



DNQ, the slightly late monthly newszine, is brought to you theoretically monthly or oftener as a Derelict House Koan, c Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4, and Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156, Stn. D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8. Subs are 5/\$2.00 U.S. and 4/\$2.00 Canadian; we also trade one for one with other fanzines, two consecutive issues of DNQ going to or added to the sub of anyone trading with both DNQ editors. Flyers are accepted for \$10.00 U.S. plus \$5.00 per side we have to print for you; we retain the right to refuse advertising for any reason. Riders like TYPO are invited and will be sent out with DNQ free, please inquire. This issue dated November 10, 1979... scandalously late, no? We promise to be back on schedule in the future, the upheavals causing the delay now being over...

IDIOTORIAL - TARAL

As an addenda to last month's list of deserving Worldcon fan guests, I'd like to mention one fan who may legitimately lay claim to being one of the half dozen or so fan to have had supreme formative influence on the course of fan history. Although active as a fan editor, a con goer, a club organizer and a travelling giant, he was best known for epitomizing the spirit of fandom in the forties. I speak of no other fan than Claude Degler of course ... think about it.

A recent issue of Columbia's clubzine, CUSFuSsing, claims to have brought fandom news of the SeaCon Hugos quicker than either FILE 770 or DNQ, and a letter from Ron Salomon supports that contention with dates of arrival. All this may be so, but I doubt any fanzine mailed out the Hugo winners sooner than DNQ. Our Hugo issue was printed and deposited in the nearest maw of the many-headed monster within hours of our call from SeaCon. You just can't beat that, -- and if the race goes to

CUSFuSSing after all, then it is due to the vagaries of the medium. (Cheat us of our footnote in fanhistory, will you Seelig?)

* * *

Last weekend was NovaCon weekend for Victoria and I, and we can't say that our first convention in six months left us thinking we'd missed anything ... I'm writing not an objective NovaCon report, but merely a few personal reactions that may or may not have basis in reality. Among the complaints that may be more real than others, it seemed as if the attendance at NovaCon was the same old group of people we always see at east-coast cons. I don't recall seeing any of my friends from the south, the further mid-west, southwest or west coast. There were even east coast people absent that I'd like to have seen. As likely real, NovaCon didn't seem very British. Bob Shaw said so. There were a few cute gimmicks, such as getting pound notes for change, and a supply of Newcastle Brown, but the hotel was archetypically American. In fact, the indoor outdoors could easily persuade the gullible fan that he had died and gone to L-5. The con suite stocked with British beer did not a pub make, nor did copying the British lack of solids in the con suite sit well with me. Twenty or so local fans from Toronto and area constantly underfoot did little to enhance the atmosphere either. Moving on to blatantly subjective impressions, NovaCon seemed more lavish than I'd expected, and over-organized. The roofed over court (with pool, golf course, cafe area and band shell) seemed to discourage good room parties and defocussed the con in my opinion. To be fair, though, this very feature seemed to impress many other people. Vis-a-vis relationships at cons already seem superficial enough to me, and the fluidity of my encounters at NovaCon were a great disappointment. It seemed a larger con than it was, due to the misleading ratio of fans to extras. As such, the art shows and hucksters' room seemed small for the apparent size. The art show was fashionable, that is to say, dominated by fantasy subjects, (Shouldn't there be a bounty on unicorn horns?) and form excelling over content. The highlight of NovaCon was no doubt the Bob Shaw speech. It was indeed a privilege to listen to this gentle man's unpretentious speaking. But even this was marred -- by lack of time to prepare his speech for the American audience (unabridged Britishisms need explaining), and by the conditioned reflexes of my fellow fans, who laughed indiscriminately at both good and lame puns simply because this was Bob Shaw making one of his famous EasterCon speeches and because they were puns... (I practically ended up in an argument with another fan in front of Shaw about whether "the clone arranger" was funny or not.) Immediately following Shaw came the Flying Karamazov Brothers I'd heard so much about but had never seen. I was minded of a cross between the Ed Sullivan Show and the Firesign Theatre, neither of which does much for me, and so I became probably the only fan in history to walk out on them. Perhaps as well, for they were nearly guilty of accidental arson twice after I left the room. Both Victoria and I bought a few books, flogged DNQ subs, enjoyed a bankrupting Indian dinner, and talked with friends we hadn't seen since summer, but on the whole NovaCon was a let-down.

All the more so, considering the denouement. With us from Toronto was Simon Agree, who is an American citizen living in Canada, shall we say, inconspicuously. Circumstances had led Simon to being low on cash reserves, and as soon as Simon had replied "American" to the invariable question "citizenship?" the grilling began. His lack of money clinched it -- he was not admitted to Canada. So there we were, Victoria and I on one side of the border and Simon on the other, hundreds of miles from friends or home. We were fortunate enough that the Americans allowed us back to Simon's side so we could drive him to Buffalo where he caught a bus to Detroit. There he temporarily resides, hoping to return home as soon as no one is looking. All for the preservation of some vague notion of sovereignty three people have been put to considerable inconvenience and loss of money. I hope Mike Hall or somebody gets some satisfaction out of this, since we certainly didn't...

