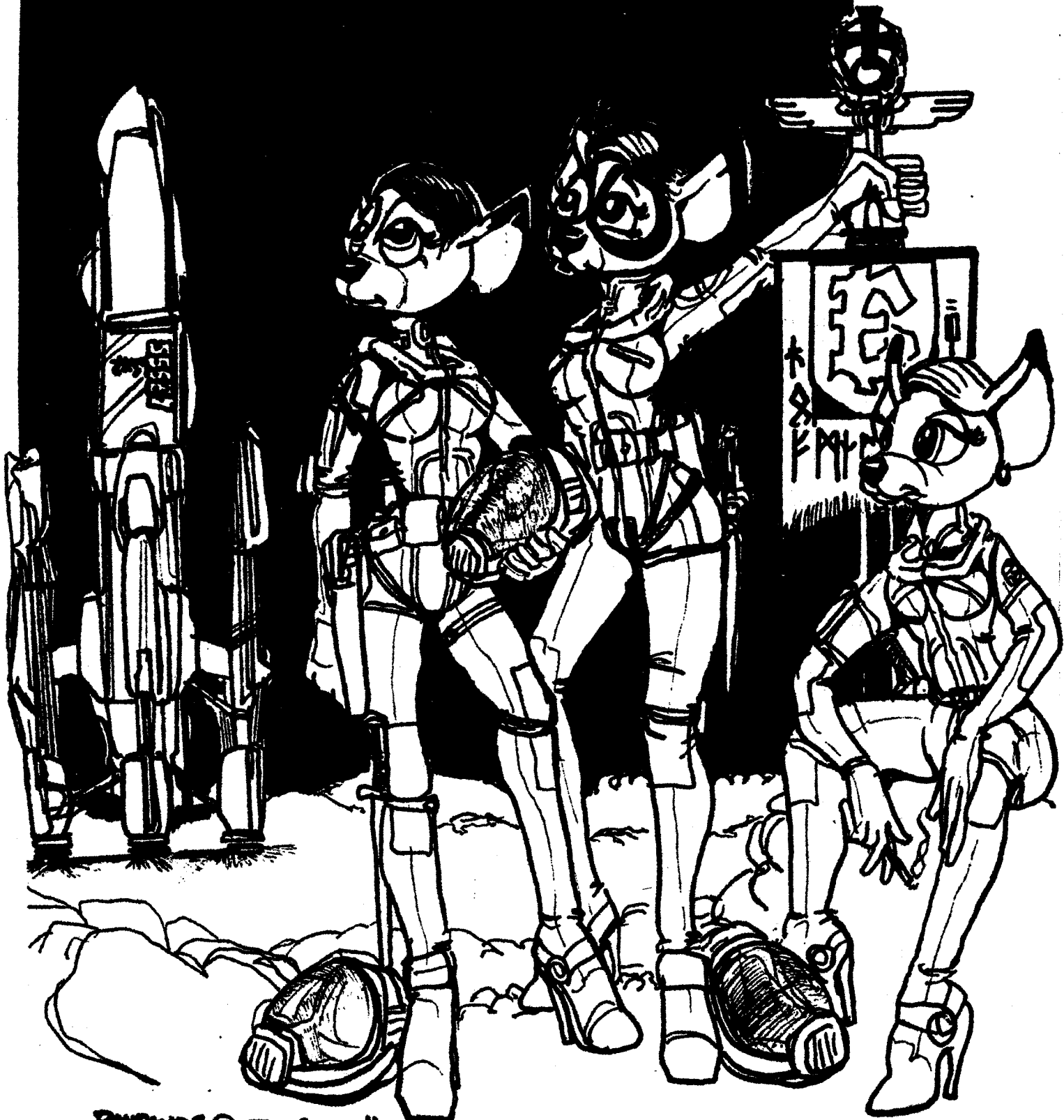


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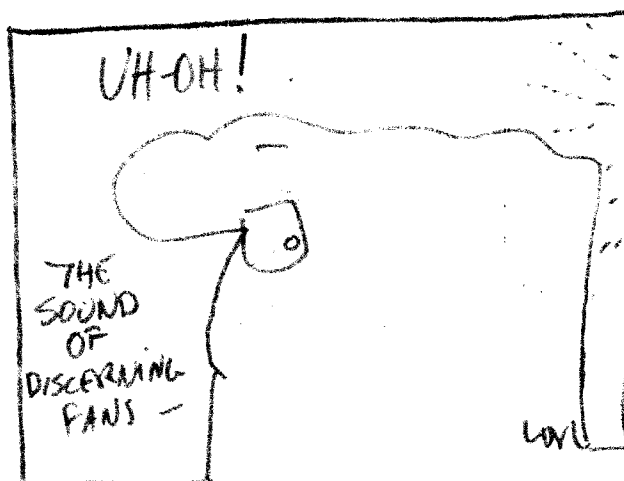
BAMBOIDS © JERRY COLLINS 1980.

THE NEGOBOOS

Fandom's Only Non-Partisan Poll

1. Best new fan protege of 1984.
2. Best fan poll of 1984.
3. Best dead fan of 1984.
4. Most boring Australian zine of 1984.
5. Most boring spectator sport of 1984.
6. Most vicious nice-guy in fandom.
7. Nicest hot-head in fandom.
8. Most non-existent fan of 1984
 - a) Wally Snake Mind
 - b) Cesar Ignacio Ramos
 - c) Saara Mar
 - d) D. West
9. Most unpopular BOF of 1984.
10. Greatest loss of reputation in 1984.
11. Least appropriate nomination for Best Fanzine in the 1985 Hugos.
12. Most awaited final issue
 - a) Innuendo
 - b) Void 30
 - c) Warhoon 31
 - d) Class Act 2
 - e) Fancyclopedia III
 - f) DNQ 34
 - g) New Canadian Fandom 7
13. Least contested Taff race of all time.
14. Most profitable con of all time.
15. Concom most non-committal about profits of all time.

Fill in your nominations on any reasonable facsimile of the printed ballot and don't bother to mail it to 1812-415 Willowdale Ave, Willowdale Ontario. I can pretty much guess the results anyway...



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December 1984 -- The Non-sequential Fanzine

© Taral Wayne, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave.
Willowdale Ontario, m2n 5b4 (416) 221 3517

Those of you who are perceptive may notice a number of chronological absurdities concerning the last two issues of DNQ.

