

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, number 9, published on Saturday Sept. 30, 1978, when we could have been at PgHLANGE instead, but aren't because of the lack of money.

Subscriptions are 4 for \$1.00, with overseas copies sent at printed matter rates to save on ripoff airmail rates unless other arrangements are made. DNQ is also available for twiltone (10 issues per ream, with two reams of a colour preferred); artwork and logos we use; printable gossip and news items; newszine trades for both of us; putting up with us or putting us up on visits; old fanzines; and sheer unpredictable whim. And, I*M*P*O*R*T*A*N*T: All our prices on DNQ, DELTA PSI, SIMULACRUM, FANTHOLOGY's, posters, old zines for sale, etc. etc. are henceforward in U.S. currency. Due to the rapid deterioration of the Canadian dollar (thanks to fools in high places) we are going to have to start asking for the exchange rate--right now something like 18¢ on the dollar--if payments are made in Canadian dollars. Riders are accepted but please check with us first; also ad riders are accepted at \$7.00 U.S. per print run insertion but please, again, check first; we reserve the right to refuse ads. TYPO appears occasionally as a letter supplement, and the second one is enclosed with this issue.

Logo and all illos this time by Taral; art credits for TYPO in the colophon therein.

The number on the mailing label indicates the last issue on your subscription; if this says "9" this is your last issue and we hope you will resubscribe. "ALL" designates your admission to that small and elite group of people on our permanent mailing list because they're good people and we like them, and want to do something special for them. TRADEs are also indicated on the labels. Other notations are custom made.

 * Mike Glycer, our DNQ agent in Sylmar CA, reports that he got DNQ "a week after *
 * Harlan Ellison". We apologize for the inconvenience...Harlan was meant to go *
 * to Don Markstein, but obviously a mix-up with the mailing labels addressed him *
 * to the wrong place. Just drop him in the nearest mail box and clearly mark *
 * him "not accepted". We'll see that he gets to the right party. *
 * *

F.Y.I.

THIS EXPLAINS SOMETHING ABOUT THE CANADIAN POST AWFUL... The main terminal, through which all mail inbound to and outbound from Toronto must pass, is called GATEWAY. Here they load the mail on various vehicles and send them on their way. Some of them actually reach their destination and return, with payloads of different mail, which is sometimes the correct mail and thus valuable. The lengths of time taken for these trips is extremely variable and totally unpredictable, as is the probability that a vehicle will actually arrive at its destination and that it will afterwards come back. GATEWAY is located on Eglinton Ave. in Mississauga (bedroom suburb just beyond the western edge of Metropolitan Toronto). And now we know where Frederick Pohl got his inspiration.

WALTER GILLINGS TRAVEL FUND This fund stands at \$350 as of the middle of September, but more is still needed for this project of First Fandom's to bring Wally Gillings to NOREASCON 2. John Millard refers those who may not recognize the name of Wally Gillings to ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, page 83 onwards. All checks and money orders for this fund should be made payable to John Millard, 18-86 Broadway Ave., Toronto, Ont. M4P 1T4.

SEACON 79 membership now stands at close to the 2500 mark, and it looks as though it will be a large con. Memberships are \$7.50 supporting and \$15.00 attending until the end of December 1978, Canadian funny bucks apparently being accepted at par for the moment.

MORE DETAILS ON THE BRITISH 70's FANTHOLOGY to be edited by Ian and Janice Maule, and Joseph Nicholas. They predict a 100-page, with several pages of offset ("litho" in British), art selected from zines of the period under study. If all goes well, Ian reports, their fanthology ought to be ready for Easter and available at SEACON. Cost is thought to be in the neighbourhood of one or two dollars, with postage probably extra. Profits will go to fan funds of various natures.

*///*Forever in my debt...whosoever invents a correcting Selectric that works on stencils *sigh*///**

ON SEACON TRAVELS... Ian Maule also reminds you that bringing "substances" into Britain when coming to SEACON can get you a two year jail term on the average. Ian works as a customs officer (but is a nice guy once he removes his jack boots and is off duty) and offers to answer any questions put to him about importing.

