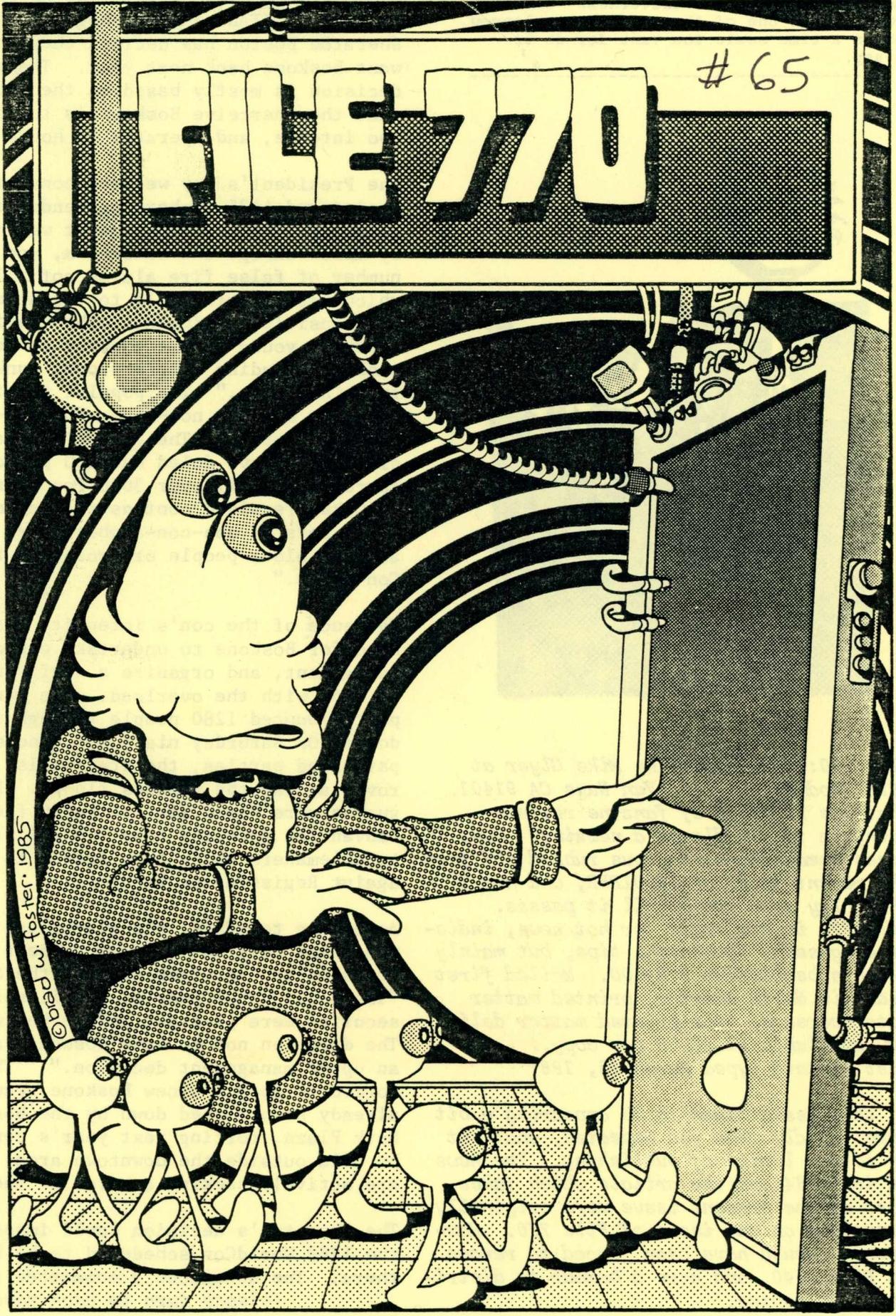


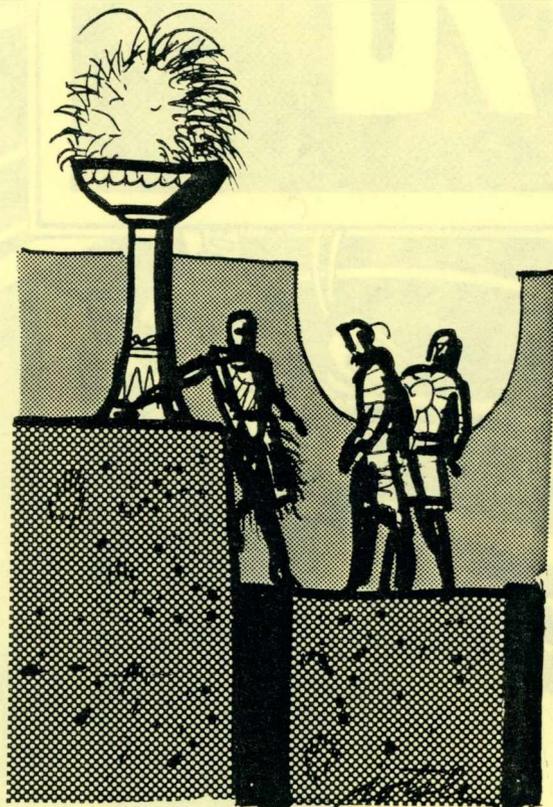
FILE 770

65



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Nothing is immune from the cycle: birth, youth, maturity, old age, death. Nothing. Neither microbes nor universes. Immortality is just one of those stages prolonged, or on a time scale too vast for us to grasp.



FILE 770:65 is edited by Mike Glycer at 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401. What are 25 pages of fanzine reviews doing in the middle of a newzine? Hey, I guess something contagious rubbed off from the recent TEXAS SF INQUIRER, and now I shall lay down awhile til it passes. File 770 is available for hot news, indiscreet gossip, scandalous tips, but mainly -- by subscription 5/\$4.00. Mailed first class in North America, printed matter rate overseas. (Air printed matter delivery available \$1.25 US per copy.) Last stencil typed March 15, 1987

If this issue seems to be appearing a bit more rapidly than you expected, chalk it up to the limits of publishing. The news in issue 64 and the article which takes most of the present issue were originally conceived as one issue of File 770. However, I would have been forced to rename it File 1540, and hire a boxcar to distribute the copies.

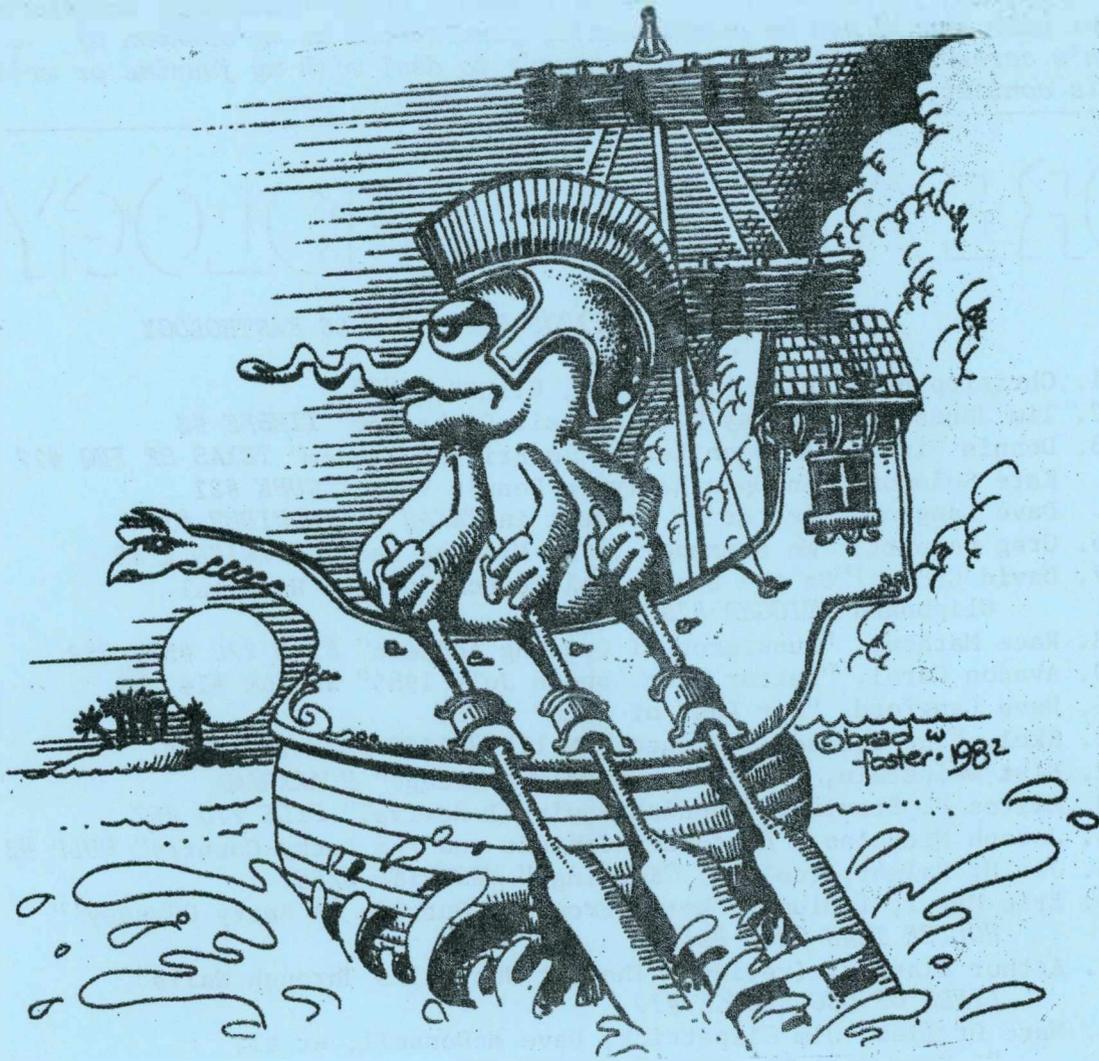
BOSKONE SENT INTO EXILE: The March 1 issue of INSTANT MESSAGE begins: "The Sheraton Boston has decided they do not want Boskone back next year. Their decision is mostly based on the fact that they perceive Boskone is too big, too intense, and operates 24 hours a day."

The President's Day weekend convention registered 4425 members (attendance was slightly less). Friday night was marred by minor damage and vandalism, and a number of false fire alarms not all of which were attributable to the hotel's oversensitive equipment. The committee observed young people showing up in large packs, including "professional punk gangs from Cambridge." The popular events are not only drawing non-fans, but non-convention members. The Con Suite staff, pleased to have doled out 250 pounds of carrots and well over 3000 fountain servings of Coke, received contrasting comments - that lots of non-con-members were there, and "no older people or pros were in the Con Suite."

Evidence of the con's intensity was the need for Boskone to undertake elevator management, and organize a staff on site to cope with the overload. The Boxboro party counted 1280 people through its doors. On Saturday night the concommittee patrolled parties, the stairwells, and roved around the various floors. Extra guards were hired for the party floors. Convention Services compiled a list of troublemakers which they intend to match against Registration records.

According to NESFA, the alarms and petty vandalism were not a major concern in the decision to oust Boskone from the Sheraton. "The local hotel people, the liasons and security were pleasant and worked with us. The decision not to have Boskone back is an upper management decision." The NESFA, forced to locate a new Boskone venue, has already been turned down by the Boston Park Plaza, forcing next year's con to be held outside the downtown area. They are actively seeking a hotel in the suburbs.

