

DNQ 3, the newszine of quintessential faanishness, is published every two to three weeks as a Derelict House Koan, © Taral, 415 Willowdale Avenue, #1812, Willowdale, Ontario M2N 5B4 (416 221-3517) and Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156 - Stn D, Toronto, Ontario M6P 3J8 (416 654-4871 until June 10 only); Friday, June 2, 1978. Subs are 4/\$1; overseas 2/\$1; or 10 issues for a ream of twiltone, which we appreciate very much from anyone visiting Toronto (hint, hint). Thish pubbed on twiltone sent by Brian Earl Brown, for which much thanks. Freebies are available at our whim (occasionally), on spec (for limited times and in limited numbers and not very completely), for news that we print and for trade with both editors of other newszines. Logo by Dan Steffan, other art by Taral & Saara Mar. Produced, as usual, very late in the night...

"Indeed, what use this vast influx of new blood but to drown the real fan in a torrent of growth, change and vigor?"

-- Dan Joy, FANNY HILL 4

AVAILABILITY POLICY: DNQ now has 33 subscribers and we think things look promising enough to keep the zine alive. This is about half the number we require to break even, and admittedly, many of our subbers were collared at DISCLAVE. Letters and cards of comment are all very nice, but we must hold to an availability policy of filthy lucre or evial gossip we can publish, to keep DNQ from going the way of the FANACs and FOCAL POINTs of the past prematurely. We'll tantalize some brand new "spec" names with this issue, dropping temporarily the names of some who received the first two issues but did not subscribe. We're going to be this erratic with all on our lists who haven't subscribed, for the next several issues--a ploy carefully designed to worry you into sending money to bribe us into sending you all the issues. -VV

OLD FANZINES: Both of us are interested in old fanzines; Taral especially so as he's on the way to putting together a comprehensive representative collection covering all fan-nish epochs. I am interested primarily in a few specific titles--the likes of QUANDRY, first and second incarnation WARHOONS, ENERGUMEN, and missing numbers in sets I already have of zines like GRANFALLOON or MOTA. Taral's want lists include these and much, much more. All of you out there, if you have fanzines to sell or give away or know someone who does, please let us know, even if you don't think your co-lection has any of the big names. Taral gets first dibs, I get access to the collection, and both of us will be very appreciative. -VV

FAAn AWARDS: This year, a new nominee appears in the best LoCwriter category in the FAAn Awards. Avedon Carol doesn't write nearly as many LoCs as old stand-bys and previous winners Harry Warner Jr. and Mike Glicksohn, but the letters she does write are interesting and of award-winning quality. I don't want to run down the LoC writing of Messrs. Glicksohn and Warner, but should one or the other always win the award because of the sheer number of LoCs they produce, over a new candidate who has the quality, but not the quantity? -VV

"HOW GROTESQUE!"

-- Bob Webber (attributable to Steve Muhlberger)

...and still on the topic of FAAn Awards, my inflated 2¢ worth must be put in. Though Don D'Amassa was the only one on the ballot this year who wrote well and often last year, the letter-hack's category is the only consistent flub in the awards. Either Avedon wins this year or the FAAns are going to be perpetually stuck in a cycle of GlicksohnWarnerGlicksohnWarnerGlick... A notion I had that tickles my fancy is having several more categories than are awarded each year. In nominating your choice of best cartoonist, fanzine, critique, newsletter (ahem), repro, etc, you also choose what categories have had outstanding performances that year, so that lacklustre categories don't automatically award a FAAn to some mediocre nominee. However, such a radical change in the awards is not especially likely. The committee has largely been chosen on the basis of a popularity contest, not on the basis of likely service, so that the committee is about 80% deadweight. Most of the elected fans last year declined even to accept, one after another, until the bottommost nominee was reached! The voters are hardly more interested. The number voting on last year's awards was down from the second year, and actually lower than the first. VOTE DAMN IT, EVEN IF NOT FOR US!!! -- Taral

