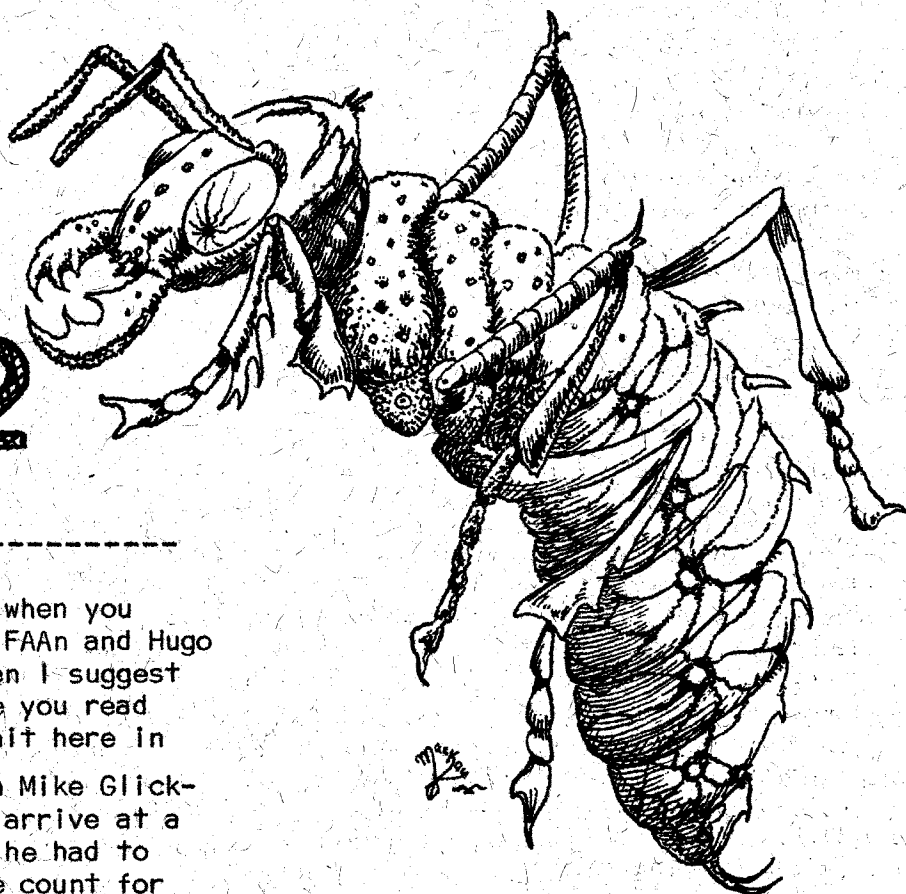


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DNQ₂₂



IDIOTORIAL - TARAL

The first thing you should have done when you opened this issue is to see what the FAAn and Hugo results were, and if you haven't, then I suggest you proceed directly to page 2 before you read this idiotorial any further. I'll wait here in the meantime. Back? Fine. Although Mike Glicksohn managed to count the ballots to arrive at a first place winner in each category, he had to leave for SEACON before finishing the count for other places. The task devolved upon Victoria and I as members of the FAAn Committee, and with Moshe Feder we counted and recounted the ballots to finish the run-off. In the process, a number of trends suggested themselves, but it took a detailed investigation later than night before confidence could be placed in our observations. To begin

with, the majority of ballots returned were ballots distributed by DNQ or committee (55), and the next greatest number were those distributed by RUNE (24). Eleven were returned from FILE 770, two from Checkpoint, and five were xeroxes of either DNQ's or F770's ballot. The results, as far as I'm

concerned do not support the theory that fanzine distribution in any way colours the voters' choices since there was no overwhelming Rune or DNO victory slate... Similarly I think we can dismiss any regional chauvinism for much the same reason. National chauvinism can be shown, however, since of the five U.K. votes there was a demonstrable preference for MOTA and MAYA, and unanimous support for Jim Barker and Harry Bell (except Barker, who did not vote for himself). Canadian nationalism, which I half expected, was not evident, no doubt because of the six ballots cast from this country three were from Glicksohn, Victoria and myself and we are not noticeably nationalistic. Only six of 18 possible Canadian first place votes were cast among the six ballots.