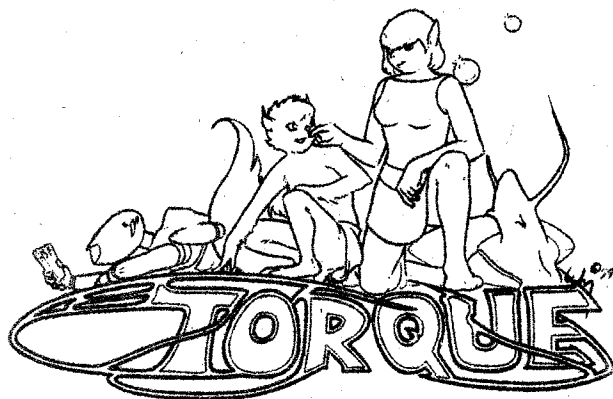
* * *

During a recent trip to Detroit to visit Brian Earl Brown, Neicer, and Jennifer Bankier, Victoria and I stopped in at a "Toys 'R Us" -- a kind of supermarket for toys and games. I had been itching for models of the new generation of fighters ever since Bob Wilson was inspired to build an F-16 by a dream. At the end of a half hour of sheer joy I had picked out an F-4 Phantom II fighter-bomber, an F-15 Eagle air superiority fighter, a MiG 25 interceptor, and a tank-busting Stuka (a fascinatingly ugly plane), all of which cost

about \$7.50. Pricing these same kits at home I came up with a total of more than \$20. Another blow for Canadian Sovereignty doubtlessly. One might well wonder why I've suddenly taken up building model planes. Although I had been addicted to 1/48th scale Hurricanes and 1/24th scale Fords ten years ago, fandom had completely displaced my interest. Fandom, however, is not a self-dominated hobby like model building is. I can build a LEM without concern that other people are not going to be reached by what I do, whereas in fandom it has come to mean something to me if my words or art fall upon deaf ears. With the interactive element gone, I can relax in model building. More than occupational therapy, I'm grasping at roots, for my modelling and my artwork both issue from the same wellspring of creativity. (An unmapped stream, I reserve the name of this amniotic Alph to myself.) I wonder, sometimes, whether you out there have anything to offer?

* * *

I must be a real sucker; I'm working on a convention again. This time, at least, I'm not at the mercy of a gobbler committee that thinks a con ought to be an Oktoberfest and that one's credibility is directly related to the number of pro contacts cultivated. The committee I'm involved with has only two others on it, both refugees from Toronto con-coms like me. What we plan cannot be a fannish con by nature of the city and its distance from other fan centres, but we feel that we can at least get back to the basics of a science fiction convention and eliminate the superficial ecumenical tapestries of other local cons. So far we have a date: April 25 to 27, 1980. A relaxed unpretentious hotel: The



Roehampton Place, a little distance from downtown, but well situated with conveniences and transportation. A guest: Bob Tucker, who will narrate some old 50's fan films we turned up. A name: Torque. And some interest in attending expressed by a number of pros and fans approached at NovaCon. I don't know if your budget or con schedule will permit it, but we would like to add fan stuff to our con if you'll give us the excuse.

E PLURIBUS UNUM. Owen K. Laurion has circulated a proposed constitution for a U.S. Fanzine Council, the purpose of which seems to be to get a bulk mailing permit for all of fandom. The constitution seems mainly concerned with defining membership and organizing a board of directors, setting out guidelines for operation and policing its membership, with very little attention to the purportive advantages of organization. The main objection one could make is that even if fans living in as distant places as Los Angeles and New York can be covered by a single mailing permit (a doubtful premise), the concessions of independence to the USFC might well make it unattractive to most faneds. Copies of the proposed constitution are available from Owen at 1609 Roma NE, Albuquerque, NM 87106 if you are interested in joining the discussion.

CoA Alyson L. Abramowitz - 1296 Worcester Rd, #2405, Framingham, MA 01701
 CoA Erwin Strauss - 9850 Fairfax Square, #232, Fairfax, VA 22031
 CoA W.R. Benedict - #12-401 Grier Ave, NE Calgary, Alta. T2K 3T8
 CoA Simone Walsh - 13 Ferme Park Rd, Finsbury Park, London N4, U.K.
 CoA Stu Shiffman - (c/o Herman), 1781 Riverside Dr, Apt. 2H, New York, NY 10034
 CoA Seth Goldberg - PO Box 7309, Menlo Park, CA 94025
 CoA Shelby Bush III - PO Box 70382, Louisville, KY 40270
 CoA Dave Klaus - La Casita, 14303 Sylvan St, Rm 17, Van Nuys, CA 92401
 CoA Richard Labonte - c/o A Different Light, 4104 Santa Monica Bd.E, Hollywood, CA 90029
 CoA Liese Hoare - 21 Farm Dr, Tilehurst, Reading, Berks. U.K.
 CoA Rob Holdstock - 38 Peters Ave, London Colney, Herts. AL2 1NQ, U.K.
 CoA LucasFilm Ltd. - 3855 Lankersham Blvd., N. Hollywood, CA 91604

