

# DNQ 16



4/79

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# 1978: the year

1978 was the year of IGUANACON, of Harlan Ellison's pro-ERA stand, of new fanzines, apas and conventions, of the folding or possible folding of some fannish stalwarts among zines, of intrigues and coups and resignations and name-changings. No one thing stands out, however, and to do the year justice with little more than an outline listing of events and fanzine highlights gleaned from the newszines and to attempt to make it interesting at the same time, is not all that simple.

Some pro authors and artists and older-time fans died in 1978: Eric Frank Russell on February 28, Leigh Brackett on March 18, John Michael Rosenblum on June 28, Brian Lewis on December 4.

New fanzines came into being, and old ones, some of them long-running, disappeared. Notable premieres included Stu Shiffman's and Larry Carmody's faanish RAFFLES and Mike Glycer's newszine FILE 770 early in the year, the Lee Pelton and Carol Kennedy incarnation of RUNE in March, our own DNQ in April, Arnie & Joyce Katz's and Bill & Charlene Kunkel's FOUR STAR EXTRA and Eric Mayer's hektographed CHARM (later GROGGY) in the spring; Simone Walsh's SEAMONSTERS (a successor, sort of, to Greg Pickersgill's STOP BREAKING DOWN), Cliff Wind's KICKSHAW and Brian Earl Brown's WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG (WoFAN) during the summer, and M.K. Digre's QUINAPALUS in the fall. Lost during 1978 were TITLE, IT COMES IN THE MAIL, KARASS, SIMULACRUM, and possibly KHATRU and MYTHOLOGIES.

January saw the arrival of a couple of good genzines that might well have been spill-overs from the previous year, KNIGHTS 19 and SCIENTIFRICTION 9. With the demise of KARASS looming on the horizon, Mike Glycer launched FILE 770 as a replacement and the first issue went out on speculation to potential subscribers in that month. Around the same time, RAFFLES made its debut. Harlan Ellison's initial statement of ethical position regarding ERA, Arizona's non-ratification, and his GoHship at the Phoenix worldcon, also appeared widely at the beginning of the year.

Brian Ash's VISUAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION appeared in bookstores around February, APA-45 and SAPS appeared to be kaput, and a spectacular coup concerning APA-H was staged by Harry Andruschak versus United Fuggheads of Indiana. A fannish musical, "Rivets Redux", written by Mark Keller and Sue Anderson, was staged at BOSKONE 15, while in the mundane world, Buck Henry's QUARK appeared on the tube, an improvement at least on the science of 1999: A SPACE TURKEY but not significantly more hilarious. Pollinating orgies enjoyed a brief popularity at cons.

Around March, with TITLE 73, Donn Brazier folded his popular monthly fanzine, and Pelton and Kennedy took over the reins of RUNE. Two other noteworthy zines also appeared, JANUS 10 and XENIUM 2.7, and a fifth edition of Tucker's 'NEOFANS' GUIDE was published by Linda Bushyager. Some rumblings from Phoenix were heard involving the IGGY concom, and Greg Brown left the chair, to be replaced, after some committee jockeying, by Tim Kyger. Further east, BALTICon 12 attracted 2000 people, outgrowing its hotel and making it bigger than SUNCON, possibly the largest regional of the year. And the Women's Apa, in a vote in which the male members did not participate, eased out its remaining male members to become a closed women-only group.

In April, partly to give Mike Glycer a bit of competition, we launched DNQ on the road to infamy, with an initial bias towards Toronto Derelict gossip that faded by the fifth issue, when out of town news began to come to us in sufficient quantity to sustain DNQ as a more regular-style newszine. The FAAn nominations were announced that month, and we used them as an item in that initial issue. Noteworthy genzines arriving at around the same time were JANUS 11 and KHATRU 7.

May saw the start of FOUR STAR EXTRA, a fifth edition of Peter Roberts' guide to fanzines, and what may be the last issue of one of the best zines of the late seventies,

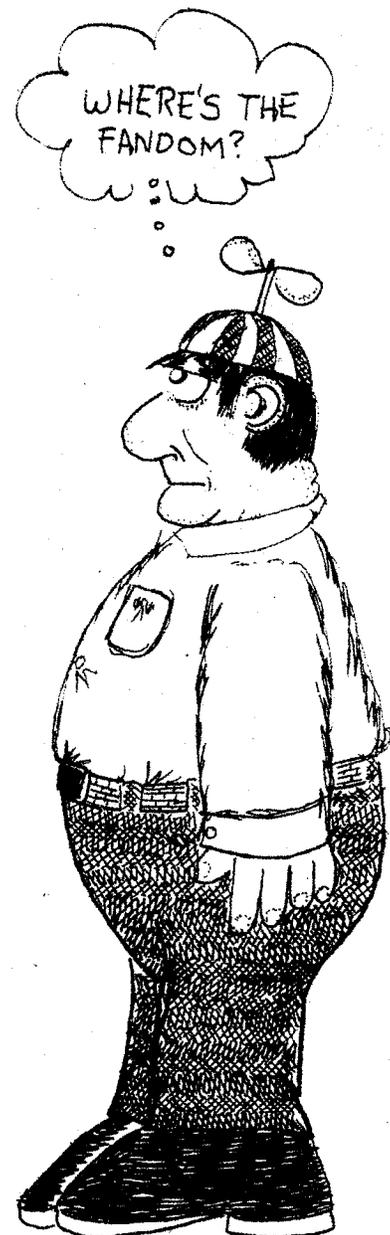
MYTHOLOGIES 14. At DISCLAVE 78, "Star Wars' Roots", a fannish musical by Alexis Gilliland, was presented, starring Avedon Carol as Darth Vader.

In June, the IGGY committee had more upheavals and Ross Pavlac's Columbus Cavalry left to be replaced by Rusty Hevelin on operations. Mae Strelkov was in the U.S. and visited fans on the east coast and in Seattle. That long-running fannish staple, IT COMES IN THE MAIL, folded with a larger-than-usual issue. CHARM (GROGGY), today's only hekto zine, made its debut. There was also XENIUM 11, containing a response by Bill Bowers to Harlan Ellison's ERA statement, and a reply by Ellison; and MAYA 15.

More than the weather was heating up by July. The Don Markstein-Harlan Ellison feud was in full bloom by then, involving essentially the incorrect accusation by Markstein of Ellison of hypocritical behaviour concerning a meeting in a non-ERA state. In Los Angeles, a local promoter running commercial sf-horror conventions snatched WESTERCON's chosen hotel for the 1980 con virtually from under their noses as part of an attempt to reduce the competitiveness of LA's fan-run conventions. Ben Bova left ANALOG to become fiction editor at PENTHOUSE's forthcoming slick, OMNI. RATAPLAN 19/20 and TWLL DDU 12 landed in the mailbox, and Brian Earl Brown published the DEREK CARTER ALPHABET for the benefit of TAFF. Closer to home, we purchased Linda Bushyager's fanzine collection complete, in possibly one of the largest within-fandom fanzine sales in recent years. Britain's CHECKPOINT Poll awarded best fanzine to TWLL DDU, STOP BREAKING DOWN, MAYA, DOT and TRUE RAT in that order; best single to TRUE RAT 10, then DOT 2; best fan writer to Dave Langford, then Roy Kettle, Bob Shaw, Kevin Smith and Greg Pickersgill; and best artist to Harry Bell, then Jim Barker, Don West, Jon Langford and Alan Hunter.

