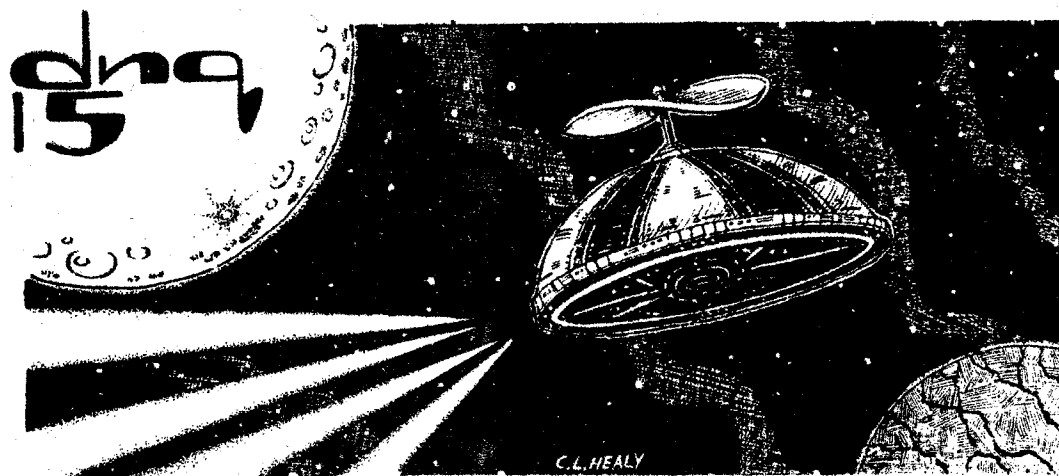


DNQ - a parvenu presumption of smoffishness and trufannish immortality - is published monthly or oftener as a Derelict House Koan, © Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont., M2R 5B4, (416) 221-3517, and Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156, Stn B, Toronto, Ont., M6P 3J8, (416) 787-7271. Subs are 3/\$1 U.S. (or 3/\$1.20 Canadian), overseas copies and special long issues going surface mail. Other ways to collect DNQ if you are not a completist include trades of twiltone at the official rate of 3 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 newazines, 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. TYPQ 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.

POLICY... We do not attempt to give comprehensive coverage of fandom so much as hope to add another dimension to the services provided by other newazines. The exotic or outre or mythic properly belong in our pages, though we will never hesitate to stoop to vulgar scooping of more secular news if the opportunity presents itself. To be perfectly honest, we aim to please ourselves, and in so doing bring pleasure to other fans and friends who are our readers. If our editorial aim seems a trifle erratic, the purpose is the same. If we raise anticipation rather than dissatisfaction, we must be doing something right.



EDITORIAL - VICTORIA VAYNE

The readers of DNQ might just be interested in learning what immense labours go into the creation of these dozen-odd pages you grab eagerly from your mailbox every month. And then again, maybe not. But I'll tell about it anyway...

Work on each issue of DNQ is done in bits and pieces throughout the entire month preceding press date. The address and subscription file is updated continually as new subscriptions and renewals come in; news is collected from letters, fanzines, specific news reports and releases that we receive, and conversatins throughout the month. Artwork is xerox-reduced if necessary, and electro-stencils made, whenever convenient. At cons we hustle subscriptions and negotiate for twiltone at reasonable prices.

About two weeks before the press date, we start writing up the news items, reviews and longer articles for the issue. At about that time, also, CoAs, trades and complimentary copies are entered on the address file, the master label pages updated and xeroxed onto blank labels, and labels typed for those not on the masters. This is the point where it begins to seem like work.

Perhaps a week before press date, Taral gives me the rough copy for his items, that issue's artwork, and a suggested list and ordering of the contents. As a rule, I type the stencils, mostly because of better speed and the Selectric. Still, the DNQ tasks are not inflexibly the province of either Taral or me; in most cases either one of us can do any of the work involved. Both of us have somewhat distinctive design preferences that are indicative: interior pages with broken-line underscoring for "Orator" headings in two-column format are my particular trademark, but the front page and mailing label section are generally always laid out by Taral. Stencil preparation takes about three or four hours on good nights for typing, longer otherwise.

