



DNQ 31 - August 5, 1980, is brought to you by Taral Wayne, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave, Willowdale Ontario, m2n 5b4, and Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156 Stn. D, Toronto Ontario m6p 3j8; and is copyright © 1980 by the editors. Subscriptions are 5/\$2.00 US, 4/\$2.00 Canadian, overseas 4/\$2.00 US or 4/£1.00. We also trade 1-for-1 for other fanzines, two consecutive DNQ's going to or added to the sub of those who trade with us both. (Trades with us both are highly encouraged and will be essential once this publication mutates into RSN.) We both like to get mail; please try not to communicate exclusively with only one of us. Xeroxes or carbons would be appreciated.

THE TARALTORIAL IMPERATIVE

This sentence and the one after are officially part of the last issue. Somehow we neglected to mention anywhere in that ish that DNQ 29/30 was our second annish (even though it was a couple of months late for it). Now back to the current issue...

There are a lot of dull editorial matters to attend to before I can get on to the interesting stuff. To begin with, our plans to change DNQ to RSN have been accelerated, so that the thirty-third will be the last. This is thirty-one in case you didn't notice. DNQ 33 will be another long issue, with perks and boring bibliographic details. The latter won't make fascinating reading but ever since I started collecting bubble gum cards I've been impressed with checklists. Kids are very impressionable. And if card collectors aren't spared knowing that card #62 is Hank Aaron or card #38 is "Sherman Devastates Georgia", then why should our subscribers get off without being told that Stu Shiffman did 4 out of 34 DNQ logos, or that we've published something like 356 pages? DNQ 33 will also be the first to have a legitimate cover, courtesy of Jerry Collins. Expect it sometime after the Worldcon, and RSN 34 around newyears.

Next, you'll be glad to hear, the rates are going up. \$1 each, 5/\$3 U.S., 4/\$3 Canadian, 4/£1.50 U.K. Old subscriptions will be converted at the ratio of 3:2. That is, if you have 6 issues remaining on your sub you'll get 4 at the new rate. I don't know how Victoria expects to compute your due if there's some number of issues left that isn't evenly divisible by three, but don't blame her for whatever adjustment she makes. I would have just stuck you with the new rates...

There will also be a change in our availability policy. Though we will acknowledge that they are jobs well done in their own way, there are nevertheless many zines that don't interest us enough to trade with in the future. These are mostly clubzines, newsletters, ~~and Swedish zines~~. At the same time my ego demands the largest distribution possible, and by cutting some of our trades we don't mean to restrict DNQ to some core elite of ultra-faanish smofs. We aren't midwestern fans, after all. What we will try, instead of trades, is to send copies to whatever regular letter hacks we find in the pages of the zines we're cutting. I mean, if they're impressed by Cussfussing or whatever, maybe they'll like DNQ, and we'd rather have the egoboo than the zine. Publishing DNQ has in some ways been unrewarding, primarily for the lack of feedback, and only recently do we feel "recognized." We're getting at least as many reviews and in-jokes made about us as, oh, say, the Nick Boxtop Mystery Magazine. More locs may push us over the top...make contented, smug BNFs of us.

The last real editorial matter concerns a cartoon in the last ish sent to us by Ahrvid Engholm. The caption belonging to that cartoon did not electrostencil well, and for those of you who could not reconstruct the joke, we reveal the mystery to you. It said "Sure, I'm from Sverifandom. How could you tell." The Sam J. Lundwall t-shirt and triple-vented beanie, of course.

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The fog was thick enough to staple, as it usually is in the notorious psy district of Washington near the Disclave hotel. There were the commonplace neos in costumes, supposing they looked just like Chris Reeves, Darth Vader, Starbuck or whoever, so the figure lurking about the shadowy corners of the lobby in the cloak and dagger hardly seemed out of place. At least I didn't notice her at first. Only when she slinked over to me and hissed "Victoria Vayne?" did I stop and give her a good looking over. Though indoors, the fog was still thick enough to obscure her features, and no doubt this was why she had mistaken me for Victoria. It was a natural mistake, as we possess the same slim build... Since the mysterious figure was whispering, I whispered back, "Me?"

"I have important information that I must disclose to you! In private. What is the password?"

"Look," I said, "If you want the costume show, it's three doors down on the left..."

"Right! Such, such are the joys. Now down to business comrade."

I scarcely realized I'd given password and been given counterpassword before she'd dragged me into a hallway where the fog was thicker than ever. Curiously, there was a hall light like a streetlamp casting a cone of smokey whiteness in the gloom. Certain now that something was up, I circumspectly lagged behind, to stay out of the light so the mysterious stranger wouldn't see I wasn't who she thought I was.

Suddenly, she began to sing, rather to the tune of Yankee Doodle Dandee (or Roger Ramjet):

*Pickersgill, he was the fan,
Full of expectation,
Whose fiery wit and zine reviews
Kept neos in their station.*

[Refrain]

*British fandom, that's our god.
Nothing else is like it.
Other fanzines, other sod,
Are just a load of bullshit.*

*Kevin Smith, Joe Nicholas,
D. West and Alan Dorey,
Pub their ish, that's all tw'll do
To make the fuggheads sorry.*

[Refrain]

*David Langford's yearly poll,
Like Checkpoint it replaces,
Keeps British fandom's standards high,
And keeps crudzines in their places.*

She started on another refrain, but I cut her off.

"Well, we'll skip the final 83 verses of the National Anthem then if you're in a hurry comrade. As you know, the Central Committee and the Supreme Cosmen of Fandom have been watching over you, personally, as well as overseeing the lives of the thousands of members of True Fandom. We have singled you out for a magnificent honour!"

"You have?" I was more curious than ever. "Who has decided this?"

"The approved members and workers of the All Con, convening in secret (under the supervision of the Supreme Cosmen, of course, comrade...)."

"Eh...but who's that?"