As time shortened to the moment of the convention, the IGGY committee replaced Rusty Hevelin with Gary Farber and had Ross Pavlac and the Columbus group working with them once again. The committee functions were taken over by members of the Garret, a group that included chair Tim Kyger, as well as Bill Patterson, Patrick Hayden, Teresa Nielsen, Kathi Schaefer and some others, and this group in some ways had to put a worldcon together in less than a month. Stanley Schmidt became the editor of ANALOG, Frederick Pohl's THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS was published, and LOCUS went pro by Charlie Brown's own words in an introduction to a book of LOCUS reprints. Colin Lester's INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION YEARBOOK appeared around this time, and a travel fund for Wally Gillings to come to the 1980 worldcon was announced by John Millard. SEAMONSTERS' first issue came along from Britain, and ROTHNIUM 5 also appeared that month.

September featured IGUANACON, with in the neighbourhood of 5000 attendees, the largest worldcon ever.



A KIWANIS CLUB MEMBER  
ATTEND A SFCON...



Boston won the 1980 worldcon, to be called NOREASCON 2, with Kate Wilhelm and Damon Knight as pro GoHs and Bruce Pelz as Fan GoH. The FAAn Awards for 1977 fanac went to MAYA 14 as best single issue (runners-up SIMULACRUM 7, DELTA PSI 1, and tied, SPANISH INQUISITION 10 and FANTHOLOGY 76); to Rob Jackson as best fan editor (runners-up Don D'Amassa, Terry Hughes, Victoria Wayne, Mike Glycer and Donn Brazier); to Bob Shaw as best fan writer (runners-up Don D'Amassa, Susan Wood, and tied, Mike Glicksohn and Don Thompson); to Jim Shull as best serious artist (runners-up Taral, Jim McLeod, Jim Odbert, Mike Streff and Al Sirois); to Alexis Gilliland as best humorous artist (runners-up Derek Carter, Harry Bell, Grant Canfield, Bill Rotsler, Dan Steffan) and to Mike Glicksohn as best loc writer (runners-up Avedon Carol, Harry Warner Jr., Don D'Amassa, no award and Jessica Amanda Salmonson). The fan Hugos went to LOCUS, with runners-up SFR and JANUS; and to Richard E. Geis as fan writer and Phil

Foglio as fan artist. Phil Foglio and Charlie Brown for LOCUS declared themselves out of the running for future Hugos, as did Rick Sternbach, the winner for pro artist. Richard E. Geis did not disqualify himself, however, and although due to health problems he had been negotiating with Carl Bennett or Fred Patten about the continuation of SFR, he announced that he could continue the zine himself after all. Terry Jeeves had had to postpone his planned trip to IGGY due to the sudden illness of his wife, and planned instead to come for NOREASCON. The film WATERSHIP DOWN had its North American premiere at IGGY. Sol Cohen sold AMAZING and FANTASTIC; and OMNI's first issue hit the stands. Notable fanzine premieres were KICKSHAW, and THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG (WoFAN); also appearing were GENRE PLAT 3, JANUS 12/13, and KRATOPHANY 11, and a fanthology-style collection for TAFF, OF SUCH ARE LEGENDS MADE. On the tube viewers suffered a rare treat of sci-fi, BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, and something considerably more entertaining in the Robin Williams Show, MORK AND MINDY.

October saw elected, in FAPA, Bob and Peggy Rae Pavlat as president, Mike Glycer as vice president, Jack Speer as treasurer, and Harry Andruschak as OE. SEACON announced a \$60 pricetag on a double room in the main hotel. And QUINAPALUS made its debut.

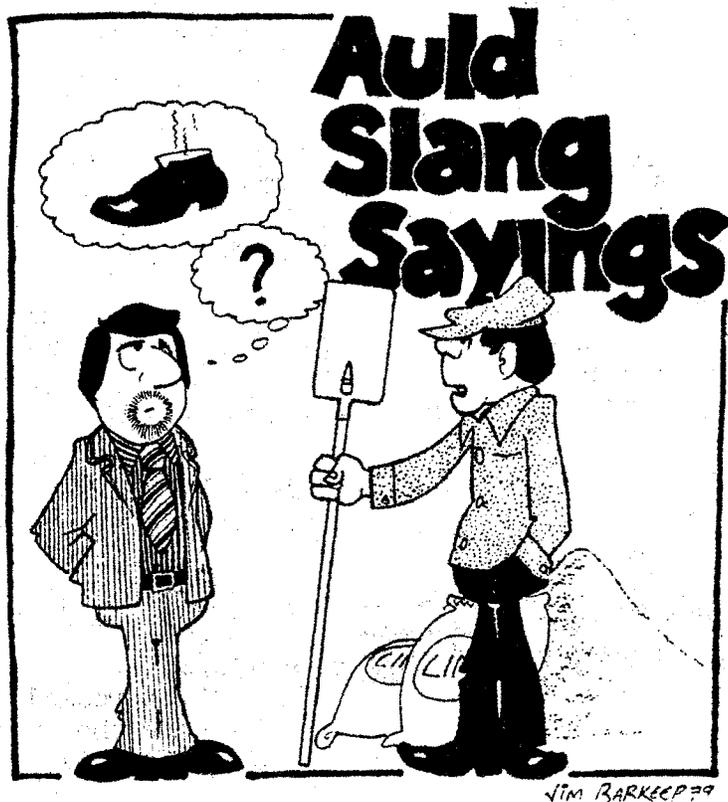
In November, LORD OF THE RINGS arrived in theatres. Ted White resigned from editorship of AMAZING and FANTASTIC with the magazines reverting to all reprints. The LAST KARASS appeared; the end of a nearly five year run of a popular fannish newszine, and Fred Haskell, Terry Hughes and Suzle Tompkins announced their candidacy for TAFF. The Nova Award for best fanzine in Britain went to Alan Dorey's GROSS ENCOUNTERS, with DOT and TWLL DDU running behind.

In December, ALGOL became STARSHIP, and the LASFS clubhouse's two buildings were named Freehafer Hall and Building 4SJ. NOREASCON's worldcon affairs and opinion forum, THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER, edited by George Flynn, appeared; and other zines published were SCIENTIFRICTION 10, MAD SCIENTISTS DIGEST 5 and SIMULACRUM 8. A New York in 86 worldcon bidding committee was formed. And the long-awaited SUPERMAN movie hit the screens, as well as a not nearly so well hyped flick, the remake INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS.

-- Victoria Wayne

*(The moving typer writes, and having writ moves on; not all your piety nor wit can lure it back to corflu half a line nor all your blog wash out a word of it.*

*--with apologies to Omar Khayyam)*



## BOB SHAW

Fanzines have played a big part in my life. For example, it was in SLANT and HYPHEN that I served my apprenticeship in the writing business under the superb tutelage of Walt Willis, and the experience I gained there enabled me to land a full-time job as a journalist, with consequent effect on the whole course of my affairs. Nowadays fanzines tend mainly to give me a guilt complex over all the locs I never get round to writing, but they also serve a useful function in that they introduce me to the latest slang.