DERELICT AROGATIONS DERELICT AROGATIONS DERELICT AROGATIONS DERELICT AROGATIONS DERELICT

A LUCRATIVE WEEKEND for Taral is what DISCLAVE turned out to be. Paintings he did either alone or with Bonnie Dalzell brought in \$135 at the art auction, and miscellaneous badges and other art brought an additional \$45 at the con. This added to the \$35 he hopes to earn from work commissioned recently ought to just about pay for his share of the car rental for the trip to Phoenix, Taral reports; thus this trip to which he is looking forward is beginning to take on substance. Watch DNQ in August for special on-the-road reports.

EIAWOL! Tronnafan and engineering student Bob Webber, after an anxious month or two, has his marks and has passed his year, despite the menace of the dread calculus. This leaves him with an easy mind for a summer of pubbing PANTEKHNIKON (we hope) and trekking to Phoenix for the worldcon, after which he commences his second year of chemical engineering at U of T.

FURTHER ON THE TORONTO FANAC FRONT, yet again... Bill Brümmer now has very definite ideas about ELEUTHERIA!, and may publish two issues before the summer is out. The next month or so should see a combo personal/apazine from Taral, another NON SEQUITUR from Victoria Vayne, and various apazines from a variety of apahacks, to say nothing of more DNQs and OSFiC newsletters and the like. Some of the arrangements for CHROMECON will be made during the summer, and OSFiC has a con of its own going.

OTHER FANZINES OTHERWHERE. The second last KARASS is out now, with one more going to all who received this one; after which Linda Bushyager retires to

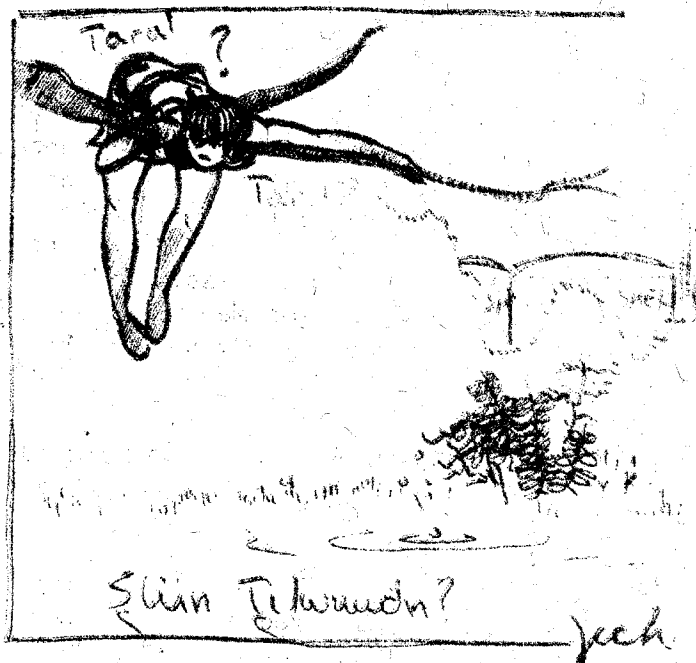
a new incarnation as a Filthy Pro. Her first novel, MASTER OF HAWKS, is slated to appear in mid 1979, and fannish readers are warned to watch for Tuckerizations. Ned Brooks has produced the last issue of IT COMES IN THE MAIL, which nearly got stuck in the mail as the post awful decided to give him hassles over whether it qualified for Book Rate. Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody have the second issue of RAFFLES, a fine faanish genzine, almost ready to go but right now merely tantalizing. And Mike Bracken, armed with newly bought colour change kits and a Selectric, is working on KNIGHTS 20, which will be a bit of a departure from previous issues, and which he promises will be the best one yet.