"Classified information! ...but," the pudgy figure seemed to assume an even more conspiratorial character, somehow, "for a hero of Trufandom; come closer and I'll whisper it to you."

I leaned and heard. In surprise I exclaimed "By St. Paul!"

"SHHHHHHHH! You'll bring the Streka down on us! The walls have ears!"

I didn't know what she meant by that. In fact, I was beginning to wonder whether I hadn't been buttonholed by a nut, but there wasn't any polite way out of the situation that I could see. Distracted by Fansmanship ploys flitting through my mind, none of which seemed suitable unfortunately, I humoured her further.

"What is this magnificent honour then comrade?" I whispered.

"We have inspected your dossier and have ascertained that your fanac is spotless. In regard of your great contributions to True Fandom we have decided to permit yourself, comrade, to stand for election for TAFF!"

"What?"

"Yes! Your candidature has been duly approved by the All Con!"

Enough was enough. When I arrived in Britain there was no way I could fool anyone that I was Victoria Vayne, svelt figure or not...

"You have the wrong fan, comrade." I was still whispering. Mishearing me was understandable. "You made a forgivable mistake, but I'm Taral."

"No, Taral is out of the question...he can't come with you."

"No, no, no, I mean I'm not Victoria Vayne. If you're asking me to run for TAFF, you're asking Taral."

"Ask Taral?" She was visibly upset by the idea. In fact, instead of whispering she began to talk quite loudly, in a hoarse voice. "Oh no! We couldn't allow that. Most unsuitable candidate. We have a list of people we agreed on, and we all decided Taral shouldn't ever run for TAFF!"

"Why, for pity's sake, not?"

"It's those terrible things he says..."

Well, there was no way I could deny that. So I said something terrible that made her slink away, leaving behind only a half-filled scribbler and a first edition Heinlein juvenile to prove she'd ever been there. She left behind an impression too. I'm not running for TAFF.

But since the fog had lifted I went back to the con, where I soon found Victoria and hissed "Guess what...?"

I swear, every word of this is true. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

* * * * *

Adding insult to injury, an animated film we arranged to show at Torque last April did not arrive in the mail until after the con. This was the germ of an idea though, and a month or two later Torque-and-a-half came off as engineered. I planned it as an afternoon affair, half-way between a one-day con and a benefit, using free facilities at the Spaced Out Library. It was only expected to attract about 25 people, but could have handled as many as 50 without crowding. Nevertheless, as D-Day approached it began to look more as if we'd be playing to an audience of about 10 as it became obvious that many of the people we expected to appear would be out of town. Finally, it rained on the Saturday of the con. In spite of apprehensions, about 25 people did show up, at \$2 a head, and the Honolulu SF Club's animated masterpiece, "2002: A Space Odyssey", flickered to life on the screen a bare half-hour behind schedule.

Other programming I'd arranged included a successful panel called "Other Eyes". Five volunteers, including myself, played the parts of various misanthropes, machines and aliens and delivered our opinions of H. Sap. An auction followed, starting slowly but eventually extracting more than \$75 from the audience with minor bits of artwork I'd donated to the cause for 50% of the take. Books were also sold from a table at the back, where free coffee was waiting. Apart from the items I provided Torque&1/2, Anne Sherlock had brought John Robert Columbo, who spoke adequately on Canadian fantasy literature. The con was wrapped up by a reading of a fan article of mine about toy guns that I'd published in one of my zines. There seemed to be good feelings all around, and nearly \$100 was raised to offset the loss of Torque 1. Possibly there will be more fractional Torque's in future, but I would only be minimally involved. Meanwhile Torque 2 looks more certain, as we have the money now to reserve the hotel again.

* * * * *

It doesn't seem all that long ago, but earlier this winter I realized that I was coming up on my 100th zine, and I wanted to do something out of the ordinary for it. Ideally Delta Psi 2 would have been my 100th Taralble Mistake, but the rate at which I'm work-

ing on that the best I can hope for is the 150th. So I settled on a colouring book, and, all things considered, didn't do badly in completing it simultaneously with my 108th or 9th zine. NFS (artshow slang for "Not For Sale" - which my art usually is) contains 15 carefully selected full-page illos, retouched for colouring. In most cases the printing quality is state of the art for mimeo, but, admittedly, in cases where the art appeared offset first, the difference is noticeable. But what the heck! NFS is a colouring book, not a collection of fine arts prints. Not being satisfied with the art by itself, I wrote a three part text, including a concise bibliography and notes for each art page. Printed on legal size bond, folded over and center stapled, 22 pages long, NFS was published in an edition of 200 and is not available for trade, or loc, only for \$1.

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Gee, I've almost finished a personalzine, Red Shift 7, and it looks real good.

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F.Y.I.

REVERSAL OF FAAnS - At AutoClave a meeting of the outgoing FAAn committee was held with a quorum consisting of myself, Victoria Vayne, Mike Glicksohn, Jeanne Gomoll and Stu Shiffman. Randy Bathurst sat in on the proceedings to kibbitz. The first matter was to settle the confusion over the Minneapolis decisions, which, according to Glicksohn were final, but according to Gary Farber were yet to be ratified in a Zine Fan. The quorum at AutoClave deemed their decisions final (until upset by a later decision). For the most part the MiniCon changes were upheld. The voting fee is still eliminated. The awards will be run as a single ballot poll, with the voters writing in their choices of the best that year in each category and the committee tabulating the results. It was recommended, however, that fewer than 10 places be counted. It was suggested that to replace the Bathurst statuettes, the committee authorize someone each year (probably one of the preceeding year's winners) to design the award, and this motion was adopted. Changes were made, however, to reestablish the former categories. The two categories for serious and humourous art have been partitioned again (from the single Best Artist), but the artists in the quorum pointed out that the category has a problem with votes for an artist being split between serious and humourous, and recommended the problem be dealt with by the committee with artists' consultation. Similarly the Best Single Ish and Best Editor categories have been retained after being

reduced to merely Best Zine by the Minneapolis meeting. It was felt that while the Best Single Issue was desirable, it needed to be renamed as it presently suggests the best issue of a zine's run rather than a one-shot or special project like a fanthology. At the same time, the AutoClave quorum liked the idea of an award to be given out at committee discretion, and retained this feature of the FAAnS. Three matters have been referred to later decision-- the number of places in the poll, the split artist vote, and the renaming of the Best Single Ish--and presumably a meeting will be held by the new committee at NoreasCon to iron out these details. The four page letter to the FAAn committee written by Moshe Feder that wasn't read for lack of time might cause still another upheaval if read at the worldcon, however... -Taral

