

THE TARAL-TORIAL IMPERATIVE - EDITORIAL BY TARAL

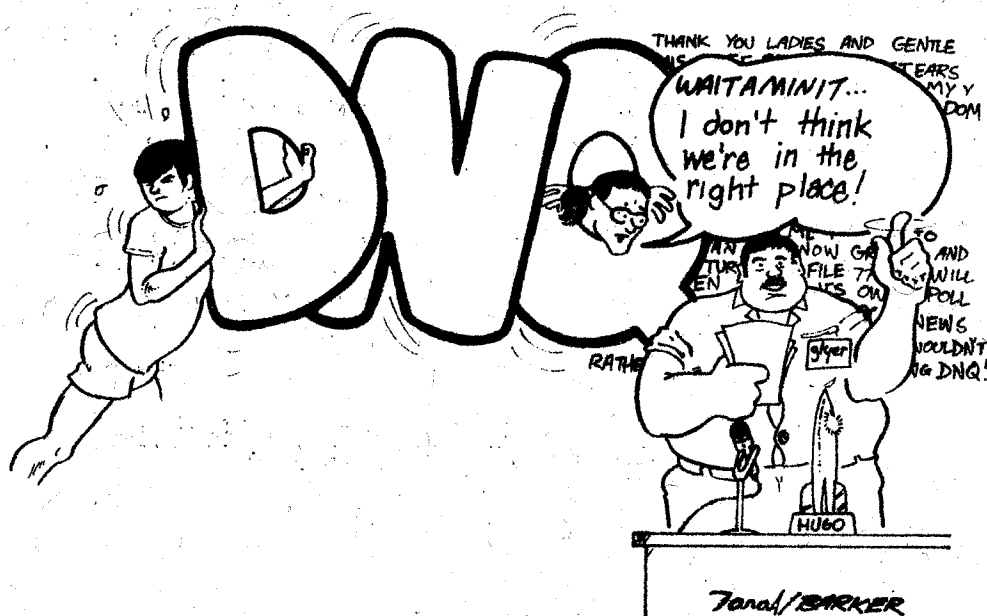
For several issues now, fans have been writing us asking that plugs for their cons be put in DNQ. Exactly why we were expected to publicize these cons we weren't sure, though we understand their motives for wanting us to. In most cases it was no difficulty for us to say "no" or to simply ignore the request out of hand, but sometimes it was a friend begging this boon of us, and it was a lot harder to refuse. Up to now we have remained steadfast, but our resolve has weakened. We give in. Throughout this issue of DNQ the reader will find several mentions of cons friends have persuaded us to plug. Next issue though, we go back to being the mean, parsimonious bastards we know you all love...

There's an awful lot of Worldcon business in this issue, and unlike regular cons where we show clear partiality in publishing news, we're hampered with residual notions of fair play in Worldcon bids. (Fortunately not too badly.) In one or two cases, our bid loyalties are divided? Chicago or Detroit in '82? Australia or Baltimore in '83? Well, our preferences are on record, so I needn't get into that, but uncertainties are large, and a mote of additional information could make all the difference in the world. Specifically, there are times when I wished I knew who in hell the bids intend to have as their guests. I may support one bid or the other on the strength of available information, but the foreknowledge that their guests would be John Norman and Keith Walker would easily turn the tables for me. Regretably, fandom wouldn't dare risk insulting a lovable pro by openly preferring another in a vote. So we remain blind. So Leland Sapiro might well be the Fan Guest of Honour in 1985. I hate feeling so helpless.

Last issue I vented some unnecessary spleen on Gary Farber for jumping the FAAn Committee on FAAn Award reform. It came as a shock to me to have Gary complain to me over the phone that he was indeed a member of the FAAnAC, and that he had spoken to Moshe Feder and Stu Shiffman before publishing his one-page spur to the committee. I could, I suppose, prevaricate by pointing out that Moshe isn't a member of the committee anymore, but Gary is right, I erroneously implied he was not on the committee and we all know that ain't so. There is a moral here, anyway. Mainly that the committee could improve upon its internal communication. One hand not knowing what the other is doing leads to these sort of embarrassments. Mea culpa.

DON'T FORGET, YOU HAVE ONLY ONE MORE MONTH TO RETURN YOUR NEGOBOO BALLOT!!!

Taral



DNQ 28, the March 22 1980 issue of an undecided but keen over TAFF issue of a monthly newszine, brought to you by Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave, Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B4, and Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8. Copyright © 1980. Subs are 5/\$2.00 US, 4/\$2.00 Can. and overseas 4/\$2.00 US or 4/£1.00. We also trade 1-for-1 for other fanzines, two consecutive DNQs going to or added to sub of those who trade with us both. Support TAFF & DUFF.

