

DNQ 4 - the newszine of quintessential faanishness (with base commercial aspirations - solvency), is published as a Derelict House Koan, c 1978 by Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156 - Stn. D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8 (416 787-7271) and Taral, 415 Willowdale Ave. #1812, Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4 (416 221-3517), on 16 June 1978. Subs are 4/\$1, but overseas copies are mailed two at a time because of increased postage (this arrangement should please enthusiastic reviewer Peter Roberts who found DNQ too expensive). DNQ is also available for trades to both editors of other frequent newszines, for putting us up on visits (or putting up with us), for old fanzines, for printable gossip, for twiltone (the official exchange rate being 10 issues per ream), for logos or other tailored art, or for spec (at our unreliable whim). Logo this ish and 2020 by Taral. Illos by Saara (embellished by Taral) and David Starr. Rider this issue is a reprint of THE RUBBER STAMP OWNER'S BULLETIN/CHAFF (if blue - if green, you have one of the original copies).

Other fans are invited to send us riders for DNQ - either special one-shots or regular zines are fine. Check with us before you print anything, though. Print run last issue 115, this issue about 135. We will run flyers for \$7 if you print them, for \$10 one side or \$12 two sides if we have to print them. We may be snobbish about what we'll accept, though. (No Maplecon flyers, please!)

FAAn Award ballots must be in by August first - don't forget! Victoria's fanzines keep falling over on the shelf, and Taral has a potted creeper, and we need an award each badly...

We need twiltone badly too - preferably two reams of a colour. Twiltone can be delivered to us at AutoClave or you can bring it yourself on a visit...

"Some fans, of course, came prepared. They had money tucked inside their socks, tied around their waist, pasted under their unmentionables... But did the artistry of such as Finlay and Rogers tempt their foresighted souls? Nay! For them was the lure of Bacchus and the great Ghod Poker."

--Beak Taylor, Canadian Fandom 13, Sept. 47

(Does fandom never change? And we thought bowling was new...)

- - - - -DERELICT AROGATIONS- - - - -

FROM MURDER CITY THEY COME, slashing and burning everything in their path, battling the hordes of gobbling drivers, and poison purveyors placed along their path. Toronto hosted fan visitors Brian Earl Brown and Neicer Hudspeth on the weekend of June 3-5. The visit featured a Pakistani dinner, a party given in their honour at Taral's (but which they were not the last diehards at), an afternoon at the Ontario Science Centre at which only a fraction of the possibilities were viewed, and the administration of a dose of Hamburger Crud Number One, on command performance in the kitchen by Victoria Vayne. A guided tour of Toronto also given them featured such fannish sights as the homes of Toronto's resident smofs, and the statue of the man who sawed Courtney's boat.

WORLD'S END VIOLATED! On a workday, while both Bob Wilson and Janet Small were away, an intruder forced his or her way through the kitchen window, foolishly trusting the dilapidated wooden fire escape to reach their improvised entrance. Unfortunately the little sneak theif reached the top instead of breacking his fool neck. Stolen were an armful of newly bought rock albums, two John Toland histories of the second world war, a Roger Elwood anthology (that Bob would have given the crook if asked, he says...), a gift copy of Marquis de Sade, autographed by John Fowles, for Bill Brummer, and a jar full of American change. The change seems most missed of all. Not long before, Victoria and I on the way back from DisClave had commented on how common break-ins and thefts were among American fans we knew...How Ironical! (Great Caesar's Ghost, would you believe?)

HARRY WARNER JR. accounts for his temporary near-gafiation. He has been writing a special supplement for the 150th anniversary issue of his local Hagerstown paper, something whose research and writing is taking him a couple of months, and thus has had to take a sabbatical from reading fanzines and writing LoCs. By now, or pretty soon, however, the project should be completed and LoCs will again flow forth from Hagerstown.

TARAL SURVIVES A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH. On Sunday, June 4, during the visit of Brian and Neicer, Taral ate Hamburger Crud Number One and lived to tell the tale. Previously, he had shied away from opportunity after opportunity to sample this treat, and had on various occasions groaned and rushed for the can upon arriving at Victoria's abode in time to see her wolfing down large helpings. But on this occasion, after reassuring himself as much as possible by watching Victoria every step of the way and suggesting spices for the mixture, he decided to try a sample. In fact, he had two large helpings.

