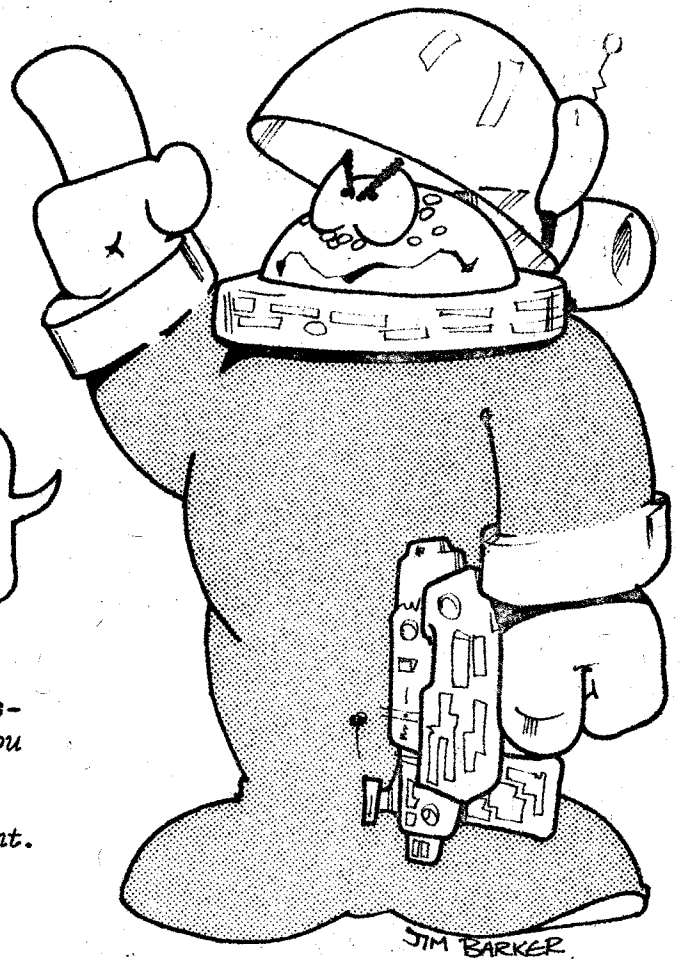


DNQ 27, the February 16, 1980 issue of a supposedly monthly faanish newszine, is brought to you as a Derelict House Koan, c Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156, Stn. D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8, and Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4 (416 221-3517). Subs are 5/\$2.00 U.S. and 4/\$2.00 Canadian; overseas 4/\$2.00 U.S. or 4/£1.00. We also trade 1-for-1 for other fanzines, two consecutive issues added to your sub or going to those trading with us both.



THE TARAL-TORIAL IMPERATIVE - EDITORIAL BY TARAL

Recently, Gary Farber circulated a one-sheet zine to stir up some activity in the FAAn Award committee. He asks a number of pertinent questions, suggests changes, and wants to know how fandom feels about the FAAns after 4 (sic) years. Many of his thrusts are accurate. He makes a couple of errors too. The FAAns are in their 6th year in 1980, not their 4th. But of more serious nature, he criticizes the "decision to release the names of the winners last year before the actual ceremony". There was no such decision; Bruce Pelz unilaterally "leaked" the names against the wishes of the committee, if the committee can be said to have wishes. But aside from these cavils, Gary's zine is sensible. He wants to know if 1) everyone is happy with the status quo, 2) whether a Best Single Article can be added, 3) whether the Best Loccer can be dropped, 4) whether the whole thing should be dropped, 5) what about other categories such as Best New Fan, Best Humorist, Best Humor Article, Best Personal Essayist, etc., 6) should be continue with Randy Bathurst's statuettes, 7) should be go for a wider voter base or narrow the franchise, 8) how about the ballots and distribution, is it satisfactory?, and 9) are we happy about the award ceremony or the selection of sites for it? If interested in commenting, or if you want a copy of DOES ANYONE HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY? for yourself, write to Gary at 606 12th Ave. E., Seattle, WA 98102.

Personally, though, I'm annoyed that Gary published this without first checking to see just what the committee was up to before implying that it was doing nothing and that outside interference was necessary. It is also revealing that Gary says "Should a trend toward actually Doing Something show itself, we can reinvok official publication." We? Who we? Suppose in fact that the committee was publishing a Zinefan? As it happens, that was almost the case, as Victoria, Mike Glicksohn and I had assembled many of Gary's items together for another Zinefan,

but apathy and other commitments had put the matter off until the nebulous Real Soon Now should expire. It could have been very different though. Common courtesy required Gary finding out before shooting his typer off. As it is, no harm was done, and perhaps even some good. Maybe I'll dust off those notes I'd put away and there'll be a Zinefan yet.

