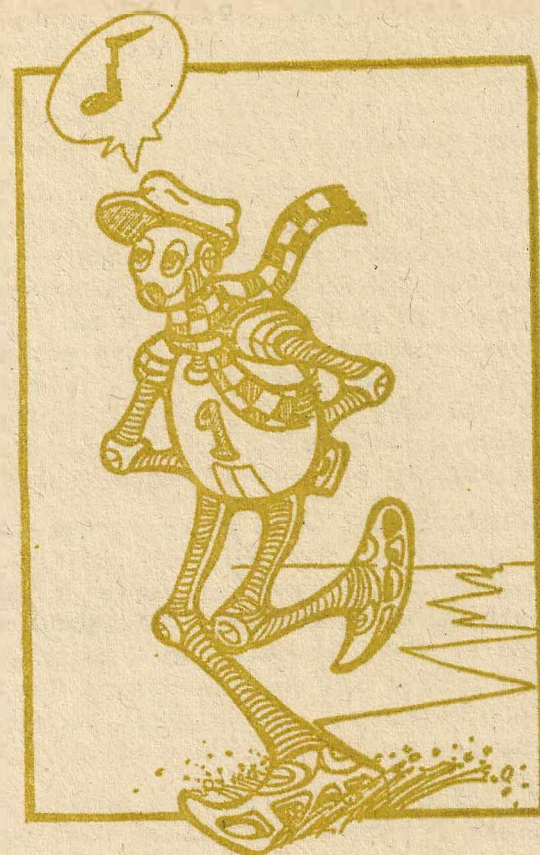


QUE SAARA SAARA - EDITORIAL

After the small, faanish affairs of Iggy and Sea-Con, it was with some doubt as to the wisdom of a public Worldcon again that I went to LIEcon. Chairman Stu Shiffman claims over 10,000 were in attendance. Fortunately, not all at once. My remotes counted no more than 9,812 at any one time. But however many there were, it was too many by far. Of course I had no trouble finding who I wanted, apporthing from place to place and spying out people by sensors, but several friends complained of the problems they had. One commented that the turn around for accidental meetings was twenty-four hours. Another stated the probability of finding a person was no more than 50/50 for the whole con.

There is more than the difficulty of chance meetings at stake. I've been told that since the disastrous Worldcon in Toronto, in '73, it has been a matter of policy to run secluded, unpublicized conventions to avoid the overcrowding and vandalism of Torcon II. The following NiCon 4, Aussiecon 2, DWFcon and so on up until last year managed to break a thousand going the other way, bringing the attendance back down to pre-1967 figures. The effect, judging by the fan press, was appreciated by all but a few who mostly went on to more satisfying careers as Hollywood producers, aldermen and bank guards. After all, the point of the Worldcon was to be the one yearly reunion at which sf fans meet each other face to face instead of through their fanac. Opening the Worldcon to thousands of strangers in no way improved the intimacy of the affair, as Torcon II proved. LIEcon, like Torcon, was crowded. It was noisy and distracting. It was unnecessarily costly to stay in a large hotel. It did not feel friendly, not recognizing as we did one face in a hundred. Stu might as well have held LIEcon in Grand Central Station as Flushing Meadow Park, for all the difference in atmosphere there was between a crowded train station and this year's Worldcon.

I regret being unkind to Stu, who meant well by LIEcon. In its favour, LIEcon was run without the excess of bureaucratic fervour that has marked NESFA's Boskones, and provided us with the most faanish program any Worldcon has seen. LIEcon also introduced needed changes. Remebering the embarrassment of past Worldcons facing growing SFWA demands, Stu and his committee announced that there would be no special privileges for SFWA and stuck to their guns in defiance of a threatened strike. That many writers appeared in spite of the SFWA walk-out was ample proof of the organization acting against the will of many of its members. Several



ANOTHER DIMENSION
DNQ
ANOTHER DIMENSION

DNQ 40 (BASE 8)

DNQ 32 - November 8, 1980, is brought to you by Saara Mar and Taral Wayne, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ontario M2N 5B4 and Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ontario M6P 3J8; and is copyright © 1980 by the editors. Subscriptions are (for DNQ) 5/\$2.00 U.S., 4/\$2.00 Canadian, overseas 4/\$2.00 U.S. and 4/£1.00 U.K.; (for RSN) 5/\$3.00 U.S., 4/\$3.00 Canadian, 4/£1.50 U.K. DNQ subs will be converted to RSN subs at 3:2. We also trade 1-for-1 for other fanzines.

spoke out at the convention against the officers and other SFWA hacks who exploited fandom for their own interests and commended the con for refusing SFWA a suite for its customary-closed parties. "If they don't want to mix with the fans as fans themselves," said the Guest of Honour, speaking for himself and several others at the con, "they can stay home and do it at their own expense instead of ours."

The brief business meeting Sunday also wrought a change. The growing advantage of the semi-professional magazines like *Algol* and *SFR* has led to the last couple of Worldcons' throwing out semi-pro nominations, which their constitution does not actually enable them to. A motion was made by Stu to clarify the definition of an amateur magazine so as to disqualify magazines seeking to commercially exploit the Hugos. The motion was passed and when ratified next year will leave without grounds future action against the Worldcon by Geis and Brown. (Threatened legal action against Seacon last year was quashed by counterthreat of suit against misuse of the name "Hugo" to advertise the Science Fiction Achievement Awards won by the magazines *Locus* and *Science Fiction Review* in past years. The fan awards are not strictly allowed to be called "Hugos", as Eric Mayer pointed out at Iggy.)