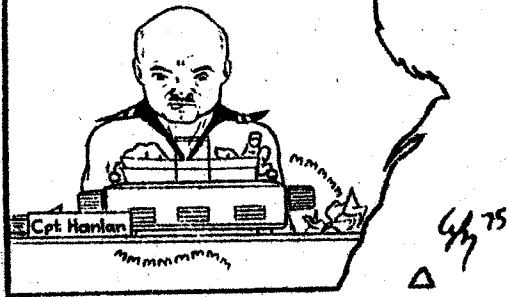
HARROWING FEAT OF DERRING-DO! Victoria Vayne, assisted by Bob Webber, Bob Wilson, and Taral, accomplished a death-defying move from her old basement quarters to her new store-flat. Commodious in comparison with the old place, her three room apartment is unfortunately up as many flights of stairs as the revolving restaurant at the summit of the CN Tower is. Bob Webber seems to be recovering nicely from lugging the electrostencil in, and Taral in no way regrets his non-human constitution regarding the portage of the 466. Victoria's new residence is _____ (to be filled in if you are among the Privileged to Know, and her phone number is 416 787-7271).

FONZ DEATH REDUX. A Fonz sticker stuck to its side stopped evermore the then only Vaynity Press mimeo, a Gestetner 360, two years ago. Then, it took only a few hours for the sticker to do its dastardly work. This year, a couple of weeks ago during the production of the last issue of DNQ, Taral repeated this terrible deed with only a slight modification. "It's christened," Taral informed Victoria with an evil grin, referring to the Gestetner 300 that DNQ is printed on. On the mimeo's flank was an evil green Incredible Hulk sticker. We figure that, owing to the lesser potency of Hulk stickers as compared to Fonz stickers, the DNQ mimeo has several months of life left; perhaps even more owing to the fact that it is a manual and not as complex as the electric Taral blitzed two years ago. Victoria is taking this calmly, as long as, she says, stickers remain off the 466.

- - - - -DERELICT AROGATIONS- - - - -

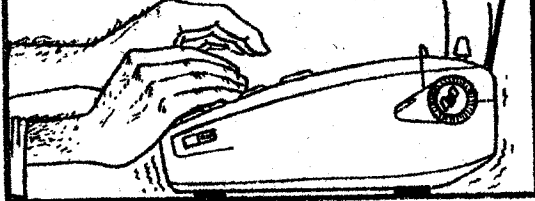
2020 By Taral

Sir? Can I bother you for a moment? It's about the Procyonids we've aboard.

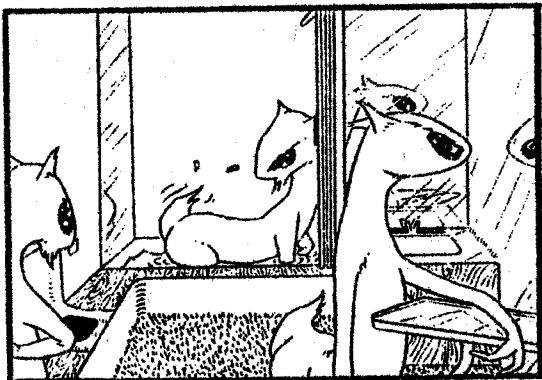


What is it Lieutenant?
Aren't they satisfied
with their quarters?

Josenhans Smith
caught his meaning
"Gesundheit" he said



They find them fine Skipper,
but they don't know what to
make of the toilet fixtures.



LOCAL FAN GETS DE-FANGED. Bob Webber gets his wisdom teeth, all four of them, some of them impacted, yanked on the long July 1-4 weekend coming up. Bob, brave soul, is having this done in the dentist's office with only local anaesthesia and sedative, and expects not to be enjoying meals for a time thereafter. As opposed to the considerably lesser intestinal fortitude displayed by Victoria Vayne some years earlier, who had all four yanked in the hospital under general anaesthesia, but considered the whole event a welcome respite from work nonetheless. If demand warrants it, grains of powdered remains of true WebBob teeth will be included with a future issue.

SUPERFAN FOILS CRIME! It has been reported through the grapevine that Phil Paine was mugged while walking in New York. Apparently this was one mugger who didn't know what he was in for. Phil's money, vital to his escape from Toronto, was as valuable as his life, so the mugger got a drubbing for his daring instead of the expected booty. Accompanying Fanoclasts applauded, it is said. No other news from the New York front, unfortunately...