For one thing, this issue is published several months after the last issue, DNQ 34. Yet the contents page of DNQ 34 is dated October 1983. How it happened is that I had a cover for number 33 back in 1980. When it became clear what an ambitious issue I'd bit off to chew, I decided it should have artwork of my own as a cover, but I had already printed covers of DNQ 33 with Jerry Collins art. So I decided to publish separate issues, and the ambitious one would be number 34.

Time passed. Deadlines came and went like lost civilizations. Finally I began to print, in October 1983. Little did I guess that printing would only be finished hours before leaving by plane for LA, in August 1984. I would have laughed out loud if told that only 40 copies would be collated that summer, and that the other 185 would have to wait until November. Or that I'd put together DNQ 33 after that, in three days...

You may find this issue's contents a bit hard to explain. I don't intend even to try, since the editor who chose some of the material is another person lost three or four years in the past. As science fiction fans, though, we all know that the past can't be changed.

Fandom has been defined many times by many people as many things. It has been said to be a taste, a feel, a colour, and a family, but it is none of these things as each of these attempts to capture the essence of fandom is merely descriptive. What will only do is a prescriptive definition, and I don't mean paregoric...

The classic fanzines such as Quandry, Hyphen and Oopsla! have much in common, but little that we can identify as the root of their faanishness. They were all pubbed on mimeo paper, stapled together at one edge, and were written in English most times. But so are most church bulletins, pamphlets for fascist rallies, and McDonald's franchise newsletters. These are rarely faanish, so the quintessential factor must lie elsewhere. My belief is that the quality that sets fanzines apart from their mundane counterparts is the maintenance of a gestalt, and a distinct aesthetic.

The aesthetic is easily appreciated. Whereas a mundane publication isn't good until it reaches professional standards, often a fanzine is hurt by professionalism. The faanish aesthetic prescribes certain techniques which can be excelled at without vast sums of money. Talent and care suffice. Eschewing on-stencil artwork and lettering guides may only let other standards than faanish apply and invite odious comparisons with Playboy. The further removed from the model aesthetic a zine is, the more it is in peril of stripping itself of its faanish quality, and the more careful its editor must be to maintain appearances.

The gestalt is more difficult to explain. It includes several elements such as spontaneity, absurdity, and excitement. But the most important element in the gestalt by far is the formation of an inner circle, a stable of writers, artists and letterhacks that will embody in miniature the spirit of fandom. The contributors should constantly interact and generate personality as if they were live and together before the reader. One faanish zine by itself, though, is probably too isolated. The gestalt is stronger if there are two zines constantly referring to each other and the contributors. Three zines are even better. And it is best if the contributors are all the same people. Thus can a half dozen people create the illusion of enormous amounts of fanac and for a time be the center of attention of all fandom as its focal point.

Many reasons contribute to the decreased faanishness of today's fandom. It can be pointed out that too many contemporary editors pursue eccentric courses and never establish the essential gestalt of tie-ins and in-groupishness. Uncommunicative loners instead of interacting fans. More important, perhaps, is the disintegrating aesthetic. It is almost exceptional to publish a zine on twiltone by mimeo in this day of cheap xerography, offset reduction and computer printout, and lamentably "professional" practices such as sidebars, dropped headings and cover blurbs are becoming prevalent. One particularly pernicious encroachment on the faanish preserve has never been commented on to my knowledge, and it is about time someone spoke out against it.

Of late more and more fans are resorting to duplicated address labels. It started as a convenience with sheets of peel-off stickers you could roll into your typer and type out your mailing list. From this largely harmless though graceless practice it became common to run off ditto copies onto labels. This is clearly a mass-production technique unbecoming to the faanish aesthetic and leads naturally to computer generated labels and other degeneracies. Prominent technofans have preached utopian visions of a future in which fanzines would no longer exist except as electronic impulses available only through computers.

Fan awareness of itself is so low that it is necessary to expand on this. At one time the danger would have been immediately obvious, and it is a symptom of how close we are to our downfall that this is no longer so. The danger, of course, is that mass produced labels are professional practices, that they will adulterate the unique faanish experience with values from the competitive world. Today xeroxed labels; tomorrow nationwide newsstand distribution and mafia control. Let File 770 and The Monthly Monthly use an addressograph without rebuke and soon it will be your turn to be rebuked for not publishing interviews with Barry Longyear or articles on writing by Darrell Schweitzer.

Aside from the moral dangers, there is your artistic integrity at stake. All mass-produced address labels look alike -- they have no character. But each and every fan has a handwriting style that is unmistakably his or hers, and tells much about their personalities. One issue the addresses may be written hurriedly, on another leisurely, on a third by another hand, giving tantalizing hints of the circumstances of each issue's creation.

But it is irrefutably the faanish tradition we must preserve. Xerox and print-out labels were never used by the giants of fanhistory, and what was good enough for Laney, Burbee, Willis and Berry is good enough for us.

THE TARALTORIAL IMPERATIVE



JOHN BERRY

Most of us, at one time or another, have had passing moments of terror, or horror ... it's all part of life. When it's all over, and the psychiatrist has pocketed his fee, perhaps (even though in moments of solitude we relive those fearful happenings) we can laugh or even boast about it to an admiring group. Then, when you've told your story, you can see their minds racing feverishly, trying to stir up the grey matter, so that they can tell a story, be it true or untrue, which is even more horrible, eerie or macabre. Thus the early hours of the morning creep round, and we have to furtively creep to our respective beds, looking anxiously over our shoulders for the things that go 'bump in the night'.

I've had my moments ... and even though I haven't got any grey hairs, one really terror-laden night sticks in my memory, and if it is true that complete horror can cause the hair to whiten overnight, by rights I should now be nick-named Snowy.

As a prelude, I must take one paragraph to describe one minor night of terror. This was before I was married. I was in the army, in England, and I had travelled over to Belfast for Christmas, to be with my (then) fiancée Diane, at her parent's home. They had a big party, lasting for three days. Sleeping accommodation was cramped, and I had to sleep with two other male guests. I was in the middle ...

