

## ST LOUIS BLUES AND L.A.CON TWO

Two corporations, respectively organized to run Archon and L.A.con II, are embroiled with the Internal Revenue Service over their tax-exempt status. Archon is hardest hit.

In a Tax Court Memorandum Decision published April 2, 1985, Chief Judge Dawson administered the kiss of death to St. Louis Science Fiction Limited's hopes of being recognized as a tax-exempt organization under Internal Revenue Code section 501(c)(3). The corporation was organized in April, 1979, and applied for 501(c)(3) recognition in March, 1982. Correspondence with IRS overlapped June of 1982 when the corporate charter was amended to restate its purpose in language more imitative of the relevant code section. The matter was referred to the National Office, which issued an adverse ruling letter on August 16, 1983. The issue was joined in court.

The St. Louis corporation was organized to cover the annual Archon, which translated into lawyerese reads: *"charitable, literary, educational or scientific... including to promote and stimulate interest in speculative fiction (in print, movie and video form) and art and related activities."* The IRS reviewed the  
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FILE 770 #53.



# STURGEON

Theodore Sturgeon, 67, died May 8 of a lung ailment at Sacred Heart Hospital in Eugene, Oregon. Sturgeon was sf's most acclaimed short story stylist. Private family services were held May 12 in San Diego. The Seattle clubzine, WESTWIND, also announced, "In accordance with Jayne Tannehill Sturgeon's suggestion, a Balloon Liberation Ceremony in his memory will be held at Gasworks Park" last May 25. "Just as Jayne and Ted's family stood on the hospital lawn and released into the evening sky their helium balloons decorated with unicorns to commemorate the departure of his spirit, so shall Ted's Seattle Family gather at Kite Hill and free their balloons to the sky."

According to Sam Moskowitz' *SEEKERS OF TOMORROW*, Sturgeon was born "Edward Hamilton Waldo, February 26, 1918, in St. George, Staten Island, New York." The first of his sf stories saw print in *ASTOUNDING* in September 1939 ("The Ether Breather"). Over the years Sturgeon wrote "Microcosmic God", "Baby Is Three", "Bianca's Hands" and many other stories, some of which existed especially to break sexual or social taboos. Though "Bianca's Hands" bumped Graham Greene's entry into second place in an *ARGOSY* contest, such stories tended to find limited markets in the 40s and 50s. Sturgeon's story preferences, combined with his not being prolific, meant that his fame did not translate into fortune.

But fame there was. In the mid-1970s he presided with J. Michael Reaves over a series of writers' seminars at UCLA. The free-form discussions of our manuscripts were rather nonthreatening and concentrated on Sturgeon's esteem for quality literature with inventive ideas, spiced by our own fascination for war stories from someone who had been a favorite of both John W. Campbell and H. L. Gold. Ted exemplified the idea that there is more satisfaction in good writing than



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in fiction that attempted to predict an editor's prejudices; and that there was something quite nightmarish about the times when no useful words would flow at all.

## SHERRED

Reports Howard DeVore, "TL (Tom) Sherred, author of 'E for Effort' and others, died in Detroit April 16 after nine hours of open heart surgery. He was originally a new author suspected of being Ted Sturgeon under pseudonym -- then just about a month later, Sturgeon died." Per *SF CHRONICLE*, Sherred was 69 when he died undergoing a triple bypass heart operation.

### DAVID GERROLD COMES BACK

Appearing May 11 at the LASFS' Science Fiction Showcase, David Gerrold began, "I died at the WorldCon, but here I am." Gerrold is the first person to report back that LASFS' motto, "Death will not release you...even if you die" is true. David had hosted his own wake at L.A.con II, hoping to benefit from the traditional posthumous popularity of writers' works.

The Showcase attracted about 75 attendees.



# NEBULAS A HIT

Before we forget, these were the winners of SFWA's Nebula Awards:

NOVEL: Neuromancer, Wm. Gibson  
NOVELLA: "Press Enter N", Varley  
NOVELETTE: "Bloodchild", Butler  
SHORT STORY: "Morning Child",  
Gardner Dozois



Outside a party following presentation of the Nebulas, Harlan Ellison allegedly found Charles Platt and punched him out. While none of the witnesses were interested in speaking for the record (for the record the story is like, "Harlan extended his hand to Charles, then the next thing I saw Platt was on the floor,") their off-the-record comments corroborate Platt's own account

published in ANSIBLE 43, we quote: "Harlan Ellison came over to where I was talking to Ed Ferman, grabbed me by the throat, shouted ungrammatically, 'This one's from Larry Shaw, motherfucker, who's dead,' and hit me on the jaw. Evidently he was less than pleased with a column I wrote last year, referring to his worldcon tribute to Shaw as an 'obituary preview' redolent with so much melodrama that some of the audience thought at first it must be a joke. Having hit me, Harlan attempted a stranglehold which he maintained for a minute or so, although his arthrititis prevented it from being entirely effective. Then, having avenged the dead, he left me to continue my conversation. Such is the level of violence in modern America, the incident attracted little attention (although Jerry Pournelle did take time out to give me a friendly lecture on weapons for personal defense, and entertained me by quoting line-for-line from Kipling at some considerable length." Witnesses say that in addition to Platt's list, they also did not see a savage kick to the groin, unless we were discussing the matter off-the-record. Regarding the level of violence in modern America, Platt was not available to ask whether he felt safer at a New York Nebula banquet or a British soccer match...Nor does Platt yet show any sign of comprehending the emotional hurt his mindless remarks inflicted on Shaw's family. Ellison was well aware of that impact, which contributed the motive to his alleged actions, certainly not some feeble jibe at Ellison himself.

In the same issue of ANSIBLE, Martin Morse Wooster claims another fight took place, with "Thomas Disch punching out William Gibson for reasons unknown." Somehow this reminds me of Harry Warner's account, "How I Fought for My Hugo," but nobody ever slugged Harry. Next year's fashionable wear for the sf writer will include shoulder pads and helmets, one suspects.



(continued from page 1)

materials furnished to describe St. Louis Science Fiction Limited's activities, dwelling at length upon the program book and convention income statement. The IRS took the position, "You are not operated exclusively for exempt purposes within the meaning of section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, and you are operated, in part, for the private benefit of artists and dealers. Also, you are operated in furtherance of substantial nonexempt commercial, and social and entertainment purposes. Therefore you do not qualify for exemption from Federal income tax...."

There was no doubt that every one of those statements was accurate. The Archon directors took it to court anyway: we may guess that their reasoning went something along the lines of, here are all these other organizations (NESFA, LASFS, MCFI, ChiCon IV Inc. etc.), science fiction clubs and science fiction conventions granted the exempt status of IRC 501(c)(3), so surely this must be a mistake. They were right, too. Later, inspecting the iceberg-shaped holes in their corporate hull, SLSFL came to appreciate whose mistake it was.

Tax exempt status is granted to nonprofit corporations which are organized and operated exclusively to further certain kinds of activities in the public interest. There are a number of potentially fatal errors a corporation can make and fail to attain this exemption. To simplify the laundry list of things IRS must have considered on the way to its decision, the standards applied in the Tax Court case were these: (1) Was the corporation organized for an exempt purpose? (2) Was it operated exclusively for that purpose? (3) Was any nonexempt purpose served by the corporation substantial in nature? (4) Did corporate activities provide substantial benefit to private rather than public interests?

Any reader charged to answer the same four questions could walk through an Archon and come up with the same four answers Tax Court gave. Yes. No. Yes. Hell, yes. St. Louis Science Fiction Limited was organized for 4 exempt purposes. What is puzzling in the trial transcript is a discussion which begins, "Petitioner /SLSFL/ maintains that it qualifies for tax-exempt status because it is operated exclusively for educational purposes. Petitioner contends that the activities the respondent /IRS/ argues are recreational are really part of petitioners overall educational purpose." Even though SLSFL states it was organized for four exempt purposes, by the time the court had considered in evidence the program for Archon and Archon's budget, SLSFL was maneuvering like a ship with all but one mast shot away. It is not shown that any charitable, literary and scientific merits were argued.

Therefore IRS easily refuted Archon's educational purpose by pointing out the very substantial social and recreational activities built into its program. IRS misidentified some of these, but they could hardly miss the obvious -- for example, a footnote in the transcript reads "Based upon the record, we assume that a 'dead dog' party is a social hour." There are two tests: organizational and operational. SLSFL was conceded to be properly organized for 501(c)(3), but its operations were substantially devoted to things outside its contended exempt purpose.

Even deadlier than IRS argument that SLSFL was not operated exclusively for an exempt purpose was IRS and Tax Court's perception that Archon's sponsorship and earnings from the huckster tables and art show represented "substantial benefit to private interests." To make that argument stick, as IRS did in this case, effectively means SLSFL is using its nonprofit charter to make money for individuals. That would be an ironic conclusion for the court to make if the only people profiting are the artists and dealers. But if permitted to stand, that would in principle give Archon's



dealers unfair competitive advantages over hypothetical dealers who have to seek space from a profit-motivated (and income-taxed) source. Whether the Archon art show was a source of income to the con, as in 1980, or run at a loss, as in 1981, made no difference: to Tax Court the artists' proceeds were evidence of private interests using the corporation to their advantage.

Throughout fandom speculation runs rampant as to the possible aftereffects of this decision. Should a well-funded challenge be raised once fans identify an appropriate test case?

Probably not. In St. Louis Science Fiction Limited the court dealt with the facts in a manner consistent with the precedents. A logical conclusion to draw is that every time a science fiction convention tries to resist an IRS determination that it is not an exempt organization, an intelligent lawyer will point indignantly to the art show and huckster room, and the sf convention will lose. So the sensible thing is to see how sf fans can get the tax status they need through administrative channels.

