

TYPO 6, riding with DNQ 20, July 1979 is brought to you by Saara Mar while Taral is theoretically on sabbatical... c Taral Wayne & Saara Mar - c/o 1812-415 Willowdale ave, Willowdale Ontario, m2n 5b4 (416) 221 3517. Saara answering all letters... Maybe.

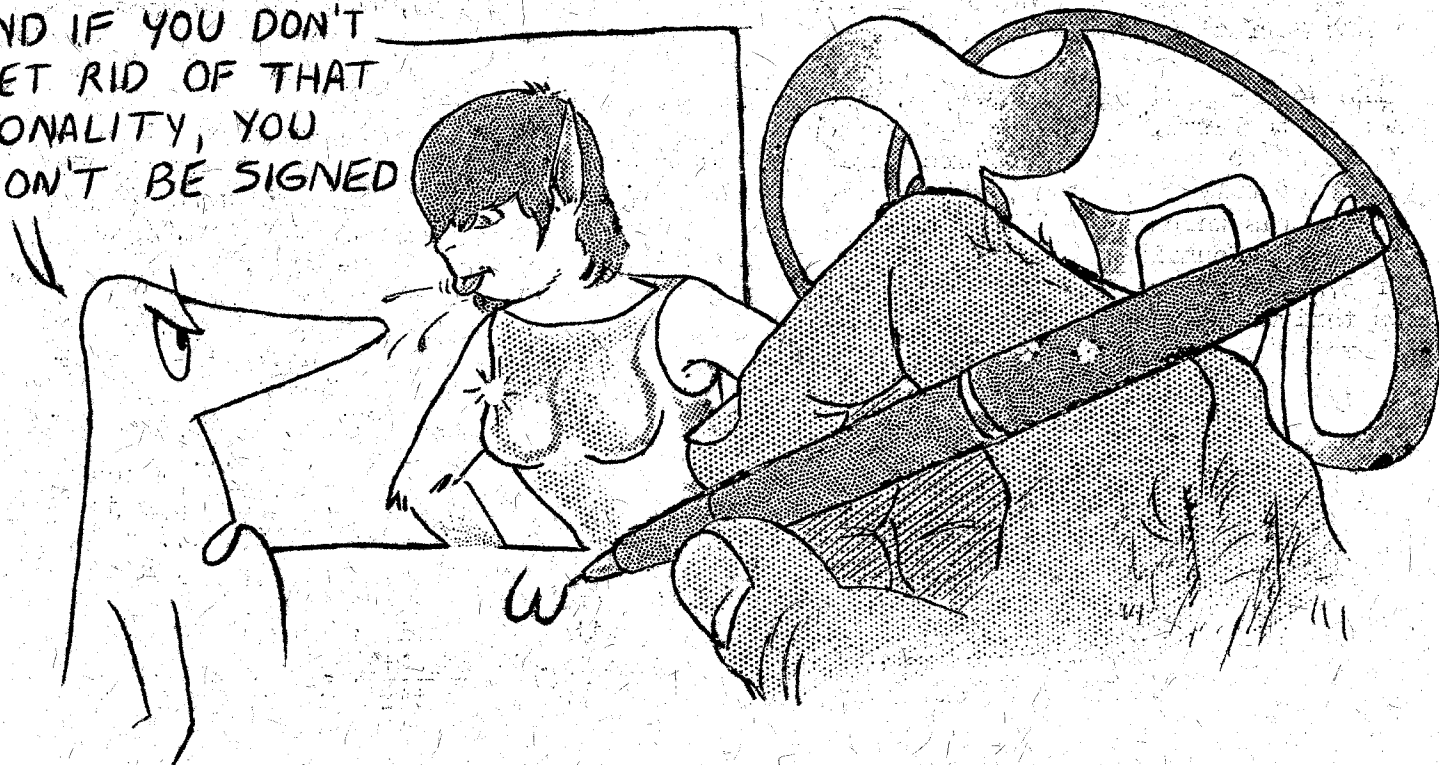
BOB TUCKER - 34 Greenbriar dr, Jacksonville Ill, 62650