PEEPING THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN is a group of Polish science fiction fans who have been screwed by their government's preventing the flow of hard cash out of the country by postal inspection of all mail. The result has been a famine of international sf that national sources can hardly replace. Polish fandom would sincerely appreciate donations of rips, duplicates, worn-out copies, or even outright gifts of new store-bought books. Maybe next issue DNQ will have an address to print, if Joe Sielari comes through with it. (*Joe Sielari*) -TW

DUFF RACE A PLUM DUFFER? Certainly not an exciting line-up at least. Candidates are Bob Ogden (a club fan and con organizer from Western Australia with possible Star Trek origins), Jack Herman (present editor of Forerunner, the Sydney SF Foundation fanzine, and organizer of three Syncons; also a member of the Australia in '83 bid committee), and Keith Curtis (a book collector, auctioneer and Duff fund campaigner who is also a member of the 83 bid). The ballot is out and can be had from either Paul Stevens, c/o Space Age Books, 305 Swanston St, Melbourne, Vic 3000, Australia; or from Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury, 341 East 19th St, Minneapolis, MN 55404, U.S.A. Voting fee is \$2. Winner will be dragged kicking and screaming to NoreasCon II next year. (*Ken Fletcher*) -TW

2002: A SPACE ODYSSEY is the name of the animated short produced by fans Mike Okuda, Alan Kobayashi and Seth Goldberg. The film has been shown at CoastCon, MiniCon and BaltiCon since its successful premiere at IGGY last year, and is available to other fannish cons for the cost of postage. Seth, who modestly protests that he contributed only a few ideas, can be reached at 5950 Imperial Hwy, #43, South Gate, CA 90280 for information. He mentions that Mike is at work on another 16 mm film, live action, for showing at Noreascon. (*Seth Goldberg*) -TW

APA-THY STRIKES SFPA as Guy Lillian III is elected OE by acclamation. Deb Hammer-Johnson has superceded Nicki Lynch as OE of Shadow SFPA. While still on the subject of apas, one of mine, Oasis, is now

over seven weeks late with no sign of concern from OE Ken Josenhans. Oasis is a six-weekly apa... -TW

ANIMALS DECLARED SECOND CLASS LASFS MEMBERS by a decision of the club to ban pets from both buildings during Thursday night LASFS meetings for "safety and other considerations". (Oh Christ! Take your dog to consider outside where it belongs.) Although allowed inside on other nights, or on the grounds during meetings, the President is empowered to ban specific pets at any other time. ("But my cat isn't a pet, she's a fan!") At the same time there seems to be some underground rumbling from fandom's oldest surviving ~~fellow~~ organization as various members are "wilfully" refusing to pay dues. The club is formulating ways to deal with the problem at a special executive session... (Why the recalcitrants don't simply cease to be members, and a problem, isn't clear. Do you think Death really Shall Not Release LASFS members once joined?) (*DE PROFUNDIS*) -TW

HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY may yet thrill fans both visually and audially, as creator Douglas Adams has sold rights for a screenplay adaptation. Until then, an album has been released in the U.K. containing parts one to four. A book is now available also. Presumably both will be available on this side of the Atlantic soon. (*DE PROFUNDIS*) -TW

IN SPACE YOU CAN'T HEAR A TURKEY GOBBLE, but the Interplanetary Space Travel Research Association thinks maybe you can. They are sponsoring a mammoth "SPACE-EX 1984" with programming for spacers, sci-fi freaks and UFOlogists, plus "every kind of spin-off you can imagine". With £280,000 budgeted for it, this may well be possible...Cost of attendance is set at £3 a day or £12 for the whole week, going up to £15 in 1981, £17 in '82, and £21 thereafter (this is about \$50). Particularly delightful is the "Trading Post" idea -- huckster's stalls gimmicked up to look futuristic, costing £2000! (Fans pay a mere £100.) The ISTR has threatened to repeat their extravaganza in the years 1999 and 2001 if successful. (*ANSIBLE 4*) -TW

[inconvenient line left at end of column]

VICIOUS BLOODY HEADLINE for this month is provided by the misfortunes of Tim Marion, Hope Liebowitz and Drew Simels, who were passing through a Caribbean Festival on their way to a subway stop. The hundred or so short haired black youths gathered around a "Black Solidarity" truck began punching and tugging hair, and climaxed by knocking down both Hope and Tim. In attempting to steal Hope's purse, they broke the strap. Drew had jacket and keys stolen. Glasses were knocked off Tim, and lost, but his injuries only started there. He was also punched and stomped on, resulting in a black eye and cut nose. He lost his shoulder bag which contained part of the May FAPA mailing. They escaped without being seriously hurt. Tim reports some good news as well. He has a job with the trade magazine "World Construction" and "Mining Equipment International" as assistant editor. Learning the job of Managing Editor, he will eventually replace Janet Smith, who co-worked with Andy Porter for Charleston Publishers some time ago. *(Tim Marion with a few extra juicy details added from FILE 770)* -TW