Remember that a number of organizations have been granted 501(c)(3) status. Moreover, the corporation which ran the 1980 WorldCon, Massachusetts Convention Fandom Inc., came through its 1979 and 1980 audit with a letter from IRS stating "we have accepted your returns and will continue to recognize your tax exempt status." Far from overlooking the art show, that audit told MCFI to be sure to issue Form 1099s to individuals receiving payments from the con!

The message is: the higher up you go, the more scientifically and consistently the law is interpreted. Local agents, grappling with the law as it applies to each unique organization, may not consider the art show and huckster situation to be a substantial activity compared to what else is going on. Fine. If they do raise that issue, there is now a Tax Court precedent to back them up.

While the court decision was being pub-

lished, on the west coast IRS was issuing a determination letter of a different kind to L.A. con II's corporation, the Southern California Institute for Fan Interests Inc. (SCIFI)

IRS wants to recognize SCIFI as a 509(a)(2) organization. It's still a charitable organization, contributions are still deductible, it still must operate under its charter for the benefit of the public. But this is *private foundation* status. A private foundation must distribute its income within timelines dictated by a fabulously complex section of the IRC, or pay one or more excise taxes. Why would SCIFI be considered a private foundation? Because that is one way the law deals with a situation where a charity raises a dominant share of its income from memberships, sales, etc., that is, from public support.

SCIFI comptroller Bruce Pelz has sent in a request to meet with appeals officers on this determination -- for one thing, to get a clear explanation of the decision and its effect on SCIFI's tax liability. The committee certainly has enough surplus from L.A.con II to cope with the relatively low excise taxes, but everybody likes to know what they're paying for. Is SCIFI being audited by a sharper agent than MCFI was? Or should SCIFI actually be entitled to 501(c)(3) status?

YUGOSLAVIA In 1990: Krsto A. Mazuranic reports, "Yugoslavia in '88 /worldcon bid/ is no more. We had to drop out of the race for financial reasons. Winning a Worldcon takes crossing the Atlantic many times to bid, in person, at Worldcons and other major Americans. What with the lamentably weak dinar and the indecently strong dollar, it takes either an inhumanly wealthy European fan or one backed by corporate funds to bid for the Worldcon. (The British are on an island off Europe so they don't count.) When our sponsor, a travel agency, went bankrupt, the Yugoslav bid perforce went dormant. IT IS YUGOSLAVIA in '90 NOW. So the chance of having a second Worldcon out of the English-speaking world still lives." L.A.con II says: *gulp!*





# DICK AND LEAH WED

Bidding to eclipse the Dick Smith/Leah Zeldes wedding last April 27 as the center of fannish attention, unidentified hoaxters mailed AUNT LEAH'S BIG THING from Niagara Falls, NY, on a date which coincided with the couple's honeymoon visit. Other than for its being in xerox, ALBT imitated the design of a past edition of UNCLE DICK'S LITTLE THING, and led off with an unflattering and largely fabricated account of the wedding ceremony. Some fans were very impatient to find the identity of the hoaxters; and not for the same reasons. Candice Massey was burning up the phone lines in an effort to find out; she dragged her phone extension cord across the stove in the middle of cooking dinner, while calling a Philadelphia lawyer who might have some leads. A week later, on his return from Toronto, second honeymoon stop, Dick Smith phoned Craig Miller to troll for hints. (No, Elst didn't do it.) Miller, asked for a sense of Smith's reaction to AUNT LEAH'S BIG THING, said that Smith "wasn't pleased." This is Craig's usual understated answer anytime somebody he knows has to be peeled off the ceiling after an incident. The quote paraphrases a saying attributed to Queen Victoria, although Miller is no relation to her despite a certain facial resemblance.

The FILE 770 Social Register Death Commandos reported on the ceremony, and all the drama surrounding it, for two hours over the phone. Leah Zeldes planned virtually every move from the wedding rehearsal dinner through the end of the reception, and distributed instructions to every participant in the form of a 20+ page manual, having taken a yellow marker to highlight where the recipient's name appeared. Thus, at the wedding rehearsal dinner, Dick Smith's father reportedly rose with his instructions in hand to say, "According to page four Leah says I got to make this toast...but I left my toaster at home, so I can't." Many elements were cited as religious requirements, but Leah's mom blew the whistle when she told attendees, "This is not a Jewish tradition; this is Leah's tradition."

Such a comment may have been an early symptom of strain in the wedding party, which



reached a crescendo ten minutes before the wedding. Flowers provided by Randy Bathurst's shop turned out to be the wrong color. Leah was on the verge of ordering them sent back, irate that they were pink, not aqua. This screaming match abated when relatives somehow convinced Leah that the flowers would look aqua "in the right light." (Yeah, a blue light.)

During the ceremony Cy Chauvin, Bill Bowers, Mike Resnick and Rick Rostrom held the poles for the canopy. Sweaty palms made it difficult for them to keep a firm grip, creating a bit of suspense for the audience. When it came time for Dick to perform the ritual act of breaking a glass underfoot, he stomped on a glass wrapped in a delicate lace napkin: and came away with a shard of glass embedded in his shoe. (This is why the glass is usually wrapped in a boring, heavy linen napkin.) At this critical moment, a gap in the 20+ pages of instructions was disclosed: nobody had been told to take away the smashed glass. "Pick it up, pick it up!" hissed the rabbi at the best man.

A ship's bell at Lloyd's of London rang four times when the ceremony was over... Since the wedding had started half an hour behind schedule, the reception and dinner slid back in time farther and farther. Bridesmaids, including Diane Drutowski, Dana Siegel and Marge Parmenter, survived on rations they'd brought along. Not exempt from the rule of printed instructions, the band at the reception had also gotten a letter from Leah specifying the band must not play "Proud Mary", "Jeremiah Was A Bullfrog" or anything by Michael Jackson. The band was asked to perform something by Prince, but didn't know any of his material. Instead they rolled out such classics as "Play That Funky Music 'White Boy."

If coaxed, David Stever may be willing to provide collectors with a copy of the 4-page list he received from a Detroit department store, and the 6-page list he got from a Chicago emporium, intimately detailing how many footed cakepans and how many dozen washcloths the wedding couple wanted.

All the sources for this article, whose checks ought to be in the mail soon if they want their anonymity preserved, were quizzed for the good things that happened during the ceremonies. Nobody spoke right up, even though they objectively agreed that the glitches in the wedding were common to 75% of all weddings -- except for the part where the photographer had to ask Leah to smile for the camera.

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WHERE WAS HE DURING THE TAFF FEUD? Fandom's man in the State Department, Jim Young, has been posted to Botswana as the number two man in the embassy, after completing his assignment in Germany. Botswana is surrounded by the nation of South Africa. We hope this is only coincidental to South Africa's present instability. You know how reading too many Retief books can addle a young man's mind.

AUTO MISHAP: Texas fan Johnny Lee reportedly was the victim of a recent hit and run accident. His arm and leg on one side were said to be injured, and extensive damage was done to his truck.

THE REAL THING: Since we don't have room in this issue to actually do it, close your eyes and visualize an interview with Ben Yalow and Moshe Feder on the subject of Coca Cola's announced reformulation, under pressure from Pepsi Cola to hang onto its dominant share of the market. Imagine Ben Yalow chortling. Envision Moshe Feder's philosophical analysis of a conglomerate's betrayal of its cultural trust. There might even be a sidebar story running quotes from major SMOFs like Gary Farber and Willie Sirois about the place of the New Coca Cola in con suite bathtubs. Whoops, you'd better open your eyes now: we've reached the bottom of the page.



## MIKE GLYER REVIEWS

# YEARS' TOP AMATEURS

### (1) MYTHOLOGIES, Don D'Ammassa, editor

Started humbly as a dittoed personalzine in 1974, MYTHOLOGIES ran 14 issues and became a famous, huge letterzine which overwhelmed its editor before vanishing. Don resurrected the title in 1984.

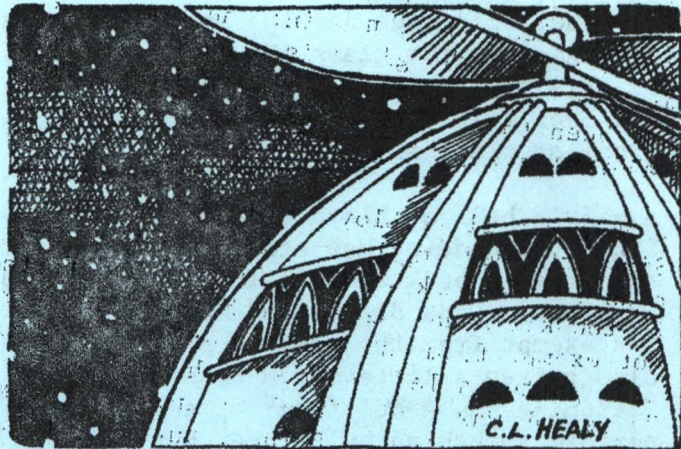
MYTHOLOGIES 15 was written almost entirely by the editor, who is a past master of priming the pump of reader response with his own provocative insights. MYTH 15 opened with his discussion of friendship's many implications, and why friendship works, in all the variety of approaches D'Ammassa could think of -- which means a lot.

Don is remarkable for the speed and volume of his reading. On top of that he is a master essayist, and a highly intelligent person unencumbered by unconscious prejudices. (If a true gentleman never unintentionally gives offense, then perhaps a true intellectual is not an unbiased person, but someone who has no biases he hasn't thought through.)