NEW ARRIVALS. Sheila D'Amassa's dog, Hilary (whom many fans have met at AUTOCLAVE 77) is expecting puppies. DNQ hopes to have a photo in an upcoming issue. Hilary is one of the youngest Borzoi in the country to win a field championship (lure coursing); the father is one of Bonnie Dalzell's dogs, Grendel, a beautiful mahogany-brindle Borzoi also familiar to east coast con-goers. The puppies ought to be honourarily fannish in more ways than one, as Sheila is also involved in a dog fanzine, having assumed editorship of American Sighthounds Field Association's newzine, "Field Advisory Notes", or "FAN".

UNEXPECTED FANNISH BONANZA, or this is what they call serendipity. Taral acquired a box of old miscellaneous fanzines from the forties, mostly apazines, for \$8.50 in the hucksters room at DISCLAVE, and upon examination of the contents that evening, found included in it the second

half of AH SWEET IDIOCY, which had no title on the first page and did not look like anything special. The dealer, the next day, was quite chagrined to find out she had sold this treasure, but it appears that Taral may be able to pick up the first part for only half the price it otherwise would go for. Upon return home, with the boxful more completely sorted and examined, Taral estimates its contents to be worth easily ten times what he paid. One treasure did escape his clutches, however, when Victoria Wayne snaffled a copy of CHANTICLEER 4 from the individually priced items on the table; however it is probable that with suitable incentives, this fanzine too will make its way into Taral's fabled collection.

MUDDYCON II. During his week-long visit at Bonnie Dalzell's place in East Providence, Taral was caught in flagrante delicto enjoying a mud wallow in a secluded stand of trees near the house, by Victoria Wayne who had gone out looking for him with Genghis, Bonnie's largest dog (a 100-pound male Borzoi) after he had been missing for five hours. Genghis wanted to get right in there with Taral, but this would not have been very amusing for Bonnie, as the mud turned out to be permeated with oil--very difficult to wash off a human, let alone a moderately long-haired dog.



(Saara says her signature does not say "yech", it says "Saara".)

FLUSHING IN 80 BID WINS! Not believing in leaving things to the last minute, LIECON (named after the Long Island Expressway) is releasing all progress reports and their program book early. Covers by Gilliland, Shiffman, Steffan, and Taral are promised, and the complete program will appear in the program book. It's not too late to join the Liecon--just send your dollar to Stu Shiffman, 880 182nd Street, Flushing, NY, etc... (PS--there are rumours of one of the losing bids, Baltimore or Boston, planning to hold a rump Worldcon opposite LIECON. They may claim to be the true Worldcon, but don't you believe it!)

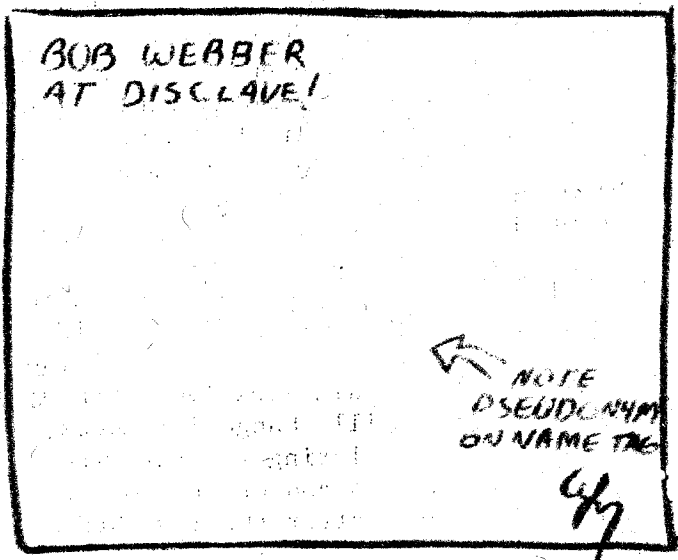
THOSE TREKKIES THINK THEY'RE SMART DO THEY? for lobbying to name the space shuttle the Enterprise? Cost per pound of payload in the shuttle promises to be low, and NASA is already taking reservations on scheduled flights of the shuttle in the eighties. Estimates are that a small satellite could be orbited for a mere couple of thousand dollars. If fandom can raise that amount of money to transport some tired old egotist or other from here to there (or vice versa), it seems that it ought to be feasible to raise the money for fandom to orbit its own satellite and crown the aspiration of our faanish forbears. Will Sykora and John Campbell will yet be proud of us! Expect some sort of organization in this direction in a year or two...

