reviews. But Ed speculates about the relationship between dreams and the nature of time. He shows that he has a flair for writing about things that are fundamental, because in #2 he writes about realizing for the first time that the sun does not rise and set, our habitual way of perceiving it, when of course it is the turning of the earth in relation to the sun. I hope that Ed develops his talent for writing that gets to the heart of such basic truths; he does it very well already.

ECCLIPSE #3 is from Sarah Swider. She is a bidding writer whose ideas deserve to be read and thought about. She thinks things through to their consequences and she has a tart sense of humour too. You will find it demonstrated in her lettercolumn replies to Eddie Anderson and Owen Hanner. She is also an artist, and her work continues to improve. ECCLIPSE #3 is leaps and bounds in quality beyond the first two issues; Sarah is rapidly getting her bearings in her paper hobby.

SYSTEMS #5 and #6 are from Wayne Brenner. Like Ed Rom, he likes to write awful feghoots. I personally don't like feghoots, but I am sure there are some people who do, perhaps one or two out of a world population of nearly 4 billion. Wayne is sometimes overly cute in his writing, but he is also capable of sustained, coherent argument. In a special lettercolumn discussing Joanna Russ' F&SF book review column, Gary Farber comes on like the Great BNF deigning to write to one of his lessers. Wayne Brenner neatly skewers these pretensions with some well chosen remarks.

SYSTEMS is kind of rough in content and appearance, but Wayne has wit and intelligence which he continues to develop. I would not expect these fledgling efforts from Rom, Swider and Brenner to be of the supreme quality of, for example, GENRE PLAT #4, and I would be wrong if I applied the standards to them used to evaluate GP. They are far from crudzines, however. To me, a crudzine is something that shows no signs that the faned will ever do better. Ed Rom, Sarah Swider and Wayne Brenner show they know how to improve. Ed, Sarah and Wayne are getting to be more assured, flexible writers. And Sarah is also making strides forward as an artist. They're nice people, too, unlike your cranky, somewhat paranoid fanzine reviewer.

MAINSTREAM #5 is from Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins. They have a lot of experience, and it shows. The graphics are perfectly suited to the content of the zine. They are on the level of the graphics of GENRE PLAT #4, that is to say, exceedingly high. Jerry's editorial is a mellow survey of the contents of the issue, done with a certain deliberate tone of self parody, I think. Suzanne's editorial at the back of the issue is an economical account of her



visit to the U.K. and Seacon. Both editorials establish a deft, relaxed tone which suffuses this issue.

Perhaps the mark of a good editor is that he is able to make the material in his fanzine seem better than it actually is. Jon Singer's column is amusing but not awfully funny, at least to me. Stu Shiffman has a long account of the Roscoe Mythos with his own illos superbly integrated with the text. And yet I found it a pleasant bore, since it makes all the points and runs all the changes I would expect from such an article, and offers no surprises. Patrick Nielsen Hayden's article is a failure as an attempt to be fabulously Burbeeish. And yet the bright, clever ambience established by the Kaufman and Tompkins editorials makes these pieces seem better than they are. The lettercolumn is perhaps what really makes this issue shine.

As an added note, Terry Garvey offers another one-paragraph "Trickle." It is awfully clever. Jerry and Suzanne have made this issue seem very much more than the sum of its parts. MAINSTREAM #5, GENRE PLAT #4 and, yes, TELOS #2 make the new RUNE seem a very sorry, overrated dinosaur indeed. Now Pelton and Kennedy probably hate my guts as much as do the Nielsen Haydens. All in a day's work.

It has often been said that when it comes to fanzines content is the thing, and the hell with pretentious graphics. Maybe so, to some extent, though some of the British faneds go too far in undercompensating with their pages of unillustrated text. But I should mention a fanzine that is simply too beautiful, in fact, adorable, to be ignored. Ed Conner has gone to the trouble to make his S F ECHO #27 a beautifully bound little paperback. The pages are mimeo on yellow twiltone, the cover is a wraparound green. Sure, Joe Nicholas will rant and rave about fancy graphics. But what does he know? All I know is that S F ECHO is one of the most endearingly lovely little fanzines I have ever seen. The amount of care and love and work that went into binding this little paperback format zine must have been great.

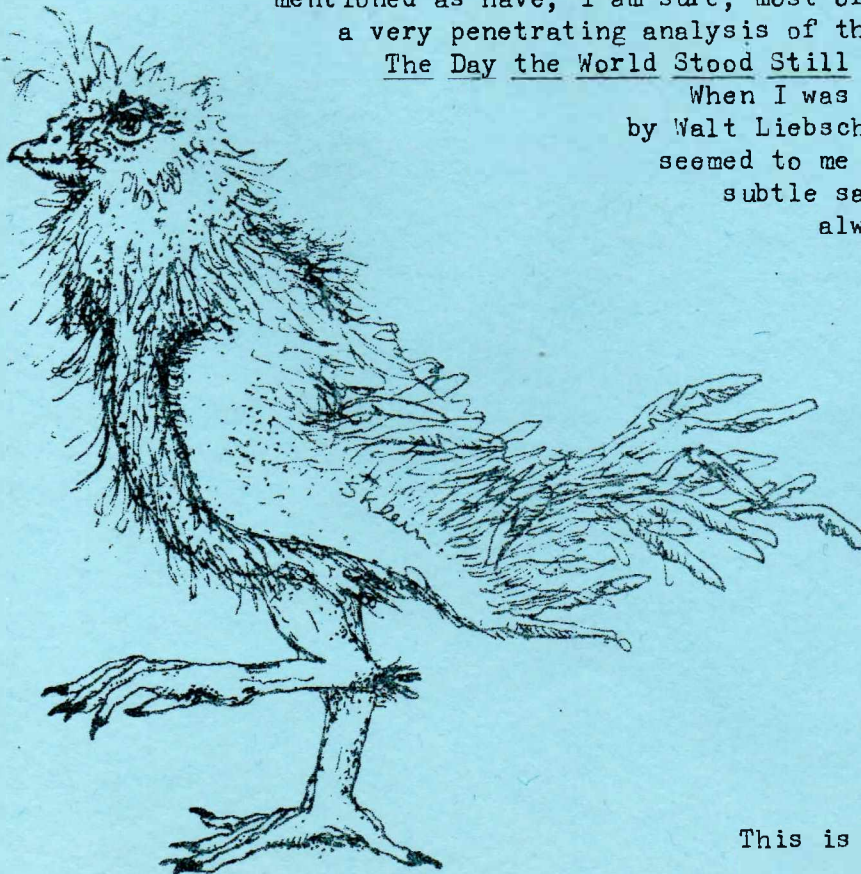
As for the contents, there is a long and thorough survey of sociological SF films by Randy Hagan. I have seen most of the films mentioned as have, I am sure, most of you, and I found this article a very penetrating analysis of the light a good SF film such as The Day the World Stood Still can cast on society at large.

When I was a trembling neofan I read a poem by Walt Liebscher in Boyd Raeburn's A BAS. It seemed to me and still seems the epitome of subtle sarcasm. Because of it, I have always regarded Walt Liebscher as an authentic faanish legend.

It was a surprise and a delight to see a short humour piece by the great Liebscher in the new S F ECHO.

The fanzine reviews and book reviews and lettercolumn are so-so. Ed's editorial has some good moments. But the paperback format -- that's magnificent!

---Gary Deindorfer



This is a page 32 filler line.

# fanzines reviewed

BRASSOR #6 -- Marty Levine, 1023 Elizabeth St., Pittsburgh, PA 15221. "Available for locs, verbal flights of fancy, art, all-for-all trades, or \$1."

RUNE #59 -- Lee Pelton, 2533 Lyndale Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55406. Loc, artwork, written work, or trade. 50¢ per copy.

TELOS #2 -- Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden, 5022 - oth Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105. The usual, or \$1.

THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP #s 13 and 14; LINES OF OCCURRENCE #2 -- Arthur D. Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801. #1, loc, trade, or artwork.