Ulverston, where I live, is a pretty little town on the edge of the Lake District National Park, and its chief claim to fame is that it is the birthplace of Stan Laurel. By no means can it be described as the hub of the universe (can you see Stan Laurel agreeing to being born in the hub of the universe?), and the local speech therefore tends to be fixed and almost archaic in many respects, although it has its own set of merits. Beatrix Potter, who lived just up the road a bit, described it as the most beautiful in the world. I got some glimmering of what she meant when in the pub the other day I heard one of the elderly locals describing how he felt on waking up on the morning after a binge. Scorning the commonplace description of the mouth as being like "the bottom of a bird's cage", he said, "My mouth was like the inside of a lime-digger's clog."

Marvellous though that turn of phrase may be, it has no cachet to it. People who read this article won't go around saying it everywhere in the hope of making listeners think they are, or at least associate a lot with, natives of the Lake District. The situation is different with American slang expressions and popular usage. In Britain we have managed to leave behind the weird 1950's practice in which all native pop singers did their stuff with fake Nashville accents -- a diminutive Scot called Lulu being about the only one who keeps it up -- but it still means a lot for many people if in their day-to-day speech they can come out with the latest Americanism. It's a way of convincing people that you are a member of the international jet set.

The big thing, of course, is to use the word or phrase in a completely casual and natural manner, because if you were obviously trying to work it in to the conversation the whole effect would be spoiled. I'm getting a bit reactionary in my old age and that, plus my love of classic English, makes me sit up twitching like a member of the Watership Down gang when I first hear that faint odd note creeping into what I expected to be a familiar linguistic symphony.

Once when I was working on the staff of the Belfast Telegraph the job of leader writer came up for grabs, and for weeks everybody was speculating about who would get it. Everybody except me, that is. I knew who was going to get it, because I had happened to pick up the carbon of a story a young reporter on my desk had written about a meeting of some minor local committee. In a dull one-paragraph story he had managed, apparently without trying, to include the terms "viable" and "credibility gap", both of which were brand-new at that time. It was no surprise to me when the announcement of his promotion was made, but I couldn't help wondering if the senior editor had been consciously looking out for those signs of linguistic awareness, or if he had somehow been impressed without realizing what was going on.

That sort of thing has made me hypersensitive. When I was press officer for an aircraft company my office was right beside the aircraft sales department, and the people who worked in there really were jet-setters and consequently very quick off the mark with new slang. I remember vividly the exact day when one of them came into my office, made a perfunctory enquiry about an article I was writing for a house journal, then said, "There's no way you're going to get it finished in time."

The slightly strange formulation of the sentence, coupled with the note of suppressed manic glee in his voice, made me suspect immediately that I had just witnessed the start of something big. This was confirmed when I overheard him steadily working his way around the other cubicles in the office, with the emphasized no way rising above the background hubbub each time in much the same way that the note of the triangle can easily be distinguished amid the thunder of a full orchestra.

No way hit that office with all the invasive force of the Black Death, affecting everybody within a matter of hours, and at times even warping the structure of the language. The virulence reached its peak at a conference when a salesman put forward a suggestion and had it greeted with a dismissive, "No way." The salesman (the very one mentioned above) countered with, "No way! What do you mean no way? There's no way that can be no way."

The thing which sparked off this article was the recent arrival on my doormat of a fanzine published in a fit of fannish exuberance by my old buddy Chris Priest. It was called DEADLOSS, and in fourteen pages of highly enjoyable personal chat and gossip Chris twice used the phrase "laid back". I was instantly on the alert, partly because I couldn't figure out from context exactly what laid back means, and partly because my instincts told me that here was a new no way in the making. Sure enough, it cropped up soon afterwards in a trendy feature article in the Observer and I have twice heard it on television.

Thanks to the fact that I get fanzines I can be in on the ground floor in this thing. I could, if I wanted, and if only I knew what it meant, impress Ulverston society by saying that certain things were laid back. The next time one of the locals says to me that his mouth is like the inside of a lime-digger's clog I might say, "That's the sort of laid back humour I like," and chance the consequences.

The question that really intrigues me, however, is how do things like that get started? Who decided that a word like camp, which has been around for centuries, will suddenly be invested with a new meaning and significance? And when that decision has been made, and a word or phrase has been launched a new career, how do people who are in tune with that sort of thing recognize its potential and start using it themselves? Is it an in-group thing? Am I being left out of a verbal room party?

In all probability it's all part of the natural evolutionary processes of a living language, but if in the near future I read in a genzine that Chris Priest has been appointed leader writer for the Belfast Telegraph I'll develop a paranoid certainty that there is something going on.

# NEGOBOO poll results

**MOST REPETITIOUS FORMULA HACK:** 1) Mike Glicksohn; 2) Bob Tucker

**MOST SELF CENTERED FAN:** 1) Taral tied with Mike Glicksohn; 2) Guy Lillian III. Nominations in this category were plentiful, possibly for the reason that so many fans were self-centered enough to nominate themselves.

**MOST CONSCIENTIOUS PROMOTION OF BNF's:**  
1) Ben Zuhl tied with Joyce Scrivner;  
2) Mike Glicksohn

**MOST OBVIOUS PRACTITIONER/BENEFICIARY OF FANNISH NEPOTISM:** 1) Mike Glicksohn, Allyn Cadogan, C.D. Doyle, and Ben Zuhl tied.

Many voters suggested a strong connection between this question and the preceding one and next year they may be combined.

**MOST OVERRATED FANZINE EDITOR:** 1) Taral, Don Thompson, Victoria Vayne, Abramowitz, Bill Bowers, Dorn Brazier all tied. As bad as the tie in the preceding category was, this was ridiculous, so I'm tempted to declare the results meaningless. Besides, I'm not overrated...

**MOST PRETENTIOUS FANZINE:** 1) DELTA PSI; 2) SIMULACRUM. Pretentious, yes, overrated no; I voted for myself. Both Δψ and SIM won over all competitors by a landslide in our own poll, but if it's good enough for the LOCUS poll, it's good enough for us not to disqualify ourselves. Besides, we didn't want to have to disqualify 3/4 of the ballots.

**LEAST PROMISING NEO:** 1) Bill Bridget; 2) Dave Klaus, Harry Andruschak and Harry Warner Jr.!

**MOST SIMULTANEOUSLY BORING AND PROLIFIC APAHACK:** 1) Harry Andruschak; 2) Lester Boutillier. This category received the most nearly unanimous ballot, with only 11 names being proposed as compared to 26 in the widest spread category.

**MOST PROLIFIC PUTRID ARTIST:** 1) FreJac; 2) C.D. Doyle tied with Sylvia Stevens

**FANDOM'S BIGGEST NEBBISH:** 1) Bill Bridget (surprise!); 2) John Thiel and Dave Carldon. Each of these received upwards of 4 times the number of nominations received by anyone else.

At this point, perhaps it would be best to mention that the results of this poll are based on a return of a mere 10 ballots, and was counted somewhat crookedly too (I voted as I counted, weighing the result so as to be more interesting wherever possible), so please don't take the first annual Negoboo Poll any more seriously than we did. Half the motivation was to parody the sudden flurry of polls in fandom (and the other half won't bear discussion without our lawyers present).  
—Taral



# HARRY WAY WARNER DOWN JR. YONDER IN 770

*reprinted from EXIT 13 - April 1971  
edited by Tom Soyer & © 1971*

Maybe someone will produce, someday, a motion picture illustrating the history of fandom, much as Noel Coward chronicled the recent history of England in his drama, *Cavalcade*. The movie about fandom would have a scene quite similar to one in the Coward play. Two fans would stand in a hotel corridor, heads together, arguing quietly about where to go to find some action. They would be unable to think of anything else to do on this particular night of the worldcon, would agree to go to their rooms and retire for the night, and as they separated, part of the door that their heads had concealed would become visible to the spectator and the camera would zoom in on the magic room number: 770.