Horrors! All this fan politics has me pontificating like Taral. Though LIEcon's smof-fing was all for the best, politics are peculiarly human and not natural to the uncorrupted Kjola. I fear ten years on Earth have left their mark on me that I find myself talking of it at all. Throughout the con, Hugos and SFWA were on my mind not at all. The dreadful crowds were a vexation. As an xt at a sf con I was a center of attention all during the day and during the night whenever I ventured from a closed party. At such moments I came closest to understanding Jerry Pournelle drunkenly driving fans from the pro party. Not so very close, I hasten to say, but close enough to get the gist of it.

I don't like being a public figure, and cut my concert tour of Ice Water short because I couldn't handle so many people reaching out to touch something Larger Than Life, something more godly than the triviality they sense in their own lives. I stepped out of the rock scene because of it, and stepped into LIEcon where I could hardly tell the difference. At first, it was a delight to talk with so many intensely interested people. I told them about home, about my ship, the people I knew, the clothes I wore, the things I discovered on Earth. It surprised them that I was so impressed by small things like Coke and pizza, skateboards, and neon signs rather than Einstein or the Great Wall of China. They wanted to know if I had watched *Star Trek* and if I thought humans might have a future like that. I told them it was like what magic carpet rides or *Cyrano de Bergerac's* trip to the moon must seem to them, and that human future was up to human conduct. Then I began to pity them. Sensing their wonderment I performed parlor tricks, sculpting light forms, casting rays and planes of darkness, strobbing gravity, making solid objects flow, causing things to float, appear or disappear, playing catch with point sources of music, changing our shapes, playing tricks with the time sense to slow or speed it up, handing around molten metal or anti-matter made cold and safe to the touch, making warm snow fall, and other things I'd learned to entertain the sense of wonder. One girl wanted to be a unicorn for the rest of the con when I was changing shapes. I felt she'd have liked to be transformed for the rest of her life, but was afraid to ask. When she discovered she had a full bladder though, she realized that a horse was a horse, horn or no, and peeing would be a very unfairy-like act. I was glad to the hour's end to see her in human form once more, racing for the women's can. I hate being devious, but who would explain it to the girl's mother?

That was when I knew I was in the same fix as when I was playing rock star. For most of the rest of the con I went in human mufti, aka Sarah Marsh.

When I go to filksings, Taral usually follows no further than the door, leaving me to fend for myself against Bob Asprin, Jay Kay Klein, et al. Usually, a pelt of Kjola fur carries weight in filksings and I have no trouble getting in my licks with the guitar. As Sarah Marsh, a well-formed but otherwise unremarkable looking young woman, I noticed that there was a real tendency for some people to behave like professional performers and for the rest to assume the role of the audience. Had I mugged as badly when I had the advantage I wondered? The difficulty I had as Nobody getting the floor nettled. I did get the chance to sing a couple of songs composed for Stone Works, "Window People" and "Being Still", but they were artsy-fartsy, didn't go over well, and I didn't get another turn that night. Songs about store window dummies not being as popular as odes to the

brave boys in Rhodesia it seems. It decided me to make a scene. Rather rudely I cut in between someone's numbers and sang an improvised song about a television mc with a magic smile who lost all his front teeth. Even at home his friends sat in an audience, but when he lost his teeth he became part of the audience of another mc with a magic smile, and he lived happily ever after. Dead silence in the filk sing room ... but no outrage. No one had felt the barb of my seemingly pointless satire. I hadn't burnt my bridges behind me after all, but I wasn't going back to another filksing in any case. The next day Stu had planned the ambiguously named "Saturday Night Special", for which Hawkwind and Fred Kuhn's Light performed. Although not billed, I did a set anyway. The thanks for this go to Freff, who had known I was there and arranged some time for me following Light's act. I wasn't prepared, and didn't have a backup, so couldn't do any of Ice Water without 75% of it playing from tape. I did one number jamming with Freff, though, and tried out another of my Stone Works compositions. "Medusa's Love Song" was offbeat enough I was worried after the night before, but, primarily vocal, could easily be performed with backing from only one guitar. Rather to my surprise, I was applauded when I expected stunned silence. Now which was the cause of my ovation, the song or my blue-and-white long johns? Had Sarah Marsh been on the stage instead of Saara Mar, what would have been the reaction. Oh existential anguish! Oh angst! Epistemology where is thy sting? I considered sticking out my tongue at everyone, at the whole idea, but that would have been childish, and besides, my tongue is a half inch shorter than yours and no-one would see it. Sunday I moderated a panel at 11 am. 11 is an hour unfit for mere fans, so someone must've told Stu I didn't need to sleep, which is only partly true, and wasn't very true Saturday night. So I remmed through a conversation with a local Toronto fan, which wasn't very interesting anyway, and no one noticed they were but on hold for an hour, by which time I was ready to deal with them consciously again. According to the program book, my panel consisted of me, the alien from Alien, Klaatu, Mr. Spock and a Wookie. The rubber ears, foam heads and borg fur were so unconvincing that I was tempted to pull my own ears to see if they were real. I forebore the test, despite the suspense, lest it lead to an identity crisis. For the next three quarters of an hour I moderated this menagerie and was never so embarrassed in my life. I'd had enough so I apported to the ship to sulk. No doubt I'll be back next year for more, though.

