

DNQ 32 - October 16, 1981, is edited/published by Taral Wayne, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4, and Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8; copyright © 1981 by the editors. This is "subscription number" 33. Subs to RSN will be entered into our cardfile in "units" - each RSN issue counting 2 or 3 units depending on its length. Sub rates for RSN are 5 units/\$3.00 U.S., 4 units/\$3.00 Canadian, and 5 units/£2.00 U.K. Aussies and others please pay in U.S. funds, overseas rate 5 units/\$5.00 U.S. Library rate \$2.00 Canadian/unit. RSN is also available for other fanzines traded to both editors, contribution or published LoC, or whim. Artwork in this issue is by Harry Bell (this page), Ken Fletcher (back page), and Taral (Berry centre). Joe jobs and drudge work by the usual rabble.

## THE TARAL-TORIAL IMPERATIVE - EDITORIAL

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"Victoria, I've been thinking it's time to do another DNQ. There's all that material we've collected up, and I've been writing a worldcon report."

"Denvention?"

"Denvention? No, Noreascon. What about Denvention?"

"I think it's a little late for a Noreascon report, don't you Taral? I mean, that was last year and the next worldcon has already come and gone."

"What?"

"Where do you think we were for three days between the Rocky Mountain National Park and Devil's Tower?"

"Well, perhaps it has been a while since the last issue," I admitted, sucking the last drop out of a shotglass of Kahlua. The last little while we'd been distracted from DNQ by a variety of things -- music, cons, food, models, stereo, apas, travel, in fact almost anything that didn't involve the drudgery of cranking, collating, and dropping \$40 in the mail box that we had more imaginative uses for.

"For your information, it's been T\*E\*N M\*O\*N\*T\*H\*S, and it'll probably be another two months before we get all that shit in our files together as an issue!"

"What's been taking you so long..."

And that's the point in the imaginary dialogue that she slugged me. But it's perfectly true that we've been busy doing other things during the last ten months, and for one reason or another it's never been possible to devote full attention to getting DNQ 33 out. One self-imposed deadline after another fell by the wayside. Even getting it done by Denvention turned out to be impossible. The fault has mostly been mine since the principal bottleneck has been a keynote article that I still haven't finished. Always there was a short article for someone else that I could toss off in a couple of days, some artwork someone was willing to pay me to do, a flyer for Torque that had to be ready for the worldcon, something each and every time I thought I had time on my hands. The truth is that I don't like writing very much. After three pages or so I lose patience and it takes an act of God to force me back to the typer. The article that's been holding up DNQ 33 has been very useful in persuading me to attend to all sorts of other promised outstanding projects ... But it has to come to an end. Now! There's just too much good material in DNQ 33 to make the world wait any longer for it.

A list of contents should convince the skeptics. We have a long article by John Berry, a short one by Dave Langford, another by Eric Mayer, a reprint of Susan Wood's, a script by Stu Shiffman, the first installment of Rich Coad's column, letters on the last several issues, and perhaps 30 or 40 pages I've written myself, just to pad the issue out to award-winning proportions. A few of you no doubt stopped reading at that point, but the rest might care to know that I've apportioned out those pages into a long editorial column, a fucking British style review, and a magnum opus titled "The Miscarriage of Heaven and Hell". Every fanwriter attempts his answer to "The Enchanted Duplicator": this is mine. To fill up the oddly shaped holes Victoria inexplicably left in the text we've collected some nifty artwork by Schirm, Bell, Fletcher, and others. Of course, some of those holes were tailored to fit artwork of my own. Nothing inexplicable about that. And that's not all! But it's enough for now.

Not finishing "The Miscarriage of Heaven and Hell" is my fault, but Victoria has been at fault for the delay in DNQ 33 too. If I hate to write, she hates to type. She hates to type news particularly, and such a lot of news was accumulating as the months fled by! A lot of it fortunately dated rather quickly, some appeared in File 770 (letting us off the hook), and the rest was left as an irritating factor in our calculations. An artistically unsatisfying amount of space would be taken up in our timeless last issue of DNQ by this ephemeral material. Finally we decided to publish it as an issue of its own, with one of Berry's shorter columns. Because the last issue was DNQ 40 (base 8), and since there will never be another DNQ 40, there hadn't officially been a DNQ 32. This was a relief because the covers of DNQ 33 had already been printed, and a slim news issue after our piece de resistance would be a let down. So although you can find "DNQ 32" in the small print of the last issue, this is the real DNQ 32 you have in your hands now.

Excuse me if some of the news is presented in a snarky fashion. Fandom has been especially irritating to me recently, while improving my lot in life has become a greater concern. And I've seen too many nasty things happening in fandom that I'm not free to talk about that can't submerge beneath a comradely facade. Then some of what you may interpret as sarcasm is just me looking for a humorous angle for a pedestrian datum. Some of the news you will have heard before. But we think we have the more complete story. Other news you won't care about. There's lots of news we don't care about either, which is one of the reasons we want to leave the newszine field to less jaded or more imperturbable people. What we've selected is scandal, gossip, anecdote, and colour. We don't even want to know about who won the Hugos, and presume you can find out easily in Isaac Asimov's magazine if you really want to know. (You probably won't like what you find if you do go looking. Whether we want to or not, we do know.) And now, the burning issues...

-- Taral

**FINDERS KEEPERS - LOSERS WEEPERS** Jan Howard Finder, furrin fandom's fuller brush man, is selling an Australian SF calendar for 1981, and also the "Aussie-Con 5th Anniversary Memorial Fanzine". The Calendar boasts seven fan and pro Australian artists illustrating such sf-fan dates as Isaac Asimov's birthday, the release of King Kong, John Carter's departure to Mars, and other epoch-making events. All for \$4 plus 75¢ postage. The Aussiecon Zine contains articles on how Aussiecon changed the lives of Susan Wood, Leigh Edmonds, Bill Rotsler, and Sheryl Birkhead, illustrated by 10 fan artists. This for \$2.50 plus 50¢ postage. Both for \$6.50 and \$1 postage, from PO Box 428, Latham, NY 12110.

