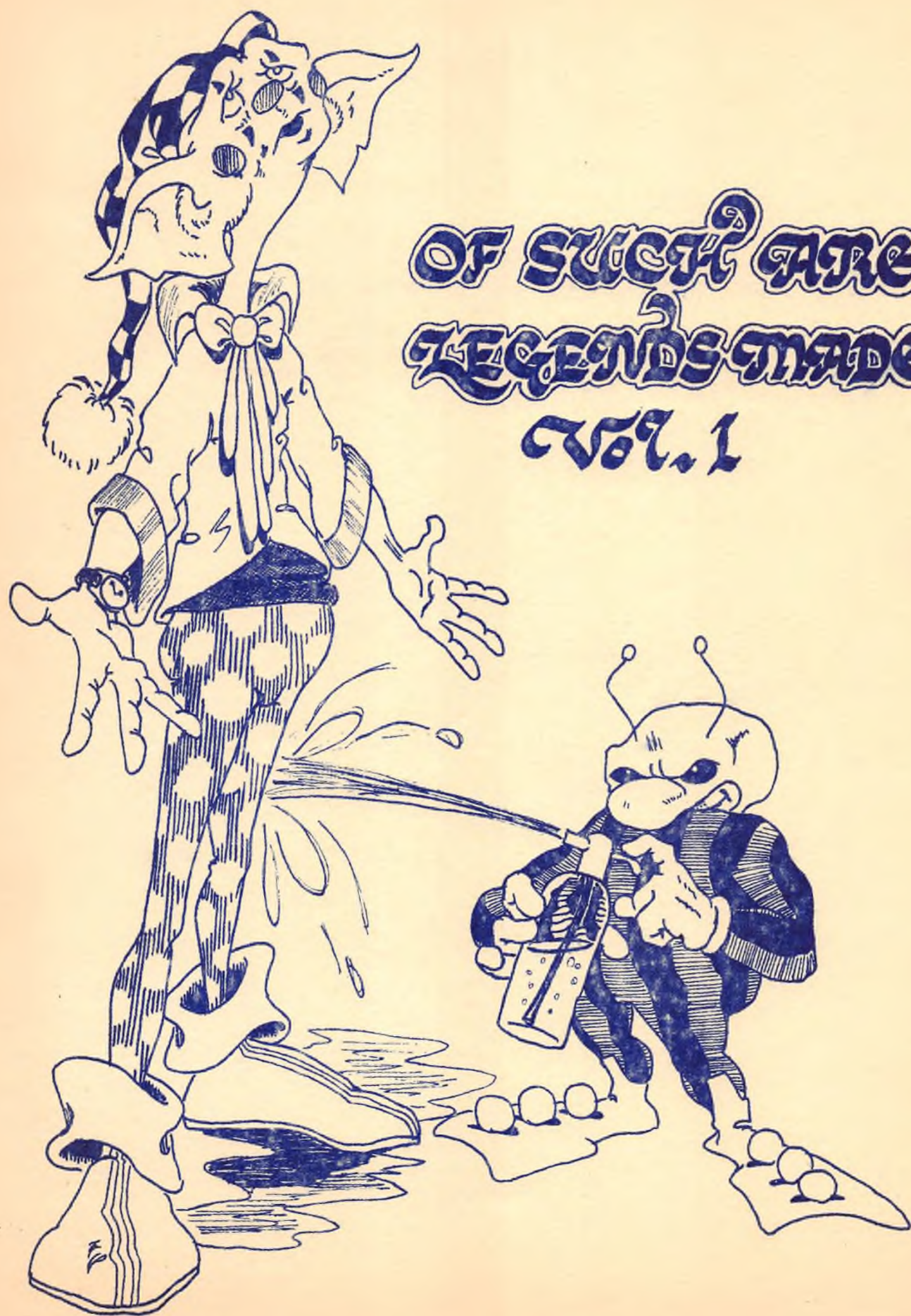


OF SUECY ARE
LEGENDS MADE
VOL. 1



Of Such Are Legends Made

Vol. 1

Published on Wyoming Knot
by heroic endeavors of:

Linda Bushyager
Tim Marion
Joyce Scrivner

in August, 1978.