'80 FAAn AWARD RESULTS Best Fan Editor: Jeanne Gomoll & Janice Bogstad, Mike Glycer, Terry Hughes, Dave Langford, Jerry Kaufman & Suzle Tompkins. Best Fan Writer: Dave Langford, Arthur Hlavaty, Steve Leigh, Kevin Smith. Best Serious Artist: Joan Hanke-Woods, no award, Victoria Poyser. Best Humourous Artist: Alexis Gilliland, Ken Fletcher, Jim Barker, Stu Shiffman, Marc Schirmeister. Best Single Issue: SCIENTIFRICTION II (Glycer), BY BRITISH (Maule & Nicholas), no award, Lan's Lantern 9 (Laskowski), Family Relationships (Bedard-Stefl), Deadloss 2 (Priest). Best LoC Writer: Harry Warner Jr., Avedon Carol, Arthur

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Hlavaty, no award, Adrienne Fein. The awards were presented at AutoClave 4, July 26, 1980. Only 28 nominated, but by bottonholing people at cons the number of final votes was a more respectable 83. Five nominated but didn't vote, 60 only voted. The incoming committee is Gary Farber, Mike Glicksohn, Jeanne Gommoll, Lee Pelton, Peter Roberts, Stu Shiffman, Mike Glycer, Dave Langford and Bruce Pelz. (Stepping down from conflict of interest are myself, Victoria and Don C. Thompson.) A special FAAn was presented to Randy Bathurst for his toil in making the statuettes over the last 6 years. The custom sculpted award I was authorized to produce fell apart at the last minute, however, and Randy had to be presented with one of his own creations. The custom FAAn may yet be repaired and given to Randy, unless some of you out there would care to bid on it...
-Taral

MOTOR CITY MISHAP. Plots are not plotted without reason, and the Detroit in '82 bidding parties held by Rusty Hevelin were reason enough when it is considered that Rusty held them in rooms shared with Bob Tucker, and that Bob Tucker is a member of the Chicago in '82 bid... During the banquet at the last MidwestCon Ross Pavlac brought a present to Rusty. It was a balloon, with "Chicago in '82" printed on it, and Ross accompanied the gift with the statement "We wanted to give a light and airy touch to our bid presence." Being a good sport, Rusty tied the balloon to his wrist. What he didn't know was that at that moment the Chicago in '82 commandos were smuggling 30 enormous garbage bags up to his room. Later that evening, going up to his room to open the Detroit in '82 party, Rusty discovered the ceiling had been stuffed two layers deep in Chicago balloons. As the gas-filled balloons spilled out over the transom and into the hall, the only printable comment overheard was "I've been had..."¹⁶

On a more serious note, Ross Pavlac has expressed his unhappiness with recent Detroit literature, which he claims is full of easily checked factual errors and is deliberately misleading. His complaints were many. An issue, com-

paring function space, was based on a typo in hotel literature, and that the Chicago facilities are in fact as large as they originally claimed. The hotel was misrepresented as two buildings on separate blocks, where in fact they are on one private block. The trend lines the Detroit bid is basing its estimates on have already been surpassed by NoreasCon, which now has more than 4,700 attending memberships and has booked over 2,000 sleeping rooms. Yet the Detroit committee persists in calling the Chicago bid's figures of 1,600 rooms extravagant and financially dangerous. The Detroit bid, while crying about a two building convention, nevertheless has no feasible plans for handling more than 1200 rooms except for using three additional hotels, the nearest of which I clocked as over a third of a mile distant from the RenCen. The most damaging accusation against the Chicago bid made by Detroit, however, is the persistent idea that if the con does not rent all the sleeping rooms booked, a second con may share the hotel with us. If by some chance the '82 Worldcon is 20% smaller than this year's NoreasCon, the rooms cannot be released to the public until three weeks before the con. No con is likely to be booked into a hotel in only three weeks, so the two chances out of three quoted by the Detroit literature looks rather silly. Unfortunately, it is this sort of notion that is hardest to counter and is most likely to sway votes. Whichever bid deserves the Worldcon in '82, the Chicago committee is being wronged if it loses due to this widespread belief. (Ross Pavlac)
-Taral

ANSIBLE POLL Best British Fanzine: Dave Langford's Twil Ddu (63 points - 1st last year), Chris Priest's Deadloss (42 points - 5th last year), Langford & Smith's Drilkjis (35 points - didn't place last year), Simone Walsh's Seamonsters (25 points - 2nd last year); runners up Dave Bridges' One-Off (19), Ian & Janice Maule's Paranoid (15), Maule's & Nicholas' By British (13), Graham James' & Simon Ounsley's Ocelot (10), Ian Maule's Nabu (9), no award (9), Alan Dorey's Gross Encounters (8), Mike Dickinson's BSFAzine Vector (7), John & Eve Harvey's BSFAzine