Press date, usually the second Saturday of a month, is when it all comes together for fun and games, or in some cases, when a mimeo misbehaves, a cuss-out session. Janet and Bob Wilson come along to help out, everyone brings food and records, and we hope that printing doesn't start too late to get the collating done before

Janet wants to get home. For printing efficiency we use more than one mimeo and operator: at my place, a Gestetner 300 and two 120's, all handcranks; at Taral's a newly acquired 320 electric and the venerable old 66 handcrank (the Fifty Cent Monster, veteran of our primordial fanac back in 1974.

After the printing is completed -- and if the work has been trouble free -- we're all more relaxed. We break for a junk food obtaining expedition (Toronto has all-nite 7-11's now!), put on records, and do the

routine finishing work: collating, stapling, putting on labels, writing messages to those whose subs are about to expire, licking stamps. Now we don't need to be so efficient any longer -- it's a social occasion, for talk and music.

After the last stamp is licked, Janet generally wants to go home, and Taral and Bob and I go for a ceremonial long walk to work the twiltone dust out of our systems, and that is it for another month.

--VWayne

F.Y.I.

BOSKONE XVI, or the eve of WW 3, as it seemed to dazed congoers through the wee hours of the morning while China was invading Vietnam and the Soviet Union reputedly crossing the Mongolian border, was the first convention I've ever seen that accepted Master Charge. It was very enjoyable, well worth the trip, and the sfnal chance of immanent Armageddon only added to the enjoyment. The DNQ staff, strengthened by Alan Sandercock, made the journey by car, and only near Buffalo (as is usual) were bad driving conditions encountered. Not so fortunate were those who remained for the dead dog parties Sunday night, however, as Monday morning a storm left two feet of snow, drifts on the highways, and closed airports in its wake from New York to Washington. Sobered fans snowed in at airports must have regretted the impulse that brought them to ground zero in Boston instead of their comfortably anonymous homes in Wickyup, Chilli-cothe, Altoona and Toronto... On the plus side were a well-stocked huckster room where various acquisitions were made, anotehr "Rivets" musical by the RISFA players (mercilessly sending up fringe groups, the latest sf atrocities committed by TV, and disco), animated parties, free books as promos in the pro parties (otherwise duller than a half dozen mimeo freaks talking "shop"), and F*R*O*Z*E*N Y*O*G*U*R*T from the hotel ice-cream stand. We had a fine Nippono-Bostonian dinner with Linda and Ron Bushyager, and did rousing business in DNQ subs and renewals (thereby advancing the day when we finally ruin our keenest competition in the newszine business, LAID...). Probably 2000 people attended BOSKONE, making it larger by 400 than the worldcõh held in the same hotel 8 years ago. There were perfectly good

program items and films, like at any other con, that we did not attend. We saw old friends, met new people, and are already looking forward to BALTICON.

-- VV & Taral

~~Victoria Vayne's albatross~~ SIMULACRUM, the fanzine whose contents do not do justice to the appearance (affirmed in some manner or other by a dozen different reviewers to date), is folding. This results partly from the difficulty in obtaining material of suitable quality and kind to make up the originally hoped-for "faanish" issues, from my desire to ~~get out of debt~~ spend money in more satisfying ways, and from my need of time for other matters and projects. Replacing SIM in my affections will be ~~getting rich sex filthy prodon~~ other fanzines as the whim takes me, including perhaps a smaller faanish genzine, reprints of classic old fanzine issues, theme fanthologies, or even a "wrap-up" final SIM for the locs, to appear when I have the urge to bring them into existence. Apart from DNQ or FAPA, no more schedules, or even promises. The fabled Vaynity Press' Gestetner 466 will not be idle, though, since I plan to maintain or better SIM's technical and graphic standards in these future projects, and the art on file for SIM will be held for use in them. Those who have paid for future issues of SIM have the choice of DNQ subs or extensions, or outright refund.

--VWayne

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME CONFUSION ABOUT THE LAST ISSUE, but despite rumours we didn't publish two DNQ 14's last month. One or the other of them was, in fact, published by the folks who almost brought you the Mike Glicksohn Death Hoax, Mike Hall & Co, taking into partnership one Robert Runtë

of Edmonton infamy. The problem we face is idstinguishing which was ours since the Imitation was excellently executed, right down to myriad typefaces and retina-defying colour combinations. Certain clues are dead give-aways, but neither Runtē nor Hall have been graceful enough to let us in on them. In lieu of certainties we offer as clues the phony CoAs, hoax con bids, and unlikely news items such as Saara's being squashed like squirrel by a hit-and-run driver. Fan reaction has been unanimous: "It pays to advertise in FILE 770" - Brian Earl Brown; "Their best issue yet; I'm shaking in my boots and paying off my subscribers" - Mike Glycer; "I didn't say that" - Darrell Schweitzer; "How did they know?" - Linda Bushyager; "I have a lonnnngggggg memory" - Saara Mar. Until the perpetrators of this perplexing pastiche make it clear which was the real DNO 14 and which their hoax we are taking no chances and are counting both as official Derelict House Koans (though we won't count them against your subscriptions you may be sure). And henceforth there was no LAID 10... --Taral