SPACE JUNK #4 -- Rich Coad, 251 Ashbury St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94117. The usual or \$1.

THE WRETCH #4 -- Cheryl Cline, 1621 Detroit Ave. #23, Concord, CA 94520. The usual, I guess.

GENRE PLAT #4 -- Allyn Cadogan, 251 Ashbury St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94117. "Available for \$1 U.S. in Canada and U.S. (all other countries \$1.50 U.S.), substantial letter of comment, accepted contribution or trade by pre-arrangement with the editor."

PHOSPHENE #8 -- Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501. "Locs, artwork, 'the usual,' or \$2.00. Trades are fine: All for all or one for one, whichever you feel proper/fair."

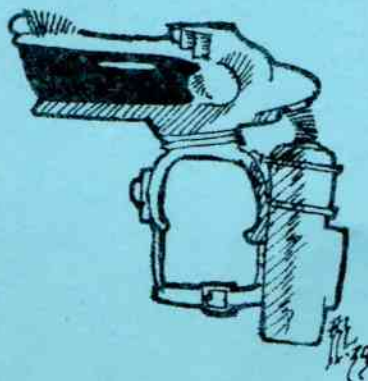
QUAHOG #s 1 and 2 -- Ed Rom, 407 - 4th St. S.E., Apt. #2, Minneapolis, MN 55414. "Loc, artwork, written work, trade, or 50¢ an issue."

ECCLIPSE #3 -- Sarah Swider, 15 Old Stagecoach Rd., Bedford, MA 01730. 30¢ or the usual.

SYSTEMS #s 5 and 6 -- Wayne Brenner, 19 Oak Lane, Shalimar, FL 32579. "\$1, letters of comment, trade, or a pair of dice."

MAINSTREAM #5 -- Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, 4326 Winslow Pl. N., Seattle, WA 98103. 75¢ (3 issues: \$2), loc, contributions of writing or artwork, or your own fanzine in trade.

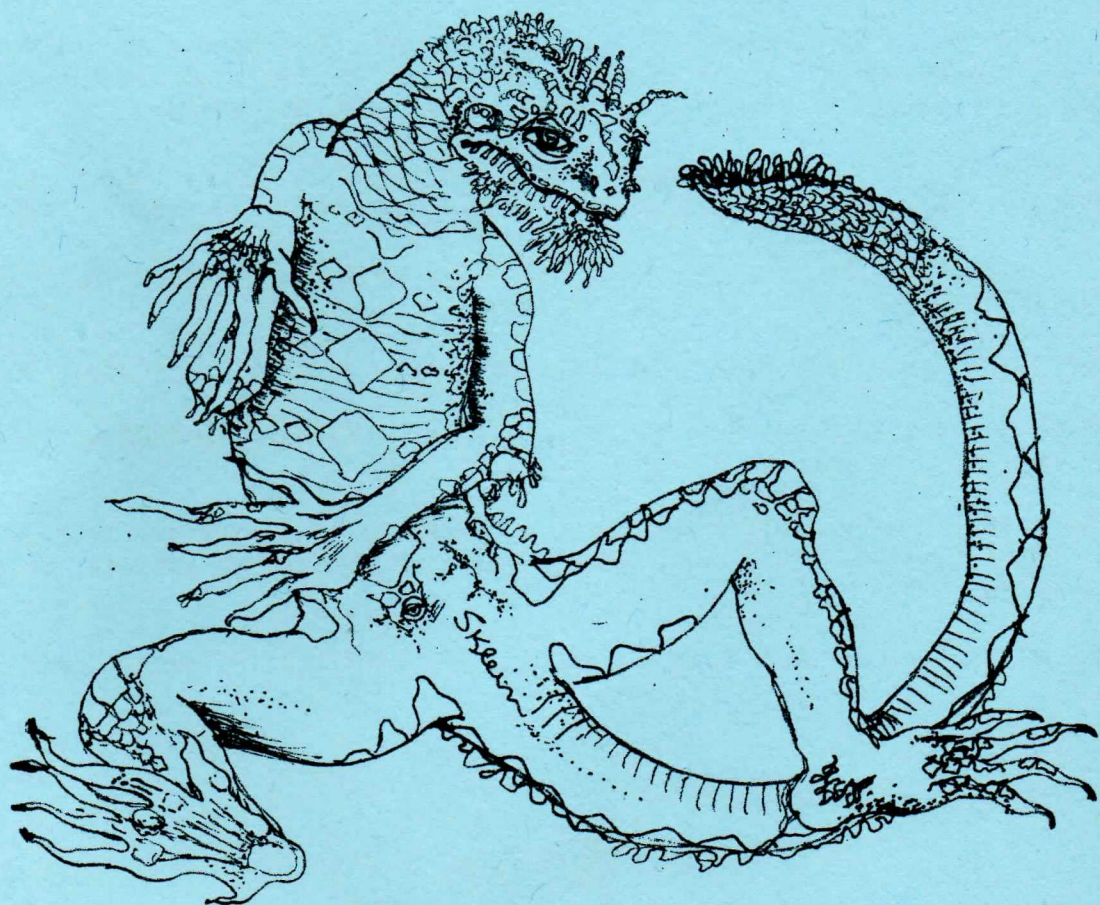
S F ECHO -- Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604. \$1.50 per/5 for \$6, or (I guess) the usual.





# THE LOC NESS MONSTER

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ALLAN BEATTY

I have some free time now on the plane, but HTT is in the baggage compartment, so I'll loc your party at WESTERCON instead.

/\*/ Which Allan proceeded to do. This makes me wonder if I should send him a copy of HTT or a copy of my next party. /\*/

Are you going to publish the list of jellybean flavours (outside LASFAPA)?

/\*/ Allan is referring to the WESTERCON party put on by Mike Glycer and myself. At this party we had a few pounds of what are called "Jelly Bellys" - gourmet jelly beans. If I can psyche myself into getting on an aeroplane so that I can get to DENVENTION II I will probably bring with me some of these jelly beans. The currently available flavours are: Chocolate Pudding, Cinnamon, Grape, Watermelon, Lemon, Lemon-Lime, Cotton Candy, Cream Soda, Verry Cherry, Tangerine, Ice Blue Mint, Boysenberry, Chocolate Banana, Licorice, Peanut Butter, Baked Apple, Coconut, Sour Green Apple, Root Beer, Pina Colada, and Pink Grapefruit. /\*/



J. OWEN HANNER

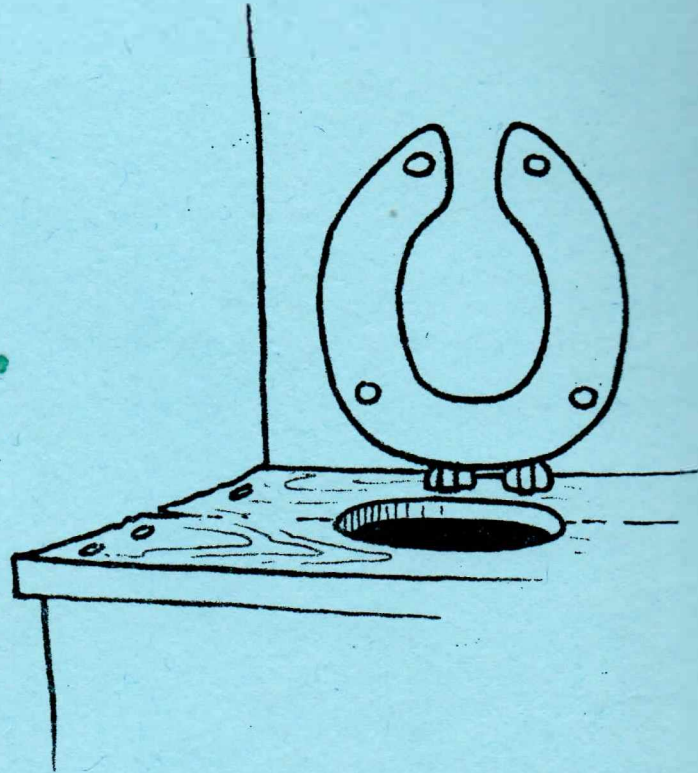
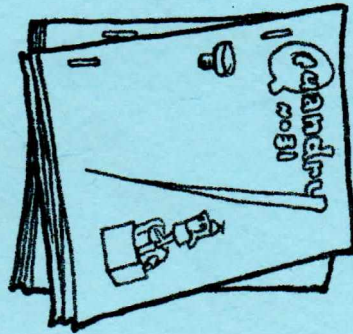
For a fanzine that "goes to great lengths to try to gross out people," HTT has generally been a rather respectable publishing effort. Up until now. With Fred Mazur-sky's article "Blow" in HTT 7, I think you've finally managed to gross me out. So, lord only knows why I'm sending you a buck for #8. Maybe I secretly enjoy being grossed out. Maybe it's because I loved the "suspended animation" illo and "proposing a toast." And maybe not.