YET ANOTHER FANNISH ELECTROSTENCILLER. In late May, Brian Earl Brown found it impossible to pass up a bargain he saw advertised, and is now the proud owner of a Gestefax 455. Like others of the half dozen or more fans who acquired electrostencilers in the past several years, Brian will be offering good stencils to fans at good prices; at the moment \$2.00 each (the same rate as charged by Victoria Vayne), but check with him for exact details. Anyone who has seen the work Linda Bushyager has done on a similar machine will know that it is capable of excellent results, with a resolution of up to 600 lines per inch and completely variable settings.

SILENT DERELICT PASSES. WebBob, taking courses in engineering at the U of T, passed his first year with about a C average. His thoughts are involuntarily turning to next year's classes already. ...Meanwhile, he is tinkering with a basement time machine to see if he can travel back to the eighteenth century to snuff out Leibnitz and Newton before they can come up with their calculus, the main detriment to Bob's continuing chance at an engineering future. (Okay, so passing in university is not faanish news--it's bowling, I know--but it is Derelict news!)

MAPLECON! THE CON FOR SAPS, you might conclude from the flyer the Ottawa SF Society specially designed for OSFiC. "OSFiC members," it says, "Science Fiction is Far More than Just Books and Movies! Attend M*A*P*L*E*C*O*N (French text to follow), a Science Fiction Convention" etc. Goodness me, conven...tions? Why, what could conventions be? OSFiC's only been around for 11 or 12 years, so

why are people always expecting us neos to understand that exotic fanspeak stuff?

SAARA REFUSES PART IN STAR TREK FLICK.

Knowing how Saara had appeared at a few Trekcons a couple of years ago, the studio offered her a cameo part which she refused. Explaining the reasons to the Derelicts at coffee and chips, Saara says that she had seen all she wanted of Star Trek cons at the 76 Toronto one. While she had been pissed off about the exploitative aspects of other Trek cons, she had no such complaints in that regard about the Toronto con. Rather, Saara was annoyed by comments made by the committee about certain Derelictish friends, and complained about it in public. Hard feelings and financial problems resulted in a hasty lawsuit that Saara tore into itty-bitty bits and laughed at. Later, the suit was retracted and an apology was made that it was the result of stress and not malice. Understandably, Saara was not greatly impressed, though she apologized in turn for her temper. When the offer of a part in the Star Trek film came, she returned the letter unopened, dropping it squarely on Mr. Roddenberry's head by apportioning. An abnormally bitchy letter about Trekkies to the OSFIC clubzine is more than likely related...

TRONNAZINES TO ADVERTISE in the Iguanacon Program Book, provided, of course, that the money, and subsequently the ad itself, got to Phoenix before the dead-

lines. Look for the ad, a full-pager with new artwork by Taral, when you get to the con. It's promoting both $\Delta\psi$ 2 and SIM 8/9, both to appear in the fall, and the FANTHOLOGIES 76 and 77 (yes, there will be a FANTHOLOGY 77, under the title DEJA VU) and is a joint ad to minimize cost and maximize impact.

OSFIC LIVES! ...in a manner of speaking. To a certain extent the Toronto-based Ontario club is still taking its sustenance intravenously in the form of aid from some of the older members, including myself, but it shows marked improvement and may be self-sufficient next year. Meanwhile, to supplement formal program meetings, I have taken to holding a clubzine collating party every month and inviting members over the phone. The second has just been held, and the habit may take root successfully. ~~And that club food, anybody?~~

THE EDITORS OF DNQ APOLOGIZE TO SAARA for publishing her last illo. Saara complains, "I was just sitting around doodling and you almost snatched it from under my pen before I was done, Taral." The illo, only a quick sketch, was drawn in blue ink and reproed poorly. "Just for that, may I draw it again and make you pub it?" (Will I never hear the end of that mud-bath?)

