

# DNQ

DNQ 29 - June 14, 1980 is brought to you by Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ontario M6P 3J8 and Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave, Willowdale, Ontario M2N 5B4; and is copyright © 1980 by the editors. Subs are 5/\$2.00 US, 4/\$2.00 Can, and overseas 4/\$2.00 US or 4/£1.00. We also trade 1-for-1 for other fanzines, two consecutive DNQs going to or added to sub of those who trade with us both. Artwork this issue is by Jerry Collins (colophon page), Ahrrvid Engholm (Sverifandom), Taral/Jim Barker (FYI), Taral (Berrycenter & Index Expurgatorius), Ralph Silverston (logo on mailing wrapper for those receiving 29/30 only). Different look of DNQ this time is due to use of Correcting Selectric, thanks to Ontario Government, & Gestefax 455, no thanks to busted Rex Rotary. Next issue in only a month (we hope) ...



# THE TARALTORIAL IMPERATIVE

Recently, Gary Farber produced a recommendation sheet of zines the neo should write away for. "Currently Recommended," as it is curiously called, will be left around or handed out at Noreascon, and includes nothing that Gary doesn't endorse to the hilt. To be honest, after the trouble we have caused Gary in the past, Victoria and I are touched by his confidence in DNQ. Not only has he listed it among his recommendations but he praises its accuracy highly. "DNQ," he says, "is another fannish newszine whose accuracy is never low." Of course, there are those who would dispute that with Gary, and in all fairness we have to admit to some awful embarrassments from time to time. Partly it's just the nature of the news we handle. Personal as it tends to be, the facts are kind of soft and squishy to begin with. But more and more I realize that there is another problem. There simply isn't any such thing as a reliable source. Straight from the horse's mouth comes the only trustworthy story. The horse's mouth tends to have its teeth brushed, and bad breath well under control when talking, though, and the authorized story, however cosmetic, often bears as little resemblance to the truth as anything DNQ has ever published. Moreover, 10 or 12 long distance phone calls a month cost far more than we make in subscriptions.

For those of our readers who have accepted as an article of faith our chronic inaccuracy, some insight might be gained into the process that leads us to false stories. Out west, in Edmonton, there is a small convention called NonCon. It's held once a year, sometime or other, and they send us flyers in flurries around about the time they want us to plug their show. Generally they get ignored, like the millions of other flyers that come our way looking for a plug. Just before printing our last issue, a post office change-of-address card arrived in the mail, notifying me that NonCon's new address was in Calgary. No other explanation. Like innocent lambs we print the coa and all is fine in the world for approximately 20 minutes after DNQ 28 is mailed. Then comes a restrained but obviously distressed note from Randy Reichardt wondering how we could be so stupid as to print a change of address for next year's con? I wonder indeed? The misunderstanding was straightened out without rancour, and the Calgary committee's hands were spanked for their excessive zeal. But the myth of DNQ's inaccuracy goes on... Aside from silly trifles like the NonCon coa, DNQ is phenomenally accurate. Honestly. And its editors, not content to merely bring you the news as it happens, have made a breakthrough in reportage by creating the news! Mike Glycer thinks we unknowingly printed last issue's logo, showing Mike accepting his Hugo. In fact, how does Mike think his File 770 appeared on the Hugo ballot, if not for the DNQ team's diligence in creating news before the fact. It very nearly cleaned us out of subscription money. Just have to cut back on long distance calls again. Victoria seems to feel I accidentally changed the word "very" into "never" while quoting Gary above. As long as the meaning wasn't changed it still serves my point.

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I can't imagine why anyone would say that fans are optimists. I'm a fan, and except in such trivial matters as the future of the human race, other intelligent species, personal immortality and so on, I see nothing but the worst side of everything. Is science fiction becoming stale and cliched? Of course. Is fandom apathetic and neoish? Who could doubt the evidence of their own senses? Will Bob Asprin sell another book? Dozens... I am a pessimist by virtue of a long history of sad experiences. Bubble gum cards lost in flipping, completed sets of potato-chip "coins" that I drop and lose part of through the floorboards, thrown firecrackers that of all places choose to land in my box of crackers, rainy halloweens, soakers, yearbook write-ups, and, recently, post office strikes, records that are scratched in packaging

but play well with the store's \$175 cartridge, and nearly sharing FAAn Award nominations with Dotti Bedard-Stefl. It's a miracle. I haven't been killed. The result of all this has been an exaggerated sense of suspicion and the development of an inhuman degree of caution. I remember when all the other neighbourhood kids used to clamber out into the girders filling a three storey hole excavated for the new subway line. I would never go, yet not one kid fell to his death, ever! So overcautious was I that after a while I determined to take a chance and pull one of the stunts every other kid pulls and lives to tell the tale. I decided to walk out to the edge of an ice jam one winter, hopping from one tilted slab of broken ice to another until I'd crossed the entire 50 feet of treacherous footing and stood at the edge of a brown torrent of spring run-off. Every spring this creek filled, and sloshed like a Maytag full of overcreamed coffee. The annual event always brought fresh disasters and novel entertainment. One year, for instance, I was privileged to be the only kid to witness a favourite wooden footbridge, that was for weeks expected to wash free of its rotted supports, pile on knots down the creek one night in a storm. And there I was, on the brink of this same hazard, fifty feet from shore. A tidal bore was bearing down on me from upstream! I made shore with a couple feet to spare and lived to see the ice jam whose further edge I had reached a minute before break up and swirl down the creek to the lake. Providence had given me all the proof I needed of my wretched luck. I swore never to take chances again. To this very day I've kept my vow, though I was tempted once and laid aside my wise policy. I was working at the time as a billing typist among an officeload of blue-collar workers. Like most ordinary men, their lives were taken up with hockey scores, dirt, television sitcoms, smut, their cars, beer and sex. And like other offices full of such men, there was a hockey pool. I discovered this when two burly guys with the idiotic grins of the true sports enthusiast made it clear that "good guys" bought into the pool. I wanted to be a good guy, didn't I? Of course I did ... I was pulling in about \$500 a month for once, and couldn't keep my job with broken fingers. I put up a token resistance and bought one ticket. I'd win the pool if Stanley Mahovlich scored 2 minutes and 11 seconds before the end of the game and the Leafs won 7 to 3. Or some such improbable circumstances ... it was only a dollar. But the day after it was \$30. I won the hockey pool on my first try! My luck had changed, I thought to myself, and when game-time came around again and the same two burly guys, with less friendly grins this time, came for their money, I bought another ticket without hesitation. Needless to say, I lost, losing 1/30 of my windfall profits. This was clearly my final warning, and spoiled an otherwise envious gambling record that would have been worth more in anecdotes than whatever long forgotten purchase I made with the money was. I have never gambled since. I never will gamble again. And so my ambitions to fannish legendry are scotched. LASFS has given me the key to the city of Chicago and told me never to darken their premises. Inner circles of Mid-West fandom have shut me out. Linda Bushyager hides from me behind the manuscript of her book of tips for gambling in Las Vegas. For what trufan is also not a gambling man (or gambling feminist, as the case may be)? All that is left to me now in fandom is fanzines, and my only chance for FAAn Award prominence again is to edit a clubzine in Georgia. Or I can always turn to promiscuity. I guess not.

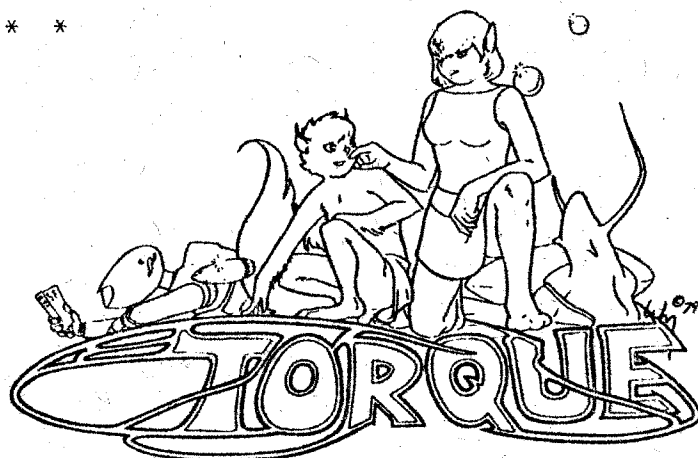
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Putting tongue in cheek is the best way to bite your tongue. It would be wiser to put tongue in check, but I've said too much already. I might as well go for broke. You don't have to be very astute to notice that this year I haven't been nominated on the FAAns as best serious artist. As a matter of fact, I was, but my name was stricken from the ballot by my own efforts. When I first heard the slate this year I was depressed/angry/broken up with laughter by some of the nominees. I was sorely tempted to withdraw my name on the basis that it was better two nominations in the

