



EDITORIAL



DNQ 25 was published after DNQ 26. We offer the same excuses familiar to all faneds and equally to readers weary of their apologies. To be a little more specific, a genzine takes more time and effort than a newszine. More time than we had in December to devote to one. But considering that both DNQ 25 and 26 appeared in January, we feel we've filled our obligation retrospectively to continue our monthly schedule as promised in DNQ 24 -- our only late issue in the normal sense. Since nothing as laborious as another genzine issue is in the immediate future, meeting the schedule should be no challenge...

Be warned that I love challenges. I'm not done with special issues yet, nor do I ever hope to be as long as I'm publishing DNQ or any of my other fanzines. Already I have a rough idea of what will turn up in DNQ as far in the future as the 35th issue. Next month, for instance, the Negoboo Poll returns, revised and ridiculous. The Dead Past feature will take the form of an art folio from Granfalloon -- the genuine article, actual left-over sheets from the original printing. DNQ 28 ought to be a TAFFish of some sort, if we can scare up cooperation from the two principals, Dave Langford and Jim Barker. DNQ 29-30 will be a double annish, like our first annish last year. The first part will be a fairly normal issue with news, reviews and such, also with an article of Tucker's for The Dead Past, recounting his earliest days as a fan. The second part will be an independent zine, a facsimile of Le Zombie 63 published in mythical days for TorCon I. For the issue after we will probably include a rider, a parallel world DNQ originally published by Stu Shiffman. One of the summer issues will be edited by neither Victoria nor I, but by Saara, and might not include news you could easily verify, but might be of interest to those of you with an interest in things beyond the confines of unpoetic reality. Other ideas are kicking around in my imagination, but it's for the best they remain there for time being. Some things should be left a surprise. One thing that

shouldn't ... Victoria and I have been aware from the beginning that no fanzine has an indefinite run. In fact we expected about a three year life-span, or around 36 issues. Anticipating this, we decided to fold deliberately when the magic number came up, presumably three years from April 1978. As it happens we were overzealous and according to schedule DNQ 36 is slated for October. As it also happens, this will likely co-incide with the fall of Derelict fandom in Toronto, when Victoria and I migrate in the footsteps of Bob and Janet Wilson to Vancouver.

But wait! there's more. We had a hunch that though we might be tired of a newszine, we might not yet be through co-editing. If the deliberate folding of DNQ this autumn robs posterity of another dozen or so issues of DNQ published with progressive reluctance, they will be replaced by perhaps another three years of something else! Whether 35, 36 or 37, the last issue of DNQ will wend its way through the mail just before we leave Toronto. The first issue of RSN will appear soon after we are established in Vancouver.

Bimonthly or quarterly, we will continue many of the features of DNQ. The same subscription rates, honouring old DNQ subs as well. The same policy of trading. The same fanzine reviews and reprint column (enlarged to complete articles on a regular basis). Some changes too. Little or no news. Covers likely, and hopefully more interior art. Twenty to twenty-five pages. Bimonthly or quarterly. Although a bit longer than we envision an average RSN, this issue of DNQ is a foretaste of things to come.

** * * * *

Perhaps it's just as well. I'm not satisfied with the newszine game. Fandom's head isn't where it was anymore, or else it's entirely a personal thing that I don't get too excited by the sort of news that has most fans trembling on the edge of their seats. Doing the job as best we can still doesn't avoid trouble and the occasional razz-berry heard from the west coast or other fabulously faaaanish enclave hurts. We were hoping for a focal point fanzine, after all, and what we have seems more an enfant terrible. I don't think disapproval in certain circles is mainly responsible for our angst, however. We are more anxious for our low circulation, 170 or so of which 90 or less are paid subscriptions. The figure has not changed appreciably since our 10th issue, and lately it is even going down, since we haven't been attending conventions, where we can generally shake down a few renewals.

In the past, the main avenue through which a zine would pick up subs was the fanzine review. The practice has been declining in the last few years, however, and I suspect that most zines are in fact never reviewed, anywhere. I've little confidence in fliers, whose usual fate at a convention is to be buried on the table by late comers. On the scale of a fanzine budget, WorldCon PR's and semi-pros are too expensive to advertise in, and experience has shown them to be only marginally profitable at best, and a complete waste of money on average. So there DNQ remains, with a circulation half of what we'd like it to be, and probably less than many club newsletters.

Fanzines have always been the glue of fandom, forming its parts into a word-oriented global community. The sad fact is that I believe fandom is coming apart as fanzines play an increasingly less important role in it. Together FILE 770 and DNQ manage with smaller circulations than Karass had only a couple of years ago. Worse, I suspect they may not be able to equal the circulation figures of Fanac, 20 years ago... Why, unless widespread disinterest?

** * * * * **

Nominating time again for the FAAn Awards. It's been a difficult year to dredge up names for the ballot in several of the categories, although fairly easy in some cases. For my money, the most deserving people for 1979 include, as best editor; Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins for Mainstream, Terry Hughes for Mota, and Mike Glyer and Eli Cohen for a single issue of Scientifriction and Kratophany apiece. Other fine zines come to mind, but, in thinking, they didn't seem to be edited so much as written by the fan responsible. Dave Langford, Kev Smith and Harry Warner are probably the year's best prolific writers. Looking for a fourth brought to mind several possibilities, none of whom were clear-cut nominees. At last I settled on Eric Mayer for his personal essays in Groggy, a zine few get, so I imagine few nominations will be added to mine. As the year's best cartoonist I easily nominated Marc Schirmeister, Jim Barker, Ken Fletcher, and Stu Shiffman, Stu mainly for his diverse work in Mainstream. Best serious artist was tougher. Despite my loudly voiced reservations about Joan Hanke-Woods last year, this year she is plainly eligible, and I nominated her first. From that point it was difficult, however, as it seemed none of the most obvious artists had had an outstanding year. Reluctantly I wrote down Freff, Victoria Poyser and Jeanne Gomoll. Best Single Issue was an easy choice. The British fanthologies stood head and shoulders over a lack-luster year. I had in mind nominating By British, both volumes of the Complete BoSh and Mood 70 long before I was faced with a ballot. Unimpressed by letter writing activity last year, I left that spot blank. I nominated Moshe Feder, Bruce Pelz, Mike Glyer, and Victoria Vayne for the FAAn committee, all people who have proven to be reliable workers in the past who have nevertheless been dropped from the committee for more popular fans who haven't been doing much of anything at all. My vote for Glyer is likely to go for naught as he has declared himself too miffed to accept nomination. I am myself stepping down from the FAAnaC this year and decline to serve another rump-office. Now, with luck, I've unfairly biased your judgement...

-- Taral

And for me, eight or so unexpected lines to fill, live at the typewriter. I could make the point that my interest in the FAAns is less than it was because 1979 was the first year in a long time that I had no Simulacrum's as possibilities -- but no, it's my last year on the committee and I'll simply help Glicksohn count ballots or something with no qualms about conflict of interest. I have nothing to add to Taral's suggestions for the FAAns... And as for my own participation in this DNQ annish, I've declined to write any faltering attempt at humour out of consideration for Dave Locke ... but they don't call me old Lightnin' Fingers for nothing at work!

-- Victoria Vayne



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...Bob Shaw

Sitting here, sipping the inevitable Monk Export in the cool solitude of the smoke room aboard the S.S. Duke of Argyll, it has just occurred to me that, having made the trip roughly thirty times, I must be the greatest living fannish authority on crossing the Irish Sea. As more and more fans seem to be popping over to Belfast these years this might be a good time to produce a little monograph on the best way to do it ...

The first pitfall which may be dropped into by the fannish traveller is weather. It is cold on the high seas and it is a good idea to dress warmly to enable you to prowling about on deck making learned observations on navigation etc. to your fellow passengers. This is always a good way to pass the time even if you are not too well informed on the ways of the sea and, astronomically speaking, don't know your Ursae from your nebulae, or even the teeniest codified morsel. A pullover with a very long neck which can be rolled right up over the face is especially useful for the voyager -- a sort of Marco Polo neck sweater. Thus equipped the fan can face the weather with perfect confidence. But there is a worse enemy yet.

Try not to travel when there is fog. For this reason I recommend going via Heysham where the ship can plunge straight out into the open sea and a little fog will not cause too much delay.

I remember one foggy night in Liverpool when I had gone down to my room as soon as I boarded and climbed into bed. On the train I had found a copy of Lilliput. The photographic section was torn out, as is usual with secondhand Lilliputs, but I settled down for a quiet read, glancing out through my porthole at the quayside now and then so that I would know when we moved off.

We didn't.

In the morning I could still see the same little pebble sticking out of the concrete of the quay ... of course, I had been completely unable to sleep. During the long silent



hours of that night I grew to hate that pebble. Had the ship even moved a couple of feet, thus removing the monster from view, I might have been able to relax, but there it was -- mocking me all night with its stony stare.

To make matters worse I had found a competition in the magazine for which you had to send in the last line of an incomplete limerick. The competition closed two days later and I was certain I had the winning line, but unless I got it into the post the following morning it would be too late. I couldn't get the line out of my fevered mind (it was something about Guy Fawkes) and I lay there all night, chanting it over and over, uttering hideous curses at the pebble, sweating and getting tangled up with the bedding which seemed to be trying to rise up and strangle me.

We didn't reach Belfast till the following night and I never got sending in my marvelous line. As I said, avoid fog.

The mention of bedding brings me to the next point. If you want to have a decent night's sleep, remake your bed before you get in. The full meaning of the phrase "winding sheet" is not properly appreciated until one has slept on a ship on the Irish Sea route. It is a little known fact that a long long time ago British Railways bought a lot of cheap cloth from somebody who had found a way to cross sheep with boa constrictors, and the Ulster steamers are where they are using it up.

To avoid being strangled themselves the stewards have developed a way of making the bed in which the sheets are not anchored down anywhere, thus allowing the strange cloth maximum freedom of movement. Always do the bed over again and tuck the edges well in below the mattress otherwise you run the risk of being found in the morning completely shrouded in a cocoon of cloth, like an Egyptian mummy.

Shortly after boarding the ship you will hear an announcement on the PA advising you to beware of pickpockets. This warning is not to be taken lightly. For a long time I

regarded it as an effort on the part of some misguided official to make the journey seem more adventurous, or to throw in a bit of local colour for the benefit of American tourists. I always gave a knowing smile to my fellow passengers when I heard it, a display of Travellermanship which was brought to an abrupt end one night when somebody stole my suitcase.