Participation in the FAAns is up drastically this year, from about 75 participating last year to 112 this year. Somewhat over half, 6 out of 10, committee members voted this year, and only 16 of 27 fans nominated bothered to vote, even if only for themselves. 10 of the 16 did, by the way, which is a no-no according to the rules. Among artists who could have participated in the awards, I counted only 12, six of whom were nominated this year. Now, to the point, was there or was there not a Feminist/JANUS blocvote? I kind of pooh-pooed the idea, but, surprisingly, when I actually counted ballots, there was. Absolutely, indisputably and incontrovertedly... But not quite enough to seriously affect the awards. To quantify a bloc vote I first defined voting a JANUS ticket as giving first place votes to Jeanne Gomoll, Gomoll & Bogstad, and JANUS 12/13 or JANUS 14, and a second place to the other JANUS. Thirteen ballots were cast filling this description. Now, it is far from unlikely that a fan filling out his or her ballot might consider JANUS the best fanzine, Gomoll & Bogstad the best editors, or Jeanne Gomoll the best fanartist. When six out of the 13 "ticket" ballots are returned from Wisconsin, it begins to look a little suspicious, though. When all six voters from Wisconsin claim staff positions on JANUS, and one more from out-of-state, then I consider the matter clinched. Assuming only these seven ballots to be bloc voted, the effect on the FAAns cannot be great. The ticket did not fare so well, as the JANUS' placed only second and third, and Jeanne came out only third as fan artist. Had one JANUS been nominated, this might have been a different matter. Being two of them definitely split the ticket vote, and this at least argues against a conscious block. Without a recount, though, it is impossible for me to say whether or not Don D'Amassa would have been beaten as best editor. Since Don's MYTHOLOGIES copped best issue we can accept this with equanimity, I think. Beyond the question of illuminati plots in the FAAns, there is the general problem of the voters' quality. Not all gave their qualifications on the ballot, and I did not have access to the nominating forms, but I would probably have challenged the qualifications of about 20 who voted, and questioned about 10 more. Then there are those whose intelligence I would have questioned, but there's nothing to be done about that.) I don't think the presence of possibly uninformed voters has had a noticeable effect, but the danger remains unless, as I advise, the qualifications for voting privileges are tightened up next year. No doubt this will result in a smaller voting base, since so many fans are either sulking about the FAAns or just apathetic, but if nothing can be done, then some year not so far in the future the FAAns may be given to TIGHTBEAM, Teddy Harvia, Frejac or Ben Fulves, and it will be with the SMOFs' unspoken consent. End of sour grapes (as some will interpret it).

-- Tara!

FAAN AWARDS 1979

The awards were presented at SEACON, Brighton England, August 26, 1979.

Best Fan Editor: Jeanne Gomoll and Janice Bogstad

Best Fan Writer: Bob Shaw

Best Humorous Artist: Alexis Gilliland

Best Serious Artist: Joan Hanke-Woods

Best LoC Writer: Harry Warner Jr.

Best Single Issue: MYTHOLOGIES 14 (D'Amassa)

New Committee Members:

Mike Glicksohn (re-elected)

Jeanne Gomoll

Lee Pelton

(source: FAAn Awards Committee)

TED WHITE TO EDIT HEAVY METAL Scuttlebutt about this has been going around for at least a month, but when we talked to Ted he preferred the news to stay out of print until the end of the month. The reason? The old editor didn't know yet... Ted was recommended to the job, ending a bout of relative unemployment (reviewing jazz music). He takes over in late August and plans a number of changes in the magazine to increase the reading density. At the same time, Ted also plans to drop the fiction from HEAVY METAL. Premature announcements of this news, i.e. Jason Keehn's BRAINCANDY 3, should not be considered official. This is the real scoop. (source: Ted White)

NOREASCON II UPDATES Progress Report 3 will be going out in November and will contain hotel reservation cards and Hugo nomination ballots. People are encouraged to join the con before November 15 to be in on the initial bulk mailing of PR3. Ad deadline for PR3 is Sept. 22. The NoreasCon committee has agreed to administer voting for the Campbell Award for Best New Writer, and the GrandMaster Gandalf; but not the Best Booklength Fantasy Gandalf because of a conflict with the Hugo Best Novel. A preliminary breakdown of the NoreasCon questionnaire has also been released. So far, rated highest by participants (over 300) as essential to a worldcon were Hugo Awards, Dealers' Room, Program Book, Main Program, Films and Artshow, all receiving average ratings over 4.5 (5 is maximum). Other ratings of interest are the Gandalfs at 3.52; Fannish Programming, 3.21; Fannish Exhibits, 3.05; Repro Room, 2.67; and the rock bottom, the nadir of fan interests, Disco at 0.54 (0 is minimum). (source: NoreasCon II Press Release, 15 August 1979)

MOSHE FEDER FAILS THE PEPSI CHALLENGE

That headline was too good to pass up, but as the mere facts go, it is a lie. Taking in the annual Canadian National Exhibition while in Toronto for Moshe's Gohship, Lise Eisenberg noticed a stand advertising the Pepsi Challenge and dragged us over to it. I went first, boasting to the attendant that 10 of us had previously conducted our own test and all 10 of us correctly identified the Coke, and only one preferred the Pepsi. No trouble, the sugary burnt toast flavored swill was the Pepsi. Moshe went next, deli-

cately clearing his palate between tastes. I warned him that if he got it wrong he'd be next DNQ's feature story, but no such luck. Then Lise, who also guessed right. Lastly, Victoria, who preferred the Pepsi! Moshe hasn't spoken to her yet. (source: eyewitness report, Taral)