This September will mark the twentieth anniversary of the most fabled room party in worldcon history. There have undoubtedly been bigger, louder and more sinful orgies at later worldcons than the one in Room 770 of the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans on the first Saturday night in September of 1951. But this was the party that fans kept writing about for months and years as they've never since dwelt on any later shindig. It came at just the right time, because the fandom for the sake of fandom spirit was permeating the best fanzines of the era, and this was the kind of subject matter that the best fannish writers preferred and fanzines featured. Yet another cause for Room 770 becoming such a permanent part of fannish history: the Nolacon was a comparatively small one, the first worldcon for some fine fanzine writers, and just the right environment for such an episode to be spotlighted instead of in competition with many other activities.

Room 770 was -- and maybe it still is, if the St. Charles hasn't been remodelled -- an enormous one. It contained four single beds. One of its occupants, Max Keasler, claimed later that it was advisable to carry a box lunch and a canteen of water, if you intended to walk from one end of the room to the other. Moreover, Room 770 was situated inside a stairwell, out of the beaten path of the house detective. These physical conditions rather than the fickle finger of fate seem to have played the decisive part in the locale of the fabulous party.

Those who could remember events after it was all over agreed that the room contained only a small quiet gathering for quite a while Saturday night. But nearby, Frank Dietz had a mob in his room. His room was small and it was easy for the house dick to find. When he'd ordered the fans to quiet down repeatedly, the crowd in Dietz' room moved into Room 770 at about 11 p.m., and a legend began to grow.

Keasler claimed that his bed was the first to collapse.

Nobody bothered to keep an exact chronology on the major events during that wild night. But survivors seem to agree that at roughly 1 a.m., the supply of mix ran out, and a fresh supply was obtained from room service at a price which scandalized the celebrants. (Some idea of the St. Charles' price schedule may be obtained from the fact that you couldn't find a single room for less than \$4.50.) Frank Dietz volunteered to go out for more supplies at a sensible price. His shoes had self-destructed or something by now, but he borrowed another pair from another member of the party and obtained liquid reinforcements at a nearby drug store.

People who are experiencing a hurricane for the first time are relieved when the wind and downpour suddenly subside, ignorant of the brief respite that is provided as the dead center passes. Roger Sims was fooled in this manner around 3:30 a.m. He saw nothing in sight to slake thirst except a bottle of vermouth, the crowd had appreciably thinned, and he left to play poker elsewhere, convinced that it had been a good party while it lasted. When he returned, an unspecified interval later, he discovered his awful miscalculation.

"While I was gone there had been a parade in the room," Sims once wrote cryptically. In some undisclosed manner, this had caused one of the beds to overturn. Ed Walters was still struggling under a mattress and spring from this phenomenon when Sims got back. Moreover, Rog was amazed to see water, the most unexpected of all possible liquids, beginning to occupy a portion of the floor of 770. He traced it to the bathroom where a defective faucet was leaking into a stopped-up washbowl. A fan whose identity seems lost to us had been drinking a mixture of vermouth, creme de menthe, scotch, soda and water, had gone to the bathroom to get sick, and had used the first receptacle he had come to. Sims bailed for dear life with a water glass in one hand, and dug into the washbowl with a knife in the other hand until this part of the party was under control. There was so much smoke that it was hard to determine whether all the 325 Nolacon attendees were in Room 770 at that time.

Bob Briggs remembered little about that night, except for a 4 a.m. ultimatum by Bob Tucker that it was time to play poker, perhaps the same game that Sims visited. Emil Greenleaf said enigmatically of his experiences that night: "I haven't had so much fun since Huey Long got shot." Harry Moore, probably as a partial result of 770, was defined after the convention by Bob Bloch as "eligible to play the title role in 'The End of Science Fiction'". Sims dismissed the entire Nolacon this way: "The only parts that I thought were any good were the smoke-filled rooms." Lee Hoffman was attending her first convention; up to then, most fans had assumed that Lee was a male fan's given name and Tucker's reaction on meeting her face to face for the first time has been recorded: "I'll be damned!" She claims that the party in 770 was still going on at 11 a.m. Sunday morning when some participants decided that it was almost time for breakfast and regretfully left it.

Paul D. Cox summed up the Nolacon in a paragraph that seems to serve also as a pretty good summary of the fannish equivalent of Camelot, Room 770: "There's no doubt about it, it was pretty much of a riot," Paul wrote. "But nearly all the fans, though feeling their liquor, were able to think straight and carry on a sensible conversation. The wild antics were mostly just jokes, pulled because everyone was in a gay mood and not because they were too stinking drunk to know any better. True, a few got sick and a few went to sleep. It was just a friendly social gathering with everyone having a few more drinks than called for in a friendly social gathering.

One of the worst ironies in fandom's history is the fact that the Nolacon got into the newsreels but the cameramen weren't there at the time of the party. Movietone News #74 contained a scene involving the con's decision to vote "The Day the Earth Stood Still" the best SF film of the year. I suspect that theatre audiences all over the nation would have been much more interested in some footage from Room 770.

NOW GO BACK  
AND READ THIS!  
MORE CAREFULLY!



## IDIOTORIAL - TARAL

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This is not precisely what either Victoria or I had in mind when a year ago we launched DNQ with its first, slim, Toronto oriented issue, and looked confidently ahead to our first annish. It is not the Liblish we foresaw. Instead, this double issue of DNQ 16-17 is more like an apa mailing, with one-shots, personalzines, letter supplements, and two separate newszines. Maybe some other year we'll do a more unified Liblish, but for the record we think of this as the Liblish "Mailing". Fan historians take careful note of the table of contents. For one thing, one of the TYPOs, number 4, officially belongs with the previous issue, DNQ 15, not with the Mailing. Copies of DNKjola, a one-shot for a private apa I belong to, comes in two printings, with the second being noticeably interior due to the deterioration of the cheap stencils the one-shot was typed on. FAPA or OASIS members receiving the Liblish Mailing will be bereft of zines originally run through those apas. The number of copies of BHOWLING 2 was unaccountably lower than expected (unaccountably, hell! The AB Dick machine at BALTICon where the one-shot was printed ate every third sheet and shat out one-sided sheets!) Practically every package we mail is custom tailored to the recipient, which will be/is/was a hell of a lot of work, but necessitated by widely varying copy counts of the contents. Comes from careful slannish planning...

Sometimes we wonder whether anyone understands our trade policy, because copies of trade zines still come addressed to either Victoria or I without a copy going to the other editor. We also sometimes notice reviews neglecting one or the other of us as a co-editor. Although Toronto fandom is a hoax perpetrated by Anne Smith, a little old school teacher with cats, both of us are real insofar as the other goes and have means to deal with those who forget. We each trade individually. Victoria gets your zine; she sends one issue of DNQ. I get a zine too; and I send the subsequent issue of DNQ. Nothing could be simpler, except possibly some fans I could mention.