A notice came a little while ago that my membership in ASFA had expired and that all sorts of important benefits would accrue to me if I rejoined. I paid ASFA membership fees four years ago, received one of their bulletins and nothing since in spite of my attempts to remedy the situation. When I see tangible benefits from my first \$5 I'll think about joining again, but not before. I suppose I'll live without attending their closed-door parties; in fact the idea of an artists' association closing doors to non-member artists disgusts me so much I don't think I'll join again in any case. Supposing fan artists are eligible anymore. Still on the subject of artists, NoreasCon is asking \$15 for their smallest panel in the art show, a space 3' x 4'. Although this is apparently at cost to them, it is too expensive. Depending on how generously I mat my work, I can probably display 4 to 6 of my typically 8-1/2 x 11 drawings in the space offered. Judging from past experience I might sell two at \$30 each -- I'm not a well selling artist, in part because I don't do unicorns or dragons, and in part because my best work I keep for myself -- and pay 25% for the opportunity. But I don't want to display the mediocre work I'm willing to part with; I'd rather show my good art, which I will not put up for sale. For this privilege I'd have to pay the entire \$15. What of other artists who might want to show their fanart, but who aren't commercial? Is there only room for them through competing with professional artists for the space? Apparently. The result, as I can see, is a shift in art shows from a showplace for fans to display their art to just another market for non-fan professionals and their customers. It's about time we fans learned there's no room for us in modern high-pressure big-money fandom. Grunt.

** * * * *

DNQ 25 is done. The record, however, is not, and is what's behind the delay in mailing our genzine ish out. A few copies were distributed at ConFusion, just to legitimize our January date, but the rest will be mailed before February, we promise. Meanwhile, remember that our second annish will be the issue after next, and will be a double package. Don't let your subscription lapse. And how about writing us? We forget what a swell job we're doing if we're not reminded...

F.Y.I.

BRIGHT NOTES Fred Haskell has been shopping around for new guitars since his old ones were stolen from his van, Morrison, last September. He had been thinking of replacing them, the 12-string particularly, so he fortuitously had the money to replace one immediately. Fred decided that his best buy would be a Guild G-312 NT, and found a used one in Seattle after moving from San Francisco. The problem was that it was scratched, a gouge an inch or so long on the front of it, and there were cracks in the finish that Fred thought might betray other faults. It happened to be the only Guild G-312 NT in Seattle or Tacoma, though. In the end he settled on a Martin D1228 which sounded unexpectedly just how he wanted, and he is very happy with it. Three months later, at a Christ-

mas party, Linda Ann Moss gave Fred an envelope. Inside was a note saying "If your presence hadn't touched so many of us this would never have been possible," and a check for \$350 to replace the second guitar. Fred lists the contributors to the Fred Haskell Guitar Fund in his Minneapa-zine, SOMEBODY I CAN TALK TO. They were: Linda Ann Moss, Tod Levitt, Bob Lovell, Alyson Abramowitz, Don Bailey, Mike Walsh, George Bacher, Marc Glasser, Tony Parker, Seth Breidbart, Matthew Tepper, Barney Neufeld, Blue Petal, Jerry Boyajian, Ross Pavlac, Mary Ann Mueller, Sue Levy, Teresa Minambres, Sue-Rae Rosenfeld, Jan Brown, Maia, Tom Digby, Doug Hoylman, Marty Helgesen, Gordon Miller, Joyce Odum, Marie Mayer, Jerry Kaufman, Suzle Tompkins, Brian Burley, Bill & Michelle Colsher, Keith Hauer-Lowe. (We

thought you ought to know so you can ego-boo 'em.) (*Fred Haskell*) -Taral

NOREASCON FANNISH PROGRAMMING is in the hands of Moshe Feder, who invites ideas for specific program items - panels, workshops, displays, entertainments, wotnot - and for opinions on what fan programming should or should not be, or do. Write to him c/o NoreasCon, PO Box 46, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, MA 02139, or directly at 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing, NY 11355. (*Moshe Feder*) -VWayne

HERMAN PROTESTS MISTAKEN IDENTITY In a letter delivered to the Baltimore in 83 bid, the Scandinavian bid committee disclaimed the actions of compatriots at Sea-Con, who are now universally condemned for juvenile and rude behaviour... The text of the letter promised to us by Scott Dennis hasn't arrived in time for this issue. If it comes, details will be disclosed in DNQ 28. (*Scott Dennis*) -Taral

MAIL FRAUD DEPT. A little note came with subscription money from Neil Rest of Chicago. It read: "Hey kids!!! Did you know there are 101 Nifty Things To Do With Elmer's Glue-All? Like: make free-form sculptures; glue your eyelids together; or ... spread a thin coat over stamps before you mail them. When the recipient soaks the stamp off, the cancellation disappears - and the stamp can be re-used! Try it today!!!" Sure enough, the stamp on Neil's envelope was coated in glue and the ink wiped right off! One of our lucky subscribers will have that very same stamp pasted right here, in this very news item. If you are the lucky one, notify us immediately and we'll announce the winner next issue. (*Neil Rest*) -Taral