past that I valued than three nominations that were meaningless. But I couldn't make up my mind to take the step. I talked about it to Victoria, then I talked about it to Mike Glicksohn, and over the phone an alternative came up. In discussion it seemed clear to me that the very low return of ballots this year has made flukes significant. The offending nominations were the result of such flukes and had only a few votes. I suggested to Glicksohn that it be put to the committee to drop them from the ballot as statistically invalid. This solved my problem simultaneously. I was one of the flukes and this would force me off the ballot too. Glicksohn did put it to the committee, but they decided on a different cut-off point than I had in mind. In the end I caused myself, Jeanne Gomoll and Wade Gilbreath to be left off the FAAns this year while the targets of my putsch stayed on with one or two more votes. So I neither get to eat my cake nor keep it. It's only too bad that my fucking around with things should have affected other people to no purpose. The ballot was not the only distasteful news about the FAAns this year. The committee stirred out of its slumber this year to hold a meeting at Minicon. This was perhaps unfortunate since two of the three people most active in the administration of the awards were absent. Neither Victoria nor I had ever been to a Minicon, and there was no particular reason to think it would be different this year. The impression of the meeting I got from Glicksohn was that it was both hurried and distracted, and that Lee Pelton, for one, wandered in late, negligently voted "yes" on hastily explained issues and left again. The changes made weren't all for the better. The elimination of the voting fee is probably for the best, considering the ill regard this feature of the FAAns suffered from the British. Consequently the overhead had to be done away with. This year will be the last that Randy Bathurst's statuettes will be awarded. (No doubt this news will come as a relief to Randy who was already far behind.) Instead, a scroll or diploma will be presented to the winners. A proposal to have each year's scroll designed by one of the previous year's winners is still undecided, I believe. A good suggestion by Eric Mayer was taken up. No more fight to get fans to return both nominations and a final ballot. Next year a simplified one-ballot system will be introduced. Up to this point the absence of Victoria and I at Minicon wasn't felt. We would have endorsed these changes. What we would have resisted, though, were the changes in the categories. Though there is not always a good selection of one-shots and special issues to select from, by and large the Best Single Issue category has been a meaningful feature of the FAAns. What other way to handle as diverse publications as constant but unspectacular zines like Mota and once-in-a-lifetime extravaganzas like the Willis Warhoon? Yet the category was removed, combining it with Best Editor into simply Best Fanzine. Similarly the two artists categories were collapsed into one another. There is justification there. One of the weaknesses of the artist categories was the low number of artists involved. I've pointed out time and again that only 6 or 8 were voting, and it only took a couple to put a name on the final ballot. Against the argument I might have proposed two years ago, that no serious artist could stand up in popularity to the dozen top cartoonists, I'd have to admit the situation has changed. I imagine Woods, Poyser, and others yet to appear, have as good a chance as anyone. But I somehow feel that the change is wrong, that the distinction between humorous and fine arts drawing should be maintained, if only because that way two artists will achieve recognition instead of only one. At the same time as I would have opposed eliminating two categories, I would have gleefully dropped another. The Best Letter Writer's category has been won consistently by two people since the FAAns were begun, and it shows no sign of changing. The letter writer's art is not significantly different than the fan writer's, or should not be. Good writing is good writing; however long, short, anecdotal or formal it is. Moreover, with the exception of Glicksohn and Harry Warner Jr., who have monopolized the category to date, there are no outstanding letter writers. There are a number of favourites, I know, but none writing in the volume and with the quality that undeniably stands out above the myriad other letterhacks. This category was kept. At the very

least we could compromise. Give back the artists a serious category and keep the letterhacks award. Or dump both. This year is the last I serve on the FAAn committee. I declined to run for election again and my term is up as of Autoclave. Since I will be at Autoclave, I have that one chance to argue the decisions made at Minicon, if a meeting of the committee can be agreed on. Whatever the outcome of that meeting, (if it is held), I plan to drop the FAAns afterward. Even if the changes I want can be made, this is relatively unimportant. The important thing is that somehow Lan's Lantern, a crudzine I'm forced to say, has devalued the FAAns by its presence. More important, a half dozen fans anxious to please Dotti Stefl's mother, have put a little girl on the ballot for work she did not do and was not done well anyway. If this abuse of egoboo can't be taken seriously by the people behind it, then it can be taken seriously by no-one. The FAAns themselves can no longer be taken seriously, and it simply becomes absurd to go on with them any longer as if they could. A footnote to my picking on helpless little girls is that Dotti has been named the fan guest of the Mid-West Family get-together, Spacecon. Isn't that cute? While I was heated up about this I considered a couple of schemes for thumbing my nose at the FAAns. For the first, the ballot would simply not be carried by DNQ, and as DNQ's ballots numbered two thirds of those returned last year, it struck me that this would have a considerable effect. Who else with a wide distribution and a regular schedule would take our place? Glycer had declared himself out of it, and Brian Earl Brown refused to be involved in the FAAns at the very beginning. Another, more creative ploy occurred to me. I would convince, or even bribe, dissenting fans to deliberately vote for the worst nominees. With apathy rampaging through the voters as it is, I might only need a dozen fans to fall in with my plan to wrestle full control of the awards from the electorate. What bothered me about either course (even though the latter was truly faanish), was that they would be seen as petty vengeance, and it's not an image I'm trying to cultivate. In the end I decided to do nothing. As it happens, this issue of DNQ will be far too late to run the ballot anyway. I promised myself that I would shoot my mouth off at least.

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After Prunecon, the con that never happened, I thought I'd get involved in another Toronto con again. I calmly sat through two Ozymandias (had little choice about a couple of other cons) and was perfectly content to stay on the sidelines of an infinite number of Ozzies in the future. Nature abhors a stasis, however. Mike Wallis, a local fan, had what seemed to be a good idea. Conventions here had always had a problem finding manpower, and Mike suggested that instead of two or even three cons a year in Toronto, the separate committees should amalgamate, and benefit from all the competence available for once. A good idea, perhaps, but it got off on the wrong foot by having its organizational meeting at a party where it more or less became a closed shop. I and a couple of others cut out by this maneuver whether we were interested or not began laying our own plans ... Toronto conventions have suffered

from more problems than just the one Mike Wallis wanted to solve. We wanted to solve the rest too. Chief among these was the notorious feuding that has haunted every con since FanFair 3 back in 1975. Reasons for this can be debated endlessly, but they seem to generalize to too many egos with irreconcilable goals. The situation leading to this is equally complex but probably begins with well-meaning ideas of democracy. The old Toronto fandom of the Energumen days might have been typified by its in-group nature. Later-day Toronto fandom, in reaction to this, seems to go to the other extreme and refuses to accept the firmly entrenched cliques in its own structure, while openly preaching an "open arms" policy. The tendency was to thrust "public trusts" upon anyone willing whether or not they furthered our interests or their own. Con committees, for instance, have often been composed of any stranger who speaks up. The result has usually been a pandemonium of conflicting interests and ferocious infighting.

The committee for Torque, held last April, was composed of only me, Anne Sherlock and Bob Hadji. We'd known each other for years, had no significant personality clashes. We had a pretty clear idea of what we wanted in common. The size of our committee was small to insure harmony, and it had the added advantage of making business a breeze. Most was conducted over the phone, or in informal snatches of a few minutes during parties. But if the size smoothed over decision-making, it limited our capacity. Three people do not have enough time to run a convention complete with all the frills that have accumulated over the years. As computer games, D&D tournaments, costume parades, and banquets are peripheral to a science fiction convention anyway, we didn't regret their ruthless elimination. Other, indispensable features of the con, were simplified as well. Ultimately, these measures were attended by disadvantages to match their advantages. The pattern of Toronto cons was disquieting in still another way. Since FanFair 3 the attendance has been declining almost steadily, with only two significant exceptions (a Star Trek con and a heavily promoted media con). To avoid a financial loss we budgeted skimpily for Torque, figuring on breaking even with an attendance of 150. That was certainly safe.

Somewhere along the line we unloaded about 1500 flyers for Torque on fandom. We never counted on a heavy out-of-town attendance. Since FanFair, all who would come to Toronto were some midwest filk singers, locals, and Dorsai Irregulars with friends in the city. Just in case, though, there were flyers at Novacon and Confusion. They would have been at Autoclave too, if there had been an Autoclave... Other flyers were mailed to the Ottawa club for distribution, and put in OSFiC's newsletter. They were left in sf bookstores in Toronto, and in the Spaced Out Library. Copies were handed out at parties. Notices for the con were placed in Asimov's, Analog, and in several fanzines. We were covered well, and at least 500 in Toronto alone had our publicity in their hands. And we broke even at only 150.