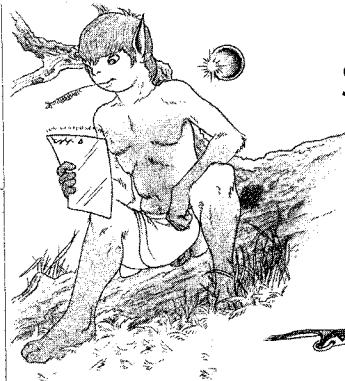
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF! Azapa, having once already spun off another apa, seems about to fission through the recently discovered Thiel/Andruschak Mechanism (first observed in the break-up of Apa-H). Specifically, a parvenu Phoenix Phan, Jenny Montaire, recently won the election in Azapa for a new OE and called into question Ugly John Carver's books. Ugly John seems, if anything, to have put himself out of pocket for Azapa, but Jenny Montaire accuses him of a \$30 to \$40 discrepancy and won't accept his accounts. Meanwhile, the membership of Azapa has been changing as Jenny's friends are encouraged by her to join, and old-timers view in alarm the drastically lowered quality of their apa. Pat Mueller proposes revolution, offering three alternatives to her picked list of Azapa members and ex-members, being 1) claiming descent of the real Azapa through Ugly John's books and treating Jenny's apa as a Royal Pretender, 2) a democratic coup via the ballot, and 3) ~~04616~~ Another Apa. Her preference is to option 3. Pat mentions also that Azapa is in debt to Bruce Art-hurs and suggests this may be the discrepancy Jenny Montaire refers to in John's

books, but she seems firmly committed to creating an Azapa in her own image. (source: Pat Mueller) --Taral

MEANWHILE, STILL TALKING ABOUT APAs, why does it seem that they are all going down the crapper? Did not Apa-45 die out not that long ago? Mishap used to be larger than it is today, and speaking of past glory, have you seen the waitlist for FAPA? Now the Post Orifice has just about destroyed fanzine fandom and hotels are quickly crippling conventions, and fandom's apas seem on the verge of heart failure... --Taral


MEANWHILE TOO, the neck and neck race for OE between Ken Josenhans and I in Oasis draws to a suspense filled finish. By the time this goes to print the results may already show whether our hero, backed by his fascist make-the-~~trailing~~-apa-run-on-time ticket, will be beaten by Ken and his Happy Anarchist party. Semantics may well prove to be the deciding issue... (source: William Shirer, RISE & FALL OF THE THIRD OE) --Taral

HUCKSTERING BY MAIL is Fantasy Monger's business. This new adzine is taking advertising for pulps, books and similar material, but not comics, at \$25/pg and proportionally more or less for other sizes and/or special locations. Subscriptions are 6/\$6 U.S. or 6/\$8 Canada. Sample copies available for the asking. Checks, requests or derision should be sent to WEIRDBOOK, PO Box 35, Amherst Branch, Buffalo NY 14226. (Wake up, over there!) (source: Weirdbook) --Taral



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F.Y.I.

RON GRAHAM, Chunder! reported, died Sunday Feb. 11. Ron Graham is a veteran of 50 years in fandom, whose fanac began with a loc in AMAZING STORIES in May 1928. Although DNQ doesn't normally pick up stories from other newszines, I felt I had a few things to add to Chunder!'s story that would be of interest to fans who may not have known Graham. My facts are unreliable, but I understood that he had gaffiated for a number of years, during which time he became a self-made millionaire. Upon entering fandom again he began what every collector must dream of -- building a collection with a million dollars to spend. One item he acquired was Donald A. Wolheim's collection of 30's and early 40's fanzines for the nearly unbelievable sum of \$10,000! ...so vouches DAW himself when he was in Toronto for Ozymandias I and I was grilling him about THE FUTURIANS. Graham's collection, presumably fanzines as well as pro material, was left to the Fisher library of the University of Sydney, where it will no doubt be preserved as Graham intended. (source: unsubstantiated rumours) --Taral