LASER REDUX. Harlequin Books, notorious for nurse novels and its defunct Laser SF line, has been thinking it over. Grapevine rumours led me to phoning their publicity department and asking them point blank about whether the rumours were well-founded. The publicity department didn't know, but by about an hour later, they had run down the information to a board meeting at which several possibilities were discussed for expanding their market, including a line of juvenile science fiction. All very tentative and unlikely at this moment, but be warned. (During the conversation with the publicity people I naturally took the opportunity to explain a little more clearly to them the relationship of Roger Elwood to fandom, and the general unattractiveness of Lasers to hardcore readers.) -TW

IF YOU CAN'T SUE 'EM, IT WAS PROBABLY FOR THE BEST ANYWAY. Letters from BCSFans explain why the Vancouver club was considering suing their hotel for losing the Westercon bid. Apparently, in spite of previously good relations, the U of BC's

Gage Towers abruptly cancelled all future convention contracts a week before the Westercon decision, citing disturbance of mundane guests at V-Con 7. At this writing, however, the BCSFA has given up ideas of legal redress. Advice was to the effect that it would be too hard to demonstrate the connection between the hotel and the lost bid, and that the hotel itself might make a case against BCSFA based on lost revenue. One BCSFan, at least, feels happier now that V-Con is forced to using a normal hotel for facilities instead of the university residence. *(John Tomson, Gerald Boyko)* -TW

LIMITING FACTOR ON IMAGINATION UNLIMITED. Rick Gelman, who is wont to run his art print and stationery business out of his hotel room, was closed down by the hotel at NorthAmeriCon. There are conflicting stories about whether chairman Vince Lyons instigated the closure or tried to prevent it, but he would have had definite grounds for collaboration with the hotel if he chose. Other hucksters are at a disadvantage since Imagination Unlimited is usually open long after the hucksters room is closed. If they adopt this tactic too, then there's little need for a table rented from the con, and the con gets screwed... The hotel gets screwed too, since there is an astronomical difference between room rates for private and commercial purposes. Presumably this led to the hotel coming down on Rick, who retaliated by re-opening and posting signs saying "the revolution has begun". He was promptly closed down for a second time, and stayed closed. *(various sources)* -TW

FLYER WRONG ABOUT DENVENTION II FEES. At the site selection meeting, the Denver Worldcon announced that all those who voted on the selection were supporting members of DenVention. To convert to attending membership is \$5 U.S. more. If you were a pre-supporting member, just \$4 more will make you an attending member (otherwise you remain in supporting status.) Buying attending membership from scratch will cost you \$15 U.S. All prices change with the first of January, 1980! -TW

GREATER EAST AMERICAN CO-PROSPERITY SPHERE. The Honolulu SF Society seems to be the

nucleus of a reverse imperialism, beginning with its annexation of Redford City to Hawaii. HSFS East (East of Hawaii...) has two members, Leslie Blitman and Seth Goldberg. Seth, recently graduated from the University of Hawaii as a doctor in chemistry (a hard science, Dr. Goldberg points out, unlike Dr. Pournelle's Ph.D. in sociology...) has landed a job as a scientific programmer at Stanford Linear Accelerator Center. (*Seth Goldberg*) -TW

NOREASCON COUNTDOWN. According to their latest release, the NoreasCon Committee has decided to add a special Hugo category, as provided for in the WSFS constitution. The new category will be "Best Non-Fiction Book" in recognition of the many such books published in 1979. Ballots should be distributed with progress report #3, scheduled for mailing December first. Electrostencils of the ballot are available for fanzine distribution. Dealers table prices have been set at \$65 for an 8 foot table, and \$35 for a half table. A dealers room pass comes with the table, but a full convention membership must be bought for entry to the rest of the con. Clubs or other organizations wanting to hold a party at the Worldcon are encouraged to arrange their party on Friday night, NoreasCon's special "regional party night". Please write if interested. Also write if you would like to have function space for your special interest group at the Worldcon. NoreasCon 2, PO Box 46, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, MA 02139. (*Noreas-Con Press Release*) -TW

FILKSING CONTEST Entries must be postmarked no later than December 31, and will be published in either a Bosklone songbook or future NESFA Hymnals. Winners to be announced at Bosklone, 15-17 February 1980. (Bosklone is replacing the annual Boskone, no doubt NESFA feeling that a Boskone and a worldcon was a little more than even they could chew.) (*NESFA*)