Titles and Calligraphy by Tim Marion.
(In the darkest moments before the
dawn, sometimes come strange and
marvelous things.)

Proceeds to TAFF.

Cost: \$1.25 in person.
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Harry Bell

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APPLIED REAL SOON NOW? 101

JOYCE SCRIVNER



I started planning this fanzine to benefit TAFF (The TransAtlantic Fan Fund) almost a year ago, now. Well, actually it been since I saw Peter Roberts (TAFF 1977) off at the bus station in Jacksonville, Florida. (And how did I, a Pennsylvania resident, get to drive Peter to the bus station in Florida? I thought you'd never ask!) I drove Peter and Rob Jackson and Mike and Pat Meara and Gary Farber to various destinations including Suncon. Gary Farber left at the convention. Rob Jackson left at Disneyworld. The Mearas left in New York. And I went home to Pennsylvania.

Somewhere in the middle of my fraternizing with British fen and fan historians I became fascinated by fannish history and the idea of seeing more Britfen. This is a result of my attempt to combine the two into one. I'm not completely satisfied with the result, but it is competent. It has certainly been an interesting year.

Anyway, the most important thing I have learned in the past year is Real Soon Now (and that is a bit of fannish legend, itself) does not just cover when a fanzine will be published or art work will be done. Real Soon Now covers everything a fan does and some of those are mundane. For instance, in the construction of this volume Real Soon Now applies to:

1. Bob Tucker who has told me at every convention I have seen him at that he'll have that article on Degler for me. But it hasn't arrived yet.
2. Bruce Pelz who promised to write a piece on black jelly beans but has only been sending me his Cult PRs since I last wrote him six months ago.
3. Jack Speer who was going to tell of his life as an apostle of FooFoo. He placed me on the wait list for FAPA, but the last I heard of him was his note saying he was doing that.
3. Joe Haldeman who thought at Lunacon that he would tell his side of the Lime Jello story,

wasn't too happy about writing it when I
I talked to him at Disclave.

4. Me, who wanted to publish this is May. Look
at the date!

It also applies to almost everything else I've done
this year and all the letters I've not written. The
people I wanted to talk to but haven't yet and even
to several of the articles here which we typed up
at the last minite and were last minite mail box
finishes.

For all of that I would like to dedicate this to

Linda Bushyager

without whose unfailing kindness, courtesy, help,
(mimeos and art file, too!) this would not be what
it is.

And Real Soon Now (Next Year Even, Maybe) I shall obtain
some of the artcles I talk about above and I'll publish
another volume of Fannish Legend and its Ghods and Beanies
and people. Who knows but by the time Real Soon Now
arrives but the legend may be yours!

--- Joyce Scrivner



Over--->

Revelations of Hermit

-GATHER AROUND-



8
7

REVELATIONS OF A HERMIT

Long ago, Jack Speer wrote an article in FAPA called, I believe, "Meet the Gang." It contained capsulized descriptions of this character and that one. Only at the end was it evident that all the persons were varying aspects of Speer.

I become increasingly perplexed by myself as the years pass. The only way to explain these baffling things would be through the Speer system.

There's the me who is in his middle 50's, so full of aches and pains that at least some of those miseries must result from genuine physical problems, thinking constantly about retirement and how to be sure of having a private room when the time comes to go to a rest home, uncomfortable when it's necessary to travel any great distance, too timid to drive faster than the speed limit or drop a personal letter into the outgoing mail at the office.

But there's also the me who finds his enthusiasms for new interests and innovations as strong as they were in his teens, who hasn't missed a day's work in seven years, who lives alone in a house in an increasingly tough neighborhood without even the solace of a gun for protection, who barely breathes hard after walking up the hill behind the office which forces some younger persons to pause for rest halfway up, who can't notice any deterioration yet in things like typing speed and piano playing ability.