[Taral]

**TALE OF TWO FANZINES** Two of the better personalzines have died, according to their editors. Brassor, largely written by Marty Levine, folded after its May issue, the eighth, after exhausting Marty's plans for the zine. The other was one of the more remarkable in fandom - Groggy's colourful issues were due to Eric Mayer's mastery of the hecto medium. The 3 and 4 colour pages were Eric's own artwork, as was most of the writing. Aided by his wife Kathy, Groggy saw 13 issues, the last in August. Eric gives a simple reason for quitting: there's nothing new he can think of to do with a fanzine... [Taral]

**HUFF AND PUFF AND BLOW YOUR FUND DOWN...** The Held Over Fan Fund for 1980 is a one-shot fund to bring the biggest non-North American fugghead to the Floodcon hoax '85 worldcon bid. Votes are \$1 each, vote as many times as you can afford. Deadline for ballots is the first of May, 1985. The money goes to DUFF, TAFF, GUFF and such like legitimate funds after the costs of running the "fund" are paid. Send votes for your favourite fugghead to Paul Stevens, c/o 305 Swanston St., Melbourne, Victoria 3000, Australia, or to Jan Howard Finder, PO Box 428, Latham, NY 12110, or Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Ave., Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW, U.K. [Taral]

**GERMAIN MEISELS** Jerry Kaufman is collecting his favourite fan humour by Sandra Meisel in an anthology he intends to sell

for TAFF. Called Sweatmeats, the 40 page mimeod zine will cost \$1.25, according to Jerry as of July '80. Plans were for Sweetmeats to be available by August, but I don't know if its been published yet or not. Jerry also announced doing a Susan Wood anthology, perhaps in early '81. In light of Susan's death, I don't know if he intends this still, but I think it would be appropriate to remind fandom what an excellent fan writer she was. [Taral]

**BOOM BOOM BARKER** Jim Barker, in his first fanzine, One Dead Hedgehog, tells a long and complicated story about his first arrest. It begins, inoffensively enough, with Jim making a mold of a rubber glove and casting it with clear plastic resin. The resulting glass hand, complete with blinkies and transistors, was left in a cardboard box to harden outside the doors of the Falkirk Herald, where Jim worked. Only a hop, scotch and a jump from Ireland, the place with the bombs ... Next morning he arrives at the Herald to find the building cordoned off by the police, and bomb removal squad on the way. Although it was an awkward situation to say the least, he explained the circumstances of "the bomb" to the nearest policeman. Jim's name was on the carton, in any case. Not very understanding, the police drove him to the nearest jail and gave him pretty good reason to believe he might never see the light of day again. One charge was dropped - public mischief - but he was told he would be charged with wasting police time. The Fiscal approved. (The Fiscal inspects all cases before allowing them to come to court.) Then he was shown the door. Although he was on the carpet before the manager of the Herald, by and large Jim met with sympathy at work. But the matter of the outstanding charge dragged on and on without word from the police. Finally, after about four weeks, a courts reporter delivered unofficial word that the Fiscal had dropped charges. [ONE DEAD HEDGEHOG - *Jim Barker*] [Taral]

**STICK AND THE TAROT** Bruce Pelz's ten year project to produce a deck of fantasy artist Tarot cards came to fruition at NoreasCon. The deck is packaged in

an attractive cardboard box with a pamphlet explaining the deck and its origins. The cards themselves are well printed, though I've noticed some drastic changes in colour balance in some cases, and are cut from a thick coated stock with rounded corners, just like real cards. Hell, they are real cards! Complete with a verso design by Walt Liebscher. An unusual feature of the deck is that there are 84 cards instead of the standard 78. The extra six cards were added to the major arcana by both Pelz and two of the artists. Each of the 24 major and 60 minor arcana cards was designed by a different fan or fantasy artist, many of them well-known in fandom. Style varies considerably from cartoons, art-nouveau, pseudo-Rackham, pseudo-Parrish, and photographic realism. The cost of the deck is \$15 U.S. Of the 6,000 decks printed, 2,000 were sold immediately to Stuart Kaplan, editor of The Encyclopedia of the Tarot to raise up-front money. Bruce is thinking of mass marketing the deck, presumably a second printing. At 1%, he thinks each artist will get about 2¢ a deck this way. Handling the deck's marketing himself he offers 9¢ on a deck royalties, but the volume of sales will be lower. Kaplan has also expressed interest in publishing the cards in a second edition of his encyclopedia. Decks can be ordered from Bruce Pelz at 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344. [Taral]

SCANDIFAN SCANDAL Without details to the story, all I can do is repeat Ahrvid Engholm's own words: "Did I tell you about the Sverifan who is in jail at the moment? He robbed a gas station and got caught. He got one year. I get letters and carbon copied fanzines from him nearly every day. He spends his time in jail in front of his typer." Thinking back, there was also that Michigan fringe fan (he had some contact with comics and SCA) who was found shot in the head or somewhere in an alley. I gather he lived, but refused to divulge his assailant. Perhaps last issue's hoax item about fans caught in a police shoot-out will be another of our prognosticative triumphs ... the rate things are going. (Item: Westercon has banned weapons not worn as part of a costume during the masquerade.) [Taral]