JAN BROWN

Thank you, Mike Glycer! You have said, in a few short words, what I have been trying to say in several locs to certain fanzines. Fandom is no longer the exclusive dominion of fanzine-editors and writers -- and there is nothing whatever wrong with that!

Fanzines are neat, wonderful things -- but so are cons, so are apas, etc. I might add that whilst I number a few editors of Legendary Fanzines amongst my personal friends, I met them as con fans, and I feel rather uncomfortable when faced with the viewpoint that fanzines are the be-all and end-all of fannish creativity.

## "OSTENTATION"



/\*/ My view on the matter is this: fandom (at least my fandom) is (or should be) composed of literate people who interact on one or more of several levels. The passive/literate level is that of reading. The active/literate level is that of writing (pro or fanwriting (which includes both subsets of fanzines - genzines and APAZines). The social level includes club meetings, Cons, parties, orgies etc. My fandom has absolutely nothing to do with the various media freaks and assorted fringefandoms. People who are primarily oriented toward these non-literate activities are a bane to all trufans. Artists, though, occupy a curious position. Many of them (such as Alexis Gilliland) are literate people who usually express themselves through their art. And, let us face this fact - their products enhance fanzines and make them better than if they were nothing but margin to margin words (although I still believe that the words are paramount in fanzines). I believe that HTT, in its very layout and conception speaks for my position vis-a-vis artists in fandom. It is the movie and television idiots whom I would like to see go away - let them form their own fandom. /\*/

### BOB LEE

You may break out a bottle of rare vintage wine for achieving a new nadir in putridity with HTT #7, with Adrienne Fein's article; Schirm's accompanying illo, and the absolute obscenity he created on pg. 27 -- it must be the hair; and every illo by Darrell Schweitzer. I feel so outclassed. The only atrocity I perpetrated was misspelling (sic) "museum" on pg. 28. And I'm delighted to see Suzi Stefl having ~~the run~~ a run inspired by "A Hole in the Head." I'd like to thank Wayne Brenner for refusing to be framed for that illo, too.

Replying to Joan Hanke-Woods: I never make unwary compliments (I try to make unwary girls, but that's a different tail altogether)(let us groan). A more appropriate word may be "unintentional," but this wording also suggests that I was trying to be nasty, when I was simply pointing out facts. You confirm that you seek to be airy and ethereal in your work, and deliberately distort figures. And what's wrong with that? Everyone has

the right to an individual style. But people are also entitled to their own tastes. What if Cezanne went around unnaturally distorting people who wouldn't buy his art (he only did that to people who liked him)?

I'll tell you why so many fans go gah-gah over felines! If the cartoon meant to accompany this LoC /\*/ over there, to the right of this comment /\*/ doesn't answer you, cats look, feel, and purr like pussy (Gross out! Gross out!). See how easily all is explained?

Besides mere innocent inexperience, there are a couple of other possible reasons why some people detest ~~blatant~~ cats, but I'll mention only one of these alternatives. The other involves perverted sexual preferences. There's a theory that humanity does not tolerate competitors for the same prey.

Bearing this in mind, allow me to present a partial recipe for a perennial favourite meat of anticat fans:

#### Hor d'Oeuvres a la Rat

1. Select a well-trashed alley, or initiate your own garbage strike. Lay out enough mousetraps to break the necks of 30 rats. Drop hydrogen bombs on any cats that come slinking around.
2. Reject captures less than your little finger. They are maggots, not newborn rats. If any are larger than yourself, start running, stupid.
3. Hang out the dead rats for several days to clear them of fleas, ticks and lice. However, if you can't wait that long to devour these little gray morsels, tie them for 2 hours to dogs, cats, your mother-in-law, poor relations, your brats, or a finally too-demanding mistress/gigolo.
4. Some anticat fans prefer their rodents to be hairy on the tongue. If such people are amongst your invited guests (ghu knows why), set aside several unskinned rats. Using your handy-dandy Polish Navy Knife, split the rest of the rats down the middle and start peeling...

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#### DICK LYNCH

Schirmeister's illos confirm my opinion of him as fandom's best artist, bar none. (I wish he'd send a few illos my way!)

I would think that there are just as many fanzines today as at any time in the past. But print runs are comparable now to what they were before; and, with a lot more fans now, a smaller percentage of fans receive a typical genzine. Therefore it could be construed that fan pubbing is slowing down.

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#### FRED MAZURSKY

Q. What's green and ice skates? A. Peggy Phegm.

Q. What's green and smells like pig pussy? A. Kermit's fingers.

Q. What's green and makes house calls? A. Mucus Welby, M.D.

It's real neat seeing my article in the last issue. I especially liked the illo for it. /\*/ So how about another article? /\*/





"Of course, there are leftists who hate the idea of genetics so much that they will not accept the validity of an intelligence test unless it yields the proper ethnic and economic quotas, which is like a man breaking every ruler in his house because none of them say that his dick is long enough."

*Arthur D. Hlavaty*

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

HTT #7 lived up to the high standards of its predecessors. Adrienne's version of the Oedipus legend was ~~a bad motherfucker~~ delightful. And Thom's Idea Tripping reminded me of the Johnny Cash song (called, I believe, "One Piece at a Time") about the guy who worked in an automobile factory and stole a car from them one piece at a time. Of course, it took him 20 years, so all the stuff looked kind of weird together.

As to Mike Glicksohn's alleged inability to distinguish between a vagina and a hole in the ground...well, if I ever see him doing pushups out in the park, maybe I'll believe it.

Taral's letter raises the question of standards in fanzine reviewing. I suppose standards of some sort are necessary, as there is little information to be gained from

reviews without standards, whether they are mindless gush over everything from crudzines to ~~my zines~~ works of genius, or Joseph Nicholas's equally promiscuous and unrelieved contempt and abuse. But how do we go about determining these standards? Is objectivity possible? I'm sercon -- I like the kind of thoughtful, but rarely academic, debate on Science Fiction and other topics that MYTHOLOGIES featured. Taral prefers fabulous faanishness. How would you go about determining "objectively" which are the right criteria? Taral believes that the reviewer has some sort of Holy Responsibility to Beauty and Truth and like that. I bloody well prefer a "mediocre" zine with lively communication between editor and readers to a work of studio perfection, and my reviews make no bones about that. I have standards, but mine are different from his.

Your reply to me: The idea that the sheer size of cities makes community impossible, like many other things that Everybody Knows, is wrong. See THE DEATH AND LIFE OF GREAT AMERICAN CITIES, by Jane Jacobs. She found communities in New York City! The important thing is not population density, but the psychic crowding caused by the state's efforts to entangle everyone's life with everyone else's. You are quite correct that World War II produced great feelings of national unity -- on both sides. Now kindly give me an example of the State bringing people together for something besides killing others.