D'Ammassa's subsequent essay, "UNFUNNY BUSINESS" (#3) analyzes the psychology behind the treatment accorded women who are attempting to advance in their careers. All the examples are drawn from Don's experience in management at a manufacturing plant in Rhode Island. Don's observations are related in a persuasively objective style which supports his interpretation of men's and women's behavior. The anecdotes build logically toward Don's summary of their implications for him individually, and society generally. Granted that the essay rates so highly on my list partly because my own job is first-line management, and the issues Don discusses are personally important to me, if I could only use the adjective "brilliant" for one 1984 example of fanwriting, I wouldn't hesitate to apply it to "UNFUNNY BUSINESS."

MYTHOLOGIES 16 followed later in 1984; Don's contribution again was its featured attraction. D'Ammassa borrows (knowingly or not) an old Michael Shoemaker gambit in selecting fiction to receive THE DON as best work in a given genre in a given year, going back over two decades. You know he's read more than enough material to be entitled to his opinion, of course.

The letters, which ought to be #16's raison d'etre, are intelligent but not intense, as though Don's readers are also just working their way back into the groove. Who would have thought that any issue of MYTH could fail to surpass the best issue of RHETORICAL DEVICE for the readability of letters. But when the editor is such a superb craftsman and fanwriter, MYTHOLOGIES can still top my charts whether the letters are more the caboose than the engine that drives the zine. (CONTINUED)



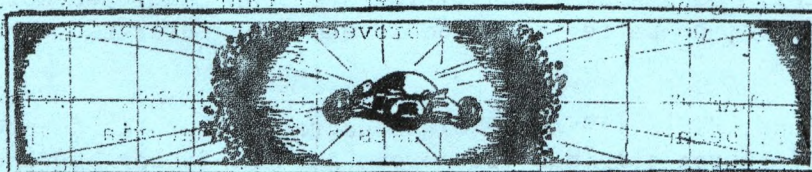


# THE BEST IN '84 ZINES

Every geological epoch or so an energetic fanzine editor takes on the additional labor of winnowing out the best fanwriting of a year and reprinting it in a volume titled FANTHOLOGY. While waiting for that wonderkind who has the time to actually publish FANTHOLOGY 1984, I have written down in order fifteen articles to nominate for his collection.

1. R. A. MacAvoy, "The Harp Harpside" (IZZARD 8)
2. David Stever, "The Wrong Stuff" (WHO NEEDS LIFE? 8-84)
3. Don D'Amassa, "Unfunny Business" (MYTHOLOGIES 15)
4. Eric Mayer, "Aunt Bird" (SIKANDER 9)
5. Dave Langford, "The Dragon-Hiker's Guide to Battlefield Covenant at Dune's Edge: Odyssey Two" (HOLIER THAN THOU 19)
6. 'Lan' Laskowski, "Mike Resnick: A Writer of Parables" (LL #15)
7. 'Irish' John Berry, "The Limey Run" (HOLIER THAN THOU 19 & 20)
8. Marge Parmenter, "Fan Busters" (WHO NEEDS LIFE? 8-84)
9. Taral, "The Last Mary Jane Story" (CAREFULLY SEDATED 3)
10. Teri Lee, "Other Than That, Mr. President, How Was The Recording Quality On The Tapes?" (THE PHILK FEE-NOM-EE-NON - Worldcon #1)
11. Jordan Verrill, "Introduction" (TIMBRE 2)
12. Harry Warner Jr., "All My Yesterdays" column installment (HTT 20)
13. Maia Cowan, "The Marvelous Tarot" (LAN'S LANTERN 14)
14. David Emerson, "Special When Lit" column installment (MAINSTREAM 10)
15. Tim Jones, "Adventure" (TIMBRE 2)

A dream FANTHOLOGY has one other advantage over a real one, besides the obvious labor-saving. A real collection containing these articles would have as many pages as the phone book for Reno, Nevada. In a dream, nothing has to be cut to make the project practical.



**PARAMETERS:** Only two things determined the makeup of this 1984 Fanzine Review. Did I get the fanzine? Did it achieve anything worth discussing? As for the lists below, these zines and fans impressed me the most, and I'd like to tell them so. No attempt has been made to deal with my fanzine or writing in this context, for that evaluation is best made by you.

## FANWRITERS

1. DON D'AMASSA
2. ERIC MAYER
3. R.A. MACAVOY
4. DAVE LANGFORD
5. DAVID STEVER

## FANARTISTS

1. BRAD FOSTER
2. TARAL
3. ALEXIS GILLILAND
4. STEVE FOX



(2) HOLIER THAN THOU, Marty and Robbie Cantor, editors.

HOLIER THAN THOU is a classic genzine that became successful because in the midst of all the things Marty Cantor was trying to accomplish with his zine, now helped by Robbie, he remembered to follow the rules. The rules for a successful genzine are: publish at regular intervals several times a year, use your own material to create a personality for the zine, publish feedback in a lettercolumn, and publish good art (or don't publish any). Marty certainly observed all of these rules in 1984: it took him years to get around to dumping his bad art, of course. In the meantime Marty was also doing a lot of things that he thought were important to HTT's success, most of which were some variation on publishing attention-getting and annoying articles and all the irate letters that followed. But over the last two years many of the fanwriters whose work gives a zine the cachet of hyperfannishness resorted to HOLIER THAN THOU as an outlet for their material, showing that the work ethic is not entirely dead in fandom.

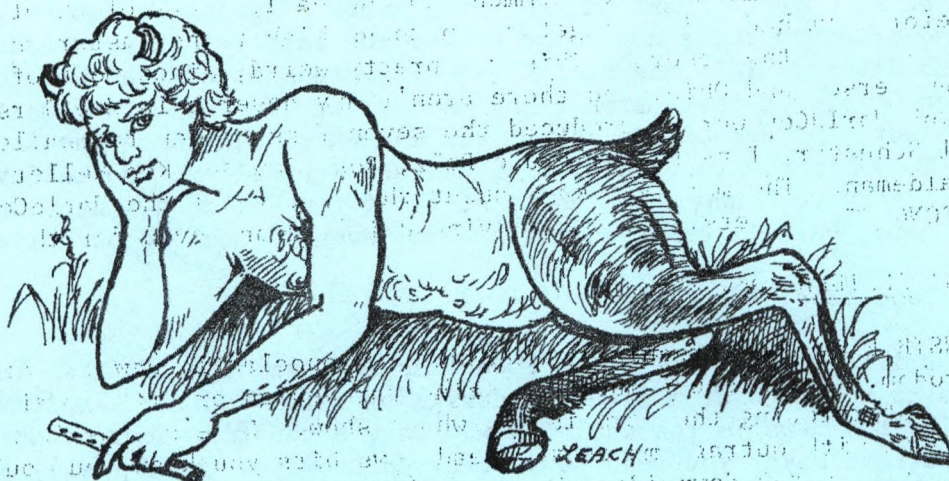
After all, when the trendy, zippy 'lil zines your buddies are publishing suddenly die off en masse like the dinosaurs after the passage of the death star, but you see that Marty and Robbie are still turning out their doorstep three times a year, you've got to respect that. Perhaps you (if you're a fanhistorically important person) suppose there's nothing so wrong with HTT that your presence can't dramatically improve it. They were right: HTT improved right into being a Hugo nominee.

During 1984 HOLIER THAN THOU might have called itself JANUS, barring the prior claim on that title, because of the contrasts between material typical of the old HTT, and more respectable material which is the trademark of the new, happening HTT. From the past, HTT #18 led off with the British health poster cover describing the eating habits of a housefly. Inside, probably accounting for why the issue was drawing flies to begin with, was Ed Rom's "American Cultural Imperialism -- A Non Issue". Ed spent four pages beating a dead horse of a topic HTT has been reiterating for years, and you can figure out for yourself how brilliant it was given that Ed tried to say anything after picking such a definitive title. Promising greater things for the future, Skel presented "Through Paris in a Sports Car." Terry Carr's "Entropy Reprints", introducing a very good Creath Thorne piece from 1968, made a memorable statement: "Outstanding fanwriting has been generated not just during one particular period, no matter how good it was, but in truth, throughout fannish history."

The rest of the year, HTT's #19 and #20 demonstrated that the future had arrived. The former had a Bergeron original art cover, and the latter had the now-famous Brad Foster wraparound orgy cover, "First Contact." Interior art reached a high average of quality. Dick Bergeron initiated his column, "Fangdom", which seemed like a step forward at the time. Cantor netted an article from Thom Digby, fandom's most original humorist. Taral's "Cover Charge" was in #19. Irish John Berry's "THE LIMEY RUN" (#?) was divided between 19 and 20. It consisted of a series of mini-culture-shocks for Berry during his trip to the US, handled with humor -- as when the hotel clerk ID'd John as a senior citizen. Berry bristled for several paragraphs until the clerk insisted that he was clearly over 55 and therefore entitled to a 10% discount. Berry became very tractable after that was explained, for until then all he knew was that in the UK, a senior citizen is at least age 65. Another Transatlantic bard, Dave Langford, was also in issue #19 with "THE DRAGONHIKER'S GUIDE TO BATTLEFIELD COVENANT AT DUNE'S EDGE: ODYSSEY TWO" (#5) first delivered as a GoH speech. It's a stinging sendup of dreadfully self-important science fiction series.

Regrettably, HTT #20 will be most remembered for Bergeron's Taff Feud column. The





risk when you tell a columnist that he can speak his mind in the pages of your genzine is that he might believe you, and then you must either make good, or lose your columnist. Cantor made good, but did not exercise good editorial judgement, even from a selfish point of view. Selfishly, an editor wants to print what suits him. Marty should have foreseen that the response to Bergeron's column would take over his fanzine. It did take over HTT's first 1985 issue -- to such an extent Marty took little pleasure from cranking out all the harsh letters.