What an exciting time you and Victoria had on your mimeo holidays! And what a splendid batch of fanzines you sent me! I read them all, every one, and understood about 75% of what I read. Was that "Saara Duck" on the cover of A March To The Best of a Red Shift Drum? The duck having the caption "...a base canard"? I assume it was, and I appreciated the sly pun whether you meant it as a pun or not. I just recently learned what a canard was. The most interesting to me was your account of the Bill Grant library, and what you found in it. Unless Bill edited the films (which I doubt) you also saw several yards of bridges, all kinds of bridges which he encountered and passed over on his trips to and from conventions. He was a bridge fan and always started his film-trip reports with bridges crossed, all of which he showed us at the next convention where we met. If you'll allow me, I'd like to correct your impressions of the early MidWestCons. The first, in 1950, was held in the den and library of Doc Barrett and I don't suppose there were more than thirty or forty people there. Doc had a house on Madriver Street in Bellefontaine, Ohio, but it wasn't his residence. He used the rooms on the first floor for his medical offices, and the two or three rooms on the upper floor were his den and library. We met upstairs for a couple of days, and decided that next year it was worth getting a hotel and having a "real" convention. For the next two or three years we met at the Ingalls Hotel, which was the scene of the infamous door incident between Harlan and Jim Harmon. The attendance had grown to over a Hundred by that time and we occupied two hotels and two motels in the town, although the programming was confined to the Ingalls. The con moved to Beatley's-on-the-Lake about 1953, but it was promptly renamed "Beastley's-on-the-Bayou" by disgruntled fans who had run afoul the management. Both sides were to blame because the behavior of some fans there was so bad the management invited us to not come back again. The final straw was when a bullheaded young fan and his lady were found occupying an unrented room and were pointedly asked to vacate - quickly. The bull-headed young fan declined, and made the mistake of swinging on the security man, who was also the manager's son. The son decked the young fan and threw him and the lady out. That's when we were invited to go elsewhere the following year.

/Rosebud! ...Saara/

My memory is hazy on the point, but we may have moved back to Bellefontaine for one unsatisfactory year, and then moved again to the infamous North Plaza in Cincinnati. The con was

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was well established at the North Plaza by 1956 or 57, and we stayed there until the management demolished the place to be rid of us. At some point in the Sixties two other motels were tried but found wanting. Once (and possibly twice) we were at a fancy expensive place called the Carousel, and once we tried a Holiday Inn, but in the end the con came back to the North Plaza until it was nearly demolished, and then altered into apartments. The Holiday Inn now serving as the host site was the same one tried fifteen or twenty years ago, but now it has been greatly enlarged and enhanced and all those expensive things. Then, as now, programming was kept to a minimum and often the only entertainment (other than the natural cavorting of fans) were Bill's home movies and my slide shows. I had (and may still have) several hundred large, theater-size slides dating back to world war one and the slide program consisted of those, plus fan slides of the kind still shown today. I think the incident of Asimov being presented with a giant condom occurred at Cleveland in 1955, where he was the GoH. The presentation was repeated more than once so that other photographers could record it. Once or twice I was the presenter, but at other times someone else made the presentation. Asimov finally got tired of it and called a halt. But guess what - I must be a victim of creeping senility because I cannot remember, much less identify, the MidWestCon fan who wore long hair and a head band.

Who got possession of the films? You, or some other archaeologist? Thank you again for sending a good day's reading, and thanks too for your part in getting me elected to second place in the Negoboo Poll. I feel quietly proud.

/I've learned that good fan etiquette is to edit out unnecessary egoboo, but, Bob Tucker, you were so profuse, and I think probably Victoria and Taral could use the change. It seems likely that the MidWestCon oriented article about Bill Grant interested you the most among the zines that went with DNQ's annish. Taral had said to me that he felt that although Grant figured in the article much as Caesar figured in Shakesphere's play of the same name, that this might be all the farewell an old fan might get in fandom. How many others pass away unnoticed? There is something obscene about the death of something half larger than life like a fan that is a little more piquant than any other stranger... Grant filmed bridges - and legs too. He was the traditional "leg man" who knew it, and played it for all it was worth. One clip, like many others, begins from the floor and moves curvilinearly upward to... another male fan in drag. This and other footage are now tucked away in Toronto's Spaced Out Library and if fandom is lucky may someday be shown at conventions again. For more on MidWestCon, Taral has written something that may amuse you for Raffles, Stu Shiffman's and Larry Carmody's fanzine. They can be persuaded to send you a copy, eh Stu? Now where is Doc Barrett these days? ...Saara/