CON VS CON? Vancouver's Rain-A SF Weekend con (for benefit of their '87 worldcon bid) has a mascot, Chuckie Beaver, a toy beaver that was kidnapped from Crycon in Portland last November. The kidnappers demanded exorbitant ransoms and threatened to "feed him to Toronto fandom" when counter offers proved too low. Chuckie Beaver has now been found, however, in the possession of

Vaughn Fraser - chairman of the other Vancouver convention, V-Con 8. Indicative of rival conventions...? (*Gerald Boyko*) -VV

DADA DUMDUM DATA According to Keith Fenske, publisher of Dadapa-zine Dreamscapes, OE Georges Giguere has been complaining about his zines, and finally excluded one from the apa for exceeding "maxac". The notion of maxac is dubious at best, but for an apa dedicated to dadaistic principles this seems uncommonly like observing rules. In the case of Dreamscapes it becomes even more silly, as Keith's eccentric zines are unmissable gems. Georges, in defense, claims that Keith had "rubbed it in, insultingly" that he would not observe the maxac rule, and only then did Georges resort to extremes. Sounds more and more like Expressionism to me... (*Keith Fenske, Georges Giguere*) -T.

BLACK BORDER DEPT. Memphis fan Tom Johnson died of heart attack Friday December 7th, last year. He had been ill since Just-Imagicon, so his death had not been wholly unexpected by Memphis fans who knew him. He chaired Just-Imagicon in 1978, owned an sf book store in Memphis, edited two issues of Fantasy Film Journal (a semi-pro film oriented zine) and had contributed much help to the Mid-South Fantasy organization.

WARHOON 28, the Willish issue or WASH, is out, after quite a long wait caused by printer gaffes and the sheer size of the issue - with some 800 odd pages and hard covers this is easily the largest and most elaborate fanzine of all time. You can order a copy now for \$25.00 from Richard Bergeron, 1 West 72nd St, New York, NY 10023 (this is a new address). We'll bring you a proper review in DNQ when we've seen - and read - the volume. WARHOON as a more typical fanzine is due for a reappearance too... (*Richard Bergeron*) -VWayne

ELMER T. HACK MAKES VICIOUS COUNTERATTACK ON SLANDEROUS COMMENTS IN DNQ... A note from Jim Barker informs us of our errors in reporting ordering information on The Best of Elmer T. Hack. The booklet is available for \$2.20 (includes postage) from either Alan Dorey (20 Hermitage Woods Cr, St. Johns, Woking, Surrey GU21 1UE, U.K.) or Jim Barker (113 Windsor Road, Falkirk, Stirlingshire FK1 5DB, Central Scotland). Jim reports

also that "Elmer T. Hack has retired from the SF scene, but only temporarily as he's going to be doing a guest appearance in my "Captive" strip before moving on to his own sequel strip to HALF LIFE, to be called HALF DEATH." (Jim Barker) -VWayne

..SINCEREST FORM OF SELF-FLATTERY Not long ago I answered a long-distance call from Nova Scotia from which I learned that the people who run Halcon in Halifax want to organize a Canadian award after the fashion of the Hugo. They propose to circulate the giving of the award among Canadian conventions, citing V-Con for '81 and Noncon for '82 as possible candidates, and asked which Toronto convention might be best considered. I was at a loss for words since I could recommend none, even accepting the standards of other Canadian cons. In the end I gave them the number of the chairman of the Toronto con I'm not working on... which ought to indicate how I feel about the whole idea. There are only two well known Canadian born authors writing in this country. Then there are two Canadian born writers who left for the States early in their lives. And four American writers living in Canada. Finally, a handful of insignificants with a story or two to their names, and one veteran of Laser Books. Obviously the award will circulate among a very narrow group of writers, probably Gordon Dickson, Spider Robinson, Donald Kingsbury, and possibly Phillis Gotlieb. By fiat, the Halcon committee is presenting their first award to A.E. Van Vogt. A few fans contacted by Halcon have given encouragement, including Randy Reichardt and Vaughn Fraser (who can generally be counted on to support a Canadian project) It remains to be seen how the opinions of more cynical and hardened fans such as myself and Mike Glicksohn will affect the formation of the awards. (Bob Atkinson) -T.