T.O. BNF MOVES! Faced with the heavy hand of eviction following an edict brought down by City Hall that the basement apartment she occupied was "uninhabitable", Victoria Wayne was forced on a quest for new quarters, meeting success finally on Friday June 2 with the location of an above-store flat not far away from her present location. The move will take place on the second weekend of June, with the recruitment of local fan heavies Bob Webber and Taral for the task of moving the filing cabinets and mimeos. The new apartment is more expensive than the old, but has more useable space and has a reasonably isolated room suitable for use as a fanac room that will enable long night sessions of typing and printing that will not annoy neighbours. The mailing address remains Box 156 - Stn D; the phone number will change in a week; and Victoria is declaring a moratorium on answering letters and orders for Fanthologies until after the move has

been successfully executed. Once established in her new place, she promises to create as much trouble for City Hall as they made for her in making her move; folks, this is war! Not once, after all, was Victoria asked whether she, the occupant, considered the old apartment habitable or not; and this blatant oversight bears investigation.

THE INVISIBLE FAN IN THE INVISIBLE FLESH.

DISCLAVE's host city is the home of Avedon Carol, editor of the zine called THE INVISIBLE FAN, so the caper was most appropriate. Bob Webber has on various occasions past appeared to be invisible. He was there when the second annual FAAn Award ballots were counted at MIDWESTCON 76, but the final result listing doesn't mention him. And he was there also at DISCLAVE 78, even though most who were at that con won't be mentioning him. Bob, feeling he could use a break and seeing a chance to flabbergast Taral at the same time, took a plane to Washington without telling anyone of his plans in order to lurk in the con hotel in a strategic place and watch Taral's reaction. Unfortunately, he lurked too invisibly and was not seen by Taral at all throughout the con. So far, DNQ's roving newshawks have been unable to ascertain whether any other members of the con saw him either.



(Bob has lodged a protest to the effect that he tends to be much more photogenic from the other side.)

AUSSIE TRAVELLING JIANT Eric Lindsay returns to North America again this year to visit fans around the country and attend regionals and the Worldcon. We expect that he will probably be in Toronto, although we're unsure of exactly when; and he's expected to attend this year's MIDWESTCON. Eric has the kind of job where he can save up vacation and take sabbaticals without losing his position; must be nice...

DERELICTS HOLD LAST SUPPER. Phil Paine, one of the mainstays of Toronto Derelictry, has at last left town for what he hopes the final time. The momentous occasion was celebrated the night before with a supper in a hold-in-the-wall curry kitchen. His friends seated around him, Phil showed us the holes in his palms and ankles ~~and head~~, and left us the next morning. Attempts by Taral to examine the wound in Phil's side more closely were frustrated by the more sensitive members of the supper. May 18th, the date of the departure, is to be a local faanish holy day, and pieces of the True Ellams Press of Phil's early fan pubbing are available for pilgrims. A religious schism over the question of the Derelicts the lot of playing Judas Iscariot must fall, is the topic of an upcoming coffee and chips.

MAE STRELKOV ABROAD AGAIN. Mae is probably coming to North America again! The trip, being paid for by her Aunt Beulah, is for the purpose of visiting her relatives in Atlanta, Georgia. Ned Brooks, who is in communication with Mae, admits to considerable confusion over the arrangements. Aeroflot Argentina may yet deposit Mae in Tieraa del Fuego, Marie Byrd Land, or worse... Arrival is the second of June, more or less. There are tentative plans for Mae to go to Rivercon, but it's unlikely she'll see many other fans, and fewer still if she stays in Atlanta.