NOREASCON 2's rates are presently \$8.00 supporting and \$15.00 attending until the end of 1978. Site selection voters have supporting memberships for their \$5.00 and can convert them to attending memberships for an additional \$5.00 until the end of 1978, after which the going conversion rate will apply. These rates are all in U.S. currency, for which I can't blame them since Trudeaudollars are fast coming to be not worth the paper they're printed on; but the prices in general do seem high. NOREASCON began with 1070 memberships from the site selection participants; at the end of IGGY there were a total of 1162 members, 805 of them supporting and 357 attending. Those who claimed to have sent money for voting which was not received (due to post office problems with self-mailers unsealed at the ends) are being given the benefit of the doubt and can buy attending memberships for \$10 rather than the \$15 charged new members. The worldcon fanzine, THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER, which will appear interim to the progress reports, is available for \$2.00 all issues, and will include details and feedback on aspects of the worldcon.

PRO NEWS Linda Bushyager's second novel, THE SPELLSTONE OF SHALTUS, is complete and has been sent off to Jim Frenkel at Dell Books. Linda reports that the cover lettering and back blurb for her first novel, MASTER OF HAWKS, has been done although the cover art is not yet finished; MASTER OF HAWKS should be appearing around July 1979. She has ideas for several more books, which will be more SF oriented rather than fantasy adventures as are the first two, and not set in the same universe as the first two. She will be starting another novel soon. Linda also reports that Dell is starting a fantasy line this fall, with a projected 12 titles per year.

BOTH TORONTO'S OZYMANDIAS AND WINNIPEG'S UNCON were successful. UnCon I can find no information for, The program book refers neither to date nor to who the

guests were, but a letter from Randy Reichardt reveals that over 500 people were present, and that an organized Winnipeg club may grow from the convention's success. Ozzy was a comparatively smaller success, with about 180 people attending and about \$150 made in profit. There is a distinct possibility of both conventions occurring next year as well. NonCon, in Edmonton, comes up in October and ought to do well. But MapleCon in Ottawa, also in October, seems to interest few outside of Our Nation's Capital. How truly Canadian... Maybe there'll be a coherent CanFandom yet (S,AS)...

A PROPOSAL has been made to OSFIC to replace its present newszine, ISHUE, and sub the club to DNQ instead. The scheme has a number of advantages to both parties, and especially to me (Taral)--I have to publish both of them, and eliminating one would cut my work load by half... Additional benefits to DNQ and its personnel include guaranteed solvency and access to long distance telephony to verify the juicier bits of rumour we come across. The proposal, even if accepted by the club, will not take effect until November at the earliest. (No contents changes in DNQ will result from this, however, since all OSFIC info of club interest only will be in a separate sheet to be included as a rider to club members only, and not in DNQ proper.--VV)

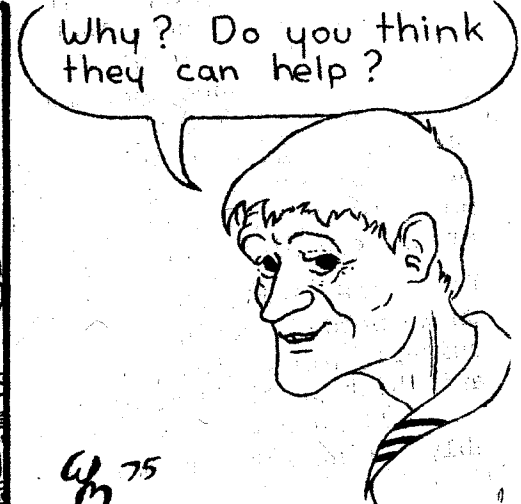
PLUGOLA REDUX Kindly assenting to save DNQ the trouble of reviewing every fanzine that comes our way, Brian Earl Brown has begun the WHOLE FANZINE CATALOGUE. More than

ever Caveat Emptor did, WoFan covers the field month by month, missing nothing that darkened Brian's mailbox. Unlike its deceased progenitor, IT COMES IN THE MAIL, WoFan is available to those who need it most--those who don't publish and therefore have nothing to trade for it. This bimonthly pub is available for 35¢ or 3/\$1, if you can't manage the usual. If you can trade, Brian urgently wants your zine, for listing in WoFan, and trades on basically a 3 to 1 ratio. Send your crudzines or sticky quarters to 16711 Burt Rd. #207, Detroit MI 48219.

HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

- Rob Jackson - 6 Christ Church Rd, Surbiton Surrey, KT5 8JJ U.K.
- Joe Pearson - 17830 Kinzie St, Northridge, CA 91325
- Allyn Cadogan & Grant Canfield - 251 Ashbury St. #4, San Francisco CA 94117
- Ben Zuhl - 7660 N. Sheridan Rd, Chicago, IL 60625
- Cy Chauvin - 5957 Brush St, Detroit, MI 48202 (1st class); 17829 Peters, Roseville, MI 48066 (everything else)
- Jim Bodie - 1127 Salem, Dayton, OH 45406
- Paul L. Madarasz - 632 Prentis #4, Detroit, MI 48201
- Larry Downes - 1540 W. Rosemont, Chicago, IL 60660
- Diane Drutowski, 800 Fuller #2, Ann Arbor, MI 48104

2020 By Taral



W 75



- VICTORIA VAYNE

I arrived in Phoenix on Wednesday mid-afternoon, with Janet Small and Bob Wilson as fellow passengers, on an American Airlines supersaver charter, special greatly reduced rates that allowed many people to come to the convention who might otherwise not have been able to afford it, and which may have had a part in swelling attendance to somewhere between 4000 and 5000 people, the largest worldcon yet. A sign at the airport welcomed IGUANACON.

There are a lot of stories circulating about con concommittee intrigue, but I don't know both sides yet, and thus will defer forming ideas about the matter until I've heard the Garret's side. Whatever went on beforehand, though, the point to me, as a con attendee, was that the outcome of it all was a very good convention, one I have no regrets whatsoever over having spent the money to come out to. The worst sort of complaints I overheard concerned the separation of the hucksters' area from the hotel, and the heat; and for my own part, I found very little to complain about.

Hundreds of people had arrived in Phoenix even earlier than Wednesday, but official registration did not open until Wednesday afternoon. Appallingly long lines in the Hyatt lobby around opening time melted away rapidly thanks to what I hear was a no-fuss-keep-the-line-moving policy on the part of the concom. All the lines, that is, except S-to-Z, where I found myself, which kept much of its original length even after the others had cleared. A suggestion I could make if this sort of situation came up again in a con is for relief to be offered to less competent registration people, or a judicious swap made for the person manning the shortest line of the lot. In any event, I was not aware of any registration slownesses after that Wednesday.

For most of the rest of the afternoon and evening on Wednesday, I helped out in the con headquarters running electrostencils and the mimeo. Much of this work was on the first issue of the daily con newsletter--a three page issue in a print run of 5000, each side of which required a full hour to run, not including additional related work. The con newsletter was a bit of a bottleneck problem at SUNCON too, requiring much time on the part of volunteers and the tying up of the display mimeo at the expense of fan demonstrations and one shots on the part of con attendees. I wonder, though, if daily news-sheets are necessary at all, and whether their function could not be handled through strategically placed blackboards and notice boards. Or (although I am aware this was not feasible for IGGY at the time) reductions and offset, or reductions and electro-stencils to reduce the paper amount, or tighter editing for the same effect, or multiple mimeo machines for more streamlining. Hard copy may be desirable for souvenirs, but one immediately practical suggestion would be to print only 500 or 1000 copies initially and replenish the supply with additional 500-copy printings as needed--so that paper and time would not be wasted if not everybody at the con wanted copies, but there would still be copies made available for everyone who wanted one.