TRIPPING WITH LIGHT, FANTASTIC Freff has become president of his own record company, Daystar Records, and their first pressing has been released. Available since Noreascon, A Song of Gods Gone Mad is folky performance by New York's Fred Kuhn, backed by the synthesizers and electric guitars of Light, i.e. Maryann Arrien, Roberta Sappington and Freff himself. The record, I think, sold for \$4.99 U.S. and is a decent enough pressing. In the meantime, however, Light has broken up and Freff is working with Adrian Cosentini, John Clifford Hampden, Jeff Neiblum, Pete Diorio, Mike Molinari, Salli-Jo Davis, and Mary Kessler on a project called "Weird Load". Freff has high hopes for the group and is trying to cut a demo tape, and get them into a 24-track studio. His role in the group is to hold it all together and spark people off, though he is for the moment the lead vocalist. Another fan getting deeply into music is Rich Coad, who, according to Allyn Cadogan, is trying to put together a punk band in San Francisco. [Freff] [Taral]

BAKKA 'GAIN Bakka, "the weeper who mourns for all mankind" in Dune, is Toronto's SF bookstore, and was founded by Charlie McKee in 1972, making it one of the earliest of its type. It was a money maker, but ill-advised business decisions kept the store on the verge of bankruptcy for the last several years. At least so persistent and credible rumours had it; Charlie himself kept mum. At last, however, Bakka has been sold, and the new owner is John Rose, who managed the store during its last months. The new owner since October 1980, John has admitted the store had been run-down and that it had lost distributors, but he expects to regain his accounts with them and build up the stock. Last time, though, Bakka's shelves did appear better stocked at that. Charlie, in the meantime, has worked briefly with the local all-night TV and seems to have moved on to a position as a salesman in a video store. [Taral]

CON FANS CON CLUB According to an open letter received in May, the Norman SF Association's president, Kent David Cor-

day, malappropriated \$300 from the club treasury in order to attend conventions, including King Con in Toronto, Conquest, and Minicon. The club learned that their president was writing checks against their account money when one made out to a local hotel bounced. Corday agreed to repay the missing money when confronted with prosecution, but promptly used repaid funds to attend Minicon. Consequently Corday was expelled from the Norman SF Association, and the club sent around its open letter, not to "demand that you prevent Kent from attending your con, or declare him persona non grata, or ban him from your fan group," but only to prevent unsubstantiated rumours from spreading. I read more between the lines than that, but that's what the letter says in black and white. 12 club members signed the letter. Copies available to Kent's lawyers on demand ... [Norman SF Association] [Taral]

JOURNALISTS JOUST Mike Glyer has also been circulating open letters; this one in response to an attack by Andy Porter, who charged Glyer with irresponsible journalism as a result of Glyer's publishing rumours of Susan Wood's "suicide" in File 770. The catch is that Andy was the original source of the rumour for many people, including Mike Glyer. And that Glyer never mentioned the word "suicide". Merely barbiturate overdose, which was not far off the mark. While Glyer's open letter complained to selected fans about the injustice of Porter's attack, Andy's taken a second potshot at Glyer for inaccuracy in another matter. DNQ really has conceded defeat in the battle of the newsletters -- that used to be our schtick ... [Mike Glyer] [Taral]

THE \$2,000,000 MAN Carl Sagan's record advance for a science fiction novel has developed interesting sequels. According to Ansible, the Sagan book was a pastiche written by him and his girlfriend while in college, and borrowed liberally from other SF books they enjoyed. It also wasn't very good. The manuscript has so far not been made acceptable to the publishers. The issue was confused by another plagiarism case involving another Sagan, a French woman, but the stories about our Sagan appear to

be true. Meanwhile Analog pays 7¢ a word, which has less buying power than the 1/2¢ a word paid by Campbell in 1939 ... [Taral]

CANNED FAANS Due to changes in the Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards made last year, Mike Glicksohn was uncertain about his duties as teller. Unlike previous years, when a quorum of sorts could be made by phoning one or two other committee members, and talking to Victoria and me, Mike had to rely entirely on the far flung committee for decision-making. His only response from the nine committee members was from Gary Farber however. Busy with other work - Energumen 16 and moving - and disgusted with the lack of interest, Glicksohn resigned from the committee, leaving the FAAns in limbo this year. Gary Farber and Moshe Feder, however, collaborated on a ballot that they handed out at Denvention. A minor infraction of the rules, since Moshe isn't on the committee, but in the proper faanish spirit of blitzing ... Apart from this, the ballot is in error in promising the top placers in the FAAns this year an alabaster egg ("egg-O-boo"), which is contrary to a decision made by the committee at AutoClave 4 and reported in DNQ 31. For that matter, all Glicksohn needed to know to run the FAAns was in DNQ 31. Doesn't anybody read this rag? [Taral]

LAST AUTOCLAVE The fifth fanzine fan's convention died a hard death when it was announced that the recent Autoclave would probably be the last. A number of circumstances beyond the control of the committee combined to make the con an embarrassing failure for Brian Earl Brown, Denice Brown, John Benson and other Detroit fans involved. The recession in the auto industry no doubt had its effect by depressing the local economy, but the main reason why Autoclave had fewer than 150 attendees might have been more intentional than economical. A major segment of Autoclave's traditional attendance has always been midwestern con fandom. Due to local politics involving a variety of factors such as contention between Brian and Leah Zeldes over Autoclave last year, comments in WoFan about Dotti Stefl's FAAn nomination, and

the indifference towards non-clan affairs in general, the midwestern contingent decided to either stay at home or go to Rivercon instead (which thoughtfully changed its date to the Autoclave weekend). A different clan, another huge chunk of last year's attendance, stayed in Toronto because of the abhorrent drugs and rampant sex at Autoclave. (I think I must have missed that Autoclave and gone to another con of the same name.) Finally, the general apathy besetting fanzine fandom has eliminated the convention's entire *raison d'être* in my opinion. As a con, however, it probably couldn't have been run any better. Its failure may have just been a sign of the times. And the end of an era. [Taral]