VANCOUVER IN '87! The original Vancouver in '84 bid has been united with the more recently formed '87 bid on the grounds that Vancouver will not have proper facilities for a worldcon by 1984, whereas a proposed convention centre should be ready by 1987. Fran Skene, chair of the original '87 bid, makes it clear that this bid is conditional on this convention centre being completed, and that her involvement will cease if the centre is not built. KULACON, the relaxacon planned for November in support of the bid, has been cancelled; RAIN TOO will proceed as intended. (source: BCSFazine 74, Fran Skene)

THE HUGO AWARDS presented at SEACON, Aug. 26; phoned overseas to DNQ by Ian Maule, by special arrangement...

Best Fanzine: SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (Geis)

Best Fan Writer: Bob Shaw

Best Fan Artist: Bill Rotsler

Best Novel: DREAMSNAKE, McIntyre

Best Novella: The Persistence of Vision, Varley

Best Novelette: Hunter's Moon, Anderson

Best Short Story: Cassandra, Cherryh

Best Dramatic Presentation: SUPERMAN

Best Pro Editor: Ben Bova

Best Pro Artist: Vincent di Fate

John W. Campbell Award: Stephen Donaldson

Gandalf Book-length: WHITE DRAGON, McCaffrey

Gandalf Grandmaster: Ursula Le Guin

1st Fandom Award: Raymond Ted Gallun

...and, Denver in '81...

HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

Roger Sween, 817 11th Ave. S., St. Cloud, MN 56301

Fred Haskell, c/o Suzle Tompkins, 4326

Winslow Pl. N., Seattle, WA 98103

Lee Pelton & Carol Kennedy, 2726 Girard

Ave. S. #101, Minneapolis, MN 55408

Don Wood, 122 Warren St. #10, Brighton, MA 02135

THE DNO HOGU LIST, continuing an annual tradition; made up without reference to any real winners. Coincidences of persons, places or dates are purely deserved.

DeRoach Award (for putridity in everyday life - FAPA wait list)

Best Traumatic Presentation - V-Con 8?

Aristotle Award - GrandMaster Life Time

Putridity Achievement - Anne Laurie Logan

Best New Feud - Doug Wright vs. LASFS

Fandom's Biggest Turkey -

I Indiana - Buck Coulson

II Everywhere Else - Bill Bridget

Best Hoax Awards - Balrogs

Best Typeface - Mad Scientists' Digest

Best Religious Hoax - Jonestown

Best Professional Hoax - Master of Hawks

Best Fan Hoax - Bergeron's WASH

Worst Fanzine Title - A Conventional Fanzine, tied with Afae Bsaalmato

Most Boring Con GoH - Moshe Feder

Best Dead Writer - Robert Asprin

Most Putrid Line from SUPERMAN - Superman's backward time line

Most PutridTM SceneTM from STAR WARS IITM - Craig Miller's cameo appearance

Closest Encounter of the Fourth Kind - Kane and the Alien

Special Bagelbash Award - Mike Glycer's boney knees

Best Has Been - Taral

Best Hoax Convention - NorthAmeriCon, tied with QuakeCon

Worst or Stupidest BS from BS Galactica - reputed 3rd season...

Best Pseudonym - Benjamin St. Cyr

Free For All - Voice of the Lobster

Most Desired Gafiation - cats

FLOODCON: JOHNSTOWN IN 1983? This unique worldcon bid proposal offers the "breath-taking spectacle of a national disaster" as its backdrop, with live closed circuit TV coverage of the struggle of its guests to escape the savagely encroaching flood waters. Fandom will have the opportunity of voting for their preferred fan and pro guests of honour, all of whom will be given rooms on the lowest floor of the hotel on the morning of the flood, thus ridding fandom of some of its more loathed adherents. More details can be had from George Paczolt, 1732 Magdalene Way, Johnstown, PA 15905, write and ask for the complete flyer. (source: George Paczolt)

CON WITH THE WIND. Vince Lyons, chair of Atlanta's DeepSouthCon next year, resigned from the committee to attend medical school. He will rejoin shortly to head up Ops. New chairs are Cliff Biggers, Rich Howell and Mike Weber. PS - Oklahoma was voted into the SFC for future DSC bids. (source: Cliff Biggers)

