

DNQ

DNQ, the subjective faanish newsletter, is published every three weeks or so as a Derelict House Koan © 1978 by Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4, tel. (416) 221-3517, and Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8, tel. (416) 787-7271. This ish published on Sunday, August 20, 1978, with technical production work by Victoria, as Taral has already left for the beginning stages of his voyage to Phoenix. (Thus, until the end of September, please send subs, renewals, and news items to Victoria's PO box unless you don't mind the wait till Taral returns home and retrieves his mail. Afterwards we'd like things to go back to the way they are now, with both of us receiving about half of the DNQ material each, which we feel is fair.)

Subscriptions are 4 for \$1.00, with overseas subs being sent two at a time to save on exorbitant airmail postage rates. DNQ is also available for twiltone, at 10 issues per ream, and we prefer two reams of a colour for the obvious reasons; for artwork and logos we use; printable gossip and news items; newszine trades (for both of us!); putting up with us on visits; old fanzines; and sometimes for sheer unpredictable whim. Logo this time is by C. Lee Healy; mailing label logo by Terry Jeeves; 2020 and fanartist cartoon by Taral. Riders are invited but please check with us first. Free Gift this time is H. Petard's "A Contribution to the Mathematical Theory of Big Game Hunting", printed from retained three-year old stencils. Ad riders are also accepted, but we ask for \$7.00 per hundred for a one-page inclusion, and reserve the right to refuse ads. TYPO will appear at intervals as a letter supplement, and letters received with items that can wait a short while before publication will be included there. (That's you, Rob Jackson, among others.)

Last ish was larger than usual, and the next time that happens we'll count it as a double issue and put honest postage on all the copies. We suspect that the 14¢ for one ounce we used last time when the actual weight was more like 1.5 ounces resulted in a number of you getting stuck with postage due. We apologize--but DNQ still hasn't broken even on subs.

Next ish will appear the weekend following IGGY, probably a fairly short issue giving major immediate news items from the worldcon, such as Hugo and FAAn winners. DNQ 9 will then appear after a four week interval rather than three (the weekend following PgHLANGE, and after Taral's return), a larger issue with more detailed anecdotes concerning the worldcon, and Taral's travels. After that it's back to what passes for normal around here.

ELLISON WALKS WALK OVER MARKSTEIN?

This is complicated, and I'm not sure what it amounts to, but it would appear that Don Markstein's claim to being sued by Ellison is exaggerated. More, both IGGY and Ellison assert that Markstein deliberately falsified information and eluded attempts by Ellison to straighten the matter out. The way it goes is something like this... Ellison was asked to speak at Tulane University in New Orleans on a seminar. Since Louisiana was not an ERA state, Ellison passed along the decision to the NOW, which had speakers of its own at the seminar, and was encouraged to participate. On arrival, one of Ellison's eardrums ruptured, causing bleeding and later a fever, the effect being that he was too ill to be "wining, dining and wenching", as described in RALLY!. This occurred months before the article, ELLISON WALKS WALK, appeared in Markstein's newsletter. When the article appeared, Ellison, naturally upset, wrote a registered letter to Markstein saying that he would refer the RALLY! article to his lawyer, and wanted a retraction. There were also apparently phone calls to Markstein over the matter. Don would not pick up Ellison's registered letter from the post office, so didn't pay any attention to the demanded retraction until the lawyer got in touch with him. Consequently some sort of retraction has been printed in an issue of RALLY! that hasn't been distributed yet. Up to this point Markstein is said to excuse his attack on Ellison on the basis of RALLY! only being a fanzine, but the story has been picked up by both DNQ and by FILE 770, and the matter has gotten more serious. Also, apparently Markstein has had full page local newspaper coverage over the affair, again making the matter more serious. So far, however, Ellison has not sued, nor strictly threatened to sue, just referred the issue to his lawyer...

So far I've talked with members of the IGUANACON committee, Harlan Ellison, and Don Markstein. What has Markstein to say of it? Basically he thinks the affair blown entirely out of proportion, and says he hasn't time or inclination to engage in feuds. Hence the refused registered letter. Also, he considers the tone of RALLY! to be flippant rather than offensive, and that 7 lines of coverage

of Ellison's faux pas just isn't worth the bother.