There's the old fan who just can't keep up with all the fanzines which keep pouring in, who thinks he's on the verge of gafiation because he has begun to skim parts of the larger ones instead of conscientiously reading everything in the issue, who no longer feels the impulse to attend cons, who much prefers detective and historical fiction to science fiction as reading matter, who has given up all the columns he used to write for fanzines and fan history projects, and no longer corresponds regularly with many fans.

Yet there's the old fan who gets as excited as he ever did about a promising new fan writer or a neofan's first issue, who hasn't had fewer than 12 pages in a FAPA mailing in 35 years, who continues to be among the most prolific lochacks, who goes to sleep at night thinking about the giant articles, parodies and other things he's going to write for various fanzines as soon as time permits, who has never sold a fanzine or anything else connected with fandom because he can't bear to part with anything fannish.

Then there are the contradictory sets of ideas. What do you think about a person who is completely disillusioned about politicians and politics, but has never failed to

vote since he was 21 except for one occasion when he was in traction in a hospital; who is so conservative about drugs that he thinks Repeal was a mistake, has cut back on coffee consumption and doesn't even allow himself to indulge very often in ketchup, yet is so radical about space travel that lots of other fans can't go along with his beliefs about the need for diverting much of the nation's energy and money to this purpose; who still wears a necktie and a hat, summer and winter, but is so indifferent to clothing that he buys his coats and jackets at Goodwill Industries; whose musical tastes are firmly rooted in the 19th century, but who shocked some musically knowledgeable individuals who saw his efforts at composition because of their dissonances and other 20th century heresies; who can't endure most of the people he must work with in his office, but who likes immensely most of the people he's around in the other phases of his life; who is a hopelessly addicted admirer of Julie Andrews but didn't take advantage of a chance to attend a press conference staged for her within easy reach of Hagerstown; who can never remember his own telephone number when it's necessary to give it to somebody, but occasionally startles somebody by recalling a totally insignificant conversation or event that happened a quarter-century ago; who is really good at changing typewriter ribbons and completely incompetent in all his other relations to every kind of mechanical device; who spends less money on most purposes than the average family on welfare but squanders his money on a monthly contract with an exterminating firm, just because he's scared of squirrels on the attic and black beetles in the cellar; who still hasn't taken more than about one-third of the bottle of nerve tablets he got during his last hospitalization period in 1971 but imagines he must have one bicarbonate of soda tablet each morning to endure the day; who can't understand why anyone thinks a computer is so marvelous but can't get used to the miracle of seeing a picture appear when he turns on his television set?

Around Hagerstown, such things don't surprise people. "He's a contrary cuss" is the way people summarize the situation. If it weren't so, I wouldn't wonder why anyone should think I'm such a strange person.

--- Harry Warner, Jr.



The IPA Conspiracy



-MIKE GLICKSON-

THE IPA CONS-PIRACY

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was 'elixir'.

A decade ago, when I was a neofan, before there was verguzz, before there were Spayed Gerbils, yea, even before there was "Smoooooooooth", there existed a fannish elixir known as IPA. India Pale Ale, breed by Ballantine, aged a full year in wooden casks; it was the epitome of the art of brewing in America, delectable to the connoisseur and damned-near unattainable. An elixir in the true sense of the word.

IPA was an east coast grail, and a regional one at that. You could occasionally find it in isolated stores in New York City. A few scattered locations around the Washington area were good for a six-pack now and then. You could not buy it in Boston, as many a fannish hunting party confirmed with regret, but you could always find it in the tiny hamlet of Rifton, N.Y. where dwelt Jack Gaughan, high priest of IPA fandom.

The circle of IPA devotees was small, but it was select. Jack Gaughan and John Schoenherr, Bob Silverberg, Charlie Brown, Elliot Shorter were all among the cognoscenti. My reaction to my first bottle was much like that of a duckling just emerging from its egg: I followed it around filled with filial devotion from that moment on.

But when you live in Canada and the object of your adoration isn't even generally available throughout neighbouring American states, you have the makings of a problem. Luckily for this fanatic fan of IPA, fandom provided a solution. Fandom provided fans.