Food, especially the Mexican variety, was cheap, plentiful and good near the con hotels. On Wednesday evening, I took time out from the printing to have supper and found a very suitable place along with Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg, to which I later brought Taral and which provided most of my main meals for the next five days. "Our" Mexican place generally always contained fans but was never packed whenever we went there, so presumably eating establishments were not difficult for people to find at the con in general.

Programming was plentiful, and, although I attended almost none of it, I heard from those who did that it was pretty decent. The few fan panels I attended were enjoyable, and there were always several different things going on at one time, in rooms generally turning out to be the proper size for the event--although there were some spill-overs for unexpectedly popular items. One plus for the IGGY program was that there were items scheduled for the normally dead hours around supper time and before the parties and major evening events began, so that nobody needed to be desperately lost for entertainments. In the fan programming at least, the panel topics were in many cases new approaches and new ideas, a nice change from the cliché standard repeats of so many regionals. Something else that seemed to work in the con's favour was the separation of the fan and alternate programming in the Adams Hotel from the main author-related and purely SF programming in the Hyatt, a division of interests that was also largely reflected in the choices of hotels made by attendees along these lines, and the location of parties of interest to particular groups at night. In the Adams, the concentration of fannish fans and lack of huge crowds made the whole event seem at times more like an especially diverse and well-attended regional than a worldcon.

Special mention should be made of Phil Paine's Neofans' Room. Phil was there almost constantly with information for newcomers to fandom who asked him about activities and people in their particular cities, with stories and anecdotes, and with a large selection of fanzines and apa mailings for them to look through. The room, though never crowded, was never empty either, and there always seemed to be enough eople around to provide newcomers with pleasant conversation.

My impressions of nighttime at the con are based mostly on the goings-on at the Adams, and the parties there. Still, it seemed to me that there were not an unusually large number of parties, and that even so, the people I wanted to see were generally scattered very widely and often invisible for long stretches of time. One evening, Taral and I became Wandering Midnight Hucksters and did a rousing business in DNQ subs, Panthologies and pre-subscriptions to DELTA PSI 2. Another evening we wound up in the fanzine fans' lounge and kept Jon Singer and Teresa Nielsen (hard working and valiantly trying to stay awake) company there for a while. Another party featured free books, but our restraint in taking away only a few each was not rewarded when soon afterwards, upon our return, we saw other people leaving with a dozen apiece and the racks within empty. A very brief foray into the party in the women-only lounge resulted in somewhat uncomfortable feelings for me, partly out of bad memories brought on by certain people and partly out of the militant and radical sura given the place by things like signs proclaiming boycotts to be observed and people at the door engaged in keeping out perceived nerds. A party for past and present members of APA-50 and friends was especially pleasant one evening well before most of the other parties had started, and here Cheryl Cline, who was giving out little hand-sewn patches spelling "ERA" or "SMOF", gave Taral one that said "BNF" in green which somehow seemed to fit with his special costume perfectly. The fanzine fans' lounge was the scene of the FAAn Awards presentation and reception, a party well-attended by a concentration of fanzine fans, but one that did not go on particularly late into the night. And although I had once entertained thoughts of throwing a fanzine fans' party at IGGY the same way we had at SUNCON (the infamous LizardCon party), I gave up the idea for lack of money, planning time or certainty. And it was Sunday night, when Moshe and Lise had their party, before we ventured over to the Hyatt for partying.

I am of mixed opinions about the use of convention centres for artshow, hucksters, and large special events. On the one hand, such centres provide the required room for displays and for popular audience events; on the other hand, widespread separation of functions requires a lot of time spent walking from place to place and makes finding people difficult. At IGGY, though, the distances were not great, the various places were distinct enough in functions and events that you knew where to go to find friends of like interests, and the heat outside the buildings was interesting.

There were details that worked out very well, that the concom deserves to be commended for, and which I can't possibly remember in toto: "priming" the neighbourhood of the hotels and the hotels themselves for the coming of the fans; the pictures of the concom

in the lobby for quick identification; in many ways a more thorough knowledge of what fannish fans like in a convention than any worldcon committee for a long time (although the opinions of all the con-goers may be wildly variable on that one). There were glitches too, but from my viewpoint I can't say anything seriously detracted from the enjoyment of the con by anyone I talked to.