GIVE US BACK OUR MISSING DAYS! A pittance for the FAAn Awards? There are so many fanzines and other special projects undertaken to benefit TAFF and DUFF that we're beginning to feel pangs of sympathy for the FAAns, for which no fund-raising seems yet to have been done. (FANTHOLOGY 76 has yet to turn a profit and may yet take a while to do so, before it starts turning over largesse to the FAAns, unfortunately.) Thus...for the express benefit of the FAAn Awards, the awesome Vaynity Press Publications consortium introduces a calendar reform: a 1980 fan artists calendar, consisting of 12 full-page drawings plus a cover by some of the best fanzine artists of today, including many former FAAn nominees, and hopefully ready for sale at SEA-CON. Artists are currently being contacted about this. For info and to tender suggestions, write to PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8. --VVayne

EGOBOO FOR PAT MUELLER comes this issue in the form of mentioning that she is working on graphics for a wargaming magazine called SORCERER'S APPRENTICE from Flying Buffalo, "The People Who Bring You StarWeb and Tunnels & Trolls". She is encouraging artists

to illustrate for the magazine, claiming that they pay better than Galaxy at least. The Same People etc. are also planning to bring you a Tunnels and Trolls Calendar with full-size black and white illustration for each month, going to press about May ("which means June"). (source: Pat Mueller) --Taral

IGGY ERRATA UPDATE...Pat Mueller reports that she does not have anything to do with the financial affairs of IGGY, which are in the hands of Sharon Maples (not Mapleton as reported last ish), the CPA and Bruce Farr. She also denies that there is missing money. Further information we do not have at the moment, and we here at DNQ would appreciate hearing from other IGGY concom members (by letter preferably) exactly how things stand at the moment. A lot of the rumour-mongering going on is likely unjustified and we'd like to do what we can to lay it to rest. (source: Pat Mueller) --VVayne

COELOCANTH FOUND LIVING! Mike Bracken reports that a new issue of KNIGHTS, the 20th, should be in the mail even as you read this. His last issue, published over a year ago, cost \$1.25, so if you don't think you'll be receiving KNIGHTS 20, you might think of trying a bribe. (source: Mike Bracken) --Taral

APA 50 OFFICIAL GARGOYLE LEAVES HIS EAVES? Cy Chauvin, the official editor whose position Apa-50 terms "official gargoyle", after holding the post for three years, has been replaced by Bill Breiding (3343 20th St. San Francisco CA 94110). A sample mailing of Apa-50 is available for 50¢; the apa centers on personal discussion and is open to people born in 1950 or more recently, although a few golden agers have been allowed in in the past. (source: Cy Chauvin) --VVayne

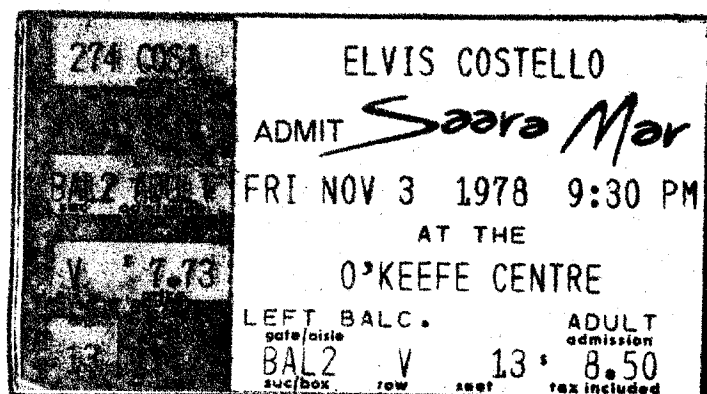
HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

Joyce Scrivner - 2528 15th Ave. S.,
Minneapolis, MN 55404

Robert Runtz - 8833-92 St., Edmonton,
Alberta T6C 3P9

Mike Hall - 10957-88 Ave., Edmonton,
Alberta T6G 0I9

MUSIC
TO ALIENATE
AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL
BY
- SAARA