/\*/ You are quite right about the fact that "community" can exist in large cities. I type HTT first draught as I go along - sometimes the speed of producing this zine makes errors creep in (and I am not talking about typos). I was wrong in my thinking last time as to the above topic. Now, as to an example of The State bringing people together for something other than killing people, how about the example of the Federal Government bringing together the people of many states in a massive tree planting programme in the 1930's. Millions of trees were planted and millions of acres were saved from becoming permanent desert -- the Dust Bowl was stopped in its tracks. /\*/

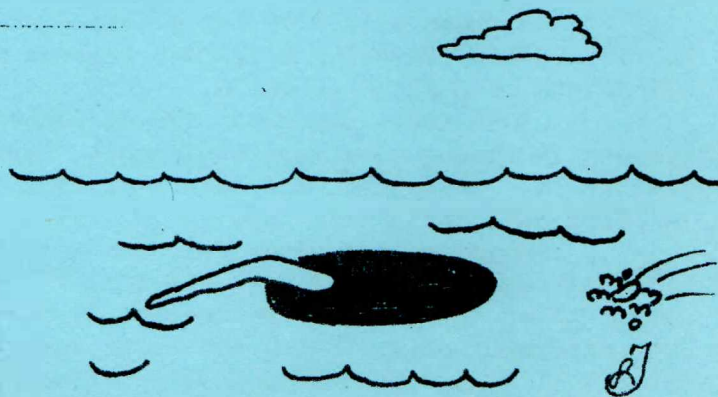
Your taste in art is not questionable. Your publication of the scribblings of Stefl, Schweitzer, and the infamous creator of One-Cell Funnies has answered any possible questions.

A correction to Avedon Carol, if I may. It is William Shockley, not Arthur Jensen, who won a Nobel Prize (in Physics) and is now offering racist theories and peddling his presumably high-octane jism. There are a variety of geneticist views on intelligence; Shockley is racist, William Herrnstein (IQ in the Meritocracy) bends over backwards not to be, and Jensen is somewhere in the middle. I certainly wish Shockley would shut up. He makes it easier for those who believe the schools can and should Make Everyone Equal to denounce any belief in genetics as racist.

Zetta Dillie's loc is obscene, filthy, preverted, and putrid. In other words, I wish I'd thought of it.

#### AVEDON CAROL

I hadn't realized it, but I made the mistake of believing what the TV tells me when I wrote that stuff about Jensen - and what my TV told me, in the usual big white letters right under Schockley's face, was "Dr. Arthur Jensen." But it wasn't, and I didn't realize it until I saw the interview with Shockley in the July PLAYBOY.



The old swimming hole

ADRIENNE FEIN

I am glad to see you ran the translation of my Latin manuscript. I'm sure many people were puzzled by that.

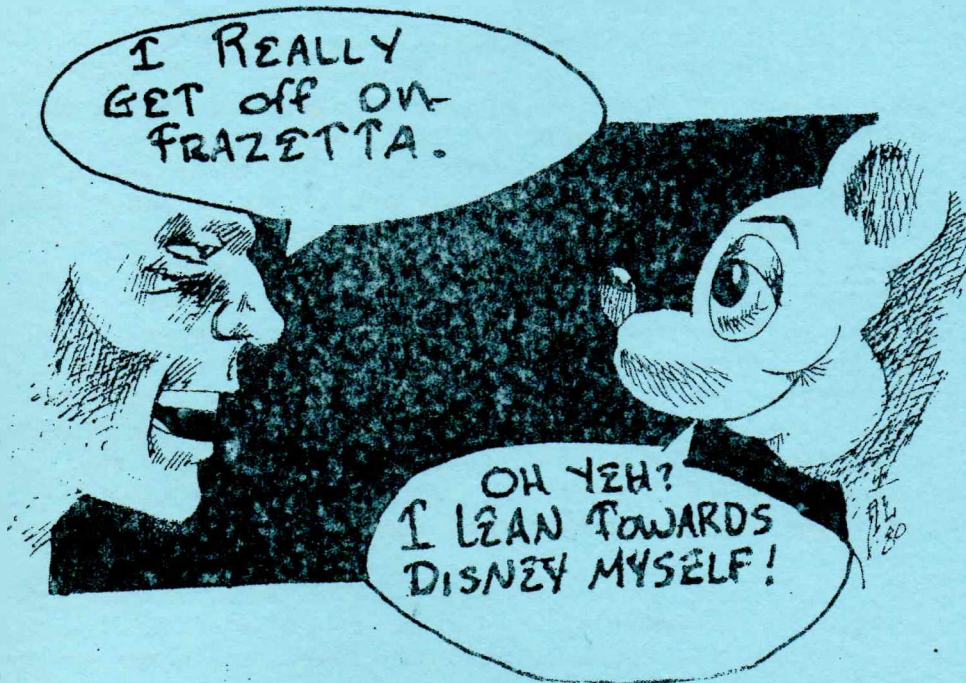
However: Many of them may still be puzzled. You left out a couple of lines. (Or, of course, it is just barely possible that I did...)

Oh, see, Billy,  
see 'er go;  
Forty busses in  
a row.

Oh, no, Billy, dem  
is trucks.

"See what's in  
'em?"

Cows, an' ducks!



(Upon counting, I discover that you only left out one line. Oh, well, so neither of us can count.) ~~We better not add the PILLIY~~ Er, that last is HHOK -- I don't know how it got in there...(Or, it may be a mistake to give Adrienne a magazine that encourages putridity.)

/\*/ Or to give Marty the facilities to produce a zine that encourages it. /\*/

I'm afraid my favourite article in the zine is "Fun With Oedipus And His Family." I do want to say that the illo you picked to go with it -- or did you commission it? -- is an absolute work of genius.

/\*/ I commissioned Schirm to do the headers and illos for the articles in HTT #7. The ideas and art were entirely his own - and I believe that all of them perfectly captured the spirit of the articles that they accompanied. Schirm has a genius for that sort of work. /\*/

I guess it's time for a little controversy here: I thought Mike Glycer's article on the state of fandom and fannish legends was very very good. His logic is excellent and his points seem entirely valid.

I am truly impress. HTT is becoming serious and educational. Two practical lessons in living on a mere two pages! Excellently illustrated, too. And I think my article, and "Blow" by Fred Mazursky, do illustrate the point that a lot of good writing is going into apas these days.

However, one minor quibble -- I would think the clitoris would be sensitive to a mild stream of air. I will see if I can get a few friends to help me perform some experiments on this. It is generally, as research workers know, a mistake to conclude from one experiment only, that a technique does not work. Especially with sexual techniques. After all, humans are variable - especially sexually - what works for one person at one time will not work for another - or for the same person at another time, or with a different partner.

/\*/ I am surprised that none of my other readers have reported any experimentation of this. Maybe they are all too busy looking for the pop-up vaginas reported by Mike Glicksohn. Hm. Maybe Glicksohn has been looking for pop-up vaginas this summer (which might just explain why I have not heard from him recently). Hey, Mike! Did one of those pop-up vaginas explode in your face? /\*/

The fancartooning lesson is at least equally useful, as the article which precedes it. However, the editor's note inserted in between is far too boring and pedantic to be of any interest. Everyone knows that quoting Swift is obviously and immediately dull, and that classical great authors, of the kind one studies in school, are never never putrid. ("What, never? Well, hardly ever.")

And then Thom Digby's article on how to build one's own airline -- if you are not careful, HTT will be classified by the government as educational material and you will have to fill out 123,456,789 forms in quintuplicate.

Good reviews but no special comments.

However, I will comment on "Suspended Animation" and "hanging plant" and "Proposing a toast": S - i - i - i - ck!!! Stephanie Klein is a genius. And I also like the Puppeteer/bodybuilder cartoon very much.

Stephani Klein's loc -- Dreamed porn?!? Stephanie, why don't you come to some conventions??? There are people who want to meet you...