FRIENDS OF THE SOL, the Spaced Out Library, is a sercon group organized around Toronto's science fiction and fantasy library. John Millard is chairman of the organization involving John Robert Columbo, Peter Gill, and local academics. A first public affair was somewhat of an embarrassment as the invited guests from the science conference held in Toronto last winter failed to attend the reception in their honour. A second event was successful, however. Jon Lomberg, one of the artists working on the Cosmos series on TV, gave a slide show on SF art that attracted at least 125 people. Little money was collected, unfortunately, and few commitments made. Nor have newsletters or other trappings of an active society materialized. Moreover, the Friends have run into problems arranging other programs. Presently dormant, the group may devolve into the tool for pressuring the Metro Library Board as it was originally meant to be, and that Millard still sees as its primary function. Columbo, on the other hand, wants to produce a sercon journal in lieu of the newsletter that never was, hopefully to raise money for the Friends by its sales. ... and the committee meetings go ever on.

[Taral]

BID OFF MORE THAN THEY COULD CHEW Carey Handfield, chairman of the Australia in 83 bid, accused DNQ of giving the Aussie bid bad press by reviewing a stereotyped Aussie fanzine as boring (according to Irwin Hirsh). Good to know that someone

else in fandom appreciates the influence DNQ has on fandom. But if hard evidence rather than sincere testimony is desired by the skeptic, we offer the victory of the Baltimore in 83 bid at Denvention by a 9 to 5 margin. (Copenhagen lost by over 9 to 2, showing what happens if we really get down on a bid.) Baltimore has announced John Brunner as its guest of honour and Dave Kyle as its fan guest. Jack Chalker is to be toastmaster, which should come as no surprise to anyone who thinks about it. By accident, your DNQ reporter happened across the Aussiecon II progress report zero while Ken Fletcher was working on it and happened to notice who the Aussiecon II guests were to have been. However, Ken has threatened me with obscene funny animal cartoons if I divulge. If you've ever been bugged in black and white by a six foot sentient stoat, you may understand why I have to leave you burning with curiosity. Membership in Constellation (ugh, I think I prefer CrabCon) is currently \$15 attending and rising steeply. I suppose at this point, since we're discussing worldcon news, I should mention the Hugos. They were largely disappointing. Read some other newsletter if you really want to know. Of rather greater importance was an issue brought up by Bruce Pelz about the '84 Los Angeles bid. The bid has a rat as a mascot, and is looking for names for it. Suggestions were scarce, and until Marc Schirmeister came up with Reynolds Rat at the con, the best Bruce had was L.A. Rat. Read it backwards... I may make a break with neutrality on this basis and for once support a Worldcon bid. [Taral]

CAN FAAN BAN Michael Dan of Spud Manor and registrar of V-Con 9, resigned his post over the Canadian Science Fiction Awards last April. The committee, he protested, had promised in a PR to mail out ballots and make the awards something more than what he felt was a plaything of the committee's. Instead, V-Con 9 reneged on its promise and gave that year's honour posthumously to Susan Wood. The first award, Dan points out, was given by the people who originated it to their own con's guest of honour, A.E. van Vogt. And Susan, however deserving of the honour, has previously been a

guest of V-Con. Feeling strongly that the Canadian award ought not to be used to gratify concons or serve parochial interests, Dan wrote to Fran Skene and quit the committee, but the award was given as planned. Moreover, the whole issue was suppressed in the sponsoring BCSFA's newsletter. Next year the Edmonton club gives the award at NonCon 5. Robert Runte hints at expanding them, probably including fan categories. Somewhat alone the same lines as the Canadian SF award, the Ontario SF Club has kicked off a Canadian Unity Fan Fund (CUFF) by arranging for Mike Hall and Rosanne Charest to extend their visit to Toronto long enough to attend Torque 2. Next year, if there is a next year, the winner should travel west. [Gerald Boyko] [Taral]

THE BIG LIE Stu Shiffman, originator of the Flushing in 80 hoax, published the LIECon progress reports and program book as a supplement to Raffles 4. Actually, the LIECon material pretty much is Raffles 4, and the production was somewhat rushed to have it at NoreasCon. The issue, including art by Ross Chamberlain, Alexis Gilliland, Freff, Dan Steffan, Bill Mayhew, Stu and myself, a daily news-sheet, the LIECon program and assorted ads, is worth having at a buck, especially as the money is going to TAFF. (Which, come to think of it, went back to Stu, didn't it?) Copies can be had from Stu at 19 Broadway Terrace, #1D, New York NY 10040. [Taral]

FAPACADABRA Only 23 ballots were received, but that was enough to elect Gregg Calkins (of Oopslal fame) as president 19 to 1 over Sam Moskowitz and Bill Evans. Vice President is Seth Goldberg, by a single vote. Secretary-Treasurer is Bob & Peggy Pavlat by 21 to 1. Ed Cox is the new official editor, superceeding Bruce Pelz. A number of amendments to the Fapa constitution were up for voting, three of which were passed. It was decided that old zines did not count as Fapa activity, a rule aimed specifically at Andy Porter's recent practice of putting through old copies of Algol. Dues were raised from \$7 to \$12 (after being raised last year from \$4 to \$7), and the offices of President and Vice President were granted sweeping new powers (of undisclosed nature).