EVIL BID'S FINEST SCAM... The LA in 84 bid, the people who want to do something a little extra for LASFS's 50th anniversary, are enlisting the support of various experienced fans as an "associate bidding committee", the members of which will be announced as soon as the roster of willing victims is full. To defray the rising costs of throwing bidding parties for cheap bums like you and me to guzzle cokes and beer at, LA in '84 is asking for \$25 donations in \$2.50 increments from associate members. Regular committee folk are being asked \$250, and you don't want to know what the three executive members, Craig Miller, Milt Stevens and Bruce Pelz, are putting up. The bid will be stressing three themes, the 50th anniversary of LASFS already mentioned, LA "the city that gave evil a bad name", and the right worldcon for Orwell's 1984. Yours truly, champion of worldcon abolition, was offered the associate status, a touching tribute to my credulity, but decided to put my money where the other side of my mouth is, lest I be too obvious about my hypocrisy. Nevertheless I support LA to the hilt of the knives in your back... (LA in '84) -T

ATTACK OF THE TEN FOOT POLES Joe Siclari writes at last with the address for people who would like to trade their zines with Polish fandom, or are willing to donate SF books of any kind. Or at least, Joe has provided us with an address who can forward this material, or can tell you where to send it yourself... To wit: c/o Vince Miranda, 4206 Bouganvillea St., West Palm Beach, FL 33406. (Joe Siclari) -T

TWO GREAT FANZINES DIE! Mike Bracken circulated a notice with his last issue of Michael that the next Knights will be the last. Due sometime in early '80, the last issue will be an all letters ish, and Mike says he has a Joan Hanke-Woods for a cover. He will be returning subscription money, or sending back issues to the same value. All written material is being returned, but Mike intends to keep artwork for Michael unless the artist asks otherwise. (Mike Bracken) Also, Tony Renner has kindly provided us with a copy-written item on the death of another fannish legend, Pablo Lennis. "News Flash, February 8, 1980 - Pablo Lennis, fandom's worst fanzine, has

folded after 55 issues. Editor and publisher John Thiel cites his inability to obtain adequate mimeo ink and paper as well as the new postal regulation charging 7¢ extra for oversized material as the reasons. 'The woes of fanpublishing have become too great,' said Thiel." Of course, keeping in mind the feud raging between Renner and Thiel, this might merely be Tony's latest counteroffensive. But we can always hope. (Tony Renner) -Taral

GALE WARNINGS FROM THE WINDY CITY The Chicago in '82 bid has been distributing one sheet guides to restaurants and tourist sites in the downtown area, presumably available from the bidding committee PO Box A3120, Chicago, IL 60690. One must presume from their Confusion appearance that Ross Pavlac and other Chi' boys are dressing as 20's mobsters for publicity. Try not to upset the hair trigger of the Thompson .30 caliber sub-machine gun one committee member affects... The violin cases contain bubble-gum cigars. (Chicago in 82) -T

NASA'S IN THE COL' COL' GROUND To continue a program to maintain the Vikings on Mars in operations through the '80s, the American Astronomical Society is starting a fund to raise \$1,000,000 by 20 July 1980. Poul Anderson is circulating the Society's flyer and a letter of his own to conventions, hoping they will display the flyer or announce the fund from the podium. He encourages reproduction and further distribution of the Society flyer as well. As incentive, Anderson mentions that the Fund may be able to arrange to send a speaker to your con, if you get in touch with the Viking Fund Chairman, Stan Kent, PO Box 7205 Menlo Park, CA, 94025. Not only would this fund perform the useful service of keeping our scientific stations on Mars working, but Anderson mentions its symbolic value to Washington of public willingness to support space research. Donations are tax deductible, of course. (Poul Anderson) -Taral

WINNER OF THE NEIL REST POSTAL RECYCLING PLAN AWARD. Arthur Hlavaty. But he was too chicken to use Neil's glue protected, uncanceled stamp to reveal his winning. (Arthur Hlavaty) -Taral

SUPPORT TAFF AND DUFF...

FALL OF THE MOUSE OF USHER TAFF EVAD ORIGINAL

(being an extract from a much longer article to appear in TAFF-DDU, joint Langford/Barker TAFF fundraising fanzine, available soon)

...My first Wild Mouse Sighting was an unscheduled event. We'd been expecting a Stupid Bird Sighting as we unsealed the ancient, cast-iron kitchen fire from which were coming the most appalling noises. Personally I had diagnosed an unspecified number of sex-crazed albatrosses which had slipped down the chimney in search of privacy; my mother, a pure-minded lady, inclined more to the opinion that a pair of golden eagles were engaged in a death struggle without benefit of Queensberry rules. At length the rusted cover-plate creaked open; we pressed close with our bird-identification books opened to likely pages; but it was only as we studied the yawning emptiness within that an afterimage developed on the retina -- a grey blur extending from the grate, across the stone floor, through the open door, over the back-yard flagstones and into the rotting fabric of the woodshed.

"It was a mouse," said my mother in horror.

Now I knew. Mice were grey blurs forty feet long.

