



DNQ - a subjective fit of extemporaneous fannishness - is published monthly or oftener as a Derelict House Koan, © Victoria Wayne, PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ont., M6P 3J8, (416) 787-7271, and Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont., M2N 5B4, (416) 221-3517. Subs are 3/\$1 U.S. (or 3/\$1.20 Canadian), overseas copies and special Tong issues going Canadian mail. Other ways to collect DNQ if you are not a completist include trades of twiltone at the official rate of 8 issues per ream (2 reams of a colour preferred); contributing art, news, letters and columns we use; arranged all-for-all trades with a few newszines, one-for-one trades for most zines (2 issues if each of us gets your zine); old fanzines for our growing collections; valuable commodities; wishes-come-true; or even 35¢ for single issues. No back issues currently available. TYPO appears in DNQ from time to time as a letter supplement, free of charge. Flyers are accepted for \$10 (if we print), and \$7 (if you print your own). We retain the right to refuse advertising for any reason.

POLICY...We do not attempt to give comprehensive coverage of fandom so much as hope to add another dimension to the services provided by other newszines. The exotic or outrageous or mythic properly belong in our pages, though we will never hesitate to stoop to vulgar scooping of more secular news if the opportunity presents itself. To be perfectly honest, we aim to please ourselves, and in so doing bring pleasure to other fans and friends who are our readers. If our editorial aim seems a trifle erratic, the purpose is the same. If we raise anticipation rather than dissatisfaction, we must be doing something right...

WINNIPEG FANDOM REVEALS TORONTO HOAX!!!
Garth Danielson and Mike Hall revealed "our" well kept secret in the most recent issue of LAID. It is true. There is no Toronto fandom, nor has there been one since Torcon 2 in 1973. There's just been me, Anne Smith, "kindly old school teacher" according to LAID. It's been lots of fun, having you people on all these years, but somehow Mike and Garth tumbled onto my little secret and blew my cover to the world. Time for me to 'fess up. All this time I've been a high school teacher at Silverthorn Collegiate, a modern secondary school in a Toronto suburb, and most of the fans you thought you knew were really composites of students I have taught. LAID tells how Jennifer Bankier, editor of ORCA, is basically a character I admired from one of Andre Norton's Witchworld books. And LAID explains how Taral was "an underacheiver in school and who went on to become an underacheiver in life", (a bit harsher than I would have put it, but essentially correct). Some others you may be interested in knowing about are Victoria, who is another teacher I knew - a cantankerous, old fashioned Miss Grundy type teaching home economics. The thought of Mrs. "X" switching extremes to become mechanically inclined and slovenly amused me, so I made the switches, but I kept much of her basic personality intact. Bob and Janet Wilson are two lazy cats that Mrs. "X" kept. Although free, they rarely leave her apartment, and when they wash each other's fur it reminded me so much of young lovers I immediately transformed them into fans. Patrick Hayden, the tempestuous and precocious editor of THANGORIDRIM is a combination of my Parson and his budgiri-gar, who used to hold some of what must be the most animated discussions between Man and Bird possible. The budgy chattering angrily and the Parson cooing back. Phil Paine evolved from the Parson, in the sense of having been a part of the Patrick Hayden dialectic, but owes more of his personality to Luke Skywalker and the Good Doctor Asimov in his candy store days...

I could go on much longer, explaining in detail how I made each choice in forming the characters you thought you knew, and why I made them, but it is enough to know that I am the true author of SIM,

F.Y.I.

NUTRIACON is running the SF², its second transfer fund to bring David Emerson to New Orleans for next November's con. The first fan to be brought to a NutriCon was Gil Galer. Sending \$1 to Ira Thornhill (4214 Loyola St, #A, New Orleans, LA 70115) will not only help this year's fund, but will get you a retroactive membership to the NutriaCon last May! If you missed it, this is a chance of a lifetime to make up your absence.

KISS, as reported in another prominent newszine, was indeed at IGGY, but some of the juicy details were left out. Gene Simmons, once a mild mannered letterhack appearing in many fanzines a few years ago, now the serpiginous tongued rock hack whose ego leaps tall buildings in a single bound, appeared at the con office and demanded that as he was a big shit he ought to get a free room from the con. Not getting far with that tack he tried answering the office phone and hanging up after smart cracks. This didn't seem to get him anywhere either, for some reason, so he left to practice general obnoxiousness elsewhere for the remainder of the con... I suppose if fandom can boast of one ex-senator (Jack Speer) we must have a rock superstar too...