Bergeron aside, HOLIER THAN THOU had no trouble fitting into second place on my list of 1984 favorites.

### (3) WHO NEEDS LIFE? I'M HOOKED ON SCI FI FANS FROM HELL, Tony Cvetko editor.

One premise of fannish humor is the in-joke, which to be successful requires an audience with specialized information that shares the writer's interpretation of the data. This sort of humor seldom results in memorable articles because the initial audience is limited, and a rapidly-changing world makes the references obsolete. But a good humorist can make a success of it all if the in-group material is treated in an inherently funny way which can be appreciated even by the uninitiated. I feel two of my favorite articles from 1984 achieved that, and so elevated Tony Cvetko's hit-and-usually-miss WHO NEEDS LIFE? series installment for the year my pick as third best zine.

"FAN BUSTERS" by Marge Parmenter (#8) requires nothing more than familiarity with "Ghostbusters", the year's biggest movie, and sf conventions. The article begins before L.A.con II with a phone call: "This is Tom Bradley, mayor of Los Angeles. They're going to have one of those conventions out here next weekend. I think I'm going to need you." The Fan Busters' exploits are just plain funny, but they also happen to be based on hilarious descriptions of actual fans and events which would be utterly libelous if anybody had the nerve to admit they were involved. "A big guy with antlers had a backpack full of Cheese Whiz with him. They had Sheri pinned on the bed her clothes strewn all over the floor..." And that's a kind one...

Similar for using a hit movie to make a point about sf convention fandom, David



Stever in "THE WRONG STUFF" (#2) used the film's history of the early manned space program as a metaphor to comment on the early years of giant WorldCons. "Others before him had tried to get a con to go higher and faster, but they had all crashed in the desert. This was pretty weird, since most of them had been from New Jersey and Ohio, and there aren't any deserts in New Jersey and Ohio." At the 1969 WorldCon were introduced the seven fans chosen to challenge the Rooskies: Al Schuster, Tony Lewis, Bruce Pelz, Ross Pavlac, Ken Keller, Don Lundry and Jay Haldeman. The more you know about the history of the WorldCon, the funnier "THE WRONG STUFF" gets, but I'm convinced it's funny even for the comparative newcomers.

(4) ANSIBLE, Dave Langford editor.

ANSIBLE is the irregularly scheduled, iconoclastic newzine of British fan and prodrom. This is not much of a zine for design or art -- editor Langford's style of interpreting the news is the whole show. Dave's caustic humor occasionally tinged with outrage makes you read news bits you know you could really care less about. On the downside, there's seldom any serious explication of the news: the reader is presumed to know the context in advance, or be undeserving of tutelage. Indeed, what Dave most successfully conveys is British fandom's attitude toward the news. Any essential background data you'd better count on getting from other British zines, or American zines (like HTT) with British contributors. Having given that warning, I can assign ANSIBLE a high rank, for Langford is fandom's most successful example of that '80s phenomenon of news considered as entertainment.

(5) IZZARD, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden editors.

"Did they have an issue out in 1984?" asked one fan incredulously after I told him where I'd placed IZZARD in my list. Well, if they only typoed the date on an older issue, what luck for them. For it has been awhile since the zippy-lil-zine-salad-days when IZZARD was the finest lettuce leaf in the bowl (talk about strained metaphors...) IZZARD #8 had two excellent items of fanwriting. In one, "Vincent Omniveritas" interviewed H.P. Lovecraft, creating a very erudite character study in the form of an artificial dialog. I never did get the point of the pseudonym (how embarrassing). The other was R.A. MacAvoy's "THE HARP HARPSIDE" (#1), clearly the best fannish writing of 1984 (assuming its publication occurred in 1984). Yes, this is the same MacAvoy who authored TEA WITH THE BLACK DRAGON. But, unlike past fanzine contributions from other writers which were devoted to sercon sf topics, "THE HARP HARPSIDE" describes a quintessentially fannish pilgrimage across the paranoid landscape of Ireland to the hall where Trinity Harp is displayed, and to Walt Willis' home. MacAvoy creates personal journalism of the finest kind, although it is strangely devoid of humor, unaccountable in a person who recalls how often she laughed while reading Willis' copies of HYPHEN. MacAvoy's prose is written from a strongly emotional point of view, which also makes it exceptional fanwriting, for fans as a whole deal poorly when analyzing their emotions in print.

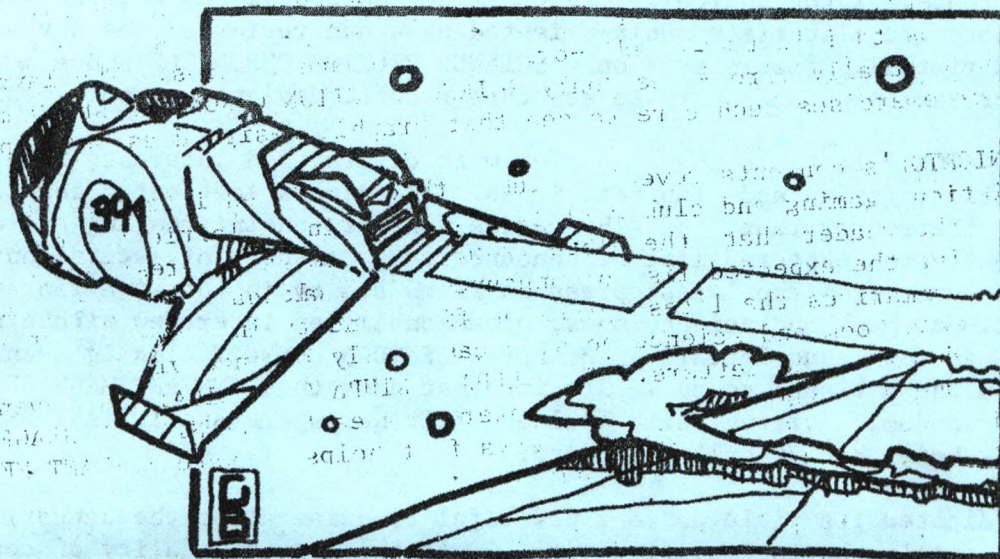
The one unforgivable thing in an otherwise excellent issue of IZZARD was how the layout barely acknowledged the presence of such an excellent article. Where is the beginning? Where is the end? Existential fanzine design is not for me.

(6) PACKED ICE: THE BEST OF AL ICE, PUNDIMENSIONAL PRIVATE EYE, text by Chris Riesbeck, art by Al Sirois.

In the spirit of Ferdinand Feghoot, but assuming the guise of a murder mystery series, Chris Riesbeck's sleuths are always hot on the trail of a ghastly pun. However the



body of the text is not a throwaway serving only to set up the pun. The light satirical observations scattered in these short-short stories illustrate Riesbeck's versatility as a humorist. The Al Ice series has been running for several years in REALITY RAG, a New Haven club (FRED) zine, where they have been taken for granted. Now that Chris and Al have turned the episodes into a collected volume, they should get a wider audience. I recommend not trying to read them all at once, unless you're Paula Lieberman, or just an incurable punster (or was that redundant?...)



**CLUBZINES:** Four out of the last seven zines on my baker's dozen of best fanzines are produced for science fiction clubs -- so I thought I'd pause for a moment to marvel at how clubzines are violating Sturgeon's Law: only about 75% of them are crud. This is amazing. When clubzines are bad it's because they have goodhearted volunteers as editors rather than recognition-starved fanzine fans. Perhaps this is because the same instincts that drive a fanzine fan will certainly steer him clear of anything so selfless as the duties of editing a clubzine. After all, the mission of a clubzine, to inform members and promote an organization, can conflict with the editor's independent self-expression. Fanzine editors only persist in the unprofitable and arduous job of publishing a fanzine for two reasons: public recognition and someplace to speak their mind. Clubs usually present an obstacle to editors' successful exploitation of their zines for either purpose.

So the bad clubzines mostly have been saddled on a volunteer who cannot see beyond his duty to publish on schedule. Symptomatic of such myopia is the editor's sometimes explicit attitude that once he gets the store opened it's the other members' duty to stock the shelves. Later on the editor behaves like a great martyr because nothing more exciting than the meeting minutes and a treasurer's report were submitted. Soon there will be curt editorials reminding the club that its zine is only as good as the members' contributions. At the end of the year, sooner if the editor was elected to a shorter term of office, the editor will extricate himself from the job, hopefully with minimal damage to his reputation in the club, and the clubzine itself will suffer a hiatus. The wonder is not how many perfunctory clubzines are published, but that some of the best fanzines going are published by clubs.



(7) ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR, Craig Chrissinger editor

During 1984 Craig Chrissinger's zine for Albuquerque's Star Trek/media-oriented sf club Alpha Centura overturned the long-standing hierarchy of America's best clubzines. In 1983, and several years before, it had been established that WESTWIND, by Seattle's NWSFS, was the most beautiful clubzine, while INSTANT MESSAGE, collaborated on by the Boston and Philly NESFA, was the premiere club service zine.

The bimonthly ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR is phototypeset, with graphics and headlines of several fonts. Xerographically the COMMUNICATOR publishes a great many small, screened photos to illustrate media-oriented news and reviews. The layout is precise and virtually error-free: only SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE shows more attention to detail or exercises such care to see that graphic design does not impair readability.