Admittedly, this was hardly the work of a pickpocket, unless an exceptionally clever one, but it shows that you have to be careful. I looked around the thought I could recognize one corner of my case sticking out from a huge pile of stuff belonging to half a dozen men in RAF uniforms. When I politely asked about it I was surrounded by half a dozen grim white faces and told firmly that the case was not mine. Somewhat dismayed, I circled the pile and saw on the other end of the case the white sticker that the Left Luggage office in London had put there when I left it in that afternoon. It was my case all right but the RAF crowd was determined not to let me have it -- a moment for a show of raw courage.

Quickly I seized a small steward and, ignoring his plaintive cries, thrust him into the crowd of blue uniforms with instructions to get my case. By this time a few bystanders had gathered round to watch the sport and, now that things were going my way, I began nodding at them and making indignant gestures towards the RAF contingent who were still protesting that the case was theirs. There was a couple of WAAFs with them too, a fact which seemed to lend credence to their story.

Finally the steward emerged with the case and, in a pathetically ridiculous attempt to appear as wise as Solomon or somebody, said that he had an idea how I could prove my ownership. I was aghast in case he was going to order somebody to cleave the case, which was actually my father's, down the middle with a sword. But he only said that I should name the contents.

"Fanzines," I shouted and whipped the lid open to prove my case.

Possibly to the ignorant non-fannish minds of the assembly a small heap of Quandrysts and Nirvanas did not seem like much. Anyhow, they quietly melted away leaving me in sole possession and very relieved it was all over. The most shocking part of it had been that there had been girls with the offenders -- for all I knew one of them might have been a master crook in disguise. In a case like this it is difficult to separate the cheat from the WAAF.

Another important point is to get a room which is just big enough to accommodate yourself or your party. For some reason, known only to St. Christopher, you never seem to run into any nice normal people on this crossing, so you don't want any strangers in your room. They always click the personal lights on and off for hours, open the portholes when you're cold and close them when you're too warm.

After a while you begin to recognize these people even before you meet them in the room: they are a strange breed -- like the characters in that Bradbury story who always appear from nowhere on the scene of an accident. Only a few weeks ago while having a drink in the bar I saw one of them come in and realized with a sinking feeling that I was in for a bad night. He had a shock of red hair and a pale staring face, distraught from too much alcohol.

I hurriedly finished my drink and rushed downstairs and got into bed. About an hour later two men came in, wakening me up, but neither was my man. When these two had settled down one of them turned out to be a light clicker and the other a snorer, but I'm pretty well used to that and I dozed off, thinking I might have made a mistake. Hah!

At about two in the morning the door opened and he came staggering in, did half an hour's swearing and light clicking and then climbed into the bunk above me, kicking me in the process. He bounced around for a couple of hours, keeping me awake, then his light came on again and I knew he was going to go to the toilet.

I watched for a while to see how he was going to go about getting down onto the floor. Just as I was beginning to think he had gone back to sleep he launched himself into the air and seemed to hang there for an instant, face whiter than ever, eyes staring, clad

only in a shirt, elbows and knees bent up in the exact posture of a witch on a broomstick in a child's book. Still rigidly holding this ridiculous pose he tilted over in mid-air and landed sideways on the floor.

His roar of agony startled the light clicker and snorer into a barrage of grunts and exclamations of "Phwhat's hawpnin?" which in turn wakened people in the rooms beside us. On the return trip, about half an hour later, he frightened them again and started the whole process all over.

In the morning he got up before me, put on my socks, packed away his own and had to be forcibly restrained from leaving without giving mine back. And this was just one night out of many ...

On this trip I have played it safe on all counts. I've got good weather, I'm travelling without luggage, I've already made my bed, I've got a room to myself and am speaking to nobody. There is not one thing that can happen to mar my peace and comfort.

The only trouble is ... it's a pretty dull trip.

-- Bob Shaw, 1959

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I've not much experience in the matter, but I'm a fast learner. Through education, when I sit down to a meal and have Worm Drop Soup, Flaming Blood Pudding, Buttermilk Omelets, Truffle Sauce, and Olive Meringue Pie with Potato Sherbet laid before me, I know what I'm faced with ... a Worldcon banquet. The alternative, however, is unthinkable. I've eaten many strange things in stranger places, but few stranger than some of the places told to me by the gastronomic wrecks who had been foolhardy enough to forage outside the hotel. These are some of their more believable stories:

HEICON 1970 - A party of fans found this restaurant by following the aroma of well-done meat. The origin of this offactory trail was a place like a souvenir of the Black Forest, whose decor was obviously meant to trap foreign tourists. It did not offer German cuisine. Instead it served American fast foods, specializing in grilled hamburgers. No one ate at the insistence of a Vonnegut fan who noticed on the menu the name he overlooked coming in: "The Schlathaus Funf Bar-B-Que".

IGUANACON 1978 - I was along on this dinner expedition and vouch for this. Mexican food being a favourite among Toronto Derelicts, we sought the advice of local chili-snobs. Told to pass up the mere Mexican-American places, we found at last a restaurant that advertised authentic cuisine. Beer was immediately ordered by Kjola and dehydrated humans alike, but when it was brought two or three sputtered out their first hasty pull! It was chi'cha, corn beer, not malt beer. In fact, all the "Aztec Temple" served were variants on tortillas and beef hearts. Served on very cunningly carved stone platters. Genuine indeed.

LACON 1972 - The taste for Mexican food is not a prerogative of Toronto fen though, and the promise of refried beans and melted nacho cheese lured several fans to "Sancho Panza's Real Mexican Food". This also was total honesty. To the misfortune of all who ate, the food was genuinely south-of-the-border, complete to the water in their glasses and the flora and fauna therein.

BAYCON 1968 - A fantasy group I won't name holds their annual E.R.Eddison Fish Dinner in Memison at the Worldcon each year, and for the San Francisco con they unwisely decided to exploit the city's specialty. They ordered every seafood dish in the menu, and as they arrived their horror grew. Fetid bits of slimey flesh were mixed in with the vegetables, rubber cauls defied chewing, tendrils squirmed in the soup, and suckers stuck to roofs of the mouths of the unwary. The occasion gave more due to Lovecraft than Eddison, and the Dinner was nevermore held at the "Sepuku" or any other Japanese restaurant.

SEACON 1979 - The legacy of Rue Britannia is a great number of devilish looking immigrants from outlandish places all over the Empire. "The Golden Stool", offering West African fare, disappointed all it attracted. The specialty of the house, traditional Biafran diets, gave the customer little for his money.

-- Saara, 1979



Clothes Horse of a Different Colour.

Yaral

If by now you haven't noticed the sexuality in my art it hasn't been for the lack of my trying to bring it to your attention. But it isn't the sexuality of big boobs and erect throbbing prongs that look more visceral than attractive. I try instead to find eroticism in my humanoids through touch and feel, lithe limbs and measured movement, wind in fur and dew underfoot. The culmination of my art, Saara Mar, is fandom's only extra-terrestrial member. When dressed, she ordinarily wears a short sleeveless dress of mirror-like material with a wide belt, and no shoes or underclothing. So do the males of her people, and the other peoples of Civilization tend to dress as sensually. So would I, if I had my druthers...

Yeah, I like to wear a dress. It's not as bad as it sounds. Look at your typical Medieval peasant labouring in the fields unaware that his villainous ways would form a basis for today's pinnacle of human culture. There he was grubbing about in a shapeless gown of rough homespun, fashionably draped over his body like a potato sack, perhaps girded around his loins if he thought he might need the freedom to shake a leg. Neither were the noble below wearing this simple garb, though the hose they also wore might be below it. This uniform costume was called a kirtle, also a skirt, kilt or shirt, cognate words. You wear a shirt. Richard the Lion Hearted wore a skirt, so did Julius Caesar and Alexander the Great for that matter. Anything unmanly about any of you?

More than for the sheer sensuality of it, I would identify more with Saara's people than H. Sap. if I could, and instinctively seek the freedom of expression. With these reasons in mind I chose to come out of the closet at IguanaCon.

Prior to the con I had bought the necessary yards of material, some velcro and thread and from it made a matching apple-green kilt and shirt that I tie around with a white

judo belt. Folded and packed at the bottom of a suitcase, it made the trip with me via East Providence and Baltimore to Phoenix. I never laid eyes on it all that time, though my thoughts never left the luggage. Would I have the nerve? Fans with less nerve than I'm known for had worn more ridiculous things before, but a costume show was a recognized Saturnalia. All who would appear in costume at any other time were known incorrigibles -- the sad looking supermen, pimply Luke Skywalkers, and pudgy barbarians -- distasteful to any trufan ... such company I'd be keeping.

The big day at Iggy. The suitcase sat open on the bed, my costume lying at the bottom of it. All I had let on to Victoria, whose room I was crashing, was that there was a surprise in store, but whenever the thought of being plain crossed my mind my balls would shrivel up. (And I had to wear this thing in front of people; more important, in front of one person just minutes from then.) I changed in the bathroom, and being emboldened by the thought of a complete tactical surprise, I lept meekly into the room. "I thought you'd have a Kjola costume when you said you had a surprise." Drat, she had anticipated me. Sound the retreat if she laughs. But she didn't, and I began to think I might live through the experience. Then unexpectedly she suggested we take in the art show. Leave the room? I turned back to the bathroom.

"You haven't had a single coke yet, why are you going back in the can?"

"To change."

"Don't be silly."

"I won't be, that's why I'm changing."

But she had a hold of \$15 worth of apple green cloth and wouldn't let go.

There was a mirror in the hall outside the bathroom that I could see myself in while we conducted our unequal tug-of-war. I was ridiculous. Then the frame around the mirror altered my perspective, and I saw in myself all the attributes of my art. Youth, male beauty, suppleness, sensuality, strength. Perhaps that was even more ridiculous, but I wasn't resisting any more when Victoria pushed me out of the room and locked the door behind me. Minutes later I was mixing unnoticed with the other fans on the con floor, feeling no sillier than I normally have any cause for. After a minor repetition of the scene in Victoria's room, I was persuaded to leave the Adams and cross the street to the Hyatt, and thence out in the open plaza to get to the convention center. By Monday I was quite at home dining in Mexican restaurants blocks from the hotel. This was the high-point of my costumed career.

Wearing a skirt in Phoenix is very practical. It keeps you cool and dry and comfortable -- but I had to wear my moccasins whenever outdoors in case I accidentally stepped in one of the streams of ankle deep molten tar that inexplicably runs between all the buildings in the downtown area. On one of many burrito expeditions we witnessed one unfortunate fan try the streets barefoot. He was screaming when he got to the other side, a split second later. Although the heart of Arizona proved to be a friendly spot to go drag, I suspect in the summer months my green ensemble would be just as much in place in any other city. One does not, however, simply don a dress and saunter out into the city streets. There is a technology to skirt wearing that women have kept to themselves since men found it was more fun to turn cuffs than press pleats.