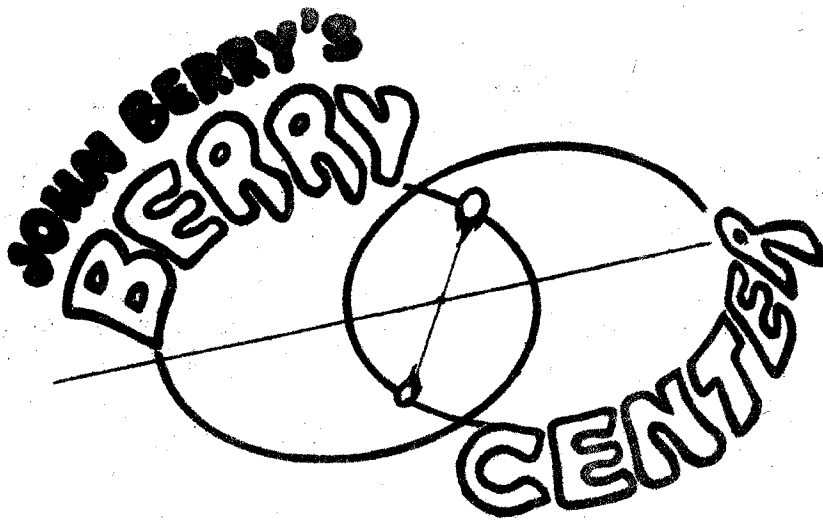
NEW INTOLERABLE ACT! The rumour began with Karen Anderson not being admitted to the Omni closed party at SeaCon, and being turned away with the charming phrase "We don't want you Yankee riff raff here." Rumours quickly multiplied to include

other authors excluded by secret parties, particularly Vonda McIntyre. Freff than drew up a badge reading "Yankee Riff Raff", copies of which were being worn at NovaCon, two months later. The rumours were false, however. Karen Anderson later said that she forgot her invitation, but that Ben Bova saw her at the door and had her admitted. Vonda McIntyre denied she was kept from parties either. British invitational parties being what they are, though, the fact remains that some authors probably were excluded from some parties. The phrase "Yankee Riff Raff", though, is unfortunately a mere invention. Along the same lines, a mundane woman was preventing fans from entering an Aussie fan party, apparently believing it was a part of the mundane party next door... (*Linda Bushyager*) -TW

THE "HOWARDS", busts of H.P. Lovecraft sculpted by Gahan Wilson, were presented at the World Fantasy Con a while ago, and as far as I know no one has run the winners yet. Best novel: GLORIANA by Michael Moorcock. Life Achievement: George Louis Borges ("Isn't that the famous South American author they gave the award to instead of some American hack?") Best Short Fiction: "Naples" by Avram Davidson. Best Collection or Anthology: "Shadows" edited by C.L. Grant. Best Artist: Michael Whelan. Special Award - Pro: Ed Ferman. Special Award - Non-Pro: Don Tuck ("for his superb error-ridden encyclopedia"). (*source of information and catty quotes is a reputable Toronto weird fiction fan who is tall, dark and cadaverous, who has an Islamic surname and who doesn't wish to be identified*) -TW

FAN MARRIAGE Jim Frenkel is going to marry Cindy Williams. Or is that Jim Freund is going to marry Cindy Williams. Or Sandra Williams... Damn, I have a rotten memory for names!! (*Moshe Feder*) -TW

[Lateness of this issue and lack of replies to any mail in the past month and a half were due the upheavals resulting from the removal of the Vaynity Press Publications offices to a new location on short notice. Please bear with me as I try to catch up... -VV]



PALACE RAILINGS

Commander Lambourne, head of the Fingerprint Department at New Scotland Yard, made a telephone call to me at the Hertfordshire Constabulary Fingerprint office on Thursday 23rd November 1978 to confirm the authenticity of a newspaper report from Montreal which attributed certain remarks made by him about the Great Train Robbers. I wished to feature the item in FINGERPRINT WHORLD, of which I was editor. One of my associates, anxious to impress, told the Commander that I was unavailable on that day, as I was at Buckingham Palace. But he did not divulge my mission...

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Steve, my partner in the fingerprint office at Welwyn Garden City, bemoaned the fact that his father was being decorated with the O.B.E. by the Queen for his services to the paper industry, and that he wanted to be photographed in situ, medal rampant, but Official Court photographers only were permitted into the palace precincts, and they were EXPENSIVE.

I offered my services. I felt that I was a really good photographer with my 25-year old RICOMATE, purchased at a jumble sale for thirty shillings ten years previously. I specialized in artistic format, a facet of my talent only recognized by myself. I disdained negative cropping, considering it to be the expedient of Phillistines.

Steve was delighted, and on the morning of the 23rd was supposed to meet me near the Comet roundabout in Hatfield, and thence to Buckingham Palace. His attractive wife Judy was also to travel, but she was annoyed because she wasn't permitted into the palace, although her husband was.

Steve was ten minutes late.

He drove the Fiat along the superb motorways towards London, but with the heavy morning traffic build-up he was unable to make up the ten minute deficit, and indeed, when he finally parked under the grass at Hyde Park he was twenty minutes late for the rendezvous with his parents outside the palace. He commenced a steady jog-trot along Constitution Hill, ignoring the fact that I was twenty years older than him. Judy couldn't keep up, either. Steve shouted over his shoulder that he'd see us outside the Palace at 12 noon, and then broke into a frantic lope eastwards along the palace wall.