The COMMUNICATOR's contents reveal a club with diversified interests in media, science fiction, gaming and club activities. The zine's loftiest accomplishment is to convince the reader that the Albuquerque fans are an interesting and energetic lot. Following the expected list of announcements, calendar of events, and business, Chrissinger summarizes the latest press on films and tv in the sf & fantasy field. He also includes book and science news, occasionally an interview with a pro who has passed through town, and letters. THE ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR is even more attentive to the national scene in its interest area than INSTANT MESSAGE is in hardcore sf fandom, a virtue which I always felt helps elevate INSTANT MESSAGE far above merely being a club bulletin board.

WESTWIND abdicated its title as most beautiful clubzine after the January 1984 issue's three-color Leila Dowling cover. As the average quality of cover art declined, the zine's interior layout devolved into a hodgepodge of nonuniform typefaces and hyperbusy page designs. The presstype headings were uneven. The text was crowded into the virtually nonexistent margins. WESTWIND's contents are still very interesting, and somehow the zine keeps securing pro science writers to contribute columns worthy of ANALOG (or that sometimes wound up there...) The written material continues to make WESTWIND an outstanding clubzine: just not the most beautiful. That title has been passed to ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR.

(8) LAN'S LANTERN, George Laskowski editor

After distributing his fourteenth and fifteenth issues of LAN'S LANTERN in 1984, George "Lan" Laskowski is not likely to be overlooked as he has in the past whenever fanzine fans sit down to bemoan the lack of big, well-written genzines. These two meaty "theme" issues, one about comics and the other devoted to sercon sf material, were unique for the amount of serious writing they contained in an era when such material is usually sold to semiprozines.

In #14, Lan explained how his zine drew its title from THE GREEN LANTERN comic books. Most of the issue was character analysis of one superhero or another in an episode by episode rehash; not badly done, but no big thrill for me. But the issue's star was Maia Cowan, whose "THE MARVELOUS TAROT" (#13) recast the Tarot Deck by matching each card's symbolism to an appropriate Marvel Comics character. The readability of her analysis can be attested to by my enthusiasm for the article, despite my own marginal knowledge either of Tarot or Marvel. She explained enough to make sense of her alliance between these symbol systems.

LAN'S LANTERN 15 had several good sercon essays about sf. Lan presented a well-



supported slate of choices for the 1984 Hugo Awards. His views were logically explained in every category until he got to the fan Hugos, where emotion ran away with him -- not that I had any quarrel with some of his preferences.

Mark Leeper invented "The PAL Awards", another set of pre-Hugo Hugos, this time presented to sf, horror and fantasy films of Mark's acquaintance. Lan himself returned to furnish the dominant article of his own zine, "MIKE RESNICK: A WRITER OF PARABLES" (#6). Lan comments on every novel RESNICK has written, which is by now an impressive shelf-full. Lan evidently interviewed Resnick, and used Resnick's views on his work as a contrast to Lan's own opinions, resulting in a rare parallax view of the subject: rare, because the writer has to be cooperative. Lan's article was one of a very few really good sercon sf discussions in 1984 not appearing in a semiprozine and not by Don D'Amassa. The pendulum has truly swung to the fannish side of the extreme, although in any era Lan's encounter with Resnick would be one of the year's highlights.

(9) INSTANT MESSAGE, TEAM NESFA compilers and sometimes editors.

Something unspeakable is required to get a club to generate a two-dozen page newzine every two weeks, so I'll speak of something else. Sandwiched between interminable rules revisions, financial (blah blah) accountings, and fallout advertisements is enough of the spontaneous NESFA humor and gossip to create a vivid picture in the reader's mind of this bubbling fannish locale. No city in fandom furnishes outsiders with a more revealing self-portrait. Oh, sure, I know the NESFans get some use from it, too...

(10) MAINSTREAM, Jerry Kaufman and Suzle, editors.

Like Dewar's, MAINSTREAM never varies. Issue #10 was still the same neatly mimeoed text on twiltone with good art and facile design. From what I read, MAINSTREAM always scores well with its readers, so my placement of the zine in the year's ten best may seem more routine to others than it does to me. Most of the time MAINSTREAM's contents don't move me, quite as Rosemary Ullyot's columns in ENERGUMEN never moved me despite their popularity among others. In MAINSTREAM 10, the regular cast of columnists just seems to have turned in writing that piqued my interest right down the line. (Any specific article comments appear later on.)

(11) SHARDS OF BABEL, Roelof Goudriaan editor.

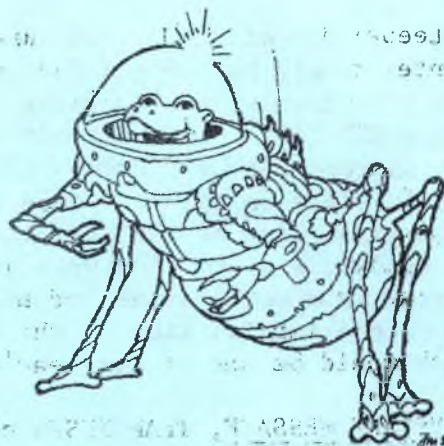
Thank heaven for this excellent European newzine, written in English by Netherlands fan Roelof Goudriaan. He offers wide coverage of the many national sf fandoms on the continent, for which we would be grateful in any case, but he does it in a very pithy, interesting way for which we are ecstatic. Goudriaan emphasizes news, and feels a responsibility to fill his overseas readers in on enough background data so that they can better comprehend what they're being told. As a result of the contrast between ANSIBLE and SHARDS OF BABEL when it comes to backgrounding the reader, I tend to feel a clearer understanding of some obscure fan squabbles in Poland than British attitudes about TAFF.

(12) NEOLOGY, Georges Giguere editor.

Georges Giguere's personal knowledge of international sf fandom contributes to the cosmopolitan feel of an otherwise emphatically local clubzine. NEOLOGY is beautifully mimeographed by Georges on the highest quality paper. Plenty of hard data is furnished to Edmonton readers about local movies, conventions, and parties (sometimes represented by photos). Lead editorialist Michael Skeet, the



club president, always managed to pack sensible and interesting comments into his allotted space: if club presidencies were decided solely by the candidates' writing, Skeet would be a contender for the job in 90% of North America's clubs. (In reality, authorial skills are neither a plus nor a minus in the sf club president's role -- clubs are not conducted by mail -- in-person dealings are of primary importance.) Still, Skeet, like Fred Patten, or Cliff Biggers, usually has something instructive to say about administering a club. Like every other phase of NEOLOGY, his area provides indirect, ironic proof that distance from fan population centers may sometimes accentuate rather than dilute fannish activity.



### (13) ANVIL, Charlotte Proctor editor

The Birmingham, Alabama, clubzine is produced in a genzine format with full-page art covers by Steve Fox or Brad Foster, lots of white space in the design, and an eclectic cast of contributors. Articulate Patrick Gibbs is the "critic-in-exile" who provides fine book reviews in a personal style but also in the tradition of Paul Walker and Richard Delap. Buck Coulson, "The Old Ironmaster", talks about anything in his autolog column. There's even humor (--Humor! It finally escaped!) Buck tells us all the ways "You Know You're In A Small Town When..." Like, you know you're in a small town "when the UPS driver recognizes your car in the doctor's parking lot and leaves a package for you with the receptionist."

Editor Charlotte Proctor has also established a network of contacts with Australian and British fans, counting among them Bob Shaw and Marc Ortlieb, the royalty of their country's fanwriters. ANVIL is outstandingly readable, and a surprising international crossroad on the map of fandom.

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As long as there were fanzines in mind clamoring to be ranked, I kept assigning numbers. Beyond that I decided that a numerical placement would be more arbitrary and less heartfelt than the flak was likely to be worth. But there still remain a number of zines, positive and negative, that I want to comment on.

THE CON COMMITTEE'S GUIDE, Erwin "Filthy Pierre" Strauss. (9850 Fairfax Sq. #232, Fairfax VA 22031. 40 pp. \$1.00 postpaid.) Filthy Pierre's own handbook of technical advice to conrunners contains very practical nuts and bolts ideas that, if implemented, give a con its feeling of advance planning and smooth operation. Many areas, including flyer handout racks, or pocket programs, are described fully, with diagrams or examples. Many of Filthy Pierre's techniques are proven successes. As to Filthy's ideas for the worldcon daily newzine, they'll be practical the very moment the daily newzine commands a staff of 10, plus 3 major fanwriters who all like to rise at 6AM after a night of parties to have an issue out by 9AM. Forget it!

SIKANDER is indeed the most American of Australian fanzines (as Leigh Edmonds remarked



in RATAPLAN 25), if for no other reason than unlike other Australian fanzines, it uses good illustrations and exemplifies a real sense of graphic design. SIKANDER is also loaded with earnest fannish writing that -- barring a couple of major exceptions -- is dull as can be. An important exception is Eric Mayer's essay "AUNT BIRD" (#4), discussed later. SIKANDER 9.5, a lettercolumn supplement, was consumed with discussion of Ted White's lengthy analysis of Aussie fanzines in the previous SIKANDER, which he lambasted for their predictability and business memo appearance. The reaction was not as violent as I expected: it was actually rather tame.

Convention publications are usually disappointing in comparison to what one should expect when the budget supports an offset, fullsize format. There are numerous examples, but picking one close to home, the Progress Reports for L.A.con II were merely functional, prone to layout errors like tombstoned headings or fillos not properly positioned therefore drawing the eye to the margins rather than the center of the zine. Fortunately, the actual L.A.con II Program Book was a dramatic improvement and equalled the recent standards set for such souvenir books.