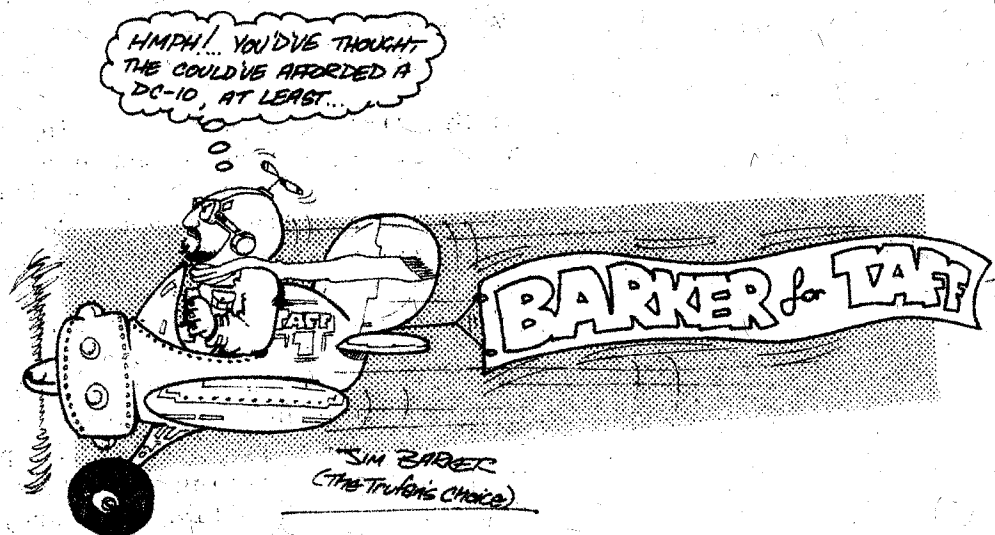
This first impression wasn't contradicted until many years after, at Oxford: my last terms were spent in one of several incredibly broken-down college houses in New Inn Hall Street. There was a preservation order on the frontage, which still stands but has acquired a new backage: the college was eager to rip out everything else and rebuild with smart modern luxury rooms around five feet square. (Architects never have been able to tell the difference between "spacious" and "specious".) While I lived there the entire fabric (apart from that carefully preserved frontage with its cosy coats of ivy) was in the final stages of decay, like D. West without the tilt. Doors fell from their hinges at the merest touch, floorboards sagged at the impact of a dropped paperclip and the electric wiring, hastily converted from the original Roman waterpipes, buzzed and crackled behind the walls like the ghost of a departed telephone exchange. In this atmosphere of eldritch dread, half-seen Things stalked the ruined corridors (usually the pissed college boat club proving yet again that New Inn Hall Street doors would fall from their hinges at the merest touch of several muscle-bound shoulders) ... and one night a sinister rustling invaded my very room.

It is a fearful thing to lie in bed, able to see the whole room in the evil, ghostly radiance of the multikilowatt street lamp placed conveniently just outside the window, and yet unable to trace the source of a rustle rustle rustle seemingly louder than all the stockbrokers in the City unfolding their copies of the Times in chorus. Being a fan of iron will and indomitable courage, I had no hesitation in shutting my eyes and waiting for the sound to go away. It didn't. It was time for decisive action! I put my head under the pillow. After a while, however, the spectral rustling percolated through; even so, I would have held firm but that I discovered a sudden, quixotic urge to visit the toilet...

DASHITALL!! YOU'VE GOT
TO LET ME GO! I FORGOT TO
VOTE BARKER FOR TAFF
BEFORE I LEFT!



SIM BARKER
(The Trutans Choice)



To cut a long story to mere novelette length, I finally traced the haunting to the waste paper basket. At the bottom, a rather small mouse was disconsolately thrashing about amongst the drafts of Langford SF stories better forgotten: it had climbed the curtain to forage on top of my desk and chosen the wrong direction in which to leap off again. (This theory was amply confirmed by the trail of tiny droppings across my opened copy of Woodgate's Elementary Atomic Structure. I was startled to find a mere mouse confirming my own critical judgement.) Throwing a towel over the top of the basket, I staggered back to bed and slept the sleep of a man who has thrown a towel over his problems; next morning, feeling humane, I furtively transferred the beast to the breakfast room of the nearby college annexe Frewin Hall. There, I thought, it could lead a happy life without disturbing anyone, or at least anyone not living in Frewin Hall.

I now know that, when not being grey blurs, mice made a hell of a rustling noise, I was destined to know much more: when I told a friend about the horror in the basket, he smiled evilly and began to creep about with his nose to the floor.

"You've got mice," he told me.

"Great heavens, Holmes, this is marvellous!"

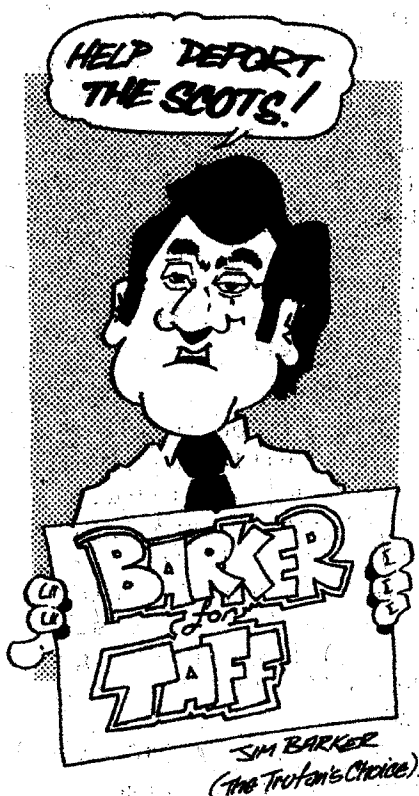
"No, no, you've got more mice." He pointed to the ancient electric toaster which stood in the fireplace. "Look there!"