A new planet is expected to turn up strange things, but Earth still has its surprises for me after my extended 7 year tour. Punk rock was certainly one of the more unexpected things I've been subjected to. In spite of listening once to "Jocko Homo" on Bob Wilson's record of ARE WE NOT MEN, there was much to the business of punk I wasn't prepared for. What a thing to expose an innocent young (only 257 years old) girl to, whose tastes were formed by a musical tradition that manipulates time signatures with little regard for rhythm -- the beat, beat, beat of rock and even more of punk. PoonBob was on a new jag, though, and rapidly acquired albums of Talking Heads, The Ramones, Devo and his special love, Elvis Costello, and when Bob Wilson is infatuated, whether it be kites, kung fu movies, or New Wave, the world must soon know about it. The trouble was that Bob's world didn't appreciate being enlightened, so when Elvis Costello played Toronto, no one would go. Not Taral, not Victoria, not even Janet. Nor would Bob go alone, fearing I suppose the crowd that in Bob's imagination would be composed of potential presidential assassins masquerading as taxi drivers, pods, and Rocky Horror Picture Show freaks. So my unprincipled friend suckered me into going.

There was a crowd at the door, but not lined up for tickets. They were picketing. "Oh, by the way," Bob lets me know, casually, "the Women Against Violence Against Women are picketing the concert tonight." "Enh? Chilw ta, why?" "The other group appearing is Battered Wives, and the WAVAW says they object to the name." I objected to the entire set of circumstances, WAVAW, Elvis Costello and all, but it was too late. Bob sweated for a week until he could get the tickets, bought them the night before, and both were in his shirt pocket. We were early; Bob was anxious lest there be many ahead of him. I reminded him that it was customary for the performers to have opening night jitters, not the audience, and that the tickets were for reserved seats. With nothing much to do for 45 minutes before the doors opened we watched the picketers in the street resolutely marching with upheld signs and tin pans they were spanking with spoons and chanting slogans. The placards were disappointingly unimaginative. The closest any came to literary quality was "Battered Wives Hurt", which seemed inarguable but too straightforward to make good copy. Meanwhile PoonBob was nervously eyeing the line-up in the lobby and pretending to himself that they might riot or set fire to the rug any second. Overtly, he wanted to join the line, but it took less than telepathy to tell he was enjoying himself with worry. I didn't bother to look around again. I'd seen the growing number of people waiting for the doors to open; we were plainly the oddest.

Watched doors never open, and these never did either, but we presently found ourselves inside and seated anyway. Somewhere to one side and in a balcony that gave a fair view of the stage we were. There was a set of drums and a keyboard instrument to its right (our left), enormous speakers to either side of the stage, and banks of lights, no doubt for use during the show. Nothing was happening there, but taped music was playing for something to listen to. Of all things, the Beatles had been taped and I heard for the first time a number of their earlier works such as HELP, I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND, and SHE LOVES YOU, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. Well, I wondered why Taral had no records of anything before SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND, and now I know why. The Beatles had their ups and downs, but more downs than ups then I'd say. It was an odd thing to play at a

punk concert. If, as New Wave adherents like Bob said, rock had become decadent and punk had brought back the old virtues of rock and roll, the Beatles were the obvious beginning of the end. While my mind was idling, musing about the music, the auditorium filled, mostly with ordinary off-the-street type people. The cross-section was strange, encouraging really. Only one really punky-looking punk there, and the rest wore anything from fox stole to blue jeans. But the one punk was really punky, as I said, with his hair cut short and spikey, made up with eye shadow, and wearing black leather. At one point someone down below our balcony shouted, "Are we not men?" and the audience replied to a man, "We are Devo!" Bob chewed his nails and I laughed. But then the lights were dimming and the show was about to start.

Immediately, young women dressed like drum-majorettes led a number of bedraggled men with chains around their necks from the wings. Loosed, they stumbled to their instruments and suddenly the loudest noise I ever chose to listen to for its own sake gripped the auditorium in a solid substrate of raw amps. However loud the amplification, however, it did not serve to disguise the music, which would have otherwise been quite inoffensive. One song was pretty much like another, being apparent that the group had changed songs only when they began using another note. I copied down a sample bar, and, if you want, you can photocopy it and paste together an entire number:



pianoforte come la "Jumbo Jet"

The action was on the stage, however, not in my ears, and I watched fascinated by the theatrics as the drummer collapsed over his drums after each song, the guitarists jerked and shimmied across the stage and danced back to back, and the keyboard player occasionally leaving his instrument to light up a smoke and once even knocking over some of his equipment... And at the end, in a long agonized death scene, the drummer almost made it to the pit before expiring. Then the drum-majorettes were back and Battered Wives was once more in chains, being dragged offstage.