Ellison seems to feel that Markstein is a fool who's out to get him, that fandom is full of irresponsible kids with mimeos, that the minnows are trying to nibble him away, etc. Paranoid stuff? On the other hand, Ellison is trying hard to make his way through a morass of doubtful ethical problems, and does have a reputation for ethical behaviour to protect. Newspaper coverage is potential damage to his reputation, and Ellison does not have time to mix in perennial fan feuds.

So. What can we learn from all this? Markstein seems to have made a series of blunders. He loaded his original article, ELLISON WALKS WALK, so that it could not fail to create the wrong impression in people, whatever his motive. He failed to pick up a registered letter, which is not a terribly responsible act even though in itself it may not have been important. And, most significant, Don has not faced up to the fact that although he may not take matters seriously, the fact that someone else does makes it serious. Ellison, on the other hand, had other options open to him than legal recourse. Referring a matter to your lawyer is not technically a threat to sue, but I've had dealings before with people who use this approach as simple intimidation. Ellison probably did not ever intend to go to court over RALLY!, but Ellison just doesn't sound like he's going to be reasonable, even when he means to be! He obviously was willing to expend the time and energy in letters and phone calls to Don Markstein. The next step should have been to present his case to the editors who had taken up the RALLY! story.

Somehow I fit into all of this. My item on the RALLY! story seems to have been very nearly the last straw that broke Ellison's back, and I have already spoken to the man in apology for running a misleading story. Perhaps I'm naive, but I tend to extend the benefit of the doubt to my sources, and foolishly let inconvenience prevent me from checking the facts. I stand on my opinions, though. I still don't believe collective punishment of the state for individual sins was a proper way of handling the situation, but I approve of the ERA, I admire Ellison's stand, and I don't have much money to

spend anyway...

On a deeper level, the Markstein/Elison business is the result of two fundamentally opposed philosophies colliding. The one person who takes nothing seriously encountering the other who takes everything seriously, and neither understanding the other. It's happened to me, playing Ellison's role, (which I think puts me into a position where I'm more likely to have understood the episode than if I were in the other position). Will anyone learn anything from it?

Well, maybe me at least.

Meanwhile, I fully understand the feelings Linda Bushyager must have had when she quit the newszine business. If this keeps up, I swear, DNQ goes back to "Derelict Arrogations"...

- Tara!

FYI - IGUANACON NEWS

IGGY NUMBERS GAMES. IGUANACON as of the time of this writing already has sold 4000 memberships, and balancing no-shows against walk-ins, the concom expects an attendance of 4000 people at the worldcon this year to make this the largest worldcon since DISCON in 1974. As of a few days before the voting deadline, 800 Hugo ballots had been received. Also at IGGY, 200-300 drawings by John Schoenherr will be auctioned. A TAFF/DUFF table in the hucksters' room has been set aside to be manned by previous winners and to sell previous trip reports and other miscellaneous fannish items for the funds; as well there will be an auction of old fanzines, books, and one-of-a-kind t-shirts by well-known fan artists.

IGGY OPERATIONS. Volunteers are urgently needed by IGUANACON to man registration desks and information tables, keep eyes on rooms, act as gofers, and generally help out. Someone may collar you at the con; please have a heart, as these people are working far harder than any of you potential volunteers out there would have to. IGGY will be grateful.

IGGY FILMS scheduled so far (with prices included because people might be interested in the relative costs of their favourites) are as follows:

Day 1: DINOSAURUS (\$27), 5,000,000 YEARS TO EARTH (\$45).

Day 2: HIS MAJESTY THE SCARECROW OF OZ (\$32), 5000 FINGERS OF DR. T (\$39), THE LORAX (\$23), ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND (\$51), JEWELS IN THE FOREST (free), FANTASIA (?).

Day 3: DIE MONSTER DIE (\$35), SHUTTERED ROOM (\$40), DUNWICH HORROR (\$38), HAUNTED PALACE (\$38), PEER GYNT (\$50), SIEGFRIED (\$35), DR. STRANGELOVE (\$155), BED-SITTING ROOM (\$80), GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD (\$55), GET TO KNOW YOUR RABBIT (\$146), PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE (\$205).

Day 4: METROPOLIS (\$25), 1984 (\$55), MAN IN OUTER SPACE (\$35), GLADIATORS (\$259), CABARET (\$375), ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW (\$355), THX-1138 (\$55).

Day 5: A TRIP TO THE MOON (\$8), DIE FRAU IN MOND (\$46), ALPHAVILLE (\$132), DOC SAVAGE (\$55), FEARLESS FRANK (\$30), 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (\$355).