SHE MUST BE A FAN; SHE CAN'T BE MUNDANE... Saara Mar teases local fandom by feigning a reluctance to pub again, but in reality itches to play with a mimeo. In her first pub, a one-shot issue of Synapse, Saara admits she pulled a small hoax, a personal joke she won't explain to anyone until she sits at a typer again. Meanwhile, her second illo appears in this issue of DNQ. Saara asks that readers be told that only the front of

her first illo was printed in DNQ 1, and that the whole illo includes what she drew on the back as well. Holding it up to the light allows you to see it all at once. Unfortunately this effect was lost in the translation to twiltone ...Saara expresses regret.

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM: JOIN! Not good enough for a pro? Too ambitious to be a mere fan like everybody else? Why not join the Semi-Pro Writers & Artists Organization and belong to the ever-growing, upwardly-mobile, serious-constructive circle of self-deluded medlocrities! Yes, you too can go around in circles and fool yourself into thinking you're getting ahead! Pretending that 1/4 ¢ a word are "pro rates" can not only be a salve to your ego, but can also bolster the ego of some would-be pro editor. Nobody loses... especially the readers of good sf.

HOT RUMOURS! D. Gary Grady reports that Tim Marion buys crudzines in elevators, having caught him obtaining a copy of VORPAL from the neofans selling it at DISCLAVE. Ben Indick has been revealed to be a hoax of Ben Fulves. In regards to the question of which of the two extant APA-H's is the real one, John Thiel's must be the real one since it is so obviously a joke! The editors of DNQ, having heard repeated rumours that their quintessential faanish newszine is actually a reincarnation of TWEED, hotly deny it, and request any readers with better informers than they to substantiate the rumours.

ETHEL LINDSAY DISOWNS ZINE COLLECTION...

Ethel Lindsay in moving is forced to sell her collection. The bulk of it has already been sold (to me, heh heh) but much remains of both value and interest. Checks should be made out to Billy Petit, PO Box 580, Bethany, Oklahoma 73008, but write to Ethel about availability first. Her address is 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 6IK, UK. She must move this summer, so not much time is left. The list for sale includes: THE BRAN TUB - Joy Goodwin, 2 issues, \$2 all//BRENNSCHLUSS - Ken & Irene Potter, \$1//CLAUSE 3 - Sandy Sanderson, 50¢//CONVENTION ANNUAL - Discon edition - 1963, \$3//THE DAMNED PATROL 2 - 5, Joe Gibson, \$3 all//DEADWOOD - George Locke, \$1//DYNATRON 25, 26, 29, \$3 all//DEGLER! 160-162, 164-185, 187-192, 194-197, Andy Porter, \$6