ANOTHER SECOND (AT LEAST) GENERATION FAN ... The first child of Sam and Mary Long was born on January 19; a son David, who tipped the scales at 9 lb 6-1/2 oz. Our congratulations... (Brian Earl Brown) -VV

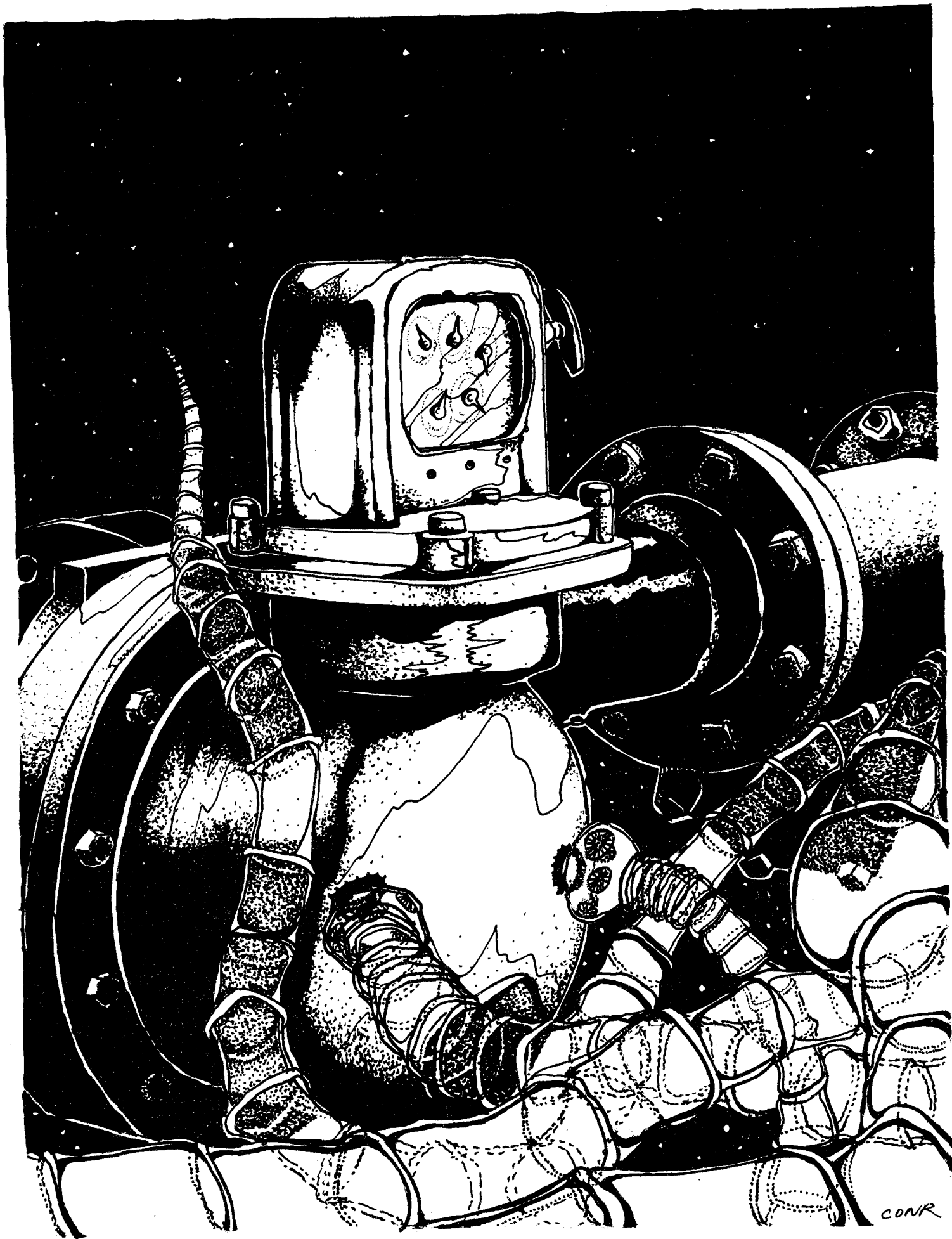
LORD OF LIGHT FOLLOWUP Last year DNO reported newspaper murmurs of a colossal SF theme park to be built in Montreal or in

Toronto to serve first as the sets for the filming of Lord of Light. We now hear that this \$50 million effort complete with \$450 million amusement park is to go up near Denver, Colorado. (Martin Morse Wooster)

GANG WARS IN TORONTO Different factions of local fandom's peripheries have been battling for the privilege of appearing in costume at sci-fi movie premieres for free admittance. One group, composed of elements of OSFIC and Draco, is the more legitimate inasmuch as they laid the groundwork for the appearances. The other, a high-school Star Trek club whose members dropped out of OSFIC a couple of years ago, showed up for the premiere of Star Trek and demanded admittance in place of the first group, claiming that they were true Star Trek fans. This not succeeding, they later resorted to badgering newspapers with letters accusing their opponents of not being true science fiction fans either. There may be justice to this, but I digress... An interesting perspective of all this is that the brains behind the costumed appearances was fired from his job, allegedly for embarrassing his employer and taking time off for his adventures as Darth Vader. He protested and after some dissembling on the part of his employer got another job there. The news item I've excerpted this from ends with the rhetorical statement "Perhaps in only five years standard employment forms will ask: ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A MEMBER OF FANDOM?" How accurately could these people answer "yes" anyway? (OSFIC MONTHLY) --Taral