/\*/ Like me, for instance. /\*/

#### DAVE LANGFORD

It wasn't Shaw, it was Winston Churchill who (on finding his preposition-ended sentence corrected) scrawled in the margin "This is the sort of English up with which I will not put." Anyway, no-one pretending to write English should be unfamiliar with Fowler's MODERN ENGLISH USAGE (1926 and countless reissues and revisions): "Those who lay down the universal principle that final prepositions are 'inelegant' are unconsciously trying to deprive the English language of a valuable idiomatic resource, which has been used freely by all our greatest writers except those whose instinct for English idiom has been overpowered by notions of correctness derived from Latin standards. The legitimacy of the prepositional ending in literary English must be uncompromisingly maintained..." So there.

/\*/ Foof. /\*/ /\*/ Also bah. /\*/  
/\*/ Sorry not to have seen you at NOREASCON - I was not there. I share Hazel's phobia about airflights. It is going to be a problem for me to convince myself to \*shudder\* fly to DENVENTION II next year. But I will make the attempt. /\*/

#### GIL GAIER

I've been trying to figure out what my difficulty is in writing locs to faneds. The facts are these: my major interest is in people who speak for themselves in their own medium as in personal-

A KIT-KAT...





zines and apas; my preference is to then speak directly back to them. In fact, my occasional letter has gone to the writing fans whose articles I'd read in genzines, trying to respon directly to them -- avoiding the editor. (Blasphemy but I hope for-givable.) I've this hunger to cut out the middleman and speak with the writer/essayist/reviewer. When you loc a zine, the faned knows what you think but the contributing writer may only learn of it if there's room in the next issue. (This may not apply to HTT because it looks like you print what you get.)

/\*/ Actually, I do a lot of trimming of the locs which I receive - else the LoC Ness Monster would be (at a conservative minimum) at least twice as long as it presently is. /\*/

Did Schirm's cover misspell than THEN as a joke or is it a part of your zine's private ongoing mystique or is he as bad a speller as I am? (The little fellow on the cover didn't look like you but the dream seems accurate enough.)

/\*/ HTT has had covers misspelled both purposely and accidentally (I will not say which was which so as to protect the artists involved); however, as I now have spare covers in stock I will accept misspelled covers in the future only if the misspelling is for exceedingly humourous effect. /\*/

One of my favourite "zine things" to read are editorial-responses-to-locs; you do it with a "holier than thouness" and a sense of fun which I thoroughly enjoy.

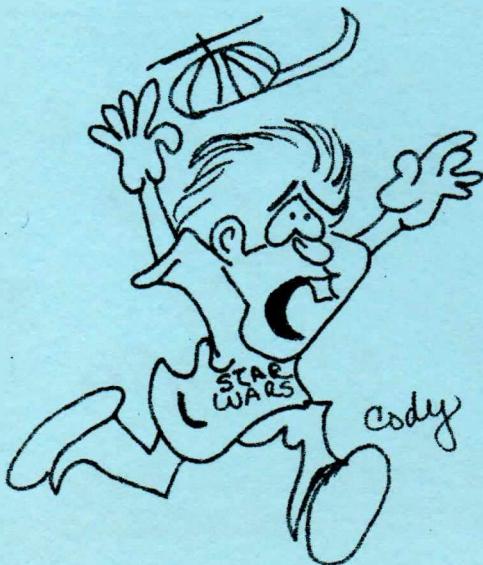
It was fun combing Gary Deindorfer's column for personal revelations: my two favourites were "...I have a subtle mind but I'm not as honest ((as Bill Breiding))" and "It even got me horny, as undersexed as I am." The kind of zine review I like makes an effort to describe content and reveal how the reviewer FEELS about the zine. Balanced passion?

When listening to Thom Digby BUILD HIS AIRPLANE whilst on the panel with him at WESTERCON, I was stunned at his amusing inventiveness. (It would make a great night club routine.) In print it needs editing, tightening, and developing in spots. I'm sure he'll do it; it's too good a set-piece to "waste."

#### BARNEY NEUFELD

It is cheaper in the long run to publish and mail a fanzine than it is to attend more than one or two conventions. This can be seen in the rise of APAs, genzines, personalzines, and other ventures of fan publishing. More people are publishing in one form or another because they can't make the conventions they want, hence can't meet the people they care about. People are writing more because, no matter how much Postal, paper, and other rates go up, they will never be greater than the costs of conventions.

Not to deny Gary Deindorfer his due as a reviewer, could you not have found someone closer to home? Now, I don't publish (except in APAs), so my opinion may not count for a lot, but this practice of sending two copies of a zine, one for trade and one for review, is one I view with distaste, especially from a group which so consistently complains about the high costs of mailing.



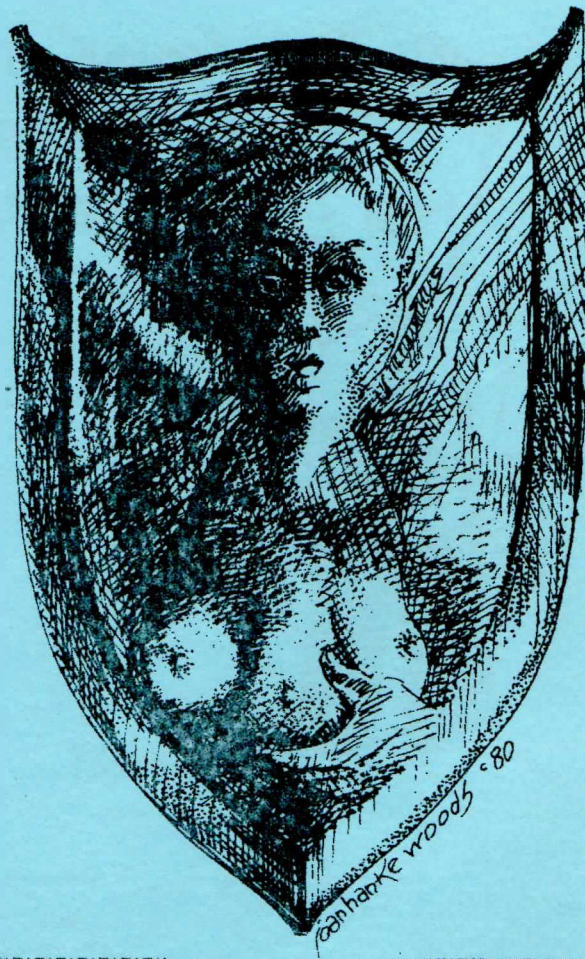
/\*/ I am one fan pubber who would not find it onerous to send one copy of my fanzine to a reviewer (for review) and another copy of my fanzine to the editor in whose zine appears the review. After all, the purpose of zines is communication. When the reviewer reviews a zine there is communication; and, when a zine is sent to the editor of the zine in which the review appears there is the communication inherent in the resulting trade. /\*/

Gee, you ruined a perfectly good answer to Mike Glicksohn by telling him that you do proofread. You could have said, "What, and have HTT come out on time?" or something equally ~~stupid~~ silly.

What to do with cats? Well, one well-known Minneapolis cat-hater has suggested encasing them in lucite.

/\*/ What? But that would be a form of enshrining the worthless critters. /\*/

I can't believe I perpetrated that typo ("marvelouse"). /\*/ You did not - it was a typos of mine. /\*/ Arthur's rendering bugs me a bit, but there is potential there. Maybe he could make it a comic strip.



#### JIM MEADOWS

Your lettercolumn is too long.

Yes it is, really and truly. Don't hit me, Marty. You can wuhf me again, I'm used to it. But don't get violent. I just thought you ought to know. Of course, just how "long" a "too long" lettercolumn is isn't something that can be decided with a phone call to the Bureau of Standards. Page count in relation to the rest of the zine has some effect; and, in the case of HTT #7, it took up about half the issue. But, ahem, IMPACT!!!! also has a lot do do with, uh, it. That is, the impact of both the lettercol, and the articles in relation to them.

/\*/ HTT owes a lot to my experience with APAs. I consider communication and interaction between me and the readers of HTT to be important. This means that HTT will always have a lettercolumn of some length. Even if it takes up half (or more!) of an issue. Ron Salomon has written to me saying, "Yes, a longer loccol please." So there. And sorry for the interuption. /\*/

What I am talking about is the shape of a fanzine; not physical, but the shape it leaves in your mind, the succession of pieces, editorial, 1st article, 2nd article, filler, 3rd short article, review, lettercol, whatever it takes to get the right effect. It isn't just enough to have good material. Then you must have the material. You have to know how to arrange and balance right to get a certain type of fanzine.