Matrix (6). Twenty-seven titles were nominated altogether. Best British Fan-writer: Dave Langford (96 - 1st), D. West (46 - 3rd), Kevin Smith (40 - 4th), Chris Priest (31 - 4th), David Bridges (28 - 8th), Bob Shaw (28 - 10th); runners-up: Joseph Nicholas (18), Alan Dorey (7), Simone Walsh (6). Eighteen were nominated in all. Best British Fanartist: Jim Barker (94 - 1st), Harry Bell (73 - 2nd), Rob Hansen (57 - 3rd), D. West (30 - 4th), John Collick (7). Thirteen were nominated. Best Single Issue: Langford & Barker's TAFF DDU (5), Maule & Nicholas' BY BRITISH (3), Chris Priest's DEADLOSS 2 (3), Smith & Langford's DRILKJIS 5 (3), John Collick's FOR A FEW FANZINES MORE (3), Dave Bridges' ONE-OFF 8 (3), Simone Walsh's SEAMONSTERS 4 (2). Nine fanzines were nominated. Best Article or Column: Bryn Fortey's "Charlie Was a Good Old Boy" from Seamonsters 4 (3), Abi Frost's "Second Thermidor (Levil 1)" from New River Blues 2 (2), Dave Langford's "Fall of the Mouse of Usher" from DNQ 28 Taff Ddu (2), Joseph Nicholas' "Coming From Behind: A Short History of British Fanzines in the Seventies" from By British (2), D. West's "Ah, Sweet Arrogance" from One-Off 8 (2). Sixteen separate items were nominated. Best Fanzine Cover: D. West/Inca 1 (4), Jim Barker/Taff Ddu (3), Rob Hansen/Drilkjis 5 (3), D. West/Drilkjis 4 (3), Harry Bell/Out of the Blue 1 (2). Also in the most recent Ansible, Dave Langford speculated about this year's TAFF and mentioned that both Victoria and I were talking of running. This is a big fib. We were talking about why we wouldn't run... (Ansible 10) -Taral

POLICE SHOOT-OUT AT DISCLAVE Nearly. Mundane guests at the Hospitality House, frightened by the freaks with guns and broadswords, notified the police, bringing the Washington equivalent of a S.W. A.T. team to the con hotel expecting a small scale riot or drug-crazed gunman on the loose. Pulling up in front of the lobby and spilling out of their van, their first encounter with fandom was with a pseudo-Dorsal who happened to be just outside the hotel. Thinking the S.W.A.T. team was pretty groovy, he drew on them! Speaking later to Alexis Gilliland,

one officer confided that he was within a split-second of wasting the idiot. (Alexis Gilliland) -Taral

SHIFFMAN FOR TAFF... So far, Stu Shiffman and Gary Farber have announced they are in the running for the 1981 TAFF race. Stu, whose nominators stateside are Mike Glicksohn, Jerry Kaufman and Mike Glycer, and in Britain, Harry Bell and Peter Roberts, claims he is the preferred choice because he is: taller than Gary; has blue eyes; is a better fan writer than Gary is a fan artist; was never on the executive committee of any worldcon; and, although both Gary and Stu were born in New York City, Stu lives in New York, and he believes firmly that a New Yorker should go to YorCon in '81. DNQ is backing Shiffman, but we invite comments from Gary nonetheless. (Stu Shiffman) -VV

CHOCOLOCS, OR SINGERING TELEGRAMS - Fred Haskell, reading Jon Singer's column in Mainstream 5, was struck by the irony of it. Jon had written about the effect of chocolate on one of the neurotransmitters produced by the brain, the one that seems to inhibit the love bug from striking. Fred thought about the several painful love affairs that Jon himself had been through, and decided that what Jon needed was a massive transfusion of chocolate. Consequently, Fred has started a movement to send chocolate, any old sort of chocolate, slabs, bars, bunnies or kisses, to keep Jon Singer out of love. The address for all you fans who have gotten tired of sending Tucker bricks is 3590 Arthur Ct. #1, Boulder, CO 90302. Fred also asks that no one give away the reason behind the sudden landslide of chocolate that's about to bury the Singer premises, so don't show this issue of DNQ to Jon until after the game is up. (Fred Haskell)

-Taral

BARKER TO BOSTON FUND Although Barker lost by a slim margin to Langford in the late TAFF race, we are not going to be let off that easily. Barker still intends to come. There is, however, too little in that Scot's sporrán to make it a comfortable trip, and Jan Howard Finner has begun a fund to smooth the way. Jan

F.Y.I.

is acting as administrator in North America, and any money for the Barker fund from over here should be sent to him. (PO Box 428, Latham, NY 12110, USA). Jan makes provision for the fund to be turned over to TAFF if Barker sinks en route or is poisoned by a spoiled haggis. (Jan Howard Finder) -Taral

THE CAPTIVE SLIDE SHOW Jim Barker made a slide show of his BSFA strip for his FanGOHship at AlbaCon. The strip centers on the activities of a fan to escape from a mysterious Worldcon, a la The Prisoner, with Jim and friends supplying voices (similar to Phil Foglio's Capture). It will debut in North America at NoreasCon, with various fans, including yours-truly, doing, no doubt, terrible imitations of English and Scots accents... The original strip may be reprinted by BSFA, just as it also republished the Elmer T. Hack strips a little while ago. Joyce Scrivner has rights for an American publication. Barker mentions in a letter that he is cutting back on his fanart, in order to launch a career in cartooning, though he does not plan to gaffate. "Dead Hedgehog", his first zine, ought to be out Real Soon Now. (Jim Barker) -Taral

YNGVI IS A LOUSE "The Scandinavian Worldcon bid has made as a central point of their bidding campaign the traditional fannish nature of Swedish fandom. The Scandinavian committee has neglected, however, the long held fannish tenet that Yngvi Is A Louse. I found a book called The Lost Gods of England by Brian Branstons, and, as my eyes flashed across page 138, they suddenly came to a jarring halt. There, in black and white was the following: *In Sweden Frey is frequently called Yngvi...and his descendants Ynglings. The cognomen Ynglins is applied by Scandinavian sources particularly to the Swedish royal family and may be translated 'sons of Yng' or descendants of Yng.* Now being basically fannish myself, the phrase 'Yngvi is a louse' immediately insinuated itself in my mind. A friend said 'Oh, you'll find it in Pratt and DeCamp's The Incomplete Enchanter,' and sure enough there it was.