Have you never noticed, for instance, that if your wife or girlfriend or sister wears a dress, she always sits with her knees together? I found out why. I wear bright red underwear and the clash with my green kilt caused visual distress as far away as Tucson and Flagstaff. An immediate source of anxiety for me as soon as the door to Victoria's room closed behind me was the belated realization that skirts have no pockets. The extra key reposed in my pants pocket, safely behind locked doors I could not open. Every time I'd pass a fan he'd weigh me down with another fanzine, or I'd find a book in the huckster's room I had to buy. Soon I wouldn't be able to carry it all and would have to dump the stuff off. Before which, I would have to find Victoria to unlock the door to her room. In a half hour's time I'd be looking for her again. Or looking for her for money, since a kilt without pockets for a key is a kilt without pockets for a

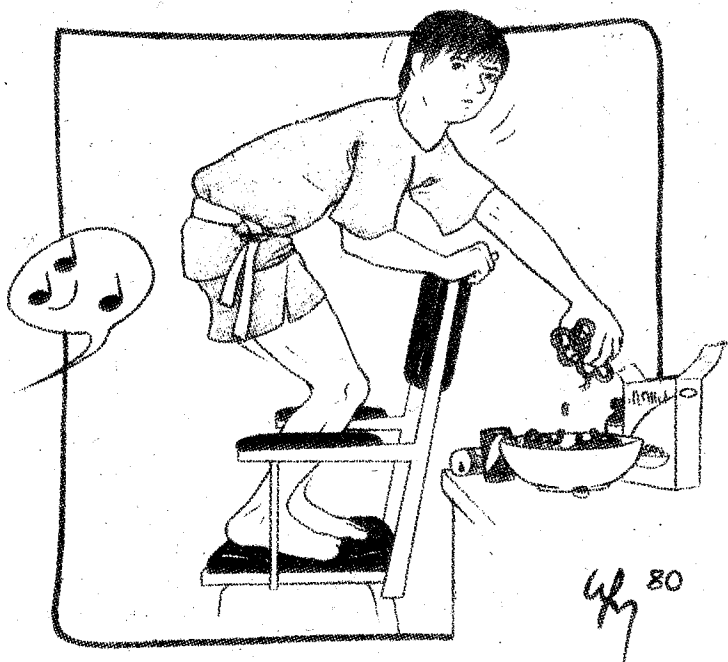
wallet. I'm not desperate enough for a handbag, but the mystery of why women have put up with such inconvenient accessories is explained to me. Though it's a poor con that I don't return from with an armload of zines and a layer or two of paperbacks to cover the contents of my suitcase, even at a poor con there are calls of nature. Be the con so poor in coke as to eliminate one call of nature, there is still feeding. For each meal I have to change. Then "Say, Stu, have you seen Victoria?"

Unlike Iggy, where the worldcon took over the entire downtown Phoenix, most cons are islands of faanishness surrounded by mundane seas. There is no safety in numbers outside the hotel. Waiters give you a funny look and policemen are apt to take unwanted interest in a society where it is a law to identify yourself sexually to every stranger, and whole classes of harmless items and behaviour are forbidden one sex or the other for fear of fraud. Many will not wait for the law, but will enforce the tribal will in a more direct and brutal fashion. In dark alley and boozy breath. Probably wearing ducks and high heeled shoes ...

Strange people, Homo Sapiens ...

I haven't been able to wear my kilt and shirt outside a hotel since Iggy, but I haven't necessarily gone without trouble at a con. During IguanaCon, even, I was embarrassed by mundanes staying in the hotel. (Embarrassed because I was caught off guard, and stupidly answered their questions like they were fans, not realizing they were only having themselves a good laugh until after.) At NovaCon it happened again, and some mundane floozy had me explaining no-I-didn't-find-it-cold until Tim Marion tipped me off. Next time, I think I'll tell them it's a gi for some exotic martial art and that if they don't apologize profusely in two seconds I'll give them a quick lesson in severing the cervical column with the blunt edge of the hand. ... and I'll kill some genuinely curious, well-meaning neo.

Hippies in the 60's apparently found some compensation for being assaulted by burly Texan service station attendants for their long hair, and there are occasional compensations for wearing a dress as well. Scene: a typical con party -- beer, pretzels, cigarette smoke, and the deafening din of 50 fans talking in a room that can only hold 30 standing -- you know the kind. This one was a little more crowded than most, and neither violence nor stale body odour would clear a way to the crunchibles. One phalanx



of oblivious fans remained between me and the pretzel bowl, and though I could get no closer, I could reach around their flank if I stood on the chair! I proceed to do so, unaware of a flaw in my plan that would be obvious to any long-legged beauty who'd worn a mini-skirt. Somebody whistled. I turned to look down on the young woman who'd given me the wolf-whistle, whereupon she complimented me on my legs ... Gosh, you know. That felt good. Pity she probably didn't mean it.

There is one other thing that happens to young women in mini-skirts I had to find out the hard way. The NovaCon West hotel was one of those thoughtful places with ramps to the upper floor for wheelchairs. The ramp to the program rooms was a long one, higher than your head through most of its length. By standing on my toes, though, I could quite easily reach up to where Simon Agree and friend were talking, and pinch Simon's sketch book from the ledge. Simon is never separated from his sketch book. I've seen him carry it in pouring rain and hurricane winds. I'm sure he takes it to bed with him and may not even lay it aside to shower. Nor surprisingly, its abduction at NovaCon was instantly noticed, galvanizing Simon into chase. Dashing down the ramp he didn't notice as I deftly replaced the book back up on the ledge. When he caught up with me a moment later I could grin and honestly say I didn't have his book. He followed me suspiciously down the hall until I relented and pointed back to the ramp.

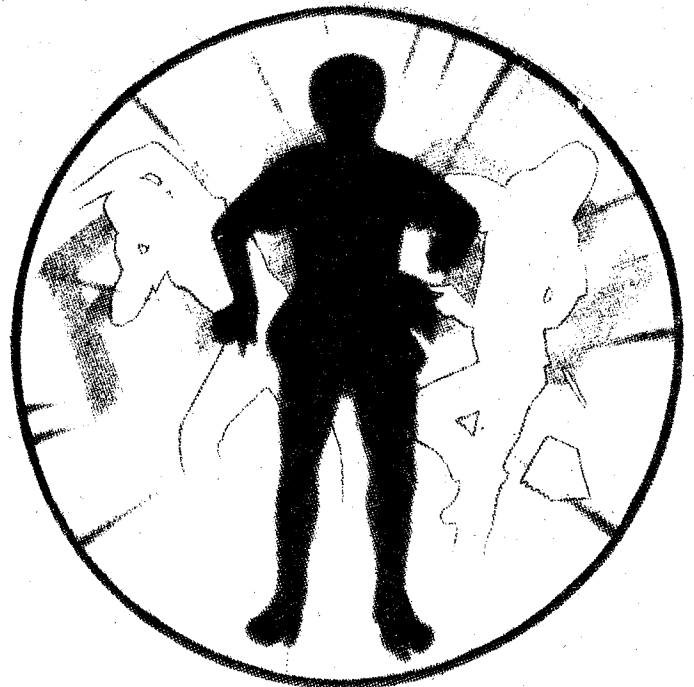
"There it is."

He took off like a neo with an ish to pub. Screaming "I'll get you for that!" all the way down the hall and up the ramp.

I was feeling pretty self-satisfied, so didn't give it another thought, which was imprudent. Victoria, who was with me, cut off in mid-warning as suddenly my skirts were pulled up roughly from behind. Onlookers were blinded wholesale by the flash of my red underwear. Turning with what dignity I could muster I saw Simon running away down the hall, chuckling evilly to himself.

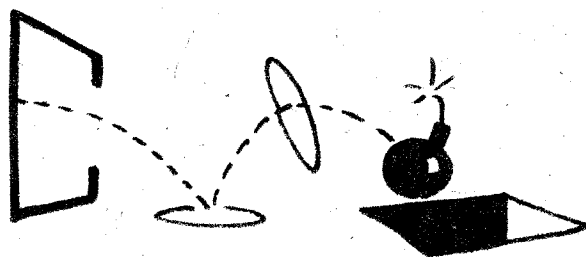
I wonder if Victoria isn't right when it comes to refusing to wear a dress if it comes to this. And they call Joe Nicholas a limpwrister for carrying a shoulder bag. On the other hand, I've never been whistled at for my legs before.

-- Gaaltlaaaleen, Taral



agent of entropy

**bob
wilson**



Atom

Rumours to the contrary aside, I did not marry Janet solely for her collection of rock 'n' roll 78's. It was only recently, in fact, that I realized just how spectacular a dowry it was. I knew, of course, that a fragile old recording of Chuck Berry's "Rock and Roll Music" (or Jerry Lee Lewis's "Whole Lotta Shakin'", or Danny and the Juniors' "At the Hop") was necessarily very Hot Stuff. But it took me a while to sort out names like Roy Brown, Jimmy McCracklin, Jim Lowe -- swallowed up whole in the maw of time, most of them, at least so far as the casual rock fan is concerned. But also Very Good Stuff. I've long ago committed the majority of it to tape. Preserved it against the ages, as it were. And fallen in love with it.

It was in this mood that I decided to check out some of the local specialty shops -- hoping to flesh out the collection, and more: I wanted to sort of, well, commune with a few stacks of old records. Nothing generates that special sense of time-binding quite like an old 78-rpm disc: thick, brittle, dusty, Authentic. "Fuck yes I'm authentic," says your average 78. "Look at me wrong and I'll fracture like a piece of Dresden china." This unlike 45's and LP's of the same vintage, which are maybe a tad more durable, but also ... plastic. So we

set out, Taral and I, on a rainy Thursday expedition to the seedier parts of town.

#

First stop is a tiny shop specializing in grammophones, Victrolas, Edison machines and such truck. It doesn't look terribly promising, till we observe a set of record bins hidden at the back. Taral gawks at the sixty-year-old picture discs hanging on the wall while I paw through Popular Music.

"Popular Music" of the forties seems to have been mostly swing music or novelty discs, the latter running largely to, uh, "ethnic humor" -- the Deluxe catalog lists "José is Living the Life of Reilly", "It's a Scream How Levine Does the Rhumba", "The Kellys, the Morellis, and the Lipshitzes", and my own favorite -- title, at least -- "Teacher, What's a Shmoe?". (I understand that similar discs were used as evidence that Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who owned them, had sold out their native religion and embraced Godless Communism ... historicity, that's what that is.)