I looked. "Those are crumbs. Mice are bigger than that."

"Ho ho. Wrong. Those are lovely, fresh mouse droppings."

I sat on the edge of the bed and thought about that.

"Did you know," said this former friend, "that mice are incontinent? They've been wandering hither and thither, widdling all over the bread, the butter, the cheese, the Earl Grey tea..."



The bit about the Earl Grey tea hit me hard. Again I corrected my mental image of a mouse: a long grey rustling blur emitting a fine spray of urine like a peripatetic lawn sprinkler...

(Will our hero escape the fatal sprinkling? Or will he suffer the fate of Elementary Atomic Structure? Learn more than you ever wished to know about mice in TAFF-DDU, which should shortly be available for around \$1.50, probably from Joyce Scrivner.

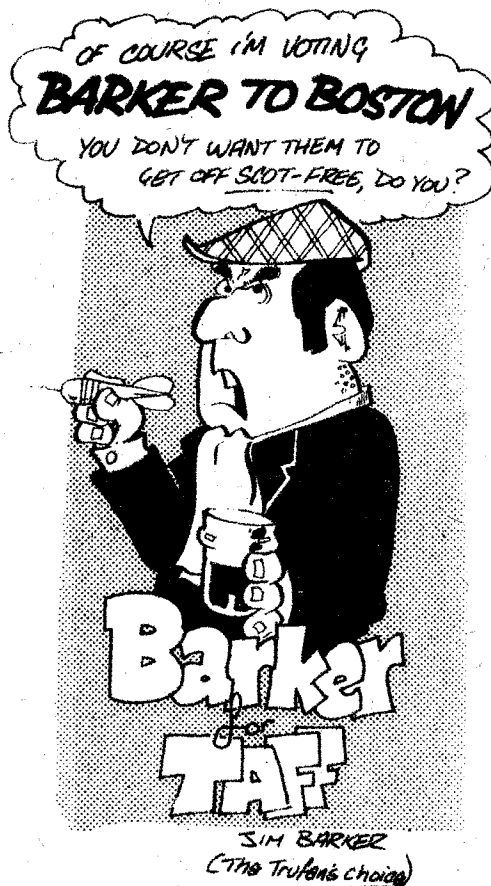
Meanwhile...though I'm too modest to shout LANGFORD FOR TAFF, I'm sure you'll all realize it takes a man who knows about mice to make a good 1980 delegate...)

-- Dave Langford



THE WORLDCON EMERGENCY FUND after being in the hands of the Pavlats since Discon, 1974, has been transferred by the SFCI to Noreascon. (S.Dennis)

A WEALTH OF FABLE, Harry Warner Jr.'s fanhistory of the 50's, is now \$10.00 (incl. postage) from Joe Siclari (see CoAs).



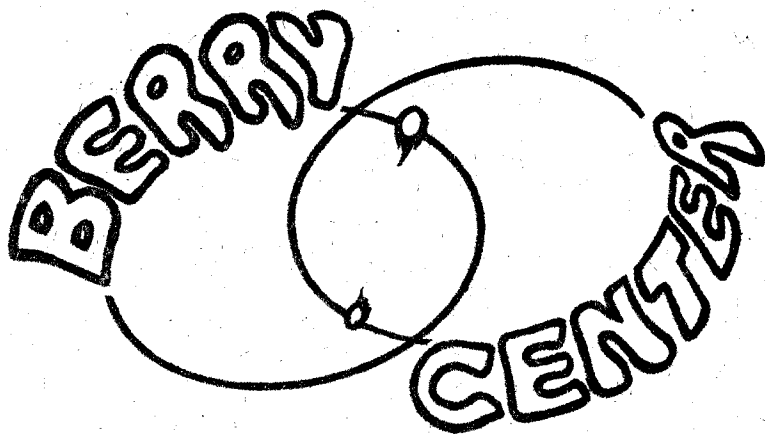
F.Y.I. CONTINUED

MISTAKEN IDENTITY RECONSIDERED Last issue we reported that Herman, the Scandinavian bid committee, had apologized for the conduct of Scandinavian fans at Seacon in a letter to the Baltimore in 83 committee. That must be revised somewhat. The letter was to SFWA officer, Jack Williamson, and Scott Dennis says it was not particularly apologetic, though it did dissociate itself from troublemakers at Seacon. In fact, it suggested that SFWA overreacted to the booze being carried away from its party suite. A copy of the letter was also sent to Jack Chalker, another officer of SFWA, who also happened to be a member of the Baltimore bid committee, causing the misimpression that Baltimore had gotten the letter. Scott, opinionating, writes that the most sensible course now is to let the matter drop and not pursue exoneration from the Seacon mishap any further. (Scott Dennis)

-Taral

BRIEF PEOPLE NOTES Mike and Karin Bracken's son, Ryan Mikel, was born January 30, 1980. (Mike Bracken) Roger and Pat Sween will re-marry on March 29, 1980. Roger is looking for a job closer to his home, and can be reached at 1854 Spruce Dr, Red Wing, MN 55066. In celebration, the family plans to produce SWEENZEE in time for Minicon. (Roger Sween)