** ** *

Corporate capitalism is a crazy financial system and leads to such uniquely Earthly forms of commercial expression as "price wars". Lately there has been bloodshed between the Coke and Pepsi Cola empires, with blows being struck by one side then the other in sale after sale. Casualties are mostly on the side of Common Sense, as often a large bottle is a penny cheaper than a can two-fifths the size. The newest boon to soft-drink guzzlers, however, are the cap-liner contests. Collect the letters on the liners and spell "Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwll-llandysiliogogoch" and win a trip to Disneyland, for instance. The scam this time is that the right liner will win you a free bottle. When normally you apport your desires out of thin air and you being buying Cokes, it isn't unlikely that your friends will be confused. "What for," Taral asked, "suddenly I pay money for things I get free?" I explained about the cap liners but he only said "So?"

"Watch," I said, and bent over into the freezer. Cold air blew out in my face, then I knew which of the indistinguishable dark necks was the one I wanted. I paid my 19¢ sale price and deposit up front. The wizened old lady behind the counter offered me an opener, but I decided to show off and popped the top off with my thumb. Instead of drinking it, though, I only pinched out the liner and gave the bottle to Taral. The liner read: "Bonus 300 ml. bottle (contents only)."

"Luck."

"Watch again, then." Turning in the liner and the emptied bottle, I got another Coke from the back and popped off the cap. I'd chosen another winner, as I had known I had. "Take this one too." It was becoming a game. "I'll get another one."

He was beginning to doubt his doubts when I picked another bottle and



won three in a row. With his ears set back and nose wrinkling, I could see I was winning the game as well. Once more to the back of the store and the ranks of glass soldiery. But this time, eh! There were no more winners.

Taral read my surprise from the front just as easily as I could sense his surge of hope. Before either of us could say a thing ... "Aye weel nod led you ween all my Cokes!" the old lady intervened and threw us out.

Outside, looking down at the hundreds of discarded bottlecaps ironed into the asphalt, each representing a loser. The odds were apparent and Taral spoke first.

"Well, that's that. Lady Luck belongs to no species, not even Kjola."

"Let's go down the street where there's another little place and try there too."

"It won't count. Since your winning streak is already broken you'll have to start over."

So that was how the rules would be. Considerably in Taral's favour since by this ruling it took four points to win the game, while it looked as if three points might be all I'd be likely to score. We'd walk down the street anyway and try, but damn the bums who dropped all those caps on the road. Why hadn't they bought a Doctor Pepper instead? I bent over to prise up one of the caps embedded in the road. A ton and a half of Oldsmobile or Chev hadn't left much to pick at. Fur slipped on metal every time. If I poked a finger into the tar, however, I thought I could pry it out, and it came easily. One of these might have been ...

"Right, off we go. Here's my fourth winner, stuck in the road until I needed it. I start at the next store at three in a row."

Scene two: a milk store five minutes walk away and another freezer door. I can sense two more winning caps as soon as the cold air hits me, meaning I can run my record up to six and easily take the game. "Four!" and I pushed my thumb up under the cap.

"Wait a sec -- I wanna see that before you pop it. Gimme." Snatching it from me, Taral studied it against another taken from the cold. For a minute he looked them over without result. He ran his hand over them, weighed them, tapped them, tasted the dew on the outside, and found nothing chemically, physically, or electrically different. Then he shook them and that gave it all away.

"Hey, this one smells like Coke." The pressure inside had risen from the shaking.

"What would it smell like?" I said.

"But through the bottle? The cap leaks!"

"A little bit. A molecule here, a molecule there." I had to smile, sheepishly. By complete accident, one particular capper at the local bottling plant wasn't capping some Cokes as tightly as others. The difference couldn't be told by humans, who needed hundreds of molecules to trigger an olefactory response, but ten or fifteen was good enough for us. "I'd imagine that in a few weeks, those bottles would go flat. Rather like my joke. Chilw.

"Skøl to you too." We tiptoed our pop together.

** **

I suspect that story is a little flat too, but at least Moshe Feder ought to like it.

LIEcon, besides giving me an editorial to write, has given me an idea for the next issue too. I was inspired by the Alternate Worlds panel to run an alternate world issue of DNQ. Hence, DNQ 41 (base 8) will be as if only Taral and Victoria were the editors, and as if I never came to Earth. Rather hard to imagine, but sweeping changes that have altered the course of events on your world would never have happened if not for the two dozen or so in Dalmarinla who came after me, and without us, Nixon might have been impeached, the free world might still have been supporting petty dictators in third world countries, causing who knows what grief, the space program might be old history, there might have been oil shortages and economic crises, the Soviet Union would still be a threat to Western Europe, and perhaps by 1980 the Americans would have an aging movie star for president. All of this at once seems a little unlikely, even in fiction, but it'll be an interesting challenge to set the next DNQ in such an improbable world.

-- Saara Mar

HUGOS THERE? As usual, the Hugo awards ceremony was held after midnight, Saturday, when the main program room had been cleared of chairs and the fans could lounge comfortably on the floor. Although large this year, compared to the rest of LIEcon the 700 or so people crowding the ceremony didn't detract from the traditional intimacy of the affair. The LIEcon Hugos presentation lasted an unprecedented hour and ten minutes before the pizzas arrived, though, causing several fans to complain that their dinners were cold. To some extent the blame can be laid on the hoax speech made by the Interstellar Fan Fund "winner", which followed Jim Barker's speech for TAFF. But the main cause for the delay was the unusual number of winners who were on hand to receive their awards in person. The awards were given to: Novel - Berenese's Hair by Thomas Pynchon; Short Story - The Unofficial Command of Lt. Suzdal by Cordwainer Smith; Novelino - Caligari's Mere by Edgar Pangborn; Anthology - Fanhistorica 9 edited by Joe Siclari (Starblaze Books); Magazine - Analog edited by Frederick Pohl; Nonfiction - Bruce Pelz' bibliography The Whole Art of Fanzines; Media - Dragonsongs by Yes; Artist - Roger Dean; Fanzine - Twll Ddu; Fanwriter - Christopher Priest; Fanartist - Marc Schirmeister.