Judy and I walked slowly towards Piccadilly Circus, steam evaporating from my body via both sleeves and every buttonhole. We had coffee at the Strand Palace Hotel, and walked back to the Palace via the Mall, arriving exactly on the appointed hour.

Hundreds of tourists thronged outside the Palace, against the railings. Judy and I fought our way through the throng to reach the railings. I was pushed and battered by

fifty Girl Guides. It was fantastic. Judy didn't seem too happy. I sensed that she couldn't stand the sustained pressure of heaving puppy fat.

At 12.30 top-hatted gentlemen and ostentatiously-dressed women began to emerge from the centre entrance of the Palace. And then I spotted Steve, his father, mother and sister also emerge and walk across the wide apron in front of the Palace to us.

I snapped with abandon; one of Steve's father modestly fondling his O.B.E. with the Palace in the background, then assorted family groups. My back was being energetically pummelled by Girl Guides who were trying to guess the identity of the recipient... "I'm sure I've seen him somewhere, Deborah."

Judy and I caught the car as it was being driven out of the Palace, and Steve's father announced that we were being taken to 'his club' for lunch.

We parked underground and walked to Belgrave Square and thence through the imposing portals of the Anglo-Belgian Club.

It was frightfully posh. We planted our coats and Steve's father took us all into the bar for drinks before the repast. Well-dressed men, silver-haired and handsome, were conversing loudly in Oxford-type accents...small talk, inconsequential flippancies slipping from pursed lips snuggling under trimmed mustaches.

"Rodney, I told him, that really is exquisite, I must tell the Ambassador."

Steve's father intimated loudly that "I'm buying drinks to wet my O.B.E." and asked our group for orders. The ladies asked for sherry...Steve a vodka and lime...I said I'd like a brown ale.

A sudden hush settled over the bar...one or two unsubtle 'tut tut's'...a spate of heavy breathing.

"We don't serve ales or beers here, sir," said the barman sarcastically, the ends of his lips turned downwards in a blatant sneer.

"Er, sherry," I said.

Gradually, sanity returned...we gulped down our drinks and followed Steve's father furtively to the dining room.

...
It was a large room, gloriously decorated with tapestries, with objects d'art strategically placed here and there. Six of us sat round a large table and the head waiter approached, congratulating Steve's father on his O.B.E. and took the order in French.

My order was quite plain to understand, at least as far as I was concerned.

"Same as Steve," I said.

"Steve?" said the head waiter, frowning.

"Him," I said, pointing at Steve, who appeared to be intensely interested in the wine list.

The head waiter broke his pencil and to smooth over my faux pas, Steve's mother said to me in a condescending voice...

"That's a nice tie, John," she preened.

"Yes," I said. "It's the New South Wales police."

"Did you exchange ties?" she asked politely.

"No, mine was holding up my trousers at the time," I grinned. Why did I say it? It was a barefaced lie.

The head waiter searched feverishly for another pencil.

The meal was superb, mine host being lavish in his hospitality and sincere in his desire to make his O.B.E. lunch something to remember.

Gradually things became somewhat hazy...as far as I know I was the epitome of gentility and did nothing further to cause my presence to be an embarrassment...but I was being liberally supplied with different wines and I tried to say 'no thanks' but I'd developed this raging thirst which only ice cold wine could salve. I definitely wasn't chabillais treated. Eyes...always those eyes...came in and out of focus as I looked round the table.

All the other guests in the dining room had staggered out...once, when my watch stopped circling round my head I caught the time as being after 3 pm...Steve's father stood up and we toasted him...we left the ladies and went to the luxuriously appointed toilet where I pressed my face against the white marble and sprayed hopefully within a 90 degree arc. They carried me to the car and with the window slightly open and a cold November draught without I managed to maintain my status quo.

Steve, Judy and myself walked across Hyde Park...I saw a local flasher, wearing only a jacket, nip craftily behind a tree. I notified my friends, and they looked around them without success. They looked at each other warily, suggesting I was still under the affluence of inkerhol. Once more I looked round, and alerted them both to the amazing sight of bare legs and a bare backside, surmounted by a jacket, emerge from behind a tree trunk and follow its quarry with obvious intent.

Somehow we got snarled up with the tea-time traffic.

Pictures turned out nicely.

John Berry, 1978

WHAT PRICE GLORY? - TARAL

The thing about fandom I like most is the way myth works into reality, and how people pass into myth, so one of the things I've been most honoured by is my transcendence to a fictional plane by Linda Bushyager's first book, MASTER OF HAWKS. As the evial Taral Empire I've been able to do things that as a mortal fan I could never have conceived. I've raped the Forest of Avedon, for instance, while in my human incarnation I am still lamentably virgin and peaceable-like. My hordes have overwhelmed numerous foes, and broken the spirits of proud nations. Ha, ha, haaaaa! Thus I pass into fan history as a minor footnote on Tuckerizations... But my soul is sold for this, and some wide-eyed tow-headed neo will exact the price from me at some con soon. I will be standing there, debating some fine point of fansmanship with friends perhaps, when my nemesis will approach and read our name tags. He will read Dave Langford, Mike Glyer, Marc Schirmeister, Eric Mayer, Stu Shiffman, Jim Barker, and nothing will register with him until his eyes track across my name tag and read "Taral". "Oh! You read MASTER OF HAWKS too! I thought it was great! Are you going to be in the costume show later? I'm going as Lord Vader! I call myself Starfox!" Death? Where is thy sting? But this is only the down payment. More torment is to come, years later, in the form of a letter from my future publishers...