In the more austere "Spiritual" category we find "Let That Liar Pass On By", "If I Could Hear My MOTHER Pray Again", and the gratifyingly succinct "God Don't Like It".

The r&b titles are more appealing: "Cadillac Baby" ... "Chew Tobacco Rag" ... "Spoiled Hambone Blues" ...

But nothing I want.

On the way out I pause to admire the proprietor's Dynaco pre-amp. He smiles and offers to show me his private stock of Louis Jordan. Coily, I agree.

He presents a stack of brittle 78's.

I go through them, not very hopefully, one by one, until -- what's this? -- GOSH! Cardiac arrest! A copy of the 1951 classic, SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY, by Louis Jordan and His Tympany Five!

Wow!

"There's not too many of those around," the proprietor notes.

"Ah um," says I.

"It's a real rarity."

"Er umf."

"Four dollars. Flat."

I take out my wallet.

Out in the rain again we drift past the vegetable carts, dark doors concealing feverish eyes, prostrate derelicts from the Salvation Army hostel. Next stop is a book-and-record store concealed in an office building Sam Spade would not have deigned to enter. We use the stairs, because the elevator is out of order, which we can tell 'cause the door has been torn off and left sprawled in the lobby. Up three flights ... down a corridor illuminated by the flickering of ancient fluorescents ... more hostile eyes ... strange gut-

teral noises from the empty husks of what might have been, once, offices ... at last, a door marked simply "334".

We enter.

Books. Records.

"You're hard to find," I tell the owner.

"Yeah," he snarls, "and that's the way I like it, too!"

Abashed, we browse. I rest the immortal SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY against one of the bins, mumbling over Moe Koffman and Woody Shaw, this being mostly newer stuff.

I spot a potentially interesting Herbie Mann LP. As I reach for it my elbow brushes SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY, which topples to the floor, smunch.

The sound you hear when an 8-year-old smacks a slab of hard toffee on the sidewalk in summer, with much the same effect. Of course, I feel awful. Taral guides me back to the street.

"You broke a four dollar record?" he asks.

"Yes," I wail.

"Wow," he consoles me. "What a dumb thing to do."

The worst thing at such times is that you feel like a real ham-handed Phillistine: like the kids in Victor Hugo's Ninety-Three who are left alone in a room with a Gutenberg Bible and proceed to tear it to confetti out of sheer boredom. I had contributed toward the slow conversion of Order into Chaos, which is a shameful thing to do. I debate going home and crawling under my bed, but Taral urges me on.

It's after dark by now. More rain ... we ease past street corners where drunken prize-fighters have gathered to seek out men who wear glasses, in order to punch them ... rubble, decay, desolation The only thing that could salvage the evening would be another copy of the great SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY, but Jesus, how often do you find two copies of a rare record in one day? Not extremely damn often, I figure.

We enter a seedy back-alley store flanked by drug-crazed Rastifarians. My hopes rise: in one corner is a box full of promising items: 78's at a dollar a shot ... at which price you take your chance, but why not look, at least

I examine the record on top of the stack, tremulously.

SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY, by Louis Jordan and His Tympany Five!

Cardiac arrest!

I peek at the record behind it.

SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY

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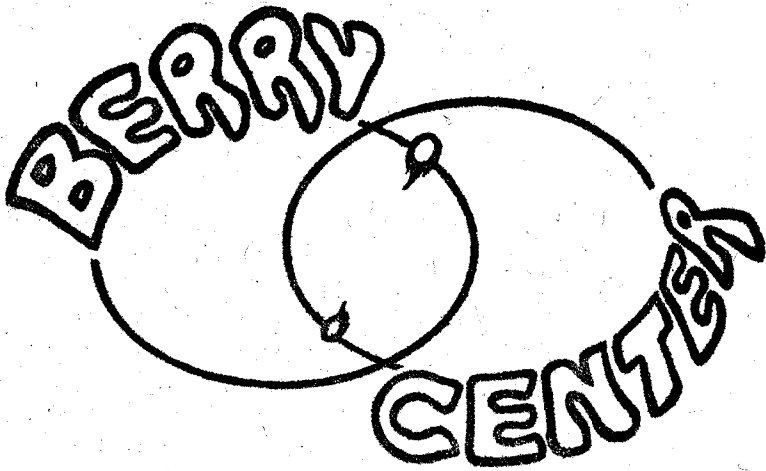
Common as flies on a shitpile is what it is, but a terrific record for all that.

All told I picked up four 78's including SATURDAY NIGHT ETC., of which only one -- Roy Brown's "Rockin' at Midnight" -- turned out to be unplayably worn. SATURDAY NIGHT was good; another Roy Brown classic, "Bar Room Blues" b/w "Good Rockin' Man", was also okay; and Jimmy McCracklin's "The Cheater" and "Hear My Story" (on the Peacock label out of Houston) was very good indeed.

Not bad, considering I've come to look on these old R&B hits with the same breathless avarice I once reserved for the entire Ace D-series, or certain varieties of Chinese food. In another sense, even better: one Canadian dollar bought back my soul from the Forces of Chaos -- cheap at half the price, says I.

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER
TO FEEL RELIEVED I
FOUND ANOTHER FOR
ONLY A DOLLAR, OR JUST
STUPID 'CAUSE I PAID
FIVE IN THE FIRST PLACE...





HOW DEEP WAS THIS VALLEY? - JOHN BERRY

The taxi arrived at 2 pm, exactly on time to the second. It was the same estate vehicle which had picked us up at Thorame-Haute and took us to the hotel at La Foux D'Allos, with the same driver, a man who, as far as I am concerned, has reached superman status in my estimation.

The half dozen visitors at the hotel had agreed to go on an afternoon visit to the town of Barcelonnette, fairly close to the Italian border, being sited, as the English wife of the hotel owner informed us, "in the next valley". Unfortunately, at the time, this didn't really mean very much.

We had already walked some distance en route on the previous day as an afternoon walk. The road zig-zagged north of La Foux D'Allos, and rose steadily until it reached the "gap". We hadn't quite got as far as the "gap", and were told it afforded a superb view. Now, however, the weather was dull, and snow was forecast, even though it was in June. I explained to my wife during lunch that this place was an important ski-resort in the winter, and we were at an altitude of over 7,000 feet, and one must expect snow at this height at this time of the year. Yet, that morning, we had breakfasted on the terrace, and it was so hot that I was able to take off my jacket and expose my bracers to the shocked French residents of this little sleepy village. The madam had told us in her impeccable English that the weather was notorious for sudden change.

So, I sat in front at the right of the driver, a place I would not have chosen if I had been an esp exponent.

Diane sat behind me, and the other guests snuggled wherever they could, although there was ample room in the car. But it was cold.

We reached the "gap" in ten minutes ... this was the passage for traffic from our valley, the Verdon, to the next valley, the Bachelard. As soon as we had passed through the gap, the full horror and enormity of the drive and of my situation in the front seat next to the driver overcame me ... we were on a very narrow mountain road, and the drop to my right was several thousand feet. The Bachelard was, as we later discovered, a very wide river, but as I looked down at it, it was like a little blue thread.

"My God," I said to Diane, "look down there."

The size of her eyes described more adequately than words what a horrible sight it was. Sheer gibbering fear was in those eyes, and in a way what transpired next was fortunate for the other passengers ... she broke out in a sweat and the mass of perspiration thus released, with the coldness outside, formed a sheet of condensation over the window on her side. She didn't see anything else, as incipient shock has softened the blow.

But I could see everything. There wasn't a barrier, just this terribly steep slope, with only a tree here and there to stop our descent should the car go off the road. And I felt it was quite possible it could.

Even worse, the driver seemed to enjoy it all, especially our discomfort, and I swear the swine drove even faster than he felt he should so that he could describe to his friends that night how the English had panicked. Naturally, I had two major fears ... a mechanical breakdown, such as the brakes failing ... and the driver becoming too over-confident ... or perhaps going to sleep. I kept sneaking furtive glances at him, to see if his eyes were open, and if he was in full possession of his faculties. He soon began to notice that I was looking at him, and every time our eyes met, which was often, I had to show that I wasn't worried, and awarded him with a smile and a knowing wink. After this happened half a dozen times I noticed that he started to edge away from me, concentrating more on this than the sheer drop to our right. It was utterly frightening being in that car. I looked out and, honestly, our vehicle was so close to the edge that when I looked downwards I could not see any verge ... just a sheer drop, which, incidentally, didn't seem to get any nearer ... the little blue thread didn't turn into rope ...

Of course, there was banter in the car, the other people said they were heavily insured, and a holiday wasn't complete until one had had a thrill ... a story to tell the ones back home, but as Diane said, first of all, you had to get back home.

We approached cars coming from the other direction ... they passed on my left, and the driver didn't slacken speed and of course he couldn't move over ... this was one nerve-racking journey. Diane said quite loudly that she wished she'd never come, and that she had never previously been religious but she had now realized this was her last chance, and she quietly began to croon "Oh God our help in Ages Past" and although I didn't wish to appear quite as desperate as she was, I found that I was humming the descant.

Then, gradually, we descended ... the blue thread looked like a river ... and as we got lower, probably in the thousand feet height range, I saw how narrow the gorge of the Bachelard was, and I looked across the valley and saw little cars, way up, moving along without any visible means of support.

Eventually, after an hour of the hell-ride, we coasted into Barcelonnette. A gorgeous little town nestling at the bottom of the valley.

The driver said in reasonable English that we had two hours to look around and do our shopping, and then he parked the estate and headed towards the nearest bar to tell his experiences with these strange English people who attempted to distract him whilst he was at the wheel negotiating a sheer drop ...

* * *

* * *

* * *

It was a lovely little town, the sort of place I would eventually like to settle down in and eke out my pension by writing pornography in one of the houses. The populace seemed friendly enough, especially the shopkeepers. Diane made it a momentous occasion by paying the equivalent of six pounds for a bottle of perfume. It so happened that at this time in June 1974, the World Cup for football was being fought for, and I knew that one of the major tournaments was being televised that afternoon. So whilst walking round and looking in the shop windows, I was actually on the lookout for a cafe or hotel with a television as part of the accoutrements. This town of Barcelonnette was a garrison town, and French soldiers with strange ill-fitting hats were much in evidence, and I reasoned that they, too, would be keen to watch football on tv ... so using my initiative I followed a group of soldiers who appeared to know where they were going, and, triumph, there was a large cate filled with soldiers watching a match which had just started.