BRIDGET RIDES AGAIN, claiming persecution by DNQ in the matter of his skipping AutoClave without paying his hotel bill. As reported in FILE 770, Bridget was magnanimous enough not to sue. Nice of him considering his letter admitted everything accused of, and DNQ did, in fact, clear up the matter of his attempted payment to the concom for his indiscretion. The check, we repeat from an earlier issue, was returned by Diane Drutowski saying it was a matter between Bridget and the hotel, and none of AutoClave's business. Bridget has decided to gaffiate and enter SCA, he says.

ELECTRONICS TECHNIQUES AMONG THE CHOSEN?

Terry Whittier is writing a book of introductory electronics projects for beginners, and would like to get in touch with anyone interested in this hobby--both to have feedback from people as to what they would like to see included in the book, and suggestions for inclusion from those knowled-

geable in the field. (Terry Whittier, 307 Tradewinds Dr. #3, San Jose, CA 95123)

TERRY JEEVES wrote to explain how he missed the trip to IGGY because of the sudden illness of his wife Val. She had recovered quickly, but too late for Terry to get to the States. He is hoping now to make it over for an east coast con some time in mid 1979 (BaltiCon? DisClave?) but plans are still uncertain.

SPIRIT OF DISSENTION HAUNTS SEACON IN TURN, so it seems. Already it is common practice to allude to der Fuehrer when speaking of chair Pete Weston, and one cartoon has him obviously resembling Herr Hitler. Lise Hoar and husband have resigned from the committee in anger. Lise, who had shouldered most of the work with registration, claims that in conversations with Weston, he would not speak to her, preferring to do business with her husband instead. At last, exasperated by Weston's discrimination, Lise quit, with her husband's full support. Rog Peyton, in charge of systems and operations, has also quit, over a different matter. Rog set three subsequent meetings to discuss SEACON business with Weston, and in each case Weston broke the appointment. It is also curious that while the committee was announcing that room rates were still uncertain at a recent British con, reservation cards were being mailed by the hotel to appear in North America about a week later, with phenomenally expensive rates. Nearly \$60 for a double.

MYTHOLOGIES GOES SEMI-PRO. Don D'Amassa, in order to afford Mythologies in the future plans to sell more subscriptions, and to this end declares he no longer trades. Mythologies will also probably go the reduced offset route. As a conjecture, typesetting and slick paper can only be around the corner, and rumours are that Don is negotiating with Andy Porter for rights to the name "Starship" if Andy sticks with "Algol". Don also mentions that due to lack of time he is letting his FAPA membership lapse, to the dismay of both editors of DNQ who have just attained that august company...

FROM THE STAR WARS CORP...Filming has begun for the SW sequel, THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, and in the meantime for those who can't wait till release to satisfy their

need for a Star Wars fix, there are lots more ~~split-offs~~ goodies to spend money on in the meantime. Questions and feedback can be directed to Craig Miller, Director of Fan Relations, Lucasfilm Ltd., PO Box 8669, Universal City, CA 91608. Lucasfilm Ltd. advises that none of their people will be appearing at any of the Douglas Wright "Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy" conventions in the LA area, nor the "Science Fiction and Space Expos" in the San Francisco area, and has asked the promoters to remove the names of Star Wars people from their advertising.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER, assistant editor at ASIMOV's, explains that the magazine will no longer be assigning work to Phil Foglio. Darrell cites missed deadlines, unsatisfactory work, and a lack of "professionalism" shown by sloppy originals. Foglio is not the only artist in fandom to fail ASIMOV's. Editor Scithers has also decided to drop Freff, for some of the same reasons.

TARAL PUBLISHED BY ASIMOV's by accident, it develops. Although Scithers was not interested in a folio of selected prints sent him a few months ago, because a design of mine was engraved on the IguanaCon Hugos, when ASIMOV's published a photo of their bright shiny new Hugo in the inside front cover, Scithers inadvertently published my design. In a short conversation with Scithers at PhilCon, this was pointed out, but he said I could not sue him. Chilw. I'm not sure who has the last laugh either. He pubbed me in spite of himself, but I didn't get paid.