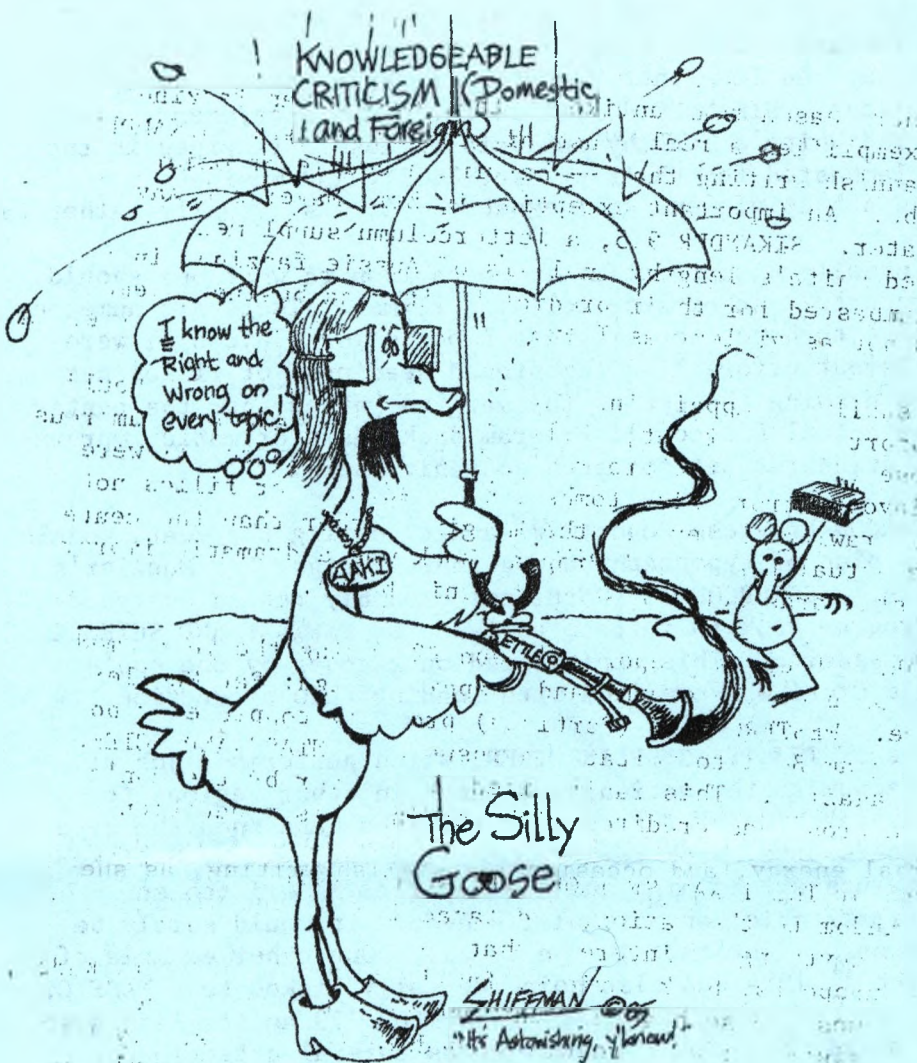
The '85 NASFiC issued LONESTARCON Progress Reports #1 and #2 during the year, models of excellence with a cohesive plan of typography and graphic design: Pat Mueller's expertise was in full evidence. WESTERCON 37 (Portland) probably topped everybody in 1984 by preparing their Program Book to imitate an issue of FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, a digest-sized pulp magazine. This capitalized on a cover by the con's guest, Alex Schomburg. Debbie Cross was credited with leading this production.

Pat Mueller is also the source of THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER, which performs a job of mutually interpreting Texas fandom to the nation, and fanac in other regions to Texans. It generally contains anything of interest that was on hand when the zine went to press: NASFiC news, conreports, book reviews, fanzine reviews (by Neil Kaden, primarily). The production values are so high and the material is written so vibrantly that the zine is irresistible: on a regular schedule it would surely be the leading source of fannish news. But that is the trick... One other example of the exceptional con publication in 1984 was also coincidentally linked to a NASFiC. The '79 NASFiC (Louisville) produced MEMORIES OF NORTHAMERICON '79 as its last gasp, a modest photobook, not many pages, but what is there shows careful attention to production values. Vincent DiFate's cover is superb.

A horrible drain on fannish creativity throughout the final six months of 1984 was the Transatlantic Fan Feud. Richard Bergeron's WIZ began the year circulating among fanzine fandom's insiders, embroiling readers in false disputes through acerbic rhetoric and vaguely hostile humor. Dave Langford, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Joseph Nicholas, Dan Steffan, Chuck Harris, Avedon Carol and others routinely crossed blades with editor Bergeron, and sometimes, to his obvious delight, permitted him to match them off against each other while he presided in joking disdain. This was the sort of thing another vitriolic wordsmith, H.L. Mendren, called "a tournament of insults" and the participants seemed mainly to be contesting the status of their fanwriting skills no matter what the context.

Then, at the fever season of the summer, Bergeron launched the TAFF Feud through charges against Avedon Carol in WIZ. WIZ became as consumed by its jihad as the Teheran Times. It's just another example of the consequence of major feuds in fanzine fandom: a diversion of creativity publishing resources into urgent circulation of conflicting sophistries and propaganda which no one will want to reread six months later. The casualty list in that respect included Eric Mayer's TEDSCAN, EGOSCAN by Ted White, AEON by "Cesar Ignacio Ramos", any number of zines or





small-circulation letters by Dave Locke and Jackie Causgrove, a couple of one-shots by rich brown, likewise for the Nielsen Haydens.

Even the cartoonists' humor was a tad strained, but most pathetic were the zines which presumably set out to ridicule certain viewpoints in the Feud by using satire. LIFE SENTENCE by Avedon Carol, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden had one good line: "Maybe this is why Forry Ackerman wanted everyone to speak Esperanto." The rest was 8 pages of laborious rib-poking typified by the writers' mock confession: "...but they don't yet realize that we are so powerful we can reveal all without any fear of reprisal or even a minor disruption in the chain of terror we have wrought... 'I'll tell you what happened to those five people,'" volunteers Avedon about the names left out of a TAFF voter list run in F770, "'I killed those five people. I killed them because they voted for

D. West.'" LIFE SENTENCE inspired a parody attributed to the NY gang of four named LIFE SUCKS, being half as long as the original was only half as dull.

ETTLE, Jackie Causgrove's TAFF-discussion zine, put in an appearance near the end of 1984, proposing something that hadn't been tried yet: discussing how TAFF ought to be run, and why, rather than discussing the people who were running TAFF. Needless to say some personalities were still attacked in ETTLE (at least Stu Shiffman feels that way -- see the above cartoon). But compared with the other rhetoric abroad in fandom at the time, ETTLE was as cool as the Encyclopedia Britannica.

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW BESIDES HO HO HO? Skimming over my notes: WING WINDOW by John Berry arrived in 2/84. The good material by Berry, Gary Hubbard and Terry Hughes was disturbingly bound to no particular time: it could have been written ten years ago or last week. MICROWAVE #7 was summed up beforehand by D. West in WING WINDOW: "It is indeed rather odd to see someone actually setting out to become a Boring Old Fart." SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW continues to be typified by Geis' primitive ramblings about the economy -- as if he was transcribing the opinions expressed on all-night talk



shows. Instead of writing porn, Geis should write masturbation fantasies for the gnomes of Zurich: that has some kinky potentials, too, and would probably sell better. Not to me, but somebody's supporting that market of doom-and-gloom economics. Incidentally, the absence of semiprozines from my top 13 only reflects a decision to leave out semiprozines altogether. LOCUS, SFC and SFR would still occupy the top of the chart. It's difficult to pick the best of the three. The worst issue of SFC is still better than the worst issue of LOCUS, but the best issue of LOCUS has yet to be rivalled by the best from SFC. LOCUS was quite erratic in 1984, possibly reflecting the departure of Rachel Holmen from its staff in the middle of the year.

THE MAPLE LEAF RAG is Garth Spencer's Canadian sf fan newzine, mimeographed in the great Canadian tradition. The contents lack style. There is a lettercolumn, and geographically categorized clips and excerpts from a reasonably diverse number of fannish sources, focused on Canada or deemed of interest to Canadian fans. The trouble is that MLR lacks an interpretive viewpoint -- why should Joe Phan get MLR instead of the half dozen zines (including F770) most of the news is copied from?

THYME is the Aussie fannish newzine with the independent and obstreperous habit of putting its own accent on events even when fuller and more accurate accounts are available elsewhere in the fan press. (THYME's coverage of ConStellation's debt ignored better data in F770, LOCUS, and UNCLE DICK's in favor of locs from locals.) Roger Weddall's zine is reasonably frequent and attempts to give outsiders some background about the controversies in Australian and New Zealander fandom. Weddall appears more strongly linked to the country's Star Trek fans, which also produces a unique view of affairs. (Nothing to rival Jack Herman's views, of course...)

ONE (TRAVELLING) GIANT STEP FOR FANKIND was Lee Smoire's account of her trip to the 1984 Eastercon, and to the continent. Can we vote her a fan fund retroactively? Lee's report sparkles with verbal energy, and occasionally stylish writing, as she leads us across Europe. (Is it the obligation to write that kills fund winners?)

QUODLIBET had an issue out in 1984. Bill Patterson's personalzine was primarily LoCs this time, plus Bill's pertinent comments. (Bill response in the middle of a Joseph Nicholas LoC: "What a confused load of nonsense.") Patterson's flair for conversation set in a lettercol format would encourage thoughts of him as another potential D'Ammassa.

## LOVE LETTERS IN THE WAX

Some of my listed writers have been pretty well discussed above, so rather than organize this section of the Best of 1984 discussion in order of preference, I will winnow my notes down to the few fanwriters I most wanted to talk about, either favorably or critically.