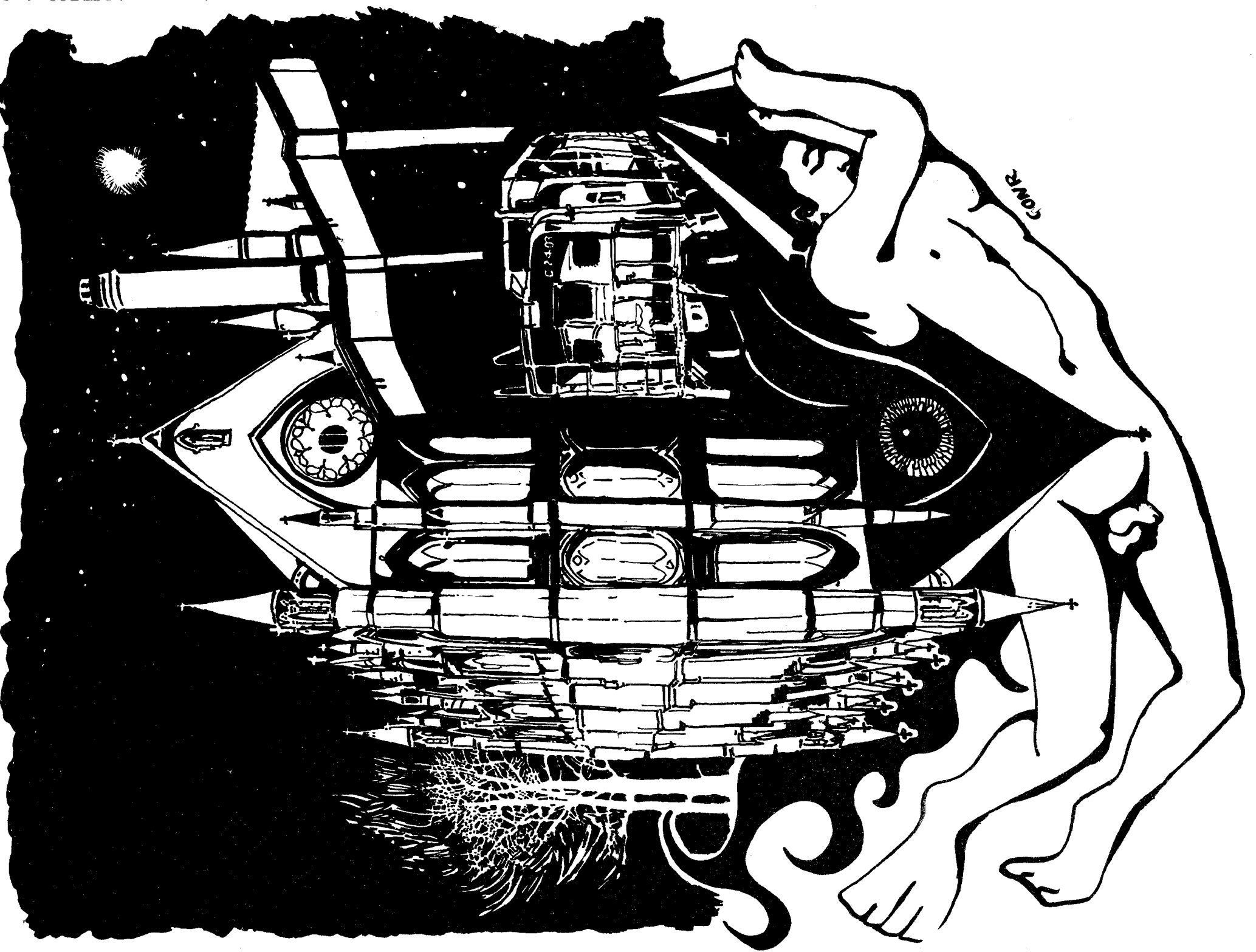
THE DEAD PAST

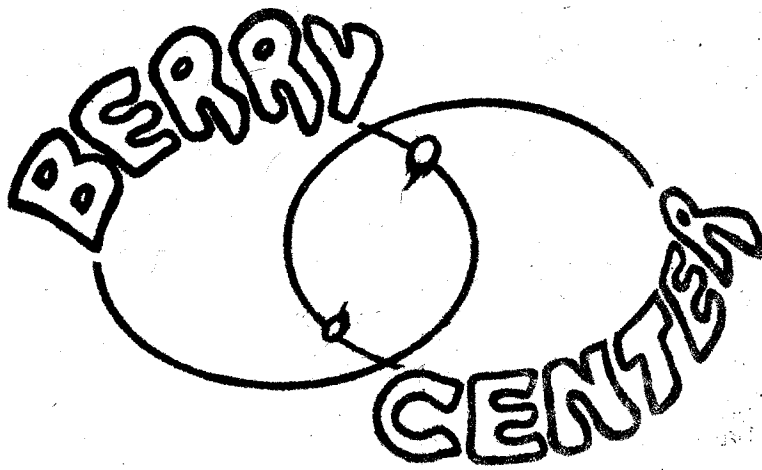
These pages are left-over sheets from art folios and covers from Granfalloon, Linda Bushyager's excellent genzine of the 60's and 70's. There are four different sheets in all, of which US and Canadian fans will be getting two, and British fans three. One is by C. Lee Heally, and the others by Connie Reich Faddis.



CONR







BERRY VISITS THE OPERA - JOHN BERRY

My visit to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, on Monday, 13th December 1976 was due to the good agencies of my associate, Martin Leadbetter. A friend of his in London, a Music Master, had tickets left over after advertising amongst his pupils for a visit to see La Boheme, by Giacomo Puccini. This was to be a special "once-only" performance for school children all over the country. I had met the school teacher a couple of times previously, he lived in South London. Martin used to be a pupil of his, and Martin's success as a composer was due to the interest he kindled in Martin when he was at school. So Eric, the music man, telephoned Martin and asked him if he'd like to see La Boheme. Martin asked him if he had two spare tickets, and Eric presumed the other one was for myself. A detective constable at headquarters at Hertfordshire, when he heard of our good luck (I forgot to say that the tickets were one pound each for eight guinea seats) said that his two ambitions in life were to visit Covent Garden and to see Le Boheme. Martin reluctantly telephoned Eric and was fortunate to scrounge another ticket for Gordon. So we three travelled down to London by electric train and tube and met Eric at the appointed time outside the front entrance, opposite Bow Street Police Station.

Millions of school children were milling about. Some were probably only about ten years of age, most were older, many were presentable young gymslipped girls, and quite a percentage were coloured pupils. Eric slipped us the tickets and said, that if asked, we were teachers at the school; Martin said he would aver that he was a music teacher in Eric's department; Gordon was to be a woodwork teacher ... I was hesitant in claiming any specific subject, and Eric said I looked like a fairly efficient Sex-Education teacher, and being rather flattered at the comment, I settled as