KARASS 38, THE LAST KARASS was collated last Sunday, the fifth of November, and ought to be in the mail. The Last Karass, so-titled, weighs in at about 60 pages, many of which are given entirely over to art, closing Linda's accumulated backlog of unused illos from her 10 years as a fan editor. Linda's first book, MASTER OF HAWKS, has been copyread and will be published July 1979. Her second book, a sequel, is under consideration and Linda is already writing a third, to be set in another, more more stfnal, universe,

[Blame for the shitty repro in the last several lines of the preceding item can be laid squarely on the fact that Taral failed to X-out a few lines on his roughs, and thus I had started to type the next item too soon, not realizing the error. From the typist's viewpoint: white stencil, pink corflu; those three lines look like a veritable ocean of pink. And do I feel high...] [VV]

JOIN MINICON ALREADY, if you're going. Rates for MiniCon 15, April 13-15 1979 in Minneapolis, are a measly \$6.00 if you pre-register not before January 1 and not after March 15, 1979. After this deadline you'll be out of pocket a hefty \$15.00--even if you only attend the con for one day! MiniCon needs artwork for their printed and promo material, and the con is offering a refund on



**NEW PROPOSAL
FOR MOLDED
FAAN AWARDS**

(which, contrary
to rumour, won't
be called neofans.)

on membership fees to whoever writes the best pre-registration letter, in the opinion of the concom. (MiniCon 15, PO Box 2128, Loop Stn., Minneapolis, MN 55402.)

IMAGINATION UNLIMITED, the art print people at conventions, has lately been selling out of their hotel room, rather than renting a table in the huckster's room. This practice has brought criticism from many hucksters who feel that Imagination Unlimited is not only evading table fees this way, but also gaining unfair advantage over other hucksters by having virtually unlimited hours. At IguanaCon, Imagination Unlimited took the next step, and through IGGY rented a room of their own in the convention centre for their wares. Apparently, when the centre officials discovered that Imagination Unlimited had sold from the room, believing the room would only be used for display purposes, they billed IGGY an additional \$900 for using the room for commercial purposes! The conclusion to this story will appear in the next DNQ, or whenever we get word of how it worked out.

LeB FANZINE COLLECTION is at last all in Toronto. The last 8 boxes, repacked into six, were brought across the border with unprecedented ease. The guard asked what we had to declare, I stated 6 boxes of fanzines, explained what fanzines were, and he passed us through without even opening the trunk to verify the 4 boxes not visible in the back seat... (Which matches the ease with which we entered the States in the first place. (Literally: "Citizenship?" "Canadian." "Where are you going?" "Philadelphia." "OK." "Hunh?") Roughly half of Linda's zines will stay in Toronto as part of my and Victoria's collections. The other half, still containing many worthwhile items, will be sold through a catalog that will soon be available. Average prices run from 50¢ to 75¢, with good items costing \$1. Only a small number of items rise above a dollar. Many sell for under 50¢, in fact there are 3 feet of zines that we can only sell by the pound... The catalog is only waiting for Moshe Feder to pick over our preliminary list. We promised him first dibs for being present when we clinched the deal with Linda, but broke. (Let us know if you want a copy of the catalog; perhaps with a quarter to cover postage etc.)

TAFF CANDIDATES Roy Tackett writes that Fred Haskell, Terry Hughes and Suzle Tompkins are running for TAFF this year, to attend SEACON. Ballots are now being distributed and voting closes on April 14, 1979. Fred Haskell was nominated by Denny Lien, Suzle Tompkins, Dave Piper, Bob Vardeman and Malcolm Edwards. Terry Hughes was nominated by Harry Bell, Pat Charnock, Lee Hoffman, Hank Luttrell and Tom Perry. Suzle Tompkins was nominated by Linda Bushyager, Fred Haskell, Terry Jeeves, Rosemary Pardoe and Susan Wood.

SEACON TRAVEL PACKAGE. John Millard has arranged with the Farewell Travel Service Limited a package to Brighton. The package includes return airfare to London, transfer to and from airport and hotel, baggage handling, train to Brighton and back, 9 nights accommodation in London at the Park Court Hotel, daily English breakfast, access to a company rep, taxes and tips. There are options available for sight-seeing and other touristy activities. Cost, from Toronto, \$829 (Canadian), from New York \$819 (Canadian), from LA \$929 (also Canadian). Address is 77 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. M5E 1C1. A \$50 deposit is required before 30 November.