And to get that certain balance, I don't recommend a lettercol that takes up half of the zine. Unless they're really brilliant letters that don't repeat each other,



"COLOR" IS JUST  
A PIGMENT OF  
THE IMAGINATION.

or else serve as a sampling of fanish opinion on some Hot Controversial Topic, like Staples or Not For Astounding, you shouldn't be having a very long lettercol. Maybe 7 to 10 pages for HTT #7. Go ahead, be cruel. Pare to the bone. Us valiant letterhacks will get used to it. In fact, you'll make us look better.

As for the artwork, I mean the cartoons (still artwork, true), well they're good.

An amazing high level of quality.

For some reason the one that got to me was the little bit with the frog on the lilly pad, complaining, "My ass is getting COLD!" I was reading that at work, and for some reason I broke up uncontrollably. Hats off to McEntee. But I still feel like I'm getting too many of these. Don't you ever run out? I feel like a vanishing natural resource is being gluttonously squandered. Oh well, if you can dig 'em up, I'll still laugh at 'em, even if I do bitch about the rest of the issue.

/\*/ I only used about half of your loc - does that make you happy? And just why do you think I provide all of these illos, anyway? It is to keep happy those of you who do not like long lettercols. Some will complain that the lettercol is too long - some will want the lettercol to be longer. Nuts. I will continue to do HTT my way. \*grump\* It does continue to amaze me, though, how much good (or, at least, ~~interesting~~ funny) artwork/cartoons continues to come my way. One might even conjecture that I actually knew something about art. Oh, well. /\*/

#### GARY DEINDORFER

Schirm's work reminds me a lot of Carl Barks' classic Uncle Scrooge strips. His style is full of vitality and humour, and his subject matter and ideas are way off the beaten track. He always avoids hackneyed subjects and ideas.

Glyer is right about faanish fandom not being THE fandom anymore. It has been swallowed up by THE fandom, which is all those other fandoms faanish fandom tends to think of as not being fandom. Also, considering that fandom worldwide probably comprises more people than the populations of Luxembourg or Monaco, it is wrong to call fandom a microcosm. It is not a microcosm anymore.

As for myth making, perhaps "myth" is too pretentious a word. A lot of what gets called myth is merely running jokes, a lot more is liet motif, a lot more is remarked-upon personal idiosyncrasy.

But I think one of the things that gives life to fanzines is a certain amount of esoteric continuity and follow-through from issue to issue and fanzine to fanzine. This kind of follow-through gives life to HTT. It would be a mistake to call the recent oven jokes myth making, though. They are not myth; they are merely deliberately tasteless jokes running through the letter column of your last few issues. And yet somebody

might mention "HTT oven jokes" and feel they have summed up a whole aspect of early eighties fanzine fandom.

/\*/ But that is silly, Gary. Everybody knows that early eighties fandom can be summed up in Mike Glicksohn's discovery of pop-up vaginas. /\*/

It is mentioned that the mistake is to try deliberately to create fannish myths. And yet the mythology surrounding North Irish fandom, HYPHEN, the Wheels of IF, Ghoddminton, was deliberately created. The VOID Boys mythos was deliberately created.

Very good Glycer article, anyway.

Adrienne Fein's article is very labour intensive. The Schirm illo is one of his best.



#### HARRY WARNER

Mike Glycer covers so much ground in his article that I could fill up this loc on it alone. I agree fully with his theory that the rise in cons is a major reason for certain trends in fanzine publishing. Someone with spare time and full knowledge of both fields should set up a death watch immediately, in order to be able to determine the exact date (probably in the near future) when there will be more cons than general circulation fanzines in existence. When that happens, there will be a genuine excuse for proclaiming the arrival of a new fandom in the numbered series.

/\*/ Oh, a pox on all numbered fandoms. That is all just so much foolishness. I hereby declare it to now be 69th fandom, so let us all go out and have us some fun. /\*/

But Mike doesn't bring up one crucial factor in the changes that are coming over fandom. It's not just a case of people going to cons in preference to publishing or reading fanzines. That's just one way in which fandom is changing from the printed word to images for its basis. Mike lists as the groups that are fandom "the readers, media freaks, Trekkies, Regency Dancers, comix fans, hucksters, computer gamers, druggies, techies, SCA-types, fringe-fans, neopros, fan-politicos and conrunners." I can't compile a box score because I have no idea what a techie may be, but it's clear that most of those categories depend on pictures or diagrams or things they see one another doing, not on words on paper. I don't say it's philosophically worse to specialize in movies or games or dancing as fanac. But I do contend that the neofans these activities attract are bound to be, for the most part, less gifted as thinkers and as creators than those who were attracted to fandom because they liked to read Science Fiction and fantasy stories. I feel sure that these groups will tend more and more to resemble American Legion posts and Moose lodges because most of the participants will prefer the kind of activities that mundane clubs indulge in.

/\*/ Much as I bewail the seeming "take-over" of fandom by the illiterate slobs to which you were referring, I find that it really does not bother me all that much. After all, aside from LASFS meetings, most of my fanac is in fanzines. I do not expect to be trading HTT with many of these whackos; neither do I see them joining APAs in which I maintain a membership. Were I a congoer (or more of a congoer - I do attend LOSCONs and Los Angeles WESTERCONS) I would be more bothered than I am. As it is, I do spend some time berating local concons for doing media programming. Harry, the fandom that you and I know and love is fairly safe from the barbarians. Gary Farber's idiotic blitherings notwithstanding, fanzine fandom is alive and well. Old fanzines die - new fanzines come along to take their place. Different, no doubt. Just as the old fanzines were different from the fanzines that they replaced. /\*/

And fannish myths have one function more important than their ability to provide egoboo for those who helped to create or perpetuate them. They serve as a time-binding mechanism, giving some continuity in a field whose individuals come and go so rapidly. Maybe it does seem tiresome to hear for the 85th time this year what a fannish legend grew up around Hyphen and its creators; but if it weren't for the legend, one of the finest fanzines of all time might be almost totally forgotten and there might not have been the Willish of Warhoon.

The principal highlight of this long loc section was the revelation that you feel government is reasonably honest. I'd thought I was the only person in fandom with that notion.

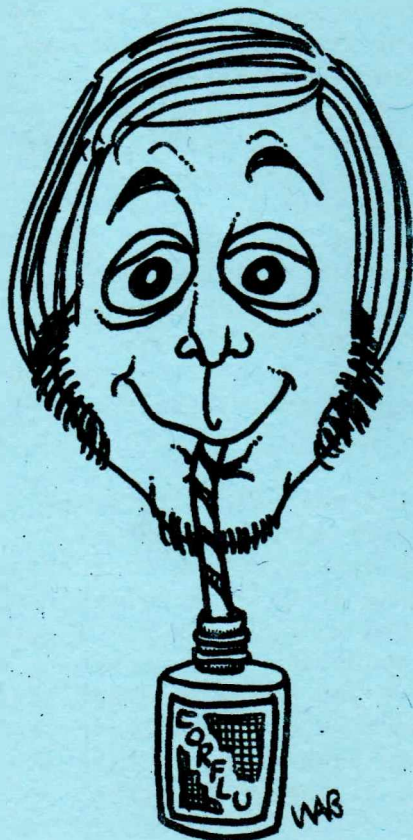
/\*/ Harry, for a group that is supposed to be more intelligent than average, it is surprising how much fans tend to ape current shibboleths rather than to do any real thinking on many matters. Just knocking together two or three brain cells would show a person that the amount of dishonesty commonly ascribed to politicians would have had this country in absolute ruins long ago. But do fans bother to knock those few brain cells together? Hah! Political ignorami are what I call most fans. Most fans, when they do tend to have some sort of political opinion opt for either the unworkable idiocies of Libertarianism or the anti-humanism of conservatism. I have the practical experience of having been appointed to various city commissions (technically, these appointments made me a politician); proudly, I maintain that I am a pragmatic and practical Liberal. /\*/

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#### HARRY BOSE

Adrienne Fein includes in her parody "Fun with Oedipus and his Family" a sentence structure which should be struck from primers. No one says: See the Sphinx run. One says: Watch the Sphinx run.