This list is still somewhat incomplete, and because of an expanded film budget, more attractions are being added. The British animated film of WATERSHIP DOWN is being premiered at a special midnight showing free to the con members, at the Cine Capri. (This is five miles from the hotels but bus shuttles are to be provided.)

SABBATH SERVICE AT IGUANACON. All Jewish fans are invited to attend a Sabbath service at the worldcon on Friday, Sept. 1, at 7:30 PM in the Remington A-C room, Hyatt Hotel. The service will be informal but reverent. Information can be obtained from Fred Lerner, Box 515, Montpelier, VT 05602, or phone (802) 229-0676.

FYI - FANPUBS

BRITISH FANS' PROJECTS. Harry Bell is working on an underground comic with scripting by Ian Williams, saying that his interest in comics was growing in inverse proportion to the number of fanzines around with any artistic sensibility. He is also illustrating a chapbook, "The Best of the Bushel", a collection of Bob Shaw's "The Glass Bushel" columns. Rob Jackson will be the co-publisher of this with Harry, and the book will feature an introduction by Walt Willis. Ian Williams is working on a history of British fandom in the 70's and Ian Maule is considering the production of a 70's British fanwriting fanthology. Roy Kettle and John Brosnan's sitcom

scripts have so far been met with rejections, but rejections so phrased as to encourage more submissions.

HUGOS THERE? ME, CHARLIE BROWN! Gregg Press will be publishing a 2 volume set of the complete run of LOCUS for \$95, for which Charlie Brown is being paid for the rights. Andy Porter read to me over the phone a couple of sentences from the introduction that he thought ought to be made public. One, from page v of vol. 1, reads "in 1976 I decided I liked doing LOCUS more than I liked being an electrical engineer. We survived the massive cut in income and turned the magazine into a professional undertaking." This is signed Charlie Brown, 18 Marh 1978. Andy is also sending the information to Jim Corrick of the Hugos committee, and to other newszine editors. Brown can be hung with his own admissions and the job SUNCON flubbed may be brought to a successful conclusion at last. Only SFR to go after that...

THE GIANT BLODGES THAT ATTACKED TOKYO MAYA.

Those who received their MAYA 15's with Blodges on the inside but with assurances on the envelope that their credit was still good for an issue or more, need not worry. The problem lies back on the evening that the envelopes were stuffed, and the assistance of a confused Ian Williams who was suffering slightly from the effects of the evil brew. When editor Rob Jackson discovered Blodged copies where there shouldn't have been, great was his dismay and he replaced them with unmarked ones. But readers should keep in mind that there are 500 copies of MAYA involved and thus some mistakenly Blodged ones may have slipped past him. However, MAYA 15 had a more serious problem in its odyssey into the bottomless maws of the post awful. It came to pass that the xeroxed address labels had a tendency to rub off, and as a consequence there is a possibility some faithful readers or subbers may not have received their copies. Rob has no way of knowing about it if the copy was not returned to him, and thus he asks that anyone who thinks he or she is due a copy who has not received one by mid-September to please let him know so a replacement can be sent.

THE BOOK OF ELLISON, Andy Porter's newest release from ALGOL Press, is promised, in the paperback edition at least, for IGUA-

NACON. The BOOK includes material from the ALGOL Ellish, but there is also material from other sources, and one or two original articles written just for the book. A quality paperback (5-1/2 x 8-1/4, and perfect-bound) has a 2 colour cover, and sells for \$5.98. A hardcover edition, limited to 200 copies, may or may not be ready for IGGY, and sells for \$15.

MOTOR CITY MADNESS is the name of a one-sheet newsletter recently put out by Brian Earl Brown, and it reports news about collapsing and recoallescing Detroit slanshacks, the Baptists at AUTOCLAVE, nude publishing, hermit crabs, and a possibly entry into the Fannish Guinness which we'd rather not rehash at this point. Looks like fun, and although somewhat different in layout, puts us in mind a bit of DOWN WITH!, whose three issues in early 1978 were the precursor to DNQ. Does this mean there'll be a rival newsletter coming out of Detroit in a couple of months? Will it mean a price war, putting FILE 770 out of business, ruthless maneuvering for scoops? Will there be bloodshed at the next worldcon? Subscribe to DNQ and keep ahead of the news!