The Sheraton's decision could impact on the 1989 WorldCon scheduled to be held there. The Noreascon 3 committee announced, (please turn to back page)



FAVORITE 1986 FANZINES

Welcome to another episode of "Fifty Fanzine Reviews In Search of An Audience." On the heels of the No Award debacle I resolved to repeat my experiment of two years ago and prepare an article of praise about the best fanzines of the previous year. In the current supercharged atmosphere there might be more fans than usual with the motivation to read the top fanzines and be ready with suggestions when the nominating ballots come out for the 1987 Hugos. I know Jerry Kaufman has already picked up the gauntlet thrown down in FILE 770:60 -- his list of recommended zines appears at the end of my article. Nor is it anything like an echo of my own. We provide a parallax view, for certain. Let this be the year fanzine fandom goes beyond mere retrospective complaining, and instead, goes in strong at the start with its opinions and votes.

PARAMETERS: Bearing in mind that these recommendations are purely personal opinion, be forewarned of my ground rules. Only the fanzines sent to me were considered. My focus is on 1986 -- my comments about individual accomplishment in that year should not be automatically generalized as my opinion of a person's career. No attempt has been made to deal with my fanzine or writing in this context, for that evaluation is best made by you.

DREAM FANTHOLOGY

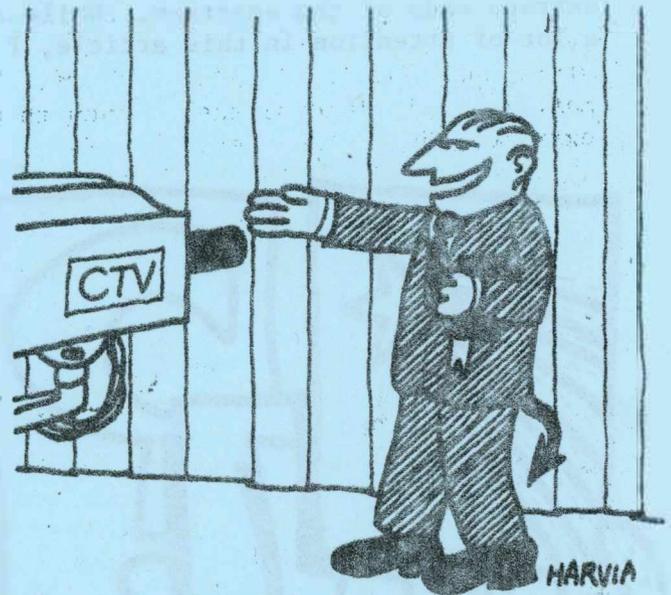
TWENTY-ONE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE 1986 FANTHOLOGY

1. Christopher Priest, "Thank You, Girls" *CHUCH*
2. Tim Jones, "Win A Day With Mikhail Gorbachev" *TRIMBRE* #3
3. Dennis Virzi, "An Open Letter To British Fandom" *TEXAS SF INQ* #17
Kate Solomon, "An Open Reply To Dennis Virzi" *CUBE* #21
Dave Langford, letter of comment in *TEXAS SF INQUIRER* #18
6. Greg Bennett, "We Remember...The Missing Man" *WESTWIND* 2/86
7. David Cropp, "On the Ecological Economy of the Hospital Clipboard" *TIGGER* #19
8. Race Mathews, "Aussiecon II Opening Address" *FILE 770* #57, #58
9. Avedon Carol, "Letter From London July 1985" *XENIUM* #14
10. Dave Langford, "Our Lady of Pain" *CHUCH*
11. Skel, "The Ballad of Gained S'Mell" *HOLIER THAN THOU* #24
12. Elst Weinstein, "Real Fen Don't Eat Greeps" *HOAXARAMA*
13. Milton F. Stevens, "Fannish Squirrel Revival" *FILE 770* #57
14. Joseph Nicholas, "Distance, Context and the Lucky Country" *PULP* #3
15. Joe H. Palmer, (column) "Kennings" *WESTWIND* 3/86
16. Eric Mayer, (column) "Notes From The Outside 'A Berry Odyssey'"
HOLIER THAN THOU #23
17. Arthur Hlavaty, (review) "The Cat Who Walks Through Walls"
LINES OF OCCURRENCE #10
18. Marc Ortlieb, Jim Gilpatrick, Dave McDonnell, et al,
"I Have Seen The Light" *TIGGER* #18
19. Arthur Hlavaty, "I Was A Teenage Cyberpunk For the FBI and Found God" *THE DILLINGER RELIC* #46
20. Skel, "Pillow To Post" *TIME AND AGAIN* #2
21. Elst Weinstein, "Disclaimer" *HOAXARAMA*

The last FANTHOLOGY I received a copy of was edited by Bruce D. Arthurs for the year 1975. Others have been announced; most were not completed. The 1984 Fanthology Terry Carr announced in FILE 770 has never hit my mailbox, and may still be wedged in Carol's computer. Most of you don't know from experience what a Fanthology is, though it's easy to explain. A fanthology contains a self-annointed editor's choice of the finest fanwriting in a given year. The editor effectively pays for the right to choose because he's going to do the time-consuming and expensive chore of securing permissions and publishing the zine. My DREAM FANTHOLOGY '86 has an advantage over the real thing without even counting the labor-saving. In a dream, nothing must be cut to keep down the pagecount to a practical limit for one person to publish.

MORE MEMORABLE FANWRITING OF 1986: William Warren Jr. "Vigil" WESTWIND 2/86. Patrick Nielsen Hayden, "Close Cap Tightly To Retard Thickening" FLASH POINT #8. Ferk, "Lunacon '86" TEXAS SF INQUIRER #17. Charlotte Proctor, "Not A Convention Report" ANVIL #41. Don C. Thompson, "A Love Affair With Chess" FROM THE RIM #10. Mark R. Leeper, (review) "The Sushi Handbook" LAN'S LANTERN #20. Don Franson, "The Future of TAFF" HOLIER THAN THOU #23. Harry Warner Jr., (column) "All My Yesterdays" HOLIER THAN THOU #24.

NOTEWORTHY: Sally A. Syrjala, (review) "Iowa Baseball Confederacy" TIGHTBEAM #143. Chuq Von Rospach, "Reviewing The Reviewers" OTHER REALMS #9. Andrew Looney, "The Time Traveller's Annual Holiday Party" THE MAD ENGINEER #3. Sourdough Jackson (column) "Starship Troupers - 'Historicals'" DASFAX 6/86. Pat McCray, "The Fosfa Channel" FOSFAX 10/86. Tim Sullivan, "Right Thru The Wall" FILE 770 #60. Walt Willis (column) "The Prying Fan" PULP #1. Dave Wood, "Mexicon: A Usual Lunacy" LIP #1. Taral, "The Huitzilopochtli Effect" TEXAS SF INQUIRER #18. Linda Bushyager, "Trivial Zoot Suit" DUPRASS #2. Leigh Edmonds, "Fanzines of the Leaden Age, pt. 3" FUCK THE TORIES #3. Brant Davidson, "An Evening With Harlan Ellison" WORLDS OF WONDER 8/86. James Brunet, "Why Times Are Hard For Hard SF" PYROTECHNICS #38. Terry Hughes, (column) "Terry Hughes Sez" WING WINDOW #8.



Ask and you shall be deceived.

THE REASONS WHY

"The thing that most disappoints reviewers is when a faneditor with a great deal of potential fritters it away in directions that do not suit the reviewer." - Marc Ortlieb. I found Marc's quote in TIGGER, wrote it on the back of an envelope, and kept it in front of me as I pored over the rest of the zines I received in 1986. Ortlieb's remark prodded me toward objectivity. It also led me to identify the way I form opinions about fanzines and their creators.

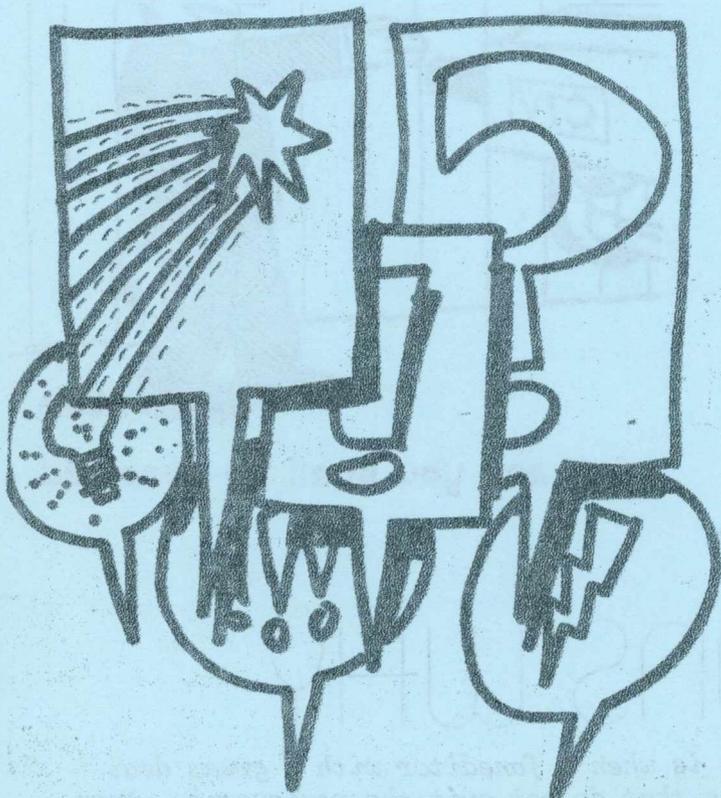
As a first consideration I go through a fanzine and ask, what is its mission? What purpose was the editor trying to serve? *Mission* is a reason for existing, and the perceived mission of a fanzine strongly influences how it is received by fandom. As I will be discussing, in extreme cases like THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER and FUCK THE TORIES the avowed purpose of each zine misdirected readers from its most impressive achievements.

The next most important value may be termed *editorial personality*. Everything in a fanzine must be created or acquired by the editor. The focus of attention (issues and interests) set by the editor attracts or screens out readers whose feedback

can provide the electricity and sense of action that we see in the most interesting fanzines. Blank paper is the writer's enemy. It takes more than a simple announcement of intent to publish to attract the best contributors. They need to believe there is a payoff of egoboo coming in the future, and fanwriters assay fanzines and editors with that prospect in mind before committing themselves.

Then in third and fourth place are the two critical standards most reviewers start and end with: *quality of writing* and *reproduction & design*. These are matters of individual taste, even though most fans would agree about the extreme ends of the spectrum. While artwork and artists are important, and receive a lot of attention in this article, I find great art does not enhance, nor bad art

detract, from my opinion of a zine in the same way as good or bad design. Since they're full of words, fanzines exist to be read, and design or reproduction should be criticized on the basis of how it enhances the reading experience.



CREATIVITY

FIVE OUTSTANDING FANZINES

CHUCH, Avedon Carol & Rob Hansen
 HOLIER THAN THOU, Marty Cantor
 PULP, Vinç Clarke
 THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER, Pat Mueller
 TIMBRE, Tim Jones

The fanzines of 1984 read themselves off by the numbers, one, two, three. The fanzines of 1986 have distinct strata of quality, but those at the top this time have aspects of greatness that are all different and valuable. Their order is alphabetical.

CHUCH, Avedon Carol and Rob Hansen, editors. Some will say we really don't need a 1986 fanthology -- just reprint CHUCH. I would have had no trouble picking CHUCH for number one if the editors -- whose writing skills are widely known -- had not made the unfortunate decision to minimize their own input. A stronger editorial presence would have stamped an identity on the zine which in its absence looks like a mere flower arrangement of top contributors. Dave Langford and Chris Priest turned in their

best articles of the year -- and what's not to like about a fanzine so reminiscent of TWLL DUU? In "Our Lady of Pain (#10) Langford's texture of quips and evocative atmospheric details humorously distracts readers from a full appreciation of his skillfulness. You can read it and walk away with the intended smile on your face; or you can go back and try to understand how the effect was achieved. This confession, about Dave's love life before Hazel, pelts readers with literary allusions to Lovecraft, Poe, Swinburne and Carroll -- just how does he come off so endearingly self-effacing, and innocent, when he's also so cynical and sardonic? Perhaps it's his prescription from Dr. Jekyll. Christopher Priest's autobiographical "Thank You Girls" (#1) recounts a double date that led the teenaged Priest to a 1962 Beatles performance at The Cavern, not to mention a coincidental street introduction to Harrison and McCartney on the way. Priest avidly followed their music from that day on: "Even though they dazzled my girlfriend and mocked my suit, they were somehow on my side."