OLYMPICON The Lake Placid in '82 bid won over the Madison bid by a handy margin, though the migration of the bid from Columbus to the site of the 1980 Winter Olympics was a controversial break with the tradition of west to east rotation. The reason given for the bid's move was the high cost of facilities in large cities. Co-chairs Ross Pavlac and Rusty Hevelin point out the site's natural beauty, the hotel being surrounded on three sides by Adirondack mountains and on one side by the town's namesake. The con hotel, dating from before the Olympic rush, accommodates 400, and the newer hotels to either side hold over a thousand more between them. Even without risky blocking of rooms there will be more than enough for the five or six hundred fans expected for Olympicon and its return to tried and true principles. Membership is \$5 but will likely rise to \$7 at the door. Pro Guest is Philip K. Dick and the Fan Guest is Walt Willis. Lee Hoffman is hoped to officiate as toastmaster.

FANDALUSIAN DOG Linda Bushyager, after folding Karass, became engrossed by the video tape medium and has recently produced a 60 minute tape called "Willis Discovers Down Under". Starring Barry Smotroff as Walt, Ginger Buchanan as Madeleine Willis, Avedon Carol as Lee Hoffman, Gary Farber as Anti-Fan, Ron Bushyager as Shelby Vick, Larry Carmody as Max Keasler, Harry Warner Jr. as The Criminologist, and Irwin Hirsh as Australian fandom, the play does not pretend to be in the Willis style of humour. The theoretical sequel to "Willis Discovers America" was written by Linda Bushyager and Moshe Feder, and produced by Linda. Copies will be made of the tape by Linda for \$5 if you send a tape, \$25 if she has to buy one.

NASA DEFECTIONS After several years working for NASA, Harry Andruschak has left his job for a new position in France working for the European Space Agency. ESA will pay more for computer skills than NASA in its decline, but the main reasons Andy gave for moving are the vicious feuds tearing LASFS apart over many issues, including the club-house, and the '84 bid. Greg Bennett, a North-West Coast fan who had applied to NASA for astronaut training has changed his ambitions. He is hoping, instead, to be accepted for training on the next sponsored venture to explore the solar system. Greg thinks he may be on a back-up team as early as '83, by which time Pathfinder flight profiles may include rendezvous with Halley's Comet and investigation of Jupiter's satellites.

DEATH SHALL NOT RELEASE Francis Towner Laney, long believed to have died of cancer in the early fifties, was found to be living after having perpetrated fandom's most successful death hoax. Laney was discovered by sleuth Jack Speer, who in the 40's exposed Claude Degler's Cosmic League. Speer, editing a small club's newsletter in Albuquerque, recognized a turn of phrase in a clipping saved for the next issue of the Alpha Centura Communicator. On the back of the article about the increased sales of action figures and other media tie-ins, was a segment of a column about new wave rock that had caught his eye. Phoning the newspaper he'd clipped the article from, Speer learned the columnist wrote under the by-line of Ernie Cash, and tracked Laney down

from there. Throwing over jazz for rock in the early 60's, Laney, who was separated from his wife and living in Whittier, began his column in the community paper. In later years he was syndicated and became well known as a critic. Laney explained his "death" as a way of severing his connections with fandom and his past life more effectively than his try with "Ah, Sweet Idiocy" had. During the years of his gaffiation he was tempted from time to time to renew his contacts with fandom, but stoutly resisted the urge until the time he attended a large Star Trek con in L.A. After this the urge left him. Laney writes that he has no regrets that death has released him, and he is only mildly interested in fandom's fate. There is little time for him to spare away from his rock music. Aside from his syndicated column and his freelance writing, Laney publishes an underground new wave magazine called Fandango. "I will probably never again have the time for the foolishness of my youth," he says.

KEEP-ON-TREKON TRAGEDY Two Star Wars "rebels" and an SCA baronet lay in state last week after a shooting incident with police in Amarillo, Texas. A Swat Squad answering a complaint of armed men terrorizing the streets found the three fans in front of a milk store, apparently in the act of returning fire with a shadowy figure in the doorway who the police took for the manager. The Swat squad opened fire on the fans when one of them turned a beeper gun on them. Police officials later remarked on the surprising realism of the weapon, and the incriminating circumstances. All three fans were D.O.A. A fourth, mistaken for the manager of the store and sheltered by the doorway, was only slightly injured by flying debris from the four shotgun blasts and three pistol shots that dispatched his fellows. Shocked and wounded, he was treated at a nearby hospital where it was learned that he was the fan guest of honour of a science fiction convention being held in Amarillo that weekend. At first police were incredulous, but once they accepted his story that he belonged to The Dorsai Irregulars, they released him in the custody of the Keep-on-Trekon committee.