all//EFFELL - Charles Wingrove, zine listings, \$1//HAEMOGLOBIN 1-4 - Fred Smith, \$1 all//HORIB 1-4, Dick & Pat Lupoff, 50¢ each//LESSER FLEA - 12 issues un-numbered, Joy Goodwin, \$3 all//MEIN OMPF 1-3 - Colin Freeman, \$1 all//NIRPH 2-16, 18, 19, 21, 27-29, 33-35 - John Roles, \$4//THE NEW MILLENIUM 1-3 - John Bangsund, \$1 all//NOW AND THEN 2-7 - Harry Turner, \$3 all//OFFTRAILS vol #1 2-4; vol #2 1-4; vol #3 2-4; vol #4 2-3; 18-32, 34, 36, 39, 43, 49; 25¢ each//OMNIBUS 1-5, Sandy Sanderson, 50¢ each//OPERATION FANTAST 15 - Ken Slater, 50¢//ORION vol #2 4, 11, 12; vol #3 14, 15-20 - Paul Enever, 50¢ each//ORION 21-26, 28 - Ella Parker, 50¢ each//PHENOTYPE 7 issues - Dick Eney, \$2 all//RATATOSK 7, 11-19 - Bruce Pelz, 25¢ each//QURP 2-4 - Ron Bennett, \$1 all//SALAMANDER 1 - Fred Patten, 50¢//SCARR 111, 102, 122 - George Charters, \$2 all//SCHNERDLITES 1-5 (plus 2 Bias Bindings - Nigel Lindsay, \$3 all//SCRIBBLE 5, 9, 12 - Colin Freeman, 75¢ all//SF COMMENTARY 16, 17, 23, 24, 26 - Bruce Gillespie, 50¢ each//SPECULATION 10, 22, 23, 26-31 - Peter Weston, \$1 each//SPELOBEM 18-23, 25-29 - Bruce Pelz, \$2 each//STUPEFYING STORIES 6 issues - Dick Eney, \$2 all//THIRDMANCON COMBOZINE 1968 - \$3//VAGARY 12-16, 18-20, 1-10 - Roberta Grey, 50¢ each//WRR plus SCRUNCH - Wallyr Weber, \$1 all//YANDRO 150-152, 165, 168, 179, 180, 185-189, 199, 200, 203, 212 - Buck Coulson//

CAVEAT EMPTOR - Taral

Last issues, in case anybody noticed, had a compilation of the previous two months' zines and whatnot. This issue I clear up the remainder left over from last month, plus whatever else has arrived since, or I have for some reason overlooked. STARDOCK 2, Charles Saunders, PO Box 193, Stn. E, Ottawa, Ontario, K1P 6C4. Much the same as Eclipse, a fanfic crudzine reviewed last issue, but much better looking, and more mature. More pretentious also. Save your \$1.25 for Analog. ISHUE 1, formerly INPUT/OUTPUT, debuts the OSFIC newszine with me as sole editor. Although I wanted to get as far away from "GI/GO" as possible, the improvements I made don't change it all that much. At least I'm satisfied for the moment... I wrote some bit of hypocrisy about the Bakka 6th anniversary, but the ish is interesting only for a few lines of editorial and Saara's monthly letter. I have to face the fact that pubbing OSFIC newszines hasn't been a

challenge since I gave up SYNAPSE. BLACK-BIRD 4 - Phil Paine, c/o World's End, 94 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario M5R 2H2 - if my faanish memories went back far enough, this would remind me of pocsards or quote cards. Phil has taken advantage of his job running offset library file-cards and run off a surreptitious card-zine. All of 5" x 3", its substance is a title, name and address on one side, and a Peanuts copy-right violation on the other. "I hate it when we don't even win a moral victory" says Lucy, echoing what I suspect is a sentiment of Phil's as well. For the completist. CHILD LIFE - Bill Bridget - you don't want to know where - At the threshold of astonishing all fandom with the ultimate fanzine (according to him) Bill Bridget used his credentials as publisher of DIMENSION: PRAECOX and other incomprehensible topological obscene codexes to impress the editors of CHILD LIFE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERY AND SCIENCE FICTION. Ever since then he's been plaguing various fans with copies of CHILD LIFE so they can see his name on the masthead. It was possible to simply smile inanely until subscription renewal notices followed on their heels... DYSF? 33 and NOT NECESSARILY 56 - George Flynn - 27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren RI 02885 - Thrill to the exciting perils of George Flynn as he discovers a band of reivers has ravaged his domicile! Chill to the hoards of officious minions of justice who swarm in pursuit! Grimace as a raging firestorm guts the shell of the plundered apartment! Wrinkle up your nose in disgust at the film of slimey soot that remained! Agonize in mortal heartbreak as George is flimflammed into purchasing a defective replacement for his pilfered typewriter! Strain your blood-shot eyes from your very head in determined effort to decipher the faded mimeography... In all seriousness, George, I sympathize, but better you than me. I have too many irreplaceable things, like old fanzines and tons of artwork, and disasters like yours make my ~~fat~~ hair stand on end. FILE 770 4 - Mike Glycer - 14974 Osceola Street, Sylmar, CA 91342 - Tsk. Awkward name. Silly zine. You'd much rather subscribe to DNO, take my word for it. Don't know much about this issue anyway since I haven't seen it. Must be some other Taral who wrote the zine reviews I guess... LOSCON 5 FLYER GoH, Robert Bloch. No Fan GoH apparently, and this in a city flushed with fans. (S'-matter, nobody good enough for ya?) Nov 3-5 at the Huntington Sheridan. Membership now \$6, going up to \$8 after August first, and