/\*/ See Harry Bose not get wahf'ed again. /\*/

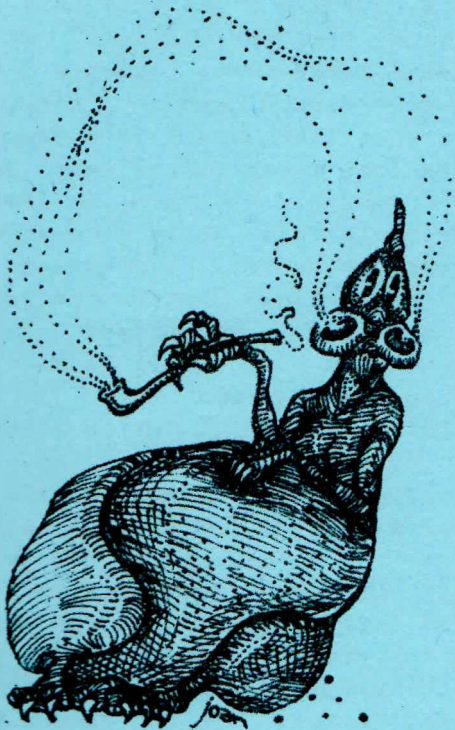


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#### BARBARA TENNISON

Allow me to say, in the tradition of gratuitous, if friendly, insults that you seem to be fostering, that I find half of your illos objectionable in theme and the other half revolting in execution. Except, perhaps the 3-eyed beast on the ToC page and the cross-eyed dragon on page 23, visions of beauty both. I'm sure this will gladden your heart. Keep up the good work.

Since you so cruelly cut the haiku from my last letter, I have no alternative but to try again. I agree that the haiku is a frequently abused form, but my efforts were sincere, if inept, attempts to capture the brief picturesque essence of a profound philosophical vision that is the basis of the Japanese poem. If you don't take to elegant philosophical visions, how about dirty rhymes? Below is a verse designed to offend animal and plant lovers alike. It was going to be a limerick until it grew too many lines.



Once a gardner, in frustration  
Found relief in copulation  
With the stock on his plantation  
All among the leaves so green.  
When accused of misc'genation  
He admitted to gestation  
But maintained, "That's no carnation,  
That's a fellow human bean!"

Also can I sentences with Germanic structure  
put. Would you prefer that I construct  
sentences long and complex in the style  
French? /\*/ No. /\*/

Aplogies for not showing up at LASFS.  
I have a fixed rule that I don't go to  
social events unless it seems likely that  
I'll be feeling sociable. Some Thursdays  
I feel like biting the cat.

/\*/ But, Barbara - that would make you fit  
right in with the rest of what goes on at  
LASFS meetings. /\*/

Speaking of cats, what have they ever  
done to you that you revile the creatures  
publically for belonging to some fans?  
("Belong," "own," and other expressions of

possession in this paragraph are reflexive.) Do they compete with your caterpillar  
collection? Your pet crow? Your tobacco mosaic cultures? I do not own a cat, but would  
prefer a feline to a dog that would (\*\*yuuch\*\*) leap upon me and lick my glasses at  
every opportunity. Dogs also require collars, leashes, licenses, and being Taken for  
Walks. A cat is a self-contained package. I should think you would be applauding the  
efficiency of keeping a cat, if one must have some other living creature infesting one's  
residence at all.

/\*/ Dear me - if you want efficiency in a pet, what could be more efficient than a dog  
who gives you affection and cleans your glasses at the same time? And if cats are self-  
contained packages, why not just take that self-contained package by the handle and drop  
it into the nearest ocean? A good and sufficient reason for despising cats is the fact  
that they are cats. /\*/

#### I ALSO HEARD FROM

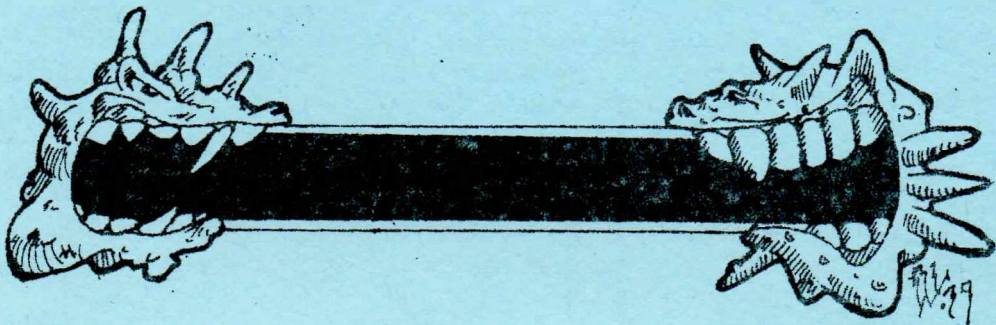
R Laurraine Tutihasi (who takes my side in my disagreement with Andruschak  
(re. Andy's loc lastish) in how I am a considerate smoker). Dave Wixon (who tells much  
more than I really have to know about wombats). Sharee Carton ("I liked the illustration  
for "BLOW," but I must admit the article was a little graphic for my taste." Er, ah -  
"taste", dear heart?) J. Owen Hanner ("As a major figure (such as you are) in "Dead Cat  
Fandom" (such as it is), I thought you might be able to appreciate the enclosed clipping  
more than I can, being of the cat-lover persuasion. It's from the INDEPENDENT-REGISTER,  
Libertyville's area newspaper. Read it and enjoy. Dead cats, indeed." The clipping is  
titled "Police kill wild Newberry cats." I did read and enjoy.) Keith Williams (who  
picked up six of my seven issues of HTT at WESTERCON and writes, "I think it was one of



the best deals I made at that con." Ahh - another person with no taste. Welcome.) Sally A. Syrjala ("All this talk about Israel in HTT. How about equal time for Finland?" And then then several pages to document her case. Somehow I think of Finland as being above the need (and on a higher level than) HTT. The fact that Israel gets dragged ~~kicking and screaming~~ into these putrid pages is not too much to Israel's credit. But then, we Jews seem to be by nature iconoclastic. Sally also writes, "You might just turn sercon yet. Discussions of politics, art work and serious fanzine reviews! And you call this a fannish publication?" You would blush if you heard what I call this.) Seth Goldberg ("Hmm, your contest this time is what to do with cats. How about cutting them up and using them as dogfood. Too crude." No. Too practical. "How about encasing them in resin and using them as bookends. Every fan needs a pair of them." Cannot be much of a fan, he who has only one shelf of books. "Or put a leash on them and attach the other end to a mimeo crank. Then have the

cat run in a circle going in the right direction to keep the crank moving properly." Not practical - cats are too stupid to be trainable.) Rick Brown (who writes of a new organisation -- the Necrophiliac Liberation Alliance.) Roy Tackett ("As for fandom...are we now to have endless discussions of what constitutes fandom in much the same manner as the never-ending argument about what constitutes Science-Fiction?" No. I know what constitutes fandom and I know what constitutes Science Fiction. Anybody who disputes my position does not know that about which he is talking.) Ron Salomon (who asks for a longer lettercol, please (sorry it is shorter this time, Ron). "Enjoyed the typos, as usual. Funny words and funny pictures, but instead of congratulating you (everyone else will do that for me) I congratulate this time the other fen who've contributed their words and pix to help you make HTT #7 the wonderfulness it is." And that is part of the reason for a long lettercol - HTT is one kind of a community of interest, and it would not be that which it is without the contributions from my loccers. The LoC Ness Monster is the heart of HTT.)