This nerve-shaking scream woke me up, and at the same time I felt cold fingers clutching round my neck. The chap on my right was having a nightmare and I seemed to be the personification of what he'd been dreaming about. His eyes were wide (I've never seen such eyes) and the moonlight gave his face a deathly pallor. The other chap, who seemed to know the form, gripped him by the back of the neck, unclenched his fingers from round my Adam's Apple, and dumped him on the pillow. In my subconscious, I recollected that the nightmare was heralded by mumblings and heavy breathing, so each time my sleeping companion gave the slightest suggestion of anything more than a grunt, I coughed and eased myself around with as much movement as possible, to rouse him from whatever irked him.

Next morning, I didn't say anything, but just gave him back the five pounds I owed him. I'm not exactly a fool, but ...

But now to my real night of fear ...

I had been in the army about a year. It was 1945. I'd been to a dance at a town about ten miles from camp ... I'd walked all the way back, climbed through a gap in the hedge and surreptitiously made my way back to my hut. It was a long hut, of wooden construction, and it housed about twenty soldiers ... the crude single beds along both sides, facing each other, were full of sleeping soldiery ... I slept close to the door, halfway down one side of the hut.

I felt fine, but tired. It was a wonderful feeling, to have undergone considerable physical exertion (in addition to the walk back) and then to lie back and think all about it. I was thirsty. I crept out of bed, took a mess tin out of my equipment under the bed, opened the door across to the Ablutions, poured ice-cold water into the tin, tiptoed back to the hut, and sneaked into the barely-warm bed again. I had a sip of the water ... it was delicious. I knew I had only about three hours sleep in front of me, but I was so superbly fit in those days that I knew I would wake up refreshed when the idiot blew his bugle at 6:30 am.

I took another sip, allowed the water to trickle down the cracks in my tongue. The details are so lucid in my mind, you see, and I suppose they'll always be. I put the tin under the bed, snuggled down in amongst the blankets, my hands behind my head, tingling with anticipation of a few hours snatched sleep, and thinking why I'd missed the transport and had to walk, and would I see her again ... but I'm not going to put that in my memoirs.

The scene then ... dark room, but with enough moonlight to see details without too much eye-strain ... maybe just after 4 am ... the odd snore, the slight movement, a cough ... and me near to sleep ... when it happened ...

Understand there is no gripping climax here; I'm just truthfully describing a few moments which have stamped themselves on my mind ... there are even tears in my eyes as I describe this, because I'm really re-living it, like I said in the first paragraph back there. You might say, "Christ, that's nothing", but you weren't there ...

In the bed opposite me, the blankets suddenly grew, like a pyramid. Slowly. A face was at the top, a white face, with a bewildered expression in its eyes. The blankets dropped. He had his white vest on. He looked, or so it seemed, straight at me. For perhaps a min-

ute. It seemed like hours. Then he slowly got out of bed.

And then it started.

He moved to the next bed, gripped the blanket near the face of the sleeper, pulled the blanket back for about twelve inches, and then, like a zombie, he lowered his face so that his eyes must have been a couple of inches from the eyes of the sleeper. A few seconds, and he drew upright again, replacing the blankets. I hoped he'd nip back into his bed again. But no such luck. He moved to the next bed ... then the next, and each time his limbs moved stiffly, as if he had little control over them, he lowered the blanket to clear the face, and he gave with the peepers.

Well, frankly, I was interested in this phenomenon. I wondered what the hell was wrong with him? I recall that I appraised his behaviour clinically. Just what was he doing? Then my heart stopped. He'd reached the end of the room ... then he crossed to the first bed on my side of the room, half a dozen beds away, and he started the same procedure all over again ... then to the next bed, and, my eyes wide with pure dribbling terror, he reached the bed next to mine. I clicked my eyeballs across to see him. It sounded to me like billiard balls clicking.

His face was grim, as though he'd gritted his teeth. His eyes were like red-hot coals. I know that's a worn cliché, but nothing else can be so explicit. He'd looked into the face next to me; then he crossed to my bed.

I couldn't move. I was in a cold sweat. I didn't move, just slid my eyes to look up at him. His hand came up, clutching ... cold fingers dragged the blanket halfway down to my chest. Then his head grew large ... it was truly a terrible experience ... and there were his eyes ... all I could see were eyes ... wide open ... vacant. Quite honestly, if he'd winked, I'd have been out of that bed and still running. I didn't move for a variety of reasons. One was that he was obviously in a somnolent state, it could have been bad for his heart if he'd been woken suddenly in these circumstances. Another was that perhaps he might have become violent, and I was nearest to him. The main reason was, I must confess, was that I was utterly and completely terrified and could not move.

Time, to flog another well-worn cliché, stood still. And the silence seemed to boom. If you've been in a similar predicament, you'll know what I mean ...

Then his head lifted, he replaced the blankets roughly, once again his icy fingers rasping across my face, and he moved to the bed on the other side of me.

He eventually completed the circuit.

He got back into his bed, sort of laboured, and then he gave a low moan. Once more the blood chilled in my veins. It was the most despairing sound I have ever heard ... low ... tired ... frustrating ... tortured ... He lay down, and I blinked a couple of times, and wriggled my toes. I would have loved to have sipped some more cold water, but I was too scared to move. And then I heard one more sound, which reassured me a little. Further along the hut, on my side of the room, someone exhaled, and it came from his toes. I exhaled too. I felt a communion with the other poor soul who, presumably, had suffered as I had.

Next morning the sleep-walker didn't seem to suffer any ill-effects. He was as happy as the rest of us. He was bigger than me, too, so I didn't make fun of him or discuss his demeanour with the other men. I didn't even attempt to discover who was the other silent and petrified witness.