Quicker than seemed possible I was setting up the artshow, chasing down hotel staff, rearranging tables and chairs, and getting ready for my first panel of the day. It looked as if the morning program we had planned for neos was a mistake. It wasn't heavily attended, nor were there many registering yet. But once started, the program ran smoothly enough, and the audience was a lively one. By Friday evening, lively though it was, it wasn't much larger. Saturday would be better, and the Friday night parties were encouraging. Saturday ran much more smoothly than Friday, and this was the day we scheduled for our most ambitious programming. There were two or three prized panels on the trends of sf. They drew well. The Tucker narrated films of Midwestcons and Worldcons of the 50's drew most of the con. At times we even managed to run an alternate program, though once it embarrassed us by leaving Donald Kingsbury without an audience for his reading. Saturday night's parties were better than Friday's, and there were as many as three or even four -- a prodigious number for Toronto. There were a few complaints -- a couple of filk-singers who thought films of old cons were a drag, an unappreciated program change, etc. -- but people began to say it was the best con they'd been to in the city for years. Tucker, the guest, was always around and ready to talk with anyone, and finally volunteered his room for the dead-dog party, where the exhausted con burnt out the last dregs of its energy Sunday night.

A great success. But only 80 or 90 people, essentially all pre-registered and Friday arrivals, were all that ever showed up. It cost us \$400. This failure has caused us a great deal of thought, naturally. Although it's possible not enough was done to promote the con, it remains a fact that most people who knew of it didn't go. And it's them we counted on and aimed our advertising at, not the walk-in. One suggestion with possibilities is that we misrepresented Torque accidentally as a faanish relaxacon, the Tucker films contributing to that impression. IN fact, Torque was a stripped down science fiction convention, which we'll have to make clear if we're to avoid this impression in future. But I'm left believing that this had only a limited effect, principally upon the Ottawa club and that Toronto fandom knew well enough what Torque was. They didn't come because they didn't want to. Torque wasn't by them, for them, or of them. It wasn't run by their crowd of people to cater to their interests, which I'm forced to believe don't include written science fiction. Perhaps the 80 or so people who turned out for Torque are all those who are interested in sf unless it's on the screen or in comic books or written about telepathic dragons? Another suspicion I can't escape is that the ill-will in the air in Toronto still hasn't cleared and that large numbers of Toronto fandom harbour an inherited grudge against the ghost of the Derelicts. They have ignored the con, either in spite or self-centered disinterest of whatever happens outside their circles. Of course, this was the crime charged against the Derelicts years ago, and Glicksohn's crowd before them. The sins of the fathers ... The irony, however, seems devoid of a moral lesson. Well, we have discovered, perhaps, who our audience isn't. But there are 80 or more people who'd like us to hold another Torque if at all possible. The very smallness of Torque, its failure, gave it an intimacy that pleased everyone nearly. Is it possible to make our weaknesses our strength then? Perhaps too we should let the missimpression of Torque as a relaxacon stand? Bending with the wind, however attractive, isn't going to solve all our problems. Even with a plan we have to cut hotel costs by about 30%, and suggestions to lessen other expenses in other ways, we doubt we can run a programmed convention for only a hundred people. Yet, "relaxacon" or not, the program for Torque was a great attraction for many who came. There was in fact, only one solution, and at a recent party when several there said again how they liked the con I asked if they would put money where their heart was. And they said yes. One even offered as much as \$300. In all probability, then, there will be a Torque 2. I wish some of DNQ's readers would consider coming next time. I can't promise hundreds of BNFs rubbing elbows, and enduring faanish stories stemming from every word or act. But I think you'd enjoy yourself, though perhaps a little differently. And it might be the final chance to reestablish Toronto for cons outside of a limited midwest circle.

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## HEISENBERG'S UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE - ADDRESS CHANGES

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Larry Carmody - 40 Shortridge Dr., Minneola, NY 11501  
 Eli Cohen - 86-04 Grand Ave., 4D, Elmhurst, NY 11373  
 Martin Morse Wooster - 9306 Piney Branch Rd., #203, Silver Spring, MD 20903  
 Marty Levine - 1023 Elizabeth St., Pittsburgh, PA 15221  
 Alyson Abramowitz - 33 Sylvia St., #2, Lexington, MA 02173  
 Terry Hughes - 6205 Wilson Blvd., #102, Falls Church, VA 22044  
 Dalroy Ward - 595 Jewett Holmwood, E. Aurora, NY 14052  
 Claire Graham - 448 Park Ave., Arlington, MA 02174  
 Lexie Pakulak - 815 4th Ave. SW, #613, Calgary, Alta.  
 Dave Klaus - c/o Classified Dept., Star News, 525 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena, CA 91109  
 Graham England - c/o SIEMENS AG, D AP MP BC, Richard Strauss Str. 80, 8000 Munchen, West Germany

ISN'T IT GOOD, NORWEGIAN WOOD(HEAD)? Ragnar Fyris, a Norwegian fan whose two issues of Zealot a couple of years ago made no impression on fandom, has returned with a new scheme. Called The International Scandinavian Amateur Press Association, his new apa proposes to collect and distribute Scandinavian fanzines overseas. The idea, though not harmful in itself, is beset by some peculiar notions. The three mailings a year have a copycount of 100 without minac. The apa may be limited to nine members but this is unclear. To cover expected postage costs, membership dues are \$30 (U.S.), plus a penalty of \$1 if Spelling Reform I isn't used. Overseas members are welcome; and, if somehow any of this makes sense to you, write to Ragnar Fyris, "Bactrianus Publishing Co., Dept. New Alternative Rag" Solliveien 37, N-1370 Asker, Norway. So far interest in the project has been shown, and the deadline for the first mailing is postponed from May to later this fall. (*Ahrvid Engholm*) -TW



"SURE, I'VE BEEN OVER FANDOM."

"HOW DID YOU KNOW?"

FANOCLASTS DEPART FROM PUBLISHING GIANT After meeting for the last few years at Andy Porter's Pineapple St. apartment, the New York Fanoclasts have moved their bi-weekly party to Stu Shiffman's place. Rumours that ash from Mt. St. Helens caused the move are baseless. Ash from the Washington DC area has been falling out on the Hostility House, according to survivors of last month's Disasterclave. -TW

FANFARE. Fans are selling books to publishers all the time, and it hardly amounts to news. Yet it's not often that a fan has a symphony performed, so that is news. Somtow Sucharitkul, co-presence of Fanny Hill and short story writer, has his latest composition premiering with the McLean Symphony Orchestra on June 7th. (No one said where, though.) The work, conducted by Dingwell Fleury, is based on five movements representing the main theories of the origin of the universe. ("Big Bang," the first movement, incorporates the simultaneous reading of 50 sf stories by schoolchildren.) (*Eva Chalker Whitley via Chat*) -TW

DUFFLE BAGGED. Keith Curtis has downed Jack Herman and Bob Ogden in the DUFF race. For Curtis, in North America 20, in Australia 42. For Herman, North America 5, Aussie 9. For Ogden, North America 13, Aussie 4. Plus one write-in for the Bangsunds, totalling 62 ballots. Keith will attend Noreascon and administer the next DUFF race.

JPL LEAK STOPPED. According to Harry Andruschak, fandom won't be privileged to free NASA publicity material anymore. Specifically, we'll miss the Saturn pictures taken by Voyager later this year. Harry believes George Jumper (former OE of Apa-L and new president of LASFS) or someone else talked into it by George wrote to JPL about the stolen material. Harry has been reprimanded, and his supply cut off. In any case, Harry has been making noises about leaving NASA that he may have made good already. (*Harry Andruschak*) -TW



TAFF DAFFNESS. Releases from last year's TAFF winner, Terry Hughes, confirm that Dave Langford won, alright, and detail the vote. For Langford, in North America 44, in Europe 23. For Barker, in North America 15, in Europe 23. There was a write-in vote for Norman Shorrock, whoever he is, and two votes to hold-over the funds, totalling 124 votes. Terry's release also ran the list of fans who sent ballots, but you wouldn't be interested in a column of 124 names, and we wouldn't be interested in typing them ... With winning the fund, Dave also becomes next year's administrator. Send donations or auction items for the 1981 TAFF race to Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Ave., Reading, Berkshire RG2 7PW, U.K. Next year a North American fan will be sent to Britain for Yorcon. Each nominee must have 5 nominators (3 from North America and 2 from Europe) and must submit a platform of less than a hundred words to be printed on the ballot. Ballots should be available at Noreascon, and voting will commence August 22nd, ending December 1st. Stu Shiffman has told us that he is standing for TAFF, and rumour has it he will compete against Gary Farber. (*Terry Hughes, Stu Shiffman*) -TW

WINNIPEG ZINE WINDS DOWN. Winding Numbers, published by Randy Reichardt in the days of Decadent Winnipeg Fandom, may see a final number from Edmonton next year, or whenever Randy feels like getting around to it. He mentions that he has a cover by Roldo and an article on hand by Steve McDonald. (*Randy Reichardt*) -TW

JANUS EDITORSHIP FISSIONS. Jeanne Gomoll and Jan Bogstad, co-editors of JANUS since its beginnings some five years back, have agreed on a parting of the ways. The two will be associated with two different fanzines in the future, with the title "Janus" reverting to Jan Bogstad after the end of 1980 (with Madison, WI's SF<sup>3</sup> organization using it till then). Jeanne has been involved with a radical small-

press feminist zine called Bread and Roses, which has a special SF issue for May. (*Jeanne Gomoll*) -VV