HOLIER THAN THOU, Marty Cantor editor. Under the burdens of DUFF Administration HTT fell back to two issues a year, and before the second one the spousal editorial partnership dissolved. Marty edited the second issue in 1986 solo, introducing a rococo new layout: a ritualistic blend of LoC fragments and regular columnists that I already tested to destruction ten years ago in SCIENTIFRICTION 5. Well, those who don't learn the lessons of history... Marty, whose name is synonymous with the cheap shots he takes from veterans of the TAFF feud, not only fails to get his due credit as an editor, but is in a situation where fandom is actively disinformed about his abilities in that respect. All Cantor does is systematically recruit good fanwriters to contribute to his zine through international correspondence, and the lure of a sizeable trove of feedback in the HTT lettercolumn. As an editorialist Cantor dissipates the capital he accumulates as an editor, no doubt, but overall, HOLIER THAN THOU belongs near the top of the class of genzines. It requires no vast leap of reasoning to conclude that the quality of the end result evidences a talented editor.

The two issues of HTT held an abundance of good fanwriting. An HTT reader with a sense of humor, Don Franson, wrote "The Future of TAFF", a mock interview with Holdover Funds. "Franson: 'Some say TAFF is too controversial. Isn't it the main purpose of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund to bring fans together?' Funds: 'You mean like nuclear fission material?'" Harry Warner's column "All My Yesterdays" is a more personal version of fanhistory. He began his installment in HTT #24 with a priceless comment about an old Ackerman zine: "*VOM became the despair of both collectors (for its legal length pages which didn't fit many filing systems) and biology students (for its Vomaidens, full-page illustrations depicting young ladies with various abnormalities that seem to have been unintentional on the part of the artists.)*" Linda Blanchard's "The Concert On The Cape" continued her autobiography, which admittedly is more interesting for the style of its telling than the incidents involved.

Eric Mayer's column "Notes From Outside" paid homage to Irish John Berry in "A Berry Odyssey" (#16). Eric is among the very finest fanwriters of the 1980s, but he is another casualty of the TAFF Feud. They still deliver the mail from whatever fannish gulag Eric has been confined to -- the '86 CORFLU was abuzz with talk of his essay that dismissed fanzine fandom as "Cafe Society".

Another stalwart columnist for HTT, Skel (Paul Skelton) may well be discussed at length here. "Hopefully Travelling" in HTT #23 is a perfect example of the inconsistency of his work. Skel sometimes lights up the page with his brilliance,

the reason he is a sought-after writer. He also tends to ignore structural problems in his writing. This time Skel started with five paragraphs of confused introduction unnecessary to build up his main story -- a gleefully ironic memoir of Christmas from his viewpoint as a young boy. A common complaint about fiction -- he didn't know where to begin his story -- certainly applied here. Does Skel really know when he has a good idea, or is he like Dave Locke who assumes everything written in the same blustery, roguish, disapproving tone will be funny? For the latter half of "Hopefully Travelling" is technically well-written, but its idea content is minimal. The pointless meandering that its author mistook for clever mythmaking about the decline of fanzine publishing flops all over the place. Yet Skel comes back in HTT #24 with "The Ballad of Gained S'Mell" (#11), a superb article that asks -- how would Hal Clément's Mesklinites deal with smelly socks? Skel uses relentless Campbellian logic to reach an answer, a list of household tips on an absurdly cosmic scale. Skel's "S'mell" exemplifies that forgotten aspect of fannish writing which assumes we fans share the common experience of reading zillions of sf stories, such as MISSION OF GRAVITY. Milt Stevens relies on the same assumption in another HTT article, "Callahan's Cross-Time Cat House". The assumption is flattering, but it's frankly less accurate than an assumption that many fans have seen a given sf movie. This situation deserves more study.

In that vein Patrick Nielsen Hayden's FLASH POINT #7 (1985) recommended a new convention to embody trufans' interest in science fiction and fanzines. He read the response, crystallized his views in FLASH POINT #8 (1986) and decided to hell with it, he already has CORFLU, and a sercon sf convention wouldn't meet his needs. En route to that conclusion, Patrick provided the first definition of fandom's partial disengagement from the sf genre that has been committed to print. "When I wrote 'Fandom' I was being wistful about how we've lost the wonderful mechanism of science fiction as a reliable sorting device for the discovery of potential trufans." That comment, and others in "Close Cap Tightly To Retard Thickening" are things I wish I'd said first -- though I'm just as glad not to have drawn the silly comparison between shy fanzine fans and "extrovert" convention-running fans (be serious!)

PULP, Vinç Clarke editor (or at least assembler). The arrival of PULP #3, the November issue, while I was drafting this article completely changed my attitude toward the zine. As of the third issue PULP has its own recognizable chemistry -- which requires a lot more than protestations of its own importance. Just the production of three issues in a year did something to elevate PULP above other genzines. The first two issues had been readable. Was that its mission, to be pleasantly forgettable? With a lineup of Walt Willis, Chuch Harris, Avedon Carol and Tom Weber, I doubted that was the goal. Willis' column in #1 (a fanciful Kiplingesque explanation of the HP sauce bottle label) was the best thing in the first two issues. More typical was Avedon Carol's embarrassing yawp in #2 yet again defending herself against nonexistent charges of elitist ingroupishness -- in a zine whose only readers are her elitist ingroup. Or does she send tearsheets to SF CHRONICLE? Please spare us: we forgive you if your friends are distinguished BNFs. So are ours.

PULP #3 improved by a magnitude. A good Willis column took the lead. Chuch Harris reported the Carol-Hansen nuptials in his best idiocyncratic style. Then came the surprise of the year, Joseph Nicholas' perceptive analysis of the Australian fanzine scene, "Distance, Context & the Lucky Country" (#14). For once in his life Joseph properly measured the power of his critical rhetoric to fit the stature of his subject. The nonbombastic Nicholas further surprised me by drawing conclusions

with which I could agree -- something I never had to worry about in FUCK THE TORIES. The net result was a new attitude toward PULP, the home of BNFs who have not lost the common touch, only their minds.

THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER, Pat Mueller editor. *The Texas SF Inquirer* shows off Texas fandom to Texans and the rest of us. Since it's a zine that will be even more talked about in the future than it is now, it needs a concise handle -- you can't go on and on with an eight syllable title. TTSFI would be accurate but not pronounceable. I suggest TXFINQ. Others may have different ideas.

Despite its quality, TXFINQ has not received the recognition it deserves for three reasons. (1) TXFINQ represents itself as a newzine, therefore (2) its heavy emphasis on genzine material is viewed as secondary to, and an interference with, its stated mission, and (3) the geometric expansion of genzine material prevents TXFINQ from keeping a schedule that would make it an effective newzine. The issues of TXFINQ came out last year in January, February, April, June, August and December. The January issue was 14 pages; August's was 46 pages; December's was 28 pages.

With phototypeset text, reproduced by mimeograph, and design worthy of a slick magazine, TXFINQ is one of the two most professional-looking fanzines -- the other one is THE MAD 3 PARTY. The zine is loaded with talented writers: reprints from "Vincent Omniveritas'" CHEAP TRUTH; the 21-page Bruce Sterling/Lewis Shiner interview in TXFINQ #19; all kinds of con reports, fanzine reviews, book and film reviews, articles, letters, news and con listings. TXFINQ really winds up being a Texas version of PSYCHOTIC, usually without enough space to do it right. TXFINQ will not make its fullest impact until it focuses on missions it can meet with its available resources.

That is not to say TXFINQ is anything less than a front rank fanzine right now, full of spirit and innovation. Consider Dennis Virzi's disingenuous "An Open Letter To British Fandom" (#3) that needled British fans by posing questions about what we Americans should expect at the 1987 WorldCon. For example, he asked: "I don't think of the sheep as a food source (and neither do our Aggies)...We like hamburgers and steak. Can British food be as unusual as I've heard?" He sparked a reply from British fan Kate Solomon ("An Open Reply To Dennis Virzi" (#3) in CUBE #21). Kate said, "No need to worry about having to eat sheep: meat is a luxury commodity over here, and is only sold in special shops at exorbitant prices. Do be careful with the cod, however: the Chernobyl disaster, together with radioactive dumping from our 'home-made' nuclear power stations means that most fish is irradiated." In TXFINQ #19 Dave Langford also took up the challenge, with his own funny letter of comment (#3).

TXFINQ has at least one other potential star, the monosyllabically-named Ferk.

HMMM...PERHAPS IF I WAIT
LONG ENOUGH, IT'LL
IMPLODE
INTO A
BLACK
HOLE...



She attends a lot of conventions and reduces her experiences to marvellously acerbic, anecdotal reports. In my next column for HOLIER THAN THOU I spend about a page discussing her writing, and Marty would not be pleased if I beat him into print with the text. Let it be said that she is a talented writer, and a most important shaper of TXFINQ's overall dynamic personality.

TIMBRE, Tim Jones editor. New Zealand's Tim Jones came to my attention in 1984 when he wrote two articles for TIMBRE that I regarded among the year's best. Here was a new fanwriter in a league with humorists like Dave Langford and Leroy Kettle, living on the remote edge of the South Pacific, far out of personal contact with organized fandom, an exciting talent from an unexpected source. "Why doesn't the US (or even Canada, Garth) have new fanwriters as good as Tim Jones?" is not the kind of question that at first glance appears helpful to an appreciation of Jones' fanwriting, but stay tuned.

Tim Jones' two main articles in TIMBRE #3 are "Win A Day With Mikhail Gorbachev" (#2) and "Australia vs. Rest of the World XI". "Gorbachev" is filled with tongue-in-cheek absurdities which flow from its literally-intended title. The article affects a BBC documentary-style narrative in its microscopic but aloof description of morning in the Gorbachev household. Science fictional paraphenalia intrudes near the beginning, not as a deliberate nonsequitur (one type of humor), but to foreshadow a plot-within-a-plot that compounds the original premise into even greater comedy. So well-written is "Gorbachev" that its literary cousins won't be found in fanzines, but among the lightweight, stylistically rich and clever short stories Dozois finds to fill out THE YEAR'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION. Maybe Howard Waldrop's early stories looked like this. Certainly in asking "Where have I seen talent like this before" we can promptly answer why it wasn't in North American fanzines. Talent like this goes to someplace better paying than SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH. If Tim Jones lived in America, by now he'd have moved to New York to read slush while crafting a small number of short stories for ISAAC ASIMOV's.

"Gorbachev" has a fannish sequel in "Australia vs. The Rest of the World XI", where fans are Tuckerized as cricketers in a test match. Joseph Nicholas' inattention to a landing spacecraft from the Galactic Federation results in his immolation on a Melbourne cricket pitch. Each article is excellent, and the use of two contrasting styles (ersatz Howard Waldrop and cloned Skel) constitutes a tour-de-force by a fan who deserves much more attention.

THE CLUBZINE SCENE: Charlotte Proctor feels the designation "clubzine" is sufficiently horrible to have lectured her readers that ANVIL is not a clubzine. I suppose I can honor Charlotte's wishes without agreeing with her views. In my view a clubzine is a publication that takes its financial support from a club, avails itself of local talent, and has the duty to provide informational services to the club in its pages. Usually the first scent of the latter, coming from treasury reports or meeting minutes, causes fanzine critiques to pass out face down in their oatmeal. A fanzine tainted by service features is automatically assumed to have no creative fanwriting inside. Such an assumption is unfair and ignorant, but is so prevalent among the people Charlotte wants to impress that she had to advertise ANVIL's status as a genzine.