MUSICAL NOTES Negotiations over the con-

tract for Saara Mar's next record have fallen through. The difficulty lay in Atlantis' insistence of complete control of the "product", and Saara's wish for artistic and production freedom. Talks were ended before LIEcon, else the three songs from Stoneworks sung by Saara at the con would have been a breach of the contract offered. Stoneworks will likely be produced on a new label, and only distributed by Atlantis. Producing the album herself will enable Saara to bring more Dalmirinla technology to bear on the recording the pressing than would have been possible in the regular studios. The first release on the new label, however, will be an EP called Elevator Music, produced by The Derelicts and available only to fandom. The rumour that Freff, from Light, sat in on the recording of one of the tracks of Drama for Yes was put to rest by Freff. He was pleased with the thought anyway. Freff has been corresponding with Jon Anderson for some time, though, and hopes that perhaps Anderson will sit in on Light's second album for Daystar.

TAKE THE SCALES FROM YOUR EYES Airfix has released a new set of 1/35 scale Star Wars figures to join the series of WWII, Napoleonic and Old West figures already familiar to modelers. The set of soft plastic figures includes Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, Chewbacca, Princess Leia and Obi-Wan Kenobi, plus 24 Imperial Troopers molded in Imperial white. Detailing on the 2 1/4 inch figures is up to Airfix's regular standards, but the Star Wars set has one defect. High cost. LucasCo's exorbitant rake off has boosted the normally \$3 set to \$5! (\$4.50 in Canada to \$7.50.) One kit that cannot be recommended is the recent MPC model of a Dalmirin starship. Although permission was given to market such a kit, this was only because the xt in question answered the request "how's that any of my business?" and the manufacturer took that as a verbal agreement. The main complaint with the kit is not poorly fitting parts or too simple construction, but poor taste. The model comes with decals for the U.S. Air Force, and with names like U.S.S. Enterprise for alternate versions. The left half of the hull is clear plastic to show the interior, rather like the nuclear submarine kits by Renwal a few years ago. Inside is a

rather sketchy attempt to suggest the interior of a starship no one had seen. The result is a poor copy of the floorplan of the Starfire (Skjiiros), Saara's ship, the only one for which there are published photos. What MPC did not know, however, was that starships are no more uniform than split-level houses inside, and are built and changed to suit the owner. Everyone is different. Similarly, the "authentic" decals are those of another Dalmirina ship than Saara's, MPC being unaware that hull markings serve much the same artistic function as tattoos or the paintings on the sides of vans. Class also demended that the two halves of the elongated teardrop shape of the hull be chrome plated, but as an economic measure the model is molded in an ugly unplated greyish plastic that moves me to urge you to go buy a Cylon Base instead.

SFWA BUSHWA In reaction of the Jacqueline Lichtenberg Appreciation Society hoax mounted by British fans, SFWA has brought suit against the SeaCon committee for libel and damages to the reputations of Lichtenberg and also Marion Zimmer Bradley. The plaintiff's legal counsel has complained of continued harassment by British fandom, including snubs at parties. In light of the impossibility of fixing the responsibility on one or more parties, SFWA has tried to hold Seacon responsible on British fandom's behalf, pointing out the worldcon's lack of measures against the J.L.A.S. as collusion. Money for Seacon's defense was raised through the pubs of England, Scotland and Wales, but chairman Rob Jackson believes the case will be thrown out of court. "I'd make my fortune if ever I got them on my ruddy couch," Rob was overheard in a bibulous state at Silicon. SFWA has also demanded a written contract for its appearance at Denver for Overlookon. Committee sources have called the '81 Worldcon, "The Worldcon Held For Hostage" in an obviously rebellious spirit.

NASA'S IN THE COLD COLD GROUND Tim Kyger, scion of the American aeronautics establishment, has been contracted by Doubleday to write a book about the probable post-1970 history of NASA and the U.S. space program had Earth been uncontacted by Civilization. It is a common belief that without a superior civilization's arrival

on Earth, native space programs would not have lost their initiative. Tim's premise for his alternate world scenario is that public disinterest and militarization would have ground NASA to a halt by 1980 anyway, and that the demise of the space program was as inevitable as the ultimate collapse of the Third Reich.

DEJA VU Fanartist Jerry Collins has put together a slide show of cartoons and drawings that he will narrate at conventions after the fashion of Vaughn Bode's Cartoon Carnival. His first show will be at Torque 7 next summer. Contact Jerry if you might be interested in bringing Jerry and his show to your con.

JUST THE FAX M'AM Bruce Pelz has undertaken to microfiche the entire run of Shangri-LA as the first of a series of 40's Los Angeles area fanzines he plans to make available cheaply to fandom. After Imagination, VoM, Shaggy, The Acolyte, and Chanticleer, Pelz hopes to microfiche other important zines of the 40's, 50's and even 60's. The eventual price is uncertain, and his collection of some vital zines is incomplete still. The project will be an undertaking of several years in any case. He expects the missing zines will turn up and that the price of the microfiches will rise from any price he can quote now. The complete Shangri-LA should be ready for sale by Christmas.

NOW WE ARE SEVEN The Edmonton Gang-of-Four's Monthly Monthly, notorious already for having six co-editors, has acquired another through the merger of tmm with Garth Danielson's Boowatt. Danielson made the condition that the new zine contain more faanish material, and the Go4 acquiesced. In merging, the new zine will adopt Boowatt's weekly schedule and become the Weakly Weakly.

FOUNDER FOUNDERS Chris Priest (not to be confused with CHRIS PRIEST), founder of the thriving British apa, FEAPA, has been expelled for failing to meet his own minac requirements. Joining the bottom of the lengthy invitational waitlist, Chris is optimistic that he will be back in his heaven by 1982.