I suppose none of this matters much to most of you, but it is Fapa after all. How many other apas can say that? [Taral]

NO TIPPING says caption on a picture of R2D2 heading a clipping in our possession. According to this story in the Toronto Star, a Sarnia, Ontario burger joint owner has spent \$20,000 apiece for three R2D2 robots to work as waiters. The robots can carry four trays at once, and serve 9 tables in 72 seconds. The owner of Burgerworld in Sarnia claims that his joint saves money since the robots never call in sick, take coffee breaks, or go on strike, and they cost less to maintain than it costs to pay employees. A variety of detachable heads with different blinking lights keeps the customers from getting bored. Most live waiters in the owner's experience have objected to providing this entertainment... [V. Vayne's old newspaper stack] [Taral]

DNQ NOT ONLY CDN FNZ TO FOLD The Monthly Monthly (aka the Bimonthly Monthly), has ceased publication after 14 issues dating from October 1979 to January 1981, having actually kept to schedule all that time. 265 pages were produced altogether. Robert Runte, one of the six Gang of Four publishing TMM/TBM, goes on to produce New Canadian Fandom. One issue appeared before the mail strike paralyzed Canadian fanzine fanac, but others are expected. [Taral]

BOZOS BUST After at least two generations of Minneapolis fandom have inhabited the famed Bozo Bus Building, the landlord finally discovered what was going on under his very nose when he made his regular maintenance inspection. (The last was in 1964.) Horrified at the doping and subversive pubbing going on in his real estate investment, the last bozos were evicted summarily. The building will now be renovated to become a black slum. While one era ends, another perhaps renews itself. After ten decent but colourless issues of Rune, Pelton and Kennedy have resigned from editorship of the Minn-Stf clubzine and new editors have been chosen. John Bartlet, David Stever-Schnoes, Garth Danielson and Joe Wesson have produced two controversial issues of Rune - 62 and 63 - which pre-



sent much the same material in a much more exciting package. Opinion seems divided between the slick old-wavers who find the new Rune sloppy, and the new wavers who say it's vibrant. Sloppy it may be, but it puts experimentation back into graphics, and I like it. Fout on all those cobe-topped, eight cornered, 90° angled, flat topped, staring straight ahead, stock part, snake eyed blockheads ... [Taral]

**A GALLING SITUATION** Brian Earl Brown and Denice have been in something of a recession of their own, since Denice is out of work just as they were looking for a larger apartment. Their troubles worsened when Brian developed dietary problems that were traced to a gall stone which had to be removed. An operation was scheduled when a careless driver crashed into Brian and Denice's orange Volkswagen, injuring them both. Brian's hip was broken, we heard at Denvention, and Denice had minor injuries. Although a letter was dispatched when we got back from the worldcon, it hasn't been answered yet and exact information about the accident isn't known. The Whole Fanzine Catalog, Brian's useful compendium of recent publishing, hasn't seen an issue since March this year due to the tightness of money. It looks likely to suffer still longer delays before it reappears. No doubt a card or letter at this time to cheer the Browns up would be appreciated. It's the least you can do if you're thinking of responding to the item below... [Taral]

**LEIGH ON MACDUFF** No, Steven Leigh isn't running for Duff, that's the only pun that came to mind as an eye-catcher. Fred Haskell is administering a guitar fund to buy Steve an instrument of his own to play with, so that he won't have to borrow Fred's whenever he wants to sing. The fund is already into three figures but needs more. Money can be sent to either Kate Worley at 1206 East 26th St. Minneapolis MN 55404, or to Hania Wojtowicz at 7 Wilson Park Rd. #2, Toronto, Ontario M6K 3B6. [Fred Haskell] [T]

**HARPERST MOON** During this summer's annual Toronto mediacon, Bill Marks and Mike Harper of midwest fame managed to get

themselves into a speck of trouble that the committee later passed off as one of their junior workers getting drunk. (And later still, as the sort of thing that turns con chairmen's hair grey.) Neither Bill (who ran the huckster's room) nor Mike were drunk, however, as I can testify as an eyewitness. Late Saturday night the confloor was almost uninhabited. Everyone was either in the costume show or the all-night art auction, and the two midwest fans were sitting with other friends in an alcove and joking. One of their running gags was to pull the other's shoes off, open his fly, and stuff the shoes in. At one point, Bill Marks left and Harper took his seat. When Bill returned, he escalated. Not content to stuff Harper's shoes in his pants, he began tugging at his legs until he'd removed Harper's pants altogether. When he probably hadn't expected, and came as a surprise to everyone else as well, was that Harper doesn't wear underpants... Exposed for all to see, Harper walked as calmly as possible through the laughter to retrieve his pants. People are intrinsically silly in nothing but a flapping shirt, and Marks had thoughtfully tossed the pants a few feet away. Ever ready with a helpful comment, I made the spurious observation that the night manager was standing behind Harper as he pulled his pants on. In about 10 seconds it was true. "Like to spend the night in 52 division?" he began a charming conversation. This particular hotel manager didn't like SF cons and had been waiting for an excuse to close down this one since it opened. He goaded Bill to start something but never quite got enough of an excuse to do more to the con than he already had. Or more to Harper/Marks than expel them. Everyone accompanied them "out", but in actuality they took the elevator up to the consuite, leaving a couple of confused souls (who hadn't clued in) waiting out in the street. In less than a couple of hours the story had spread around the con that a couple of drunk trekkies or something had been shooting moons. The chairman of the con never did entirely give up that version, so fond was he of it.