*Mirror on the clubhouse wall:
Who's the greatest zine of all?*

1. WESTWIND (Seattle's NWSFS)
2. FOSFAX (Louisville's FOSFA)

Well, of course it is, now. Not very long ago it included a lot of service features --

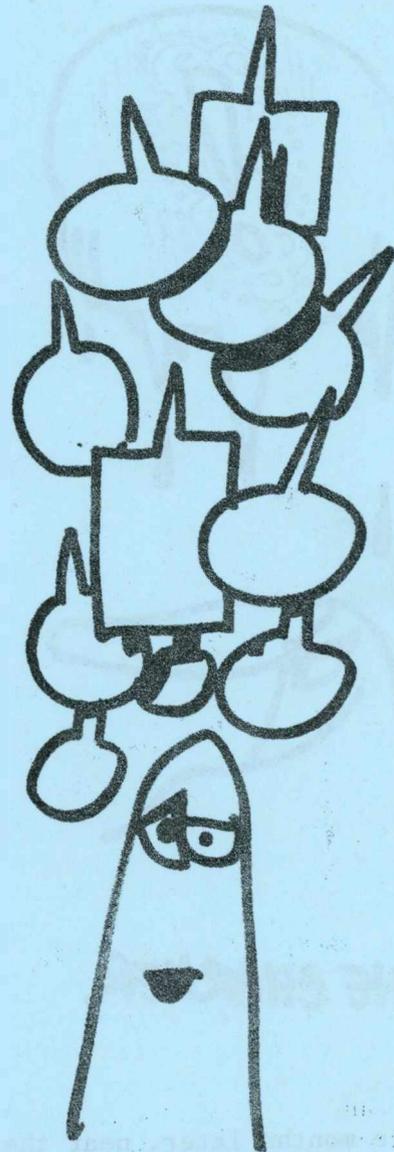
it was unmistakably a clubzine. As such it was also a sterling example of the creative drive and level of quality that could be achieved in producing a fanzine that served a club.

The quality of a clubzine, like any zine, derives from the talent of the editor. A good clubzine editor has the additional need to convince his or her club that his or her vision of the zine justifies the club's expenditure. Editors who can do it all -- create a world-class fanzine and satisfy the club's needs -- are much rarer than good genzine editors. What's worse, their ranks were seriously depleted in 1986.

Alpha Centura, the foundering Albuquerque club, lost Craig Chrissinger as editor of its COMMUNICATOR after the first issue of 1986, and the zine declined immediately. Chrissinger's legacy of solid journalism, and pro-quality design, was impossible for his successor to maintain. The best clubzine of 1984 was gone with the wind. Then, Edmonton's NEOLOGY was given up by editor Georges Giguere, but it fared better than other orphaned clubzines because Giguere continued to play some role in production. NEOLOGY still has a full range of reviews and departments, a deep art file, good repro and layout. It has a good columnist in Albert S. Frank ("Roses and Thorns" -- a cheers and jeers format), and even a Russian sf correspondent.

After WESTWIND lost Doug Booze from its cabal of editors, anyone could deduce who had been the most significant contributor to the Seattle clubzine's consistently high quality over the past few years. By the end of the year WESTWIND was being edited by Tom Oswald and Jody Franzen, with a hand from club chairman Judy Suryan. Handsomely produced in offset on 11 x 17 ivory stock, saddle stapled, WESTWIND regretfully could not sustain a level of design consistent with its costs. The layout continued to deteriorate after Booze left, some of the worst being tombstoned logos of the various features, and the badly-reproed newspaper clippings used to illustrate movie reviews in the August 1986 issue.

My disappointment that WESTWIND did not keep to its own high standards of design tended to be more than compensated by the great covers and outstanding fanwriting published by the new editors. At times of loss NWSFS expresses its emotions through great fanzines. Last year's Sturgeon memorial issue was equalled by February's Challenger disaster issue, so magnificently begun in each case by a William Warren Jr. color cover. The crew's smiling faces were drawn in sky blue, over a verse from John Magee Jr.'s poem "High Flight", the lines quoted by President



AND TOTALLY
WRONG



THE CHARMER

Reagan in those halcyon days when any of us still listened to him.

WESTWIND has a considerable number of regular contributors, most of whom are not headline talents, but combine together in a warmly enthusiastic blend of tones. "Other Matters" is Dora Auvil's synopsis of sf news and debatable opinions; "Serpent's Tooth" allows the versatile Jon Gustafson to review books. Occasionally NWSFS founder Greg Bennett writes "Inverted Flight". Safely removed to Texas, Bennett can enjoy patron saint status unsullied by month-to-month club politics. He lectures the club from afar in the ghastliest business school jargon: "I'm not really sure how the community of Northwest fans became an extended family, but I can see a few drivers that were around during its oogenesis. Perhaps the most important was that we were applying the concept of participative management before it became the vogue." But: this is the same Bennett who wrote one of the outstanding articles of the year, "We Remember...The Missing Man", (#6) an account of his reaction to the Challenger disaster. Bennett works on the space station program near the Johnson Space Center in Houston. His vantage point was amid the community most deeply affected by the loss, and he described the reactions, ceremonies and feelings very movingly. I was so impressed I got his permission to reprint it later that year in FILE 770. (And though I find William Warren Jr.'s conversation between three dead Apollo astronauts, on watch in some limbo, touched by creepy pathos, I haven't been able to forget "Vigil" all year long. "Vigil" appeared in the same issue as Bennett's article.)

A couple months later, near the June anniversary of Ted Sturgeon's death, WESTWIND printed "Teddy The Fish", Spider Robinson's vaguely controversial tribute (done in dialect) spoken at the Norwescon banquet. In that issue, Greg Bennett's and George Smith's columns recalled Sturgeon as well -- one more of many sparkling examples of thematic coordination raising WESTWIND above the norm.

You don't hear the name WESTWIND being dropped when fans discuss the most creative fanzines. That's why I choose it as the example to make my case that "clubzine" is not a dirty word, or a form inherently incapable of the quality seen in the best genzines. It is certainly harder to achieve that level of quality and furnish the club services it expects when it pays the costs of production, but that doesn't mean that fans haven't occasionally succeeded. People who seek out flaws in clubzines will find them -- there are many in WESTWIND -- but anyone who uses these flaws as a reason not to bother reading clubzines deprives himself of a great deal of pleasurable reading. Taking a Mike Glicksohn quote out of context (he was actually talking about two genzines): "These/ fanzines do publish some excellent material. Unfortunately, they also publish a lot of dull and mediocre material, resulting in publications that are less than the sum of their parts."

I take the liberty of applying Glicksohn's quote here because I feel he's stating a prevalent way of analyzing fanzines. It's one that when taken too much to heart results in fanzines being criticized as static masterpieces, divorced from their vibrant true calling to share excitement and information. It's pointless to concern ourselves with the question of whether WESTWIND is worthy to hang in the Louvre next to SLANT. Like works of fiction, fanzines should be judged according to what they set out to do. WESTWIND, like many other zines, have a complex mission, and it startles me when intelligent people refuse to deal with those complexities in order to appreciate the good work that is being done. (A closing caveat: I simply used Glicksohn's phrase, I don't necessarily attribute any of these views to him.)

Another clubzine I hold in high regard is FOSFAX, the Louisville group's sercon zine, blessed with a team of strong critics captained by Joseph "Readsalot" Major. Over the long haul, just about any kind of fanzine material is likely to show up in FOSFAX, but a very high percentage of the whole will be book reviews. FOSFAX is distributed to a large handful of writers, whose own feedback to the reviews sets up a critical discussion of sf that's quite interesting. (I hear CHEAP TRUTH is also exciting, but after a year-and-a-half trying to get a copy, I read it had folded.) For example, Bruce Gardner stood up for Spider Robinson's NIGHT OF POWER, which he felt was unjustly roughed up by reviewer Stephen Brown in SFR (Summer '85). Gardner did a thorough analysis of the book to justify the cutting contempt he expressed for the cliché-brained Brown. The next month two others reviewed NIGHT OF POWER (Major was less kind, calling it a lift from the bestseller SIEGE about race wars in NY). Robinson himself wrote in to help trash Brown. Gardner has a lot of style, and courage to match -- "Reading Mission Earth Is Far From Impossible" was actually a forceful, convincing review of a maligned work. Bruce Gardner also turns a clever phrase occasionally, like his review of Gilliland's WIZENBEAK that begins, "The man who made robots the Jerry Lewis to his main character's Dean Martin..." -- a colorful reference to Alexis' ROSINANTE series.

Joseph Major's achievements as a book critic can only be appreciated if you stop and consider how many words of sf, and how much background info on writers and the genre, he takes in to be able to produce an average of 16 book reviews per month -- and do them so well. He is a well-spoken and fair critic who comes across as P. Schuyler Miller with a more liberal sense of humor. Almost every one of his reviews involves the sort of personal insights unique to enthusiastic sf readers, reflecting an affectionate but demanding sense of the genre. He's the best in fanzines.

FOSFAX is a rather luxuriously reproduced zine (11 x 17 offset folded to 8½ x 11) considering that its layout doesn't aspire to anything more than business memo readability. There is little interior art; I sent them a pile of Bill Rotsler illos received with Bill's admonition to send them on to a zine with good circulation and good repro -- and FOSFAX now includes Rotsler illos. Perhaps I should send them addresses for Fox, Taral and Foster -- they run atrocious, scrawly cover art on every issue! What a waste of the medium's potential. Fosfax comes out every month: that's 12 full-page covers they could use. Artists please take note. (Artists please show mercy on those of us who receive FOSFAX.) When you have the production values and publishing frequency of FOSFAX, it's easy to get good art -- I suspect the editors just never took the idea seriously.

SOME OTHER MERITORIOUS SERVICE PUBLICATIONS: INSTANT MESSAGE: the NESFA's bimonthly club newzine, is an acquired taste (I saw a mention in NEOLOGY about Duane Cuttrell being the only Edmonton club member who actually reads their trade copy). It's a tremendous scrapbook of fannish life in Boston with characteristic bits of humor.

Even though THE NATIONAL FANTASY FANN (TNFF) and the letterzine TIGHTBEAM, primarily serve the insular membership of the N3F, they're rated superior for editing, design, artwork and reproduction. These zines are published on legal length white paper, offset, saddle-stapled. David Heath Jr. edits TNFF, according to the masthead, so I must assume he deserves the praise for a skillful melding of camera-ready text furnished by a legion of contributors. Most of the material in TNFF can be classified as get-acquainted information for members, or detailed reports, campaign platforms, and lists focused on running the N3F. There is little general interest material, but I can only admire the N3F for doing what other segments of fandom are no longer able to accomplish -- producing good-looking quarterly fanzines that inspire response and participation from dozens of readers. Neffers natter about science fiction, fannish interests, and a range of topics familiar to fandom. The writing isn't often brilliant, but the process is enthusiastically supported by the members. Issues of TNFF usually include "Trash Barrel", fanzine reviews (quite brief) by Don Franson. This is one of the very few consistently appearing fanzine review lists in 1986, done by a well-informed fan with a strong point of view. He tends to review FILE 770 based on what he thinks ought to be in it -- and maybe he's right.