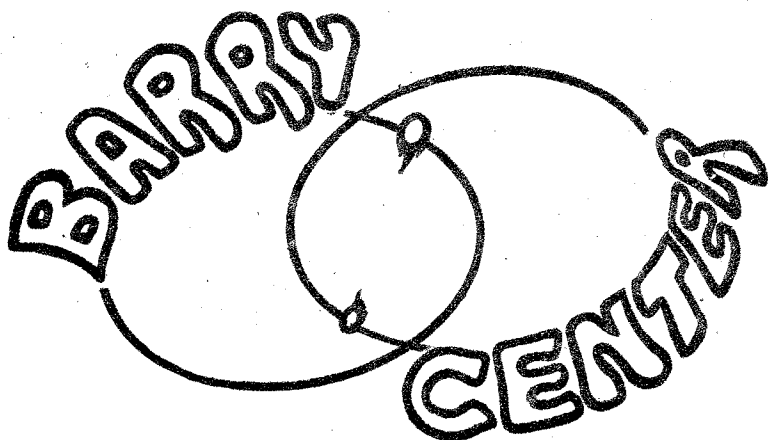
FOR OUR EYES ONLY Dave Langford's recent book on military research and weapons technology has been withdrawn from the market.

by British government order, ostensibly for violating the official secrets act. Langford was put under house arrest only hours after M.I.'s astonished discovery that their top secrets had been yellow journalism for the last several months. Though closely guarded, however, Langford and wife mysteriously disappeared and are now travelling in the U.S. after being the guests of Saara Mar in Toronto.

HERMANRIC IN '83 According to Anders Bel-Tis and Ahrvid Engholm in Sweden, the Scandinavian Worldcon bid, Herman, has been promised 3,000 site selection votes by the Polish Science Fiction League. Already,

640 Polish Worldcon memberships have been received by Overlookon, and they have been arriving at the rate of 170 a week. Chairman Don Thompson proposed a WSFS constitution change at the '81 con to prevent a take-over.

GAFIA TOO IS A WAY OF LIFE After writing as a punk columnist is Rich Coad's Space Junk, for which he was nominated two years running as Best Fan Writer in the FAAns, Deklan McMannish has announced his gafiation and intention to return to his rock & roll. Dek has formed a garage band he calls "The Attractions" and is seeking a recording contract.



ALSO THE DEAD PAST - "BALANCE OF TRADES" BY JOHN BARRY

- from James White's
OBLIQUE 9 - 1957

Few things genuinely upset the carefree flow of fannish activities at Oblique House. On the record there are the little matters of James White's three month ordeal dieting, the time I almost fell from the attic window and nearly landed on Chuck Harris (except I refused to hang from the window as I was supposed to), and the incident whereby the Ghoddminton shuttlecock disappeared to materialize in the Mk. III teapot, four whole days later. On that occasion, Bob Shaw nearly choked to death. Madeleine's wits and the swift application of a nearby "bat" saved his life, fortunately, but the game was not the same for days after. The arrival of a fresh issue of some American fanzine replaced the bat finally, so that life went on as before. No disaster, however, has had such serious effect on life at Oblique House as the news that Gertrude Carr was running for TAFF again.

Bob noticed that Walt was troubled first. His game was off that morning, and his famous rebound shot was landing in the tea each time instead of caroming properly off Marilyn Monroe's four-colour navel and passing under Chuck's defense. "Have you been at the mail?" Walt was asked. Walt had. Among the various fanzines was one we all knew and dreaded. The lack of graphic taste, the garish paper, and the hideous template work could only be another issue of Gemzine. We had entered a new phase in Gerty Carr's war against Immoral Irish fandom.

"What is it this time?" I asked, "Have you been accused of molesting the younger members of the NFFF? Sending Tucker A4 bricks? Reviving Seventh Fandom? It must be serious because you didn't look so glum when she was merely saying you used cheap staples deliberately, so they'd prick her finger."

"She's coming for me." Apprehension brought the game to a dead halt. "I know she is. Gerty's standing for TAFF for '58."

Bob said, "You know, she might be standing quite innocently, like any other fan might. It seems improbable in the light of our past experience with Gerty, but however unlikely it seems, it must be considered a possibility."

"No, that's out of the question. She's out for Walt's blood and that could be the only reason she would stand for TAFF after Bulmer snookered her in '52," said I.

"You needn't play devil's advocate so well." To recover Walt's trust I pointed out that she might lose. "We must plan for all contingencies," was all he'd say.

That afternoon and all that night, we plotted. Many wild schemes were concocted and discarded to murder her in self-defense then secretly dispose of the body. Madeleine proposed we lure her upstairs into the fan attic, using her hubby as bait. Walt objected immediately. "But you wouldn't really have to be there, dear," she suggested, with a sly look in her eye. By Walt's expression, he was either considering the plan or wondering about the streak of shrewdness in Madeleine he hadn't bargained on when they married. "We would overpower her then, and immure her forever in the space between the attic and the roof, with the mutants."

"No," Walt said at last, "It would be craven of me to risk the peace of Oblique House with the haunting of Gerty's ghost. The body must be disposed of outside the premises."

Chuck, remembering our first meeting, thought I could hang out of the window again, and drop on her. "No, the windows upstairs don't open."

"Not since you nailed them shut," he protested, but I considered the matter closed.

Then James said we could barricade ourselves in the front sitting room, behind the door, using the old press for Slant. He would load his rockets with type as shrapnel and we could fire them through the door at her. It would be explained to the police as an accidental miscarriage of a scientific experiment. This had the ring of truth, as we could all testify from experience, but Bob had another idea. Instead, we could shock her with Walt's calendar collection, premeditating a heart seizure. The body could be boiled down into a gelatine for a spirit duplicator.