THE TAROT DECK that Bruce Pelz is publishing, using art from many of the best artists in fandom, has been set for completion before September 1980. Since NOREASCON 2 wants to showcase the deck, and has offered assistance to Pelz for his project, Bruce wants all art to be in by the first of January 1980. Pelz also mentions that his Tarot deck may be sellable as a book, one or two cards to a page with basic description/meaning on the opposite page, together with notes by the artists on their visualizations. "If the book sells," he says, "all artists will make money, but with 85 artists and an editor, it will have to make quite a lot to be significantly lucrative for each individual. Maybe it will make quite a lot. First it has to sell. Suggestions/coments/help welcome."

MERCENARY QUICK CUT... SIMULACRUM 8 will be out in mid-December; and is now mostly on stencil and ready for printing. \$2.50 gets you in on the last of the "old style" issues. (Lots of FANTHOLOGY 76's available still, too...) (U.S. funds, of course.)

MOSHE FEDER'S KNEES BONIER THAN VICTORIA VAYNE'S?

-- THIN FANDOM DOES AN EXPERIMENT...

Moshe Feder is a thin person, and it was a matter of some concern to him whether he might be too thin--whether, that is, Lise Eisenberg suffered acute discomfort when sitting on his lap, or he on hers. However, proper scientific investigation of this possibility was not feasible for lack of a suitably emaciated control subject. Until PhilCon 78, that is.

Moshe, along with Linda Bushyager, had a party on Saturday night, and in attendance were the usual hard-core east coast fanzine types and Fanoclasts. Somewhere in the course of the non-sequiturish conversation the subject of Moshe's bony knees came up again, and Moshe and Lise determined to make the test.

Not far away, Victoria Vayne was aggressively huckstering DNQ subs to unwary passers-by, oblivious to the fact that her weight, or rather the lack of it, was the subject of speculation among certain parties.

"Victoria, sit down there." Moshe indicated an empty chair behind her.

"Huh?" Victoria, worried that even a moment's lapse of attention might result in the loss of a sale, was leery.

Moshe expended a great many words getting across essentially the message that Lise considered his lap too bony for her to sit on comfortably, and that he wanted to sit on Victoria's lap to see how it tended to feel to Lise. Victoria agreed after a moment or two, during which the mark took the opportunity to vanish.

And indeed, Moshe decided that Victoria's knees were far too bony for him to sit comfortably on for very long. Besides, he said, he was used to a bit of snogging when sitting on Lise's lap, and since this wasn't in Victoria's repertoire and Lise was sitting in a much more comfortable chair only a few feet away, Moshe happily went over to sit on her lap and thus while away some time. Victoria pounced on someone Taral was in the process of shaking down, hoping to convince him to buy FANTHOLOGY 76 rather than DELTA PSI 2.

As the party continued, the principals in this little drama found themselves continually rearranging themselves. Lise had begun to talk to someone else, and Moshe found himself in sole possession of the comfortable chair. It was time for the second part of the experiment.

"Victoria, you sit on my lap now, so that I can find out how Lise feels when I sit on her lap."

Victoria did so with minimal protest, although Taral was lurking nearby with a DELTA PSI 2 flyer in his hand ready to continue his pitch to the hapless neofan who had so far resisted the temptation of a FANTHOLOGY 76. Things were crowded; people were sitting not only on the few chairs in the room, but also on the arms of the chairs; wherever, in fact, there were usable edges available.

Conversations went on, took right hand turns, and got to the point of mutual sampling of corrections to everyone's different astigmatisms in hopes of interesting optical effects. Victoria soon had to surrender her glasses, much sought after because their extreme concavity made those with normal vision see everything fish-eyed. And it was a long time, fraught with much jostling and charging through the group by others in search of pop, before she got them back.

"Still comfortable?" Moshe asked Victoria at this point.

"Not at first, but I'm quite comfortable at the moment," Victoria replied.

"You dummy, that's the chair arm," Taral snickered with an evil grin.