Chuq Von Rospach's OTHER REALMS is a mild-mannered electronic BBS fanzine that periodically transforms itself into an impressively computer-designed xerox zine. In contents, OTHER REALMS resembles the reviewzine FOSFAX. My personal opinion is that for his limited space Chuq uses too many different reviewers, and deprives readers from developing familiarity with the biases and quirks of his writers, and developing trust in their critical faculties. Chuq tried several ambitious things in OTHER REALMS, most notably "Reviewing the Reviewers" in OR#9. Chuq analyzed all the prozine review columnists, and gave convincing recommendations. He did the same for the principal reviewers in LOCUS and SFC, FANTASY REVIEW and SFR. Von Rospach was unexpectedly emotional in handling the semiprozine reviewers. In the midst of whipping Don D'Amassa Chuq accused him of not reading all the books he reviews, which is untrue, and is a built-in credibility-killer, being a personal attack on somebody that he doesn't know but his readers do.

IF I RAN THE ZOO...CON was the role-playing game for convention smofs premiered at SMOFCON 3. All 99 members received a copy of the rules and playing cards, involving over 100 pages of witty scenarios about bidding for and running a WorldCon. This is not a fanzine -- I'm not even sure it's generally available. But I cannot pass over its merits as a fine collaborative manifesto by a dozen NESFA fanwriters. One of those same NESFANS, Leslie Turék, edits Noreascon 3's THE MAD 3 PARTY. MAD 3 is a beautifully computer typeset zine publishing thoughtful, discursive essays on the intricacies of convention running. If MAD 3 has a glaring weakness, that would be its habit of assembling a panoply of information to help consider a problem, then dealing with it in a "you readers should solve it now that I've pointed the problem out" tone. But if you're a mature fan with his wits about him, you can separate the cotton from the boll.

CANADIAN CULTURAL IMPERIALISM: Garth Spencer's MAPLE LEAF RAG is a much better fanzine than when I reviewed in two years ago -- and not merely because Georges Giguere has assumed the production chores. Garth has a well-defined editorial mission shaping all the departments in his fanzine: (1) to educate neos in the not-always-pleasant reality of club and con fandom; (2) to clearly establish in his readers' minds a nationalistic approach to Canadian sf and fandom; (3) to foster communication between all outposts of Canadian fandom.

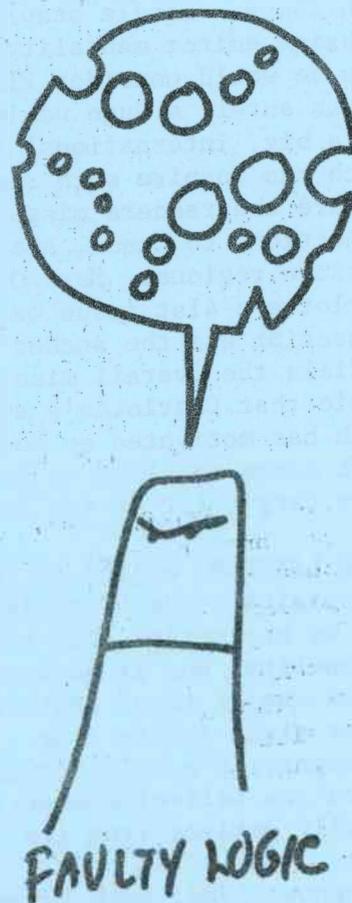
Lloyd Penney, lately become the premiere letterhack of fandom, wrote about a

Canadian fandom panel announced for the Atlanta WorldCon that Garth would miss. He asked what Garth would say if he could be there? Spencer replied: "I would have said with mild condescension that WorldCons are evidently the American national conventions and the Hugos are American fandom's self-conscious attempt to assert a national identity. Couple that with the famous tendency of the American media, education and public institutions to pretend the USA really occupies the whole planet, that other countries aren't quite real, and what can you expect?"

What appears on the surface to be America-bashing is just further evidence -- as is the very existence of MAPLE LEAF RAG -- that Garth fears there is no Canadian identity, style, or even a national will to exist. After all, the Aussies manage to have their NATCONS and Ditmar Awards without creating an adversarial relationship to the WorldCon and Hugos. But it's obvious that Garth hopes to summon nationalist sentiment by invoking a familiar irritant, the giant neighbor to the south, I understand it. I don't respect it. A long list of Canadian fans have played a prominent role in world fandom, and WorldCon politics, without resorting to such tactics.

Paul Young wrote, "MLR could be the seltzer to Canadian fandom's stale water." The complaint that Canfandom is splintered and uncreative pervades MLR. Garth asks elsewhere, "Don't subfandoms imply a breakdown of communication?" The two comments are related in the following way. Fannish self-esteem is founded on the confident belief that people are having fun creatively pursuing a common interest. When people don't have fun, or when they become bored with the cliches surrounding their pasttimes, one of the things you see them do is hybridize sf fandom with other activities -- costume, dance, media, other genres of fiction. This becomes a big problem for people, like Garth, who refuse to admit there are many crossovers between the special interests. It didn't seem to be a big problem for the Canadian fans I met at AD ASTRA in 1985, who danced, costumed, movied, computered, and talked sf all weekend. The only thing far-flung Canadians lack is an opportunity to discover they're missing nothing. If a yone thinks Canadian fandom is stale, they should consider the likelihood that they're projecting personal ennui onto someone else's lively party.

Sustaining MLR's doubt and angst to the bitter end is the inept fanzine review columnist, E.B. Klassen. Bernie has lots of opinions, but the underlying values are wrong. Klassen's opinions are not helped any by the frequently inaccurate analyses that accompany them. For example, Klassen attacked STICKY QUARTERS 13 for its "depressing unity of tone" -- quite untrue; a long list of highly diverse writers contributed to that issue. Elsewhere, Klassen made a shallow generalization about the lack of art in Aussie fanzines, "While N. Americans try to fill entire zines with it." Klassen is hostile to most zines he reviews. At least he likes Langford. I was starting to wonder why he bothered to read fanzines, let alone review them.



BEHIND THE TWILTONE CURTAIN: What is ANVIL? Charlotte Proctor has announced it is a genzine. Her conceit is betrayed by the single staple in the top left corner of each issue. Single staples are a false economy and a sure sign of the newzine or clubzine editor mentality. Jack Herman would no sooner regard ANVIL as a genzine than he would consider FILE 770 a real fanzine. But whatever else ANVIL may be, it was surely a Hugo nominee in 1986. I never thought this was an accident. ANVIL has a big, international lettercolumn full of enthusiastic, happy readers -- a zine which can inspire such response should be reasonably expected to poll some votes. Nor are the readers misguided in their affections. ANVIL has enviable worldwide connections to Czech, Australian, Yugoslavian, British, and fandoms of all the American regions. Marc Ortlieb, Buck Coulson and Brad Foster appear regularly. Charlotte's 41st issue was her excellent Worldcon report. Another Langford speech transcript was the anchor for #42. There were four issues of ANVIL in 1986. This fulfills the overall mission of fanzine fandom: to communicate among fans. It is ironic that Charlotte's evident desire to equal the monuments of hyperfaandom, which has motivated so much of ANVIL's rise to the top, must ultimately fail because ANVIL moves too fast to be placed on a pedestal, and will never please them. (Witness Terry Carr's LoC in the latest issue.)

LAN'S LANTERN, edited by George "Lan" Laskowski, was 1986's Hugo winning fanzine. It contains scads of reviews, following a sercon tradition of another age. It has been my perception that every successful fanzine must have a dominating editorial personality, and it bothers me that in LAN'S LANTERN that doesn't come from Laskowski. Lan is one of these editors who tends to let everyone else in the world take center stage in his zine. When Lan gave Mike Glicksohn the lead editorial in LL 20 to dispute LL's validity as a Hugo nominee, I didn't consider it fairness, but ridiculous self-effacement. In the final analysis, LL's strong editorial personality actually derives from its prolific critic, Mark Leeper.

Throughout 1986, Mark Leeper proved to be very versatile. In LL 20 Mark did it all. He wrote one of the lead articles, describing the Golem in a number of fictional works. He did a special series of reviews of film, fiction, and culture, connected by an Oriental theme. To these he added myriad other reviews. Someday Mark Leeper and Joseph Major will start at opposite ends of the WorldCon huckster room looking for sf books they haven't reviewed. When they meet in the middle they probably won't be carrying very many. A dedicated reader, Leeper's opinion is a pretty reliable measure of whether you should invest your time reading a book. He gives outline information about the story together with his evaluation, and the clarity of his reasons permits you to adjust for personal taste and decide whether you, too, would like the book. Leeper's earnest analysis is balanced with a sense of humor that may not often come to the forefront, but we would know immediately if he was without one. A potent example was presented in his Zen appreciation of the McDonald's hamburger, part of a review of THE SUSHI HANDBOOK. "If we had that philosophy, every time you went to McDonald's you would be served your hamburger at the table. It would come with the top bun off. You would spend the first minutes admiring the top bun. It would be a network of golden brown points on a white background..." Etc.

But I don't care, Mark. I don't think BRAZIL was a great movie. I think it was a super-stylish undead film that sucked its life from the John Hurt 1984 and "An at Owl Creek Bridge" (a famous short subject). BRAZIL was a good film -- not a great film -- and no violence was done when it failed to win a Hugo.

Besides Leeper's reviews, the strength of LAN'S LANTERN is in its lettercolumn. Good dialog. Lots of egoboo for contributors. The best edited lettercol in 1986.

Mike Glyer -
Taff support on
run of covers

If Dave Locke didn't act like it's his duty to write his editorials on sacred slabs of stone, TIME AND AGAIN could lighten up and be a much better zine. The articles and columns are tops. But you're bound to be put off your feed before you ever get to them by an inserted copy of WIZ with more Bergeron TAFF bullshit, and an editorial by Dave raking up more of the same.

Honestly, guys, there are columns by Lon, Atkins, Dean Grennell, and a fine article by Skel, "Pillow To Post" (#20), about the anxiety attacks he suffers when he has no fannish mail for a day. Dave can write in this league, however, nobody cares about his one-sided hallucinations about TAFF no matter how skillfully they're wordsmithed. Dave, take the pledge -- write as much creative material as you do feud material, so the rest of us will be less hesitant to crack open the zine. You've got a hell of a party going in TIME AND AGAIN -- it's time for the host to attend.

Although I co-published WEINSTEIN & GLYER'S DISCOUNT HOAXARAMA (like that was going to be an easily kept secret?) I can't permit that to deprive Elst Weinstein of some well-deserved egoboo. While correctly billed as a reprint volume, HOAXARAMA contained several new pieces of writing, and artwork commissioned for the volume. Marc Schirmeister's "Best of APA H" cover epitomizes the busy ghastliness of the old MAD style. He also contributed outstanding interior illos. Mel White furnished some of her best fan caricatures. Foster, Gilliland and Kurt Erichsen were well represented. Elst's brief "Disclaimer" on the colophon page is enormously silly and unapologetic -- a friend of mine wants to make a rubber stamp of the wording. There was also Elst's full-length article, "Real Fen Don't Eat Greeps", an acerbic, funny, parody of trufannish machismo. His staccato sentences race through a catalog of revered cliches with strictly humorous results. (#12, #21).

THE DILLINGER RELIC. How seriously can you take a zine title that refers to a gangster's embalmed penis? DR occasionally subsumes a second Arthur Hlavaty zine, LINES OF OCCURRENCE. In LOO #10, Arthur wrote an outstanding discussion of Robert Heinlein's work and reputation among reviewers, challenging their conclusions about Heinlein's recent, poorly-received books, without actually endorsing them. (#17) DR is written in diary entry format. As a result, the quality of Hlavaty's writing varies wildly. His best entries are usually inspired by a new book he has read, or an interesting lecture he has attended. Hlavaty has the artist's eye (and should give it back...) It's difficult to pull something from context to use as Hlavaty's calling card -- he certainly deserves representation in a Fanthology -- yet his sendup of the Cyberpunk movement, "I Was a Teenage Cyberpunk for the FBI and Found God" (#19) in DR 46 would serve nicely.