With the single-minded dedication of the best kind of energumen, I made IPA somewhat of a fannish legend in the early Seventies. I filled editorials in my fanzine with references to it, I talked about it in articles and letters, and, best of all Rosemary Ulliot publicized both the ale and my unrequited love for it in "Kumquat May", one of the best known fannish columns of the era. So friends in fandom started to Do Something About It.

New Yorkers would show up at east coast regional cons with six-packs for me. Andy Porter contacted Ballantine's Breweries with the sad tale of their dedicated but dessicated would-be client from the Frozen North and they were so impressed they donated not one but two whole cases of the precious fluid to me. Bob Silverberg secreted a bottle behind the podium at the Hugo awards ceremony in Boston in 1971 and would have presented it to me in lieu of a Hugo had my nominated fanzine won that year. (When it did win, two years later, Torcon had no Hugo rockets to present so I celebrated with a bottle of IPA after all!) And at Pghlange that same year Jerry

© Mike Glicksohn, 1978

Kaufman, Eli Cohen and David Emerson smuggled a supply into Pittsburgh and with the aid of people like Ginjer Buchanan, Robert Silverberg and Charlie Brown arranged to have bottles presented to me throughout the entire convention; at the banquet, at the introductions, while I was on a panel, at parties...it was perhaps the high point of the IPA conspiracy. Or then again, the high point might have been the time Ricky Kagin and friends flew up to Toronto in a private plane and brought a case with them. Or perhaps the time five New York fans drove all night long to burst into my bedroom at 6 am on my birthday with six-packs of the ultimate in fannish fluids to delight a totally befuddled friend.

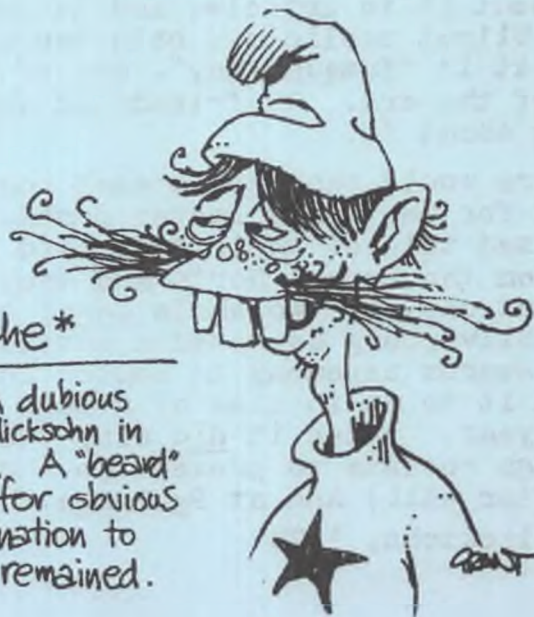
But legends are for recalling, not living in. Shangri La must always be lost again, after one's brief stay. All good things must end. And other appropriate cliches. Ballantine sold out to Falstaff, brewers of some of the worst beer in America. Falstaff changed the IPA bottle; they changed the IPA carton; they changed the IPA aging period, dropping it by several months; and unforgiveably, they changed the IPA recipe. The magic was gone; American's one truly great indigenous ale was reduced to being merely a better-than-average drink. Still rare, still available only on some mysterious and idiosyncratic basis and still well worth drinking but no longer really special enough to inspire fannish quests. An era had come to an end.

But for four years IPA was a small part of the mythos of fandom and a large part of my own fannish life. Four years... that's not too many, meyer.

--- Mike Glicksohn

the moustache*

* First attempted, with dubious success, by Mike Glicksohn in the winter of 1968. A "beard" was later added, for obvious reasons. The inclination to bizarre headgear remained.



MIKE GLICKSOHN

If you visit Canadian cities,
 You will find things very pretty
 But there is one exception
 And that one's name is Mike Glicksohn.

Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glicksohn,
 A furry face and a hat
 It leads one to wonder
 If anything's under that!