SHAGGY DOG STORY. Defunct for something like 12 years, Shangri L'Affairs is being resurrected. The old LASFS clubzine of the 50's will be coedited by Mike Gunderloy and Marty Cantor. The first of two issues budgeted for this year is announced for June or July. Two hundred dollars were set aside for the two issues. \$500 was set aside for a new vacuum, \$350 for carpeting, \$200 for paint and \$500 for new heating, showing that perhaps LASFS's priorities still lay elsewhere than fanzines... (*DE PROFUNDIS 119*)

TAFF-DDU is actually Twll Ddu 17 in a clever paper disguise, and is produced by Dave Langford and Jim Barker to raise funds for TAFF. I'll leave the panegyric to the review column, and concentrate for now on the factual information. Taff-Ddu is 30 pages of Barker and Langford, writing and drawing. It isn't generally available, and to have your very own copy you have to send 60p (75p by post) or \$1.50 U.S. (\$2 by mail) to Dave at 22 Northumberland Ave, Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW, U.K., or Joyce Scrivner, 2528 15th Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55404. -TW

CONVENTION FLYER APA? Rather like an apa for organization, Elst Weinstein seems to be pushing an idea to circulate a collection of club and convention flyers with a forum or newsletter containing information about events and activities in the midwest area of fandom. Members would send camera-ready copy or preprinted material to Elst for inclusion with the forum two to four times a year, and the collated bundle would be sent to members of the participating groups. The point seems to be better promotion, but I have my doubts about how effective another information agency will really be ... At present Elst wants feedback on the idea, and particularly needs a name for the organization and its forum (The

Bandar Log?). The first issue ought to be ready for Noreascon. So far only Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Wisconsin are included in Elst's purview. (*Else Weinstein*)

PgHLANGE FOLDS? Because con chair Barbara Geraud is moving away from Pittsburgh and fandom there is suffering somewhat from general attrition, there won't be a PgHLANGE this year. The few people left don't feel they could do the con justice, and although Ro Lutz-Nagey had once expressed a willingness to help out, his prior commitments prevent him stepping in this year. The last weekend in September, says Barbara, is up for grabs. (*Barbara Geraud*) -VV

ASFAULT. After four years of inglorious service, Rick Sternbach's Association of Science Fiction Artists has reached the point of internal dissension. An east coast faction spearheaded by Wilma Fisher wants either to take over the old organization or start one of their own for east coast artists. The main complaint, aside from inaction, is that the old ASFA has been mainly oriented toward book and magazine sales, while most members are convention artists. At their first meeting, at Disclave, Joe Mayhew walked out accusing the others of the same pie-in-the-sky idiocy of the original group. My impression of the meeting was that most of the people were indeed too concerned with matters like boards of directors and regional representation to take seriously. Other artists present, quiet at the meeting, tended to admit similar feelings in private, later. But for the moment, ASFA seems to have a new lease on life. What will come of it will have to be seen. (*TaraL*)

HYATT HYSTERIA. For Iggy's use of the Hyatt-Regency in Phoenix it had to put up \$4000 as a deposit against damage. After the con, the hotel claimed some \$750 worth of damage but then withheld \$1500 of the deposit. Fortunately, Iggy was insured against such a contingency. The insurance company required documentation for the claim, however, and the Hyatt wasn't cooperating. It forwarded hard evidence for its damage to neither the insurance company nor to Iggy, as it was obliged to. Consequently all investigation and payment ground to a halt, and for a year and a half the con pressured the hotel without success.

Leprecon, in no way connected with Iggy, was at that time booked into the Hyatt and had its letter of intent. Then the chair, Randy Row, was informed by the hotel that Leprecon must pay \$8000 against possible damage. For a 200 member con with a total budget of but \$2000, this was an impossible demand, and the con was forced to cancel. The hastily organized Altercon was held in its place, in a different hotel. The deposit was blamed on Iggy by the Hyatt's credit manager, who cited a \$21,000 damage figure to Randy over the phone. (But unfortunately there are no witnesses to this conversation.) Randy then arranged an interview with the manager at the Hyatt's home office, in L.A., taking with him Paul Schauble and Mark Christenson so that no more dubious facts and figures would go without witnesses. Nothing came of the meeting, but during the conversation Randy asked if the Leprecon demand represented policy for the Hyatt chain. The credit manager replied that it did, with profound effects on this year's Westcon and the Chicago in 82 bid if true.

Legal action was likely, with Iggy suing the Hyatt for libel, with Leprecon as a third party, but the Hyatt has backed down under pressure and returned the deposit. With the \$1500 Iggy plans to mount a party at Noreascon, the details still pending. An 8 page final PR will also be re-

**DRESS & CONDUCT:** No persons in dirty, torn, or badly worn clothing will be admitted. Please no tank tops, plain T-shirts, shirts with filthy slogans, or connotations, or shorts. All patrons are expected to conduct themselves in a civil manner, abusive behavior will not be tolerated. POT or ALCPHOL scented people will not be admitted.

leased at Noreascon. Meanwhile, Tommy Williams, late of the Iguanacon committee, is running for chair of next year's Leprecon, with a platform that includes plans to sue the Hyatt for \$5000 to spend on the con ... And fans thought a Worldcon was over after the dead-dog party? (Tim Kyger) -TW

40's CLUB REINSTATING MEMBERS? LASFS got a memo from the long expired Science Fiction League a while ago re-admitting it as a chapter member. Re-instating LASFS in its old status of chapter 4 of the 40's League was a hoax for which George Scithers was responsible, using the back door of Davis Publications as his return address. LASFS has declined its membership, and it was moved at a club meeting to offer Popular Library, the owner of the Science Fiction League, a token payment for the rights on it. If possible, LASFS may acquire the League and discharge the Philadelphia chapter that Scithers hails from. (DE PROFUNDIS 119) -TW

YORCON II. Reports Alan Dorey, "the 32nd British Easter SF convention will be held in Leeds, since yet again, they have won the bid. The fact that I am involved with them might have something to do with it, but all those interested can be assured of another fine, solid convention. Details from Graham James, 12 Fearnville Terrace, Oakwood, Leeds 8, U.K. Supporting membership is E3, conversion to attending E3. Attending is E6 (E7 on the door). Guest of Honour is Ian Watson, Fan Guest of Honour is Dave Langford, of whom you may have heard. Dates - April 17th-20th, 1981. Venue - Dragonara Hotel, Leeds." (Alan Dorey)

SCIENCE FICTION FILM PIONEER DIES, states the item title in a local paper -- George Pal of War of the Worlds, When Worlds Collide, The Time Machine, etc., died in April at the age of 72. (The Globe and Mail) -VV

ALBACON. Reports Alan Dorey, "Despite fears that this would be a dreadful convention, it materialized into something quite pleasant. Generally, the organization of the programme was chaotic, the fan room was thirteen (yes 13) floors from the bar and general administration was too ambitious, being modelled along Seacon lines, but being applied to an altogether smaller enterprise. Jim Barker was an excellent Fan Guest of Honour, and fully entered into the spirit of events. Most interesting event was the D. West incident in the Yorcon II Victory Room Party. Most 'guests' were busily imbibing of alcohol, shouting, singing, falling over and waiting for Joseph Nicholas to fall asleep so that he could be drawn upon with indelible ink, but West (also known as the Best Fan Writer for years, see the relevant article by D. West in ONE OFF 8 wherein the whole of British Fandom gets denounced) decided to liven things up by further corrupting young Steev Higgins. Not content to having his wicked way with the lad at numerous Leeds parties, the Beast of Bingley decided to pursue an entertaining session in bed with the lad. Once he realized that the cameras were upon them, young Steev 'entered' into the fun, and made an old man very happy. Photographs of this strange liaison will be appearing shortly. As an added course to the feast, Joseph Nicholas did fall asleep, and had various parts of his body labelled with large block letters as to where other relevant parts of his anatomy were in relation to the inscribed part. Many beer cans were balanced on his head as he lay slumped against a wall, and rumour has it that he staggered back through the streets of Glasgow in fully daubed condition at 6 AM to his hotel, where they actually let him back in. This is the man whom the BSFA have allowed to be reviews editor of VECTOR. Dave Langford suffered another of his famous nose-bleeds, only this one was accompanied by a sneezing fit. The patterns on the wallpaper that resulted were of great interest." [ALBACON was held over Easter weekend, in Glasgow, Scotland.] (Alan Dorey)