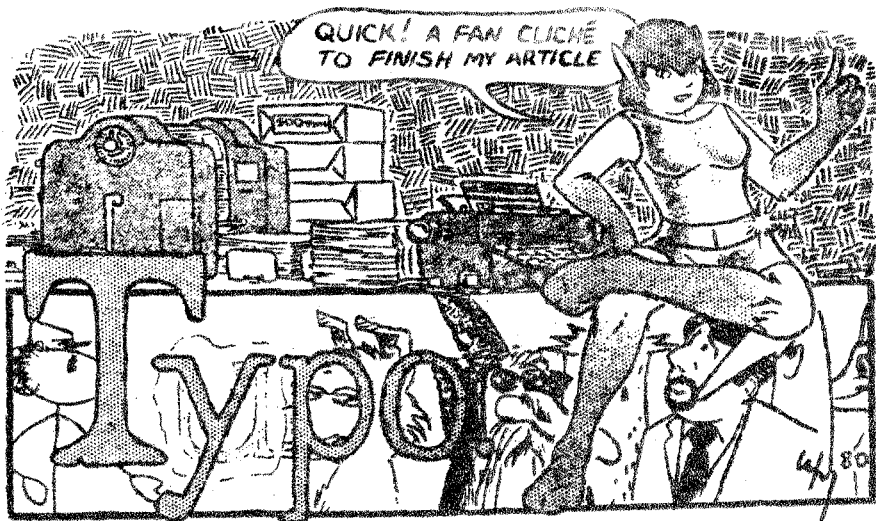
But I've often thought about it ... what exactly was he searching for? What tortured thoughts had nagged his subconscious mind into this harrowing safari ...?

Had he been abandoned as a baby, and deep down, it still troubled him?

And has he ever finally seen the face he's been seeking, or even now, wherever he is, does he still nip from bed to bed?

And most thought-provoking of all, what happened, or what will happen, when, deep down, the face before his unseeing eyes registers ...

So sit there and sneer. I said it wasn't much of a story, with no climax. But I swear it really happened ...



Reading DNO's 25, 29 and 30 all at once was an interesting experience. All three issues plus the two TYPO's were quite readable from cover to cover (something not always true of newszines) though the best parts were frankly not the news. The peaks of all three issues were Taral's articles and John Berry's articles, followed closely by the Shaw and Tucker reprints. The peak artistic material is without question the "record" in DNO 25. If there was a FAAN award for Best Single Fanzine Piece of Art, this would get it for any year I have been active in fandom. This was unique fantasy art.

- Seth Goldberg, PO Box 7309, Menlo Park CA 94025

The record floored me. Looks so damn real I thought at first it was a record. And how many of those black circles did you cut out? Must have about killed you. No wonder you were depressed.

- Eric Mayer, Spring Lake, 140F Powers Ln, Rochester NY 14624

You fooled me. I actually thought the record might be a real record. Very nice job of packaging anyway. Maybe it's one of those new supermicrogroove records that can only be played on a special microscopic sized needle, which I don't have. Is there any truth to the rumour (or any Ruth to the trauma) that Saara is sitting in on the next Martha and The Muffins record?

- Gary Deindorfer, 447 Bellevue, #9B, Trenton NJ 08618

You really had me going with the "record" of Hoy Ping Pong. I was halfway to the stereo before I realized it wasn't a real record. It just looks so authentic. Must have been a giant pain in the tush cutting all those circles of black paper out, though.

- J. Owen Hanner, 388 Jackson St., #2, Libertyville IL 60048

You know I had actually found a short-run cassette and taken the cover off my phonograph before I discovered that the "record" was a fake ... What a bummer ... The Baltimore fans did actually publish a 45 rpm back in the 60's under the Fantasy Label, a Chuck Rein folksong on each side.

- Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News VA 23605

HARRY WARNER Jr. - 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown MD 21740

The Le ZOMBIE facsimile is wonderful for a couple of reasons. First, because it's a good fanzine even after all these years, many of whose allusions should be comprehensible by today's younger fans. And secondly, because I think I was the first to propose in print such a thing as exact reproduction of entire issues of fine old fanzines, now that electrostencils and office copiers and offset are in such general use that it's quite practical. This is the only way that most fans have any chance of owning copies of the best fanzines of the past, thanks to the way prices have gone out of sight on the most-publicized fanzines.

Bob Wilson's little entertainment made me feel guilty.

The local Goodwill Industry's store had just put on display on one recent visit a couple of wooden boxes filled with 78 rpm records at 29¢ each. There must have been be-

tween 200 and 300 of them. I picked out a few classical music records I wanted, but most of the discs were popular music ranging from the 1920's to the 1950's. I asked the clerk if they intended to leave them like that, knowing how much breakage would result as soon as a few kids started to root into those heavy stacks. She just shrugged, obviously not caring. I should have bought the whole batch, knowing I could always get my money back by selling them to a dealer at the purchase price (almost any 78 rpm costs at least a buck at flea markets around here now) but I wasn't sure I could handle such heavy boxes and I'd walked out to the store instead of driving and I own entirely too many 78's of all types of music already. The next time I went back to the store, they'd removed the records from the boxes and put them atop a large table, and already I'd estimate one-third were cracked or had hunks broken off the edges. By the time the last of the batch was sold, I suspect, at least two-thirds had been destroyed and I could have saved upwards of a hundred precious old records from death if I'd been willing to go to some extra trouble. And Rob Wilson worries about breaking one.

I appreciate Taral's egoboo for me in the compliments to HORIZONS. But I don't think my FAPA contributions have been very good for nearly twenty years. I used to try hard to make HORIZONS entertaining and original, but then came the Edgar Allan Martin fuss which ruined my old verve for FAPA. Ever since I've just filled up HORIZONS with whatever I feel the impulse to write instead of thinking about other members' interests and tastes. Time after time I've thought of converting HORIZONS to a generally available fanzine which I'd use for trades, thus liberating myself from lochacking. But I hate like poison the necessity to address and mail out issues of a fanzine; in fact, one closet in an upstairs bedroom is almost filled with the leftover copies of HORIZONS (the Coulsons send me about thirty extras of each issue) because I can't force myself to send them to non-members who ask for copies or are mentioned prominently or are particularly interested in the topic in certain issues.

/I bought two 78's myself -- old Spike Jones numbers including Der Fuehrer's Face and My Old Flame -- but I cannot play them. To hear the songs I have to resort to a modern recording of Spike Jones' best and play them at 33. I have the 78's for the same reason I also have a Roman denarius, a couple of bullets from Gettysberg, and some half-a-billion-year-old fossil shells. History in the hand is worth epochs in print. The obvious solution to your reluctance to address copies of HORIZONS is to have somebody keep a mailing list for you and to type the address labels. I think, however, it's your melancholy that prevents HORIZONS from circulating outside FAPA, and no rational hindrance. Perhaps it would be easier to farm out your HORIZONS material for reprinting in other zines? /

ERIC MAYER - Spring Lake 140F, Powers Lane, Rochester NY 14624 - - - - -

The Le Zombie reprint was marvelous. For years I've said I'd love to see someone reprint an entire old fanzine (since I don't get to see them myself). Now how about a whole print run? Yes. Send out HYPHEN on a regular schedule; that way we can really experience it. You can send along a list of the books that were appearing during those years so readers can really get into the feel of the era. I will be very pleased if you and Victoria get your genzine out. There is so much good stuff already in DNQ, but you have so damn many different formats that I think fandom tends not to notice. (Surely you have printed more good material in the last year, even aside from the news, than MAINSTREAM, which is so highly regarded. I'm afraid form counts here more than substance.)