Captured by giants one of the prisoners says 'Yngvi is a louse' every now and then. That Yngvi's lousehood has passed into the fannish mythos can be attested by reading Niven & Gerrold's The Flying Sorcerers. In it, cursing apprentices, the magician Shoogar calls them 'yngvi-infested'. The equation between Yngvi and lice couldn't be clearer. Here is the irony of the Scandinavian Worldcon bid. In centering their bid on fannish traditions, they had to accept those same traditions, one of those being the inner nature of Yngvi, god of Sweden, and ancestor of their royal family. And who with any honour would wish to attend a Worldcon in a country ruled by the descendants of a louse?" (Marc Ortlieb, abstracted from What the Dormouse Said ?) -Taral

FANZINE COLLECTION CHANGES HANDS, EARTH'S POLES TILT ...to compensate for the shift in weight as Don Ford's collection leaves the east coast for Minneapolis. Joyce Scrivner, buying the major coup of this year for \$250, cites seven boxloads of zines, including material from the 30's and 40's. Joyce also mentioned at AutoClave that she was running against Jon Singer for DUFF this year. (Joyce Scrivner) -Taral

DINOSAUR THOUGHT EXTINCT FOUND ALIVE. Susan Wood and Mike Glicksohn are planning to publish ENERGUMEN 16 this fall, a large "posthumous" issue of their famous genzine of the early 70's. (Long-time fans will remember ENERGUMEN as the last fanzine ever to win the Hugo, back at TorCon in 1973.) Material for this 70-odd page issue has been collected by both, and production will be done by Mike when he returns to Toronto after the worldcon. Don't have your set of 'NERGs bound yet, people... (Mike Glicksohn) -VWayne

ORBITUARIES Ashwing is dead, says Frank Denton, who plans to restrict his publishing to a personalzine, Rogue Raven, in the future. Winding Numbers, the fancy giant genzine from the fancy giant genzine days of Decadent Winnipeg Fandom (b. 1976, d. 1978), is also folding, according to Randy Reichardt. The editor

plans a final, seventh, issue with an article by Steve McDonald sometime next year maybe. (*Frank Denton, Randy Reichardt*)
-Taral

THE CASE OF THE HOMONYMOUS EDITORS.

"Elementary, my dear Watson, that Christopher Evans is not the Dr. Christopher Evans who died last fortnight, who was also listed in the Faber's directory, but another editor entirely, who co-scripted the famous Half Life satire with one James Barker, and who was wont to identify himself professionally as 'C.D. Evans' to distinguish himself from his illustrious senior. After the death of his colleague, however, he resumed his rightful name, thereby causing your confusion." "Holmes, that's bloody smashing! You're a marvel!" "Of course Watson." (*Ansible?*)
-Taral

GET BACK... After abandoning the fabled One Tun to the Trekkies and Who-ies, British fans are once again meeting at their favourite pub, but now sprawling outside on the sidewalk instead of sprawling inside under the tables... -Taral

TORONTO FAN ARTIST ARRESTED. Barry Kent McKay, who flooded fandom a couple of years ago with thousands of illos of alien creatures and bubble-headed spacemen, was charged with three counts of theft and possession of stolen property recently. At issue were two falcons. Barry, a naturalist by profession as well as an artist, rescued the first bird from a tree after an anonymous phone call. The second was rescued by Barry on the behalf of the local Humane Society, which gave him custody of the bird in writing. Efforts were made to find the owners of both falcons, though, due to illness, the search for the owner of the first was not made as carefully as Barry would have liked. The alleged owner found Barry, however, and harassed him at his door. Since there was some confusion over the sex of the bird, and because of the verbal abuse, Barry asked him to leave. Next day he received an apology over the phone. But a couple of days later police came, confiscated the birds, and took a confused Barry down to the station for

mug shots and fingerprints... Barry, who feels he has an open and shut case, believes the charges are due in part to an article he wrote a few months ago exposing the illegal side of falconry. The charges were laid by the organization guilty of the worst practices. (*Barry Kent MacKay*)
-Taral

NASA OF KUNG FU, Harry Andruschak, alleged that LASFS president George Jumper caused him to be reprimanded for unauthorized distribution of NASA literature, thus drying up fandom's source of colour photographs of Neptune and generation-ship flight profiles (...don't we wish...) Jumper denies he was responsible, however, and writes "I have told Andy this on several occasions. He has refused to believe me. I don't particularly care whether he does or not, but I do resent his efforts to spread what I consider to be malicious lies about me throughout fandom." He dismisses Andy's beliefs as a product of the ill-feelings between them. (*George Jumper*)
-Taral

TORONTO AUTHOR WALKS AGAIN. Phyllis Gotlieb, suffering from a progressive disease of the bones, was hospitalized on the 27th of May for a Total Hip Replacement. The artificial joint replaces both the ball and socket, and is expected to have a useful lifetime of 20 years. Phyllis was released from hospital after 12 days and can walk now without a cane. (*Phyllis Gotlieb*)
-Taral

A NEW HISTORY OF FANDOM is to be written by Martin Morse Wooster for Greenwood Press, and he would like to hear from anyone with a substantial fanzine collection who would be willing to loan or copy back issues or material for his use on this project. As well, he would like to hear from old-time fans who would be willing to be interviewed, and from anyone who might have advice or suggestions to offer for the project. Write to Martin Morse Wooster, 8906 Talbot, Silver Spring, MD 20910 (a CoA). (*Martin Morse Wooster*)

Chicago in '82
Baltimore in '83
Shiffman for TAFF

TARAL: I KNOW WHO SAWED COURTNEY'S BOAT

One of the strongest forces unifying fandom is its history. Though few fans in fact know much fannish history, there are some traditions that are like a common backdrop for everything we do. The situation is rather like the average Baptist, who knows nothing of the theological arguments of Augustine and Kant, but knows heaven has pearly gates and that Jesus died to save his miserable soul. Thus even the simplest fan can go "smooooooth" when Bob Tucker walks in the room, or knows to groan at a Spider Robinson pun. The more sophisticated fan knows a little more. He knows, for instance, that twiltone is good (though he doesn't know why, it's just fannish), and that offset is bad (though he doesn't know why, it's just not fannish). Then there are a few of us who know Bloch is Superb, that Alpaugh is God, that Elmer Perdue has a fine slannish mind, and, moreover, have some idea what we're talking about. Vaguely.