When Jeanne decides it's time to do another WHIMSEY, you should try to get one. Jeanne Gomoll's soundly considered point of view is written in the de rigeur conversational style. Many truths are uttered. Jeanne, musing about Leigh Edmonds' fanzine criticism in FUCK THE TORIES ("The Leaden Age of Fanzines"): "Ironically, it's possible that the critic who examines enough bad fanzines will end up spending more intellectual energy examining those fanzines than the editors expended during their production. No one deserves this." The spirit of WHIMSEY is well defined by Andy Hooper's quote, "Any zine which is able to include a quote by both Garrison Keillor and Doris Lessing without appearing completely insane is sufficiently advanced to be indistinguishable from magic."

The same note of praise could be sung for THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW. When Bruce Gillespie initiated his REVIEW, it was very formally designed for a mimeograph fanzine -- like an elephantine church bulletin. Nor were its contents any friendlier.

Succeeding issues introduced more and more of Gillespie's personal writing to the zine, improving it accordingly. By 1986, issues of the REVIEW were very comparable to his former zine, SF COMMENTARY. There is a section of matter titled "I Must Be Talking To My Friends" in every issue. The 82-page double issue (bah!) 7/8 was loaded with Gillespie's typical "Best Books I Read In 1985" article and its clones about films, novels, classical music, rock music etc. Like David Letterman's lists, Bruce's "Best of" articles are only a convenient framework for his literary ramblings, and the reader must try not to wonder why he put a book by Theodore Dreiser on a list associated with the year 1985.

Did Patrick Nielsen Hayden cringe when he read Leigh Edmonds' review/complaint in THE NOTIONAL that THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW is "too big, too dense, and too full of complex words and thoughts." Is that what Leigh's education has become: a radar for avoiding intellectual challenges? Still worse, Joseph Nicholas agreed with Edmonds in a LoC to Gillespie. We can perhaps excuse Joseph's comment as representing the zeal of a recent convert to the simple declarative sentence. I feel THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW, due to Gillespie's analytical prowess, is a rare instance of genuine mental challenge for the nonscientists in fandom.

Readers confronted by the prolix criticism of Yvonne Rousseau should not point to it as evidence of editorial shortcomings on Gillespie's part. If Bruce is willing to publish her mini-doorstops, I'm willing to tackle the class nine climb of reading them. Bruce should ignore pleas for small and frequent issues. He could not achieve the same level of critical discourse. He would also be forced to deprive the zine of its electrifying lettercolumn. Issue #9 turned out to be all letters, volunteering analysis of two dreams Bruce published in the zine last year. Brian Aldiss, Damien Broderick, Doug Barbour, and other infrequent visitors to fanzine fandom were lured by this novel experiment.

Unlike Jerry Kaufman (see the end of this issue) I would not rate THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW as great, but I have high regard for the access it gives to Australian points of view. How Bruce's Aussie readers respond, and the intellectual tools they apply, reveal their society in ways I could never find in the media. (Will the Aussies ever realize how little exposure to Americans they receive of the same quality?)

Before I go on to any more reviews, you should turn to Kaufman's comments in the back, read them, and return. This process would not be so tricky if I utterly disagreed with him, but I find it's more often the case that I liked the zines, too, and yet I had specific reasons not to be so effusive. Jerry's opinions are perfectly legitimate; I am not trying to rebut him, but I don't want to ignore him, in such a fertile area of discussion. ANSIBLE is a very good place to start.

With three issues in 1986, ANSIBLE's role as a newzine has diminished. Of course, we all know the axiom that anything you haven't heard yet is news, to you. Dave Langford's capricious wit is the primary lure of ANSIBLE anyway. He dispatches putdowns and one-liners at a prodigious rate. Langford is a tremendous fan humorist.

Jerry Kaufman extols ANSIBLE as the best newzine of the decade, and says Langford shows excellent judgement in assigning the right length to a story. I disagree with his assessment of ANSIBLE (not with the praise for Langford's writing). The news in ANSIBLE only provides a foil for Langford's humor. There is seldom any probing for significant details evident in its news. Except for conreports, there is only one length for the reportage in ANSIBLE: very short. As a reader (or as an editor in search of news worth reprinting) I have never been able to learn in-depth about British fandom from ANSIBLE because nothing is analyzed deeper than necessary.

for its satirical impact. You can get a lot of good information out of ANSIBLE, but you can't get the kind of explication of its national fandom that is routinely available in THYME, SHARDS OF BABEL, or MAPLE LEAF RAG. Langford's attention isn't held by any sociological comparisons, fanhistory, or political observations longer than two lines. Even its reliability is open to question, when Langford feels free to include Holland in 1990 at the end of a list of upcoming WorldCons without reference to the existence of another bid.

ANSIBLE is fun and well-written. As a newzine, it is the Emperor's New Clothes.

Like Langford, Simon Ounsley has got down that unassuming, innocent tone which only a wizened cynic can recognize and imitate. And in STILL LIFE it's hilarious. STILL LIFE 3 was dominated by Ounsley's diary of his illness and hospitalization (for a liver biopsy). Comparing Ounsley's diary to the accounts of Dave Locke's boils and other maladies reported long ago in YANDRO, I recognized that it wasn't ailment humor which left me cold; I was just waiting for it to be done in a way that made me laugh. "The ward is rather like a small seedy private hotel whose residents are too lazy to change out of their night clothes and spend all day wandering in and out of each other's rooms." The same issue featured Hazel Ashworth's "Vive La Difference", lampooning fandom's professed unconcern for physical appearance or wealth, in contrast to a reverence for intellectual powers. Quite funny. There were also 16 pages of rambling crap by D. West. It's not clear that it was worth the whole read just for three priceless zings at Richard Bergeron, Dave Bridges and Bill Bowers. In fact, I know it wasn't.

SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY #8 continued the standing joke of a fanzine whose schedule is even slower than Ed Wood trying to get to a point. Number 8 united a distinguished cast: Lee Hoffman, Robert Bloch, Walt Willis, Vinç Clerke, Dave Langford, Chuck Harris, Ted White, and others. It's a good issue, full of readable articles, superior in my memory to the previous issue. SFFY boasts Stu Shiffman's best work of 1986, a brilliant selection of painstakingly hand-stencilled drawings and cartoons. Shiffman has mastered hand-stencilling well enough to compare favorably with the legendary C. Ross Chamberlain, also represented in this issue. Jerry Kaufman is ecstatic about SFFY; I am appreciative. All the writing is good, yet virtually all of the contributors (like Willis and Langford) did finer writing for other zines during the year.

Eventually we must discuss FUCK THE TORIES, with its tricontinental editorial staff of Velma Brown & Leigh Edmonds, Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas, and Terry Hughes. Mike Glicksohn's comment, WAHFd in the back of FTT 2, sums it up well and far more kindly than I would: "I think you've saddled yourselves with a bit of an albatross



by adopting this socialist gimmick and encumbering your natural writing skills with a lot of unnecessary artificiality such as the comrade crap." *Artificiality* is the key word, a trait which is antithetical to good writing. For example, there's an ironic point to be made in Judith Hanna's observation of how Joseph's turning up the heater instead of wearing heavier clothes shows that "his theoretical awareness that we consume too much doesn't translate into the behavioural directive." But she's got it backwards -- the anecdotes in this article are twisted to make explicit ideological points, which constantly interrupt the flow of thought. Judith had already made her point with the story: we don't need the moral explicitly drawn for us. That's FTT's problem: they not only want to converse about political topics, they insist on doing it in a style that casts doubt on the readers' perceptiveness, and suggests such fear about their persuasive skills that they have to blight their work with ideological billboards. Or does that give them more credit than they deserve: maybe they only plod through their own creative writing for the deferred pleasure of delivering these political telegrams.

They also don't miss a chance to kick HOLIER THAN THOU and Marty Cantor. How tedious. But hasn't tedium always been the currency of socialism?

LAST BUT NOT LEAST: THE ANTIPODES -- THYME, the Australian newzine edited by Peter Burns and Roger Weddall, wanders all over the fannish map -- fanzine reviews, media con coverage, sercon book reviews, Aussie NATCON business meeting feuds, etc. John Foyster contributes regularly to THYME -- it's good to see John active again. "Triumph of the Swill" was an article saved from John's aborted genzine CHUNDEROUS VISIONS. He starts with a scrapbook of ad copy from LOCUS and SFC. "Now if it is your view that these fifteen little chunks of twaddle are exactly projecting the kind of image you think science fiction should have then you'll not find much point in what follows." John seems deluded there potentially can be an ideal mating of high literary quality with commercial advertising.

Editors Burns and Weddall have an irreverent sense of humor (no wonder they liked John's article). They report anything that interests them, and love to stick their beaks into controversy for its own sake -- not a survival trait, guys. They relieved Bruce Gillespie of the need to print another Richard Bergeron attack on Ted White (yawn). They were also active seekers of the perpetrators of two hoax imitators of Leigh Edmonds' and Valma Brown's THE NOTIONAL. Someone wrote to them: "THE MOTIONAL was supposed to appear as a single bolt from the blue. The same week, THE SPACE WASTREL crew from Western Australia released FUCK THE NOTIONAL, which said in very plain terms what THE MOTIONAL had said obliquely. This is not a fan feud anymore; as somebody said, it's the nearest thing to a popular revolt that Australian fandom has ever had. 'All you need to know about pretension, condescension, arrogance and paternalism in Oz' as the banner headline says."

THE MOTIONAL parodied the writing styles of Edmonds, Brown, and Damien Broderick very precisely. If there was a touch of sadism, it was strictly the literary accomplishment of holding up a mirror to the victims. Damien Rubberduck's review begins, "When reviewing a book, it is essential to let the ambiance of the medium permeate into the unconscious. I am particularly good at this: they tell me that my unconscious is so much bigger than anybody else's." FUCK THE NOTIONAL, in contrast, done in simple narrative, is an all-out attack on Leigh and Valma. It has the virtue of authors willing to name themselves -- Lockett, Muijsert, Loney and Warner -- and the vice of showing the authors are so oversensitive to Leigh and Valma's egotism they produced a ten-page solicitation for a lynch mob. Nobody

deserves that. Certainly not two people, Leigh and Valma, whose transgression as detailed here barely warranted a curt note.

Reports appearing in THYME 57 said THE NOTIONAL will fold. I always kept waiting for THE NOTIONAL to be a newzine, but its pages were largely filled with film and book reviews, and long passages by George Turner explaining why some luckless fan critic ought to be more impressed with him; or to dispute Damien Broderick's interpretation of George's work. Damien leads one to believe George is at least a misogynist, and probably a poofta. I liked Leigh's fanzine reviews -- even though I never saw any of the zines, making it hard to evaluate his critical abilities. As for his detractors who edit THE SPACE WASTREL, I unsuccessfully skimmed its 1986 issues convinced by faulty memory there must be something remarkable and worth reprinting therein. One still cannot disregard its readability and entertainment value, or the self-effacing humor of editors Michelle Muijsert, Mark Loney, and Julian Warner.

Marc Ortlieb's TIGGER is another blessed blue paper fanzine, consumed by the "science in science fiction". You'll find the zine running articles about biology alongside letters about Aussiecon II. TIGGER is the most interesting fanzine I receive from Australia, largely because Marc Ortlieb is almost the only editor there who can tell the difference between dynamic writing and passive scholarly sludge, and elects to publish the former. Two wonderful features of TIGGER's 1986 run were a worldcon program transcript, and a medical journal parody. "I Have Seen The Light" was a mock revival done at Aussiecon II (#18). Ortlieb, Jim Gilpatrick, David McDonnell, and others were on stage. A general impression can be gleaned from these parting commandments: "First: Thy fanzine shall never contain fiction. Second: Thy fanzine shall never contain pictures of anyone with pointed ears. Third: Thy fanzine shall not mention acts of miscegenation between Vulcans and humans, especially should those Vulcans be male as be those humans." Very dry and self-contained, David Cropp's "On The Ecological Economy of the Hospital Clipboard" (#7) will likely surprise the reader when he finally recognizes how much of it is outright ridicule of scholarly work and the medical profession's pretentiousness. TIGGER comes highly recommended.