OZYMANDIAS. "Look upon my works, ye mighty, and despair!" And well you might, seeing the ruin of Toronto's reputation that recent cons have made. But after the



Heres mud in
your eye, and
let go of my
toes, you can't
take them with
you when you're
gone...

wreck of PruneCon a new crew is eager to try their hand at a con. I don't know quite what to make of Ozzy, but I hope it's a success. The newer OSFIC members who are running it can scarcely make a worse botch of it than we did with Fan-Fair III and Summercon (Bummercon, one of the worst cons I've ever seen -VV), and for their purposes they may very well do a good job. While none of them would thank me for depriving them of the money, I recommend watching this from the sidelines to see what happens, and maybe in a couple of years, if Ozzy is annual, it may be worth coming Toronto-ways for a con again.

TARAL NEAR DISCORPORATION AT SCIENCE CENTRE.

While guiding visitors Brian Earl Brown and Neicer Hudspeth through the Ontario Science Centre, Taral attempted to boil a vial of water by pedalling a bicycle generator. While the others wandered off, Taral pedalled furiously. After being soundly defeated by the latent heat of vaporization, Taral felt nauseated, and light-headed, so he holed up in the nearest can to sweat it out. Feeling better he came to his feet and nearly keeled over again. The third attempt got him a couple of hundred feet down the hall to a seat. Eventually Taral was helped out by one of the staff where the cooler air effected a cure. I chided him for forgetting that even a Kjola needs occasional water for the "boilers" (a name less imposing than room-temperature, superconducting, solid state fusion organs). The next day he rode his bike 20 miles to the center and back home to prove a point. But he had his glass of water first... --Saara

CAVEAT EMPTOR - TARAL

...still another fapazine comes in the mail, this time Andy Porter's 20th CENTURY UNLIMITED. Thank you, Andy, but...er, I got my first whole Fapa mailing with that issue just a few days later. It's the thought that counts, though. LIFT OFF 2, by Perry Glen Moore, 1326 Burton Valley Rd., Nashville TN 37215. Trimonthly and 50¢ apiece it says. This came with a note requesting a review in FILE 770. I am caught in a dilemma, I am. I'd like to comply, and review this unattractive little zine, but I owe Mike Glyer too many favours to review LIFT OFF there. Furthermore, I'd like to do Perry a favour if I could, and if I honestly describe LIFT OFF in any detail he

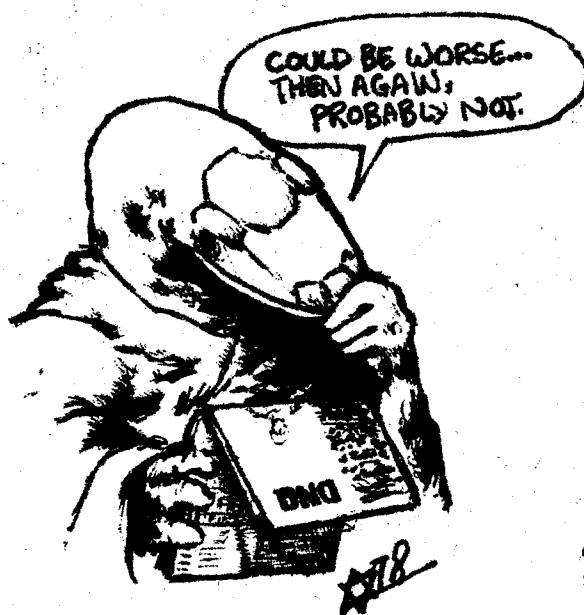
wouldn't be happy. I've said enough already, and saying it in DNQ seems a good compromise. (Don't give up, Perry, 'cause of my negative review. And here are two hints: leave greater margins around the page and give up Old English typeface...) ****EXTRA 1, by both Katz's and both Kunkels, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn NY 11201 or 85-30 121st St., Kew Gardens NY 11415. Reviewers are instructed to note that ****EXTRA is not available for filthy lucre, so the usual Editor's Whim probably obtains. Well, I enjoyed reading about Joyce Katz's learning to drive, and her adventures lost in darkest Brooklyn, but it was no SWOON, I'm afraid. It seems that every now and again the Katz's (and the Kunkels) have to exorcise their faanish devils with a zine or two, but they too quickly tire of it and the zine folds. Like SWOON. Sigh. THE LOOKING GLASS 5, Ben Fulves (no relation to Ben Indick?), PO Box 433, Teaneck NJ 07666. Available, but I don't know for what. SF and media news. Whatever it takes to get it, THE LOOKING GLASS probably isn't worth it. Save your money for LOCUS. ASH-WING 23, Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave., S.W. Seattle, WA 98166. It's been a long time since the last ASH-WING, but I hadn't forgotten it. Perhaps I had forgotten how sercon it was though. I skipped over a few parts that didn't interest me, like the review column, but much else caught my attention. Still, it was a pretty low-key ish, and nothing seemed to stand out to jog my memory for this review. Which has changed, though, me or ASH-WING? I don't know. But I do hope to keep getting it. CHAOS & RES BUREAUX BULLETIN, by 'Mr. X', Box 1598, Kingston, Ont. K7T 5C8. Fortean type nonsense--counterscience taken seriously so that Fort himself would have laughed. BUNNIES, ZUCCHINIS & SWEET BASIL 3, Allyn Cadogan, 28 Atalaya Terrace, San Francisco CA 94117. You can get at editorial whim only. I first got to know Allyn through her BCSFA newsletters, and when she began GENRE PLAT with Susan Wood. I wish she'd get on with the next 'PLAT. Bunnies, Zucchini's, and Sweet Basil is all fine and good, but reading which string of important and beautiful people Allyn has recently hobnobbed with is not a good substitute for her promising genzine. You're resting in your laurels all too early in your fannish career, Allyn, give us out 'PLAT! VOLTA 3, Daniel Farr, RR 8, Dunnville, Ont. N1A 2W7. Available for 35¢ (that's what it says...) I spoke too soon when I said an issue or