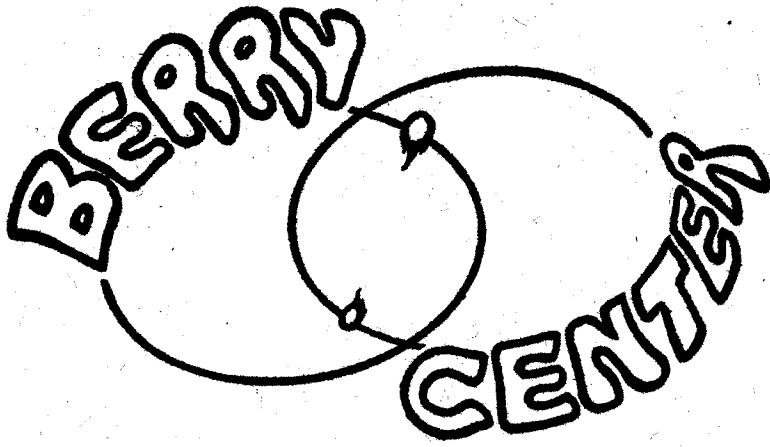
# FYI

\$40,000,000 "B" MOVIE IN WORKS. From the publicity, this is how I'd judge MGM's forthcoming CLASH OF THE TITANS. Bjo, acting as their fan liaison, has sent around packages of fold-out poster books, and offers them for auctions, display or raffle to cons, clubs or other fan groups. The poster folds out to a garish painting of Perseus attacking from Pegasus a slimy tentacled BEM with Medusa's head. Andromeda, in the background, is chained to a rock in the sea to satisfy the monster's unnatural appetite. The effect is dreadful, and mythologically ignorant. (Perseus was outfitted with Mercury's winged sandals, not a winged horse.) On the other side is a photo gallery of the cast. There is a Mark Hamill model young hero. A shakespearean actor to play Zeus. And a hooded sage along the lines of Obi-Wan Kenobi. Costuming is of the Steve Reeves Hercules school, and the overall impression I get is that MGM wants another STAR WARS in the fantasy genre. Ray Harryhausen has been contracted to do the stop-motion animation, guaranteeing at least the juvenile audience for their efforts. If you want to be on the press release list, or you want a slide display that may be available later, write to Bjo Trimble c/o MGM, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, CA 90280. Release date for CLASH OF THE TITANS is set at June 1981. I can wait a lot longer than that. (MGM - Bjo Trimble) -TW

SOME AWARDS YOU MAY NOT HAVE HEARD ABOUT ALREADY. Hardly any point to summarizing the Hugos after all this time, so for the non-British readers we present the BSFA Award Nominations and Winners instead. Novel: THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE, Arthur C. Clarke; ON WINGS OF SONG, Thomas Disch; BLIND VOICES, Tom Reamy; A.K.A.: A COSMIC FABLE, Rod Swigart; winner: THE UNLIMITED DREAM COMPANY, J.G. Ballard. Short: "Campfs", Jack Dann; "Sex Pirates of the Blood Asteroid", Dave Langford; "Prose Bowl", Barry Malzberg & Bill Pronzini; "Crossing into Cambodia", Michael Moorcock; winner: "Palely Loitering", Christopher Priest. Media: ALIEN, THE CHINA SYNDROME, DR. WHO, QUARTERMASS; winner: THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY (record). Artist: Chris Foss, John Harris, Peter Lord, Tony Roberts, Patrick Woodroffe; winner: Jim Burns. (BSFA Release, Alan Dorey) -TW

SCI-FI EXPLAINED FOR THE COMMON FAN. Sylvia Stevens, a LASFS member, attended the shooting of an episode of Battlestar Galactica last February, and informed an assistant director that sf fandom generally thought poorly of the show. Unperturbed, he replied "Those people just don't understand science fiction." (DE PROFUNDIS 117) -TW





## *A Wedding Has Been Deranged - John Berry*

Recently my wife returned from a visit to see her relations in Northern Ireland, and she commented on the fact that several of her nieces and nephews had got married but we had not been invited to any of the weddings.

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Twenty years ago I attended a family wedding in Belfast. My wife's brother and a nice girl named Norma were the victims. Originally I was scheduled as a mere guest, but at the last moment, the Best Man suddenly bleated that he was a country boy at heart, and he couldn't talk to people. There was a hurried meeting of both families, which I attended, hoping to get plenty of free drink and play Strip Poker with the bride's sister. I was stalking a bottle of sherry when a phrase caught my ear, "and he made a speech to hundreds of people in America." This sounded as though I was being discussed. Then I heard a comment, "and he's always making jokes and he's really very witty," and then I knew they were talking about me. No matter what the circumstances, I appreciate unsolicited plaudits. I turned round with a puckish grin on my face, and the bride's mother shrugged and said, "Oh well, in that case I suppose it will be alright if he acts as Master of Ceremonies."

This only gave me a couple of days to get organized. Groups of people came up to me and told me to tell plenty of rude jokes about honeymoon couples, and other people sidled up and whispered that some of the guests were "good-living," and therefore smutty jokes were taboo. A strange man stopped me in the street and told me that two Roman Catholics would be at the reception, and I wasn't to tell any sectarian jokes, or burst into a spontaneous rendering of "The Sash My Father Wore." One guest told me he had a weak bladder, and I wasn't to tell any jokes at all, and another stated that he would be away from his wife for a few hours, and I was to make it an occasion he would always remember. My wife reminded me that our two young children would be present, and even more potently, so would her mother.

The final insult was when the groom brought round a "Morning Dress" suit, and he insisted that I wear it at the wedding and at the reception afterwards. Normally, I am a scruffy dresser, and I was most nervous about appearing in public looking like a penguin with a guilty secret. I tried to argue ... I said that a brown Harris Tweed jacket and green slacks worn by the Master of Ceremonies would suggest informality.

"Oh," said the groom, "forgot to tell you, you are also an usher."

So I waited outside the church until the guests started to arrive. I ushered them about as best as I could ... my only serious faux pas was putting a bridesmaid half way along the back row of guests, but this was probably because my eyesight was somewhat impeded by my top hat frequently falling over my forehead, my delicate shell-like ears being insufficient to maintain it at orthodox height.

Admittedly I also handed out the wrong hymn sheets (for a Baptism, actually), but I mean, it was decisions, decisions ... there were two piles of hymn sheets, and you know my luck.

The reception was held at a large country house outside Belfast. I discovered that two maids were opening bottles of spirits. I went over and told them that I was the M.C., and it was my duty to taste the booze. I said a nip from each bottle was the usual test.

I was placed (some people say carried) in a strategically sited chair, where I could see everyone when I stood up (some people say held up). The meal was punctuated with servings of port and champagne, and one little maid kept nipping up to me with a freshly opened bottle and saying, "How's this, sir?" My wife later told me that it was very undignified for a man of my position to actually tilt the bottle upsidedown and take a long pull out of it, but it was getting near the time when I had to take charge of the proceedings.

When the happy couple had both been photographed grappling with the cake, I stood up and grabbed the table cloth. (My wife says two strong men were holding the other end of it.) I decided to start off by giving them a sample of my repartee.

"I'd like to introduce myself," I said. "I am your Master of Ceremonies this afternoon. I'm sure some of you recognize me, particularly those amongst you whom I showed to the wrong seats this morning."

The hilarious laughter indicated that I'd shown more people to the wrong seat than I'd thought.

I leered at the blushing couple, and I've been told that my leer, assisted by booze and a filthy mind is devastating.

"Originally I came as a mere guest," I explained. "Then, in order to help the groom, I was elevated to be an usher. Later, the groom asked me if I could help him out by being the Master of Ceremonies. You all know that the groom has been ill with a bad cold this week, and, er, Terry, if you think I can be of any further assistance, I've got my suitcase packed outside."

They had to open a fresh bottle of frandy to bring the bride round, and the groom was seen to pop a couple of benzedrine tablets in his mouth.

When they'd carried the bride's mother away, and sent a maid to look for a fresh bottle of smelling salts, I stood up and introduced the various speakers. After that, things became hazy. I must have told some extremely risqué jokes, because I received five offers to be M.C. at stag parties; I've also been told that the doorman at the country house has been told never to let me in again.

A few weeks later, we received an invitation to attend the bride's sister's wedding. Actually, they forgot to put my name on it. I went round to see them to get the error corrected, and I also offered my services as M.C. I said I'd made a speech to hundreds of people in America, and I was very witty. They said they'd let me know.

## *the NEGOB00 poll results*

The response was so bland and pathetic we can't be bothered to print the results ... Maybe 1980 will be a more exciting year.

# The Bob | Poor Man's Tucker | Jamdat Nasr

(or, as Liebscher would say, At Bay With The Ages)

I glory in one thing.

I am now able to stand upright (no mean feat in itself) and on equal footing with Gertrude Carr; able to stare her full in the face without flinching. No more will her throaty growls of seniority frighten me; no more can she pull rank with impunity. In times past she has frequently taunted we lesser mortals with the fact that she is A Grandmother, and somehow A Thing Apart. Very well. Let it be said that my Thing Is Now Apart too, for I am a grandfather. All fandom will be plunged into war!

I wasn't always a grandfather.