"Dear Mr. MacDonald;

Although we are still awestruck by your monumental science fiction trilogy, DALMIRIN, (which appears likely to do for science fiction all that Tolkien did for fantasy), our legal department informs us that we could not proceed with publication of the manuscript as it stood. There was, it seems, a fantasy novel written by Linda E. Bushyager early in her career in which, by coincidence, she coined the name "Taral". Admittedly we do see the significance you have assigned to the name and its importance as the name of the author and the protagonist alike, but Ms. Bushyager's copyright makes this impossible. To expedite publication of your most impressive work we have made appropriate changes in the text and credits. The suitably alien sounding name "Zguat" was substituted for "Taral" wherever necessary to preserve your artistic integrity. The first 100,000 copies are expected to hit the stands by Tuesday next.

Respectfully, your publishers."

Zguat stands before you damned. What a fan won't do for a little egoboo...



MAINSTREAM 4 - Jerry Kaufman and Suzie Tompkins, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103. Seems

to be available for the usual or 75¢ a copy. Although Jerry and Suzie's zine continues with writers and artists from Span Inq days, the feel of Mainstream is a little different. A bit more relaxed I suppose, forsaking bond paper for twiltone and lettraset eschewed for lettering guide. The highlights of the issue were easily Sandra Miesel's reprinted "Y'Basic Straight Person" and John Berry's account of trying to cross the World's Longest ~~Undefended~~ defended Border on foot. Also of interest in this issue was the art by Stu Shiffman. Stu too often draws an upright figure in a trenchcoat with hands in pockets, but there were three or more illos in this issue that broke the mold and threw the pieces away, particularly the first page illo of "Rosoko Preparing a Stencil", a bit of Japanese pastiche. In general, Mainstream reminds me of Mota. A longer, less British, and better reproduced Mota if that leaves anything to compare it to.

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WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG 11/12 - Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd, #207, Detroit, MI 48219.

Available 4/\$2 (\$1/copy airmail) or for trade at roughly 2-to-1. Brian seems to be getting a little tired of his monthly schedule, and has de facto changed it to bi-monthly. Along with this he plans other changes in WoFan, such as bulk mailing, which frees him from his one ounce limit. Consequently he is beefing up the "how to" feature, addint to it articles by other fans. WoFan 11/12 contains items on hecto by Eric Mayer and Beverly Kanter. In addition, Gary Farber begins a column of in-depth zine reviews, starting off by demolishing the last issue of Mike Bracken's Knights and cutting up Marty Cantor's Holier Than Thou. The features merely supplement Brian's fanzine reviews, of course. Though they are less analytical and shorter than Gary's review column, they cover most of the activity in fanzines in fandom, and that is the whole point of WoFan.

KICKSHAW 2 - Clifford R. Wind, #206 308 Summit E., Seattle, WA 38102. Available for the usual trade, loc, or contribution, or for an undisclosed amount of money.

Kickshaw 1 was a promising zine when it came out, and I expected the second issue to carry through on that promise. Did it? Hard to say. Although none of the material falls below minimum acceptable standards, none of it rises much above it either, and this is not how a fanzine should be. The result of a bland mixture of material is a bland fanzine. So although this issue is technically an improvement on the first, I am disappointed because I expected more from a second issue. Of things of note in Kickshaw was the complete story of the Scandinavian blueberry hoax and a cover by unknown Ted Guerin. Other art in this issue ranged from good to so-so, and repro so-so to poor. With a good feature article this could still be a zine to watch.

DRILKJIS 4 - Kevin Smith, 7 Fassett Rd, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, KT1 2TD, England, and Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Ave, Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW, England. Available for trades with both editors, the usual, or \$1 (50 p). Just to prove to people that the editors aren't all fun and games they publish a sercon zine once a year or so. In many ways it's more fun than when they're trying to be humourous. Take Langford's long Yorcon talk on armageddon for example. Good for many laughs, yet buried among the jokes about incinerated babies and radiation death is a no nonsense dissertation of current arms technology and possible future developments such as fast glass and weapons grade flubber...or things to that effect. A large part of Drilkjis 4 is taken up by an exchange between Kev Smith, Langford, and sundry other British fans on some esoteric point about science fiction which was never quite clear, but was nevertheless quite entertaining, in fact, rather reminiscent of Langford's discussion of genocide. There were other odd items in the issue, but I'm not responsible, so if you must know, I urge you to find out for yourself.