-VV



VISITING MOTHER - JOHN BERRY

In July 1979, my mother was transferred from the Queen Elizabeth II hospital in Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire, to the Geriatrics Ward of a hospital near Watford...being 90 years of age, this was the end of the line. After her stroke at my house in Hatfield, the doctor opined that she had a couple of days to live, and indeed, she represented a pathetic picture at the QEII, lying down all the time, red eyes sunk in their sockets, refusing food of any sort, and asking for her mother, who died in 1937. After three weeks, she was transferred to the Watford hospital, where her condition improved, especially the mental aspect. She sat in a lounge-type room all day with other elderly women, similarly afflicted, recovered her appetite, and looked forward to my wife's twice-weekly visits, and my own appearance on Sunday afternoons.

My wife was in Bangor, Co. Down, visiting our grandson in August, and thus I made solo runs to see her on Sunday afternoons.

We had discovered that the local council organized a "welfare" minibus to the hospital, because it was so difficult to get to if one didn't have a car. The service was so excellent that the vehicle actually called at my house to pick me up.

On this Sunday afternoon in August, I noted that I was the only male person amongst the passengers, and I pointed out to the other elderly lady passengers the significance of this observation... most of them were visiting their husbands who were incarcerated in the hospital... QED... men succumbed to the pressures of life more quickly than women. They agreed with this on sombre reflection... they said that the men's wards were mostly inhabited by men who had suffered strokes and coronaries between 55 and 70 years of age, and yet the average age of female patients must have been well over 80. A further comment was made which confirmed details of my mother's case... nurses had told them that when old men were in stress they asked for their wives... when old women underwent extreme pressures they asked for their mothers. Not once during her illness had my mother mentioned my poor old dad, who, as I've described in *Nor The Years Condemn*, was a kind, wonderful family man. Anyway, the ramifications of the senile mind are not at present of my understanding.

I debussed, and walked warily into Ward 8, wondering what I was going to find. I traversed the ward, noting her bed was not occupied, which was good. She was sitting in her chair at an angle of 45 degrees, eyes blinking behind her spectacles.

I gave her a conventional kiss on the forehead, and asked how she was... she responded well, revealing her improving memory.

Most of the old ladies present were in a much more serious state than my mother, at least in the mental phase. One old lady gripped a table spoon which she cleaned by licking it and wiping it on her dress, and it took the strongest nurse to prise it from her grip when this became necessary. Other ladies drooled in monotonous tone-deaf chants,

but all received loving care from the nurses, one of whom was extremely beautiful, and my mother revealed her improved mental condition by her shrewd question as to why I was watching the pretty nurse all the time.

"It's rather cold," said Ma, "fetch my new blue cardigan from my cabinet...it's rolled in my pink woolen dress."

I navigated the geriatric beds, some of them occupied, and found Ma's little wooden bedside cabinet. But neither her blue cardigan or pink dress were there. I should point out that the hospital provided the women's clothing, and very adequate they were too. But a couple of weeks previously my mother had requested some of her clothes "in case they let me come home."

She was irritated when I broke the news that her clothing was missing. My own presumption was that the hospital orderlies had washed and cleaned and distributed them, considering they belonged to the hospital.

The climax of my Sunday visits was to take Ma, as I always called her, for a walk around the hospital grounds. This was a misnomer, because I actually did the walking, at the same time pushing a wheelchair with Ma rampant. The selection of the wheelchair was an important aspect of the walk...the choice was limited. Visitors with more initiative than I raced to the annex where the wheelchairs were parked, or, to be more accurate, dumped, and took the most mechanically efficient machines. I invariably dandered along later, the true amateur, prepared to take the best of the rest, as it were. Some of the machines had wheels rubbing along the metal frames, as if the brakes were permanently applied... others had very small wheels which would not permit negotiation of the hazards of the hospital grounds. I took my selected wheelchair into the ward, and asked the pretty nurse to assist my mother onto the seat. The sheer physical beauty of the girl as she woman-handled my mother got me into a sweat before the "walk" commenced. My mother gripped the wheelchair arms and pushed her head forward excitedly as we pushed aside the swing doors and into the fresh air and fingering sunbeams.

I turned right, and half-circled to the left, past a large building which could serve as a back-drop for a Charles Dickens film. The structure was grey and forboding with blocks of small windows, and there, on the lawn outside, were the inmates.

"Isn't it a pity about them," observed my mother, with a directness which comes of old age, when there is no time for subtlety.

The two men had vacant expressions incorporating a semi drool...it was obvious that their mental ages were 6 or 7...they looked at us blankly as we passed, and my mother held out her hand and both briefly clasped it. There was an unwritten rapport here which I did not and cannot understand.

My mother wanted to look at the flowers in the little garden patches on the lawns...and at the wasps and bees on their pollen safaris...at the starlings and sparrows as they flew away only as we were close to them...at an aeroplane flying low overhead, having just taken off from a nearby aerodrome...she pointed at a vagrant dandelion parachute as it drifted across our bows...it was the first time she had been out since her stroke... all these little things which we accept were wonderful marvels to her.