"None of us use ditto reproduction," someone said.

"Come to think of it," Bob added, "Even if I took it up, whenever I put a master on the gelatin, I'd feel as if me and Gerty were in bed together."

No, there was no escaping it. Fraught with danger or too fannish for her kind, none of the means at our disposal of doing in the redoubtable G.M. Carr could be chanced.

"It can't really be as hopeless as that," moaned Walt. "Is there nothing we can do when nine months from now she shows herself at my front door, a vicious streak several inches wide handing down beneath her flowered cotton?" Walt looked thoughtful for a moment, as if struck by sudden inspiration. But he only whipped out a pad, scribbled something down and returned it to his pocket.

I emboldened myself to make a desperate proposal. "There is only one thing left. While Gerty is here, looking for you, you must be in South Gate in '58 after all."

-- John Barry, '57

HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

Dave & Hazel Langford - c/o Saara Mar, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont.
Harry Andruschak - c/o ESA, National Laboratoire de Telemetriques, Lyons, Province, France
Phil Paine - 4 Bil Dimbar, Paroon, Anapurna, Nepal, until February first.
Robert Runte - 8318-90 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta
Mike Hall - 10957-88 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta
Francis Towner Laney - 841 Knaves Road, Bldg. A, suite 03, Whittier, CA
Yvette Tangelwedsibel - offplanet until summer. Saara is receiving mail for her.
Gini Lockett - moving into World's End, 94 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont.



INDEX EX PURGATOR IUS TARAL

WARHOON 28 - Richard Bergeron, 11 East 68th St., New York, NY 10021. 461 pgs, \$3. Last issue, Bergeron promised his readers a treat, a special issue reprinting all the instalments of Willis' famous column, The Harp That Once or Twice. Many scoffed, doubting such an ambitious project would ever be completed. Warhoon 28 has come out right on schedule, however, and delivers everything promised. The Harp first appeared in Quandry 8, in 1951. It continued after the demise of Lee Hoffman's zine in Oopsla!, and then passed to Warhoon. It reappeared with Warhoon again in the mid-seventies. All 58 columns fill two volumes, Warhoon 28a and 28b. Warhoon 28c contains the zine's regular features and columnists, including Bob Shaw, Lowndes, Breen and Blish. With this issue, Harry Warner Jr. begins a new column to follow his 50's fan history. The Tower That Reached The Moon, necessarily less vivid than the completed Wealth of Fable (he wasn't very active during this period), begins to treat events and zines dear to younger fans. Relative tyros such as Terry Carr and Ron Ellick begin to appear as major actors. As it is obvious that this is the most impressive collection of fan writing since the BoSh volumes last year, Warhoon 28 is a cinch to appear on the FAAn ballot as Best Single Issue. Unless Nydahl finally springs Vega 8 on us.

PLACEBO 6 - Moshe Feder & Barry Smotroff, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing, NY 11355. 62 pages, \$1.50 or the usual. The two-colour offset cover by Joan Hanke-Woods is intimidating, as if an issue of Janus lay beyond, but inside is the more comfortable coziness of mimeo and on-stencil fanart. Rather than separate editorials, this issue the two editors conduct and interview of each other, the substance of which seems to dwell mostly on Moshe's proverbial procrastination. Considering, though, that Moshe and Barry have published eight Placebo's in the last three years, Moshe's habits join Tucker's legendary capacity for properly aged beverages and the mythic pork pies of Brian Burgess. The outstanding feature of the eighth Placebo 6 is unquestionably Stu Shiffman's 28-page SeaCon report, which is not only funny, but also manages somehow to include caricatures of most major fans without seeming either crowded or contrived. Winning Honourable Mentions are Lise Eisenberg's regular column, one of the best articles by Rich Brown this year, and incisive zine reviews by Gary Farber. Placebo may not be the best fanzine around, but there is no doubt that it is the rock upon which modern New York fandom is built!

LIZARD INN 5 - Dan Steffan, 823 N. Wakefield St., Arlington, VA 22203. 38 pgs, \$1 or the usual. Dan publishes infrequently, but his zine is one of those elite measures of faanishness that I'd be embarrassed to miss. As you would expect from a fan artist with taste, the zine is well designed and attractive. Also apropos of the editor's taste, the cover is a Canfield robot screwing a Stefan duck. The spirit of underground comix lives on in Lizard Inn. Steve Stiles also lives on in Lizard Inn, a convenient arrangement. The meat of this issue is a column by Rich Brown, and the first part of Terry Carr's reminiscences of Towner Hall days, the fabulous New York fandom of the early sixties. Unfortunately more memorable, however, was Ted White's column and Dan's own editorial, both lambasting Phil Foglio for withdrawing his name two years running from the Hugos. (Phil claims his Star Trek supporters aren't informed enough to vote. Ted and Dan say it was a show of arrogance to think he could ever win.) As usual, controversy will outlast almost any other sort of fanac.

DOLMENSADOW 19 - Gini Lockett, 94 Avenue Rd., Toronto, Ont. 14 pages, the usual only. In its first incarnation a rather serconish fantasy zine, this zine has gradually become one of the most recondite personalzines in fandom, her writing covering diverse topics such as the history of pasta, holograms recorded in jello, how to chocolate coat ants, and foods no-one eats. The logo art was printed with a potato. (It was a theme issue.) Phil Paine's page on the new wave scene was its usual delight.