I clapped, quite realizing I wasn't supposed to, no trace of the rippling movement of a crowd that meant applause in another second, but they'd been funny and I'd been entertained. And I like confusing people...

A number of small things amused me about the Battered Wives' performance. The members of the group were costumed in clothes complete with elaborately tailored rips and tears and probably stains too. The idea, it seemed, was to be faithful with punk's roots in poverty, but simulated authenticity must be either the product of a marvelous sense of humour or a dreadful pretentiousness. Either way it's something of a bad joke. The gyrations of the guitarists I mentioned were imitations also. Battered Wives had studied the characteristic body-English of rock and roll with meritorious scrutiny, anxious to get every squirm and spasm authentic. But their motions were as true-to-life, perhaps, as a reconstructed Cow town whose modern function is to rustle tourists, not doggies. B*A*D* T*A*S*T*E I screamed at them mentally; and Battered Wives screamed B*A*D T*A*S*T*E back at me, almost as if my nonverbal message had encouraged them.

Costello was a different story. Earth is saved from enraged Kjola-kind for another while yet. Although the aesthetics of bad taste are beyond my limited capacity for understanding alien cultures, Costello obviously succeeded within his framework where Battered Wives failed. No artfully torn t-shirts for him. Nossir. Nothing but a black silk double-breasted cowboy suit would do, with two rows of silver buttons (which probably only I had the visual acuity to read "Jimmy Jones died for your sins!" inscribed on one). He also carried a pastel red and yellow guitar, wore his usual owlish glasses, and sported a stylish ducktail. The Attractions, his supporting group, were every bit as loud as Battered Wives, but it didn't take a trained ear to penetrate the decibels and hear the difference. Where Battered Wives was fuzzy and unaccentuated, The Attractions

were smoothly professional. Costello was professional too. His bad taste had class. His repertoire of gymnastics jived better, as if he were dancing with the beat rather than using it as necessary colour.

During the concert I was distracted by dim lights darting and hovering like ghostly hummingbirds on the auditorium walls. My first thought, that they were lights from the stage as part of the show, vanished unformed when I noticed they only moved when Costello swung his guitar, so the chromed bridge was only reflecting one of the spotlights, and nothing more exotic than that. My own tunic makes a better light show of reflected light. Costello had, however, not neglected the possibilities of the tungsten filament. The banked lights seen earlier were lit for one of the numbers, and someone offstage fiddled with them, successfully blinding first one half of the audience, and next the other. Other lights shed celophaned greens and reds onstage to transform Costello into alternately Satan and then Frankenstein's monster as he danced. That puts him two up on my dress, and I'm not a bit jealous.

Abruptly, (as in abrupted eardrums), the show was ended. Elvis Costello politely thanked the audience, turned, and strode from the stage while his last words, "goodbye" were echoed, amplified, and shifted upward in pitch to become a penetrating electronic scream by some black box arrangement with the microphone.

The house lights hadn't come on, so naturally everyone waited for the programmed encore, and no one was disappointed. Except, perhaps, for me. It would have been more interesting if Costello had stood the audience up and refused to follow the fossil of an extinct custom. How long, I wondered, would people have waited? He did return, though, and instantly the shock wave from the speakers blasted the walls with a reprise of some favourite, followed by one or two more. Not long before I calculated the overpressure would bring the roof down on us, he was finished for real, and the speakers were howling "Goodbye, goodbye, goodbyegoodbyegbyegbybybyyeyeyeyeeeeeeeeee!"

And the lights went on.

Outside, the city had been cast in fog, and PoonBob and I met Taral on the street for a walk. The fog was an unexpected bonus, adding mood to the silence. Bob noticed the quiet too, and I told him how I felt the same as when I step into vacuum. The walk was a properly intimate denouement, dreamlike with visions of building tops transformed into neon infernos high overhead by the fog, and we needn't concern ourselves further. The night finished insensibly later...

Are we not fans?

--Saara

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS - TARAL

QUINAPALUS 2 - M.K. Digre, 1902 S. 4th Ave. #1A, Minneapolis, MN 55404, available for the usual or 50¢ (more or less). While the modern RUNE seems to have a destiny of its own, QUIN has inherited the mantle of true Minn-Stf bozo humour. It can be a little thick at times, such as the pastiche Elizabethan piece in this issue, but it has a place in the fannish repertoire (as long as it knows its place). Probably the most comprehensible article in QUIN 2 was "The Test-Tube Hula Hoop" by Terry Hughes, which while ending unsatisfactorily, was straight enough for even Ed Wood to enjoy.