The value of our heritage is priceless. Think, next time you're reading through Family Relations, whether this or that given article could have been published as a newspaper column or as any other sort of mundane journalism. The snappy ending, "that's not too many but the wheels fell off, Meyer" will automatically remove the question of all doubt.

Toronto fandom has been no slouch at contributing to the body of fan history. The early Derelicts of the 40's are responsible for a wealth of catchphrases, fanspeak, and stories. In comparison, modern Toronto fandom has been less favoured, coming up with a few lame routines that have never caught on generally. For a while it looked as if Mike Glicksohn and some cooperative friends might succeed in enshrining Spayed Gerbils as a bit of permanent fannish lore, but after a lethargic spurt of controversy, when another fan claimed a prior discovery, Spayed Gerbils rolled over and died of the plague. A notion of mine, Bhowling, never even got picked up off the pages of my zines by another fan. Of course it's hopeless to expect fandom to spin off myths like in the old days. A small club in Poughkeepsie can probably boast as many members as all fandom had in 1938. Creating fan lore in those days meant only telling a dozen or two people, and fan speak had only to be picked up by two or three prominent fan faces to seem to be used everywhere. Those times are gone. The effects of the early fans linger on, though.

The most pervasive of myths in fandom, the propellor beanie, can be traced to cartoons done by Ray Nelson. The first one was worn, however, at Torcon 1 in 1948, and the culprit was Michigan fan George Young. The zap gun is another item of fannish paraphernalia that turned up for the first time at the first Canadian worldcon. It was a lowly water gun in use years before Torcon, but a film on atomic energy inspired fan Martin Alger to quip "zap, zap" in the hearing of a Toronto Globe & Mail reporter, resulting in morning headlines reading "Zap, zap, atomic ray passe with fiends!" Water pistols were zap guns from that moment on. (Zap guns must not be confused with the British plonker, however, which was a different thing entirely.)

Torcon 1 was the origin of yet another enduring fan practice. Before 1948, no convention had had a fan guest of honour, but the Toronto worldcon introduced this decadence to fandom by granting guest status to Bob Tucker. The words "Fan Guest of Honour" were never used; he was billed as the guest just like Bloch. (Later Worldcon program books tended to forget about Tucker and list only Bloch as guest at Torcon, but recent publications have corrected that.) For the occasion, Pong published a special issue of Le Zombie, the first in some years, in which he collected some older material together and wrote fresh stuff for the other half. And that was the end of that for 32 years until we reprinted the entire issue for DNQ 29/30. And that is the end of that once again...

Who would have thought it? but "sercon" is a Toronto fan invention. Invented by Boyd Raeburn to be exact. Boyd was the Big Name Fan in Canada for many years, and published a biting witty fanzine called A Bas. Then he drifted into FAPA and out of faanish

ken, until little is left in stfnal memory. This is a great shame -- it would be rather as if 10 years from now Mike Glicksohn was an unfamiliar name in fandom, Boyd was so well known at the time -- but the crusty old bastard absolutely refuses to be rehabilitated. The opposite number of the serious-constructive fan was the violent-destructive fan, which Raeburn abbreviated as "voidesfan". The vagaries of fannish legend making have failed to preserve sercon's counterpart. Pity; I can think of a few voldesfen.

"Who Sawed Courtney's Boat?" Huh? went hundreds of fans when they saw this line for the first time, probably in some forgotten fanzine. It was the perfect non sequitur. And yet it wasn't a non sequitur at all, but had a substantial story behind it. Courtney was, in fact, one Charles Courtney, a shell racer, and a national champion at that. Courtney was matched in a race with the current Canadian champ, Ned Hanlan, and in rowing their shells to the spit of land now known as Hanlan's Point, Courtney was soundly beaten. His backer raised hell and demanded a rematch, which was set for the next morning. Sometime during the night, however, Courtney's boat, the Hop Bitters, was sawn through, and Hanlan rowed the course alone, setting a new record just to prove he could beat him even if he had been in the race. Ned Hanlan today has a monument in the Canadian National Exhibition grounds. Charles Courtney, however, is forgotten except by fans. Sic gloria transit mundi. And no one ever did prove whether it was Hanlan or Courtney's backer Asa T. Soule, who sawed Courtney's boat.

Is that the end of Toronto fandom's contribution to fandom's history? What will be the next substantial addition to our sub-culture? The notion that all Canadian fanzines are published on the legendary Canadian blue paper? (Note that DNQ has never been published on anything but other-coloured twiltone.) That Energumen was the last fanzine to win the fanzine Hugo? Victoria Vayne's chocolate fixation? Saara Mar? In spite of the overwhelming inertia of a fandom grown overlarge, perhaps myth making is not entirely at an end. No doubt while early fans went about their fanac they weren't thinking whether "he's been sick" or "hot fout" would still emerge from lips and typers thirty years in the future. History is hindsight.

* * * * *

Century XXI

23

La gran fanzine, Cart rue, Motor et
Simulacrum abicio east,
L'Oriental sortira de son siege,
Et le mutando avec auris acumen
Retires de la campagne.

"The great fanzines Khatru, Mota
and Boowatt will be cast down,
A man will come from the east.
And the changling with pointed
Ears will retire from the field."

THE PROPHECIES OF NOSTRILDAMUS
translated by Marc Ortlieb in his
Dormouse 7 edition.