THE REAL SIMULACRUM - Dave Locke, 3650 Newton St., #15, Torrance, CA 90505. 154 pgs, \$3 or review. Dave Locke, long an admirer of Victoria Wayne's fan writing, collected the best of Simulacrum's nine issues for TAFF. Following a glowing introduction, Dave reprints all Victoria's editorials in sequence. Nearly half of the rest of the ish is given over to her writing too, much of it chosen from personalzines. Found among this material is a selection of articles and columns from Sim written by Derelicts and other contributors. One laudable feature of The Real Sim is a 32 page folio of reprinted artwork. Illos for the main body of the zine, though, were drawn to Dave's order by Derek Carter, who did particularly good pastiches of several of my illos for Sim. If not for the uncomfortable mix of sercon and faanish material, this might have been one of the more welcome "appreciation" issues lately published. It is at least a sincere effort.

ENERGUMEN 16 - Mike Glicksohn and Susan Wood, c/o 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont. 88 pages, \$3 or the usual. It's been a long time since anyone gave any thought to the once-famous Canadian blue paper, but once again the agent of this mythos has refreshed fannish memory. It is not exactly the 'Nerg of the saintly days of yore. The graphic style has changed. Mike doodles with the typer, a la Liebscher, and lays out more tightly than before. Some of the artists have changed as well. Neither Harry Bell nor Jim Barker appeared in the canon. Some, but not all... It was a case of coming out of retirement for a special occasion for Tim Kirk, Alicia Austin, George Barr, Randy Bathurst and Grant Canfield. Similarly, Rosemary Ulliot, Angus Taylor, Bill Bowers and Susan Wood have risen from the grave to write for 'Nerg. Among the host of new contributors, though, are Terry Carr, Dave Langford, Dave Locke, Gene Wolfe, Bob Shaw, John Bangsund, Ted White, Steve Leigh, Ro Lutz-Nagey, Joe Haldeman, and, a surprise, Patrick Nielsen-Hayden. On the whole it is a formidable presentation. Yet I must hedge my admiration. Several of the contributors were too predictable. Bowers was mawkish. White stirred up shit and talked about himself too much. Bangsund wrote a trip report. BoSh punned. There was no colour mimeo, either, which seemed a mite drab in such an ambitious undertaking. Nor was there any theme or particular esprit through the zine. In fact, it has a forced feel to it -- the old pros showing off that they hadn't lost the knack of fanaccing. In a way, an old-timer's match at rugby... Using those guidelines, though, Francis X. Cheep Cheep or WAHF-ful is the perfect fanzine. The complaint of fossilization could be charged against Warhoon 28 just as easily as Energumen 16. Mere theory must step aside for facts, which are that 'Nerg cannot fail but to produce a major commotion in fandom.

SCIENTIFRICTION 12 - Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342. 72 pgs, \$1 or the usual. After winning the fanzine Hugo last year for his newszine, File 770, Mike decided he should quit while he was ahead, and has spent the last year collecting material for his first foray into genzining since 1978. STFR 12 has articles and artwork from almost all of Mike's best contributors to celebrate his 11th year in fandom.

TWLL-TONES - DAVE LANFORD

Being a fan is to be in a perpetual state of compromise. When I took on the responsibility as a regular columnist for DNQ I had no idea that this would be interpreted as a personal insult by Mike Glycer. The two newsletters have a mock rivalry which becomes a blatant war for supremacy in fandom whenever their hair trigger is pulled by some unknowing sod such as I, who seemingly makes a choice of one over the other. Once my blunder had been brought to my attention eight or eleven times at a One Tun, it was pointed out that there was only one course to take if I wished to balance my apparent favouritism. I would have to write for FILE 770 too. This was a do! The English are famous for their compromises, though: we compromised over South Africa, Palestine and Munich. According to the press, Parliament is compromised in one issue after another. Can the Welsh do less?

Mike kindly accepted my fanzine review column with few provisos. I was not to use the fourth, fourteenth and seventeenth letters of the alphabet in certain mystical combina-

tions. An astrological requirement, I believe. Apart from that I was free to write as I liked and the first installment of Uncertain, Coy, and Hard To Please began in File 770 a few issues ago.

At first I was only surprised that my pages of reviews shrunk to a mere page once it was retyped in Mike's economical format and my strikeovers had been eliminated. Then, when I apologized to an American fan for a review that subsequently never appeared, I began to suspect more than mere compression. I was appalled. The editor was editing! At LIEcon this year I made it a point to ask about this, and was dismayed to discover that what he couldn't fit into an issue Mike threw away. That review, and possibly countless others were irretrievably lost.

This will hardly do, but I can scarcely quit one. And to quit both risks the ire of both 300 pounds of rampaging American fan and the representative of an advanced race that can lay waste to the Earth. Moreover, I am getting complaints of favouritism from other editors now. The solution to the threat of growing demands on my time came while lying under Joe Nicholas at Silicon. I will not be answerable for the results, but I am starting a newsletter of my own.

PARTING SHOTS

Artwork this issue is by Joe Pearson (illo pg. 1), James Odbert (logo pg. 1), Jason Keehn (logo back page), and Taral (Barry Centre & Index logos). Printing and collating help this time from Bob Hadji and Bob Wilson. Typed and pasted up by Victoria, who would not be sane at this point if it were not for the Correcting Selectric. Various back issues are still available, plus other goodies: write and ask. Next issue not so late as this one was, we hope. Remember to send in your TAFF ballots.

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