TWLL DDU 14 (Incorrectly spelled TWYLL DDU on the cover) - Dave Langford, 22 Northumberland ave., Reading, Berkshire RG2 7PW, U.K., A rather stuffy sercon zine badly

offset and 122 pages long and sponsored by the BSFA, TWLL DDU is obviously totally unfaanish fare. Example articles are awkwardly titled "An aesthetic prolegoma for science fiction" and "Back to Bellamy: a short review of Political SF", both in two parts to be continued next issue. An amusing insight into Langford's personality is reached thru a little incident told in the editorial where he tried to con Harry Bell into believing he was promised a cover. Unfortunately for Langford, he misheard the reply, and the striking use of white space on the cover is due to more than just Harry Bell's missing the deadline Langford thought they'd agreed on...

###annoying unusable space *grumble*###

HARLAN'S SIDE - Guy Lillian III, 631 Dauphine St., New Orleans, LA 70112. Seems to be available to SFPA or by whim only. This might be heralded as Harlan Ellison's first fanzine in umpty-up years; or it might be regarded as Harlan's first fanzine contribution. Either way, I wonder why he (and Guy Lillian) bothered. Essentially HARLAN'S SIDE is Harlan marshalling up all his forces to blast the remains of Don Markstein into oblivion. Considering how much Markstein's reputation has already suffered, and how Ellison has effectively put his points across to fandom already -- in front of 3000 unconcerned and probably puzzled fans at Iggy, no less -- the motive for Harlan's broadside is suspect of pure vindictiveness. Nevertheless, Ellison presents his side of the feud reasonably, colourfully, and deals fairly with innocent bystanders. DNQ has no complaint with his description of our part in the affair. Except, perhaps to mention that DNQ is not published by two women -- merely one kjola (male) and a woman, and that we phoned him, he didn't phone us, as he remembered. Neither mistake is critical to his argument, but we thought there was a small, but important ethical difference between us phoning him to straighten out the matter, instead of waiting for Ellison to contact us. If you've heard something of the feud between Markstein and Ellison and if you're still interested in hearing more, write to Guy for a copy. Guy may be willing to assuage your curiosity with a copy.

ROTHNIUM 6 - David Hull, Box 471, Owen Sound, Ont. N4K 5P7, available for the usual or \$1.25 (Don't you wish all Canadian zines were that cheap?). After the steady improvement of ROTHNIUM over the last few issues, it came as somewhat of a disappointment to find that the latest issue was no better than the one before, in fact was only a little better than ROTHNIUM 4. The lack of the Tom Perry article that was in number 5 had a lot to do with it. Although enjoyable, the articles by Mary Long, Cy Chauvin and Dean Grennell were comparatively minor, and I wasn't sure what I thought about John Alderson's Travelogue of his own home town. Visually, ROTHNIUM is ambitious, but neither of the major visual treats of the issue appealed to me. The cover, a sort of art deco treatment of Conan dancing Swan Lake looked wrong to me in a way difficult to describe in a couple of lines, and though I complimented Rick Corlett's

art in the previous issue, his folio work in this issue was very different, almost like wood-cuts, more comic-bookish, so I cannot say I was impressed as I had been. In spite of my criticisms, I still recognize ROTHNIUM as basically a good zine. It lacks material to complement its appearance -- a real problem in the fancy genzine racket -- and perhaps Dave Hull is still seeking a direction for his zine. But he has developed ROTHNIUM to the point where its appearance is a moderate-sized event on the fan calendar.

SPANG BLAH 19 - Jan Howard Finder, PO Box 428, Latham, NY 12110 - available for money, 50p (\$1?) or presumably the usual. He promises #18 will be out real soon... Never mind, this issue, labelled "a bargain of Barker" is sure to make anyone overlook the discrepancy in numbering. The entire issue is devoted to Jim Barker's cartoons -- 14 pages of them. If Jim Barker is coming to NOVAcon 9 (West), I just might get to meet him, and Jim is one artist I'm becoming increasingly anxious to do just that.