There is a temporary change in the offing for DNQ. Although I announced that I had pitched into work on DELTA PSI in an earlier issue of DNQ, in fact I've progressed very little on  $\Delta\psi$  since that announcement. Too many small projects keep piling up on me, including long standing commitments to supply friends with art, apazines, duties with the @#+!\$%& local club, and...DNQ every month. If I'm ever to get on with DELTA PSI I have to cut back on other fanac. As much as possible I am trying to unload unnecessary burdens, and catch up on the unavoidable backlog of things I don't want to forego. All the same, I think that for a few issues I'm going to have to minimize my involvement in DNQ. There seems to be a small reservoir of articles to fill in while I'm on sabbatical, and Victoria believes she can supply a fanzine review column. My part in the next few issues isn't clear at the moment, but even without my name in a byline on any of the contents, you can be sure my hand is in DNQ in some way, if only in selecting tidbits of fanhistory for the reprint column.

So, this time let's hope I'm not off on another false start...

--Taral

## IOCTALK

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DNQ 16 (280 cps) to all subbers	HOUYHMHMN 1 (35? cps)
DNQ 17 (230 cps) to all subbers	BHOWLING 1 (140 cps) members to cps in apa
TYPO 4 (165 cps) belongs to DNQ 15	BHOWLING 2 (180 cps) to most subbers
TYPO 5 (210 cps) to all subbers	RED SHIFT 6 (200 cps) to most or all subbers
DNKjola (200 cps) members got cps in apa	TWILTONE 1 (40 cps) members got cps in Fapa

## ART

## TEXT

DNQ 16-1 Taral	16-9 Derek Carter	Taral	16-7	16-10	17-12	17-16	17-18
16-3 Robert Whitaker	DNQ 17-11 Stu Shiffman	Vayne	16-2				
16-4 Randy Mohr	17-16 Taral	Shaw	16-5				
16-5 Taral (surprise)	17-18 Jason Keehn	Warner	16-8				
16-7 Mike Bracken	(issues other than DNQ credited individually, in theory)						

## EDITORIAL (PART TWO) - TARAL

DNQ 16-17, an annish? How did that come about? It happened that DNQ was not always monthly, and for a short while we were pubbing on an average of once every 3 weeks. So while exactly 12 months ago, in April 1978, a slim DNQ I was sprung on unsuspecting fandom, we have had 16 issues! And to further complicate the issue we're pubbing two DNQ's this month...

# DNQ

DNQ - the unauthorized addenda to FILE 770 - is published monthly or oftener as a Derelict House Koan, © Victoria Vayne, P.O. Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ont., M6P 3J8, (416) 787-7271, and Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont., M2N 5B4, (416) 221-3517. Subs are 3/\$1 U.S. (or 3/\$1.20 Canadian), overseas copies and special long issues going surface mail. Other ways to collect DNQ is you are not a completist include trades of twiltone at the official rate of 8 issues per ream (2 reams of a colour preferred); contributing art, news, letters, and columns we use; arranged all-for-all trades with a few newszines, one-for-one trades for most zines (2 issues if each of us gets your zine); old fanzines for our growing collections; valuable commodities; wishes-come-true; or even 35¢ for single issues. No back issues currently available. TYPO appears in DNQ from time to time as a letter supplement, free of charge. Flyers are accepted for \$10 (if we print), and \$7 (if you print your own). We retain the right to refuse advertising for any reason.

## EDITORIAL (PART THREE) - TARAL

A STORY THAT WILL MAKE YOU WEEP (IT DID US)

For all publishing fans there is that alluring goal of acquiring a second class bulk mailing permit to alleviate the wallop on the finances that fanzine publishing entails. Like most fans we put off investigating the matter - our slannish subconscious no doubt being conscious of the inevitability of failure. Not too long ago, though, we took the plunge and filled out the requisite forms for the application. Sure enough, within the promised two weeks came back the denial. Under the post office act, a denied applicant may appeal directly to the office of the Postmaster General within 30 days, but that was about 30 times longer than it was necessary for us to put in our appeal. Meanwhile the dismal \$30 a month postage continued. Then, finally, the Postmaster General himself replied. No, in spite of our claims that we qualified for second class privileges under the Act, we did not win our appeal. But we qualified under Section II (1) (b)! "No you don't." But we do; it says in the Act! "I say you don't, and I have last say. I am the Human Element that interprets all Written Law." So sayeth the Postmaster General, Archangel to the Everlasting Throm- of Central Authority, and lo, to prove a point, he maketh the postal rates to increase from 14 cents to 17 cents!

So subscription rates are going up to 5/\$2 US (Canadian funds at 15% exchange), though old subscriptions will be honoured at their original rate. And to prove a point, DNQ 16-17 is a double issue and will come off your sub accordingly...

Dinnoe Cue?



ROB JACKSON AND CORAL CLARKE were hitched, as the quaint saying goes, on February 17. There were 30 fans and something like 60 members of the family present at the occasion, with Ian Maule officiating as the best man and Annie Mullins (Coral's best friend at university) was hand maiden. Rob also wrote that MAYA 16 ought to be ready by May or June, with a new zine reviewer, Alan Dorey, and a column of SF art criticism by Jim Barker. (Rob Jackson)

CAPTAIN TVIDEO DEAD! Al Hodge, TV's Captain Video (TVideo to MAD), died March 19 at 67, no cause known. He was found in the \$9 a day George Washington Hotel in Long Island NY, where his room was filled with mementos of his acting days. He starred in the low budget show of the early 50's, wearing goggles and football helmet, and filmed 165 episodes before Captain Video was cancelled. After the show folded, Hodge's career folded too. Typecast and untalented he appeared in supermarkets as his nemesis (much as William Shatner appears in similar supermarket ads around Toronto), and played in small Hollywood bit parts from time to time. At death he was still planning a comeback... That's optimism! (TORONTO STAR, March 21)

BETTER FANAC BUREAU? "Fandom Directory", edited by one Harry A. Hopkins (PO Box 873, Langley AFB, VA 23665) is on sale at \$7.95, checks payable to WSA Programs". Harvey advertises his directory as a list of: "1) over 4000 individuals and dealers listed in ALPHABETICAL and ZIP CODE order. 2) An index to over 200 fanzines. 3) A listing of over 100 conventions. 4) Definitive histories of Science Fiction and Comics fandoms. 5) A detailed glossary of fan terms. 6) Page after page of quality advertisements". Who is he kidding? We can only hope that no copyrighted material in the "definitive" history or glossary is being infringed. To expect him to know what he's talking about is probably far too much to hope... (Harry Hopkins)  
[opinions ours]

A BOB SHAW REPRINT is in the offing for YORCON. The first volume of The Best of BoSh, "The Best of the Bushel" will contain 13 articles from HYPHEN illustrated

by Jim Barker (cover too!). Cost is \$2 from Sam Long, 1338 Crestview Dr., Springfield IL 62702. (Rob Jackson)

DOWN UNDER DARK HORSE BID, Australia in 83, has undergone committee organization, reportedly to improve the bid's active image. Aside from reorganization the bid's newsletter mentions the need to gain greater publicity. (The newsletter, while not meant to be regularly circulated outside the committee, is available to interested parties. There is no formal sub rate, but donations would be appreciated.) The new chair is Carey Handfield; director of overseas fan relations is Ken Ozanne; and the equivalent position for Aussie fans is Keith Curtis. Correspondence should go to "A in 83", Box J, 175 Brickfield Hill, NSW 2000, Australia. (Eric Lindsay)

HOAX PERPETRATORS EARN WAGES OF SIN! Mike Hall denies being James Hall, after the earlier startling revelation that in fact the two Decadent Winnipeg fandomites were the same. (Nor is Mike Hall really Robert Runtz, it seems, nor Robert Runtz Mike Hall, in spite of their apparent switch of addresses last issue.) Mike denies all complicity in the notorious unconsummated Mike Glicksohn death hoax invented by James. The truth is that Mike is really Dave Vereschagin, and that Robert Runtz is really Christine Kulyk. Confirmation of another notorious hoax comes from Vancouver in the form of a recent BCSFA newsletter, which reports further evidence for the massive scale of Toronto fan Anne Smith's years' long imposture as the entire Derelict fan insurgency. Anne Smith, who is collectively Victoria Vayne, Tara, Bob Wilson, Janet Wilson, Bob Webber and other Toronto fans, comments that she is pleased her deception went over so well.