a specialist. We thrilled at the luxury inside Covent Garden ... we were in the Balcony Stalls, which I thought to be a misnomer, but such a place exists. We climbed the stairs, ducking under the ornate chandeliers, gazing at the oil paintings and stumbling in the thick pile carpet. We were on the fourth tier, or storey, whichever word is appropriate. On my left was a girl of about sixteen who soon showed her metal by swiping my programme when I turned around to speak to Martin on my right. Gordon was several seats away. Next to Martin was a boy about fifteen years of age, a pupil of Eric's, and Martin, using his persuasive manner, attempted to get the boy to exchange places with Gordon. He glumly refused, saying he would then be sitting by a lot of girls. Martin opined that the boy was gay, but I could see in him a resemblance to my own formative years when girls were a complete mystery to me. The boy had the same bewildered gaze I used to have when I was his age, indeed, some people state that I have retained it to this day. The orchestra slowly entered their pit, of which we had a superb view, both of the pit and the stage. I reached forward in the darkness to see if the opera glasses appended to the rear of the seat in front were available, and my hand closed over the girl's hand next to me, who was on the same quest. I whipped my hand away like mad, very embarrassed at

the thought that she should misunderstanding my motives. She took the glasses and looked through them, and she offered me a quick peep, just to show that she recognized that I was after the opera glasses as well. I breathed a sigh of relief. The orchestra hit the opening bars, and the red plush curtains were drawn.

I must state that this was my first visit to an opera. Of course I knew much of the music of the opera, but I was unprepared for the magnificence of the opening set ... a garret in the Latin Quarter of Paris on Christmas Eve. It was supposed to be cold in the attic, and the actors personified this accurately by wearing blankets and shivering. The singing by baritone and tenor was superb, as was the entire performance by the very gifted cast, most of them of international repute. Mimi came in, looking very cold, and the "Your tiny hand is frozen" bit was performed with such quality that spontaneous applause burst from the auditorium.