Jack Herman, editor of WAHF-FULL, was the 1984 DUFF delegate from Australia to North America. (WAHF-FULL, along with FUCK THE TORIES, rank among the very few fanzine titles nearly as bad as FILE 770.) Jack is a complex person: it's not always clear which would benefit fandom more -- to have his opinions more widely read, or have him hung for espousing them. Jack's forceful, debating society style helps him make compelling arguments. But the quality of the objective content in those arguments suffers because he argues just as strongly whether he knows what he's talking about or not. In WAHF-FULLs 17 and 18 drew illogical, uninformed (not to mention personally insulting) conclusions about the LACon II committee because the con's profits weren't disposed of in the only way acceptable to Jack -- a \$20 check to every convention member. On the good side, perhaps Marty Cantor will pay close attention to Jack's review of HOLIER THAN THOU, a useful and objective critique of the zine's needs. Jack did it without personally abusing the Cantors. I was wondering if that was possible, after reading half-a-dozen pinheads failing at it. (See? Abuse is sooo easy...)

Returning to WAHF-FULL, and pondering my reactions to write this year-end summary, I concluded not only were issues close to my heart being manhandled, Jack takes the same approach everywhere. In the field of cinema, Jack has nothing good to say about ROCKY IV, RAMBO, or BACK TO THE FUTURE, films evidently as popular in Australia as they were in America; he rips them, and rips their country of origin.

Jack comes across like another pretentious scholar who one day accidentally turned to the movie section of the paper and discovered several films he disliked had grossed millions of dollars. Jack's method for coping with this apparent inconsistency was to project his own biases as the standards for criticizing the films, and blame American Cultural Imperialism for their presence in his land. There is irony in finding something similar commonly practiced by American scholars. They also think RAMBO is a terrible reflection on the country that made it, and also never probe beyond the end of their noses for an explanation.

You'd think that such an unsubtle film as RAMBO, with its moral explicitly stated by Stallone at the end, would be clearly understood as a popular attempt to resolve America's feelings about the damage self-inflicted on the society by the Vietnam War. That's what makes it even more popular than dozens of other Vietnam blow-em-up pictures, which don't involve that kind of healing metaphor. RAMBO is not a foreign policy statement, but a domestic political message transmitted with lots of Hollywood violence and created for the general purpose of making money. Jack, who complains about being up to his ass in American media products, finally ought to admit that watching commercial film and tv is insufficient background to analyze American society and pass the judgements he does. It's a little hard to understand, in the first place, how he can rely on media information disputed by his peer critics in America. Jack doesn't read David Halberstam, or anybody else. In the midst of these sickening diatribes about American Cultural Imperialism I've never seen Jack or any other Aussie fan make any reference to the kind of background reading that would grant them a pale claim to the sweeping understanding they profess to have of the violent, imperialistic US mind. I'd be ashamed to venture opinions about Australian society on the strength of watching BREAKER MORANT and CROCODILE DUNDEE. Jack, of course, has no shame.

BATTLEFIELD CITATIONS FOR 1986

Under this heading is awarded extra egoboo for some people who have already been mentioned, and others who have not, for their achievements on the fields of fanaticism in '86.

DAVE GARCIA, who leads a double life as pro and fan, has art in N3F publications -- in a very fluent graphic story style. In the same zines, DAVID HEATH displays a pleasing, spot-cartoonist faculty, minimalist line drawings notable for their proportions and staging of characters. Two other contributors to the N3F cause deserve praise: MARIE EVANS, for the sword-and-blaster-wielding horsewoman on the cover of TIGHTBEAM 142; and BOB BARGER, whose two illos in TIGHTBEAM 143 were reminiscent of early Vincent DiFate.

STEVEN FOX continues to produce striking illustrations of aliens, using sharp contrasts, astronomical backgrounds, or textured penlines (like a woodcut). Besides a long list of his art seen in DASFax, BRSFL NEWS, and FILE 770, the best Steve Fox work in 1986 was a portrait of cyclopean aliens on the back cover of the Purcells' BANGWEULU. Fox also showed off an interesting new style (for him), a series of mechanical monsters published in DUPRASS 2.

Known for his own illos of "Mech Things" in NEOLOGY, BRAD FOSTER dominated the fanzine scene once again in 1986. Particularly memorable were the cover of HOLIER THAN THOU 23, a loopy-looking alien done in halftones, and an illo in FILE 770:61 called "The Creative Process", Brad's whimsical, autobiographical explanation of how his art gets done.

1986 also witnessed the resurrection of TEDDY HARVIA, another popular Texas

cartoonist known for his puns, and general sense of the absurd. Texan MEL. WHITE was responsible for the apt drawings accompanying Elst's "Real Fen Don't Eat Greeps". She caricatured NEOLOGY's editor in the June issue, and gave us the windblown fan at a "SMOFs" direction sign in F770:57.

ADRIAN KLEINBERGEN seems to appear nowhere but in Edmonton's NEOLOGY, excepting THE MAPLE LEAF RAG which also gets its illos from Georges Giguere's files. Adrian does beautifully drafted and composed line sketches of stñnal subjects: mobile infantrymen, spacecraft lifting off, etc. Kleinbergen also can do funny animals in a fresh, non-Disney style.

Fandom's premier funny animal inker, TARAL realizes more of his overall potential as an artist and fanwriter every year. In the impressive NEW TOY, Taral cast off his accustomed melancholy about a lack of egoboo, and hurled this bold sarcasm at his readers: "We should blush in shame for having withdrawn into the private forums of Flaps and Rowbrazzle, while all around us is a morass of inexpertly written Battlestar Galactica fiction, filk song primers, and Canadian content newsletters. The reputation built up by past generations of impeccably mimeoed blue-papered fanzines is all but forgotten while the BNFs of tomorrow debate whether there should be a national award for best apa-hack or outstanding gopher of the year. Is that a reason to resume publishing, or not?" Thank heaven his answer was yes.

In NEW TOY Taral presents some polished fanwriting experiments: I wish I could say they were all successful, but regardless, Taral is doing the kind of fanwriting we want, writing that probes the author's vulnerable spots without pretention or self-consciousness. Best of the lot, "The Ghost On My Bed" described the house cat whose life paralleled Taral's for a dozen years. This story had stress fractures all over, left by the opposing forces of naturalism and sentimentalism. "About Faces" wound up being a description of tv wrestling despite a promising start including the self-revelatory quote, "This was always my worst moment of the day, steeling myself to advance any of a number of open-ended projects toward their eventual abandonment." NEW TOY concluded with a long chunk of faan fiction testing the interest value of a room party combining Taral's closest fan associates with invented fanzine characters like Hoy Ping Pong and Goon Bleary. Taral is a very good writer, and the idea was decent, but "Mything Persons" never hooked me. These developmental efforts are evidence of a talent headed in the right direction.

TARAL's art is already quite developed, and praiseworthy. There is a strong Japanimation influence on his art, now, visible in the robot cover of NEOLOGY 4/86, the feminine funny animal mercenary in F770:59, or the roboid "taxi dancer" in the same issue, and on the F770:62 cover where the spaceship "Bakka" has been holed and is spraying paperbacks all over the starscape. Representing a separate subgenre in Taral's work was the beautiful model kit cover of MYTHOLOGIES 19. A superb artwork in a third style was the cover of DEFENESTRATION 8, a magic mushroom.

In 1986 Sourdough Jackson did almost a book's worth of "Starship Trouper" columns about different prominent themes in filksongs. His columns in DASFax homed in on "Historical" filk about true events (or intended to sound as if based on truth); filksongs about computers; and mimeo crank chanties. Jackson also writes general reportage on developments in this interest field -- with PFNEN so erratic, this has been the most reliable source of analysis about the special interest of filking.

Editing is a very touchy subject in fandom: we amateurs are being paid nothing, and so have lost the only incentive to allow anyone to touch our sacred prose. That means it is easy for me to say that HAZEL ASHWORTH needs an editor, but not very likely that Simon Ounsley or Eve Harvey will volunteer to do their duty. Once I schooled myself to read Hazel's articles to the end, no matter how possessed I was by an urge to turn the page, I learned she would eventually get to the point. Like Skel, she hasn't comprehended where her stories actually begin, and like Skel she has a good story to tell once she gets to it. Lopping off the introductory paragraphs to most of her articles in 1986 would have been a good start. Hazel telegraphs her arrival at the good part of the story when she quits writing in the second person and resumes a first person narrative. Based on the quality of her writing in STILL LIFE and LIP, she could become a more prominent fanwriter given more disciplined editing.

A writer who may have crossed the threshold of adequate self-editing is AVEDON CAROL. Several years ago she allowed me to run one of her articles in SCIENTIFRICTION, and there is nothing like typing a stencil to intimately acquaint you with a writer's flaws. Just copyediting (which was as far as I allowed myself to go) did wonders for her grammar and style. Now in XENIUM 14, her "Letter From London July 1985" (#9) is spirited, focused, emotional -- and tightly edited. It's a powerful article of cultural comparisons. She comments on a bigoted encounter, ultimately revealing light sides as well as the sinister aspects of the episode. -- It's while reading this article I became incensed that she and Rob Hansen had been absent without leave from their own fanzine, CHUCH.

MILTON F. STEVENS, already mentioned for "Callahan's Crosstime Cathouse" in HTT, took the spiritual approach in FILE 770 with "Fannish Squirrel Revival." (*lucky #13*) Milt wrote, "In the midst of this chaos, an ancient first fandomite momentarily conquers the ague and leaps to his feet to confess Harry Warner's sins. Not to be outdone, Andy Porter leaps to his feet and confesses everyone else's sins (but naturally gets all the attributions wrong)." Stevens also got a popular reception for "Unsubstantiated Rumors" in F770:60. Cleaning out the FILE 770 scrapbook, I thought since the text of Bob Shaw and Dave Langford speeches have powered them to Hugos, RACE MATHEWS' autobiographical "AussieCon Opening Address." (#8) would not be out of place in a Fanthology. The text appeared in F770:57 and 58. The speech contained many well-phrased insights on Aussie fandom of the 1940s and 1950s.

Re: JUDITH HANNA. It's not that the technical quality of her writing has changed -- there was never anything wrong with it. Now that she's sharing her life with Joseph Nicholas, she finds so much more Aristotlean dramatic conflict to offer us in her autobiographical sketches, like "A Desk of One's Own" in WALLBANGER 12.

(Seattle) JOHN BERRY's maturity, lucidity, and rhetorical calm are rare commodities among the fans who possess both intellectual depth and an abiding interest in fanzines. Original ideas and critical views charge most fans with frantic urgency, and not a little self-importance. Berry is able to handle newfound insights without blowing himself up in the fireworks. I really enjoy reading his smooth prose. in WING WINDOW, and wish it appeared more often.

As a segue to Jerry Kaufman's two pages, I should speak of his MAINSTREAM. If Jerry, Suzle (Tompkins) and I shared the same opinion of what constitutes good fanwriting, I would point to MAINSTREAM as a paradigm of excellence. Certainly its lettercol shows that MAINSTREAM gives a demanding group of readers something they really enjoy. Jerry's personal writing, especially that in his sampler SQUINCH, is quite to my tastes: faanish articles full of richly textured narrative.