EX-SOVIET FANZINE After the collapse last year of the stopgap Second Soviet of the RSFSR a true fandom has grown up spontaneously now that organization and literature are free of effective government supervision. The first unofficial aboveground publications in Russia in nearly 60 years include a number of science fiction "fanzines". These would be more like our prozines except for their amateur format. Essentially collections of mimeod manuscripts, some of these post-Samisdar magazines have no doubt already found their way into one or two collections by now. The first true fanzine, however, appeared in a few European and British mailboxes last month. Coming from Kiev, Ukraine, Mechta 2 was 14 pages of oddball humour and incomprehensible references to local politics. (Some of the more understandable were "Mimeo Free Teutonina Press", "proxy Boyars" - Russians with unrecognized Soviet land grants - the "Trans Pripet Railroad" running escapees from the RSFSR to Poland, and "bear baiting", the fashionable practice of dumping on the old Soviet state as a patriotic act. As it is, the editor, no doubt wrote down to us.) Particularly interesting was a comparison of quasi-religious attitudes among Caucasian villagers and urban Muskovites towards Dalmarinla, infrequently seen but known to be instrumental to the Third Fall. The editor, Filip Drovosek, apparently doesn't feel secure enough to print his address yet, unfortunately. -TW

ODDZENENDS Harry Andruschak, after making clear he would not run for OE again, has given in to the inevitable and is up for OE of FAPA again, giving as reason his escape from being laid off at NASA "this time". Although given to stuffing the waitlist, Andy has a number of good habits, such as notifying you that your contribution arrived. ## NovaCon West has issued its first PR. Membership is up to 360 as the con grows...



BY ERIC MAYER

(reprinted from GROGGY 6, June 1979)

"Where's that little bugger got to now?"

My grandfather was standing in the middle of the kitchen with a can of Puss 'n Boots Tuna in his hand. I knew he was referring either to my younger brother who, back then, was little compared to me, or to my grandmother's old fat cat who was little compared to a young Diplodocus. I figured it was the cat he was after. Earlier my brother had shown a preference for Puss 'n Boots Liver with Cheese.

That had not pleased my grandfather. He'd picked Todd up by the seat of his pyjamas and carted him down cellar for a real meal — hot dogs roasted over the hot coals in the furrace. Todd and I exchanged whispered conjectures about what might be lurking in the dark coal bin. We decided it couldn't be the size of a Diplodocus but was probably just as awful. But we didn't want to worry my grandfather about it so we kept our mouths shut until the hot dogs were cooked. My grandfather had enough on his mind that evening.

As he stood in the kitchen, futilely calling the cat, his face wore an expression my grandmother would have characterized as "sour as pig swill" had she been home. Unfortunately she'd gone off visiting with my parents for the first time since 1948 and my grandfather was at a loss. He wasn't sure what to do with two active youngsters and a missing cat. He did know they were all supposed to be fed. He'd had his orders. I think he preferred looking after his tomato plants. He always knew where to find them.

"Well," he said finally, "if he shows up he can eat." He didn't sound optimistic as he shoved the open can under a kitchen chair whose lower rung was just high enough to admit a fat cat and just low enough to bar a hungry tot.

Seeing he'd missed his chance for a snack my brother emerged from underneath the kitchen table. "Maybe something eat kitty," he said.

My grandfather looked genuinely puzzled for a moment. "What would do a thing like that here on Lake Street?"

"Don't know...something," said my brother, giving the last word that certain alarming twist.

My grandfather did not lack imagination. In later years, after he'd cleared all the pigs and whatnot out of the barn and had some spare time in the evenings, he'd often don his spectacles and launch himself into a book of flying instructions which were not so current as they had been during the bi-plane era but were every bit as adventuresome. Although the closest he ever came to flying an airplane was during the war, when he worked in a factory repairing submarine nets, he was not bashful about his dream of getting off the dirt he'd spent so much time hoeing. He read the book right out in the open for anyone to see.

So it wasn't imagination he was against but rather the febrile wool gathering that

causes tuberculosis in obscure romantic poets. When he saw my brother thus threatened he nipped it quick as he'd picked a cut worm off a cabbage.

"My razor strap will something you," is how he put it.

My brother chose not to pursue his theory. The razor strap wasn't as awful as what was probably lying in wait in the coal bin, behind the boxes of dahlia bulbs, but it hurt more.

"Kitty out," he said.

My grandfather must have noticed something suspicious in the tone. "You haven't been scaring the cat again have you? He hasn't run off and hid somewhere?"

"No. Kitty out. Really out." The threat of the razor strap seemed to have entirely solidified my brother's opinion on this point. My grandfather seemed satisfied and I was relieved because my brother's flights of imagination were partly my doing.

Being five years older I thought it only fair that I take some part in his education. I decided to teach him useful words. A selection of everyday objects would be laid out in front of us on the table.

"Scissors," I'd explain, pointing. "Apple, orange, banana, bandana (I was a taskmaster!) ...amorphous horror."