\$10 after 20 October. Write to LOSCON, c/o Elayne Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills CA 91344. IGUANACON PR 3 - love that cover... PROTHALLUS 3 - ~~Sarah~~ (whoops) Sarah Prince - 2369 Williams #A, Columbus, OH 43202. Insubstantial but pleasant little personalzine of 8 pages, half art and half writing. Nice photo fern cover and Japanese calligraphy. HOG ON ICE 8 - Creath Thorne - 5443 South Woodlawn Ave., Chicago Ill 60615, after 1 June, rte. 3, Box 202, Savannah Missouri 64485. Another kind soul in FAPA sends his zine. Fewer mc's than usual for the genre, and until I start demanding mc's to me, that's a welcome break. INSTANT MES-SAGE - Donald Eastlake for NESFA, PO Box G, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge Mass. 02139. Ghu's gift to insomniacs, this is likely the most boring publication to survive as long as it has. It's very informative of NESFA internal administration, but rarely anything else. The only advantage it has over the NSF's NATIONAL FANTASY FAN is that it's shorter. XENIUM 2.7 - Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3. I get this from Mike through a blackmail deal Victoria works on him in exchange for using her Selectric, otherwise I doubt this erstwhile publication would appear in my reviews. No comments; no charges of prejudice, (but it has a very nice cover...). It would appear Mike chooses to enroll on his select mailing list one Bill Bridget of CHILD LIFE notoriety. Chilw! LONG LIFE MAGAZINE - Well, if Bridget can work for CHILD LIFE, Mark Sharpe can work in connection with this longevity magazine. It's practically stfnal at times, and while it's usually factual, occasionally the optimism is naive. But they will pay me money for art, and that is A Good Thing. More than Asimovs or Analog will do. (gripe). ALGOL - Andy Porter - PO Box 4175, New York, NY 10017. \$2.25 is expensive, but if you are at all interested in science fiction (and not arguments and scandals about writers), Algol is the best on the market. A limited market, admittedly. Andy is apparently going to move in on one of the remaining thirds of that market by beginning a LOCUS like newszine to be called CHRONICLES. Considering the lacunae in LOCUS (and the number of grudges against Charlie Brown), this can only be another Good Thing. PERSONAL NOTES 9 - Richard Harter, 306 Thoreau St., Concord, MA 01742. Letters and Dick Harter describe 65 pages of this zine. Good reading to gerrymander through.

Neither a pretty nor an organized zine; I think of it as a less maudlin DON-o-SAUR. TRIODE 26 - Eric Bentcliffe - 17 Riverside Cr., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7NR, England. One of my favourite British zines is this revival of a fifties Britzine whose art is still exclusively hand stencilled. Too many zines from British fans are about the doings of one clique or another, and I find them hard to get into. TRIODE is one of the few genzines across the Big Pond that you can get along in without being the editor's drinking buddy.

What? What's this plain brown thing next? Aha, my desk; I'm actually through with the blighters! Two weeks from now won't be time enough for a large accumulation of zines and other brick-a-bat, so unless the tail end of this column wags over into the next ish, it'll be a short Caveat Emptor I'll need to write then. Is that good or bad?