See Mike Glicksohn, animal trainer
 Everyone else is a little saner
 Turtle ran away-y-y-y, snake went and died
 They both couldn't stand it, being fed straight rye!

Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glicksohn
 In days he teaches kids math
 At night spends his time
 Using beer as a bath!

See Mike Glicksohn, letterhack supreme
 Sending locs out in a fast stream
 Killed his own fanzine, then gave out this swill,
 "If the stamps don't break you, then the slipsheets will."

Mike Glicksohn, Mike Glicksohn,
 A drunkard and a boozehound
 When he gets dried out
 It's the local dogpound!

He'll drink anything, one might think
 Even what's left in the kitchen sink
 But the truth's the difference 'tween night and day
 He drinks from the toilet or so they say.

So go to Toronto
 See the Big Name Fakefan there
 He'll give you a hail
 And drink I.P. Ale,
 While growing ---- more hair-r-r-r!

--- Bruce Arthurs
 (to the tune of "Pollution"
 by Tom Lehrer)

The ★ **SECRET** of **HANDS** OF **FREEDOM**



STAN KERN 78

THE REAL AND TRUE
(MY VERSION)
STORY OF

THE SECRET HANDGRIP OF FANDOM

Patia Sandra von Sternberg, per square inch of exposed flesh, has, in her heyday, provided a good deal of male neos with some heavy masturbation fantasies. In point of fact, there was a neo, who while attending his first convention, Infinity 1, had decided that fandom was definitely not for him until he saw the flashing red hair, exposed back, midriff and thigh of Patia. Suddenly he had an insight into the Real and True Meaning of fandom. The fact that this neo now runs ConFusion, the Ann Arbor con, irregularly pubs a fanzine and is now writing this article testifies to the impact of that first meeting.

With this in mind, let's go back to Saturday night at Pghlange 1974. Saturday night at any con can, and generally does, provide a known cure to that ailment known as "Glicksohn throat", which, in layman's terms is best described as a burning need to consume alcohol in great quantity without a great concern about quality. On this particular Saturday night, however, Glicksohn would have had to stand on his own shoulders to see over the crowd and into the bathtub where this medication was kept. Unheardof amounts of alcohol were being consumed.

In a pause between drunken conversations (one of which was to see if any of the conversants had been in fandom back during pre-history, when Glicksohn still published fanzines. But enough about Mike; I bring him in as only a short subject.) you might hell have muttered to yourself, "Hi, there! I'm Bacchus! Remember me?" and then amble to rearm yourself with still another can of beer; walking past sixteen and seventeen year-olds having their first meeting, mano a mano, with Demon Rum, and losing; stepping over couples (generally one of each sex) that have found out that touching each other's bodies is fun. Suddenly, out of the corner of your eye, you see framed in the doorway two genetic throwbacks who could aptly do stand-ins for King Kong and, in all likelihood, be more convincing. They were met at the door by a femmefan and the ensuing conversation was something like this:

RICHARD: What sort of party is this?

FEMMEFAN: A science fiction party.

RAYMOND*: Can we join in? (his eyes searching out feminine anatomy.)

*Names are changed because I'm making a snide reference.

© Ro Lutz-Nagy, 1976

FEMMEFAN: Do you read science fiction?

RICHARD: Of course!

FEMMEFAN: Gee, that's great! Who's your favorite author?

RICHARD: Bradbury.

FEMMEFAN: Really? He's good. What's your favorite work of his?

RICHARD: Well, I forget the title, but it had to do with outer space or something.

FEMMEFAN: Good enough. Come on in!

Now, whether this femmefan anticipated the events that were to transpire or knew that a large percentage of the fans in the con suite were not as well read as the goons is open to conjecture. However, the stage had been set.

I certainly had no foresight of what was to come, but I kept one eye, the one I don't use to watch my drink, the left one, on these two enormous Cro-Magnons who made me feel like a late, soon to be extinct, Neanderthal. Their attire came straight out of Playboy. Arrow shirts with the four buttons undone to expose their hairy barrel chests. Double-knit pants. Cardovan wing tips. They emerged from the john with bbeer cans in their hands. (At least one assumes that they were drinking beer as their hands were so large the cans were rendered invisible. So they were either drinking beer or their palm sweat. But drinking, nonetheless.) They eased their way suavely through the con suite...stopping and talking momentarily to each femmefan that they encountered and then moving on.