The highlight of my week in Arizona, though, was not the convention but the two-day side trip to the Grand Canyon with Taral and Bob Wilson, in a rented Datsun. A beautiful place, to which my pedestrian prose cannot do justice--I will leave that for Taral. If my hoped-for two-month Discover America trip in 1980 works out, I will be able to go back.

I enjoyed IGGY a lot. I enjoyed SUNCON too, but can't make a comparison between the two since they were so different. SUNCON was a large east-coast style relaxacon, to my viewpoint; IGGY was a *worldcon*. I might have wished that some who weren't there could've found it possible--Don and Sheila D'Ammassa, Linda and Ron Bushyager--but I know I can never have everything. But as Taral said at the time, those who stayed away from IGGY convinced that it would be a lousy con, ought to be terribly disappointed.



- TARAL

The trip to IGGY was patently the most hazardous of my fannish career. No less than three sets of back-up plans were discarded, and the fourth was never really expected to work either... Two years ago I worked out an elaborate trip to be shared by a friend. We would drive up and around the Great Lakes, head west through the Dakotas, drive down the coast, and then make for Phoenix from the west! Two months before setting out, my ex-friend informs me he'd rather not bother. He flew instead. Contingency plan number two went into operation, which was to accept the standing invitation I had from another friend to accompany her by car to Phoenix from Rhode Island. The van she was buying from the junk yard wouldn't run, though. Contingency plan number three was scrapped together while staying with the D'Ammassas (who have my everlasting gratitude for my temporary hearth and home). A friend of my friend, who was also out of luck due to the balky van, had a friend of a friend who wanted to drive to IGGY, and had a van. It looked all set, but that van too failed us in the lurch. At the last moment, Lee Smoire, friend of the friend of the friend, now a friend for life, rescued us with the loan of her Datsun. Meanwhile, the friend, who was friend of the friend I was driving with, decided to fly... Such is the way of life...

Barely an hour out of Baltimore, (where I'd been staying with Lee), the car blows a tire. Fortunately it didn't begin to rain until we'd learned how to change the tire. There were 48 hours of driving ahead of us, not including stops, and somehow all 48 hours of it was organized in the worst possible way. To begin with, we left Baltimore on midnight Monday and drove through a novel area of the Appalachians in pitch black. Daylight found us motoring through the midwest dullery of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Missouri was an improvement, to be sure, but it slowly turned into Oklahoma, where we stopped for the night after nearly 24 hours of driving. Wednesday morning took us through the rest of Oklahoma, and as the day wore on the road changed gradually from Oklahoma to Texas, and from Texas to New Mexico. In New Mexico the landscape began to pick up my interest. Almost as soon as we passed the Texas border we dropped over some sort of rim and were

surrounded by miniature mesas and bluffs. The land looked much more the place to shoot a western than anything we saw of Texas, which was just as flat as you'd expect an ancient sea bottom to be. The map said we'd cross the continental divide just before passing into Arizona, and that there were good sized mountains Albuquerque-way. It was a race against the sun that we lost. We might just have seen some purple surrations along the horizon when the sun gave us a last contemptuous sneer and dove out of sight. All of Arizona, all of lovely exotic preternatural Arizona, passed along either side of me as we sailed through the inky night.

Arrival in Phoenix was just before dawn. In the dark, at morning, Phoenix could be anywhere. The streets looked odd, and there were shadowy suggestions of irregularities against the sky, but I could easily imagine I'd taken a wrong turn into an unfamiliar neighbourhood back home. What a lovely slowly dawning surprise to watch the sun rise! The mountains around the city materialized like ghosts from the grey-blue background, turned nascent pink with the sky and solidified with the light. I had driven through all that and in its invisibility had seen nothing. The McDowell range, the White Tank Mountains, the Bradshaws, Sierra Estrellas, Mazatzals, Superstitions...Morning.