And thus it came to be conclusively proven that even though neither Moshe nor Victoria could be said to have the advantage when it came to boniness, the wooden chair arm was preferable to either.

HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

Rob Jackson - 8 Lavender Rd., West Ewell,
Surrey KT19 9EB, U.K. [(01) 397 6514]

Tim Marion - c/o Hope Leibowitz, 2032 Cross
Bronx Expwy, Bronx, NY 10472.
(disregard all previous CoA's!)

Jeff Schalles, Dan Steffan, Lynn Collier -
823 N. Wakefield St., Arlington, VA
22203. [(703) 525 9713]

Cy Chauvin, Brad Parks - 610 Gladstone,
Detroit, MI 48202.
(mail for Dave Romm sent here will be
forwarded to him)

Curt & Mahala Stubbs - 3112 N. 26th Pl.,
Phoenix, AZ 85016.

Leigh Strother-Vien - 7107 Woodman, #10,
Van Nuys, CA 91405.

Alan Winston - 1450 San Remo, Pacific
Palisades, CA 90272.

Roger Sween - 840 Driftwood Dr., #104, St.
Cloud, MN 56301.

Roy Kettle - 56 Faulkland Rd., London N8,
U.K.

Ethel Lindsay - 69 Barry Rd., Carnoustie,
Angus DD7 7Q9, Scotland.

[last 6 CoAs shamelessly taken from F770]

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS - TARAL

"In a fairly recent issue of LOCUS, Harry Warner published a column where he claims that fanzines today are better than ever. I can't agree, and in a rebuttal to Harry I was going to point out that in 1960 the following zines were being published: HABAKKUK, FANAC, DISCORD, INNUENDO, VOID, HYPHEN, WARHOON, and XERO. Today we have GRANFALLOON, OUTWORLDS, TOMORROW AND..., ENERGUMEN, and MOEBIUS TRIP. Some of these fanzines are entertaining, but I don't think they come anywhere near to matching the 1960 fanzines." -- Creath Thorne, HOG ON ICE 3, FAPA, 1973.

If perspective adds to the late 70's what it obviously has to the early part of this decade, then we should only seem to be in such a state today!

TWLL DDU 13 - Dave Langford, 22 Northumber-
land Ave., Reading, Berkshire RG2 7PW, U.K.
At a guess, I'd say it was available for

the usual. Short and frequent, TWLL DDU is welcome casual reading in the light humour tradition of British fanwriting. In spite of Dave's polling as most popular British fan writer, there's really not that much substance to his zine. It is mostly short letters, or short snippets of letters, and Dave's replies. The previous issue, though, in the same small number of pages, packed in considerably more meat, and I can see why the British enjoy this chatty little zine.

KICKSHAW 1 - Clifford R. Wind, 304 E. Thomas, #14, Seattle, WA 98102. Available for the usual, "freshly polished quarters, pamphlets on the care and feeding of rubber chickens, and proposals of marriage". KICKSHAW 1 presented a number of readable but not outstanding articles, a basic first issue editorial, and a few gratuitous reviews in a reasonable package, mimeoed adequately, and illustrated with art Clifford traced and adapted to his own fannish purposes. Not much else to say other than that this is a time honoured base to erect a decent genzine on in future issues. The one odd slant to KICKSHAW is the editor's desire to decorate his zine with Art Deco. He wants fan artists to try Art Deco if they're thinking of contributing to him. I wonder if he will have much success?