/Republishing HYPHEN on a regular schedule is an intriguing idea, but it would take the editor away from his own zine to do it. In some cases this might be an unexpected bonus, and two reasons why (fill in your choice of fuggheads) should take on the job. All in all, though, I dislike the idea that the living should be placed on the altar of the dead. In return the editor would get little. Fans are notoriously slow to subscribe. The egoboo would belong mostly to Willis and the others of Irish Fandom. And, what's worse, who writes Loos to a zine with a 20 year old Letter column? Defying logic, Richard Bergeron put the complete Willis back into print in the massive WARHOON 28 (\$25, from Dick at 1 West 72nd St, New York NY 10023)./

EARLY LOCS ON DNQ 34

Mike Glicksohn - 508 Windermere Ave, Toronto Ontario, m6s 3l6 - - - - -

It is, of course, an impressive issue, if quite dated in spots. Happily, much of the material is timeless so the issue is a fine one indeed. It might have saved some confusion, though, had you included an explanation of the fact that much of the issue was on paper (or stencil) at least three years ago. And lots happens in three years, eh?

We've never liked each other and we've never attempted to hide that fact, but I've always publicly admitted my admiration for your considerable abilities as an artist, a designer, a writer and a publisher. DNQ 34 may not be your most accomplished achievement fanzine-wise but it must be your most ambitious and it is certainly an amazing creation. There is much here that is truly excellent and the overall design and production is splendid. Your own artwork and your pastiches of other fanartists work are uniformly well-conceived and executed, so much so that there are several drawings I'm not at all sure of. It would not surprise me to learn that you are the only artist represented in the issue. There are minor flaws, of course. A surprising number of typos, for example. And the design of page 3 simply doesn't work: it's far too difficult to read slanted type of that length so communication is severely hampered. But the issue as a whole is clearly one of the most impressive fanzines to be published in years. Which isn't that surprising since it took years to publish it.

Then there are the outright factual mistakes, at least one of which is serious enough to require retraction by any serious fanhistorian. Susan had nothing to do with Kevass & Trillium, that was Rosemary Ulliyot. (She also won the posthumous Hugo in 1981, which I'm surprised you left out. In addition, I entered the Ottawa fan scene in the summer of 1967, not 1970, which was when Susan and I were married. And Nerg won the Hugo in 1973, not for the Best Fanzine of 1973. Minor mistakes but they render the material suspect.)

Other mistakes you've committed to posterity include such matters as Bower's first fanzine, which wasn't Double:Bill by a long shot. You also have him writing about the joys of sharing a poker table with his friends which will surprise both Bill and his friends since I've never known him to play poker in the fifteen years we've been friends.

Beyond that, there are things I simply disagree with you on, primarily in your fanzine reviews. You don't seem to have much of an idea of what Bowers' fanzines are actually about (they are the most intensely personal-zines since the demise of Don-o-Saur) but that's okay since they weren't written for you. What you do is criticize them for being something that they're not. But what the fuck, it's your fanzine and you can be wrong if you want and there probably won't ever be a follow-up lettercol so you're pretty safe anyway. (I was also touched by the irony of your remarks appearing in a fanzine in which you prattle on about you and your friends and describe what you did at a convention. But of course that was only a small part of the issue, so there's a difference. Of degree, though.)

Your fanish allegory was somewhat on the overwhelming side but nevertheless fascinating reading. I don't see it achieving the notoriety of The Enchanted Duplicator but not necessarily because of its more negative bias. There's a feeling of strain to the writing that mitigates against it becoming a classic. As if you were striving just a little too hard for symbolic turns of phrase. Still, it's a piece with considerable imagination and skill behind it: I certainly look forward to a separate annotated version someday, with more illustrations to complement the text. Much of it went right over my head because I wasn't as familiar with the sources being parodied as you were. (This is, I think, another reason why it won't achieve the same status as TED: one can enjoy what Shaw and Willis wrote despite not recognizing the individuals being lampooned because the stereotypes are sufficiently general. Your own odyssey, it seemed to me, was a bit too personal to have the same degree of lasting interest.)

PS. I'm 5'7".

/Yes, a lot of water has gone under the bridge in three years, sweeping our mutual enmity away with it. (Mike and I met at both the Worldcon and the World Fantasy Con and found Peace with Honour.)

I'm kicking myself for the mistake made in the Susan Wood biography, all the more so since it was supposed to be definitive, and knew that Susan had nothing to do with Kevass & Trillium. The other errors are less serious, and perhaps more understandable, but equally annoying. The omission of Susan's last Hugo was likely due to dating. I think I wrote the piece before the award was made. Fortunately there is a follow-up lettercol.

Typos are another problem that I seem powerless to prevent. The manuscripts were proofread, then typed by Victoria. They were proofread again by me, and numerous corrections made. When typos slip through a double system of checks then one can only blame a supernatural agency and admit defeat as gracefully as possible.

In fact there are eight other artists contributing to DNQ 34, if you count August Doré. But even here there's an error. The table of contents gives Terry Jeeves as the artist of the piece with John Berry's column, whereas I replaced his art with a piece by Atom at the last minute. It was such a lovely piece and so well suited for the column that I couldn't resist throwing my ToC into error. I have been a trifle

surprised by the reaction to The Miscarriage of Heaven and Hell so far. Of the six responses to the first collated copies, all have confessed the reader lost in the obscure references and Byzantine innuendo. I think, though, that

the obscurity of the Miscarriage might be more of a barrier to fans than other people. A fan expects to know about fandom, and when presented with something he can't make out he's apt to be perplexed. The two non-fans who've read the Miscarriage seemed to take the obscurities in stride as pure invention./

Richard Bergeron - 5989 Old San Juan Puerto Rico 00905 - - - - -

Surely it has to be one of the most stunning fanzines (visually) I've ever seen. A real tour de force. I kid you not. When Cesar came over, I opened the issue to the "apple" page and his jaw dropped on the floor. Surely you could be making lots of dinero as an art director or freelancing graphic designer. Anyway, I have to think back quite a ways to find anything to compare with the quiet authority with which you handled the issue and the sure grasp of just when to let go with the graphic "splash". My compliments.