There was a little matter of a convention afterwards that I enjoyed myself at, but while good as cons go, it was just a convention and I won't trouble you with my affairs there ...I will simply say that I arrived on a Wednesday morning after 24 hours without sleep with nowhere to go and nothing to do. Eventually I found opportunity to knock off a few hours of shuteye, but by then I had begun to enjoy myself and stayed awake another 12 hours. Thus the tone of IguanaCon was set, and continued through to Sunday.

THE CANYON While still in Toronto plans had been drawn up to visit the Grand Canyon. It was after all in the same state as the con, and we knew our priorities well enough to spare the time for the trip. Bob Wilson, Victoria Vayne and I procured a car--Ironically a Datsun--and pushed off Monday morning, expecting to arrive at the canyon in the late afternoon and hoping to find a place to stay. The hegira from Phoenix took me back along the way I'd arrived, but this time in daylight, and the land from the very beginning caught our attention and held it all the way to Flagstaff. The Valley of the Sun, the flat sonnora desert on which Phoenix was built, was studded with small ranges a few hundred feet high and a few miles long, one of which had been incorporated into the city itself, and was bristly with sagebrush and sagauro cactus. The valley ends rather abruptly in a mountainous rim two or three thousand feet above the level of the dessert, and the main highway climbs this height through Horse Thief Basin in a distance of about 10 or 15 miles. The Datsun protested all the way. The Bradshaws were the major range at that point along the rim and were an imposing bulk of rounded dunn coloured giants of parched earth and cacti. The table of the Colorado plateau was far from flat once we reached the top. It rolled in oceanic troughs and crests, keeping the Datsun labouring all the way. Just past Verde Valley, a major depression in the plateau caused by the Verde river, a sign announcing the Montezuma's Castle National Monument piqued our interest to take the turnoff and see just what a Montezuma's Castle was. It turned out to be a Sinagua Indian pueblo, built completely into a cave in a bleached cliffside. The pueblo itself was inaccessible, but other nearby ruins were open to tourists. Warnings against snakes and scorpions, and the scorching heat of the baking rocks only made it more exciting. We even sneaked off the improved trail for 15 or 20 feet...This was only a diversion, however, and we spent little time at Montezuma's Castle. The canyon would wait for us, it had waited for 80,000,000 years before, but we had only a limited amount of daylight, and wanted to see something of the prodigy before the sun left us. So we passed by Montezuma's Well, Oak Creek Canyon, and Sunset Crator, and pressed on right to the canyon.

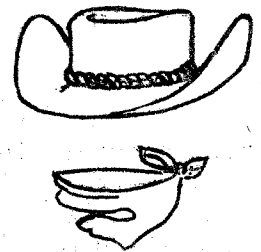
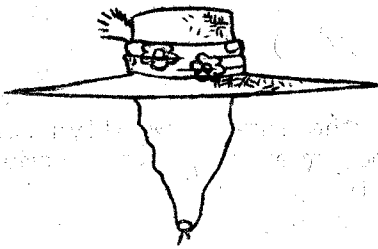
At Flagstaff we had our choice of ways to go. We could take either highway 89 or 180. I mumbled over the map a bit and decided on 89, going by the Little Colorado Canyon. I saw the other route by daylight later and knew I'd made the right choice. The landscape between Flagstaff and the canyon is primarily volcanic. The San Francisco mountains overlook Flagstaff, are volcanic, and constitute the highest point in the state. 12,700 feet, or nearly 6,000 feet above the city. Further from Flag the Cocino National Forest gives way to flat arid land laced by crumbly dikes, and the land falls gradually away

toward the rim. More mountains rise up, and then, suddenly, the plain is sundered by a deep stone walled rift. This is the Little Colorado--a fine introduction to the greater canyon beyond. This gorge, so impressive at first, unexpectedly dwindles in the mind to a vanishingly small tributary to the staggering grandeur of the Grand Canyon when its first overlook appears at your feet. The approach to the canyon is through a coniferous forest that effectively masks your approach until, after a series of twists and turns, a break in the trees reveals the wall of the North Rim in the distance, a mile deep drop beneath you, and nothing but the rail at the roadside between you and eternity...