A femmefan approached me.

"Ro, you'll never guess what happened."

"Whazzat?"

"Those two jocks--those--over there...asked me--quote--Do you want to come up to my room and fuck?--unquote."

Humm. They might have dressed out of Playboy, but they talked out of the Penthouse lettercolumns. I refocused my attention on their goings-on. Classical chain reaction. Question from goons. Opening wide of eyes by femmefans. Expletive not deleted. Undaunted jocks move on. Femmefan joins evergrowing group with statement. "You'll never guess what those--those--those apes over there asked me!" Question from goons. Opening of eyes...

THERE IS A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE IS FORCED TO LOOK AFTER THE WEAKER SEX AND PROTECT THEM FROM GOONS SUCH AS THESE. FORTUNATELY, I'M A FAN AND NOT A MAN, AND MY CREDO IS "EVERYONE FOR THEMSELVES" OR, SINCE THIS IS OUTWORLDS, HAVEN FOR THE UNCENSORED PHRASE, "COVER YOUR OWN ASS, ~~EEEEEEEE~~!"**

**...Outworlds, formerly home of the uncensored phrase! Editor

Still, from deep within, there were those stirrings of machismo lurking about. Besides, I figured I had the right to proposition the femmefans first. Isn't that what the registration fee is all about?

Standing in a circle with Moshe Feder, Ctein, Lin Lutz and Linda Bushyager, my first thought was that we should all yell SHAZAM! in the hopes one of us would turn into Captain Marvel. Unfortunately, with the singular exception of Linda Bushyager, I was sure it wouldn't work.

"This is shameful," I bemoaned. We were on our own. No Bob Tucker to ask for guidance, no EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM to refer to. Then, my eyes aglow, in my best Andy Hardy voice, "Here's how to take care of them. Let's get Patia Sandra von Sternberg!"

Ebulliently, we all ran up the two flights to the room where Patia was holding forth at her Infinity con party. Excitedly, interrupting each other, we outlined our plan. As we went on in our narration, her face became transfigured by the challenge.

She was adorned in a skimpy outfit: a black bikini top and a black skirt slit all the way up. Accepting the challenge, she slinked over to her suitcase, the one that is stocked with items obtained through her direct hot-line with Fredericks of Hollywood. On went the opera-length gloves and out came an eight inch cigarette holder that she waved about. Marlene Dietrich style. On her right breast, an inch or so above the top of her narrow bikini top was affixed a small red felt apple.

Like little children pulling a prank on the teacher, we quickly ran down the two flights and positioned ourselves, with great dignity and above suspicion, about the con suite.

I went over to my two gonadal hyperthyroid friends and attempted to engage in small talk.

"What do you do for a living?" I feared they would answer, "Whatever we want to." Instead:

"We work for an insurance company." Uhuh. I imagined their sales routine; "This is a nice place you got here Mr. Bonaducci, wouldn't it just be a shame if something happened to it." My mind became fixed on that image, so they had to pick up the conversational ball.

"Do you know where we can get laid?"

"Well, er, there must be some good bars downtown where you ought to be able to find someone to service you."

"Don't get us wrong, we're just normal guys." Yes sir, Clark Kent. The guys looked like they could take on the Empire State Building and win.

At that precise moment, Patia Sandra von Sternberg sashayed into the room. Boom ta da Boom ta da Boom Boom Boom. Red animal lust sprang forth from their eyes. Their jaws dropped open at .9c and their tongues dangled helplessly out.

As moans issued forth from their throats, Patia would turn and talk, touch and kiss various fans and then -- with a Boom ta da Boom ta da Boom Boom Boom of hips -- move on and repeat the process.

With all the humility and innocence that I could muster, I queried of the two, "Would you like to meet her?"