Todd cast a bewildered look at the empty air in front of my pointing finger.

"No see."

"Exactly," I said, giving it that certain alarming twist.

My grandfather marched us upstairs early. The bed was high. There was plenty of room for something to have slithered underneath it but we couldn't check because my grandfather stood in the doorway, uncertain about whether we were too old to be tucked in. When he said good night and turned off the light the room was plunged into utter darkness!

Like all children, our evenings were filled with enchanting fantasies of nameless sounds, sudden shrieks, eerie glows and things that dropped off the ceiling smack into the middle of your bed. I slept with the covers pulled up over my head, snorkling air through one partly exposed nostril, fingers clutched at my bedsheet in case something tried to pull it off.

In the relatively strange darkness of my grandparents' spare room, we found our sensations heightened. After listening for tell tale scrabblings from under the bed my brother finally worked up the courage to speak.

"Had any good dreams lately?"

It's been a long time since I've had a nightmare worth remembering. My dreams have become gray and mundane. I once kept a notepad at bedside, in order to scribble down the night's otherwise forgotten wonders. In the morning the notepad read "One loaf bread - two six packs". But when I was a child my nights were filled with killer robots, werewolves and skull littered plains that stretched off into the distance behind my closet door. So I plunged directly into something I had "experienced" in the barn.

"It was dark. Suddenly I felt another presence. Something waiting. Something indescribably horrible. Waiting for me, behind the boxes piled in the corner..."

My brother's face floated in the dark before me like a gibbous moon, cratered with fear. It took a few words to call forth that consciousness of inexplicable horror shared by the young and submerged later in life beneath the paltrey annoyances of reality.

When I stopped the room filled with a terrible quiet. There was a sudden rush of breath from my brother's side then, from somewhere all too near, a distinct, hideously loud thump.

"Well," said my brother, his voice heavy with resignation. "There it is."

"And it isn't the cat."

Seconds passed before my brother's voice struggled up through the black membrane of mute terror.

"A morphous horror!" he cried. Then we both started shrieking.

My grandfather came upstairs and cleared the air with the razor strap. Next morning the cat was nowhere to be seen but the cat food had been eaten. I'm glad I didn't see what ate it.

— Eric Mayer

TARAL'S LOG

Not an eventless month, though it's been only 3 weeks. There was a club convention, Ozzy 2, that I had machinated Moshe Feder as Fan GoH of, and Moshe's subsequent week long visit. The con had plenty of shortcomings, it seems, and Neither Moshe nor the Pro GoH's, the Panshins, were all that honoured by Ozzy, but as I had little part in it the con would have had to be much worse before I would condemn it utterly. As Toronto cons go these days, it was better than most. But I don't think it was worth travelling to come to, as most of fandom seemed to agree. Out of town fans I recognized at the con were Lise Eisenberg, Roger Sween, Cy Chauvin and Sarah Prince, of which only Cy was in Toronto solely for the con. Nevertheless, as Toronto cons go, it wasn't bad... Next year, ah well, next year the chairman hopes to do still better. With all the best of intentions, I have my doubts that he has much chance of bringing about a fusion of the various cons in the city and creating a trustworthy committee, as he desires. What is more likely is that he will end up with a committee that is difficult to manage, and Toronto will have 3 or 5 little mediocre cons in spite of him.

ohem!



The only other thing of any interest to happen this month is losing the FAAns. Well, when you have a winner you automatically create losers, so I feel that way even though a healthier way of looking at it would be as being 4th best. But somehow I don't feel 4th best, so I have to feel I've lost first place instead. Originally I'd have given my chances as 50/50, equal to McLeod's. I'd have felt okay to lose to Jim since I've always admired Jim's work. But I'd have had creeps about losing to anyone else, for various reasons. I'm uncertain what to think about Jeanne's work, for instance, and actually dislike Odbert's work in spite of its professional quality (it comes across as cheesecakey to me). Joan Hanke-Woods I'd only seen two pieces of in all my years in fandom. I was astonished when Joan won! I hope to hell when I've seen more than I think your decision is justified. Otherwise I'm not sure how I'll take it. Badly, no doubt.

- Taral

VICTORIA'S LOG

I'll ignore weekdays, which I spend at work and thus not very interestingly, and Ozzy weekend, which had other failings of its own, and concentrate on the visit of Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg to Toronto fans for over a week. They were treated to walking tours and dinners, museums and a party, seeing besides the DNQ crew, other Toronto fans like Phil Paine and Bob Webber. As part of this visit, I went to the Toronto "Ex" for the sixth time in ten years. It's one of the biggest country fairs on the continent and changes very little from year to year; and every now and then I like to soak in the noise and raunch of the midway at night. And an unpromising Accountants display proved to contain a new-condition Gestetner 6 even older than my own...