two ago that VOLTA had disappeared. It is back. That's about all it would be polite for me to say. But I like their spirit. Maybe I'll try an ish or two more of ISH on it to get Farr to join OSFiC... FANZINE FANATIQUE 30, Keith & Rosemary Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd., Lancaster, Lancs, England. Available for the usual I think. The copy I have comes with a little printed sticker asking if I'll trade. Damn! I almost feel obliged to, and if FANZINE FANATIQUE was an American or Canadian zine I probably would, but postage to the UK is so much, and FANZINE FANATIQUE is so ugly! By and large Keith's reviews--FANZINE FANATIQUE is a review and reprint zine--aren't half perceptive enough. The zine is just on the edge of being reliable and inexpedible, but it threatens to teeter off in the wrong direction any second. IBID 22, Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck NJ 07666 (Ben Fulves' hoax identity?). This is Ben's special Lord Dunsany issue, and includes a large section contributed by the notorious Bill Bridget. Not half bad, I guess, but I'd rather read his earlier issues. This will be his last, unfortunately, unless the SAVE BEN INDICK FROM GAFIA, TERMINAL TWONK'S DISEASE, AND DEBTOR'S PRISON OCCASIONAL CRAWL OF CRUDZINES FUND can change his ear-to-ear scarlet carpeted mind for him. RALLY! 37, Don Markstein and Beth Schwarzin, 1508 Ashwood, Austin TX 78722. RALLY is available for news, whim or sub (5/\$1), and pubs irregularly. Although not extraordinarily readable, Don's newszine carries a lot of news and information not available through other channels. Nor is RALLY! well known, at least out of the south. The

trade copy we got for DNO was the first either Victoria or I heard of a Southern Fried Newszine. Don was going to pub something like DNO, he says, but we beat him to the punch. I hope he increases the frequency of RALLY! instead, and circulates it outside of the deep south. IGUANACON PR 4, from IguanaCon, PO Box 1072, Phoenix AZ 85001, membership currently \$20, but going to \$25 after July first. Single copies of the PR are \$1.50, and back issues may be available. This issue has a vital article on survival in the desert, or at least Phoenix, which is all the more vital if you're foolish enough to be thinking of taking Ellison's advice to camp out. Also in this ish is One Man's Fandom, by Harry Warner, possibly his last bit of fan history, and the new Iggy logo. Better by far than the old one, if I do say so myself...Also, I love that cover on the last issue. KARASS 37, Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park PA 19076. Only available for news, trades, and contributions now--no subs are being accepted as this is the penultimate issue. The ultimate issue may be an all art issue, using up the last of the logos and other contributions kicking around the Bushyager household. KARASS was hardly the most colorful, or long lived, of fannish newszines, but it served an important function while it was being published, and I'll be sorry to see it go.

NEXT ISH: "As if the Colonel Weren't Enough..."

Tara
415 Willowdale Ave. - #1812
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DNO

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