We went in and sat down ... I was pleased to see that the soldiers made room for us. I felt it only prudent to make a purchase, so I ordered two cups of coffee. When I was asked to pay for them, I thought I'd also brought shares for the establishment ... the two cups of coffee actually came to the equivalent of one pound fifty pence ... and two

cups of coffee in even a posh establishment in London would only be about thirty pence at the then rate of exchange. Anyway, the cups were large, so I sat down and watched the football. Diane was at this juncture slightly suspicious that all this wasn't a coincidence, the circumstances not being quite so spontaneous as I had led her to think. Then she pointed out that her coffee was black ... she wanted some milk in it. I didn't want to get up again and have to queue, so, in my limited French, I told her what to say at the serving counter, "Une peu d'au lait, s'il vous plait." She repeated this to herself many times and then stood up, and took her cup back to the counter. Suddenly, the whole cafe froze ... this Birmingham orientated voice, slaughtering the French language with a raucous rendition of a plea for milk, lacking the subtle approach of the average French man, venting a dormant instinct to show that, she too, could converse in the vernacular. She bore the cup of coffee triumphantly back to our table, beaming with delight, cogniscent of the fact that she had broken the language barrier for the first time ... "They actually gave me milk," she announced to me and a strong section of the French army.

The two hours went quickly.

We found the estate car revving up, waiting for us, we took the same seats as we occupied on the previous drive ... this meant that I would not be looking at the steep slope, and the other passengers who had made sarcastic comments about how nervous we were would now have the chance to get a view of the horror, save that as we would be driving on the right and there would be a car's width between them and the edge of the precipice.

We ascended slowly, the driver hugging the side of the cliff ... the top of the high valley slopes could not be seen, and when we neared the top, I could see that it was snowing up there ... and then, suddenly, out of the mist, came a 'bus. It wasn't a big one, it probably held about a dozen people. But I'm sure that on the road I had seen a notice indicating that no buses or heavy lorries could make this journey.

I shall never forget the looks on the faces of the 'bus passengers. They'd probably seen the warning notice, too. Our driver pulled into the side of the cliff so much that we were at an angle, and the 'bus passed us. I reckon it was a miracle. The faces in the 'bus were white, transfixed with pure gibbering terror ... they seemed to throb as they shot past us. Our driver braked. He took out a big red spotted handkerchief and mopped his face. He spoke vindictive French for five minutes. I didn't recognize any of the words ...

When we came to the gap between the valleys, snow was coming down thickly, as though several thousands eider's were moulting in sympathy. It was thick snow, each flake coming down slowly in an oscillating movement, rather like a leaf caught in a balmy breeze. We got out of the car and took photographs showing that, as a notice confirmed, we were at an altitude of 2,240 meters. The driver thought we were mad, but I think the 'bus had scared him, and he was glad of the repose to collect himself again. I sneaked a look at him, and I saw a wonderful view of a throbbing Adam's Apple as he took sustenance from a bottle of red wine ...

Back at our hotel, L'aigle et la Cochon, we told the madam about our frightening journey ... she said that cars did plunge down that slope, and if we'd kept our eyes open, we may have noted rusted cars at nasty angles at various altitudes down the ravine. But she said that this countryside bred a special kind of driver ... it was usually only the visitors who under-estimated the risk involved who were shot into unwanted orbit.

She happened to say to Diane that she knew a shopkeeper in Barcelonnette who would sell her beautiful dresses at cost price, and that she was in fact going to the town on the morrow, and would be extremely pleased if Diane accompanied her.

Diane's reply, in the circumstances, was a model of composure and erudition, spoiled only by the reference to taxidermy.

-- John Berry, 1974

MATILDA 4 or HEARNEATED HYENA 2 or REDICAB 6, I'm not sure which and don't care enough to turn back to the cover (speaking of which, isn't it marvelous what they can do with artificial limbs these days...) Ever since the death of Australian publishing with RATAPLAN, there has been an odd exodus of fanzine like objects from down under that rather resembles the Norwegian Lemming. Their instinct to swim across any watery barrier is unmistakable. But it is their lemming-like facelessness that most strongly suggests a family relationship. This must be examined in detail for positive identification, but judging from initial impressions -- the trip report, con speech, Australia in '83 plug, and book reviews -- the announcement of the new species, Lemmus Australis, can be expected any day. Of particular disinterest is the banality of their sameness. Interchangeable trip reports are not bad per se, but only when the traveller's experiences and observations are all so commonplace as to make a carpet-sampler seem more interesting by comparison. The issue(s) reviewed inform me the editor: bought his ticket at a wicket. Changed trains at Sydney. Paid for his convention membership in the morning. Carried three pairs of socks which he unpacked but didn't wear. Listened to the Guest of Honour speak. Listened to John Borsnan speak. Listened to John Bangsund speak. Bought all the new DAW books for his collection. Ate in the hotel. Sat next to an old lady on the train home. And so on. Never once are we told the slightest thing of interest, such as what any of the speakers had to say and what he thought about it, how he likes DAW books in general, or whether the train he rode was a 1919 Princess or a Pacific 4-4-2. The same lack applies to most other non-formal writing as well. If the Australian Lemming is amusing, it is also a little frightening. Unlike its Norwegian counterpart, it has proved its ability to cross whole oceans...



INDEX RE
GURGATOR
IUS TARAL

MALICE AFORETHOUGHT 2. This should have been reviewed last month, but I had to write to the editor to find out where the colophon was, needing to know whether it was available for the usual or not, and which issue number it was. Although similar in this respect to other British zines, Mal concedes to visual appeal insofar as having an attractive front page logo. But not so far as a cover, lettraset, or even basic layout sense. Materially it shares the intensity of British fandom. Here are the savage witticisms and fanciful falsehoods, the merciless trashings and baldfaced lies that is faanishness at its best. Jim Barker faithfully illustrates Bob Shaw's latest speech -- "When the fan shifts the hit" -- capturing perfectly the mood of BoSh's humorous anecdote of a diarrhetic fan's ill-luck in doping with suppositories. In "G is for Guillotine" fanzines are dissected with a razor sharp intellect. The same hapless felons falling prey to the reviewer time and time again is part of the natural order of British fandom, and the reader's pleasure is only increased by the wallpaper curling from the invective and the polish coming off his shoes. As usual, no notice is taken of any non-British fanzines except MOTA.

GAB 19. The clubzine of the Altoona Pennsylvania Science Fiction Club, GAB is one of the newer success stories of the big resurgence of club publishing in America. Not believing in unnecessary hard feelings, the editors steer a firm course down the middle of the road, standing by their opinions but with ample qualifiers to save the face of anyone in disagreement. Typical for most clubzines, GAB is xeroxed with the new generation of copiers, reproducing the text and art on white paper in a shiny black that only fades in the middle if there is too large a solid. Most other illos are printed quite adequately, giving expression to many artists who would not otherwise be published. Material is not all club oriented; reviews of Alien and Superman or articles on Anne McCaffrey, though member

written, make up the most part of it. There is much communication between the clubs, it would appear from the letter column, where many of the same names can be regularly seen, including several of the editors of the other clubzines. Unlike the British, club fandom is very supportive. Criticism is genuinely appreciated if it is positive and constructive. No one's ego is slighted carelessly, and a great deal of effort is made to see something good in everyone. On the whole, zines like GAB provide a great service, giving protection for many fans from the hard facts of fandom.

FARQUAHR 1. Another bozozine from the crazy Mipple-stipple people in the tradition of RUNE and HOOP, FARQ is a triumph of nonsense and spontaneity. Not satisfied, as previous bozos have been, with mere allusions to Firesign Theatre and Monty Python, the editor of FARQ has printed entire pages of quotes from these shows, making hilarious fan substitutions where appropriate. The main attraction of the issue is the humorous pastiche of Don Quixote, which is delightfully adapted to include Ben Zuhl as Sancho Panza, tilting at mimeos, and fansmanship as the worthy goal of the ancient idealist. Though not as daring and radical as The Fan of LaMancha, other short parodies of Jabberwocky, The Wizard of Oz, A Star is Born, and War and Peace are refreshing in their originality. There was the unexpected surprise of a Gordon Dickson interview, as well as his last Guest of Honour speech from Minicon. How the Minneapolis fans continue to get such material for their fanzines and continue to be so favoured by Dickson at their cons is a mystery, but not one that needs to be understood to be appreciated. In his closing remarks the editor mentions that he already has lined up for next issue two Minicon panels, some funny animal pornography, and a fan version of Cinderella. He also admits undertaking an index to all Firesign Theatre references in past Minneapolis zines, claiming to be able to reconstruct their complete work from the information gathered. Artwork is entirely hand-stencilled, mostly ragged looking coyotes and blimps.

LE SPECTRE 41. A fabled title by a well known author from his days as a fan in the 1940's, LeS is surprisingly contemporary with an ordinary crudzine of today. The mimeo reproduction is extremely poor, which may be all for the best if the art in most other 40's fanzines is any indication of how the illustration of LE SPECTRE was meant to look. It's hard to realize that the editor of LeS is the same person who authored such well-written novels as THE LONG WARRING PEACE, GRAVY TRAIN, GREATER THAN MAN and CASE OF CONSCIOUSNESS, his writing then being mainly puerile humour and naive admiration for literary atrocities. As a zine, LeS is nearly reduced to a collection of unrelated sheets by the poor development of the author's thoughts. The average length of one of his articles is one page. Letters seem mainly concerned with the astounding quality of LeS and like publications, and the means by which scientifiction would redeem mankind. Scattered throughout this and other zines of the day are an assortment of quotes and feeble gags that were interlined once or twice and consequently forgotten to make room for the next catch-phrase, only to be resurrected and made more current 30 years later than they ever were in their mortal lives. I wonder if First Fandom would dare present its Big Hearts publically if their old fanmags were less rare?

THE WORD FOR THE WORLD IS TWILTONE 3 - While still collecting money for DELTA PSI after nearly two years, Taral continues to procrastinate creatively, publishing zine after zine to squander away his money. This issue is no different than any of the other 5 and 10 page instruments of self-admiration and self-pity that have emerged from this pretentious prima-donna. As usual there are two or three pages of pompous plans for trips and artwork he will never undertake, another two or three pages of revelation of embarrassing neurosis, followed by pages of flat humour, paranoid denunciations of imaginary enemies, and stiff unnatural drawings often of questionable taste and sanity. Unlike the previous two TWILTONE's there are a few letters, written, one suspects, from motives of compassion rather than any real interest. The impression is that the editor has printed any scrap that came in the mail, pathetically eating up every word.

-- Taral

ROBERT RUNTE
10957 - 88 Avenue
Edmonton, Alta T6G 0Y9

Saara, ... where do you get off
reading Taral and Victoria's
mail anyway?