Of the writing, I particularly liked the fanzine review column. I found it had a depth of asturity and was considerably stronger in the realization of its arguments than anything I recall from you in File 770, say. Very good. A Pleasure to read. The editorial held my interest at a high level all the way, too. Fascinating to find yet another paen to D. West in the form of a homage to the Astral pole. It's interesting that this pole has been given more comment, perhaps, than any other subject in convention reports in the last several years and yet this is the very pole with which US fandom wouldn't touch D. West. Fascinating. I found the Miscarriage too arcane even for me. Perhaps some other day when I'm up to all that ambition.

/For one thing, I wouldn't know a FMT from a blow-in, so that while I might imagine a design, getting on paper is another matter. I'm frequently stymied by my technical limitations. But thanks for the compliment. As a graphic designer yourself, you must realize my shortcomings better than I do. And though the issue is as a whole successful as a design, the execution could have been better. Need I point out the inconsistent quality of the electrostencilled pages that were varyingly too light or too dark. And the blurred lines throughout the Miscarriage that marked last minute revisions of the text? Not only has the Perfect Fanzine yet to be published, but also the Perfect DNQ 34./

Dave Langford - 94 London Rd, Reading, Berkshire RG1 5AU, UK - - - - -

Really must pause in my lemming-like rush to fannish oblivion, and send thanks for the Amazing Final DNQ, which was... gosh, bloody hugh, eh? It filled me with strange eschatological alarm, when I considered that Ansible is now five issues past the burn-out point for dynamic Taral & Victoria. Anyway, naturally I then turned to p.7 in search of smartarse nitpicking comments I could make, and sure enough you have me down as contributing in the loc(s) and reprint(s) department only. What about all that stunning Longford artwork... oops, wrong time-track. What about the "Ian Williams Reveals More About UK Fans" bit which you were the first, the very first to publish, for all that it got reprinted over here later. Fout, etc.

It's a good issue, though. Yes, I read all the previous 33! Enjoyed them, too. I don't remember any of the things you had me saying at Noreasscon, but I do remember the places we met, and the awesome Pole encounter. Of course the thing which must be causing you to bite your toenails in alarm at the possible response is the Miscarriage of Heaven & Hell bit, which I should probably comment on in detail, only I think I need that omitted Introduction. I've never pored through old FAPA mailings, I don't remember all that much of the Harry Warner fanhistories I've read, I only acquired The Immortal Storm this Easter and still haven't got round to reading it, I only have a partial copy of A.S.I... by now you must be staring the way Hazel did at an "Everything In The Bible Is True!" religion-peddler who visited a couple of weeks ago: she eagerly engaged our v visitor in controversy about ancient Aramaic source texts, only to learn that the evangelist had never even heard of the Apocrypha. So maybe I should defer comment until I've worked a bit harder at the subtle bits. On the whole it was fun, though I think your Hell could have done with something of the sheer scale and variety of Dante's, while all the Holmes stuff -- though engaging -- seemed to make the piece break apart in the middle, as though it should have been two separate chunks of fanfiction. I suspect you could have done better than the all too familiar routine of the time-traveller whose superior knowledge is of no avail: I mean, here's a fan, he has a cosmic mind, I'd expect a new twist from him and you, like his taking the opportunity to make over some contemporary Little Magazine into a proto-Amazing, forcing the emergence of fandom itself

earlier in time and thus warping the universe so much that (return to plot as written). What niggles at my guilty conscience is that had the fan references been more contemporary I might not have reacted a lot more positively -- and me not even an acolyte of Westian trash-the-past. Never mind, boss, it was amusing. Could be I'm exhausted after gobbling up all 47 help scream 47 pages when I opened the post this morning. You may hear more of this. Re Taff: it should be ready to skip a year from time to time, and give more campaigning time. Either that or the US race should start before the UK trip? Some sort of overlap, anyway.

/Actually you haven't read all previous 33 issues of DNO until you've read this issue. And things get more complicated still when you realize that there were 35 issues altogether... Your omission from the list of contributors of original articles was certainly a boo-boo. Would we fail to boast of a Langford article intentionally? Your comments on the Kiscarriage create interesting problems. The pacing was definitely flawed by the length of the Holmes section, but what should have been cut? Or should, heaven forbid, the later sections been lengthened? I can't agree about the lack of inventiveness on the part of Kline in 19th century London, though. The point I tried to make was that the average fan is not at advantage in a cliché SF situation, that very likely he'd react in a cliché way. The miscarriage was no pœn to fannish superiority... It was instead an attempt to put it into perspective. (Anyway, Kline creating fandom twice would have been a little redundant, would it not?) The same argument holds for the lack of scope and grandeur of fan hell, I should think. There is the question of whether this is effective writing though. I decline to answer./

Avedon Carol - 4409 Woodfield Rd, Kensington MD 20895 - - - - -

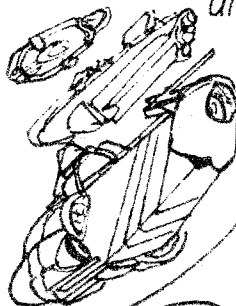
You should fan your ac more. It's good.