HEISENBERG'S UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

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CAVEAT EMPTOR

THE IRON LAW OF BUREAUCRACY, Alexis Gilliland, Locomanics Unlimited, \$4.95. Alexis' cartoons don't always connect, but when they do they're a real sock to the funny bone and can be painfully funny. The Iron Law of Bureaucracy is a selection of some of his best, and they connect almost 100% of the time. Too bad no particular Hugo category fits this sort of thing since I'd rather Gilliland got an award for this than a Hugo being given to some predictable hack for another boring story inspired by last month's Scientific American. Speaking of which... [TW]

TAKEOFF!, Randall Garrett, Starblaze Editions, \$4.95. Starblaze Books are for fans who move their lips while reading, to judge from the unnecessary large format, big print, and pictures. They are presented as a quality format paperback while in fact being just about as cheaply produced as any DAW. The reviewer is also left with the impression that the publishers are rather a tight little family group, whose first interest is publishing the good ol' boys. But none of this has much to do with Takeoff, has it? Fortunately, not much. Takeoff is a collection of short satires of famous sf authors, including E.E. Smith, Eric Frank Russell, H.P. Lovecraft, Isaac Asimov, A.E. van Vogt, Poul Anderson, and about 15 others. As satires they aren't bad, but at such length they are apt to be tiring. Without familiarity of the author in question, the humour isn't likely to come all the way through. The number of satires that succeed on their own is small, however, and the seasoned sf reader shouldn't flounder. Trekkies and Battlestar Galactica fans take note... One asset of the book is every other Kelly Freas illustration, which show him at his best, doing the pen and ink cartoons that made Analog so distinctive in the late sixties. On the other hand there are the other 50% which simply fulfil the need for Starblaze Books to be illustrated at \$4.95 per. My judgement? You should probably buy it if it were from Ace or DAW at \$2.25, but for \$4.95 you can wait until you've finished your collection of Gor books. One must be mindful of one's priorities. [TW]

BARLOWE'S GUIDE TO EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS, Wayne Douglas Barlowe and Ian Summers, Workman Publishing, \$7.95. More evidence of the increasing visual trend and decreasing literacy of the sf consumer, Barlowe's Guide is nevertheless a completely worthwhile effort. The artist, previously unknown in sf, has selected 50 well known alien characters from books such as Starlight, Mote in God's Eye, and Cluster, and painted them as if for a biology text. At the end of Barlowe's Guide the artist has a section to himself, to his work sketches, and to his own ideas. Physically, the book is comparable in value to the Ballantyne art series--coated stock, adequate binding, soft-covered--and though a couple of dollars more expensive, it is about twice the length. The artist's style, by being a constant, makes the medium invisible. Had more than one artist been at work on the Guide the different styles would have stood out. However, the uniform style leads to a noticeable sameness to the aliens, as similar features and departures from human norm recur. Barlowe's humanoids are usually topheavy or angular. And they're rarely the way I envisioned them myself. Neither of these points are meant as criticism, merely as observations. If you have \$7.95 for a coffee table book, buy it. [TW]

WARHOON 28, the Walt Willis issue, ed. by Richard Bergeron, 1 West 72nd St., New York, NY 10023, \$25.00 U.S. Haven't bought a copy of the WASH yet? Write a check and order one now; this is probably about the fifth review of it you've seen and how many reminders do you need, anyway? WARHOON 28 is likely to retain its record as the largest single issue of a fanzine for quite a while, a hardcover 8-1/2 x 11 book of 614 pages plus endpapers, all mimeographed with multi-colour offset art, still retaining the "style" of the more normal-sized WARHOONS: illustrations, by Lee Hoffman, ATOM, Bob Shaw, Shelby Vick, James White, and Richard Bergeron himself, are blown up four or five-fold from the original size and presented in contrasting colours and bold line interspersed with the text, a graphic trick unique to WARHOON as far as I know and one

I've always thought worked well in its pages; typing, lettering-guide titles and mimeography are impeccable. Inside is enough fine faanish reading to keep a fan jaded with today's megacons and fake prozines happy for many months: included are complete reprints of The Enchanted Duplicator (with Bob Shaw), The Harp Stateside, Willis Discovers America, Walt Willis' The Harp That Once Or Twice column from Quandry, Oopsla!, Quark and Warhoon in several incarnations, plus con reports, autobiography and miscellaneous articles and columns, plus critical and fanhistorical articles by others about Willis' writing. A bibliography by Bruce Pelz wraps everything up. WARHOON 28 was awaited for a long time, and turns up to be the fannish treasure of the decade: for less than the cost of one night in a hotel at one of today's three-ring circuses, you can take yourself back to a time when fandom was much closer to what people today stubbornly pretend it is. Don't pass this one up. [VV]

SF CHRONICLE, Andrew Porter, Algol Press, \$12/year, monthly. Refusing to review SFC as a fanzine has got me cut off the free list, but this is where it belongs, dammit, with the pro stuff, and that's where it'll be reviewed if anywhere. Even if SF Chronicle is a prozine, it is almost as good as it can get as a newsletter, thoroughly trouncing Locus at its own game. Its news covers a wider field of sf interests, and, where Locus seems mainly to concentrate on book releases for material, SFC has its finger right on the jugular of NY publishing, feeling every throb. At the same time it is a more attractive package, and offers a more dependable schedule of publication. If, let us suppose, I were still interested in SF news, SFC would be my preferred choice. [TW]