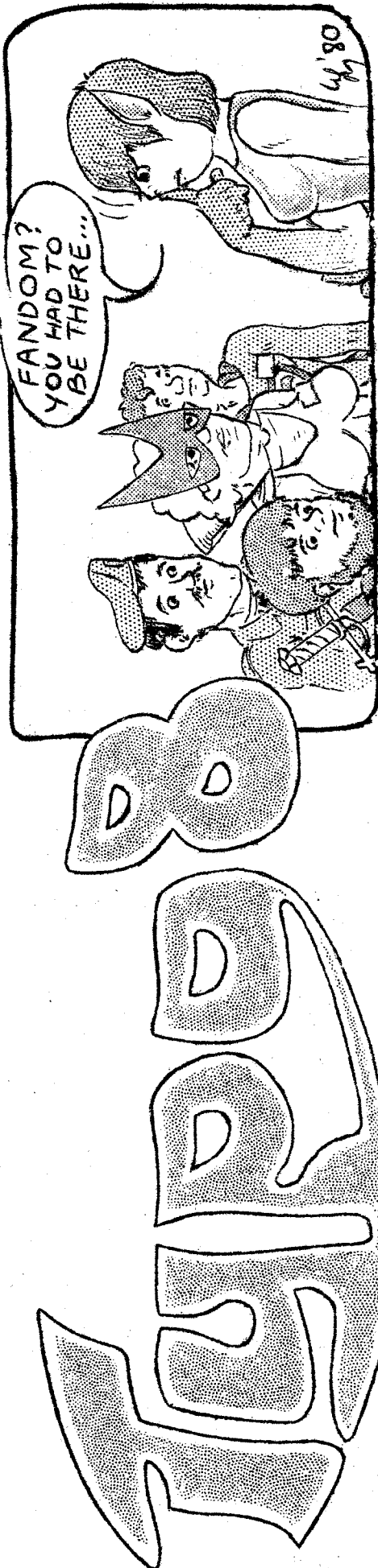
*/She doesn't, either of our mail. Have you ever
tried to keep something from a "telepath"
though? --Taral/*

HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, MD 21740

DNQ is invariably interesting,
literate, and amusing (in the
places where it's meant to be that
way). But it takes on the quali-
ties of HYPHEN when an issue brings me the news that I've
won a FAAn Award. This was the first intimation I'd had
of this happy event. Now I know how Muhammed Ali felt
when he regained his title, since the other one came to
me all the way back in 1974. Of course, I'm quite aware
that the outcome would probably have been different if
Mike had run again this year. On the other hand, I can
console myself in view of this default aspect by thinking
of the many years when I might have had a good chance of
winning one of the awards back in the 1960's and early
1970's when Mike wasn't around to provide competition.

The one unfortunate thing about all this is the fact that
after making (I'm pretty sure), the first published sug-
gestion of an awards program in which activity is a requi-
site for voting like the Oscars, after propagandizing for
the FAAn idea when it was new and a lot of good fannish
friends were dead set against it, after faithfully nomi-
nating and voting each and every year from the beginning,
this was the year when I failed either to nominate or to
vote. There was no sinister purpose behind my defecting;
it's just another example of how I'm gradually slipsliding
away from doing things in fandom when they should be done.
In both cases, I finally sat down to fill out a form and
found that the deadline listed on it has passed. So I

hope you'll let the other committee members with whom
you're in contact know how gaffed I am. I suppose I
should write to each committee member, but among my pro-
blems in this gradual withdrawal from fandom is my inabi-
lity to find addresses for several on the committee. I'm
sure the bloc voting problems you talk about in this issue
will grow worse if the trend to increased voting continues.
And I doubt if there is any way to prevent it, except for
the fundamental matter of paying close attention to cre-
dentials, and even that discipline is hard to accomplish,
the way fandom has grown: even a committee's members may
not be able to check out easily a claim to activity as a
writer in an obscure apa or as an assistant in the publi-
shing of a local fan club's bulletin. You didn't mention
one thing I find wrong with the current results, aside
from the fact that I won in a time when I'm writing fewer
locs than at any time in more than a decade. That's the
perhaps complete absence of Australians from the nomina-
tions. I'm not sure about the nationality of a couple of
the serious artists. There is enough good fanzine crea-
tivity going on in Australia to make it right that at



least one or two should qualify from that continent for best fan writer, possibly for best fan editor, too. I know that the mail delay problems diminish the chances of anything Australian getting nominated for best single issue. But it would be good if the committee could somehow stir up a couple of key Australian fans into prodding others down under to nominate and vote next year. Incidentally, I've been a teller in two sorts of fannish balloting in recent years. When I counted the FAPA egoboo poll ballots a few years back, I was shocked by the way a half-dozen or so members filled them out, obviously seeking more to guarantee their buddies a substantial number of points than to be guided by the quality of the previous year's mailings. On the other hand, when I counted ballots for the NFFF Hugo vote last year, I was impressed by the apparent fairness which most members seemed to utilize. (As a non-member, you might mistake the purpose of this voting. It isn't an effort to stuff the Hugo ballot boxes with NFFF votes. Instead, it's done to determine how the NFFF ballot shall be cast, the one ballot that the organization gets as a member of the worldcon.) I liked your choice of reprints for this DNQ. I wonder if either Tucker or Bradbury remembers the semi-prophetic entries from Poor Pong's Almanac? Or, for that matter, if they feel as chilled as I do by the fact that we're already half of the way to arriving at that month of May, 2039, that the entries cover?

/I don't think there is any malaise specific to the FAAns; what's troubling them is what's troubling fandom in general, a dissipation of its energies and a disintegration of its fabric that has resulted in, among other things, more concern with loyalties than critical standards. It ain't the old days, as your gradual gafiation makes amply clear. I disagree with you about Australian FAAn nominees, I hate to say. While there is some good fanac being done in apas, as shown by the recent Anzapa anthology, I can't think of another notable product from down-under, bar SFC and Leigh Edmonds' infrequent RATAPLAN. The one isn't faanish and the other's last issue I nominated. The remainder of Australian fandom's output is, kindly put, undistinguished. --Taral/

HARRY WARNER JR. A week's vacation is almost ended, and this is the first fannish let-[later letter] ter I've written during it. That shows the seriousness of my fanac decline. When I typed the return address up above, I actually hesitated for a moment at the zipcode, because I hadn't written it for so long that it no longer came out automatically. Anyway, the 23rd DNQ and seventh TYPO were interesting and productive of some comment hooks. For one thing, coincidence permits me to supply some information on the matter Eric Mayer brings up about the cost of producing a fanzine in the old days. Just recently I discovered on the attic a primeval looseleaf notebook in which I had filed carbon copies of all the stuff I wrote for fanzines during my first few years in fandom. I devoted most of the next HORIZONS to the naive and pig-headed and cruddish things I found in that collection, and quoted extensively from one article which speculated on how cheaply a fan could publish a good-sized fanzine if he really wanted to economize. The stencils for that HORIZONS have been mailed to the Coulsons for mimeographing and I've put away the notebook so I'll have to rely on memory, but I'm pretty sure my calculations showed it would be possible to publish a 24-page fanzine for five dollars. This would have been at the end of the 1930's or the beginning of the 1940's. One catch was that this budget fanzine publishing concept involved the use of yellow second sheets, which are so thin that they won't go through many mimeographs without wrinkling. The oddest thing about the \$5 budget for a complete fanzine was the fact that it was cheaper to publish 24 pages on this low-priced paper than a thinner issue. If a fanzine had at least 24 pages at that time, the postage was only one cent, while the minimum postage rate for fanzines with fewer pages was 1-1/2¢. I know that my own subscription fanzine, SPACEWAYS, broke even most of the time despite such luxuries as 20-pound paper and coloured covers, on a paid circulation that must have averaged around 100 copies at a dime each. I think there's a lot to be said in favor of the choice of Rusty for fan goh at a worldcon. Sheer longevity in fandom as an active fan should be rewarded when it's combined with other desirable qualities like an ideal personality and a record of much work for cons. But I hope the list of unhonored fans which you drew up for this DNQ will stick in the memory of future worldcon commit-

tees. At least two of the living fans you listed would probably be unable to accept for health reasons. Two or three others are even more uncomfortable in big mobs than I am and might refuse the honor if offered for that reason. But I can think of other fans who might be added to such a list. The fact that you included so many once super-active fans who do little or nothing in fandom today seems to suggest the possibility of establishing something new for worldcons: a place of honor each year for one famous fan of the past who might not be chosen as fan goh for lack of recent activity. It's good to know that the Irish John Berry is returning to a more active status in fandom. And I wish some fan somewhere with lots of energy would consider arranging with John for a reprint collection of some of his best work from when he was a writing tornado. John himself published such a volume which might simplify the task of choosing among the enormous quantities of Berry material. Maybe the passing of time has made the typical Berry item slightly harder to appreciate today than a Willis piece, since John based so much of his material on the personalities and activities of United Kingdom fans who were known to everyone then and are semi-forgotten today. But I think much of the Berry humour would survive this handicap.

/HORIZONS is without a doubt one of the best fanzines being published today, and having been privileged to read a number of issues in FAPA and collect some older copies from other sources I can better appreciate your longstanding reputation for fanac. The letter hacking by which you are known exclusively to most fans is the minor side of your accomplishments. Cannot it be made more generally available? If it is simply a matter of too much work for the Coulsons, your mimeographers, I'm sure there can be found willing mimeo slaves in Toronto. To put it bluntly about Rusty and DenVention, I suspect that his debacle with Iggy and Denver fandom's own differences with the Garret may have had as much to do with his selection as any merits of his own. Thus struck me as a tacky way of disbursing "fandom's greatest honour" if true. (Which at this point is probably best never proved.) --Taral/

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Let's see, anything to comment on in #22? Interesting analysis of the FAAns, though it does go a bit too far in infringing the secrecy one might suppose the ballots to be entitled to. I have the feeling that this is not conducive to fighting apathy on the part of nonvoters. As for your final remarks, Taral, you might be interested in this quote from a recent apazine: "Bill Rotsler for best fan artist. Blah!!!! ... I much prefer Teddy Harvia's stuff." I won't identify the author, but he didn't vote on the FAAns. Yes, I received a first-hand account of the Pepsi Challenge from Moshe himself in Louisville. Seems to me he gave more details, but I forget. Speaking of Louisville, the art show had quite a few of Joan Hanke-Woods' pieces, and a number seemed to be from fanzines: nothing I recognized, though. (Looking at recent zines I have handy, I find two pieces of hers in the new JANUS, and the cover of FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS. I've known her for years, but have no real image of her style.) On to #23. On that comparative FanGoH list, a few mitigating factors might be pointed out. For one thing, the FanGoH wasn't regularly established until the mid-sixties, but which time Laney and Bok were already dead (while Ellik died before he was 30). And from the accounts I've read, Willis was effectively a FanGoH in '52 without the formal title. Some of the others you name havne't been around all that long, are controversial, are nowadays thought of mainly as pros, or have been heavily honored in other ways. But there is a problem with those who were great in the past but have not continued to be active. In the nature of things any Worldcon committee is going to be heavily weighted with people relatively new in fandom (for example, I think over a third of the NoreasCon II committee didn't attend NoreasCon I, and we're a relatively experienced group); the number of fanzine fans who get into convention running is also rather small; and the number who are also knowledgeable about fan history So how do you go about getting people to honor someone whom most if not all of them can know only by hearsay? (I'm interested in fan history myself, but even what I know is basically from secondary sources, since I don't collect old fanzines and there aren't nearly enough reprints available -- now if Bergeron would

get the Willish out...)