The one unfortunate occurrence in the first act was that the shy boy sitting next to Martin had a terrible cough. It was horrible to hear the tortured breath exploding from his lungs ... rather like tearing a rasp across the end of a piece of corrugated iron. Martin, like a true opera lover, had tears in his eyes as he saw Mimi staggering about the stage in obvious ill-health, as per the plot, but he turned to me and whispered loudly, "That bastard is annoying me." I turned to look at the boy who pulled out a handkerchief and cleared his throat of phlegm, an operation he should obviously have performed when he got up that morning. The first act concluded amidst much applause, and Gordon took the opportunity to nip out to the Gents, as I forgot to tell you we'd had a couple of drinks whilst waiting for Eric. The lights went on and I smiled sweetly at the girl and asked her how she'd enjoyed it. At that moment a thought shot across my mind which demonstrated how desperate I was to have that boy removed from our vicinity and have him replaced by Gordon. Normally I would keep my subterfuge a closely guarded secret, because if word gets round it will completely spoil my image as being a person of rigid circumspection ... but in a moment of complete insanity I gave Martin a 50 pence piece and asked him to bribe the boy to change places with Gordon. Martin's eyes grew wide at this totally unexpected magnanimous gesture on my behalf, and he rapidly requested confirmation.

"It's a fifty pence piece?" he said, in case I had made a mistake in the darkness. But of course, now that I had taken the fatal step I could not withdraw.

I heard a muffled conversation, and the boy, handkerchief akimbo, rapidly staggered to Gordon's old seat, and Gordon, returning from the Gents, delightedly took the seat next to Martin.

The second act took place in a cafe, and this was truly a superb set. Many things were going on at the same time, for example, on an upper floor of the cafe was a shop where bread was being made, and throughout the second act the flour was rolled and bread prepared; and on the right of the stage on the upper floor of the cafe a smart game of snooker was being enacted. Downstairs smoke billowed out of a kitchen where the Parisian equivalent of fish and chips was being continually prepared. Shawled women and scruffy children were cavorting about, whilst the main characters entered the cafe and sat at a table, with music and singing going on the while.

The singing was once again admirable, especially as several actions were taking place at the same time, and yet the singing was synchronized overall. I liked the parade of soldiers marching onto the stage and sounding a trumpet fanfare, and a thing which could easily have been missed was the rapid way the bill for the night's festivities was passed from person to person, finally finishing up with the rich dirty old man, and the last thing we saw as the curtains closed was the whites of his eyes.

The third act took place at the gates of Paris to open so that the peasants can come in and sell their wares. Once more the set on stage was superb ... a wood on the right side, the gates and a sentry box, puffing smoke in the centre, and on the right a sort

of cafe ... snow was falling, this was exceptionally well done, and as the act progressed it gradually got lighter as dawn gave way to full daylight. Mimi staggered about with an adequate amount of pathos, and I loved the "Mimi" theme used by Puccini every time she made an appearance.

In between the third and final act we saw something which I am sure has very rarely, if ever, been seen by any opera audience before. The curtains were drawn back and we got a running commentary from the stage manager on the technique of moving the set pieces from the stage after act three and replacing them with the items for the attic scene, as per the first act. It was most fascinating to see the thirty shirt-sleeved men moving the equipment about, most of it on small wheels, and the deft way the "snow" was removed by rolling up the entire floor covering. ANother little thing I didn't know before ... after the scenery has been moved about, it causes a lot of dust to fly about on stage, so, the last thing that is done after the scenery has been prepared is that a man covers everything with a fine spray of water, to dampen the dust in case it gets in the singers' throats.

Act four is the death scene, where Mimi snuffs it with considerable aplomb. After the completion of the performance, the main characters took well-earned curtain calls, nine altogether, I think, and they were definitely delighted with the applause and bravo's from the audience, most of whom were children. And I must confess that the children sitting all round us were the personification of dignity and interest, and even the boy with the terrible cold had stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth in case he emitted a racous cough when Mimi was pronounced defunct. It was a magnificent performance, albeit specifically designed as a full dress rehearsal for the same programme the following couple of nights. It was my first excursion into the delights of opera, and I was very impressed.

-- John Berry, 1976

HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

Paul A. Flores - 3551 Victory Drive,
#302-D, Columbus, GA 31903 (new apt. #)
Eli Cohen - 86-04 Grand Ave., Elmhurst,
NY 11373
Eric Mayer - (ANSIBLE) 654 Boulevard East,
2nd Fl, Weehawken, NJ 07087; (P.O. CoA)
Rd. 2, c/o Craydon Mayer, Kingsley, PA
18826 (which is correct, Eric?)
Terry Newcombe - 521-C, Sunnysdale Pl.,
Waterloo, Ont. N2L 4S9
Joseph Nicholas - Room 9, 94 St. George's
Square, Pimlico, London SW1, U.K.
James Odibert & Gail Burnick - 343 E. 19th
St., Minneapolis, MN 55404
Kevin Smith - 10 Cleves Court, St. Marks
Hill, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 4PS, U.K.
Leigh Edmonds - PO Box 433, Civic Square,
Canberra, ACT 2606, Australia
Paul Kincaid - 17 Radnor Bridge Rd.,
Folkestone, Kent, U.K.
George Paczolt - 420 Bantel St., Johnstown,
PA 15905
(addresses for Smith, Edmonds, Kincaid
taken from ANSIBLE 6)

Phil Paine - "I would like it known that I
am no longer at my last address, but do
not wish by future addresses or where-
abouts to be broadly known. Anyone wish-
ing to contact me or send fanzines can do
so through Bob & Janet Wilson, 94 Avenue
Rd., Toronto, Ont. M5R 2H2, or through
Bill Breiding, 3343 20th St., San Fran-
cisco CA 94110."