FANHISTORICA 2 - Joe D. Siclari, 2201 NE 45th St., Lighthouse Point, FL 33064, available for \$1 or the usual. After what seemed like certain demise, FANHISTORICA is back with its third (fanhistorians, figure that one...) issue. The main content of this issue is the first part of Joe's reprint of AH, SWEET IDIOCY!, one of the seminal documents of fan history. The second and third parts ought to appear in FANHI 3 and 4. The cover reprints a classic Ray Nelson cartoon that, god help me, I understood. For the uninitiated, one of the reasons the old Denver SF League disintegrated was because certain members were more than a mite irresponsible, and the caption of Nelson's cartoon, "Bombs are old stuff. You should of seen what the DSFL did to Art Rapp's lawn in 1947" refers to a real bombing event! Other, shorter items in FANHI include material by Walt Willis, Ted White and Bob Tucker, as well as a new article in answer to Ted White's "What Was That Fandom I Saw You With", "Hey! Mr. Buonarrotti!" by rich brown, where one more round of the Battle of the Numbered Fandoms is fought. The one point where FANHISTORICA perhaps falls short of its purpose is in presenting old artwork. An effort in this direction, Joe, would be appreciated. And now, for you fan history buffs, it's time for...SGT. PEPPER TAUGHT THE BAND TO PLAY! Take it away, Billy...SHEARS!!! [applause]

SGT. PEPPER TAUGHT THE BAND TO PLAY... - COMPILED BY TARAL

"What Price Fanzines?" - Julius Unger, from Nova 3, ed. Al Ashly, Winter 43-44. This was the zine published by the original Slan Shack in Battle Creek, Michigan, and while Ashly was officially editor, E.E. Evans, Walt Liebscher, and artist Jack Wiedenbeck all had major influences on the shape of the zine. What with the interest in collecting, and the re-emergence of FANHISTORICA, I thought the following extract would be appropriate...

Fantasy Fiction Field SPECIAL FANZINE SALE January 1, 1992

STARDUST (nos. 2, 3, 4, 5)	each \$	500.00
STARDUST (no. 1)	each	1000.00
BIZARRE (no. 1)	each	5000.00
TIME TRAVELLER (complete set)		5000.00
FANTASY NEWS (complete set)		20000.00
FANTASY FICTION FIELD (first 5 years complete)		7500.00
LE ZONBIE (complete set)		10000.00
VOM, FANTASIA, FANFAIR, SPACEWAYS, SOUTHERN STAR, NOVA, ECLIPSE, GOLDEN ATOM	each	500.00

You stare, you laugh, and you cry, "Unger's crazy!" You overlook the point that maybe he's still celebrating New Years. Nevertheless, though I greatly doubt whether any fanzine will ever command such a price, that's what they should bring in the future -- when you take into account supply and demand, and matters of proportion. Let's examine some statistics of the present supply and demand of both pro and fan mags. Of course the main point we must bear in mind is the proportion of the number of actual collectors in both fields and the supply of their wants. We'll first consider the pro field; and as prime examples we will only figure on first issues.

	1926 AMAZING	1930 ASTOUNDING	1923 WEIRD
copies printed	150,000	100,000	50,000
no. in circulation at present time	20,000	10,000	1,000
no. of collectors wanting copies	1,000	2,000	1,000
prices first issue brought	\$1-3	\$1.5	\$15-25

Now for the fanzines; again only first issues being considered.

	TIMETRAV.	FANT.FAN	SPACEWAYS	LEZOMBIE	STARDUST	BIZARRE
copies printed	200	200	150	150	300	500
no. in circ. now	25	35	35	35	150	?
no. collectors wanting	75	50	50	50	40	200
price brought by 1st issue	\$1-5	\$1.2	\$1	\$1	50¢	\$1

Notice how the prices on the promags rose according to supply and demand, and notice the same process on the fanmag table - but look at the proportion. This calls for a little arithmetic. If a first WEIRD brings \$15-25 when 1000 copies are available, and when 1000 fans bid, what (by proportionate clues) should the first SPACEWAYS bring when only 35 copies are available and 50 people want copies? It should, of course, realize more than the \$15-25 that the first WEIRD was valued at. It should sell for at least \$35-50. And all this when SPACEWAYS is only two years old. What should be its price range in 20-50 years from now?

With the availability of copies reduced to nil, and with collectors galore (we hope!) the \$500.00 price seems well within the bounds of reason. But, as I stated earlier, I doubt very much that any such prices will prevail. Of course you never can tell. Collectors of promags are great enough fanatics, but compared to fanzine collectors, they simply don't exist. And collectors, all types and kinds of them, pay more -- much more -- for wanted items than they're worth -- just to complete their files and gloat over their fellows.

What Price Glory? -Julie Unger