- VV

"In the opinion of this witless wonder at least, fans would do well to investigate the fascinating and perhaps profitable field of politics. Don't laugh. For most fans would make wonderful politicians, and there can be gravy to scoop up if you are honestly dishonourable. A happy hypocrite, in short. Like me. In the November 7th general elections, now comfortably past, I had the distinguished honor of "running" for the lower house of the Illinois State Legislature from my home-town district; as a write-in candidate. By that I mean that I wheedled and bulldozed my friends to write-in my name on one of the blank lines (provided for that purpose) in the Democratic column. There were also some blank lines on the Prohibitionist ticket but I felt I was slightly out of place there. I received 9-1/2 votes including my own. This surprised every one, particularly me. I didn't realize I had 8-1/2 friends, until then, and until they all came around the next day begging for lush jobs in the Statehouse. The 1/2 friend wanted to be Capitol bootlegger"

- Bob Tucker, CHANTICLEER 4, 1944

POOR PONG'S ALMANAC!

Ye Merrie Monthe of May, 2039 AD

- 7 S Fan named Bradbury living in Los Angeles mails his 196th story to New York science fiction magazine. 1944.
- 8 M Editor Hornig of SCIENCE FICTION reads Bradbury's manuscript. Recognizes Bradbury as combination Merritt-Weinbaum! Telegraphs acceptance of story, demands exclusive contract!
- 9 T Bradbury reported in coma. Fails to rally.
- 10 W D'JOURNAL wires congratulations to Bradbury. Reminds him that he is under exclusive contract to D'J.
- 11 T Hornig of SCIENCE FICTION wires D'JOURNAL offer of quarter-million dollars for Bradbury contract. Tucker in coma.
- 12 F Entire Los Angeles Chapter turns to writing stories. Markets reported flooded with ray gun sagas.
- 13 S STARTLING STORIES starts search of west coast for second Bradbury. Brother by that name found, and signed.
- 14 S Sunday again. My, what can happen in a week!
- 15 M D'JOURNAL accepts Hornig's offer. Gives up contract. Hornig throws in extra ten dollars if Hornig will sign Pong too.
- 16 T Hornig says keep the ten dollars.
- 17 W Morojo and Ackerman sell story titled "Revolution in Esperantica" to AMAZING. RAPalmer retitles it "Revolt of the Robots in Esperantica".
- 18 T Pong puts out engraved fan-mag with quarter-million of Hornig's.
- 19 F SCIENCE FICTION announces it will publish weekly, henceforth, as long as Bradbury turns out a book-length novel a week!
- 20 S J.C. Miske reported organizing a "Stop Bradbury" movement.

- Hoy Ping Pong, D' JOURNAL 4, 1939

"I abhor liquor and detest games of cards, but because I have a fine reputation of "big time fan" to maintain, it is my wont to frequent rooms and groups where such commodities may be had, to partake sparingly of the offerings, and early in the evening make my way to my lonely bed. No one can call me a fake fan. One such evening, in the Fantasy Press Poker Room I recall exchanging cards and scraps of government paper with Boff Perry, Don Loucks, Kyle and Pohl, while Eschback trotted between the two rooms toting mineral water. Exercising my talented powers, I rapidly cleaned out all concerned except Loucks; and the losers quit the game to wander sadly down the corridors. Frankly I felt guilty about this, feeling that I had overplayed my role of big-time-fan-mixing-with-the-common-herd. To make amends, I allowed myself to lose to the newcomers who rapidly filled the places of those who had left broke. I let myself lose to the extent that when they had taken from me all of Kyle's money, Pohl's money, Perry's money, plus a sizable chunk of my own, I got up and wandered sadly down the corridors."

- Bob Tucker, LE ZOMBIE 63
(The TorCon Issue) 1948

MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST 6 - Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd., #207, Detroit, MI 48219. Available for the usual or a buck. A somewhat minor issue compared to last issue, almost an echo. Last issue Ian Williams gave capsule descriptions of British fans. In MSD 5 there was a rambling reminiscence by Mary Long. In MSD 6 there is another reminiscence by Mary. Without question I found the reprint of Eric Mayer's article from CHARM I the highpoint of the issue. And, of course, I usually enjoy Brian's own writing, smoffing, and fudging around. Brian says himself he was dissatisfied with this issue, owing to its rushed nature. Chief among his regrets was the monotone appearance, but this hardly bothers me at all. Although there was a selection of some rather putrid Whitakers and a Harvia, there was an excellent cover by Schirm and interior art by him also. The work by Bryan, Danforth, Gilbert, Keehn and Barker added more to the appearance than a crayola-boxful of mimeo colours could have. There is room still for improvement in the layout department, but at this stage, Brian would find it more profitable to concentrate on his material. A defter choice would not have created the impression that this was an instant replay of MAD SCIENTIST 5. Considered by itself, though, MSD 6 was a pretty fair zine.