FYI - MISCELLANEOUS

THE WALTER GILLINGS TRAVEL FUND is a project of First Fandom to bring Walter Gillings to North America in 1980 for the worldcon, in celebration of his 50 years' involvement in science fiction. The committee organizing the fund includes Dave Kyle, Lynn Hickman and John Millard; and contributions will be greatly appreciated. Please send cheques or money orders to John Millard, 18 - 86 Broadway Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M4P 1T4 (no cash through the mails, please - you know why!!!). The fund will be discussed during the First Fandom meeting at IGGY.

NOT THE REAL THING? NOVACON 9, scheduled to held in Albany NY in the fall of 1979, is not the official NOVACON, and the "real" NOVACON will still be held in Britain the same weekend. In fact, this is said to have surprised the "real" NOVACON people. Still, if things pan out and strings can be pulled with politicos at this end and peers at the other, a satellite link-up between the two cons might come to be, each partaking of the other's guest of honour speeches in this way.

PUKE FLAVOURED PRINGLES? Added to the repertoire of flavours from Canada's biggest potato chip maker, Hostess, was a truly incredible new creation from their highly talented food chemists. Hostess, the company that already brings eager junk food junkies their fix in flavours of cheese, ketchup, barbecue, sour cream & onion, and acetic acid as well as the garden variety regular, has pooled the talents of their think tanks and computers and lab technicians to produce the sensational new gourmet phenomenon of F*R*U*I*T F*L*A*V*O*U*R*E*D P*O*T*A*T*O C*H*I*P*S! They come in orange, cherry and grape flavours, appropriately colour-coded for easy identification in party bowls. DNQ's crew of intrepid roving reporters sampled this delicacy in July and bring you the following consumer report: ****barf**** (censored). Descriptions obtained from the recovered test subjects included such qualifiers as foul, vile and inedible, not to mention putrid and loathsome. In hopes of greater objectivity, Janet Small brought some samples to AUTOCLAVE for second opinions, but our conclusions remain unchanged.

STU SHIFFMAN'S PARTY on Saturday, 12 August, followed after a medieval fair at New York City's Cloisters presented by SCA members, with singing, dancing, fighting and feasts. Stu reports that the party started off somewhat on the wrong footing with bad vibes over paper cups, but things got better and a good time was had by all. Attending merry-makers included Linda Bushyager, Tim Marion, Joyce Scrivner, Nancy Hussar, Alan Lankin, Jim

Hershberg, Moshe Feder, Lise Eisenberg, Elliott Shorter, Ross Chamberlain and Rich Bartucci, and proceedings didn't wind down until 3:00 AM.

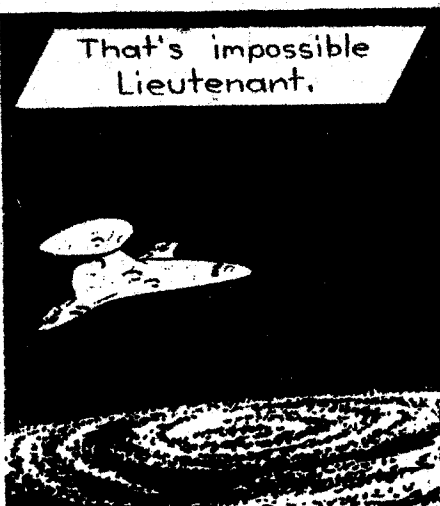
"NOT QUITE FOR US" is what the editors of GALILEO magazine scribbled on the bottom of their form rejection letter in reply to Taral's submission of a folio of representative artwork in hopes of some drawing assignments from them. The rejection letter was the standard form intended for submissions of written material; one might have expected some sort of distinction for art contributions. Taral's hopes still hang on those remaining contacts in the publishing world that he's following up; and we still have our fingers crossed.

2001: A VERMONT ODYSSEY was a 20 minute radio drama written by Fred Lerner broadcast on Vermont Public Radio on July 26 and 30. It is a pseudodocumentary, looking back from the year 2001 on the events leading up to Vermont's secession from the Union and establishment of the Second Republic of Vermont. It was part of a series on Quebec separatism and its implications for Vermont.

HARK!-CON put its fan guest of honour, D. Gary Grady, to work on July 22 collating 200 copies of HAROSFA CHRONICLES, with Tim Kirk cover, and which will be available to fandom at large. Also in the general area, RIVER-CON attracted 600 people, and featured the usual riverboat ride, at which Erwin Strauss tried to play the boat's steam calliope; a world premiere of VAMPIRE HOOKERS with John Carradine. No one was shot, but the elevator repairman lost a finger.