/The irony is that to fan my ac more I've got to retire from fanzines for a while so that I can do something to make money. No money -- no fanac. It's absurdly simple. But by and by I expect to do a zine again. You've seen mentions of it in DNO as RSN or Red Shift. The former has disadvantages such as DNO's. Whenever I see those initials I egoscan and find out that all the writer meant was Do Not Quote... Nothing about me. Red Shift was the title I used for several issues of an apazine that mutated into a per-gazine with the 7th. The advantage is that it makes a more impressive bibliography to have 7 issues already under the belt. But I've been thinking more and more lately about a fresh start, a fresh title that will also curiously refer back to my roots as a fan. With any luck the world will know what I've chosen sometime next year./

the dead past

Pete Graham now has a fish tank. We stared into it for three hours the other night, trying to figure out which of the two kissing goramis was sexier -- was the catfish really hemorrhaging or are they born bloody? -- was the water cloudy because it was about to rain in the tank? -- why did the neon tetras blink on and off "Joe's Diner" instead of "Fire Sale"? All the fish seemed happy except the hemorrhaging catfish and the trout, who looked a little uncomfortable. I still prefer furry things, like coats and kittens. -- Carol Carr, Lighthouse 12, 1965

You know what I hate about electric typewriters? They sit there humming at you, saying in their quiet sneering way, "write, you slow, dumb slob, write! I'm waiting; I'm waiting." I find it very annoying. G. Gordon Dewey, who owns an electric typewriter in addition to a sterling silver one with revamped keyboard, says you get used to it, but I dunno. What with ICBM's (that always sounds like a child finding dirties on the rug), alphabet bombs, push-button drives, instant coffee, IBM machines that play tunes, stereophonic sound, and Wurlitzers at every turn, I find life getting complicated. -- William Rotsler, Habakkuk ch.1 v.3, 1960



an Interview with

LEADER DESLOK

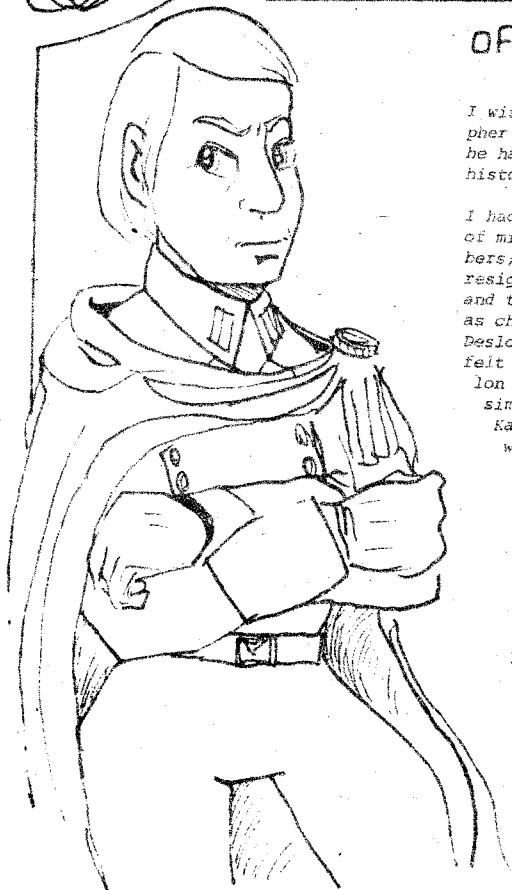
OF GAMMALON BY JERRY COLLINS

I wish to thank the earth historian/cinematographer Yoshinobu Nishizaki for the vast resources he has given myself and other terrans for the history of gammalon (also known as gorgon)

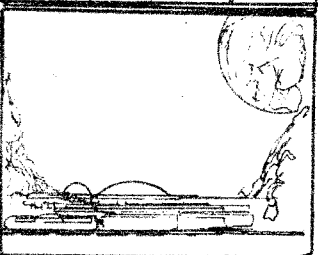
I had known Deslok through a Bambioid companion of mine who worked with many of the embassy members; in fact 5 earth days after his announced resignation as leader of the gammalon peoples, and the seating of his childhood companion Tallan as chancellor absolute for the Gammalon nation. Deslok's main reason for leaving was that he felt he was no longer worthy leading the Gammalon people, an act of great self admonishment similar to Kaiser Wilhelm II. And, like the Kaiser, Deslok bore his defeat and failure with much dignity ... the present interview is several weeks old, as of yet he has not been seen for the past 4 to 5 days, and rumours run he is somewhere in Canada seeking retribution against someone named Saara Maar (???)

J.C. (myself): Leader Deslok, now that the Bambioid regime has provided a homeland for the People of Gammalon is there any other plans that our readers may know involving your two races (the Bambioids & Gammalons)

Deslok: Yes, much and many more, as you well know the Romulans, ourselves (the Gammalons) and the Bambioids have formed the tri-ad federation, this being after the betrayal of the Romulans by their former allies the Klingons (much like gammalon was betrayed by the comet empire, and the Bambioids by the Daimirinia).

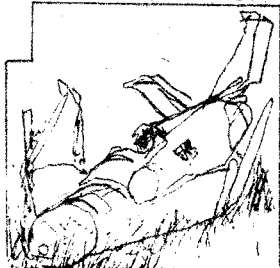


DESLOK IN HIS CADET DAYS



THE MAIN SOURCE OF KJOLAN/
GAMMALON DISPUTES...THE
MINES OF REPAZ 948

CA' KAPHA FIGHTER CRAFT
EARLY PROTOTYPE OF PRESENT GAMMALON
(CRAFT)



WRECKED
IN KJOLAN
GLEN DURING
DISPUTE.

We Gammalons have been treated very much like the Cambodian "boat people" of old Earth in the 20th century; if not for the noble Bambioids my race would have died!

J.C.: I understand that there is much bitterness between your people and the Dalmirina, in particular the Kjolans.

Deslok: Yexiah! [hell] Yes, much too much! It began as a mineral rights dispute between my race and theirs and embargoes began, riots, student protests... I myself had not received the chancellorship from my dying father (he had contracted radiation poisoning from an Earth satellite probe that was meant to be friendly) I was as you understand still at the academy at this time.

J.C.: the Bambioids tried trading with the Kjolans as well and were also embargoes for little or no reason.

Deslok: Yes, the Kjolans are a proud and stubborn race, this many times has been there in nature as many things of this people, but mind you, if given my choice of Enemy, it would be the people of EARTH...

J.C.: Why is this?

Deslok: The people of earth are perhaps the most noble in the sting of battle, for that this is, it is thus, they fight hard and believe in themselves, and have much honour, there will always be sons of iniquity in all races of beings, but not as many as thought of the "tar-ran" folk, to this day, one Derick Wildstar commander of the Argo (officially the star cruiser Yamoto) is one young man I was proud to call an adversary, and today, am proud to call my friend, yes, the people of earth have always fought hard and well, not like the cowardly hit; humiliate, and escape tactics of the Damnable Kjolans hords.**

[**hords in Gammalones is like schwein-hundt in german or monzer in giddish, and not horde as in milling group]

J.C.: Leader Deslok, why is it that you are turning your office over to your friend Tallan?