Once upon a time, slightly more than a quarter-century ago, I was a runny-nosed, almost-neo-fan who window shopped the magazine marts because I couldn't afford to buy a copy. I even lacked a dime to buy Dime Detective. No doubt the depression cruelly shaped my innocent young mind and turned me into the voracious capitalist that I am today. But things changed. A stack of old Argosys discovered in a closet set me on the primrose path to hell, and Ray Cummings (rest his shade!) was the man responsible for my downfall. His serial, "Brand New World", opened up a brand new world of reading and from that point the fall was spectacular. In 1929 and 1930, travelling theatrical troupes would leave behind occasional copies of Weird Tales, and I snatched those. One or two years later I discovered Amazing and Astounding on sale, but at fifteen or twenty cents a copy I had to be content with looking at the Wesso and Morey covers, and fingering the pages.

By 1932, I was rolling in wealth: I had a job paying me the magnificent sum of six dollars a week, and the newsstands took a beating! In some long-forgotten 1932 issue of Astounding you will find the notation "Other good letters received from ... Bob Tucker". And goshwowboyoboy, I was a faaan! I didn't invent the term neo-fan, but undoubtedly I was guilty then of every crime ascribed to them today. I pestered my betters with stupid letters, I demanded free sample copies, I mailed trash to every fanzine then alive, I craved to see my name in print, and I yearned to visit other faaans. Real gone, that boy.

And -- brash, foolish child that I was -- I hurriedly produced my very first fanzine that winter. Distributed in November 1932, or thereabouts, The Planetoid was a midget-sized printed four-sheet chock full of "scientific facts" to stun the fan world. And stun them it did. The offering met a thundering reception. So thundering, in fact, that I lost the courage to distribute the second issue, and slunk away to hide. Thus ended my first publishing spree.

They weren't called "fanzines" then; Louis Russell Chauvenet didn't invent the term until ten years later, but a flock of the things must have come my way to provide the inspiration for my own. Scattered throughout this issue are the names of many of those prehistoric mags. And after them, the deluge!

As best as can be determined now from scanty files, my first published appearance (other than The Planetoid, and pro letter columns) was in Charles Hornig's The Fantasy Fan for September 1933. That issue carried the first of a series of articles entitled "Science Fiction in English Magazines"; the articles appeared intermittently over the 18-issue life-span of the Fan, interspersed with book reviews and "funny" pieces. Hoy Ping Pong was also spawned in the same publication -- "How to Write a STF Story" was printed in November 1933. The Chinaman and myself were very small potatoes in that crowd, for Hornig consistently published names like Lovecraft, Derleth, Barlow, Searight, Binder, Doc Kellar, Searles ... and that giant, Bloch. Names to content with!

Postoffice Box 260 came into my life about the summer of 1931. I was living in a boarding house possessed of a nosey landlady, and when my first fan letter arrived (from Ted Lutwiniak of Jersey City) she was overly curious. With the coming of the second letter she remarked the heavy amount of "foreign mail" I was receiving. "Foreign mail" was anything from out of the county. To still her tongue and to frustrate her, I rented 260. I kept that box for twenty years, finally changing to a larger one in 1951 to accommodate my legion of admirers. All sorts of things appeared in 260 during those twenty years. Once there was a bottle of mouthwash. Yellow, smelly mouthwash. It had not been wrapped, nor mailed to me, but was simply there. I let it be. By the next day it had disappeared. Once Dale Hart mailed me a black widow spider from Texas -- suitably preserved and boxed of course.

And then there was the baffling enigma of the bricks. I once suggested in an article of protest against convention prices that fans could save money by contributing bricks and building their own hotel, moving it with them from one city to another. I suggested that the bricks be sent to the con committee, that they may get busy forthwith. Being the perverse creatures that they are, the fans sent me the bricks instead. Week after week, Box 260 delivered up its quota of bricks. Most of them came from Ohio and were the work of Steve Schultheis; but a couple of jokers sent me envelopes stuffed with straw, and told me to make my own bricks. The boys at the postoffice got a large charge from this campaign; I like to imagine they wrote it up in their Mailman's Gazette, and that in due time a postal inspector got around to investigating me. (Another byproduct was the magnificent plans drawn up for "The Tucker Hotel" by Willis, Shaw & Co., and circulated some time ago.)

For a number of years I was the bewildered recipient of curious literature from England; catalogs and circulars calling my attention to wonderful bargain sales in "rare literature" now in progress. Some kind friend over there had given my name to a number of pornography dealers, who proceeded to bombard me. Possibly the most touching missive Box 260 ever delivered up was that one from the mother of a very young fan, a little hellion; she begged me to shut her boy's water off, to persuade him to stop spending money foolishly on fanzines, stop the dozens of letters he mailed almost daily, to drop fandom and get on with his tardy studies. (I wonder what I did about that matter??)

One day, Box 260 had an Important Message for me. A Big Name Editor from New York would be passing thru town on a certain date, the message said, and he would like to drop off the train for a few moments to chat with me. Train and arrival time was given. Naturally I was there to meet the Big Man. I met that train, and the next one, and the next one -- I met every train that day, until the Midnight Special went thru fifteen hours later. I'd been had.

My first genuine fan meeting did occur at that same station, a few years later. Charles Hornig came to town, enroute to Los Angeles. I believe that this was about the time his tenure as Gernsback's editor was fading; he was transferring his editorship from New York to the Coast. He didn't last long after that. At about the same time, Bill Dillenback came down from Chicago. Bill was the dictator of his chapter of the old Science Fiction League, as I was the dictator of mine, and we



met for some fool reason or other. I was a 101% faaan. Somewhat later in the Thirties, a group of Big Wheel eastern fans made the trek to Bloomington to pay homage to the Master; Don Wollheim, John B. Michel and Dick Wilson came a'knocking at my door, and we turned out a one-shot -- except that the one-shot was later (that is, after they had gone) called Le Zombie #7, and mailed out thru regular channels.

\* \* \*

### Journalistic Triumphs

Having collected my courage over the years, and having simply outlasted some of my critics, a second fan magazine was launched in the spring of 1935. The D'Journal was the official organ of The Society For The Prevention of Wire Staples in Scien-tifiction Magazines. It saw only two issues. It was mimeographed for me by George Gordon Clarke, of Brooklyn, who promptly handed over extra copies to Don Wollheim -- and the bloody staple war was on.

"Nincompoop!" shrieked a D'Journal editorial (except that it was spelled "ninicon-poop" that year) "poor hapless moron ... inbecile ... spying, falsehoods, mudsling-ing ... nitwit cannot fight fair or even clean!"

(The same editorial pointed out pridefully that true-blue Staple Men were somewhat lily-pure. However despicable the enemy might be, we fought the clean fight, we slung no mud, we called no names.)

And the enemy bulletin, the Polymorphaneucleated Leucocyte, promptly retorted: "This mephitic mass of animated nitrogenous matter! Greatest mass of putrefaction ... Tucker's eternal bullyragging ... he is a hypocrite!"

And so it went. You'd of thought we were sore about something.

Wollheim easily bested me in the initial broadsides because of his superior lexicon. The war was fought in fanzines, in letters, in letter columns of the promags, and in clubrooms. It rambled on for almost a year before the promags banished it from their columns. That first issue of D'Journal named 45 active members, and oddly enough, three are still active today: Robert Lowndes, Milty Rothman and myself. Another four are dead: LeRoy Bashore, Joe Hatch, F. Orlin Tremaine and Farnsworth Wright. The remainder have scattered to the four winds, and I sometimes think of them and wonder what they're doing now. J. Harvey Haggard, where are you? Joe Watson? Bob Anglin? Irving Kosow?

But what did the Society propose to use in place of staples?

"At previous convention the SPWSSTFM voted to have the following magazines bound in the following manner: Astounding Stories to be bound with flavored chewing gum (flavor to be decided on by members' letters to the editor. Write yours now!). Amazing Stories to be bound with nuts and bolts (to encourage readers to invent things). Wonder Stories to be bound with life savers (pages to be clipped ((I meant punched)) and the life savers inserted loose-leaf fashion). Weird Tales to be bound with plutonian brussel sprouts (which, according to author J.H. Haggard, caused the hair on the nape of the neck to lie down and also produced a drowsy feeling)." It was all so simple, you see.

But the enemy had their own blue-sky plan:

"We are not mere reactionaries, content to rest on the past. We desire to go ahead and do our share to bring back prosperity. Our platinum plan consists merely in having our science fiction magazines bound with platinum wire staples. If they do this, prosperity will return. After reading your mag, it will be possible to remove the staples and sell (them) for far more than you paid for the magazine. In this manner, you will become more prosperous, the circulations ... will rise into the millions, money will flow again in the coffers of the people (and) prosperity will return and progress will receive a fresh spurt that shall take us to the stars!"