A BRITISH FAN ART FANTHOLOGY for the SEACON fan room is a distinct possibility. Eve Harvey, who is in charge of the room, is planning this collection of fan art by Harry Bell and Jim Barker (and, presumably, other fine fan artists such as Jim Cawthorne, ATom and Terry Jeeves). SEACON may also finance another edition of Walt Willis' and Bob Shaw's fabled ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. Both zines are to be sold with proceeds going to TAFF, DUFF, GUFF,

etc... (Doesn't anyone ever donate to the FAAns?) (Rob Jackson)

NOREASCON 2 IS PUBBING a commemoration book, collaborated by Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm. "Better than One" will contain two previously published stories, plus poems and introductions by Knight and Wilhelm, and will be sold at the worldcon. No price has been set yet. PR 1 was mailed in mid-January, and all members who joined before the first of that month should notify the committee if their copy has not arrived. PR 2 is scheduled for June, with a questionnaire for worldcon members to rate the various parts of the con. Ad deadline for PR 2 is April 8th. In Australia the Noreascon Agent is Robin Johnson, who has moved to PO Box A491, Sydney S. NSW 2000, Australia. Membership rates will go up to \$30 from \$20 after June 30th (in U.S. funds), but the supporting rates, \$8, will not change. VOICE OF THE LOBSTER 2 was pubbed in February, and the next ought to be out pretty soon. Current membership is around 1570, 1208 attending and 362 supporting, with South Dakota, the last state to be represented, finally contributing two members. (NOREASCON News Release)

TWLL DDU POLL. "Imitation is the best flattery" and Dave Langford has circulated a ballot calling for nomination for Worst U.K. zine, worst U.K. writer, worst U.K. artist, worst U.K. fan, worst single issue, worst article, worst cover. Unlike the attractive anonymity of DNO's Negoboo Poll, Dave wants your signature, but only for his own edification. (Dave Langford)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE... Patrick Nielson Hayden vs. Teresa Nielsen were married March 23 at 2 p.m. The original date announced was postponed two days, according to rumour, because the aspect of the stars was unpropitious. Maid of honour was IGGY chair Tim Kyger, and best man was Kathi Schaefer. (Patrick Hayden & Teresa Nielsen) Down under, Bruce Gillespie and Elaine Cochrane tied the knot, with wishes of "years of gloom and despair" from CHUNDER! editor John Foyster. (CHUNDER!) On the other side of the thermodynamic equilibrium equation is the separation of Garth Danielson from Susan Ryan, and Gary Mattingly

from Denise Rehse. (Mike Hall) Finally, rumour has it that Bill Bridget and Andre Barker were married April 15th. A better date and more deserving couple I couldn't imagine... (CHAT 19)

ONE TUN TREKS. "One Tun meetings are being swamped by Dr. Who and Star Trek fans not even old enough to shoulder their way to the bar and order illegal drinks. School kids getting there so early that they grab all the seats and can't be budged by any fair means (and even I wouldn't stoop so low as to tell the manager they were under age). Something has to be done, but, apart from moving to another pub without telling them, the obvious answer is to make it plain that they are not welcome at what is, after all, a science fiction fandom meeting. Huge signs hung outside the door bearing such non-cryptic slogans as "Dr. Who and Star Trek fans not welcome" may be the answer; if that doesn't work then I suppose we could always recruit a few of the larger people in fandom to forcefully remove them from our meetings. If these fringe fans must meet then why not have their own meetings elsewhere, and leave us alone?" (abstracted from NABU 6, Ian Maule)

EXTENSION OF SF BOOKSTORE OPENS: "A few weeks ago Janice and I drove up to Birmingham for the opening of the new extension to Rog Peyton's Andromeda Bookshop; Harry Harrison was on hand to start the proceedings by ceremonially jumping through the paper dividing door to officially open the extension. It was later, when the wine bar opened next door, that the real ceremony took place, namely repeatedly raising our glasses to drink to that fine fellow Rog Peyton for supplying tickets for free drinks. Of course we did spend £60 on books, so perhaps Rog didn't mind too much that we drank the wine bar dry. Thanks Rog." (abstracted from NABU 6, Ian Maule)

DAVE CARLDON BUSTED BY FBI? Unfortunately not, although one evening some unknown fan burst into the BALTICon mimeo room and shouted that Carldon had been picked up by cops outside the hotel for passing bad checks. Everyone was hopeful, but as Carldon himself was visible to all and sundry unmolested at the con, suspicion dawned that the announcement was a mite premature.

## F.Y.I.

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In an unexclusive interview with Carldon, DNQ reporters were among the first to notify him of his arrest...

CONVENTION LISTING is being done by Eva Chalker Whitley in a fanzine called CONVENTIONAL FANZINE. It's available for the usual or for \$5 in discount coupons! (We report what we see, folks.) Normal sub rate is 25¢ per issue in person or 50¢ by mail from Eva at 4704 Warner Dr., Manchester MD 21102. Two issues have pubbed so far. (CONVENTIONAL FANZINE)

FAPA BIZ. Harry Andruschak, the OE, will propose next mailing that the present membership of 65 be increased to 85 to allow the lengthening wait list to join the apa immediately. The original membership limit, 50, was set because of the copy count limitations of the then prevailing means of repro, hektograph. The problem, of course, is that the fans on the waitlist are not uniformly desirable... Harry Warner Jr. suggests electing new members into FAPA from the waitlist. Meanwhile, Keith Walker of FANZINE FANATIQUE notoriety has been circulating a petition that he be given preferred entry into FAPA under section 9.3 of the constitution. Considering some of the fans who Keith is asking to be preferred over, the outcome is not bloody likely to be what he obviously expects. Andruschak also reports that his car bears new licence plates spelling out "FAPA OE", and that the proposal he made to LASFS to revive the ancient clubzine, SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, has died ingloriously. (THE FANTASY AMATEUR, HORIZONS, Keith Walker)