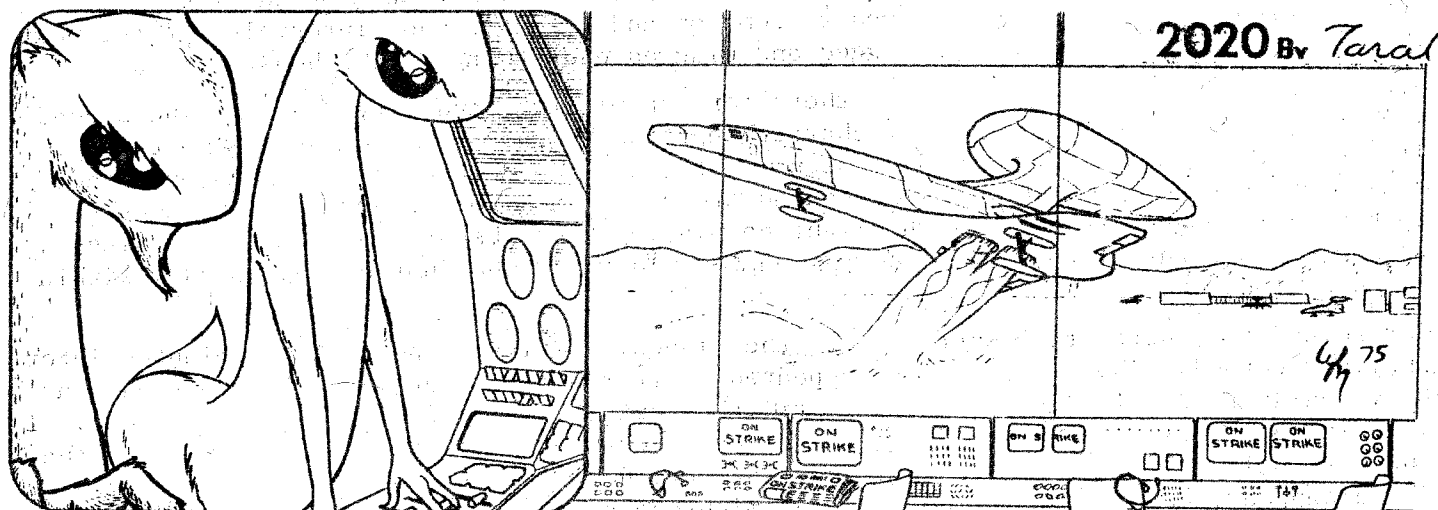
THE FANTOME PRESS CATALOG - 720 North Park Ave., Warren, OH 44483. This is the second catalog I've received from the Fantome Press, or rather, the first was a collection of loose sample sheets... The catalog, as a representative of the work the Press produces is an elegant little production, but 50 copy runs of octo booklets of hand set typefaces is a field far too alien for me to have a good word for. I find the \$2.95 and \$4.95 prices ridiculously high for the content. I'm not convinced of the superiority of the form either. While typeface freaks may be willing to pay through the nose for their limited edition publications, I notice that the Fantome Press Catalog has uneven make-ready, displaced type, and, in one case, what looks like a loose chase has allowed a spacer between type to slip and make impression. One job I had I occasionally worked with a hand press, (which lets me show off with a bit of printer's cant). This is not professional work.

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG 2 - Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burf Rd. #207, Detroit, MI

48219. This, not DNQ, is the true heir of IT COMES IN THE MAIL. Brian monthly reviews every zine that darkens his mailbox in tolerant and fair style. Maybe too fair. I'm not sure a reviewed party will receive enough constructive criticism to learn how to make improvements. But this, teaching neofaneds how to pub, may well not be Brian's purpose. The title, "The Whole Fanzine Catalog" tips us off that providing an accessible market place for fanzines is Brian's real purpose. Lessons in pubbing appear in the feature column, "Stalking the Perfect Fanzine". I look forward to future installments to see whether Brian can pull off a difficult set of instructions. Price is 35¢ or 3/\$1. WoFan trades at 3/1.

THE INVISIBLE FAN 5 - Avedon Carol, 4409 Woodfield Rd., Kensington, MD 20795. Available for the usual or 3 13¢ stamps. IF is one of my favourite faanish zines. Some would, perhaps, argue that Avedon's zine is not fannish in the usual sense. True, a xeroxed fanzine lacks something ineluctably trufaanish, but the spirit is there. There are clever illos by Gilliland, Steffan and Styles. The funniest review of Close Encounters possible. A good editorial, an active lettercol, and unjustified margins (at last!). The fifth issue has a minor cover by Alex Eisenstein, a talent we see little of these days. Other covers have ranged from brilliance (Steve Styles) to makeshift (Avedon herself). This, and the xerox repro, is my chief complaint with an otherwise fine zine.