In the distance, approaching us, I saw a wheelchair, bearing an old lady, being pushed by a man about my own age.

As it neared and then passed us, I saw my mother's gnarled fingers grip the padded arms of the wheelchair. Her grey head swung round in bewilderment, eyes like over-ripe Victoria plums.

"She's wearing my blue cardigan and pink dress," she croaked angrily, "chase them."

I stopped the wheelchair and swung it round in a flash. With invisible spurs Ma urged me forward. I surveyed the situation from a tactical point of view. The road swung to the right...it would be a clever ploy to cut them off and appear from the front once more so that I could confirm my mother's suspicions.

So instead of keeping to the roadways as common sense dictated, I commenced a diagonal course of interception. We didn't have too much trouble negotiating the coal dump, which

I took at a steady trot, skidding the wheels on the coal dust as I swung round the heaps of coal. I don't think we were supposed to go through the male geriatric ward, but we shot through so quickly that I don't think my mother had time to get excited.

Now I don't know whether my mother had alerted the quarry with her initial shout of frustration, but as we hurtled up the main thoroughfare between the wards I spotted the man, fifty yards away. He stopped and looked at us in stunned incredulity. Perhaps it was the sight of my mother banging the side of the wheelchair with her box of paper handkerchiefs, or her throttled bleat of "Stop Thief" ...it could even have been the sight of my tongue hanging down like a red-spotted cravat. Whatever it was that startled him, and something definitely did, he burst through the swing door once more, his aged passenger adopting the semi-prone position, and turned right.

Of course, I wasn't going to be outwitted by that elementary deception. I swung around 180 degrees, and as the return along the corridor was down hill, I stepped onto the rear axle for a momentary rest. We gained speed alarmingly, and the way I swung sharply left as we approached the wall at the "T" junction made me break out in a cold sweat. We skidded for a dozen yards, zigzagging wildly before I regained control. I stopped at the door and peered surreptitiously through the small window, hoping to see the quarry creeping furtively by.

Unfortunately, I also saw the minibus parked nearby, the driver and women passengers looking round anxiously, the driver frequently looking at his watch.

"Sorry Ma," I panted. "I've got to go home now, the minibus is waiting."

Trying to appear casual, but dripping with sweat, I returned my frustrated charge to the beautiful nurse.

See you next week, Ma," I panted. I wiped the back of my hand across my forehead, and saw the sweat was sprinkled with coal dust.

I staggered across to the minibus...

-- John Berry, 1979

Last year was not a good one for fanzines, all in all, but 1980 is off to an even worse start judging from the low number of zines that have come in since New Years. Unless we don't have a summer slump this year, look forward to only about 300 issues, or about two feet if you happen to get most of what's going around. In my estimation the following are probably the best I've gotten in the last month and a half:

SPACE JUNK 3 - Rich Coad, 251 Ashbury St. #4, San Francisco, CA 94117. Rich, starting off life as an English fan, has mutated to something pretty odd, his zine having a definite punky feel, reminiscent of Bruce Townley. The highlight of this third issue is inarguably Kev Smith's long Seacon recollections, including a detailed account of the Jacqueline Lichtenberg Appreciation Society. Mike Glycer's "My Life in Women's Underwear" runs a pretty good second to this, and art by Delmonte and Bryan contribute to the delinquent atmosphere. The tipped-in Superman card, however, I hesitate to mention, being beyond the pale even for creative degeneracy.

HOLIER THAN THOU 5 - Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave. #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601. Marty's zine has been improving over the last two issues after a somewhat slow start. This issue is back to random illustra-



INDEX EX
PURGATOR
IUS TARAL

tion after a successful experiment with having Joan Hanke-Woods do all the art for the previous issue, and one notices the overall drop in quality in this department. Yet, there is as much good art as inferior, and this too marks an improvement. The written material this issue is at least holding its own. Milt Stevens' Battlestar Galactica pastiche, and Mike Glycer's column probably form the backbone of the zine, along with a lengthy letter column.

QUINAPALUS 4 - M.K. Digre, 1902 S. 4th Ave, Minneapolis, MN 55404. Quinapalus is a pretty daffy zine, sometimes just a little too much so. This issue is readily straightforward, with an excellent spoof of Gernsbackian scientifiction by John Bartlet. As usual, the most striking thing about Digre's zine is the Ken Fletcher artwork. Since Rune ~~folded~~ ceased being edited by Fred Haskell, the Minn-Stf look has been kept alive best in Quin's pages.

THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRITING - Cheryl Cline, 1621 Detroit Ave, #23, Concord, CA 94520. I might have rated this one higher than 4th except that its major preoccupation is so exotic. This issue more than last concerns itself with punk and new wave music, to the point where a casual interest can no longer keep up. Almost unique to this issue of this zine is the frequent use of rubber stamped art in different coloured inks. A porky prime fanzine, to quote Cheryl's paraphrasing Porky...