Prosperity finally returned to America, but somebody else's war was responsible. The Staple fracas officially ended abruptly early in 1936 when Tremaine banned it and me from Astounding's letter column. (Is there a fan alive who has not heard of the first death hoax?) Thus ended my second fanzine, a publication that made a slightly larger dent upon fandom's hide than had my first. But the Big Noise was coming -- the whirlwind ultra-fannish activity was just around the corner. Mine detractors (and they are many, bless them!) can curse the day Wollheim failed to down me. Again it was a matter of outlasting the critics. In the closing months of 1938, I joined FAPA (for the first time); in the fall and winter months of that year, and the spring of 1939, all of the following were spewed forth:

Two or more issues of Science Fiction Variety (for FAPA)

The first seven issues of LeZombie

Three issues of a new and completely different D'Journal

Two editions of The Yearbook of 1938 (a promag index)

A one-shot entitled Invisible Stories

One or more issues of Nova (a co-published venture)

Three or more issues of Science-Fantasy Advertiser.

I must have been nuts.

And perhaps I was, but it was fun at the time. The FAPA title didn't last very long -- perhaps two or three numbers in all, and then I went on to another one. LeZ did last a spell -- the 64th issue was circulated in these bundles about two years ago. The three issues of D'Journal (this was the second use of the name) were not connected with the old Staple War, but were humor magazines. That Yearbook was, I believe, the very first promag index to be published. Nova was a mistake; it was intended to be "the Esquire of fan magazines", was published by Sully Roberds and myself, and was a flop. The Advertiser had no connection with the later Willmorth, Squires and Smith titles of similar name, but was content to publish small notices for other fanzines. One issue was a whopping financial success. Street & Smith took a full page to advertise a new magazine they were launching, a pulp to be called Unknown. The gala first issue featured an EF Russell novel, "Sinister Barrier." Street & Smith thought enough of it to buy a \$2 page of me, and we went to press with for-real, paid pro advertising.

Despite what happened to LeZ later (in those days it was merely a throw-away gag sheet), the D'Journals were the big things, so eagerly striving to be The Number One Fanzine. (Hollow honor! But how hard we fought for it!) Ray Bradbury was one of our star contributors, but no one then realized the shape of things to come. This was three years before he had even appeared in "Probability Zero." Bradbury's pieces were punnish articles on the Los Angeles club, on promag contents, and daffy definitions. (Sample: "Rocket -- what the people upstairs make a lot of.") And needless to say, Hoy Ping Pong was his usual blatant self all over the place. Keeping company with these distinguished gentlemen were Harry Warner, Jim Taurasi, Jack Speer, Forry Ackerman, Myrtle Douglas, Olan F. Wiggins, Richard Wilson, Dan McPhail, and the inevitable names which have now vanished into limbo: Avery, Fleming, Hart, Strothers, Cunningham, Namahara, etc. (Where DO old fans go to die when they manage to evade FAPA?)

Speer did a burlesque entitled "Our O.P.U. Poll" which is still fresh enough to bear reprinting; Wilson told about "The Care & Feeding of Vampires"; McPhail won the coveted D'J cover-symbol (A Nova Story) with "A Letter From Injun Joe"; while Harry Warner gave advise to hopeful hacks on his page called D'Journal Author Service. Some sample punch lines recommended by Harry include:

"Good heavens! The thing was a robot!"

"The earth hung like a great green ball in space."

"I, an Earthman, was an exact twin for this Martian prince!"

"Mortimer, I want you to meet my niece, Many Ann. She helps me around the laboratory a bit."

Ah, happy days. They just don't make fandom like that anymore.

War came to Europe in the summer of 1939, and the fans and their magazines of Britain began to slip away. The same war came to America in December, 1941, and the same happenings were repeated here. Those of us who remained behind, still publishing, adopted the practice of sending free copies to fans in service; and some of us who remained behind also adopted the practice of publishing our draft status in each issue -- so that readers would not be caught entirely unprepared if the next issue never appeared. Le Zombie, which had become a bi-weekly subscription paper by the end of '39, now undertook the task of keeping up with everybody. A single issue would list as many as 63 names in the armed forces, not counting the pros. (Examples: Pvt. David Kyle, Cpl. Martin Alger, Pvt. Dean Boggs, Lt. Fred Shroyer, Pfc. Ackerman ...) Another practice of those middle years was the annual Fanzine Index. The 1942 index, for instance, lists 61 fanzine titles, and the number of issues each published that year. The 1942 leaders were:

- Fantasy Fiction Field (Julie Unger's newspaper) 44 issues
- Nebula (James Hevelin) 13 issues
- MFS Bulletin (John Gergen) 11 issues
- Futurian War Digest (Mike Rosenblum) 9 issues
- Light (Les Croutch) 9 issues
- Voice of the Imagi-Nation (Ackerman & Morojo) 7 issues
- Spaceways (Harry Warner) 6 issues
- California Mercury (Joe Fortier) 5 issues.

LeZ, now publishing bi-monthly, had 6 numbers plus supplements. Jim Taurasi was present with 2 issues of his Fantasy Reporter. Fran Laney managed 2 issues of The Acolyte, and Al Ashley turned out 4 numbers of Bonfire, which was the N3F poopsheet that year. Phil Bronson was publishing The Fantasite; Art Widner doing Fanfare; Larry Shaw was present with Leprechaun; the team of Ackerman-Willmorth-Joquel was publishing Shangri-L'Affairs; Harry Turner was producing the incomparable Zenith in England; and Jack Speer gave fandom a one-shot, The True Tale of the Spiritrip.

And so I drifted through the Thirties, into and through the Forties, practically falling into the Fifties; with cane, beard and my bifocals I'm peering at the Sixties. I began as a big-mouthed fan -- and will probably end in the same manner. There could be worse fates, and someday some delving scholar may find some of them.

No indeed, I was not always a grandfather.

I've never found science fiction, or fandom, a way of life, but there were times when I came perilously close to it. I like fandom, as any fool can plainly see, and I like the people in it. I like the nice things that have happened to some of the old fans of yesterday, and I like the nice things that are happening to science fiction today.

It pleases me to see ex-fan, ex-publisher Sam Youd selling his novels to the Sat-EvePost and to the movies; it pleases me to see Ray Bradbury rapidly rocketing to the top; it pleases me to see another ex-fan and ex-publisher, Fred Shroyer, now writing scholarly articles for The Saturday Review, meanwhile holding down an English Chair at a California university. It is pleasing to see the measure of fame that has come to Arthur C. Clarke, to Dick Wilson, to Frank Robinson, to the literary agent who calls himself Scott Meredith, to Charles Beaumont, to editors such as Larry Shaw and Doc Lowndes, to critics like Damon Knight and James Blish, and to numerous fans-turned-writers. Why, even Eric Frank Russell used to publish a fanzine. It pleases me to find review papers like The Saturday Review and the New York Times reviewing the better science fiction novels in their regular columns -- and not in some special space-ship department. That is coming of age.

That's what I like about the old bunch. And those of us who are around twenty-five years from now will be able to say the same about a few of the rawest neos now blasting our sensibilities.

First fandom is not dead!

ONE-OFF 8 Dave Bridges, 130 Valley Road, Meersbrook, Sheffield, S8 96A, U.K. This zine isn't like most others from the U.K. It is, in fact, about the only British personalzine as we know the type. That is, a zine concerned with the editor's innermost world rather than gossip and wit. Yet, like most British fans, Dave is not as introverted in his writing as, say, Don Thompson. If he muses about Death (as he does) he isn't excoriating a guilt complex, he's exploring part of his intellectual environment. I like it. ONE-OFF is almost a back-to-back issue with a long article of D. West's, one which tears into the complacency of British fans. Warnings had been given to the victims earlier. In Cloud Chamber, an apazine of Dave Langford's, Dave was warned that West had a few bones to pick with him in an up-coming article in OCELOT. It wasn't OCELOT it finally appeared in, but the bones were meticulously picked over, as promised. British fandom is given a thorough going over by West and found self-indulgent, calcified, and thoroughly middle-class. An analysis that is hard to deny, but as West himself points out, what alternative is there? Pound for pound, a stack of British zines still makes better reading than a stack of randomly selected fanzines from anywhere else.



## INDEX EX PURGATOR IUS TARAL

NAPALM IN THE MORNING Joseph Nicholas, Room 9, 94 St. George's Square, Pimlico, London SW1Y 3QY. Perhaps the personalzine is the direction for British fandom to explore it if isn't to fade away from literary arteriosclerosis. More so than ONE-OFF, this unexpected glimpse into the interior of a British fan is a departure. Nicholas has so far been known mostly for the disembowelment style of zine reviewing, and for his sarcastic humour. Sensitive and intelligent introspection is almost the last thing anyone would expect, yet it confirms a suspicion of mine that inside of every satirist is a delicate soul driven to wit by the sheer imbecility of his surroundings. Joe begins his zine with an obsession with model helicopters -- sure to pluck a common chord with many who were once young boys -- and segues this into Coppola's Apocalypse Now and the bankruptcy of awards, Oscars or Hugos. I'd very much like to see more writing of this sort from British fans who can leave a can of beer unopened long enough to think about what they think.