One other thing: Herbert W. Franke wasn't a FanGCH but one of Heicon's three pro GoH's (one each from America, Britain and Germany). They didn't have a formal FanGoH that year, although Elliot Shorter sort of filled the role as TAFF winner (as was Eddie Jones the year before), and has appeared in some GoH listings. Speaking of which, your list of FanGoH's would have been even shorter a couple of years ago: as late as DisCon Worldcon program books listed no FanGoH's before 1964; the earlier ones were restored to memory by Fred Patten's research, but distortions seem to be creeping in again on this and other points.

/This may escalate into a war if I go on at any length, which would be a pity since I have no quarrel with Joan Hanke-Woods. I have a quarrel with the fans who voted for her if they voted on the strength of her appearances in convention art shows, as appears to be the case going on the very small number of appearances in fanzines prior to the '78 ballot. A massive use of Woods artwork in HOLIER THAN THOU 4 has presented fandom with a good look at her style for the '79 FAAns, though. In the case of the Herbert W. Franke, the distortion appears to be due to the fashion in which the SunCon program book listed past Worldcon guests. It did not distinguish between guests, but in all cases seemed to follow the pro guests with the fan guests, so I read Franke as a fan. All the same; who the fuck is Herbert W. Franke? --Taral/

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Part of your SEACON GLEANINGS in DNQ #23 states: "A meet the authors party turned into a disco way too fast, the event having been planned on the probably mistaken assumption that North Americans liked that sort of thing", and a comment in the WORLDCON SCANDINAVIA 1983 states "To their discredit, they also held the first ever disco at a Scandinavian con, but hopefully they'll mend their ways...." I don't quite understand your antipathy to discos but the first statement is certainly incorrect. Of the twelve cons I've attended in the past few years all but the three relaxacons had discos so it was only natural to have a disco at Worldcon since it was a British con this year and we expect a disco at our major cons. In fact quite a few fans, myself included, would feel put out if an EasterCon or NovaCon dropped the disco. This is, in my case, because I enjoy dancing tho' others just stand around enjoying the music. Myself, I prefer punk rock. DNQ seems to be steadily improving and with the demise of CHECKPOINT and the rise of ANSIBLE in its place will serve a useful purpose since I fancy Langford will be less inclined to report on the fan activities of North America than Roberts was. We shall see. One would hope that the ill-grace with which Geis' fanzine Hugo was presented will finally persuade him to withdraw his publication, but somehow I doubt it. Still, while no British fanzine is ever gonna win the Hugo, however deserving, it would be nice to see the award go to a genuine 'zine for once.

/Maybe "disco" means a different thing in Britain, but around here it's an entertainment tailor made for that kind of sheep that depends on the transient whims of his or her leadership objects to form similarly transient aesthetic judgements or their current idea of what constitutes a good time. And the "music" sucks; a bass tone generator designed to thump 130 times per minute could provide benchmarks to dance to just as adequately, at considerably less cost for "no-name" disco. --V.Vayne/

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Many thanks for DNQ 23 and TYPO 7, which arrived this morning. Provoked into instant response, therefore, I hunch myself before my typewriter and wait for the words to flow ... not that this letter will contain much in the way of news, mind you; just inconsequential chatter about this and that ... Firstly, and something I meant to write to you about vis-a-vis DNQ 22: it wasn't Raymond Ted Gallun who won the First Fandom Award but Raymond Z. Gallun. This mistake was probably caused by the fact that we refined British pronounce the letter "z" as "zed" rather than "zee", and it would have

been all too easy to mishear it as "Ted" when read over a transatlantic phone-line. (Oh, gosh, just look at the horrifying arrogance implicit in the wording of that remark! See me grovel in abject apology...) And as a further correction to the awards: Ian omitted to tell you that the Big Heart Award was won by old-time French fan Georges Gallet ... not that it makes any bloody difference as far as I'm concerned, since those two presentations were easily the most overblown, boorish, pompous, oafish and patience-destroying "ceremonies" through which I have ever had to suffer, listening to senile loudmouths like Ackermann and Kyle droning on and on and bloody on about the pre-pubescent wonders of long-dead First Fandom. Who cares that they think they invented the whole bloody thing from total scratch back in 1858 or whenever it was? Most modern fans -- and certainly most modern British fans -- couldn't give a good goddamn about their long-superseded cloistered little gosh-wowery world of the 1920's, and the utter condescension implicit in their posturings -- as though they genuinely believe that without them we wouldn't even exist -- is insufferable to an almost indescribable degree. What's with you Americans and Canadians that you're willing to tolerate their shit year and year?

I don't understand the widespread North American aversion for discos at conventions. If you're thinking of the super-pretentious Studio 54 schlock then, yes, you're probably justified, but the sort of discos run at British Eastercons and Novacons (and without which Eastercons and Novacons would now feel somehow incomplete) are nothing more than an excuse for us to stomp around with wild abandon for a couple of hours on the last night of the convention and put us in a good mood for the room parties that follow. Hell, we may not be full-blown rock music fanatics, but most of us are sufficiently interested in that scene -- or at least reasonably tolerant of it -- to permit ourselves a limb-swinging bop or two whenever the occasion offers. Still, this is probably just another example of the differences between our respective fandoms, and no amount of proselytising by us is likely to significantly alter your point of view ... which doesn't mean that I wouldn't be interested to learn just why you're all so averse to such things.

And just to stick with discos for the duration of this paragraph ... in DNQ 23 you say that the meet-the-authors party "turned into a disco way too fast ... on the ... assumption that North Americans liked that sort of thing." Rubbish! The disco was there for we British to enjoy, and never mind your preferences. SeaCon 79 was, after all, the first British Worldcon for fourteen years, and thus a golden opportunity to show you all what British fandom was like -- and if that meant running programme items which were overtly British in both tone and content, then so be it. A thoroughly parochial approach, I know, but one that I can but applaud wholeheartedly -- and I hope that other overseas conventions have the courage to run "nationally-oriented" Worldcons in future.

Yes, you can claim that because it's a Worldcon it must pander to the tastes of the majority, but such is known as "semantic hairsplitting" and with it I have no patience. Besides, the majority of a Worldcon attendance will always be North American, simply due to the greater size of your fandom, and to so pander would result in perpetually American-flavoured Worldcons -- and if you're going to run such Worldcons, then why bother holding them overseas at all?

If that doesn't stir someone up, I'll be very surprised! The phrase "Is there anybody here from Oregon?" has indeed passed into fannish history; herewith the following anecdote, as accurate as I can remember it. The scene: the hot, overcrowded basement of the Metropole Hotel, wherein swarm the gophers, the committee, various guests and hangers-on, working their steady way through the mountain of beer provided for their special "invitation-only" party. Enter Alan Dorey and I to find a very pissed Dave Langford, clutching his briefcase and bemoaning his failure to present the TWLL-DDU Fan Poll Awards at the conclusion of the speeches that initiated the party a couple of hours earlier. Alan and I looked at each other. "Do it now!" we cried, "We'll help you!" "Fetch me," said Dave, "six empty beer cans!" As one precision organism, Alan and I swept up six empty beer cans from a nearby piece of floor and crushed them out of shape. "A chair!" cried Dave, "I need a chair on which to stand!" A chair was thrust beneath him and, swaying drunkenly, he rose above the multitude, screaming for the unswerving attention of his audience. And eventually got it. And proceeded to read out the Fan Poll results amidst much hilarity -- except that the "winners" were not present! Not a single crushed beer can was awarded to anyone! "Is there," cried Dave despairingly,

"anybody here from Oregon?" The audience collapsed with laughter and a new catch-phrase had been duly introduced to the world.

/Tolerate that shit? Mostly those old fans are just names on coffee table books about pulp art or footnotes in All Our Yesterdays. So if they've been condescending to me all these years, I haven't been paying attention. In any case, the Big Heart seems a harmless sort of mutual egoboo (and see, I can condescend to them). It appears pompous and egotistic because it's staged in front of a Worldcon audience, where it patently doesn't belong. The Big Heart is nearly irrelevant to the modern fan, and is even more so to the average Worldcon attendee, who can only make sense of these people by equating them with pros and otherwise more than faanish demi-gods. The Worldcon at which the Big Heart had its place is long over -- it would be more in keeping with First Fandomites' faanishness to present their awards among themselves, perhaps appropriately at their closed party... I wonder if the well-known but oft forgotten difference between Queen's and New World English is to blame for contending opinions on disco. To the British is disco a simple 4/4 bass beat, a girly chorus and a latin vocalist singing mucho-macho lyrics over and over again, or is it any dance music? Is a disco a place you go to boogie the night away, or a discoteque? The fate of Anglo-American relationships hangs in the balance... (Bob Shaw says he doesn't like disco. Answer tactfully or cede him to us.) --Taral/

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I was appalled not only by the repetition in my writing in the letter of mine that you printed in TYPO 7, but also by your reply. After I go into detail describing the difference between your news about me and reality, you respond with, "errrr ... isn't that what I said? In much less detail and ignoring your attendance as a guest before the issue of your coming regularly came up?" It seems to me that somehow you're missing the whole point. I don't have the DNQ in question with me here in New York (it's back in Virginia in my extensive fanzine files), but as I remember, you stated in that news entry about me, "When he first moved to New York, Tim Marion was not welcome to come to Fanoclasts." This is incorrect. When I first moved to New York, I was very welcome to come to Fanoclasts. Then, if I am not mistaken, you went ahead to describe the whole problem as a grudge by Andy Porter against me, which it wasn't completely. Then, as you were mentioning people who had helped me out in returning to the meetings, you left out the name of one of the people who had helped the most. I can hear you now -- "The *\$#@#! Tim Marion! Somebody ought to kick my ass up to heaven if I ever print any news about him again!" Sorry to make such a big deal out of it; it's just that I wanted the truth recorded for fan history (ha!), and I would appreciate it if you would print this bit also. I'm not sure, but I think I approve of Victoria's idea of combining TYPO with DNQ, as I'm sure it presents a problem to bibliographers as to whether or not they should keep their TYPOs with their DNQs. I have always filed my TYPOs with the particular issue of DNQ the TYPO in question went with, although that may present future confusion. Other than that, I have no more news or specific comments or suggestions. One thing, though, I'm afraid I got very little out of your "Victoria: On no account to be published in DNQ!" Could you please tell this unenlightened soul what was the point of it? It bored me very much, and if it was meant to be funny, it didn't really succeed. Otherwise, I really enjoy DNQ -- it's one of the one or two fanzines I try always to read immediately ... but maybe that's because of the news as well as the general quality.