MAD SCIENTIST'S DIGEST 7 - Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd, #207, Detroit, MI 48219. It looks like Brian's most ambitious zine to date, but its material is less organized than MSD 6, leaving me unable to rate one higher than the other. Certainly the zine is colourful, with two and three colour separations. As usual, though, Brian's layout sense frustrates much of his mimeo technique. Buried throughout the several letter column segments are three fairly good articles by Cy Chauvin, Eric Mayer, and Brian, plus other sundry writing by the editor. Most of which is of the "what I did for summer vacation" sort that is not strong enough to carry a zine by itself. A very good attempt; only partly successful.

DREAMSCAPES 13 - Keith Fenske, 3612-107 St. Edmonton, Alta. T6J 1B1. I've been meaning to review this strange little fanzine for months. It is unlike any other zine I know insofar as it is largely fiction but not science fiction, and is quite readable. It is not a fanfiction zine. Keith writes all of it himself, and doesn't purport to be an (imitation) prozine. I don't intend to say anything more about Dreamscapes as, in general, the issues best speak for themselves.

JANUS 16 - Jeanne Gomoll & Janice Bogstad, SF³, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701. Generally, Janus is a pretty good-looking zine, and this issue is no exception, with many good artists contributing. Exceptional material was provided by Stu Shiffman and Jeanne Gomoll - respectively, a parallel world sf film history and a comic strip (in collaboration with Richard Bruning). Ctein's column also stands out, though not so prominently. The rest of the issue is composed of undistinguished book reviews, obligatory interviews with minor women sf writers, more reviews, minor editorials, a minor con report, and more reviews still, minor of course.

XENOLITH 3 - Bill Bowers, 2468 Harrison Ave, Cincinnati, OH 45211. This is the latest issue of Bill's post-Outworlds zine, and it is amusing to read his letter writers pretending that they're still getting an Outworlds quality zine. Much of this Xenolith is taken up by a letter column in desperate need of editing. Not even Bill can get away with leaving in this amount of empty flattery without deserving a rebuke. Another large chunk of Xenolith is filled by an interview of Spider Robinson that I can't really complain about, and another chunk by Billy Wolfenbarger's poesy surrealism which strikes me as tedious posturing, though it's obviously to Bowers' taste. Following all this, Bowers himself writes so personally what might well be the most interesting part of Xenolith 3 that it seems out of place in a zine with the distribution I think it has. Appearance-wise, nothing can be faulted (though one gets the impression that one is reading a petrified issue of Outworlds). The annoying thing about accusing Bowers of resting on his laurels or pretention is that I'm sure he simply will not care... he's said often enough only his friends matter.

I don't often review fanzines, rating them in order like this, and if I were foolhardy enough to do it again, I might not even rate the same zines in quite the same order.

But change is good for the soul, they say.
Any maybe I have a point to make... I'll
leave it for you to guess what it is.

--Taral

HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

Joe Siclari - 4599 NW 5 Ave, Boca Raton,
FL 33431
Bill Bowers - 2468 Harrison Ave, Cincin-
nati, OH 45211
Terry Newcombe - 3-61 Stewart St., Ottawa,
Ont. K1N 6H9
NorCon Society (Calgary) - PO Box 475,
Stn G, Calgary, Alta. T3A 2G4

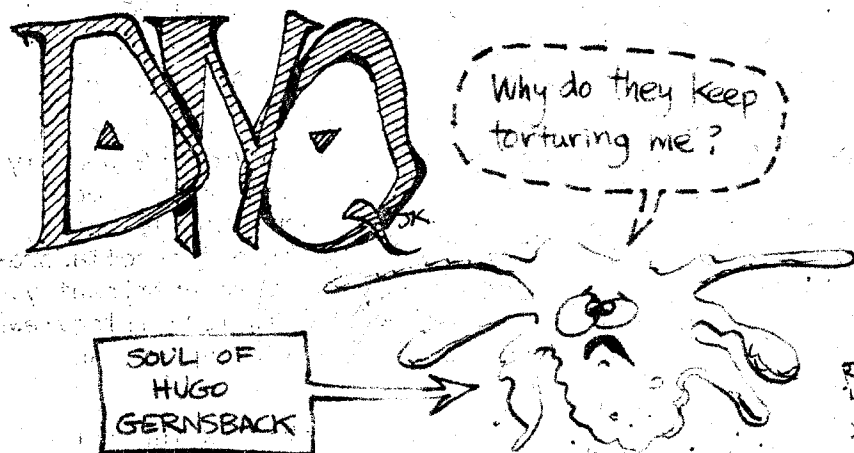
PARTING SHOTS

Art this time by Taral & Jim Barker (logo),
Jim Barker (3,4,5), Taral (6,8), Ken Flet-
cher (back art), Jason Keehn (back logo).
Collating help from Bob Wilson and Bob
Hadji. The ordeal is over; next year a
Correcting Selectric and NO wax stencils!