JERRY KAUFMAN

So what's my story on the Hugo "No Award" controversy? I know I voted No Award (since I put my name to the ad), but I don't think I nominated. I have a hazy memory of looking at the nominating ballot, thinking that I couldn't remember anything worth nominating, and tossing it. ...So now you know that I didn't think anything I saw was worth nominating. I'll add to that this further point: the Hugo has seldom been awarded to a worthwhile fanzine. You noticed this yourself, in listing all those dire or at best mediocre zines. It's a little like the Academy Awards, isn't it? The big serious or heartwarming pictures get the nod, while the great, witty, polished, emotional, scruffy masterpieces get ignored by all except the mass audiences, the intelligensia, the auteursists, or whoever really loves them.

I really dislike saying or doing anything that would make people not like me. Signing that ad was, for me, like placing my neck on a chopping block. But at the time it seemed important. Now recommending better nominees seems important, and indeed a more positive step. We'll see what effect it has. ...If MAINSTREAM comes out in time, I'm going to suggest that our readers nominate the following zines:

THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW, Bruce Gillespie. The best serious fanzine in the world. Intelligent essays and reviews, concerned with science fiction and related forms of prose, leavened with Bruce Gillespie's personality and concerns. It included one foray into fan history that really examined how a fan group grows and changes and creates (at its best) an atmosphere of love and creativity.

CHEAP TRUTH, Vincent Omniaveritas. The only fanzine of 1986 that changed science fiction itself....the only one in the 80s that even tried. Polemics and razor tongues for a reason: to change minds and fiction. (Deceased.)

SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY, Lee Hoffman, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden. The best fannish zine of the year, perhaps the lustrum. Funny and polished from end to end, with fannish virtu and a beautiful shape. Proves that a genzine can be edited.

ANSIBLE, Dave Langford. The best newszine of the decade. Great writing from Langford and his contributors, even when doing con reports or other chores. A sense of proportion, too: the stories seem to get as much or as little room as they deserve.

A little polemical myself, eh? Makes me think that comparisons are invidious. But they're the basis of an Award system, so if we take the system seriously enough, we have to make them. I have some others (lots, really) that I like, but I'm not sure of: TRAPDOOR might be deserving, for instance, and I read WHIMSEY the moment it appears. Lots of British zines, too, like PREVERT. (CHUCH was the single best zine to come out of Britain this year, but it only had one issue and is not eligible.)

But the best system of all is of course (I take it for granted even if you don't) no Hugo at all. Let's blow all the awards away. When they were first instituted, nearly every fan could read nearly every book, magazine, or fanzine published. That's

nearly impossible now. So nobody can be familiar with every potential nominee.
~~With the tasks out.~~

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT: Whatever you do, get out there, avail yourselves of this trove of recommended fanwriting, art, and publishing -- and participate in the Hugo voting. What follows are the contact addresses and subscription rates of the fanzines I reviewed. Be aware there is a fine old fannish custom of having fanzines available for "The Usual", a privileged form of barter. Fanzines obtainable for "The Usual" will accept your own fanzine, a letter of comment, an article, artwork, or other creative contributions in lieu of tawdry cash. It is the most common system for circulating fanzines. Mike Glicksohn says FILE 770 is the only fanzine he pays money to receive; go thou and do likewise.

- WESTWIND: NWSFS, PO Box 24207, Seattle WA 98124. A subscription is part of a \$12.00 per year club membership.
- INSTANT MESSAGE: NESFA, PO Box G, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge MA 02139-0910. NESFA's Subscribing Membership is \$15 for one year. Published twice monthly (except Dec.)
- NEOLOGY: ESFACAS, Box 4071, Edmonton AB T6E 4S8 CANADA. The usual, or \$8/yr to out-of-town readers.
- TNFF/TIGHTBEAM: N3F c/o Lola Andrew, PO Box 713, Webster City IA 50595. Membership: \$8/yr, includes subscriptions to both zines.
- OTHER REALMS: Chuq Von Rospach, 160 Pasito Terrace #712, Sunnyvale CA 94086. Available \$2 per copy; trade; contribution.
- FOSFAX: FOSEA, PO Box 37281, Louisville KY 40233-7281. Monthly. Subscription: \$9/yr.
- DASFAX: DASFA c/o Don C. Thompson, 3735 W. 81st Place, Westminster CO 80030. The usual, or \$5/yr.
- GHUCH: Avedon Carol & Rob Hansen, 9A Greenleaf Rd., East Ham, London E6 1DX UK Available for editorial whim.
- STILL LIFE: Simon Ounsley, 21 The Village St., Leeds LS4 2PR, UNITED KINGDOM. The usual.
- PULP: Vinç Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, DA16 2BN UNITED KINGDOM. The usual.
- MAPLE LEAF RAG: The usual, or \$8/yr. Trades must go both to Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St., Victoria BC V8V 3E1 CANADA, and production editor Georges Giguere, 9645-84 Ave., Edmonton AB T6C 1E7 CANADA.
- ANSIBLE: Dave Langford, 94 London Rd., Reading, Berks., RG1 5AU UNITED KINGDOM. 5/\$3.50 to US agents Mary & Bill Burns, 23 Kensington Ct., Hempstead NY 11550.
- WEINSTEIN & GLYER'S DISCOUNT HOAXARAMA: Elst Weinstein, 859 N. Mountain Ave. #18-G, Upland CA 91786. \$3.00.
- FUCK THE TORIES: Availability: trades to all 3 editors; letters of comment; material. Valma Brown & Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 433, Civic Square, ACT 2608 AUSTRALIA Terry Hughes, 6205 Wilson Blvd. #102, Falls Church VA 22044. Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas, 22 Denbigh St., Pimlico, London SW1V 2ER, UK.
- THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER: FACT, PO Box 9612, Austin TX 78766. The usual, or 6/\$6. Editorial address: 618 Westridge, Duncanville TX 75116.
- THE MAD 3 PARTY: Noreascon 3, PO Box 46, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge MA 02139. 6/\$6.
- ANVIL: BSFC c/o Charlotte Proctor, 8325 7th Ave. South, Birmingham AL 35206. The usual, or \$6/yr.
- THE DILLINGER RELIC: Arthur Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham NC 27701. Available for \$1/copy, arranged trade, or letter of comment.
- LAN'S LANTERN: George 'Lan' Laskowski, 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills MI 48013. The usual or \$2/copy.
- TIME AND AGAIN: Dave Locke, 6828 Alpine Ave. #4, Cincinnati OH 45236. The usual or \$3.
- WHIMSEY: Jeanne Gomoll, PO Box 1443, Madison WI 53701-1443. For letters of comment.
- SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY: ed.-in-chief Lee Hoffman, 401 Sunrise Trail NW, Port Charlotte FL 33952. Availability uncertain. Since the Neilsen Haydens

did the production, it might be more fruitful to ask them about it.

THYME: Editorial address: Peter Burns & Roger Weddall, PO Box 273, Fitzroy 3065

AUSTRALIA. 10/\$10 to US agent Mike Glycer, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys CA 91401.

TIGGER: Marc Ortlieb, PO Box 215, Forest Hill VIC 313 AUSTRALIA. The usual.

TIMBRE: Tim Jones, 20 Gillespie St., Dunedin, Aoteroa, NEW ZEALAND. The usual.

THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW: Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne VIC 3001 AUSTRALIA. The usual or 5/\$25 US.

WAHF-FULL: Jack Herman, Box 272 Wentworth Bldg., University of Sydney, AUSTRALIA 2006. Available for the usual.

NEW TOY: Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale ONT M2N 5B4 CANADA. \$2/sample.

MAINSTREAM: Suzle Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Pl. N., Seattle WA 98103. The usual, or \$1/copy.

ANOTHER HUMBLE LIST: The March SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE credits Moshe Feder and Andrew Porter for a poll of their friends' Hugo suggestions, with the following results: Best Fanzine: METAPHYSICAL REVIEW, TRAPDOOR, PREVERT. Also: MAINSTREAM, ANSIBLE, STILL IT MOVES, WHIMSEY, CHEAP TRUTH, SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY, TIME & AGAIN, and CHUCH. Best Fanwriter: Dave Langford, Ted White, Jeanne Gomoll, Taral, Avedon Carol, D. West, Simon Ounsley, Linda Pickersgill, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Paul Skelton, Harry Warner Jr., Christopher Priest, Vincent Omniaveritas (aka Bruce Sterling) and Simon Whiteoak.

Noting his omission from these lists, your editor has enrolled in the community college's Remedial Fanac course.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Leon Frazier, PO Box 8581, Universal City CA 91608.

James M. Taylor, 750 S. Lyon St. Apt. 632, Santa Ana CA 92705-4233

Tom Perry, PO Box 348, Yonkers NY 10703

Owen K. Laurion, 12808-C Dune SE, Albuquerque NM 87123

Lenore Jean Jones, PO Box M-905, Hoboken NJ 07030

James M. Young, 14215 Mayfield Rd., Huntsburg OH 44046

Steven Keith Tait, 112 East Clark, Hiawatha IA 52233

Barnaby Rapoport, PO Box 565, Storrs CT 06268

A FEW BRIEF NOTES

LLOYD PENNEY, 412-22 Riverwood Parkway, Toronto ONT M8Y 4E1 CANADA

I couldn't agree more with your /'No Award/ editorial. I have my own roots in Trek fandom, and have looked at the situation from both sides. The elitist factions of fandom look at fanzine fandom and convention fandom as ****FANDOM**** entire. It's just not so. While those fandoms are the oldest and most time-honored, they're just not the only game in town. ****FANDOM**** actually consists of various interests: fanzines, clubs, WorldCons, Star Trek, Star Wars, Doctor Who, Japanimation, costuming, writing of sf, gaming, comics, huckstering, art, films, videos, collecting and an unlimited number of other fields. It's a veritable smorgasbord.Fandom has changed greatly since its beginnings in the 30s. Perhaps we need a reminder of that every so often. The nomination of UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR and GREATER COLUMBIA COSTUMERS GUILD NEWSLETTER for Best Fanzine Hugo are just such a reminder.

(continued from page 2): "Discussions are under way aimed at persuading the hotel to reconsider this position; no final decision has yet been made. We do, of course, have an agreement with the hotel, and we hope that the situation can be resolved amicably." While the Sheraton is shaky, they have increased their space reservation in the Hynes Convention Center by 82,000 square feet. The committee would prefer that fans not jump to conclusions, but their press release's statement, "Fortunately, the change from two to three years' lead time before the convention has given us plenty of time to deal with the problem" is a bit mystifying. Do they have an agreement, or a contract, and in this instance is there a difference? Lead time could be used to take legal measures to assure performance on a contract, or to restructure the convention's hotel plans if the Sheraton management's fiat is enough to expel the WorldCon.

Meantime, Boskone has stopped accepting memberships in next year's con until further notice. The 1989 WorldCon has made no such decision, and has announced the following schedule of rates, valid through Labor Day: Supporting \$20, Attending \$50, Children's Admission \$30.

FREAS AUCTION: The Boskone Freas Auction, held through the efforts of Rick Katze and Rusty Hevelin, yielded over \$6000. INSTANT MESSAGE also reported an Effinger auction organized by Jan Howard Finner brought in \$900.

PULPNAPPING REPORTED: From Donaghadee Walt Willis relays Vinç Clarke's report: "PULP 4 has been stolen before publication. The word processor disks containing it were stolen by burglars who made off with the computer. It is, I suppose, only fitting that the contents of the issue in question should have included the first chapter of The Enchanted Duplicator as an interactive Computer Adventure Game. PULP 4 was to have been published by Pam Wells, who intends to reconstitute it."

ART CREDITS: Brad Foster: Cover, 3; Teddy Harvia: 5. Lloyd Penney: 9. William Rotsler: 2, 6, 11, 12, 15. Ray Capella: 19.

JEANNE GOMOLL WINS TAFF:
Thanks to Spike for the call.

FILE 770:65
Mike Glycer
5828 Woodman Ave. #2
Van Nuys CA 91401

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