THE DESCENT...was fortunately premeditated. Although no accommodations were available that night and we were forced to drive some ways from the canyon to sleep, we were back the next day, forearmed with 10 gallon hats, cisternous canteens, and a snake-bite kit bought at one of the convenient tourist traps. We were ready for the 110 degree sun and all the rattlers the Parks Department could throw against us, but in spite of the posted warnings, none of our preparations were necessary. To begin with, there was no 110 degree sun. There was no sun. There was intermittent cloud cover instead. This muted the colours of the canyon walls, but did make the descent more bearable. The head of the Bright Angel trail begins inconspicuously behind one of the lodges, and descends in a series of switchbacks down the rounded slope of the Kaibab formation. The limestone soon gives way to sandstone, and steeper trails. We passed through a stone arch twice, and looking up we could see we had traversed a fair distance away from the lodge, and were now a couple of hundred feet down. The canyon walls were not yet walls. They sloped up and away from us like the sides of any ravine, and were sparsely treed. Overhead, clouds marched. Down below lay the snake coils of trail leading farther from the lodge, and further down. The eye could follow the worm of trammelled rock along the slope, along the vertical walls further below, out along beneath us again as the switchbacks worked back this way, and then, clung to a spur of rock out away from the walls to a tiny black dot that was the rest stop that was our goal. Further out, further down, the trail led to a distant grove and out on the Tonto plateau that overlooked the Inner Gorge. From there it disappeared into the gorge to find its way to the Colorado itself, but that was out of our ken.

About this time we discovered that Bob was afraid of heights... The going was easy, but for Bob, the continual pull of the slope underfoot was an invitation to rush over the edge. It wasn't even hot, although it was supposed to be. The canteens weren't broached until we'd gone a quarter of the way down. As we descended a curious optical effect became noticed. From the rim, the bottom looked neither close nor far. It looked merely flat. The further down we walked, the more three dimensional the canyon became. The flat backdrop of the North Rim started to jut forward and recede into mesas and other canyons. The great island of rock to our right began to look like the fortress of Acre, rather than a clever matte. We were down into the Toroweap formation now. Great slabs of grey brown rock hundreds of feet tall, rifted from top to bottom by vertical cracks, walled us in on one side, open air on the other. Overhead the clouds still marched by, but they had closed ranks. Against the North Rim patches of grey void drifted, and rain fell. At one point a whip of electric brightness lashed one of the mesas. But it wasn't raining here yet.

We weren't far enough down yet... We reached the first rest stop relatively easily. Bob had even begun to feel as if he might not fall off the edge of the world. So we set out for the second rest stop, another mile and a half away. It began to rain then. First only little sun showers which stopped quickly. Then a little heavier. Finally, a few switchbacks from the rest stop, it poured. The trail began to dissolve under our feet. As if it were bodily racing us to the bottom, streams of mud and rust coloured water cascaded down the dirt paths and rock faces. We holed up under a rock face which afforded scant shelter and waited. Nothing changed, except that the trail became more and more like torrential seas than dirt paths... There was a time limit to how long we could wait too. Nightfall was only about 3 hours away, and we were warned that it took 3 times as long to ascend as to make the descent. We were about an hour out... Not looking as if it would relent, we gave in to the rain and began splashing our way back. Naturally it stopped raining just as soon as we were thoroughly soaked. We had not gone so very far back that we couldn't have tried again for the second rest stop, but



the message was plain enough that we didn't need it repeated. It rained once more on the way back, and the trail was a treacherous bog. But, like the other warnings we'd received, it took us nothing like 3 times as long to climb up as it did to walk down. It took only about half again as long...in spite of mud and rain.

After being worn for two or three hours I noticed that curious forces had played on our headgear. I now subscribe wholeheartedly that our environment is shaped by our personalities. Victoria, Bob and I had bought identical hats three hours ago, but now, by the sheer force of personality, each hat had become an individual. Victoria's was still new, fresh as a daisy and smelling touristy, like Hayley Mills had just doffed it. Bob's was dilapidated, soggy, and looked nothing so much as Pap Finn's slouch hat. Mine had taken on a snappy, dapper look, like Kid Cheyenne's. Each fitted the personality of the owner precisely, though the theory has not quite been accepted by all of our party...