Assuming that their murmurs of adoration, glazed eyes and rapid breathing could be taken as an affirmative answer, I gestured Patia over. Putting her best efforts, and her chest, forward, she approached. BOOM TA DA BOOM TA DA (I AM WOMAN!) BOOM BOOM BOOM!!

"There are some people that I would like to meet you," sez I.

"Helloooo. My name is Patiasandravonsternberg."

"Uh....can we call you something--er--shorter?" sez Richard.

"Some people," she said, shirfting her weight from one leg to the other with an impressive, suggestive circular motion of her hips, "call me....the Countess." She took a puff from the cigarette in that incredibly long holder and blew smoke into their eyes.

"Well, it certainly is a pleasure to meet you, er, Countess." The rutting drive was so strong in these two bulls that they hadn't noticed the smoke at all. In fact, Raymond, the smaller of the two, had lapsed into a semistupor. Richard, on the other hand, saw the little red felt apple and saw, apparently, that his name was written on it. He reached out, index finger extended, in an attempt to touch it, and asked, "What does this mean?"

As he thrust his finger forward, Patia made a dipping of the right shoulder, a twisting of the upper torso and a parrying move with the right arm that not Antoinoni, Truffeau nor Fellini could have directed better. The parry, instead of saying "No", said, in a very promising manner, "Yes, Yes". With this move she replied, "Don't touch me unless you plan to do something."

CLICK

I awarded Patia both ears and the tail. Ole. She had killed the bull neatly and with style. He was now little more than a machine. Upon her statement, his parried hand formed into a cup, and homed in on his target.

And--oh my god--another parry, better than the first, unbelievably, saying in effect "Not good enough, big boy, but you'll learn." Richard got the message alright. In the suave and sophisticated manner of one of his upbringing, he asked, "Why don't we go up to my room and fuck?" Subtle. (Raymond was insensate at this point, suffering from terminal sensory and fantasy overload. He took to muttering silently.)

"I only go to bed with big name fans," Patia replied, smiling sweetly. "Are you a big name fan? How many conventions have you been to?" Flutter, flutter of the eyelashes.

"This is my--er--first."

"Well, come to five or six more and I think that I can fit you into my.....schedule." And another shifting of the weight with the circular motion of her hips.

After a bit more conversation following this same level, Patia informed them that she had to move on. Richard, obviously wanting to leave a good impression, extended his hand in the thumbs-up Freek handshake.

"This is the handshake of brotherhood and I really believe in that, you know." The sincerity that dripped from his voice formed little brown puddles, ankle high beneath him.

"It was a delight meeting you!" She shook hands and breathed heavily. "In fandom, we have our own secret handshake, don't we, Ro?"

Now, mind you, I had no idea of what she was going to do, but I knew that it was going to be good.

"That's right, Countess."

"See you later, Ro." So saying, she reached down and grabbed my crotch and gave it a squeeze and walked off. Boom ta da Boom ta da Boom Boom Boom.

The Crucifixion of Jesus. Napoleon at Waterloo. The Fire-bombing of Dresden. Armstrong on the Moon. These events pall in contrast. I had seen a Real and True miracle. Patia Sandra von Sternberg and the Real and True Secret Handgrip of Fandom.

"Who was that woman?" Richard asked.

"That," sez I, "was the Countess." So saying, I took my leave.

=====

Patia and I went from small group to small group; retelling the story time and again. Each and every time I got to the

Secret Handgrip of Fandom, she would reach over and demonstrate on me. I began to realize that I wanted to tell this story as often as possible. As long as Patia was standing next to me.

=====

Elation raced through us all when Raymond left. He paused at the door, surveyed the leveling fen and said, "Fucking weird people!" He split, halving the field in the process.

Then the field report came in. In that inconspicuous manner of fans, my shoulder was nudged.