INDEX EX
PURGATOR
IUS TARAL

THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRITING 2 - Cheryl Cline, 724 Mellus St., Martinez, CA 94553. Available for the usual, says I, until presented with evidence to the contrary... This fit the stereotype of a dreary neozine, complete to book reviews and an sf-rock discography, but there was intelligence lurking behind the deceptively illegible print and I enjoyed the greater part of it. The discography is, of course, ridiculously incomplete and arbitrary, but the following discussion of rock "covers" and the revelation that punk records are inscribed with graffiti captured some of the charm sf in zines had for me as a neo. The cut-out punk fashion doll with ensemble was cute. I also owe to Wretch the discovery of Falnn O'Brien, who sounds like a fascinating Lafferty-Joyce style writer. There was other material that I was less enthusiastic about, but I was never expecting miracles... A personally interesting though not impressive issue of a porky prime fanzine.

TWLL DDU 16 - Anonymous Bloody Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland Ave., Reading, Berkshire, RG2 7PW, U.K. Available, that much I know, and I expect for the usual. Dave sobers up this issue, and claims to settle down to the solid boredom of everyday life. In spite of himself he is as funny as ever. You really must take yourself in hand, and stop this or your professional career may land in the funny papers instead of IASFM. I trust you know which you want.

BRAINCANDY 3 - Jason Keehn, Apt. 1B/38 Hannum Dr., Ardmore, PA 19003. I first became aware of Jason as an artist when he used the traditional fan artists' ploy to gain my attention. He drew me, capitalizing on my faneditor's ego. I was taken in, though it didn't look much like me. But it was attractive in a Mike Gilbertish sort of way and I looked at some of his other work too. Jason's artistry is perhaps the greatest asset of this Braincandy. The layout and repro is close to Outworlds quality, and uses a selection of good artwork to great effect. The only problem with Braincandy is that it has been consistently weak in written material. The editorial, to my mind, was the best part of the issue in this regard. Darrell Schweitzer's laborious pastiches are a drag the first time around, let alone in reprint. Reviews and poetry are basically filler. Aside from Jason's editorial, then, the only solid reading I found was a short piece on HEAVY METAL. There is a lot of potential in Braincandy though, if the word-end can be beefed up.

KRATOPHANY 12 - Eli Cohen, 2236 Allison Rd., Vancouver, BC V6T 1T6. Available for \$1 or the usual. Krat's arrival in the faanish mailbox is one of the few "events" left in the fanzine world, and one is accustomed to waiting patiently a year or more between issues. Eli surprised everybody and disturbed the orderly numbering of fandoms by appearing barely months after the previous issue. It is a shorter issue, by about two articles, which makes the difference between a bombshell like KRATOPHANY 11 and a merely good issue like 12. The major contributors to Krat were Eli, and Susan Wood, whose writing style is beautiful even if her article this time seemed to be built around a somewhat flimsy premise. Almost as astonishing as KRATOPHANY's untimely appearance was "Pronouns - Engendered Species?", a topic laid to rest so long ago that almost everyone's opinions were quite reasonable. Once universal, the pretty Canadian blue paper's nearly last refuge is in KRATOPHANY, where it is still adorned with Freff and Shull and other excellent artists. Particularly worth mention is the great cover by Freff. Although somehow never having a Best Single Issue, nor being published by a Best Editor, Krat is in my opinion the consistently best current zine. It's a pity that Eli can't manage two issues a year so that fandom would keep that in mind.

- Taral

PARTING SHOTS

Artwork this time by Barry Kent MacKay (page 1 logo), Eric Mayer (pg. 5), Taral (pg. 7 and 9) and Bill Kunkel (page 10 logo). Crew for production included Janet and Bob Wilson part of the time. // We receive requests for back issue #12, the "history issue" with Ted White on old fanzines, a look at artist Paul Kline by Taral, and the Future Fan History chart, every now and then. The issue has been out of print for a long time, but if enough want copies, we still have the stencils and could reprint a limited run. Let us know...50¢ per copy. // This is ish #22; please renew if your label says 22...



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FIRST CLASS

FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS 1979: FINAL VOTING RESULTS

TOTAL NOMINATING BALLOTS: 64 (13 nominated but did not vote)

TOTAL VOTES CAST: 99 (51 nominated & voted; 48 voted only)

THOSE WHO NOMINATED ONLY: Harry Bell, Bill Bowers, M.K. Digre, Leigh Edmonds, Graham England, Alexis Gilliland, Dan Joy, Steve Leigh, John Leland, Eric Mayer, Jodie Offutt, Dan Steffan, Herbert Summerlin.