Before we left the canyon altogether, the sun favoured us with a half hour of colour and heat, bringing the squirrels and chipmunks out to beg. We'd emptied one canteen to lighten the load (so little we had drunk that both were still substantially full), but we had included pringles among our victualization, and bribed our way past these tourist-wise brigands with the bright eyes and busy tails.

Then we were out. The canyon was a flat painting again, and the sky was just the normal sky. Looking down we could just see a nearly invisible dot where we had almost been. Looking further out, were the places, two, three, four times more distant, we might never be. And down hidden out of sight, the moody, serpentine Colorado was still a storybook siren.

At least we might never smell the stink of mule dung again...

THE HUNTER, HOME FROM THE HILLS For this climax, I had to balance the budget with Fortuna with some of my earlier bad luck. It worked out that I was best to return home by bus. 68 hours of it. The less said of that, the better. But I saw a rainbow in the desert.

CAVEAT EMPTOR - TARAL

DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP 5 - Arthur D. Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801. This offset half-size zine is available for \$1 or the usual nonsense about trades, locs and contributions. Artistically it's a poor zine. Most of the art is clip art type Arthur gets from a friend in the printing business, and looks cheap and anything but decorative. Their unskillful use and poor graphics doesn't help a bit. But Arthur is a clever and interesting writer who has any number of intriguing things on his mind whenever he sits down to write for DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP, and that makes all the difference between another crudzine and a fanzine to be read and enjoyed. Arthur is not the polished writer I've heard a few people credit him as, but his is definitely a good, solid, middle class zine.

GENRE PLAT 3 - Allyn Cadogan, 251 Ashbury St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94117, available for the usual or a dollar. Grant Canfield is officially co-editor of this issue, but apparently won't begin participating until the next. I can hardly wait. Grant, besides one of fandom's favourite cartoonists, is also a damned good writer. GENRE PLAT is much like the genzines of the early 70's, and reminds me a lot of GRANFALLOON, but a touch

more sercon. The centerpiece of the issue seems to have been the interview Allyn conducted with Kate Wilhelm at WesterCon 30. Most interviews, to me, seem to ask the same basic and basically uninteresting questions of people, but Allyn's questions were intelligent and original, and Wilhelm's answers fascinating. It is one of the few interviews I have enjoyed out of the deluge that have appeared in fanzines recently. "How to Stop Writing for Fanzines", a reprint of Charles Burbee's, was Susan Wood's contribution to the issue. Although a great piece, it was a let down to me. I've read it before. (In fact, I lost out on a chance to publish that piece, with Susan's intro, several years before in one of my earliest zines. Susan said it had been published twice already and didn't think it appropriate to publish it again. But that's ancient history.) The reviews interested me little, if at all. The appearance of the zine was inspiring, however. Not the most innovative of zines, GENRE PLAT is nonetheless well laid out and pleasing to the eye. Reproduction is good, and the standard of art high. A possible FAAn nominee, though not a winner yet I think. (The back pages fall off...)

THE HAROSFA CHRONICLES - Published by HaRoSFA, on Ned Brooks' press, so I guess I can safely give Ned's address (since no address at all is given in the zine I have to give somebody's). 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605. Well, they've left out all information about availability too. For that matter there's no explanation of what it is, exactly. It appears to be a play, loosely, very loosely, based on Bradbury's MARTIAN CHRONICLES, but I have no idea if it has ever been performed, or where. Ignoring all that, I read the HAROSFA CHRONICLES and found it funny in places, and predictable in others. Altogether too much like fan musicals in general as the genre grows. But it is a decent effort, and the Tim Kirk cover (Darth Vader wants You!) is a surprise. For those of you who get a kick out of fan musicals I'd tell you to get it, if I only knew how you could...

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