Gaaltahaaleen - Taral

HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

TONY CVETKO - Box 124, Taylor, MI 48180

PHIL PAINE - c/o Stu Shiffman, 880 W 181st St, Apt. 4D, New York, NY 10033. Mail to c/o World's End, 94 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont. M5R 2H2

PATRICK HAYDEN - c/o Curt Stubbs, 5239 North Central, Phoenix, AZ 85012

GEORGE FLYNN - 27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren, RI 02885

MIKE BLAKE - 89 South Bend St., Pawtucket, RI 02860

DON C. THOMPSON - 940 Mariposa St., Denver, CO 80204

LARRY CARMODY - PO Box 1091, 1001 2nd Ave., New York, NY 11040

ALAN LANKIN - 414 S. 44th St., Philadelphia, PA 19104

HAPPINESS IS A WARM T-SHIRT - TARAL

This is an article on the fannish abuse of egoboo. The egoboo in question being the arrival of a t-shirt from a grateful IguanaCon committee that sported a retouched reproduction of a certain logo by a certain Toronto artist I have an understandable fondness for. I've never had an illustrated t-shirt before. I've never had a reason to. Nothing I had seen had any particular relevance to whatever peculiar sort of person I am, and being an artist myself it would have been more appropriate for me to advertise my own work anyway, but that was one of those if-I-had-the-time projects that I never actually had the time for. When the t-shirt came, a lumpy floppy package, it was an excuse to never have to find the time.

The art was not quite as it had looked in the pr's. In fact, a local artist had had to touch it up for black and white--the rich tones and shadings had been transformed into crude stippling. Dark blue color, enlargement and the sportive giant potato used in printing added nothing to the effect either. I felt rather like someone's twiltone fanzine once into it.

In any case I was suffused with a warm glow of childlike happiness. And you may know why, but what follows is explicit:

The first thing I thought to do after pulling the shirt over my head was to call on a reclusive fringe fan who lives down the hall from me. _____ (for Thomas, alas) _____ and I have been fencing with each other for years in a half-joking, half-serious way, (I'd joke; he'd be serious). Some odd situations arose between bouts that would oblige us in rematches, hardly the most odd of which resulted in a threatened lawsuit from Harlan Ellison that prohibited me forever from printing this fan's name. Whence _____ (for Thomas) _____. Tchok, tchok, tchik, I drum on the door. "Is _____ there, Mrs. _____?" "_____!" He'll be down in a second, Wayne." (Wayne? Well, I said it was an odd sort of acquaintance.) Down he comes in the regal majesty of bathrobe and flip-flops. "How do you like it?" I ask and throw out my chest to smooth imaginary wrinkles. "I don't."

Just the encouragement I was looking for. The rest of that interview was denouement. The action shifted to a coffee & chips a few days later where I appeared again attired in IguanaCon blue. Here were friends, and the effect was somewhat less satisfying than before, but at least I attracted attention.

Next, I divulged to attentive chips & coffeers, I would take my t-shirt to an OSFIC meeting, for certain uppity con-fans to notice and corrode in their inner souls over. And the next step, logically, would be to attend some local, marginally fannish con like, say, Anonycon or Maplecon, and destroy more egos there. There was no end to the number of fringe and fakefans I could practice my fansmanship on, gratifying my ego and extracting no little unsubtle revenge at the same time.

Did I say no end? Everything comes to an end. There is one place I must never wear my IguanaCon t-shirt, and that is at IguanaCon itself. Somebody might take me for one of the committee if I were to wear it there, and that would never do. I might be expected to earn my right to impress people with my importance, and that way I would be no further ahead than if I were actually important.

Taalinaawal, Taral.

"...the opinions expressed in this publication are solely OSFiC's and not necessarily responsible..."

END

Victoria Vayne
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 ?-spec, *-whim)

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Cruisers Apollo and Yahweh parley with an unknown vessel near the star Procyon.

As Commanding officer of this starship, it is my honour and pleasure to represent Free Earth and the Star Force in a heartfelt offer of our friendship!