[Taral]

**FABULOUS SEATTLE FANDOM HALVED** According



to a semi-reliable New York source and confirmed in its essentials by Gary, both Gary Farber and Fred Haskell were removed from the Telos editorial team by Patrick and Teresa Nielsen-Hayden. Fred was on the move, as usual, but Gary was on hand to receive his pink slip in person. Teresa presented it to him in a sealed envelope, and with the words "read this, trust us" she was whisked away by a waiting car. Reasons given for Gary's abrupt termination with Telos were vague, and vaguer still a couple of weeks later when it came time to put this to paper, but seem to have something to do with the zine's "image" or the superfluity of four editors. Meanwhile, Patrick and Teresa are publishing a weekly zine for a private circle of friends, and have decided to fold the "monthly" Zed. Patrick has announced plans to publish a 1981 Fanthology - details unavailable. [Taral]

**FIVE YEAR PLAN** Moshe Feder has publicly admitted that he is not well suited to keeping regular schedules, explaining the five year intervals between issues of his Placebo. Citing The Mimeo Man and other endeavours, however, he claims that long term plans with indefinite deadlines are another matter, and Moshe has set in motion a project that he expects will take several years and require the help of many other fans. The project in mind is an update of the Fancyclopedia, a Fanny III. Moshe will farm out special fields of knowledge to the appropriate experts, who will write most of his entries. His own job will be to edit and direct. Unlike the Fannies I & II, the Fanny III will probably have biographies of significant fans. You have only a few years, then, to make your mark and be recorded in what may be fandom's last major historical document. [Moshe Feder] [Taral]

**MAGNANIMOUS GESTURE** Roger Reynolds, editor of Future Focus which had over 20 nominations for the Hugos last year as best fanzine (only a few short of putting it on the ballot), has magnanimously declared that he will publish no issues of Future Focus this year so that Mike Glicksohn will have a better chance of placing Energumen 16 on the ballot. Surely an act of friendship like this deserves all the approbation it can get.

When filling out the Hugos next year, remember Roger's charity and give him your vote. [Roger Reynolds] [Taral]

**TAFF-ESTRY** Although the 1982 race has yet to be settled between Kevin Smith and Rog Peyton, there are three contenders for the '83 race already. Grant Canfield was first to declare himself, followed by Avedon Carol, and now myself. Rumour has it that Gary Farber was considering a second try, and that Brian Earl Brown would have liked to run for Taff as well. Brian, however, is reluctant to run with three other candidates in the field, and the rumour about Gary is just a rumour so far. Also, Brian is doubtful of the propriety of candidates announcing themselves before the previous race is settled. Turncoats Dave Langford and Jim Barker have pledged their nominations to Avedon and Grant respectively, but I've no memory of their other nominators. Supporting my own candidacy are Bob Shaw, John Berry, Moshe Feder, Linda Bushyager, and Marc Schirmeister. This looks like it'll be a competitive race, which theoretically ought to raise a surfeit of money for the eventual winner. [Taral]

**UP OVER AUSSIE** Marc Ortlieb has been travelling in the United States and Canada prior to his going to Denvention, and dropped in unexpectedly on Saara's Parturition Day Party in Toronto (where he stayed a few days with Mike Wallis). Having borrowed the money for his trip from the teacher's credit union he belongs to may or may not have an effect on Q36 when he returns. In the meantime, he too admits that most Aussie zines are boring. Especially West Australian zines. [Taral]

**NEW JLAS RECRUIT** The Jacqueline Lichtenburg Appreciation Society has gained a new member as a result of Lichtenburg's latest book, Render Unto Caesar. The novel seems to have been set on some unspecified (and imaginary) planet in a simple-minded interstellar civilization which is strangely reminiscent of a certain state of affairs in reality. The plot is the usual post-Star Trek character interplay, a soap opera about a superior being protecting the native

species against encroachment for the sake of a hopeless love for one of them. As "Tuckerizations" go, this characterization of an alien is less than flattering. Saara calls it an embarrassing portrayal of Kjolá as condescending, Liberal cartoons of Earth people in Earth people situations. She immediately pledged 250,000 buttons to the JLAS reading "stop wearing SF on your sleeve and put it back in the gutter where it belongs".

## OBITUARIES

**JANIE LAMB 1908-1981** Janie Lamb died on May 6th after suffering a sudden stroke 4 days earlier from which she never regained consciousness. She was in fair health and improving from an earlier illness. Though she was 73, she had just attended a Democratic convention. Earlier this year her house caught fire. During World War II she worked at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory at an unspecified job and discovered fandom soon after, going to her first worldcon in 1949. After Cinvention she joined the N3F and launched immediately into one of its characteristic projects - indexing all the interests of fans she could. Having read science fiction since before 1939, she was a member of First Fandom and eligible for the Big Heart Award which she won in 1967. She was awarded the Kaymar by the N3F in 1967, for her three decades of service in the organization. In January 1953 she became secretary and she was made treasurer as well in August 1955. Miller G. (Janie) Lamb's main interest was politics. She was very active at both the civic and national levels, being President of the Knoxville Democratic Women's Club, Secretary of the 2nd District Chairman's Organization, and was a member of other committees in Heiskell, Tennessee. During both of Jimmy Carter's election campaigns she co-ordinated the East Tennessee district for the Democrats. Donald Franson has taken over Janie Lamb's duties as secretary temporarily, and Joanne Burger is now treasurer. [*The National Fantasy Fan & Harry Andruschak*]

**PHILL STEPHENS 1953-1981** Phill Stephens, a Toronto fan, died on March 31 of an epileptic seizure that led to heart failure.

Phill had eclectic interests as a fan and was a pivotal member of the local media organization which puts on the Draconis series of conventions. His main interests consisted of model building and the Dorsai Irregulars. He was the second Canadian member of the Dotsai, (so far there hasn't been a third), and was well liked in those circles. As a model builder he worked a while for the studio that produced the CTV series, *The Starlost*, and scratch built many starships, X-wings, and Walkers from his favourite movies for fun. Other interests included games, SCA, and filksinging. As the major diplomat and security chief of the Draconis conventions, his death has dealt a heavy blow to that group. [*Delta Draconis Program Book & TAPA*]