F.Y.I. CONTINUED

NEW REPRINT RECORD Gary Farber has obtained
permission to reprint the Arnie Katz & Rich
Brown edition of the Willis-Shaw Enchanted
Duplicator. This 6th edition, using Arnie's
and Rich's stencils, will have the Ross
Chamberlain illos, if ... if after the un-
expected British 4th edition, and the 5th as
part of WARHOON 28, people feel the need for
another. Gary asks that interested fans
drop him a line at 602, 12th Ave. E, Seattle,
WA 98102 [(206) 324-9857]. (Gary Farber)

BLATANT EXPLOITATION! Baltimore, in an
effort to overcome the enormous cost of
mounting a Worldcon, has begun a policy of
selling backrubs for \$1 each at their bid
parties. The debut of this moneyraising
scheme at Confusion was highly successful,
if not at raising vast amounts of revenue
then at least in requiring the vice squad
to break up the orgy Monday morning...
(Scott Dennis assisted somewhat by a per-
verted imagination...) -Taral



FROM:
VICTORIA VAYNE
PO BOX 156 - STN D
TORONTO, ONTARIO
CANADA M6P 3J8

DNQ 28 - March 22, 1980

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1980 TAFF BALLOT

What is TAFF? The Transatlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly sent North American fans to European conventions and brought European fans to North America. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation of not less than \$1.00. These votes and the continued interest of fans are what makes TAFF possible.

Who may vote? Voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom (clubs, fanzines, conventions, etc.) prior to July 1978, and who contributes at least \$1.00 (50 pence) to the fund. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted. Only one vote per person is allowed -- no proxy votes -- and ballots must be signed. Details of voting will be kept secret; write-ins are permitted. Money orders, postal orders and checks should be made payable to the administrators.

Deadline: Votes must reach the administrators by April 12th, 1980.

Voting details: TAFF uses the Australian system which guarantees an automatic runoff and a majority win. You rank the candidates in the exact order you wish to vote. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority, the first-place votes of the lowest-ranking candidate are dropped and the second place votes on those ballots are counted. This process goes on until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for second and third place on your ballot. It is also a waste of time to put one name in more than one place.

Hold Over Funds: This choice, similar to "No Award" in Hugo balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no TAFF trip if the candidates do not appeal to him, or if he feels that TAFF should slow down its trips. "Hold Over Funds" may be voted for in any position you wish.

Publicity: TAFF normally appeals for donations, but this year we're appealing for publicity and more voters. Though we're always grateful for extra cash, we'd be even happier if it came in the form of an extra vote -- and you can help by publicity and persuasion in fanzines, letters, convention booklets -- and by word of mouth at local groups and fan gatherings. Extra ballots for distribution are always available from the administrators.

Candidates: Each candidate has promised, barring acts of God, to travel to the 38th World SF Convention in Boston. They have posted bond and provided signed nominations and platforms which are reproduced overleaf, along with the ballot.

Send ballots and contributions to:

North American Administrator

or

European Administrator

Terry Hughes
606 N. Jefferson St.
Arlington, VA 22205
U.S.A.

Peter Roberts
18 Westwood
Cotton, Starcross
Nr Exeter, Devon, UK

Reproductions of this form are encouraged, provided the text is reproduced verbatim.

JIM BARKER: After lurking for years on the fannish sidelines, Jim burst into view in 1976 by illustrating for Maya (that notorious Hugo-nominated genzine). Since then, he's been a prolific supplier of high-class, witty fanart to many places, including Twll-Ddu, DNQ, Drilkjis, Nabu, Gonad the Barbarian, Maya, Mota, and publications of the BSFA (British SF Association). His co-authored cartoon strip "Half-Life" (with Chris Evans) has an enormous following in Rutland; he is fan GoH at the 1980 U.K. Eastercon. Jim is large, bearded, partially drunk, somewhat inaudible, and like all the best U.K. fans is a convivial Celt (i.e. Scots): he has thus topped the Checkpoint poll (as fan artist) and received both Hugo and FAAn nominations. It's obvious that Jim is uniquely qualified to be the 1980 TAFF delegate.

Nominated by: *Harry Bell, Brian Earl Brown, Rob Jackson, Dave Langford, and Taral.*

DAVE LANGFORD: After lurking for years on the fannish sidelines, Dave burst into view in 1976 by publishing Twll-Ddu (that notorious Hugo-nominated personalzine). Since then he's been a prolific supplier of high-class, witty fan-writing to many places, including Mota, Inca, Gonad the Barbarian, Nabu, Drilkjis, DNQ, Twll-Ddu, and publications of the British SF Association (BSFA). His co-edited sercon fanzine Drilkjis (with Kevin Smith) has an enormous following in Liechtenstein; he has featured on many U.K. con committees and programmes. Dave is tall, clean-shaven, partially sober, somewhat deaf, and like all the best U.K. fans is a convivial Celt (i.e. Welsh): he has thus topped the Checkpoint poll (as fan writer and editor) and received both FAAn and Hugo nominations. It's obvious that Dave is uniquely qualified to be the 1980 TAFF delegate.

Nominated by: *Jim Barker, Mike Glycer, Leroy Kettle, Bob Shaw, and Victoria Vayne.*

* * * * *

I vote for (list 1, 2, 3):

_____ Jim Barker
 _____ Dave Langford
 _____ Hold Over Funds

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Enclosed is _____ as a contribution to TAFF (make payable to Terry Hughes or Peter Roberts, please, and not to "TAFF").

If you think your name may not be known to the administrators, in order to qualify for voting, please give the name & address of a fan or fan group to whom you are known:

Name & address: _____

Please read Publicity note overleaf.