NABU 5 - Ian and Janice Maule, 18 Hillside, 163 Carshalton Rd., Sutton, Surrey, SM1 4NG, U.K. Available for the usual. This is billed as the all-Joseph Nicholas issue, and a look at the contents page reveals why. Nicholas contributes both an excellent article - "The day we went to see Jefferson Starship - and didn't" - and a razor sharp fanzine review column, (K is for Knife). This issue also includes chapters 3 and 4 of Peter Roberts' TAFF report, but I'll make no secret of it that I enjoyed the Nicholas material more. TAFF reports are customarily distended affairs, too flabby and bloated to fit as chapters in normal fanzines, and often include less than exciting material about arriving in airports, etc... I feel obliged to mention Ian's own "Gannets at the Cosmic Cocktail Party", which was a report of the Shaws staying with Ian and Janice after Skycon, written with real craftsmanship. Somehow I failed to appreciate the good writing. Perhaps from a lack of familiarity or interest in the personal habits of Bob and Sadie Shaw. It's a reaction I have to a lot of British fanwriting, so it may be that most of the fault is in me, and not in the cosmic significance of the Cosmic Cocktail Party. So all I will do is cleverly imply that it wasn't all that interesting... Like most English zines, NABU is well-produced, orderly, tidy, graphically bland. Visually only the excellent Jim Barker illustration opening Ian's Cocktail Party article pleased me. If the English don't



understand why North Americans find MAYA the best British zine year after year, a keener appreciation of the virtues of illustration and layout would undoubtedly explain much to them. For all the personal peccadillos I've found in NABU, I have to admit I've reviewed it with much more acumen than I usually bring to reviews in DNQ. It goes to say that my recommendation of NABU is strong enough to survive my criticism.

PLUGOLA

GUFF, the Get Up & Over Fan Fund, aims to bring an Australian fan to SEACON. In the running are John Alderson, John Foyster and Eric Lindsay; ballots from Leigh Edmonds (PO Box 103, Brunswick, Vic 3056, Australia) or Dave Langford, (22 Northumberland Ave., Reading, Berks. RG2 7PW, U.K.). Donations to the fund are gratefully accepted...

WHAT WAS IT? - DON D'AMMASSA

Let me say at the onset that I always have been and continue to be a strict debunker of UFO's, spooks, and other things not easily discernible to the senses. But there are times when one wonders. A few nights ago, my son Davy and I were alone, Sheila was out shopping, and I was washing dishes. There was suddenly a strange electronic sound, apparently coming from the roof directly overhead. There was a series of chattering sounds, like a chorus of typewriters, followed by a series of measured beeps, a burst of static, then the chattering again. I turned the water off in the sink, noticing that Phred, our cat, had jumped rigidly erect at the sound. When I turned off the water and moved, he raced from the room and hid under our bed.

Davy had come running in from the other room, wondering what was going on. I opened the back door, wondering if a helicopter were hovering overhead, when the sound abruptly stopped. Outside I could see nothing. It was dark, completely overcast, but the streetlights were sufficient to show that my roof was occupied by nothing unusual, and nothing seemed to be in the sky nearby. Puzzled, I returned to the dishes. The noise started again almost immediately, lasted a few seconds, then stopped.

Davy was a bit nervous now, so I reassured him. He wouldn't go outside with me though, and Phred still covered under the bed. I walked outside again, this time circumnavigating the entire house. Nothing. As I came in the front door, the chattering and beeping sounded again from the back end of the house. I raced through the kitchen and it just as abruptly stopped.

I thought furiously. Sometimes sound, particularly at night, plays tricks on one. I suspected that the sound actually originated inside the house, and that one of our electrical gadgets was acting up. I unplugged several and waited. Within seconds, the chatterbeep resumed. I tried to locate it more precisely, but it stopped after only three or four seconds. It continued to come on and off at random intervals for the next ten minutes as I alternately unplugged and plugged everything in the house.

Frustrated, I ran outside. I stood there for ten minutes, and nary a beep. The second I stepped back inside, there was a chatterbeep from overhead. Back outside instantly, it had stopped and nothing could be seen. I fumed. I made a wider circle around the house, checking bushes, over walls, behind trees, around the corners of other houses, looking for neighbourhood kids who might be playing some obscure new trick. Nothing. No sound, no sight of anything. I went back inside, and the chatterbeep sounded within a few seconds.