**LOU TABAKOW 1915-1981** "Lou first came to my attention at the Cinvention in 1949. He was young (as most of us were that year), tall, short-haired, and memory tells me that he wore rimless glasses and spoke with a gravelly voice. He was a minor official on the convention committee, having entered fandom only a year or two previously, and he played poker - which brought him to my attention at my expense. With the passing of time he came to inherit both the Cincinnati Fantasy Group and the annual Midwestcons. He ran both organizations as a benevolent dictator and no one minded much. His was the strongest personality in the group, he was the active fan who was willing to scout the town and find new motels, and he was the eldest member who exercises a sort of grandfather-clause proprietorship. In time, he also became the secretary-treasurer of the group known as First Fandom, which indicated that he was reading and writing letters to the editor prior to 1938. Lou owned the most unusual Hugo in the history of those awards but very few people were aware of it. In 1955 at the Cleveland Worldcon the committee awarded him a special Hugo for "the best unpublished story". Lou had sold a story to Bea Mahaffey when she was editing the Palmer magazines, and in due time that story, "Sven", was listed on the cover of one of the magazines. However, the magazine went to press long after the cover had been printed and Lou's story was crowded out for lack of

space. He took a lot of teasing for the missing story, and the Clevention Hugo capped the capper. It is a real Hugo - I've seen it and fondled it - but the various history tables published in the annual worldcon program books never mention it. Everyone supposed that Lou would die of cancer of the throat. He was an incessant smoker, literally lighting the first one before getting out of bed each morning, and the last one in bed just before falling asleep. We were all wrong. On May 16th he died of Lou Gehrig's Disease in a Cincinnati hospital, after an illness of almost a year's duration. The gravel voice was missing; during the final month he communicated by scratching on a tablet." [Bob Tucker, *abstracted from PONG 16*]

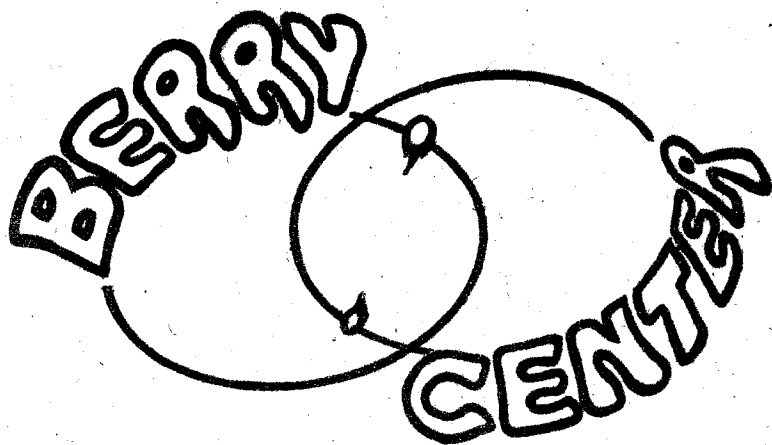
ED CAGLE 1938-1981 Ed Cagle experienced "strange symptoms" for several months before being diagnosed as suffering from a congestive heart disease that he died of, in bed, on the morning of May 27th. He was not a fan that many other fans had met, since he didn't travel to conventions and preferred to talk on the phone. His main fanac was through the media of fanzines, both his and selected others. Between December 1972 and October of 73 he very nearly published monthly 10 issues of the excellent Kwalhioqua. In June 1975 and February 1976 he co-edited two issues of Shambles with Dave Locke. He appeared in Donn Brazier's Title from time to time, where the phrase "wild pickle" was introduced to many a neofan. According to one of his closest friends, Locke, Cagle was a vivacious guy, ferociously conversant, and hated bullshit. He was unmindful of compliments from people who didn't matter, and laughed when he read his own writing. He left a wife, Sue, who has given Locke permission to assemble and publish some of Ed's fan writing sometime this year. [PONG 17]

SUSAN WOOD A much more elaborate and lengthy piece has been written to appear with a reprint of one of Susan's articles in the next DNQ. If an obituary is pointless at so late a date, it is pointless already, so many months after her death. However, the material we have prepared is probably the most detailed account of her fanac that will appear in print, and has

historic value. The article, from Granfalloon, is one of our favourites. Together we hope they will make a worthy epitaph for one of Canada's foremost fans.

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## DRAUGHT DODGER - JOHN BERRY

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When I was a boy, I used to visit my Auntie Kitty and Uncle Will at their farm in Shropshire. My mother used to take me on a train from Birmingham to Kidderminster, where her sister had a market stall. After they had sold the farm produce we'd return to the farm, again by local train. It would stop at Knighton-on-Teme ... we'd walk along the winding country roads to their farm. The house was well over two hundred years old ... it was brick-built, and presumably because of the lack of educational facilities in that rural area in the early eighteen hundreds, with the resultant inability to converse in descriptive prose, it was known as Brick House.

There wasn't any electric light in the house, and when it became dark, a couple of oil lamps were lit, throwing the shadows of the ham shanks hanging from the wooden beams into stark relief on the grey ceiling.

When it was dark, the mice emerged, and I could hear them scuttling about all around me ... but it was really nice to settle in the old rocking chair by the spitting wood fire, and ponder on life's mysteries.

Unfortunately, although my brain was always performing at what I considered to be very high revs, because I always seemed to be in a contemplative mood, and sometimes didn't answer when spoken to, I understand they thought I was of a backward disposition. Little things alerted me, like the way they tapped their foreheads meaningfully when they thought I wasn't looking.

I endured the wrath of Uncle Will one night by saying that in Birmingham, old country people were called yokels. He was of advanced years himself, and he stood up, face beetroot red, hands clutching at his sides, and said that in the countryside, old people in Birmingham were known as "old fools" ... "and young fools" he added meaningfully.

My kindly aunt intervened, and suggested a game of Draughts. I had never played the game (it was considered unsophisticated in Birmingham), and Uncle Will chuckled when he heard this confession. The board was produced lovingly ... it was worn and sticky with age, and the twenty four pieces were worn smooth by yokel fingering.