ERIC MAYER's "AUNT BIRD" in SIKANDER 9 epitomizes Mayer's vivid and meticulous descriptions of places, his insights into characters, and his skill at characterizing people through dialog, action and anecdote. Mayer's prose is very like professional nonfiction writers' prose: one wonders whether he has joined their ranks? One of the finest passages in "Aunt Bird" goes: *"My grandmother was a regular churchgoer, but, perhaps she was a plain methodist, she had no use for fancy southern preachers who promised salvation on the installment plan. When their mailings began to arrive, along with the first arthritic twinges of middle age, she dealt with them expeditiously by writing DECEASED across the big-bellied African children on the envelopes and sticking them back in the mailbox."* Mayer cannot be expected to hit



a home run every time, but some people's strikeouts are more interesting than others' hits: "General Red Never Screamed" for RAFFLES 8 transposes a discussion of children's games of death with discussions of adult pain, but this time Eric never really did get the themes united even though it was clearly an ambitious concept.

Teresa Nielsen Hayden's portion of KILLING TIME was at points absurd, cute, and funny. "Living in New York makes me think about two things: tits and cockroaches. I never had to think about them when we were living in Toronto, because there are no words for them in the Canadian tongue." Later on, ending a commentary on bilingual labels on Canadian products, "This is why 25% of all Canadians work as graphic designers." In contrast, Tom Weber Jr.'s contribution to the same zine was clever and complicated, amusing rather than funny. Weber also showed up in MOVING PAPER FANTASY telling the Pournelle-Meets-Teresa at a ConStellation room party anecdote very well. Then he tells about other insults cleverly (?) delivered to Pournelle. Then he tells of dropping acid with Ted White. Boy is this fascinating.

THE MOVING PAPER FANTASY, like Linda Blanchard's other titles, ran a large chunk of Linda's writing. When writing about some of her most personal history, as the death of her test pilot father and its effect on her childhood, Linda's prose is very clear and precise. Likewise an episode of "The Summer of '73". Either topic is free of the first-draft loose ends and excess verbal baggage of her writing about contemporaneous events -- presumably because she's had years to think about the earlier stories and boil them down to the essentials. Blanchard's inconsistencies remind me of George Clayton Johnson's comment that everybody's got one interesting book in them -- their own story -- and some of them if they don't watch carefully as they write it never learn the skills to write another interesting story.

JORDAN VERRILL's "INTRODUCTION TO TIMBRE 2" (#11) admits "I don't know what this fanzine is like. Probably like the latterday New York Mets. I don't know what it contains. Probably more crud than can be found at the bottom of the most lethal Alabama moonshine." If we can take Verrill's appearance in TIMBRE 2 as proof of his actual existence, he is an engaging, stylish, mockingly irreverent fanwriter of genuine talent. TIM JONES, the New Zealand fanwriter who published TIMBRE 2, shows a lot of potential himself. In a zine that saw Jones revive HTT's perpetual topic in the form of "Waking Up From The American Dream", but do it well, and in a fanzine review column tag Ted White with the appellation "a sort of Alexander Solzhenitsyn of the fannish world", he still managed to top himself. "ADVENTURE" (#15) was a choose-your-own-fantasy takeoff which grows progressively more outrageous: "(30) She sprays you with a can of MACE and follows with a swift chop to the back of the neck. It serves you right, too..."

DAVID EMERSON's "SPECIAL WHEN LIT" column installment for MAINSTREAM 10 (#14) recounts his experience reading all of Tolkien's works at a stretch from THE SILMARILLION onward. He closes with a scene of Frodo and Samwise rediscovering pinball that blew me away.

TARAL may possibly have been done an injustice in this survey of 1984, for it defaulted to DNQ 34's publication date, 10/83 (according to the colophon) when deciding how to handle its role in 1984. DNQ 34 had tremendous art and fanwriting by Taral that people were commenting on halfway into 1984. Still, Taral was very well represented in 1984 by other things. "THE LAST MARY JANE STORY" (#9) found its way to print in CAREFULLY SEDATED #3: it was a trenchant Star Trek satire. "Cover Charge" for HTT 19 carried Taral's complaint that fanartists don't have enough outlets for full-page artwork. Rob Hansen, in EPSILON 16, put on his fanartist hat to rebut Taral: "Harry Bell, for example, far from slaving at the bit to draw covers, has to be cajoled, flattered, bribed, threatened and all but physically assaulted in order to get him to actually do anything." Incidentally, even that

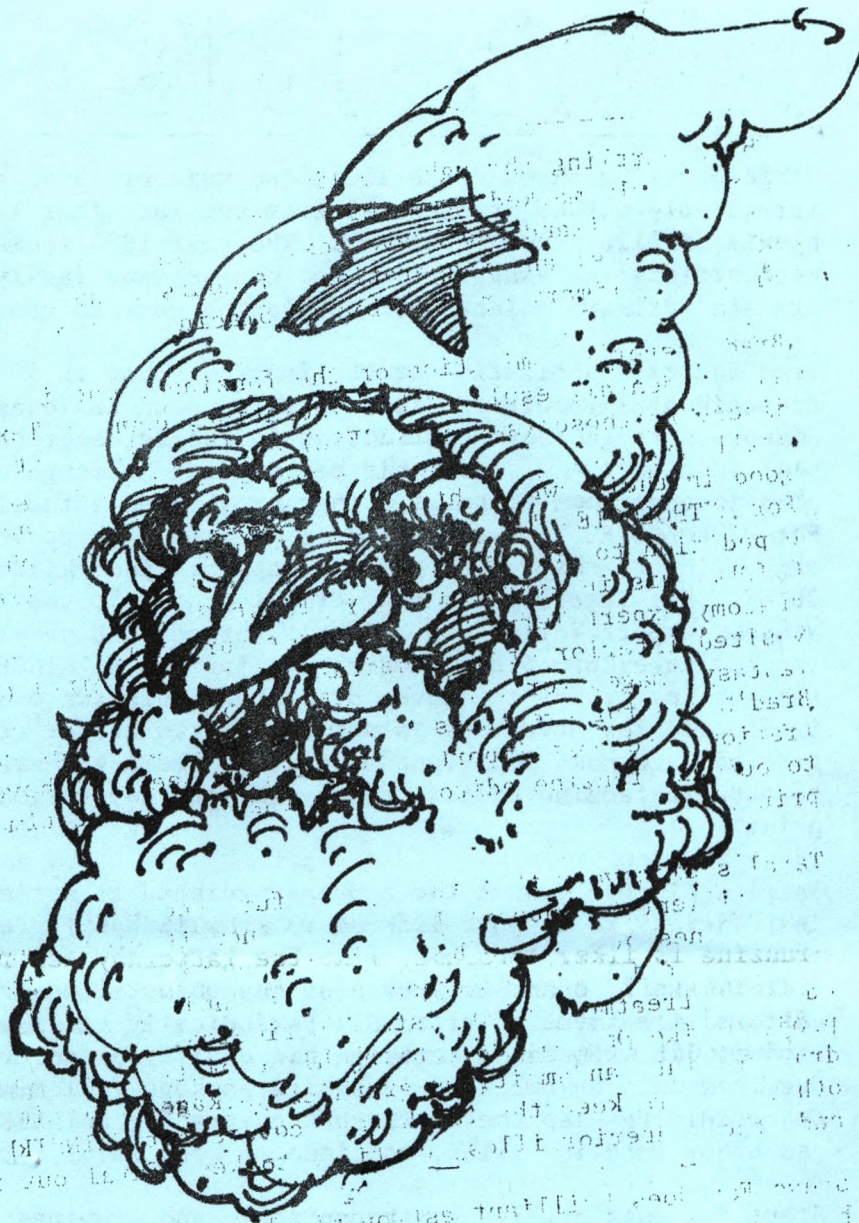


squib shows Hansen's preference to penetrate right to the heart of a matter using ironic humor. If it seems as though every British fanwriter has the same facility, it's only because those without it are refused service at the Post Office and may not mail their fanzines abroad.

HARRY WARNER JR.'s "ALL MY YESTERDAYS" (#12) continues Harry's personal fanhistory, playing off the title of his immortal column which ran in many fanzines of the 60s and 70s. The newer chronicles are more autobiographical, and run in HOLIER THAN THOU: in HTT 20, his installment dealt with Claude Degler and visitors to the Hermit of Hagerstown.

At the 1983 worldcon I prepared the daily newzine on typewriters that had about ten words worth of memory on a screen at a given time -- and I realized as I poured out my word-processed typos that it wasn't a lot of good to prepare text on a computer unless you actually went back to reread, correct and improve.

Arthur Hlavaty's beautifully xeroxed, dot-matrix text in THE DILLINGER RELIC recalls my 1983 experience to mind not because of the typos, but as a metaphor for what is lacking from his writing: a lot more self-critical editing. For example, DR32's brief discussion of John F. Kennedy's assassination. "I didn't think a whole lot of JFK at the time." Why? For one reason, Arthur thinks JFK didn't do enough for civil rights. This a priori assumption rests on Arthur's contention that Federal intervention in the cause of southern desegregation caused a generation to grow up believing "massive Federal intervention works when it doesn't any more." I don't really expect to agree with much of what Arthur writes (which is strange, given how often we wind up on the same side in fannish and sports matters). But I abjure a complacent attitude of preaching to the converted which permits ellipses in thought or outright nonsequiturs to pass unnoticed. I mean, what Arthur has said is that JFK didn't do enough because he did too much? Eliminating any doubt that self-criticism is his short suit, Arthur wrote in DR38, "I do most of my writing for an editor who appreciates my work, publishes it promptly, and lets me immediately know what reaction it's getting: me."