APA-VCR, officially pronounced "a-pav-cur", not "apa-vicar", is an apa for video tape recording fans started by Meade Frierson III, PO Box 9032, Birmingham AL 35213. Dues are \$3 annually; minac is 2 pages alternate mailings; copy count is 35; and membership is limited to 30. The GD (Great Dictator) threatens to respect lawn order, so he'd like participants to keep in mind copyright laws. Linda Bushyager seems interested in forming a local video group in Philadelphia, and is searching for a name as apropos as the southern group's "Vidiots". Suggestions such as "Viderasts", "Videophiles" and "indivIDuals"

have left much to be desired. Linda is also planning to pub a video apazine called the Booby Hatch (unless my suggestion, "The Glass Treat" sinks in). Meanwhile, there still doesn't seem to be a true video apa in which cassettes are exchanged in scheduled mailings collated by an OE... (Meade Frierson III)

INTERNATIONAL SF WRITERS/ARTISTS CLUB. c/o Polaris Productions, PO Box 109, Lindewold NJ 08021, this seems to be an amateur group that publishes two fanzines and a newsletter with news, reviews and fiction by the members. THE FALCON NEWS "covers all areas of current science fiction, the newest in television and movies including STAR WARS and BATTLESTAR GALACTICA. Articles, fiction and poetry..." THE BRIDGE is primarily ST. Dues are \$5 per year including the newsletter. The zines are \$5 extra, and appear bi-monthly. The group apparently held a con of some sort last year, and plans another. Although SFWA and ASFA are bad enough, I think I'll put my faith in the devil I know. (flyer, Polaris Productions)

NAPALM is more than just a way to crisp Vietnamese babies, it is also Harry Andruschak's new annual apa, the November Annual Press Association for Loscon Members, in imitation of Bruce Pelz's WOOF, collated at the worldcon. LOSCON 6 will be held on the 2nd to 4th of November in LA, and expects between 300 and 350 to attend. Copy count is 100, and out-of-towners can mail their copies to Andy, but needn't include postage money. Postage will be raised by selling extra copies of the mailing. Apparently profits, if there are any, will be split between the contributors and the LASFS building fund. The official organ will be called Clinging Fire... (Harry Andruschak)

DENIALS BY THE FILK FOUNDATION have been sent to a number of zines and newsletters concerning a rumour that the "foundation" passes judgement on applicants' skills before permitting entry. Far from it, Margaret Middleton, the pro tem treasurer, claims that the majority of members in the foundation neither perform at instruments nor sing, as anyone who cared to inspect the membership list in the current

issue of the foundation organ, KANTELE, would discover. A copy of the list can be had from Margaret for a SASE from PO Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219. (Margaret Middleton)

THE END OF CANADIAN FANNISH ERA came when letters from Gestetner arrived unexpectedly in many Canfans' mailboxes. After years of free maintenance (aside from parts), Gestetner has announced a policy change that ushers in the age of \$30/hour repairs or contracted service. Victoria's stable of equipment generated a demand for \$195 for a service contract, and my modest little 66, the 50¢ Monster, warranted \$95 according to Gestetner. Considering that the 50¢ Monster had not needed serious mechanical attention in its recorded history, and that a comparable model 120 can be had as a replacement for \$25 to \$50, the \$95 service contract has been viewed by me as a mite exorbitant. A similar jaundiced view was expressed by Victoria, who intends to go independent also. No word yet from other afflicted mimeo owners across Canada...

A FIRE IN THE WORLDCON HOTEL gave cause for the NOREASCON committee to worry, recently. According to newspaper articles supplied by George Flynn, twin fires damaged two of Boston's largest hotels, the Copley Plaza and the '80 worldcon's Boston Sheraton. 1900 lodgers were forced to flee the two fires, and 69 were taken to hospital for smoke inhalation (although at least two were badly burned). Damage to the Sheraton is estimated to be \$250,000. The fire started in the Fall-staff Room, a tavern restaurant, about 90 minutes after the outbreak of the fire at the Copley, at 1:14 a.m. 24 hours later, an 18-year-old Spanish-American busboy who had lost his job at the Sheraton was arrested and charged with arson. The alarm equipment at the Sheraton was not activated properly by hotel personnel leaving many guests to be warned by telephone and fire men knocking at doors. A criminal complaint was being considered by the city's Fire Commissioner. The NOREASCON committee is not especially worried that the damage will spoil the worldcon, 16 months still in the future, but was not hassling the hotel about it yet last we

heard from George. (clippings from the BOSTON GLOBE supplied by George Flynn)

AUTOCLAVE 4 has been set for 27-29 July 1979, and one of the traditional two Fan GoHs has been selected already, Jeanne Gomoll. The other guest is still being negotiated. Hotel is the Ramada Inn Southfield. (Cy Chauvin)

[all above news items written by Tara]

BALTICON 13, held over Easter weekend, attracted 2500 members before sales were closed, making the con larger than MAC. (Last year BALTICON was bigger than SUNCON, will it grow larger than IGGY next year?) The proportion of fanzine and fannish fans there was considerably smaller than previous years'; and DNQ's roving reporters, although enjoying the entire weekend--the drive, visit with the Bushyagers and all--found the low numbers of people-we-wanted-to-see disappointing. --VWayne

## HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

Alan Winston - 14140 Delano, #14, Van Nuys, CA 91401

Dennis R. Brown - 4510 Centre Ave, Pittsburgh, PA 15213

Garth Danielson - 2640 Filmore St. NE, #1, Minneapolis, MN 55418 (with Joe Wesson)

Patty Peters and Bill Breiding - 3343 20th St., San Francisco, CA 94110

Ian and Janice Maule - 5 Beaconsfield Rd, New Malden, Surrey KT3 3H4, United Kingdom

Mark R. Sharpe - J03 Mark R. Sharpe, Public Affairs Officer, Nav.Comm.Sta., M.E. Holt, FPO San Francisco, CA 96680

Elst Weinstein - First Church of Herbangelism, 12809 Neon Way, Granada, CA 91344

Leah Zeldes - 4764 Washtenaw, #B1, Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Denise Mattingly - 610 Gladstone, Detroit, MI 48202

Robin Johnson and Carey Handfield - PO Box A491, Sydney South, NSW 2000, Australia



THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG 5 - Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Road, #207, Detroit, MI 48219, available for trade at the rate of 2 WoFANs per, or for 5/\$2 (40¢ each).

I suppose if you've been getting DNQ all along you know about Brian's comprehensive fanzine review zine - excellent for neos, calms upset stomachs, cures Twonk's Disease and polishes silverware, all in one product -- but this is just to remind you to send your trades or money today. You might also sub to MAD SCIENTISTS DIGEST for \$1 or buy Brian's DEREK CARTER ALPHABET for \$1.60 (which helps support TAFF) while you're at it.

## INDEX EX PURGATOR IUS TARAL

DOT 5 - Kevin Smith, 7 Fassett Rd, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey KT1 2TD, U.K.; available? A clever British type zine, eh wot? Short on substance this issue, nor have I seen other issues to compare to it. But for 11 pages it did all right by me, especially the parade of British fan auto models for 1979, which I enjoyed in as far as I could understand. I would appreciate future issues so that I can write a more cogent review...

HOLIER THAN THOU 1 - Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave., #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601; available for the usual or 75¢. When this slipped out of its envelope I almost shit a brick. The only contact I had with Marty Cantor was while we were both in AZAPA and he had yet to reform his Don Rickles act. But rumours that reached back to me from AZAPA were borne out by Mary's first genzine. He'd mellowed, like good pipe tobacco. Perhaps Mike Glycer's piece on waiting in line to see LORD OF THE RINGS was best in the issue, though it wasn't Glycer's best. I habitually skipped over the feghoot (no feghoot worth its salt is longer than 10 lines in my opinion), but found the remainder of the issue, a handful of short pieces including a 6 line letter col, pretty decent reading. As a fair first issue, HOLIER THAN THOU deserves a title better than the worst after FILE 770... Maybe it is a trademark of LA area zines?

KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE 6 - Mearas<sup>2</sup> (Mike and Pat), 61 Borrowash Rd., Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH, U.K. ...oh H\*E\*L\*L! I don't know what it's available for...but it used to be worth getting. This issue is the first out in almost 2 years, and was hardly expected to appear again. It was a short issue too, so consequently a little too much of it was occupied with the Mearas' mail log for the past two years, trades and WAHFs. Notwithstanding the wasted 6 pages, the remaining 21 pages were much the same medley of letters and response that KNOCKERS has always been. I distinctly (though perhaps mistakenly) remember more writing by the Mearas in previous issues though, and I think this issue was the weaker for the lack. It was good to see this coelocanth of craziness back again though.

SPACE JUNK 1 (alias Spicy Rat Tails) - Rich Coad, 781 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Available for the usual nonsense. The last we heard from this displaced British fan and his Spicy Rat Tails was a couple of years ago at least, and this recent Americanized incarnation is welcome. It is a very different zine though, and I wonder if

Rich isn't now a very different fan... Some people like con reports and may prefer Cheryl Cline's account of IGGY, "The Heat Death of IguanaCon", but for myself I would nominate Lynn Kuehl's "The Children's Coroner" as the best piece in the issue. I don't know who this artist, Mark Alan Stamaty, is, but Lynn is a fan of his, and got across to me some of the fascination he had with the artist's tightly drawn and grotesque cartoons. The cover is rather good, and by an artist I'm not familiar with, Rob Hansen. The title, however, looked amateurish. SPACE JUNK ought to be a rather accessible zine if you're publishing your first zine and looking for a trade, or you're writing away for a zine for the first time.

GROSS ENCOUNTERS 5 - Alan Dorey, 20 Hermitage Woods Cr., St. John's Woking, Surrey, GU21 1UE. (Riding with it was Isaac Astral's SF Weekly, a parody.) This is the new enfant terrible of British fandom? There were moments when GROSS ENCOUNTERS' humour came through, but all in all it was a far cruder zine than the Nova it was awarded by British fandom would have led me to expect. Even with my limited knowledge I could have named a half dozen better fanzines, such as TWLL DDU, MAYA, NABU or SEAMONSTERS. In spite of this, I think GROSS ENCOUNTERS 5 was a fairly good zine, and not one I'm reluctant to trade with. Special note must be made of Alan's extremely acidic zine reviews and the fact (mentioned elsewhere in DNQ) that Alan is MAYA's new zine reviewer. I think a lot of North American fans are going to be unpleasantly surprised when not only is shit called shit, but the malefactors' noses are gleefully shoved in the offal. This is British reviewing with a vengeance.

YCZ 3 - R.I. Barycz, 16 Musgrove Rd., New Gate, London, SE 14 5PW, England. Available for the usual Usual. The first issue of YCZ and its discussion of STAR WARS (the right way to have shot it) was by and large a good issue, but now, the third issue and YCZ is still talking about STAR WARS, I begin to wonder... Is this a media sci-fi zine cleverly masquerading as a fannish zine, or is Barycz mechanically repeating a once successful formula. It seems to me that three issues is enough, and that it's time to change the subject. Hopefully Barycz can bring the originality he displayed in the first issue to bear on something different in YCZ 4.

MOTA 27 - Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd, Arlington, VA 22205; available for \$1 or the usual, funds going to TAFF. As usual with MOTA, the substance of this issue was a central article and the letter column, the article this time being parts 5 and 6 of Peter Roberts' trip report. Terry seems to be sticking to some sort of schedule, so is arguably diminishing the strength of my sole complaint about MOTA, its sporadic appearance. Aside from the excellent average quality of each issue's central article, and the liveliness of the lettercol, one of the nicest things about MOTA is that almost anyone can get it. Neos are especially beloved by Terry's brand of fannishness and can often talk him out of a sample copy. If not - a buck is cheap in these days of inflated prices, even in fannish fandom. Another good point to MOTA is the artwork. It is uniformly from the "fannish" school of fan art, and by those artists who best represent the type: Canfield, Bell, Rotsler, Steffan, and Waller. This issue's cover, by Harry Bell, is more attractive than the last couple of issues', and deserved better than the slightly faded repro that it got.

PROPER BOSKONIAN 16 -or- thereabouts - Mike Blake, 89 South Bend St., Pawtucket, RI 02860; available for the usual or 50¢. Fresh from the hands of Sheila D'Amassa, Mike Blake takes on the NESFA's ailing clubzine. It is a weak issue. Mark Keller, usually a witty writer, reviews a number of near-sf books and provides minor interest, followed by a completely uninteresting review of children's fantasy TV. From insipid to unbearable, this is followed by a long article comparing SF fans to occult fans, concluding that, as everyone knows, SF fans and occult fans are separate groups with little in common. Indeed the best part of this issue of PROPER BOSKONIAN was Mark Keller's full page cartoon wryly identifying a fan group that does have something in common with the occult. Mark illustrates two conversations allegedly overheard at a Friends of Dark-over meeting to prove his point. This alone inspired an otherwise limp fanzine.

THE DEAD PAST (FORMERLY SGT. PEPPER TAUGHT THE BAND TO PLAY) \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

THOUSANDS HAVE FOUND RELIEF! SO CAN YOU!

Do people stare at you and smirk because they know that you are a F-A-N? Are you forced to use persiflage and subterfuge to hide your hideous secret from friends and family? Do you have to buy comic books to sandwich your stf in? YOU NEED SUFFER NO LONGER! Countless thousands have found relief through the new miracle service, Shhhhh-Boo Inc. (a subsidiary of HoffmaNothing). For a small monthly fee Shhhhh-Boo Inc. will enable you to lead an outwardly normal and happy life. Here is how it works! You just send all manuscripts, letters, etc., in plain sealed wrappers to Shhhhh-Boo Inc. along with either the standard servic fee or the cut-rate, small quantity unit fee. We attach pseudonyms to all and distribute them for you. No fuss, no bother. Fanzines mailed to your mailing list for low rates. Just send us the completed issue, addressed and stamped, and we will drop them in the mail-box for you. DON'T RISK A LOCAL POSTMARK! Special Offer! Act now and you will receive at absolutely no extra cost, one fan-type human to represent you at conventions, confabs and various fangabs.

ECONOMY OFFER!

If you must save those precious pennies, get the Shhhhh-Boo Inc. assemble-it-yourself kit. The regular fan-at-home kits contains three (3) complete pseudonyms, a PO Box in a small illinois town, and one set of false mustache and dark glasses. The deluxe kit comes complete with 5 pennames, an illinois PO Box, two memberships in the N3F, your choice of a long beard (for the Rapp type), or a toupee (for the Harry Moore type), and a signed death certificate. DON'T BE HALF SAFE! Act Now! Write to Shhhh-Boo Inc.

- From QUANDRY 19, April 1952, LeeH.



Taral - 1812-415 Willowdale ave,  
Willowdale Ontario m2n 5b4 Canada

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and getting this issue only

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