2020 *By Taral*

Is Re-Entry Dynamics Control ready for our orbital parameters to all controllers give us a landing pattern Wilson? Uh, no sir. ReDCon says all controllers are out on a wildcat strike.



MAE STRELKOV is back safely in Argentina, according to Ned Brooks on a plane that squeaked in on the last drop of fuel. It is possible she may return to the U.S. on a grant to complete her studies in ancient Chinese.

AUTOCLAVE'S INFLATED HOTEL BILL. Apparently Bill Bridget, he of great notoriety in fandom, departed from AUTOCLAVE last July with his hotel bill unpaid, which later surprised the concom with a larger hotel bill than they expected. When queried about this at a later convention, Bridget's excuse was that he didn't have any money. Con committees beware; this is no excuse to leave sour tastes with hotels after sf cons, and the concoms themselves ought not to be stuck with the hotel bills of deadbeats. And you people out there in reader land, remember the Hogu's!

LEBCON - SAARA MAR

Six or seven hundred miles is a long way to drive for a party (and especially so when there are better ways of travel than driving.) But for some arcane reason July 4th was a long weekend, and Linda and Ron Bushyager had invited their friends over for a party. Victoria and Taral wanted to go, on the theory that talking with people could be practised far more successfully at a private party than at a con. I wanted to go too, having heard about the Pghlangeween they went to the October before. And naturally, we had to drive, not fly. Driving is fun, and the Appalachians beautiful, and having money to fly is not faanish (says Taral).

(And what about the flier, and apportal, I ask?) (Science fiction, he says, and therefore by definition not faanish.)

Well, what's a 16 hour drive anyway? Arrival was early afternoon, before preparations were completed, so Victoria crashed out upstairs to renew her energies for the evening. Taral and Ron struggled with the badminton net out in the front yard while I carried some of the tables and chairs out back. Somehow the badminton net escaped use, but the croquet game was in almost constant use until the moment when the chow was ready. People and food were trickling out into the backyard while Ron barbequed hamburgers (to his credit with coals rather than hot language), weiners,

and the occasional stray mosquito. Besides the burgers and hotdogs, Linda had made the traditional faanish blog, and had set out chips, dip, watermelon and plenty of pop. At some point in the meal Linda and Ron managed to sneak a bite. Taral, as usual, made a pig of himself. Then began the arduous task of carting the debris of bottles, paper cups, crumpled potato chip bags, sticky cheese wrappings, melon rinds, soiled table cloths, congealed liver dip, grubby knives and forks and spoons, emptied sugar or saccharin bags, soggy paper plates, twist-off caps, mustard jars, and napkins back into the house. Most people just milled around, swapped the latest fan gossip, and polished off the remaining munchies, while a few die-hards resumed their interrupted game of croquet.

("Redrum!" quoth Taral. "Whasat?" "Read THE SHINING, and also, that's not croquet they're playing. They're playing Rogue.")

I could believe it! The players, one in particular, constantly imperilled the lives of their fellow fans by slamming their wooden balls through the air at speeds just short of breaking the sound barrier. And when one of these cannon shots originates under your very chair... I resisted quite nicely the impulse to toss the blinking set, piece by piece, a couple of blocks away... or to join in the game. (I suffer from unfair advantages in competition, anyway.)

The rest of the evening was spent in board games, talk, and computer games.

The following day was mostly spent in rest.

But that evening several local fans joined the stay-overs for dinner, and a one-shot ensued. Other than Victoria, Taral and myself, Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg, Joyce Scrivner, Stu Shiffman, Sue-Rae Rosenfeld, Guy Harris, Hope Leibowitz and Larry Carmody had stayed overnight. No one was excepted in contributing to the one-shot (not even me, though I only typed an interlino). Stu suggested a cover collaboration, and sketched lightly what looked like a London Bobby. Taral worked it over, adding some detail and a punchline, then handed it back to Stu for his half of the inking. Taral then did his half, and the finished product was electrostencilled. The one-shot wasn't printed in time for people to take with them, but it was handed out later at AUTOCLAVE. Moshe sweated over the title all the while people were typing. In the end he chose

"In Prospect", in light of being in Prospect Park.