HOLIER THAN THOU 4 - Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave, Apt. 1, North Hollywood, CA 91601. Available for the usual or a buck. This is the special all-Joan Hanke Woods issue which was of special interest to me for obvious reasons (obvious if you read DNQ 22). Having one good artist do all your artwork is one way to improve your zine's appearance, and Woods has certainly had that effect on HTT. But I think other things have improved as well. For one thing, repro seems to be getting better, and Marty is not as free with his editorial insertions and Germanic sentence constructions as before. For another, the articles were all rather enjoyable. If none were spectacular, at least they had the good grace not to go on and on and on (something like an Aussie con report...) Tacked on to the end of the zine are quite a few pages of letters, some of which, I suppose, could have been edited out to make it pithier, but it didn't actually drag until the last page or two. Holier Than Thou still needs a good central feature each issue -- something I seem to be saying about many zines these days -- or failing that, have Woods exclusively illustrate every issue for interest.

THE MONTHLY MONTHLY - Christine Kulyk, c/o Robert Runtē, 10957-88 Ave, Edmonton, Alta T6G 0Y3. Available for 75¢ of the usual. Actually, this zine has six editors, each publishing twice a year, and they ask that two copies be sent to Robert Runtē's address in trade. As long as all six editors stick to it, this arrangement ought to maintain their monthly schedule, but somehow it seems too good to last. (At the very least each month's editor ought to be a couple of weeks late and two of them can be expected to default entirely...but we'll see.) Contents of the first issue are provided by the editors, each spouting fan politics in the best tradition of SMOFs. The consensus on the whole seems pessimistic, or at least elitist, also in the best smocking tradition. Most unusual about Monthly Monthly is the appearance. David Vereschagin is back on the job and putting his talents to fanzines again. Along with his graphic abilities came an artistic dowry -- it has been too long since Vereschagin art was commonplace in fandom. Next issue ought to see the editors diversifying their material -- it's November already, so where is it?

WAHF-FULL 1 - Jack Herman, 7b Kingsbury St, Croyden Park, NSW 2133, Australia. Available for the usual or \$3/4 issues. I'd like to say that the title describes the zine perfectly, but it isn't that bad. There were some remembrances by Shayne McCormack you might enjoy, and a piece about sf belonging in the gutter by Marc Ortlieb that deserves a little respect too. One might also mention a parable about the country fan visiting the city fan by Leanne Frahm that I found insufferably cute, but may suit other tastes (obviously Herman's). Aside from this minor material, the zine was negligible. Lame material, poor artwork, worse mimeo and worse layout still is no way to win a DUFF race.

RUNE 57 - Lee Pelton and Carol Kennedy, 2726 Girard Ave. S. #101, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Available for the usual or 50¢. Rune's consistency makes it one of the most tedious zines to review, but not tedious to read. Again, I wish there was an outstanding article as a focus for this zine -- something like a Shaw speech -- but these are natu-

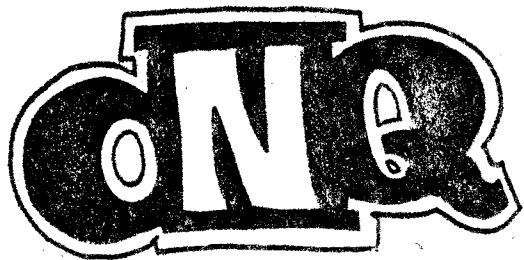
rally hard to come by. Some fans may find the Sturgeon speech a good substitute (though I'm personally more than tired of him re-iterating his overly-famous dictum). Likely the best piece in this Rune was Gary Deindorfer's "A Strange Idea", which shouldn't be described if you're to read it. Other material included an ordinary con report, Pauline Palmer writing well on the subject of TV as a way of life, numerous art varying from average to good (and a couple of embarrassing pieces of crud), undemanding fanzine reviews, and decent layout and repro. The cover by Sirois, the first I've seen in a while, defies all rules of cover graphics, and oddly works because of it.

GROSS ENCOUNTERS 6 - Alan Dorey, 20 Hermitage Woods Cr, St. John's, Woking, Surrey, GU21 1UE. Available for the usual I presume. Although last issue didn't live up to Gross Encounters' reputation, this issue manifestly did. Intelligent, critical and sometimes deliciously offensive humorous writing and fanzine reviews. Particularly good, I thought, were the illos of British fans portrayed as characters from Molesworth. Zines like this give a whole new meaning to the word "bland" (i.e. most any North American fanzine) and I love every nasty moment of it as long as they aren't nasty to me...

MONGOOSE 4 - Seth Goldberg, 5950 Imperial Hwy, #3, South Gate, CA 90280. Available for the usual or \$1.25. Hmmm. Here is one of those unnasty American fanzines... I shouldn't be too critical since I wasn't reluctant to read it, which is more than I can say about some zines I get.

TIN WOODMAN 2 - Neil Ballantyne, 3214 Spruce Ave, Burlington, Ont. L7N 1J2. Available for the usual. An imaginatively presented yet unpretentious small zine that I have too much material in to properly review. You might like it though. I did for some odd reason.

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Art: front logo, Joe Pearson; pp. 3, 7, 10,
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