/As the stencils of this TYPO are typed, we're still not sure whether to combine TYPO with DNQ. The suspense is killing us, but due to the odd time sense of fanzines, you already know what we'll decide, and that's killing us too ... Give us a break and let us in on the secret?

I wrote the article in DNQ 23 several years ago, as part of a letter to QWERTYUIOP/GUNPUTTY that Sam Long was going to publish. Sam folded his zine but there was that space in DNQ to fill

so the ms. was dusted off, tinkered with a bit, and published. The parody of scientific jargon could easily bore anyone not interested in the real thing, the laughs at Velikovsky might have been too cheap, and the sudden reversal of the old cliché that fandom is the superrace of secret masters of humanity may easily have failed. But I guess Sam thought it was funny even if I'm not sure myself. Gary Deindorfer on the other hand... --Taral/

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Thank you, both of you, for sending copies of DNQ. I have looked upon it and have found it Good. I should have known that my name wouldn't be found in the Negoboo Poll, that enough people don't know or care sufficiently about me to list me, even

in an uncomplimentary way.

Fan history note (of sorts): back in the early 60's in Apa X, Sandi Bethke (later Sandi Gerber, still later Sandi Nemzek) used the term "negoboo" for, as far as I know, the first time. I never understood why it didn't catch on in general fannish usage. As the antithesis of "egoboo", it seems to be a very useful neologism. I was therefore pleased to see it used as the name of the poll. It is possible, of course, that you or someone else recently invented it independently. But Sandi's is the first usage of it that I ever saw.

In TYPO, I was amused by Tim Marion's letter. Amused because NYC fans seem to have a positive mania for excluding people from their meetings. For all I know, I may be one of the excluded people. Not that I care. When I lived in NYC in the late 60's, we had the FISTFA meetings at our place. We didn't exclude anyone. Anybody and everybody was welcome. Of course, we then managed to ignore people who were there, if we didn't feel like gracing them with our godlike attention.

These furious exclusions are laughable and pathetic, and remind me of all those tempest in a teapot goings-on recounted in Sam Moskowitz's THE IMMORTAL STORM. I haven't read his book, mind you. But I've heard and read so much about it down through the years that I have a pretty good idea of what it's like.

The idea of Andy Porter excluding anybody from fan meetings seems kind of like being excluded from a party by Arnold Stang: a compliment.

December 11, 1979 ... I will duly hoist a drink in honor of this momentous occasion. I am not even that much of a drinker these days, but the 50th anniversary of sf fandom is certainly worth a toast.

Are those books by somebody named Velikovsky parodies of the article in #23? If so, the fictional Velikovsky is a very perspicacious spoof of the real life Gollywogski, known as "the rich man's Carl Sagan". It is strange how often it is proposed that sf fans are star begotten, a superhuman elite, a species apart. If sf fans are an elite, with all their foibles and failings, then the rest of the human race must be downright retarded.

*/Sandi's bid for immortality has failed; we independently invented the word "negoboo"... wonder if it will catch on this time? *whine*, I sorta like Andy, even if he won't let some people come to his house for Fanoclast parties... You should meet some of the people I won't let come to my home for parties... The human race is retarded, alright, but how do you figure fandom is an elite?*
--Taral/

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~~Multilingual~~ Baltimore's "multilingual" flyer included the worst Swedish I've ever seen... Then there was some talk about "fugg-headed Stockholmers" "disrupting" the Baltimore and Australian bidding parties. According to my dictionary disrupt means "sönderslita, spränga, bringa i oordning", i.e. tear apart, blow up, bring into chaos. Now, what did really happen to bring those parties into complete chaos, blowing them into pieces, tearing them in ~~atoms~~ atoms? How did the forces of ultimate evil work that night?

There were some distribution of Scandinavia in '83 flyers (about a dozen for each party) and a toast for the Scandinavian Bid on both parties. I and Anders Bellis didn't feel very "fuggheaded" performing that -- especially as half a dozen or a dozen people

joined us in our toasts. We didn't even suspect that this would bring the parties into complete chaos, nor did we observe it happen. In addition to that we also named the Baltimore party THE MULTIBORE KIDDING PARTY and pointed out that it actually served Danish bheer and Swedish crispbread -- maybe it was this that finally "teared that party into pieces"... I think you agree with me in my CONclusion that this talk about "disruption" is just superexaggerated enemypropaganda. The Australian and Multibore bidding committees are just jealous about the Scandinavian Committee's success during SeaCon (you should have seen the Fancy Dress Parade: an overwhelming success for the Scandinavian bid; the Scandinavian WorldCon in '83 stickers were plastered everywhere during SeaCon, and on top of all we got much more presupporting members than the other bids -- we now have more than 500 presupporting members!!) They need something to blame their failure on. "You see, we had those gigantic Scandinavian Vikings going berserk on our bidding parties. And they brought their ice-bears with them too -- right from the streets of Stockholm..." Scandinavian flyers and toasts are just a part of the normal bidding propaganda competition, and if they can't take that I suspect they can't take care of a WorldCon either. I think it's time for a WorldCon in a small nonenglishspeaking country -- a WorldCon never seen before ... unique ... different!! The first trwitteristic WorldCon.

/I suppose it will shock you, but I've come to think that the Worldcon ought not to be held in non-English speaking countries at all. Whether because their languages isolate them or for other reasons, foreign fandoms are typically boringly sercon, and at the very least irrelevant to us. This may make the name "Worldcon" a misnomer. On the other hand maybe science fiction by any other name doesn't read just the same, and we can say non-English sf isn't sf by definition, thereby preserving our claim on the Worldcon. Ultimately, though, who cares who cares if we call it the Worldcon or not? Sweden has a fairly faanish history so far as foreign language countries go, but I don't think this moves me to support the Scandinavia bid. Fandom only knows the two or three of you active in fanzines, the rest of Sverifandom could be caught up in comparing the footnotes of Jack Vance and A.E. van Vogt in dreadful academic fervour for all we know. And two or three people is insufficient base for a Worldcon. --Taral/

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Taral states that he's "glad ... that there is someone more anxious about FAAns and Hugos" than he is. (I hate to mention this, but I can find no reference to Hugos in my letter, but that's a minor complaint.) My dictionary defines anxious as "desirous", and I doubt that I am more desirous of a FAAn or a Hugo than Taral is. While I wouldn't mind having either of these awards on my shelf, I am more interested in publishing what I want. In my letter I was more concerned with why one fanzine will receive an award and another will be passed over. What quality does the winning fanzine have that the other nominees, and the fanzines that weren't nominated, don't?

I am of the opinion that KNIGHTS is one of the best fanzines being published currently, and my own egotistical thoughts are bolstered by the letters of comment I receive, and the reviews that see print. This has come about partially because I have made the effort to improve KNIGHTS, and partially because other excellent genzines have folded. I have no control over the FAAns, and wouldn't want to have any control, but I've taken the time to nominate and vote the past two years. I feel I have the experience in fandom (and in "mundane" publishing) to make intelligent decisions when I vote. And, during my term in fandom, I feel I've published two issues of KNIGHTS (out of 20) that were worthy of a FAAn nomination. The chance for one has long since passed, the other has a chance for this year's awards. If I could nominate my own work, and I can't, both of those issues would have been on my nomination ballot. But that doesn't mean didly shit, actually. My opinion of my fanzine is just that. What counts, especially in the FAAns, is what other people of my "peet group" feel about KNIGHTS. If they think any five other fanzines are superior to KNIGHTS, then that's damn sure what they'll nominate, and I would want it

no other way. Taral's comment that "most LOCUS readers probably don't know the rest of the fanzines in fandom even exist..." is a very valid comment, especially in terms of KNIGHTS. I run a fair number of classified ads through LOCUS, and a large percentage of my subscribers have discovered KNIGHTS through those ads. Subscribers help pay the bills, and, as LOCUS readers, undoubtedly cause KNIGHTS to place high in the LOCUS poll. But the question still remains: what makes the difference between a fanzine that receives a FAAn nomination, and one that doesn't? Is it content? Appearance? Editor's attitude? What? I don't know the answers, and I wish I did.

/The simplistic answer is that more people nominated the fanzines on the FAAn ballot than the ones left off, but sometimes I think there is no reason more profound than that... If I talked about 10 friends (all of whom qualified by the FAAns standards) into voting for me, I might have won the award. On the other hand, had five people not nominated that year, I wouldn't have appeared on the ballot at all... Following this line of thought a little further, it seems plain that as long as nominations in the FAAns can only be made by peers, I stand a better than average chance of being nominated (because they are friends or because as artists they appreciate what the non-artist misses, or perhaps because of a subtle fusion of both motivations.) On the other hand, judging by my placing in the final vote, an insignificant number of fans agreed with the artists who put me on the ballot. If not misrepresented by the artists' nominations, fandom's choice for the year's best artist might not include me at all in their consideration. Who is right? Am I among fandom's best artists or are the rules gimmicked? The whole idea of the FAAns is beginning to give me nightmares. --Taral/

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Many thanks for running the piece on the Johnstown in 83 bid. You've just set yourself up for a running series of promo reports, copies of the presupporting zines, and whatever Sally and I come up with in the meantime.

At the present time, we've managed to come up with 70 pre-supporting memberships, with the greatest block of them coming from Australia. This includes a number of the Australia in 83 committee. First progress report will be out sometime around Thanksgiving, and will include a survey of possible GoH winners, and the size of flood needed to drown them. Once again, much in the way of thanks -- I think we've got a damn good chance to be on the ballot in Denver.

/Er ... Floodcon is a hoax, isn't it? --Taral/

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-- Taral