Only Moshe and Lise stayed over with us on the second night. We stayed up very late, investigating one box after another of Linda's vast fanzine collection. She was thinking of selling it. Maybe. She didn't know. In lieu of the long drive we had to make tomorrow, Victoria insisted on sleep - not even half the collection was opened that night. But before poor Linda was permitted to sleep, a tentative bargain had been driven, the terms of which you read last DNQ. (20 boxes for \$400, plus 50% from whatever was resold, guaranteeing \$100.)

Next day, neither bright nor early (it had begun to rain the previous night and was still at it at noon), we set off, bidding Ron and Linda farewell at the front door, and shouting goodbye at the window where Moshe and Lise were still struggling to get up. We took a spare watermelon, turkey sandwiches, and a bottle of Pepsi as souvenirs. Also 12 boxes of fanzines... (Instead of apportioning them. To make me sit up front in the middle I think.) It rained most of the way back. The guard at the border, of course, was suspicious of a car full of cardboard boxes, but it's been years now since anybody was foolhardy enough to give any in Dalmitinla trouble, so we got through with a minimum of face-saving delay. Much to Taral's disappointment, the sadistic bastard...

Great fun, if not every moment, at least on the whole. So I go whole heartedly along with Taral's and Victoria's theory that parties are better than cons. When's the next one?

- Saara

HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

CoA's...

BONNIE DALZELL, 14130 Travilah Rd.,
Rockville MD 20850

JEANNE GOMOLL, 2018 Jennifer,
Madison WI 53704

J. OWEN HANNER, 338 Jackson St, #2,
Libertyville IL 60048

RANDY REICHARDT, 58 Penrose Pl.,
Winnipeg, Man. R2J 1S1

TIM MARION, c/o D. Schweitzer, 113
Deepdale Rd., Stratford PA 19087.

FORCED FAANISH PARODIES - VV

(Readers are encouraged to send in their own grotty and grotesque faanish parodies--ones we hope never get written--with one ish sub extension for the publishable ones.)

THE SOUND OF FANAC - A rising young fan is engaged by a BNF to oversee the development of his crop of protege neofans into trufen. Under her guidance, they develop into superb fanwriters, and their one-shot subsequently wins a FAAn Award. After the award ceremony at the worldcon, they narrowly escape from the Dorsai who are lurking about, who would conscript them all for Wackenhutt RentaCop.

THE CON MUTINY - A courageous young fan ousts the chairman of a foundering worldcon committee at the height of tension just before the Hugo Award banquet. Afterwards he is roasted in the fan press for non-fanishness and sued by the ex-chairman, a nervous sort who has a habit of juggling three tribbles with one hand. But he wins the suit and later on chairs a relaxacon in the same city.

FANLET - After one BNF caused the fafiation of another so that his zine would clinch the Hugo through the other's absence, the fafiate's protege feigns Twonk's Disease and in

I'M A **FANARTIST!** MY NAME
IS ENSHRINED AMONG THE
HOLLOWED RANKS OF KIRK,
FOGLIO, GILLILAND, AUSTIN,
STEFFEN, AUSTIN, SHULL,
ROTSLER, BARR AND **SCHALLES!**



a series of libellous editorials causes the usurper to threaten lawsuit and thus expose himself. Bizarre happenings result, and finally, in a series of massive feuds, everyone gafflates.

WILLY TWONKA AND THE MIMEO FACTORY - After a neofan finds a winning certificate for a tour of the Twonka mimeo factory printed in invisible ink in a fanzine he received, he finds himself taking the tour with five other neos. One by one these are eliminated in horrible dooms--one drowns in a corflu vat, another is wrapped around a giant electrostencil drum and electrocuted, and yet another is flattened by the rollers of a giant mimeo--all having been proven unworthy. Out hero alone survives and inherits the honour of overseeing the construction of the Enchanted Duplicator.

CAVEAT EMPTOR - TARAL

Okay, there's been a change in policy in this department. While I was reviewing everything that came in the mail I found myself repeated reviewing the same not so good zines. How many ways can I find to say INSTANT MESSAGE is at best a club organ and not fascinating reading? And who wants to know? Also, while there is a need for a place where even the cruddiest crudzine is mentioned, is it necessary to go into all the gory details about them? Going quickly through past columns you could get a depressing image of a fandom full of first issues, club newsletters, and fringe stuff, while the occasional gem of a GRANFALLOON goes unnoticed buried among the dross. Starting with this issue Caveat Emptor will weight its reviews so that the sparklers are properly exhibited and the utterly dismal hidden out of sight.