Mike Wood - 3441 Emerson ave, S. #307, Minneapolis Minn. 55408

A note to Taral, regarding your comments on apas in DNQ 15: I suspect that the reason it seems to you that apas "are all going down the crapper" is that you are myopically aware of only a few apas, which happen to be having problems, and are unaware of many other apas which are still (or newly) doing quite well, thank you. Minneapa, 6½ years after its founding, is still going strong - we're having no trouble keeping our roster of 57 members full and putting out a 200-400 page mailing every 3-4 weeks. Lasfapa is thriving. Apa-69, the sex oriented apa, is undergoing a resurgence now under Arthur Hlavaty, who has recently taken over running it from Lord Jim Khennedy. I've been in a small apa (15 to 18 members called Slan-apa for 8 years that has continued with a very small turnover in membership, and we're still continuing to find interesting things to say to each other every month. You think all apas are dying?? No way... I don't honestly know what to make of your whole remark about "now the post orifice has just about destroyed fanzine fandom and hotels are quickly crippling conventions..." except to react with a loud BULLSHIT! or at least a large "huh"? Not the fanzines I know. Not the conventions I've been going to. (Are you generalizing to all of fandom on the basis solely of your own individual difficulties with one hotel in Toronto?) Or was your comment supposed to be funny? Hell, it's not even interesting, just the same old tired moanings that sound like the speaker/writer has gotten tired of everything. Or

is it the de rigueur exaggeration of the trivial into the cataclysmic that comes of a yearning for "the exotic or outre or mythic"? Sorry, I find such amplification a tiresome bother. And that is all for now. Keep the zine coming - DNQ is interesting even when you've gotten far off the track of reality (as above), the more so when you've not. (PS In Minneapolis fandom these days, one can frequently hear Q: "Are we not fen? A: We are bozo!")

/As I understand, Taral has noticed that several prominent apas doing badly, including apa-45, apa-q, azapa, mishap, caladapa and others. It seems to be the longer standing, general interest, or quarterly apas (as Harry Warner Jr. pointed out) that aren't doing well. Yet, Taral won't refute that there are many apas doing relatively well, or going great. Even fapa seems to have revived again. The problem of hotels may be more serious. Autoclave, Confusion and Phlange all had severe problems of different sorts, and other conventions are getting expensive. MidwestCon this year is high - about \$35 for a single. Alexi Gilliland mentions that the Disclave hotel next year may want \$40 for a single and that the con may well have to move to another site. Hotel prices are going to have to catch up with inflation. And as for fanzines, how many truly good issues are there in a year? From your point of view, perhaps you are not worried, but Taral is most interested in a style of fanpubbing that seems all but dead... And costs (including postage) and lack of feedback are the reasons editors give most often when they announce folding their zines. Fandom is not dying, we think, but is constantly changing, and perhaps Taral is getting tired of some of it. Recently, mail has been swelling, though. (Are we not fen? DNKjola!)/

ALAN DOREY - 20 Hermitage Woods Cr. Stl John's, Woking, Surrey, GU21 1UE
With regard to the Dave Langford letter in Typo 5, there are a few further bits of SeaCon news which ought to be brought to the public's attention: D. West has been put in charge of finances. The fact that he has just vacated his small Dingley residence for the London Hilton has got nothing to do with it. And he doesn't use five pound notes as filters in his cigarettes. He is beyond such things. He uses SeaCon cheques. Keith Walker's Prog. Book is progressing well - he's finished the first sentence and is well on his way to completing the "Mammoth mimeo four page Tome". Advertising revenue is running at £67.88 (the cost of writing to potential advertisers; someone should tell Keith that the Pig Breeders' Gazette and the World Will End In 1974 Weekly are just not interested). D. West has also had a superb idea for supplying the canvas for the tents in Scotland. He is busily duplicating an issue of Daisnald with blank pages save the word "canvas". Unless requests for canvas are in by July 4th, con-goers will have to make do with Scotland's starry vault. The deal for supplying toilets has fallen through, although a hole some ten feet deep and one foot six inches in diameter has been constructed at vast expense for the less imaginative. The entrance fee of £2.75 (That is, \$46) is payable on the first day to Dave Langford. If sufficient monies are collected, Dave may be able to transport one of the Hugo awards from their place of security in the Laundry Bag behind the bar in the One Tun. On the food front, negotiations have gone ahead successfully with the Sweeney Todd Meat Pie Co., and those members of SeaCon failing to take out FULL membership by August 1st, will be asked to make "contributions" to the comestible supply. Radios, TV sets, cassette recorders, video recorders and pieces of knotted string are banned. Members may take money (a 25% search fee to be deducted from any cash carried), fanzines, guitars, beads, bits of garden twine (green garden twine, anything else is string), and lumps of rope on the understanding that nobody ties knots in them. A full list of regulations governing conduct and behaviour at SeaCon is available now from: D. West, Cell 47, Block (9), West Wing, Armley Jail, Leeds. Price \$10 or a walnut cake with File. Okay, enough of the forced humour... thanks once more for DNQ's and stuff.