Determined to ignore it, I went back to the dishes, and it stopped. A few minutes later, Sheila returned. The noise never reappeared. After a few minutes, Phred returned, but Davy wouldn't stay in any room alone until the next day. I have no idea what it was. I vaguely recall that temperature inversions can carry sounds for a long distance, so that they are only heard in a small area, but far outside the normal range of such sounds. The disappearance whenever I went outside might be accounted for by this, or simple coincidence. But even though the rational part of my psyche tells me that this or some similar cause must be responsible, I wonder. It's a strange world we live in, sometimes.

(cont. from pg 1)

DELTA PSI, SOOTLI, CALCIUM LIGHT NIGHTS, ORCA, BEHIND THE RABBIT, ISHUE, DNQ, even JOURNEYS, NITWIT, XENIUM (Glicksohn really did stop publishing after 'NERG, you know), ANNE SHERLOCK BOOKS CATALOGUE, etc. I put you all on about the feud between Taral and Glicksohn; I faked the local club since it folded in 1975; I made everybody believe there were conventions in Toronto, including the ridiculous affair of the Trekcon that lost \$27,000, when there haven't been any since FanFair 3; I argued with myself in the Women's Apa; and I wrote and drew and locced hundreds of fanzines under a dozen different names. I am Barry Kent MacKay, a stuffy bird professor at the Royal Ontario Museum; Bob Webber, my favourite stuffed penguin; Bill Brümmer, a sophisticated Molesworth; and everyone else you thought you knew since ENERGUMEN folded.

Much of the authenticity of the Toronto fan hoax is due to the people you've met at cons who used my pseudonyms... I am fortunate that I have many talented friends in the theatre who, liking a good joke as much as I, co-operated at first, and became dedicated fake-fans in the course of their preformances. The names Adrew Boxer, Henri d'Anicine, Jack Pyne, Peter Mohs Jr, Joshua Treah, Jannifer Watson, R.G. Jones, Dwayne O'Donnell, and George L. Clarke may mean nothing to you, but these are the people you have met and spoken to at conventions. My thanks go to them for their help.

Toronto fandom, in reality, has consisted of little more than a coterie of regulars at Bakka, a local sf bookstore, and a couple of feminists who blew town things were so dead here. Can't say I paid much attention to either of them. There has been some sort of a Trek fandom growing here, and a Dorsai Irregular Non-Combatant (D.I.N.C) who annoyed me enough to invent a big Derelict vs. Dorsai feud. And at 141 High Park, Mike Glicksohn sits with his scotch and his typer, hammering out locs. If next LAID reveals rumours of my moving to Vancouver, they may be a few thousand miles off, but they have the right idea... (I really want to go to Edmonton, would you believe?)

So what is clever Anne Smith going to do now that the world knows me for who I am. (Alas, a nobody!) I have a long history of fan hoaxes. I fooled you with a double cross when I hoaxed Donn Brazier. I sent him a real picture of me for Title, claiming through my Taral personae that this was Victoria Vayne. Then I tipped him off it was a "hoax", telling him it was me, not Victoria. And thus I became the hoax...

Sometime I should tell you about Sarah Marsh, the real Saara Mar, but that's too involved a story. Meanwhile, who will I hoax next, and how? Maybe you're a hoax too? I'll never tell...

----- THRILLING NEXT ISSUE!

...has that caught your eye? DNQ 12 will be a history issue. We have on hand a letter/article by Ted White on fanzines that follows up in detail an outline I wrote for an earlier issue. There is also an article on Paul Kline, a now forgotten fan artist from the fifties, a future fan history chart, and other goodies to excite the fan historian. While this is a special issue, it is not costing extra. We're not pulling that stunt again, so soon after the Decadish. DNQ 13 will be a regular issue, with news and all that sort of regular stuff, (with all this regularity you'll never suffer from the agonies of constipation). But we have something special in mind for issue 14, a special something we're keeping to ourselves for now. Be warned.

CREDITS...

David Vereschagin - pg 1 logo

Bob-Wilsonesque Taral - pg 3

2020 - Taral - pg 7

Al Sirois - bacover

Ann. O'Nymous - bacover photo

Insert courtesy of the Ontario Science Centre.

MORE CREDITS...

Thanks, plaudits, and kudos to the bionic collators, Janet and Bob, whose ink stained africative fingers assembled this issue of DNQ for your reading pleasure. Appreciation is also expressed for Saara's not proofreading DNQ, enabling us to conveniently overlook necessary corrections...

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HELLO? HELLO?
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THERE?



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