AH, SWEET IDIOCY! and FAN-DANGO were published by Francis Towner Laney over 30 years ago, and, as you can imagine, are somewhat difficult to find in order to read. I've been lucky. I've been able to read these, and other things now in my collection. While I said much about my impressions of A,SI in Glycer's F770, there are a couple of things more I could say, that I may as well say here. It would almost seem as if most of the trappings of fandom were created in a few short years between 1939 and 1948. These were the years of Claude Degler, Rosebud, the first Slan Shack, the first WorldCon, the birth

of FAPA, the (laughable) foundation of the N3F, Staple Wars, Ghu and Foo Foo, Who Sawed Courtney's Boat, and other nonsense of the same sort. 30 years later and we still reiterate the burning issues and topical jokes of the time with little hope of ever knowing just what it was all about. Finding and reading the old zines where it all happened is a thrill undiminished by the insignificance of it. Discovering that Laney erred in stating there was only one issue of PACIFICON NEWS when there were actually two, (both in your collection to prove it!) is no less satisfying than making an important discovery like rats eat each other if crowded into too small cages... Ideally, efforts should be made to reprint a lot of 40's material. Somebody should reprint Walt Liebscher's CHANTICLEER's, for instance. My own contribution may be to reprint the first two years of FAN-DANGO. It would be an issue of 8 zines and a total of about 75 pages, possibly stapled separately and held in a file folder. Maybe next year, after DELTA PSI 2 and 3, and the 77 fanthology (DEJA VU)...

ROTHNIUM 5 - David Hull, PO. Box 471, Owen Sound, Ont. N4K 5P7, \$1.25 or the usual horseplay with trades, locs and contributions. David seems hell-bent-for-leather to prove my last review of ROT. No questions about it, this issue is a physically more attractive product than any issue of KNIGHTS has been so far. It is difficult to assess the written contents, though. John Shirley, for instance, in his column synthesizes a lot of wide ranging knowledge into a rather dubious whole. Individually the parts make sense, but altogether I'm not sure. The connecting ideas seem more of a theme than a chain of thought. In another column Wayne Hooks surprises us with the notion that sf is 30 years behind the times, which it is if your reading begins and ends with ANALOG, which I guess Hooks' does if he can say something like that while books like THE EMBEDDING and TRITON are being published. By far the best piece in ROTHNIUM 5 was the fanhistory article by Tom Perry. It is one of the best pieces of writing to appear in 1978 that I've read, and though there's a lot I haven't gotten around to reading yet, I'm confident that my evaluation will stand. Also of note in the issue were Brian Earl Brown's fanzine reviews. Brian and I don't seem to see eye-to-eye on all he reviews, but his opinions are valid, and the dying race of zine reviews needs every mote of

of support in can get. (Please continue reviewing for ROTHNIUM, Brian, or somewhere at least.) Artistically, I was only taken with a few of the illustrations. The cover for instance, though excellent, leaves me cold. Jim Barker's were up to his usual fine quality, but the Bells, Gilllands, and Rotslers just weren't ones I would have picked myself. A great deal of the art in ROT was by a discovery of David Hull's, an artist by the name of Rick Corlett. I don't think he's a familiar name in fandom, but with exposure he ought to be. He reminds me a lot of McLeod, or Freff, in their darker moods.

CHARM - Eric Mayer, 175 Congress St., Apt. 5F, Brooklyn NY 11201. CHARM is, well, charming... It is distinguished as the only hecto fanzine currently being published to my knowledge. Much of the content is hand written, and therefore difficult to read, but the colours are pretty to look at.

EGG 11 - Peter Roberts, 38 Oakland Dr., Dawlish, Devon UK. Egg is available for some trades, locs, interesting old zines, small cottages in Cornwall, or even \$1, according to the obviously demented editor. (I mean, who wants a small cottage in Cornwall?) This issue's meat consisted of two longish trip reports, or perhaps two installments of the same trip report would be more accurate. Again, I have to compliment Jim Barker for his illustrations, and Stu Shiffman, who also illustrated Peter's travelogue. One Rotsler caught my attention. A before-and-after type comparison of a Rotsler hand-stencilled by a faned, and an unblemished sample. John Brosnan follows up the trip reports with his story of the attempt to sell a horror movie parody called JAW MAN to a producer. I'm afraid I did John the injustice of reading his article while on the can, never the best way to give your full attention to something, so it would be better if you read it for yourself and formed your own opinion.