GEORGE FLYNN - 26 Putnam st, Somerville Mass, 02143
The Sheraton-Boston is in excellent shape. We held a NESFA meeting there the other day, and except for the one closed restaurant you wouldn't know anything had happened. Dave Langford's letter in Typo 5 is absolutely hilarious! (And a tough act to follow). One could think of various approaches to keep the Worldcon from becoming "too big", but

they all seem to have nasty side effects. 1) Raise the prices till nobody can afford to come; well we don't need to argue that one any more. 2) Set a limit on membership so only the first N people can come; unfortunately, there is a positive correlation between faanishness and procrastination. 3) Make it by invitation only; just think of the marvelous scope for feuds... (Sounds like where we came in.) 4) Eliminate enough of the "trappings" so there'd be nothing for non-trufans to enjoy; might work in the long run, but one shudders to think of the scene at the first con to try it (with all the people who didn't get the word showing up anyway...). Anyway, one can find cons of a size to suit any taste; and if the Worldcon didn't exist in its "traditional" role, something else would be invented to fill that niche. NESFA was relieved to hear that you acquit us of fascism (on an individual basis, anyway). However, Tony Lewis is offended at being found so innocuous; he also wishes it known that he's lost 20 pounds since Boskone. Don't think I've ever been printed adjacent to Harlan before.

/Ah, but isn't the "traditional" also in constant flux? And can one find a committee to suit? The problem isn't as severe as fans think, though. The Worldcon has always controlled the "trappings" hasn't it, and fandom, through site-selection, controls the committee. Fandom has the Worldcon it wants (or deserves, if what it wants is diversity and small attendance). ...Saara/

HARRY WARNER JR - 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown MD 21740

I didn't realize how much of a reputation I've gained for failure to write locs until the other evening. There was a knock on the door and there stood a fan from the midwest who made a long side trip from another journey to hand deliver his latest issue. He didn't come out and say so in so many words, but I got the impression that this way he would know the fault was mine, not that of the post office, if he didn't get a loc on that issue. ... I'm sorry about my unreliability as a lochack and I'm not sure if it will go away soon. Something always seems to come up, just when it appears that I have a week ahead with a good bit of spare time in it, except during the weeks when nothing comes up but I fall into a what's-the-use mood which paralyzes me from doing anything.

I wish I could supply you with some hot news for future issues of DNQ. But this secluded life and cutback on fanac have left me without many sources of rumors, prophecies, narrations and other forms of information. But you don't really seem to need another source of information, me, judging from the comprehensive way you have been covering fandom. Later perhaps I can provide you with a real scoop. After reading all the reports about whether James Hall, Robert Runtē, Christine Kulyk, and other fans exist, I began investigations which are fruitful so far: they show a strong probability that Montréal is really Toronto and the French separatist movement which has been reported in the mundane press is actually a series of misquotations by reporters of a fan feud.

Do you know how much work you've saved a future fan historian if there should be a mutation in Homo Sapiens creating fans with the strenght and powers needed to write histories of something as extensive as fandom has become today? While working on the 1940's and 1950's I ran across several surveys something like the one you ran in DNQ 16 and they were manna, reminding me of matters I'd forgotten to chronicle and assuring me that something I'd considered unimportant really was trivial since it wasn't mentioned in the roundup article. I suppose most fans are aware of the fact that the St. Charles Hotel no longer exists, and that parts of it went out with a Saps mailing, although there was no way to determine if the fragments were by chance part of Room 770.