They beat me out of sight. I just couldn't do a thing ... it seemed such a simple game, but every naive stratagem I adopted was cleverly countered.

On the tenth night of consecutive playing, I beat Auntie Kitty ... then twice in succession ... at the end of a fortnight I beat her every time.

But Uncle Will was a different proposition.

He was Knighton-on-Teme champion ... "never beaten" he shouted pompously, thumping the table to prove his point.

The poor man has been dead for many years, but I've got to admit I didn't like him. I considered him to be a bully, and he sometimes gave me a thump on the side of my head if

I did something terribly avant garde around his farm, such as letting his prize boar escape, or letting a vertically-placed hen house door drop on the back of his champion cockeral.

Therefore I tried desperately hard to beat him at Draughts. We had titanic struggles ... once or twice I felt he had cheated, such as putting a couple of kings on the board when, in my genteel manner, I picked up Aunty Kitty's knitting off the floor when he knocked it out of her hands.

On my last night I gritted my teeth and concentrated ... when he tried to distract my attention I refused to be diverted ... my head was three inches from the board ... he grew quiet as gradually I became dominant on the board ... his fingers trembled as he took my piece and then I removed his king and two others within vaulting proximity ... his breathing became laboured ... I had four kings to his one ... I teased him on the board ... I delayed the inevitable coup de grace ... then I looked at Aunty Kitty's eyes ... tears trickled down her red cheeks as she looked at him, his face gaunt, bleary eyes wide in desperation.

I manoeuvred him into a corner, and then purposely made a mistake ... he took my four kings and remained unconquered on the board.

"The old yokel has beaten the young fool," he roared. I looked at my aunt and I saw a strange look in her eyes ...

That was one of the first lessons in my life ...

John Berry, 1980

## INDEX EXPURGATORIUS - FANZINE REVIEWS BY TARAL

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...a short edition of the same. No space for other than gut reactions. No time to read the fanzines even.

TAPPEN - Malcolm Edwards, 28 Duckett Rd. London N4 1BN U.K. When I looked through this zine I wondered what on earth I'd opened by mistake. The writer was talking about contemporary music and books instead of cons or SF, so I had to sit down and read. (What I don't understand, though, is if the Brits are so smart, why ain't they rich?) Tappen 1 and 2 are probably the best zines from the U.K. this year if you like intelligent topical writing, and especially recommended are the columns by Chris Atkinson.

MAINSTREAM 6 - Suzle Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle WA 98103. As good as one of the best North American genzines is, I blush to admit I've only skimmed through it although it arrived just after Denvention. The usual cast appears, promising good, light entertainment, and perhaps a few deeper spots for the reader to wade in getting through Mainstream as well. Unlike British zines, Mainstream is illustrated, well, with work by Hammell, Shiffman, Gomoll, Pearson, one ATOM, and a bunch of chic headings by Teresa Nielsen Hayden. The Telos look is "in".

KRATOPHANY 13 - Eli Cohen, 86-04 Grand Ave. Apt. 4D, Elmhurst, NY 11373. Eli's Krat is a product of the same early 70's zeitgeis as Jerry and Suzle's zines, but maintains an older look probably due to design tricks rather than palpable differences. It does not have the Telos look despite one logo by TN-H. The bulk of the material is Eli's own, a reprint of Susan Wood's, and a skit by Stu Shiffman. It reads like an older strata of New York fandom than Mainstream, which it is. That the similarities are stronger than the differences is a sign of consanguinity.

WILD FENNEL 15 - Pauline Palmer, 2510 48th St., Bellingham, WA 98225. Whenever it appears, Wild Fennel is like a voice from the past, when "little magazines" influenced fandom through the universities. Today there seems to be little contact. Out of touch with the still thriving little magazine field, SF fans tend to find Wild Fennel too mannered or pretentious and overlook good material buried in its pages. I'm rather sentimentally attached to it after all these years.

HOLIER THAN THOU 11 - Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave. Apt. 1, North Hollywood, CA 91601. HTT lacks a certain je ne sais quoi, but there's no doubting its dependability and ambi-

tion as a genzine. Good artwork appears side by side with some of the worst published in fandom. Among the persiflage is some very decent reading, but the overall effect of Marty's editing is a Mulligan stew. Will Marty get the Hugo nomination he's working toward? Stay tuned with HTT and see. (I'll be boggled is he does.)

LAN'S LANTERN 11 - George Laskowski (Lan), 47 Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013. Lest I be accused of indiscriminate approval, Lan's zine is one I find it hard to be fair to. It's soft-core pro porn, by which I mean that this Clifford Simak issue is an uninspired pandering to the Name Good Old Boy. For others, with a burning interest in the lives and personal ties of professional SF writers, I suppose Lan's Lantern is a treat. But one fan's cat food is another fan's poisson.

## LAST WORDS

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As of December 31st, postage in Canada is rising from 17¢/ounce/first class to 30¢ domestic and 35¢ U.S. We haven't heard what overseas rates will be, but if they rise by the same percentage 70¢ would be likely. However, there is something called "book rate" that is currently 31¢ per half pound. Even at twice that, it would be cheaper to send a 100 page issue book rate than four 25 page issues. So large infrequent issues ... 50¢ per 100 page copy poses us certain economic difficulties which can only be solved by raising the price. To avoid having to redo the card files, we're adding separate "subscription numbers" that count off units of sub money in quanta of 50¢, but will not be matched to the issue numbers. Look for it in the colophon (this issue is sub no. 33 but sticker number 32, for example, and the long-awaited DNQ 33 will be sub no.s 34-35-36).

And finally, further to our news item about Brian Earl Brown and Denice, a letter we received from them reports that Brian's had his operations, and they're doing okay now.

DNQ 33 is in the works, mostly written, somewhat less mostly typed. No promises on when exactly: moving hassles lie ahead and we all know what that means.

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