RE FAAN AWARDS POLITICKING

In reply to Gary Farber's DOES ANYONE HAVE
ANYTHING TO SAY? flyer (see Taral's edito-
rial) I have put together a short zine of
suggestions for the awards, to be sent to
committee members and my own mailing list.
Anyone wanting a copy can have one for 20¢
in dimes and a self-addressed business let-
ter envelope, PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto,
M6P 3J8. This is an unofficial publication
of my own ideas only.

--VWayne

F.Y.I. REPRISE

AFTER THE BALROG WAS OVER, I thought that might be the end of them, but no, the 1980 Balrog awards nomination form has been mailed. I object to the awards on two grounds, that 1) they usurp to a large extent the existing "Lovecraft" awards sponsored by the World Fantasy Con (and even the Gandalfs trailing from the coat-tails of the Hugos), and 2) they are "unauthorized", in the sense that they represent no authentic body of fans nor recognized institutions such as the Worldcon. But... "the facts, m'am, just the facts..." Nomination forms must be returned no later than January 31st, which may be too late by the time you read this. The ballot will be mailed out later for final voting. If interested in voting, write to The Balrog Awards, Student Activities Office, Johnson County Community College, Overland Park, KS 66210, and they will send you the rules and ballot. (*Balrog flyer*) -Taral

FEELTHY PEECTURES MEESTER? NESFA is selling a portfolio of 5 black and white fan-

tasy art by Michael Symes in an edition of 500 printed on fine cover stock. Cost is \$7 from NESFA, Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139. All orders sent in mailing tubes. (*NESFA flyer*) -Taral

...NOR THE TWAIN SHALL MEET? A vote by members of Vanapa and BCapa, Local Vancouver apas, has settled a proposal to merge the two into a single organism negatively. Fran Skene, who helped found both, favoured the proposal, but admits the different characters of the two (one BC fan describing them as sercon and "fun".) (*source unrecoverable*)

PARTING SHOTS

Artwork in this issue is by Jim Barker (pg. 1 logo), Taral (Berry Centre logo) and Jason Keehn (mailing label logo). Portfolio art credited under "Dead Past". Help in collation this time most likely thanks to Bob Hadji. Bottle provided by Victoria.

TARAL

1812-415 WILLOWDALE AVE.

WILLOWDALE, ONTARIO

CANADA M2N 5B4



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THE SECOND ANNUAL DNO NEGOB00 POLL

At first sight, these might look like a variant on the Hogu's -- but we ask that you give them a bit of thought. We're perfectly serious and we're interested in the results of this poll; whether you're serious or not is up to you - we ask only that you let us know whether you are or not. Enjoy yourself and indulge in your secret vendettas as you fill in up to four of your choices in any or all of our categories; you can remain anonymous if you wish. Deadline for these will be end of March, 1980, and the results, we hope, will be in our April annish. Mail your complete ballot to either Taral or Victoria, or write your choices on a separate piece of paper if you want. Anyone who writes in only Taral in all categories will not be counted.

Are you being (....) serious
(....) not serious
in your choices? (You may also indicate serious or not serious in individual cases if you intend to be inconsistent)

1. LEAST MEMORABLE POLL OR AWARD

2. MOST REDUNDANT WORLDCON BID HOAX

a) Scandinavia

b) Elsewhere

3. MOST FARSIGHTED GROUNDWORK FOR TAFF OR DUFF

4. MOST SELF-PITYING FAN

5. MOST PARANOID FAN

6. MOST BLAND FAN

[so little pretentiousness, fugghead-
edry and nebbishness was outstanding
this year we decided to replace them
with a more appropriate category]

7. SPECIAL WHITE-WASH AWARD

[for seeing a little good in everyone,
even when there isn't...]

8. MOST VICIOUS FANAC

a) U.K.

b) East Lansing

c) Toronto

d) Elsewhere

9. FAN WHO PROMISED THE MOST & DELIVERED
THE LEAST

10. MOST FORGOTTEN CONTROVERSIAL TOPIC
OF LAST YEAR

VERBATIM REPRODUCTION OF THE BALLOT IS
DISCOURAGED, BUT HOAX VERSIONS FULLY
AUTHORIZED.