I was interested in your description of the Bill Grant collection. It's an almost invariable rule that someone else's slides and home movies are a big bore to other people, no matter whether the photographer is living or dead, so I doubt if Bill would have been annoyed at your reaction to them. It would be good if someone could get those fannish pictures and movies onto video tape as soon as possible. If they're in colour, they will be fading away in another decade or two, and they're unique fannish documents. The best news in the sixth Red Shift is your Toronto fan history project. I'm convinced that this is the only way fan history will be written in the foreseeable future: manageable manuscripts dealing with certain aspects of fandom, not the total approach SaM and I messed around with.

ROBERT RUNTE - 10957-88 Ave, Edmonton Alberta t6g 0y9

May 23

Howcome Mike Hall always gets his DNQ's before the rest of us in Edmonton? The 16/17 package arrived at his place a full two weeks before the rest of us got it, for example. This sort of favoritism has got to stop. Mike has this insufferable habit of phoning us all up and gloating about it, and he reads all the best tidbits over the phone before we've a chance to see it for ourselves. The only thing more annoying than this is someone who gets it first and refuses to tell us the good bits so that we have to wait until we get our own copies to find out what's happening.

June 18

Thanks for allowing Randy Reichardt and I our reverse on Mike. I phoned Mike and read him all the soul bits first for a change - it was fun!

/It would have been simpler for you to change your phone, but anything to help a subber/

My Gestetner 26 has a little plaque which guarantees perpetual care. Should it ever need repair, I'm going to point to it and make lots of noise when they try to tell me that "perpetual" doesn't mean more than 30 years. Actually, I don't think it will ever require attention (knock on wood) since it is almost totally indestructable. They built 'em tl last in those days.

What got me about that contract was that they had a clause which allowed them to make and charge you for repairs that were not required. They get to "update" the machine with new "authorized components" as the manufacturer makes design changes. If they put all the new parts necessary to modify my 26 to modern specifications there wouldn't be anything of the old boy left at all!

The most shocking thing in that item, though, was your claim that a 120 could be had for \$25 to \$50. It is to laugh. Not out here you can't. We looked for months before we were able to find an old Ronea for the club for \$275. The Gestetner people here go around tracking down and destroying old Gestetners to get rid of those nasty little perpetual care plaques. The only people who had old Gestetners for sale were, naturally enough, ABDick Salesmen... But even these weren't cheap. I'm not sure why it is, but old printing equipment is very hard to come by here. Maybe you could go into business buying up old Gestetners and shipping them out west at a huge profit.

The whole hoax thing breaks me up. So I'm really Christine huh? Truer than you know. (What does he mean by that? What does he mean by that? What does he mean by that? What does he mean by mean? Sorry, private DWF joke.) The only thing is, there is no way we can escalate the hoax any further. No, no! That wasn't a challenge! I'm glad you took the DNQ 14 hoax in the proper spirit; I can't figure out Brian Earl Brown. ~~Let's announce that Brian is dead and really get him~~

~~skipped!~~ No, huh? I think it is a bit tacky of you to send Bhowling out to fans not in on the feud in question. Great reading to be sure, and I'm glad you sent me a copy, but I doubt that AnneLaurie (whoever she may be) would approve. Ahh, I love gossip and feuds (other peoples' that is; I haven't been so crazy about the one I got caught in - ouch!) but I feel so guilty drooling over 'em. Ah, what the heck, be tacky. Give me more of this fun stuff!

It's funny, I read Houyhnhmn (why can't you ever name things with titles people could spell? Ozymandias, Houyhnhmn, Gaaltlaahaleen, etc. are a pain, 'cause I have to look 'em up every time) before Bhowling 1 and looking at the boring statistics made me wonder if maybe I should join the apa, but now... Say, how about if I get AnneLaurie to sponsor me for membership and you magnanimously allow "her" choice in so that she has to let in Langford? No, huh?

You're a libertarian huh? *Sigh* Another fan I have to turn over to the Central Committee. I personally feel that all libertarians should be shot, and as soon as we take over, you will be. Until then, I won't hold it against you if you don't hold my being a commie against me.

/I don't think it would do for Taral and Victoria to announce Brian's "death". They wish to remain friends... You might look up Randy's comments on fan hoaxes in DNQ 19 too. Fan feuds are indeed tacky and I'm trying to teach Taral better than to let himself be dragged into them. It's so un-Kjola-ish. Speaking of which, so is shooting people, even fans. I can't wait until some Central Committee member takes a pot-shot at me! I can chew lead slugs like bubble gum and love teaching people humane behaviour by squeezing guns into silly putty...