Deslok: quie nahn yoi? [you should ask] The reason is thus. As it is, due to my own misjudgment, rage, and bitterness, I had plunged Gammalon and her peoples into wells of anguish and endless agony: I am perhaps, no, I am responsible more for gammalon's defeat than the Star-force (the special force group and crew of the "Argo"). Time have changed, and gammalon no longer needs a warrior to lead her, but a man of wisdom, compassion, and great dignity, Tallan is all these things and more, I am only a soldier, and know only soldier's ways, and gammalon no longer needs a soldier. Yes...yes, Tallan is a just man, and I trust him. He has, and will bring more joy and honour to gammalon than I ever could, and will.

J.C.: So you feel you failed Gammalon?

Deslok: In many ways yes, and only a few ways, no.

J.C.: Well, you're honest

Deslok: (laughs) Well, yes, that is one of our race's attributes.
That and a fondness for fine wine.



TALLAN

Do you know that the Kjolra were once the highest exporters of wines, in this quadrant, and now, the little Ganarfs have outstripped the Kjolra in sales and quality!

J.C.: Speaking of the Ganarfs, and their allies the Cat-Bears, what is your opinion of them?

Deslok: Well, the ganarfs aren't too brilliant as races go, but I've rarely known any group of people who disliked them. Even the Kjolra have a fondness for them, I rather like the warmth and childlike trust and empathy they express, as to the Cat-Bear, next to the Bambioids, I have never met a more gracious and intelligent group of peoples.

J.C.: Do you have any Hobbies and/or pastimes?

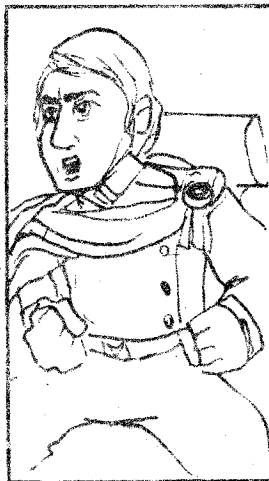
Deslok: Why, yes, weapons repair, collecting, and development; zero-sled riding, Art work collecting, Notably the old Earth Canadian artist Taral, pity he was a Kjolra sympathiser, but Poe was a drunkard and Shakespeare a lecher; ah, as far as my reading goes I'm a profuse reader of the Bambioid religionist Anitra Khal, and the Vulcan poet Zohl kash Voiss, and the previously mentioned Poe, and Shakespeare; I also do correspondence, and I have a weakness for your Earth composer, the GREAT Ludwig Van Beethoven. No musician, not even Roth or Yolie of our Garmalon can compare to Herr Beethoven.

J.C.: Thank you very much Leader Deslok, for your time.

Deslok: Ah. Ah, no, not "Leader Deslok", now, I am as I always was, merely Deslok, Deslok of gorgon, a grey prince of Garmalon.

J.C.: Peace to you sir ...

Deslok: Ahnah correh asorria [peace to thee also]



When the preceding interview came to my attention I accepted it as unquestionable truth, though in fact there were aspects to it that I didn't fully understand. In the interim, evidence has been collected by this editor which brands the interview a forgery. This calumny on the much beloved Kjolra race is the obvious attempt of another alien agency at propaganda, though for what ends I cannot say. It's to be regretted that deadlines prevent me from stopping press and finding a more reliable text to substitute for this interview. Unfortunately the only course open to me at this late date is to forward copies of Mr. Collin's figment of imagination to the relevant parties and suggest they explore the possibility of

legal action against the author. If any of the readers feel any moral outrage, they are invited to send whatever moral or material support they desire in this moment of crisis for journalistic credibility. (Checks may be made out to Taral rather than Dalmirin Legal Defence Fund.)

Taral

"Bambioids? Never heard of them, and anyway last year's vintage was exceptional..."
-- Saara Mar, attributed to her during conversation at a party held at the Provisional Dalmirin Consulate.

"We must not desert our allies in this, the shoot-out between the good guys and the evil communist bad guys on Garmalon... or is that the Kremlin?"

-- Ronald Reagan, reputed president of the United States and noted film star of B westerns.

"Another wrangle, another score, another victory for truth. Rah, truth. Just the usual diplomatic bullshit: another propagandist down the tubes. Except this propagandist used to be Leader of Garmalon. And that hurts."

-- Anonymous BNF.

Gary Deindorfer

THIS IS NOT ABOUT A BALLPEEN HANGER
Freddy Everready lives in a brown room with no furniture in it and a little lightbulb hanging in the center of the ceiling. He sits in this room for many years. His body processes have come to a halt, though his mind lurches along at its usual plodding rate. Then a great idea seizes him. What if he started up his body processes and stepped through the door of the room?

He gets up out of stasis and tests the door. It is made of matter, just like his testing hand. He opens the door. There is a hallway out there. He walks down the hallway, past other doors, all closed, down stairs, into a vestibule. He steps out onto a porch, down the concrete steps and across the street to a vacant macadam parking lot. There are no cars in it. Just Freddy. He stands there under a moon the size of a walnut. He stands there under a walnut the side of a moon. Nobody seems to be using it." He gets real hearty and worked up and rushes over to a forest that just happens to be a few thousand miles away. He chops down hundreds of fir trees with the sharp side of his right hand. He hauls the trees back to the lot on his strong back. Getting back, he blurts out, "I'm glad to be back."

He puts up a sign in front of the lot that says, "FREDDY EVERREADY'S NONHOLIDAY TREES FOR SALE HERE AND NOW."
Where did he get the magic marker to write these words on a thick sheet of white metal that happened to be lying through its teeth in the street? The magic marker was a "found object," in Duchamp's sense of the phrase. The sheet of white metal was climbed because it was There.

Freddy's trees are a hit. People buy them because they like them. Freddy sings as he sells, "It's a small world, after all."
All of his trees are soon sold. He has a lot of fake money now. He buys a house with it. A fake house? No, a real house pretending to be a fake house. A house that likes to dissimulate.
Freddy lives in that house, redolently.
What is Freddy like? He is a perky little guy, with a quirky little mind. A nice twerp, but he putters around too much with sense objects. No harm in that, though! Freddy also has unsuspected shallownesses that haven't been explored yet. They probably never will be.