ICE WATER, Saara Mar, Atlantis Records, list \$7.49. Announced August last year and following right on the heels of the single ("Pressure Ridge"), Ice Water was somehow still unexpected. Who believes there really is 49 minutes and 30 seconds of rock based on non-human music? Rather like Oldfield's work with Tubular Bells and Ommadawn, Saara has sung all the parts and played several of the instruments herself, then overlaid them on tape. Other parts were played by Chris Squire and Patrick Moraz of Yes. Unlike Oldfield, though, Saara's music is not based on a pentatonic scale, nor does it follow a consistent rhythm. (Saara, in fact, found the strong rhythms of rock peculiar when she first encountered it at an Elvis Costello concert - see DNQ 15.) Played mostly on synthesizer and electric guitar, the work consists of 10 short "movements" that suggest the course of an arctic thaw. The opening bars of "Northern Lights" (50 sec.) are simple and playful, but follows no recognizable melody. Its warbling eighth notes played very softly on the upper register of a steel stringed instrument end abruptly with the beginning of the long, solemn measures of "Ice Sheet" (11 min. 20 sec.). "Ice Sheet" is the central piece of the work, whose themes are continued in the later "Tundra" and are varied upon in several of the other pieces. It gradually progresses, changing yet seemingly unchanging, in reminiscence of the vast ice sheets of the arctic. It gradually picks up glacial power, at which point an undercurrent theme emerges as "White Out" (7:30) - wiping out all other developments. As the tonal range narrows toward the end, the previous development of "Ice Sheet" begins to grow again in a lower register, and with a sudden snap of a steel string, the piece is ended. A few seconds later, another snap and "Pressure Ridge" (3:30) begins, similar to "Ice Sheet" but with grinding notes and tension, with snaps that become increasingly brittle sounding. Three chords of brittle snaps ends the piece and "Break Up" (1:25) picks up immediately with chaotic sounding progressive chords that develop much like the opening second of the record. A fading rushing sound ends the side. "Freshet" (9:45) grows from silence as a complicated variant on "Northern Lights", gradually building up to a similar break that ended "White Out". "Cat Ice" (1:30) is like "Freshet", but returns to simplicity, with the snappings of "Break Up" made fragile and light. It is also in a higher key. "Pebbles in the Stream" (1:45) is a change to a lower, dominant minor key, and the replacement of the snapping-theme with a burbling development. Though much of the music on the record is accompanied by vocals, this is the only piece that can be said to have lyrics or be called a "song". The liner notes credit it to an actual off-planet tune. "Tundra" (9:10) begins after a few seconds of silence with an expanding

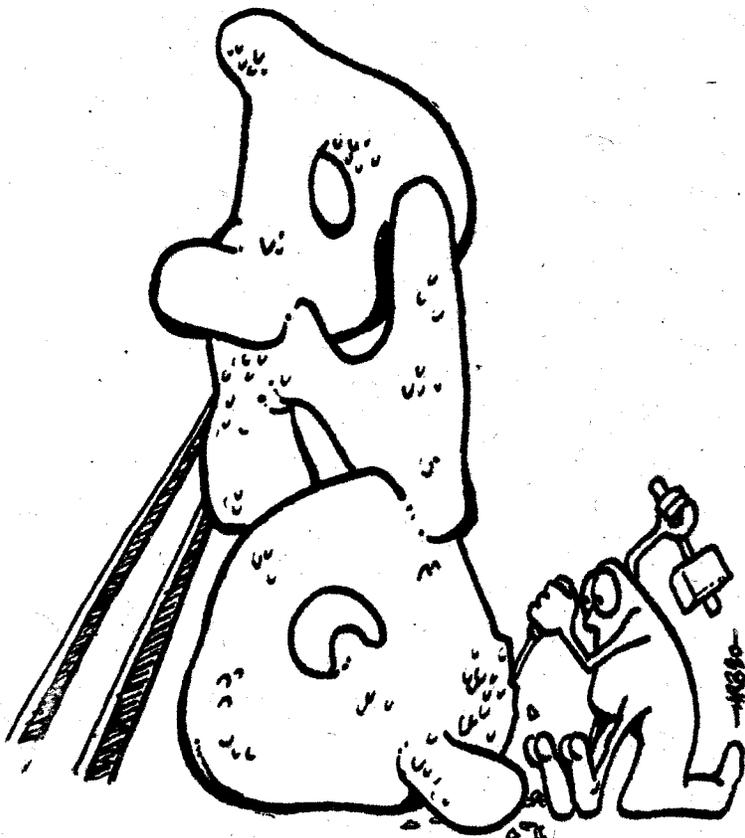
note that shatters, transforms into chords, and becomes a variation of "Ice Sheet" that is "thinner" and less forbidding, almost uplifting. "Midnight Sun" (2:40) finishes the work, a less celestial reprise of "Northern Lights". The last three notes are, in fact, the first three that began the record. As such things go, Ice Water is well-pressed, and the engineering nothing short of audiophile standards. Considerable non-human know-how went into ensuring good sound from the limited potential of the vinyl. Packaging was virtually identical with the sleeve for the single released earlier. Musically, however, Saara acknowledges a great debt to musicians both on earth and off-world. She is not an original composer, but rather a playful arranger of borrowed themes and tunes. The exotic origins of much of the material makes Ice Water more rewarding to listen to than most popular music, and no doubt serious composers will be listening to Saara's work for some time to come in their efforts to assimilate new ideas. Although she has retired from touring, Saara is going ahead with plans to produce a new album, to be called Stone Works. Rumours of another album, Elevator Music, are being hotly denied by everyone concerned... [TW]

PARTING SHOTS

This issue was completed on August 4, 1980. All pages were electrostencilled on our by now more familiar Gestefax 455, unfamiliarity with which was what caused the faint pages last ish. This ish also baptizes in fanac a new typer; the old one, veteran of all my fanac since 1975, now resides with Taral. ### Back issues available: 6,7,8,9, 11,12,13,14,15,20,28 - 50¢ each or 5/\$2.00 US; 10 - 75¢; 16/17 package - \$1.00; 25 only - \$1.00; 25/29/30 package - \$1.50. ### Please take note of the 17¢ stamp on this issue, celebrating Ned Hanlan, and see inside. ### Artwork this time by Taral (front logo) and Harry Bell (mailing logo). ### See you at NoreasCon. [VV]

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who sawed courtney's boat?



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