Any dumb horse can pronounce "houyhnhmn", can't you? (And Ozymandias is the invention of the committee, not ours.)

...Saara/

"Martin Wise" - 1754 Park Avenue, Baltimore MD 21217

As you may have heard, an epidemic of Malfortuna Automobilistica has swept through Baltimore fandom. As the fron end of this particular horse, I find myself in a unique (most unique???) position to succinctly report it. Item. I, while driving Bonnie Dalzell's venerable boat of a station wagon, slammed on the brakes in wet weather disbelieving that the turkey on the driveway ahead was turning across my right of way to make a left turn as close as he was. We fender-bendered to a very expensive tune; turns out the idiot had lied on his registration renewal and was not insured; turns out Bonnie's insurance company is a bunch of assholes and took 5 weeks to pay off on the uninsured motorist coverage; turns out that although it is supposedly grossly illegal, the state does nothing at all to pursue known uninsured drivers; turns out the Motor Vehicles Division is staffed by a troop of pygmy-brained petit bureaucratic morons who could care less what the laws say, they know nothing; turns out the local police will - laughingly yet! - report to you with great aplomb that the uninsured idiot whose fault it was has threatened your life if you pursue the matter and - heh, heh - wouldn't it be better if you laid off for a while? The whole mess has caused me, and especially Bonnie, no end of hassle and many lost days. The moral is obviously never to have an accident in Maryland; or if you do, make sure that either 1) it's your fault, and you are good at making threats, or 2) you insist that your car can't be driven from the scene and that the policeman make a report.

Item. While returning from Paracon, while barely three blocks from the Hotel, in fact, Jack Chalkder and Eva Whitley and Scott Dennis were horrified to see an idiot in a yellow sports car racing through a stop sign into the intersection we were about to enter at about 35 mph. The accident happened very quickly and has laid Jack's beautiful Mercedes up in the car hospital for at least three weeks. The other car was demolished. It was driven by a Nigerian exchange student (not his car) who seemed to have little idea about responsibility and liability. Fortunately, the car's owner did have insurance and Pennsylvania seems to be better at handling accidents than Maryland. The people who ran Paracon were comforting and helpful far beyond the call of duty and cushioned the blow. That accident was terrifying; about as close as I expect we could have come to being run into and not hospitalized.

Item. Lee Smoire's Datsun was probably demolished as she and Ray Ridenour were returning from a Disclave work session in Virginia. They were driving on the infamous Capital Beltway in the rain when traffic began to slow down abruptly and two cars in the lane to their right decided to begin spinning and then collide. One of the two ended up sticking into Lee's lane and she hit it. Again, the police were more helpful than in Maryland but what consolation is that? Taral especially should have particularly fond memories of that little hatchback that is now joining its rust relatives in the sky... Special footnotes are that the window she had just replaced from a vandalism cum attempted theft incident 10 days before; and our search for unleaded gas after midnight on Sunday so that we could get Lee & Ray back to Baltimore after going to pick them up (AAA was most helpful...). Who's next? I shudder to speculate. Fortunately, in all three accidents we were all wearing seatbelts, which is probably why most of Baltimore fen are not right now festering in some hospital. Injuries were held to a few bruises and muscle aches. But why this particular rash of trouble? None of us were at fault. None of us, so far as I can tell, were driving differently from normal. Coincidence is the reasonable answer; a friend of mine in New York says the stars are configued just not for mechancial problems (so much for flying to Kubla Kon); but I personally think it's all a case of bad carma.

/Speaking as one who ought to know (an alien after all), astrology is unscientific.

A more reasonable explanation is that, 17 years later, Ron Ellik is back to haunt us/

DAVE LANGFORD - 22 Northumberland Ave, Reading, Berkshire RG2 7PW, UK

Ian Maule (the fellow whose wrong address is given on the FAAn ballot) was burbling lately about the wonders of US-sized zines and after many drinks claimed to be considering having A4 paper cut to that size so he too could join the cosmic one-ness etc. You have been warned. British shoeboxes are bigger! I can fit A4 fanzines into them without trouble. Or do I just have big feet?

The Peter Weston sex-change rumour is of course wholly ar...

/An A4 size British zine can fit into an American shoebox if the zine is travelling at roughly .88 times the speed of light respective to the shoebox... ...Saara/