Also heard from were Jeff Siegel (his first ever LoC), Guy H. Lillian III, Olivia Jasen, Gail B. Weiss (twice), Ann Nichols, and Stephanie Klein. Of especial interest to pipe smokers was the card that I received from Tom Dunn. Tom produces an "irregular" journal, The Pipe Smoker's Ephemeris, that is a sort of cross between an APA and a genzine. Any of my readers who are pipe smokers will enjoy Tom's publication. (20-37 120th Street, College Point, NY 11356) There is quite a pipe smoking fandom out there. The Ephemeris is probably too specialised for most of us in our fandom (unless you are also interested in Sherlock Holmes fandom, a subsidiary interest of the Ephemeris).



# HOW TO SUCCEED IN LASFS WITHOUT BEING REALLY TRYING

by mike glyer

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In a recent issue of TELOS, several Seattle fans mercilessly satirized themselves and fandom in their city. They did such a thoroughly funny job of it that I set out to adapt the concept to Los Angeles, LASFS in particular. Vitriol-tinged humour for all its popularity and quality in Britain has a rather small and ragged following in America. Whilst I maintain that it proves we're ever so more tolerant and sincere, it could be that we're just lazier -- when you want to tell somebody to fuck off, that's what you tell him, not write three pages of evasively witty verbiage subtly implying that the individual is a fool.

Far from regarding TELOS' article as a condemnation of Seattle fandom, I felt that its authors were doing as much confessing as they were criticizing. In that spirit I set out these DIRECTIONS FOR SUCCEEDING IN LASFS:

Learn to play cards. Then don't. Remain firm in your resolve that open parties are for quiet conversations. Quietly converse about how card games ruin open parties.

Be fascinated by old-time LASFS people, events, artifacts. Attend the excellent slide presentations of long-ago cons and parties. Surprise yourself as you easily identify the young and obscure LASFSians of years ago. Attend the club meetings each Thursday. Surprise people who've been members over a year by not remembering their names.

If you're 20 you look 30. If you're 30 you look 45. If you're 45, you look 30. If you're 18 you look it, but act like you're 12.

This weekend you're invited to three parties. Don't choose between them: attend all of them, and find out who hasn't been invited to all three. Next Thursday find such a person, and begin, "Say, that was amazing, what happened at so-and-so's party, how come you weren't there?"

Date frequently, but never date anyone from in town. Or in state. Arizona is okay. Minneapolis is better. ~~They're really for you~~ It's okay to snog with somebody from in-town, but only at a Shupp party, and then only from the same sex. Tell people you're bi. Actually it doesn't matter what you tell people -- they know you're celibate.

Be serious about what you do for a living. If you're a librarian, count the years 'til retirement. If you're a government employee, repeat jokes told by Jerry Pournelle about Ted Kennedy. If you're a computer programmer, judge people's status by the computer language their employer uses. Suck up to APL users. Quietly respect PASCAL users. Lift your leg at COBOL users.



Never campaign for a seat on the Board of Directors, but allow yourself to be nominated. Complain when you lose that the powerful in-group is strangling the fun and initiative of LASFS. Complain if you win that the powerful in-group doesn't respect your ideas for the club. Watch your jaw hit the floor as the people you consider a powerful in-group complain about the club not taking their suggestions seriously. By all means, complain.

.....Mike Glycer

ADDENDUM TO THE FOREGOING by Marty Cantor

/\*/ Never one to leave well enough alone; also, feeling that Mike's article was woefully incomplete, I have decided that the Complete Rules for Succeeding in LASFS should be finished - the rest of them follow. /\*/

Complain loudly about how the clubhouse still looks in poor shape, with no progress being made on improvements -- and never, never show up at work parties.

The up-and-coming new LASFS member should be aware that it is very important (if you wish to be a successful member) to be thoughtless. The more thoughtless you are, the more you will be noticed - the more that you are noticed, the more successful you will be. Spend as much time as possible at the meetings standing in doorways. Engage other doorway loungers in loud conversations (the noise preventing you from hearing the importunings of those poor wimps who want to pass through the doorway). This is a particularly good way of being noticed, especially if you are of the plump persuasion.

An effective variation of talking whilst blocking a doorway is to be playing a guitar at or near a doorway. This technique of blockage has some advantages over just talking in the doorway; not only does the guitar add to the amount of area being blocked, but it usually attracts more of an audience than just two people talking, thereby sometimes achieving the status of a complete doorway plug for over an hour.

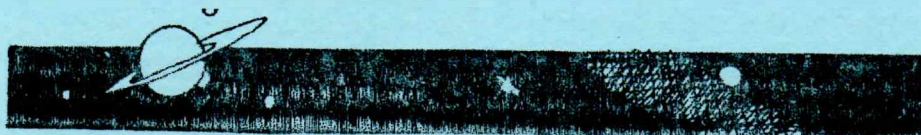
Conversational skills are highly valued in the LASFS. Even more valued are the skills of destroying conversations.

If you are practicing your conversational skills, the proper time for practice is whilst the business meeting is taking place. As you are trying to succeed in the LASFS, the proper place for practice is in the meeting hall. Ignore the gavel wielder at the front of the hall - that is just the procedural director practicing his method of succeeding in LASFS.

There are two levels of destroying conversations. At the simple level you merely go up to a few people who are talking to one another and just break in on the conversation. The more advanced level is to wait until one person asks a second person a question. As soon as the question has been asked you immediately, before an answer can be said, ask a question of your own. It matters not either the nature of your question nor to which of the two people to whom you ask your question - your asking of a question at this time will immeasurably add to your success in LASFS.

There are two last methods of succeeding in LASFS. The first of these is to get yourself asked by the procedural director to present a programme. You then (as the programme) give an interminably long and boring talk on a topic that will be of interest to almost none of the other members. The last method of succeeding in LASFS is to quietly sit in during the entire course a talk such as the above.

.....Marty Cantor



1/1/79

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And so endeth another issue of HOLIER THAN THOU - profusely illustrated as per usual. This last item will probably infuriate some of the Brittish fans who seemingly hate fanzines to have any (or, at least, many) illos within them. They can look at it this way, though - leaving out the illos will still leave a fanzine with more words than most Brittish fanzines. And so, about what are they complaining? After all, they do not have to pay the postage to mail out this fanzine. Anyway, and again as per usual, I do not give a damn if this fanzine is mercilessly slashed by some. I know that some of my readers like HTT -- even I like it at times. I do, though, maintain enough dissatisfaction with it to be continually working on it (sometimes even finding improvements). HTT has been accused of being sloppy. I consider HTT to be casual - an effect that I like in it. Even if I did not like it that way it would probably not change very much - the effect of casualness comes from it being entirely frist-draughted on stencil as I go along (starting on page 5). I tie up everything by typing pages three and four after everything else is typed.

As of the typing of this stencil (September 6) I have not received a reply from Taral vis-a-vis the letters from Gail B. Weiss (in the late-locs lettercol in the early part of this issue). If I do get a reply from him it will (maybe) be put into HTT #9.

In either HTT #5 or HTT #6 (I am too lazy to look it up) I wrote that I was interested in contributions of either artwork or words. (I still am interested, for that matter.) Laurraine Tutihasi took me literally - the result is the inside bacover on the next page.

You have my apologies for the exceedingly short Lo6 Ness Monster this time around. (I have made this up to you, slightly, by the late-loc lettercol in the front part of this issue.) I knew that I was going to have more material than I have been usually been getting (including more letters) and that this issue would be bigger than the previous two issues; so, when I got to the Monster, I was more ruthless than usual in my cutting of the letters. By the time that I was near the end of the pile of letters I knew that I had cut them much too drastically; by then, though, it was much too late - everything was already committed to stencil. \*sigh\*

Okay, now - everybody have a nice fall (and early winter) and I will see you with my January issue. HAPPY 1981 (or, maybe, 1982 if you are living in the antipodes and the postal systems are holding slow races).

love,  
Marty Cantor