# FANARTISTS

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While hurtling through the limitless void of 1984 fanzine artwork I found my way irregularly marked by material from the same four luminaries: Brad Fotser, Taral, Alexis Gilliland and Steve Fox. The year 1984 seems to have been phoned in by most artists: an exaggeration, of course, and easily explained as a side-effect of artists' primary orientation to placing work in convention art shows.

Brad Foster's domination of the fanzine scene in 1984 is probably nothing more than an accidental result of his isolation, down in Texas, from con art shows. Once he discovers those (say at NASFiC) he'll wonder what he was doing wasting all his skills on us. But his pen-and-ink drawings and cartoons are not only good in their own right, they prove Brad's facility with a number of styles. For MYTHOLOGIES 16 Brad created a quasi-photographic reminiscence of Miskatonic U's expedition to the Sphinx. He did the precise, hilarious illos for THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE. His interstellar orgy "First Contact", the cover of HTT 20, stunned female anatomy expert Terry Carr. Foster turned in a very uncharacteristic view of the vaulted interior of a cathedral ceiling for DILLINGER RELIC 36. He used classical fantasy images for the cover of SFR 52. His two covers for F770 were abstracts. Brad's bid for greatness is not limited to either cartoons or naturalistic illustration: and most important of all, he seems to have the patient endurance required to outwait fanzine editors as we take our sweet time about getting his stuff into print.

Taral's discovery that the egoboo furnished to artists by fanzine fandom is insufficient to support life as we know it has tended to curtail his contributions to fanzines other than his own. (Too often the editors squat on his material indefinitely, so it's not as though he was unjustified in his low opinion of other editors' treatment of artists.) Periodically he'll cut loose an overwhelming project like DNQ 34: assembling his quality prose and clean, professional-looking drawings into an ambitious graphics package (all mimeo, of course).-- But enough other editors keep the faith that covers for MAINSTREAM 10 or STICKY QUARTERS 10, and other interior illos, continue to keep Taral out in front of the pack each year.

Steve Fox does brilliant astronomicals and drawings of all types of aliens: with bulbous eyes, roachlike bodies, mantis jaws, fanged, clawed, and hostile to any effort to take away their extraterrestrial real estate. They turn up everywhere, though the best ones seem to crop up in BRSFL NEWS (why, I don't know). He is one of very few naturalistic illustrators contributing to fanzines, and the only prolific one of his quality.

Alexis Gilliland, like the past many years, in 1984 kept up his supply of clever and incisive cartoons playing off themes and events of interest to sf readers. There is no sign that his Hugo-winning skills have abated.

HONORABLE MENTIONS: Bob Lee draws voluptuously endowed female caricatures for HTT who are unencumbered by brass bras. D. West satirized his own TAFF noncampaign in the multipanel cartoon "The Horrors of TAFF." Mel White did good covers for DR and NEOLOGY, and illos for MOVING PAPER FANTASY. Ray Capella's unique style (which I call "Bradbury Mars" though that is rarely the content anymore) is often expressed here in FILE 770. Stu Shiffman did a fascinating article for MAINSTREAM 10 about handstencilling illos. Elsewhere he did more of his usual strange bisociations, like "WHAT IF" Albert Einstein had become a vaudeville performer?"



FANZINE CONTACT ADDRESSES

LAN'S LANTERN: George Laskowski, 55 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills MI 48013.  
The usual or \$1.50 plus 50¢ postage.

SIKANDER: Irwin Hirsh, 279 Domain Rd., S. Yarra VIC 3141 AUSTRALIA. The usual, old fanzines, or \$3.

TIMBRE: Tim Jones, 20 Gillespie St., Dunedin, Aoteroa NEW ZEALAND. The usual or 50¢.

THE INSIDER: St. Louis SF Society, PO Box 15852, St. Louis MO 63114

CAREFULLY SEDATED: Alan Rosenthal; Catherine Crockett 117 Wanless Ave., Toronto ONT M4N 1W1 Canada. The usual or \$2.

MAINSTREAM: Suzle and Jerry Kaufman, 4236 Winslow Pl. N., Seattle WA 98103.  
The usual or \$1 per copy.

WHO NEEDS LIFE?: Tony Cvetko, 20750 Colwell #1, Farmington Hills MI 48024.  
Who knows?

HOLIER THAN THOU: Marty and Robbie Cantor, 11565 Archwood St., North Hollywood CA 91606. The usual or \$2 (# for \$5).

THE DILLINGER RELIC: Arthur Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham NC 27701.  
Editorial whim only. Maybe you can convince Uncle Arthur to whim you. Heh heh.

WING WINDOW: John Berry, 525 19th Ave. East, Seattle WA 98112. Whim or LoCs.

MICROWAVE: Terry Hill, 41 Western Rd., Maidstone, Kent, ME16 8NE UNITED KINGDOM  
The usual.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW: Richard E. Geis, PO Box 11408, Portland OR 97211.  
\$9(US) per year; four issues per year.

PHILK FEE NOM EE NON: Philk Press, PO Box 599, Midway City CA 92655. Available for published material, or \$1.50 a copy (by mail).

MYTHOLOGIES: Don D'Amassa, 323 Dodge St., East Providence RI 02914 .  
LoC or \$3 per.

ANSIBLE: Dave Langford, 94 London Rd., Reading, Berkshire RG1 5Au, UNITED KINGDOM  
5/\$3.50(US) to US agents Mary and Bill Burns, 23 Kensington Ct., Hempstead NY 11550.

SHARDS OF BABEL: Roeloeff Goudriaan, Noordwal 2, 2513 EA Den Haag, The Netherlands.  
Available for \$5 (US - per year??), for gossip (er, gossip), news, etc.

NEOLOGY: ESFCAS, Box 4071, Edmonton ALTA T6E 4S8 Canada. \$5/yr, or the usual.

BRSFL NEWS: BRSFL, PO Box 14238, Baton Rouge LA 70898-4238. One year for \$5.

ALPHA CENTURA COMMUNICATOR: SF3, SUB Box 120, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque NM 87131. The usual or \$3 per year.

ANVIL: Birmingham SF Club, PO Box 59531, Birmingham AL 35259.

THYME: Roger Weddall, 79 Bell St., Fitzroy 3065 AUSTRALIA. Airmailed to North America, 10/\$10.

PACKED ICE: Chris Riesbeck, 65 Englewood Dr., New Haven CT 06515.

EPSILON: Rob Hansen, 9A Greenleaf Rd., East Ham, London E6 1DX UNITED KINGDOM.  
The usual.

WAHF-FULL: Jack R. Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Bldg., University of Sydney, Australia 2006. The usual.

WESTWIND: NWSFS; membership \$10/year includes subscription.to: NWSFS, PO Box 24207, Seattle WA 98124.

MAPLE LEAF RAG: Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St., Victoria BC V8V 3E1 Canada.  
The usual or \$4/year.

UNCLE DICK'S LITTLE THING: Richard Smith II and Leah Zeldes, 2007 W. Howard #3D, Evanston IL 60202. The usual, or 5/\$3.95.

UNDULANT FEVER: Bruce D. Arthurs, 3421 W. Poinsettia, Phoenix AZ 85029. The usual or \$3/year.

THE USUAL: Most fanzines are available for letters of comment, written contributions, artwork, and fanzines in trade. "Editorial whim" means that the editor will look over your efforts when they come in and make a decision: no guarantees.



EDITOR APOLOGIZES: I hope that Lee Ann Goldstein and Velma Bowen will accept my apology for the bad judgement exhibited when the quotes attributed to them were run in FILE 770:52. Please be assured that such quotes are not the kind of material I would run except under certain circumstances, which I clearly misinterpreted here.

ART CREDITS: Linda Leach: 3. Tim Marion: calligraphy, 2. Steven Fox: 1. Mel. White: 6, 9. C. Lee Healy: 8. Linda Leach: 11. Guy Brownlee: 13. Jim McLeod: 16. Stu Shiffman: 18. Joe Pearson: 21. Jim Shull: 24.

DOWN UNDER FAN FUND: 1984 DUFF winner Jack Herman has stunned worldwide fandom by doing precisely as he promised: WAHF-FULL TRACKS OVER AMERICA, his trip report, is in print. Copies can be obtained from North American fans through Marty and Robbie Cantor (11565 Archwood St., North Hollywood CA 91606-1703) for \$5. In recognition, L.A.con II has turned \$500 over to DUFF, the first installment it has paid to any fan fund -- simply because Herman is the first to do anything to earn it.

The Cantors' HERE WE GO ROUND THE DUFFBERRY BUSH #1 reports they received \$2,285.58 from former North American DUFF administrator Jerry Kaufman. There is a narrative of miscellaneous financial transactions -- that would be far easier to read in columnar form.

VITAL STUFF: Jason Hollister and Neeters were married February 14. // Alexandra Katherine Schwarzin-Copeland was born February 7, 1985. Her weight at birth was 10 pounds, 7 ounces. Jeff says, "She looks like her mother, and was only four days old when she started staring in delight at the bookshelves in the living room."

RON BOUNDS COMMITS MORE MATRIMONY: Writes Bounds, "I am now the proud possessor of an instant family." He married Sofia Goldwasser on March 2, 1985, in a small civil ceremony at Cannes, France. Sofia has two daughters, Niki, 17, and Stephanie, 7. Bounds adds, "I will return to the USA Real Soon Now = sometime this summer."

RUMORS ARE LIKE  
TEABAGS, BOTH ARE  
STRAINED...



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