TAFF-DDU [nominally TWLL DDU 17] Dave Langford (and for this time only, Jim Barker) 22 Northumberland Ave., Reading, Berks. RG2 7PW, U.K. TWLL DDU may well be the most readable British zine widely available to non-British fans, but the special issue Dave and Jim published to raise TAFF funds outdoes any previous issue. It is illustrated throughout by Jim, but his contribution doesn't stop with the pictorial. Three of the articles are written by Barker, and he proves himself as able with the pen as with the ... pen. That is, with the typer as well as the pencil. Dave also writes three articles, plus some odds and ends, and even drew one of the comic strips! Fortunately, Dave made up for this unaccountable lapse by collaborating on the script of "The Captive," a special episode of Jim Barker's regular strip for the BSFA's MATRIX. Also appearing in TAFF-DDU is the final Elmer T. Hack strip (republished from a Christmas card). Since TAFF-DDU may well prove to be the 1980 FAAn award winner for Best Fanzine, you won't want to be without it. The catch is that you'll have to pay good money for it. Only \$2 U.S. by mail, though, or £0.75 U.K. Three hundred copies is not many, so don't wait for Outworlds 30 before ordering.

WALDO 5 Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Cr., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, CW4 7NR, U.K. Eric was one with The Epicenter, Inchemery Fandom and the Wheels of If, a dusty entry in the Necronomicon of forgotten fannish lore, until a few years ago he

revived his old 50's TRIODE for a few issues. Then once more the duper at Riverside Crescent fell silent. After a while when it became obvious that Eric had returned to historical status, he revived a personalzine, WALDO. WALDO 5 is the second issue of the new series, and was meant to continue Eric's reminiscence about his early days in early fandom, but for one reason or another there are more recent reminiscences about SeaCon instead. John Berry follows Eric with a classic bit of Berry writing about cats (a sure winner in fandom, except he threw rocks at them instead of talking to them). A few pages of locs wraps up the issue, and you are left with the feeling that there ought to be more. A good issue, really, but not substantial enough. Then, I fear, it may well be another year before WALDO 6.

RAFFLES 3 Stu Shiffman and Larry Carmody, 19 Broadway Terrace, #1D, New York, NY 10040

The editors would like you to send trades to both of them, otherwise your copy of RAFFLES might have a blank page like my first one did ... The blank was the first page of my article too! Yes, now you know the real reason I'm reviewing RAFFLES. I have an article in it, and I'd like you to all send away for a copy now. Leaving it to you to pass judgement on "The Fabulous Nuffies" I move along to the other material in the ish. "Writing on the Wall" is a nice short piece by Joe Siclari about Gary Farber, and his study of toilet wall epigrams. Avedon Carol follows, telling more True Worldcon Follies, explaining where the \$25,000 from Iggy went and clearing up similar deep mysteries. "The Passion and Martyrdom of St. Harlan Ellison" by Sandra Miesel confirms a pattern. Three of the four principal articles directly or indirectly touch on Iggy (and not to blast it). The editorials this issue are in the back, both of them. Of the two, Larry's is the larger, by several pages, and talks much of horse racing. Stu's, only two pages long, is an excellent example of the fannish talent for lying creatively about pedestrian events. As usual, the art is drawn on stencil and is mostly Stu's. I'm quite tempted to say that he's only at his best on-stencil and when he's illustrating fan humour. Like many other zines, RAFFLES' main problem is regularity. Given four issues a year, I think RAFFLES could give pseudo-British MOTA a run for the money and make British fans take more notice of the American fanzine.

THE MONTHLY MONTHLY 8 The Gang of Four, c/o Robert Runte, 10957-88 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 0Y9. There are essentially three fannish zines in Canada. You're reading one, you may never get a copy of another, and TMM is the last. Other Canadian zines I conveniently dismiss as "something else"; a personalzine, sercon or godawful. The first peculiarity about the zine is that it has six editors, who rotate editorship. No one of them has to publish more than two issues a year, reducing to human proportions the labour involved in a monthly genzine. The second peculiarity is the characteristic layout and graphics of David Vereschagin, the Gafiated Boy Artist of Canadian Fandom. This issue, in fact, was Dave's, and, unfortunately, it is probably the weakest issue of the eight. There were only two articles; a long one on film, written by Dave to refute the anti-intellectual position on film that is very much like the anti-intellectual position on sf, that it should be an action-adventure that makes no mental demands of its readers. The issues are so basic that the article is rather tedious, I'm forced to say. The second article is also on film; Bill Beard's regular column "Stuttered Motion." Altogether, a lackluster issue. More interesting than the zine itself was the back-to-back one-shot, "The Dozmo Gazette", three pages of satire, fun, and playful graphics.

DRILKJIS 5 Dave Langford and Kevin Smith, 22 Northumberland Ave., Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW, U.K., or 10 Cleves Court, St. Marks Hill, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 4 PS, U.K. The sercon zine that makes sercon fun again... Bringing the same philosophy to book reviewing that the British are wont to apply to their fanzines, a book review becomes downright exciting. Jacqueline Lichtenberg's House of Zeor is compared to cheap porno; Isaac Asimov is called an arrogant, self-satisfied, self-important, and down-right offensive, overweight, unfunny and outdated science fiction writer; and Phil Foglio is revealed to be the secret source of Jim Barker's prolific fanart ... The two principle articles are less entertaining, perhaps, but aren't the kind of sercon that led Gary Farber to trading his complete run of RIVERSIDE

QUARTERLY for a run of MEEPER BLUE. The first, by Chris Priest, addresses an important generality in sf. He argues that sf writers are more than just salaried employees of the publishers, who must compete for the readers' beer money as many American writers claim. He argues successfully in my opinion, but then I was already on his side. After Priest is a panel debating the necessity of good characterization in sf, with neither position defended by anything more serious than an air-filled bladder. It was resolved that cardboard characters suck by one vote. The reference to Phil Foglio above is not facetious. On the back cover Phil reveals all in what I think is his funniest strip. Some more like this and maybe I'll vote for him on a Hugo ballot.

APA-JEFF Jeff Smith, 1339 Weldon Avenue, Baltimore, MD 21211. After folding KHATRU Jeff has obviously failed to recover from the publishing bug. He is still under treatment for the condition, however, and rather than revive his genzine he's opted for a personalzine. The title is putrid, as he admits, but there is logic behind the putridity. APA-JEFF is actually a collation of apazines Jeff did for Dapa-Em and Rehupa, together with a few pages of original material written for a general audience. (It's a novel approach and I wonder if I shouldn't have thought of it myself.) This first issue was disappointing though. Mailing comments rarely make good reading to strangers -- and Jeff's new writing was mostly book and film reviews, and details about the issue. However, I'm fairly certain that Jeff can make the second issue more interesting if he writes more about himself or finds more substantial things to say about his reading.

NEOLOGY Robert Runte, c/o ESFCAS, PO Box 4071, Edmonton, Alberta, T6E 4S8. Randy Reichardt and I once had a running correspondence in which we debated the possibility of Edmonton ever becoming a major fan center. It's academic whether Edmonton did become a major fan center or merely a notable one, but one thing for certain, it may have started publishing the best club newsletter in Canada. Although it is published only bimonthly or so, it is thick (22 pgs), and carries far more news than its compatriots. Particularly in the form of a Canadian Fandom section that could do more to create a Canadian fannish awareness than anything has since the experiment with Canadapa a few years ago. It is a feature I would have loved to have tried to do in OSFiC a couple of years ago if I'd had the time. Hopefully, Robert will find the time I didn't have, and find a way to make NEOLOGY more generally available to isolated club fans and apa-hacks across the country.

WOFAN 14-15 Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Road, Apt. 207, Detroit, MI 48219. 4/\$2 or 2-for-1 trade (in your favour). I've heard several notions from neos and new fan groups to build vast organizations or begin all-encompassing services, and yet most of what they propose is done in modest fashion by Brian's WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG. In each issue Brian reviews every fanzine that he's read since the previous ish. The reviews aren't long, nor involved, but there are large numbers of them. Virtually every generally available zine is reviewed there. Other features of WOFAN include a column on mimeography, more detailed reviews by Gary Farber, and letters. This double issue also has several sheets from Bergeron's giant Willis issue of WARHOON, and the results from last issue's fanzine poll, which are significantly different (though probably no more valid) than the FILE 770 poll in Glycer's annual.

RUNE 59 Lee Pelton and Carol Kennedy, 2726 Girard Ave., S., #101, Minneapolis, MN 55408. After months of speculation over whether there would ever be another Pelton/Kennedy RUNE, the answer is yes. But it is an inferior issue unless you collect interviews of John Varley (I forget whether I've seen three or four now). Aside from the 8-page interview there is the transcript of a community radio program put on by Minneapolis fans that looses a lot in printing or was never very good to begin with, and John Bartlett's "Crab-Man of the Catacombs", which isn't bad at all. That's about the end of the readable portion, however, and afterward comes a long section of short book reviews and an unexciting letter column. It may well be that the best thing about the issue was the artwork, especially the cover, which is one of the better I've seen Stu Shiffman do.