THOSE WHO VOTED ONLY: Harry Andruschak, Janice Bogstad, Larry Carmody, James Cox, Carolyn Doyle, Moshe Feder, Don Fitch, Gil Gaier, Terry Garey, Mike Hall, Amy Harlib, Charlene Hinchliffe, Denys Howard, Fred Jakobcic, Deb Hammer Johnson, Linda K. Karrh, Philip Kaveny, Jason Keehn, Ken Konkell, Marty Levine, Eric Lindsay, Anne Laurie Logan, Kathy Marschall, Diane Martin, James Odbert, Ken Ozanne, Bruce Pelz, Tom Perry, Andy Porter, D Potter, Victoria Poyser, Sarah Prince, John Purcell, Randy Reichardt, Greg Rihn, Mike Rogers, Richard Russell, Jeff Schalles, Mark Sharpe, Jeff Smith, Dave Szurek, Don Thompson, Bob Tucker, Ted White, Terry Whittier, Dave Wixon, Ben Zuhl.

THOSE WHO NOMINATED AND VOTED: Jim Barker, John Bartlet, Lester Boutillier, Mike Bracken, Gail Burnick, Linda Bushyager, Marty Cantor, Avedon Carol, Gary Deindorfer, Gary Farber, Dan Farr, Adrienne Fein, George Flynn, Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glycer, Seth Goldberg, Jeanne Gomoll, Ken Hahn, Joan Hanke-Woods, J. Owen Hanner, C. Lee Healy, Arthur Hlavaty, Barry Hunter, Rob Jackson, Jerry Kaufman, Irwin Koch, Christine Kulyk, Dave Langford, George Laskowski, Denise Leigh, Mary Long, Laurie Mann, Tad Markham, Gary Mattingly, Ian Maule, Perry Glen Moore, Joseph Nicholas, Lee Pelton, Kipi Poyser, Ron Salomon, Joyce Scrivner, Stu Shiffman, Paula Smith, Leigh Strother-Vien, Taral, David Thayer, Suzle Tompkins, Gregg Trend, R. Laurraine Tutihasi, M.E. Tyrell, Victoria Vayne.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: A \$200 donation to the FAAn Awards from IGUANACON is gratefully acknowledged. Official teller for the 1979 awards was Mike Glicksohn; counting of the final ballots was done by Mike Glicksohn and Moshe Feder, assisted by Taral, Victoria Vayne and Simon Agree. Layout of 1979 ballots by Victoria Vayne. Award trophies are original sculptures by Randy Bathurst. Plus general thanks to all who distributed ballots, or nominated and/or voted.

THE FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS COMMITTEE (FAAnAC)

consists currently of Gary Farber, Peter Roberts, Stu Shiffman, Don C. Thompson, Taral and Victoria Vayne, plus newly elected members MIKE GLICKSOHN, JEANNE GOMOLL and LEE PELTON. Stepping down this year are Mike Glycer and Frank Denton; Mike Glicksohn was re-elected immediately.

VERBATIM REPRODUCTION OF BOTH SIDES OF THIS SUMMARY SHEET IS AUTHORIZED AND ENCOURAGED

FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS 1979: FINAL VOTING RESULTS

Awards presented at SEACON '79, Brighton, England, August 26, 1979.

BEST FAN EDITOR

1. JEANNE GOMOLL & JANICE BOGSTAD
2. Don D'Amassa
3. Terry Hughes
4. Rob Jackson
5. Mike Glycer
6. Victoria Vayne
7. no award

BEST HUMOROUS ARTIST

1. ALEXIS GILLILAND
2. Stu Shiffman
3. Jim Barker
4. Derek Carter
5. Harry Bell
6. Dan Steffan
7. no award

BEST LOC WRITER

1. HARRY WARNER JR.
2. Avedon Carol
3. Adrienne Fein
4. Arthur Hlavaty
5. Jessica Amanda Salmonson
6. no award

BEST FAN WRITER

1. BOB SHAW
2. Arthur Hlavaty
3. Peter Roberts
4. Terry Hughes
5. Dave Langford
6. Tom Perry
7. no award

BEST SERIOUS ARTIST

1. JOAN HANKE-WOODS
2. James Odbert
3. Jeanne Gomoll
4. Taral
5. Jim McLeod
6. no award

BEST SINGLE ISSUE

1. MYTHOLOGIES 14 (Don D'Amassa)
2. JANUS 12/13 (Gomoll & Bogstad)
3. JANUS 14 (Gomoll & Bogstad)
4. MAYA 15 (Rob Jackson)
5. SCIENTIFRICTION 10 (Mike Glycer)
6. SIMULACRUM 8 (Victoria Vayne)
7. KHATRU 7 (Jeff Smith)
8. no award