FAN'S ZINE 14 & 15 - Stoelting family, 852 Old Brook Rd., Charlottesville, VA 22901. They trade, and the rest of the usual, I gather. There isn't a great deal to either issue, but both were pleasant light reading. In one, Bill Bridget tells us how he regularly ate at a McDonald's while travelling in Guatemala, thereby demonstrating again his rotten taste, and in

the same issue there are some good reviews of British zines by Paul Skelton. Letters complete the issue. Number 15 is a little fuller. There are more zine reviews, not by Skel, though, book reviews, and a lot of comics related things I didn't find interesting at all (like a list of comics for sale). These latest issues were bereft of covers, and other illustrations that might have alleviated the subtle feeling of incompleteness I was left with by FAN'S ZINE. The best cure would be more content, more structure, or more frequency. This lies up to the Swiss Family Stoelting, not me.

FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE 14 - Cliff & Susan Biggers, 1029 Franklin Road, Apt. 3A, Marietta GA 30067. 75¢ or the usual. A while ago, in some other zine, I compared FRET to SFR, but if the Biggers ever were trying to emulate Geis, it seems clear that's not what they're doing now. FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE, for instance, is in some ways a better looking product than SFR. It isn't as neat and professional looking, but more is attempted. A bit of colour, borders, headings, and a lot of illustrations appear. Even if a few cracks in the stencils are left uncorrected, it is a visually interesting zine, which SFR is not. While FRET is mostly book reviews, and letters in reaction to them, there is the editorial and Mike Glycer's column to retreat to if you're hopelessly faanish, and a couple of critiques or commentaries at the back that are long enough to be solid reading. Artistically, I found the covers and some of the work of Sally Cook and Wade Gilbreath interesting, especially the frontispiece, which reminded me so much of Alicia Austin, down to the similar signature even. I have just contributed artwork of my own, so be warned of future issues...

SMALL FRIENDLY DOG QUARTERLY 15 - Skel & Cas (Skelton), 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire, SK2 5NW. Available as a consolation to the damned, I think, or possibly the insane. This appears to be a reappearance of INFERNO, after considerable hiatus, but under a different name. SFD, QUARTERLY? A joke, I believe it says somewhere inside... While largely unembellished by any of the excellent British fanart available, there is nevertheless some relief for the eye. The next to penultimate page is a paste-up extortion note (with no explanation if the Skeltons actually paid the £399 for their

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sausage roll or not), and the front cover sports a jaunty Home Brewed Lager label. My copy was also decorated by an uncanceled 7p stamp, but that may not have been intentional. Try as I may to avoid the issue (Freudian slip?) I have to get around to admitting that I found SFD^{ly} a bit of a drudge to read through. If this is the vaunted English writing, I'll take vanilla, (whatever that actually means). Basically this is personalzine writing - somewhat disconnected, not very funny, and sometimes even offensive - and only a friend could either understand or enjoy Paul Skelton. There are moments, however, when Skel seems to sit down at his typer in a thoughtful mood. In my mind, pages 8 through 10 justified my reading the rest of the issue. Congratulations are in order for Paul's having successfully come to a difficult decision regards to his son and certain tenets of feminism. Especially after having dedicated the issue "to everyone who is fed up to their left tit of feminism and feminists" on the first page.

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UNIFAN 1 - Ellen Pederson and Niels Dalgaard, Horsekildevej 13, IV dør 3, DK 2500 Valby, Denmark. Available for trade, or printed LoCs. By far the largest part of this Danish zine is an impromptu verbal story by Aldiss that was taped at FABULA 77 (a Scandinavian con). There was a brief description of Danish fandom, and a Mathematical Lion Hunt not unlike the rider in this issue of DNQ. That was about all, if you don't count a couple of paragraph-long snippets and advertising for their other zine, CRITIFAN. The cover, the only artwork in the zine, was strikingly ugly. It would be nice to see UNIFAN improve--there is so little fannish fandom in Europe that any step is a step in the right direction.

NEXT ISSUE

Hugo and FAAn results, IGGY items of immediacy, and Taral's "An Introduction to the Fannish Social Register". See lots of you at the WorldCon!

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