"Hey! Take a look at that!" Half the room turned to look. Oblivious, aware only of his madona, there was Richard with his puppy dog eyes and sprung steel muscles. I sauntered over, my sprung steel eyes flicking back and forth between the two, my puppy dog muscles rippling, cleverly hidden by my shirt. Somewhere, perhaps in the far land of Hagerstown, Richard would find the answer to his quest. In Pittsburgh, However, Patia was fondling the people nearest her, ignoring him.

The field may have been halved, but apparently this half-ass would be a harder prey. Something New was Needed.

"May I have your attention, please?" Perhaps quicker silences have occurred elsewhere. Perhaps, Shaver is right.

"As you well know, any con can have a Pro Guest of Honor, and any con can have a Fan Guest of Honor," I intoned in my best #7 sincere voice. "But only Pghlange has adapted to the changing times. Pghlange is proud to announce the Lady of the Night Guest of Honor. The Lady of the Night is none other than Patia....Sandra....von STERNBERG!!"

The house came down when Patia stood with a Boom ta da Boom still lingering in her hips.

The image was quickly conveyed that the best a Pro GoH can give you is an autograph; the best a Fan GoH can give you is an egoboo mention in his zine; the best a Lady of the Night GoH could give you would eliminate the need for Fan and Pro GoHs at conventions.

The only fair way to give out the honor was by lottery. The only fannish way was to rig the lottery. Numbers were assigned to each member in the con suite. Cheers came from all parts of the room when Jerry Kaufman, whose reputation is spanning the globe, won the draw. Richard was downtrodden. When Jerry picked another number, gasps of surprise came from all. When Rusty Hevelin, the winner, picked yet another number, enthusiastic applause broke out. Moshe Feder, whose winning brought several appreciative New York femmefen to their feet in gratitude, picked still another number. The four winner, Rusty, Jerry,

Moshe and Jeannine Treese picked up Patia and ran out of the room.

Richard approached, downcast.

"There were four of them!"

"She's quite a woman."

"But one of them was a woman!"

"Yes sir, she's quite a woman."

Richard split.

Nanoseconds later the con suite door closed. Game, Set, Match. Since he would be unable to find the five, having locked themselves in Patia's room, we would say when he returned that "well, the party is over" and "hope to see you again real soon". A nonviolent solution had been found and a Good Time was Had by All.

...except Patia et al forgot to close the door. The suite emptied to lend support and to observe the goings-on. Eventually, after additional merriment when, after Richard's most recent proposition, Patia said she had to consult with her wife, we formally announced vespers and everyone went their own way, only to regroup in the stairwell and, safely later, back in Patia's room.

As time passed, I began to feel a little, well, evil about the whole thing. When I heard that Richard had later confronted one of the femmefans and asked, "Why are you people trying to make fun of me?", I felt worse. Until I found out that he had asked the question while standing well inside the ladies' john on the main floor. I felt justified once again.

And that is the Real and True (my version) Story of the Secret Handgrip of Fandom. Or....should that be the Secret Fangrip of Handdom?

--- Ro Lutz-Nagy



GROIN PAINS



**HARRY
WARNER
JR.**

GROIN PAINS

Long before The Prisoner started people to claim themselves not to be numbers, fans were dashing about in all directions claiming that their fandoms had numbers. Half in jest, half seriously, the phenomenon known as Seventh Fandom grew out of this concept of numbered fandoms. 7th Fandom either destroyed or made permanent this concept of numbered fandoms, according to who is talking about it. Some of today's fans who weren't even old enough to study Modern Sandpile in kindergarten when Seventh Fandom was in its glory are talking nostalgically about it.

The historical facts about the start of Seventh Fandom are fairly well established. In October, 1952 Bob Silverberg predicted the start of 7th Fandom by the end of 1953 in Quandry. Less than a year later, a group of fans decided to make sure his prophecy came true. For the first time, a numbered fandom was proclaimed as it was alleged to be starting. There seems to have been a mixture of earnest and jesting people in the group that made most of the noise about their status as 7th Fandom pioneers, and it's quite probable that not all of them were fully aware of how seriously the others took it.

Now, I have lived through most of these numbered fandoms and I have never been able to detect the difference between them that some fannish scholars have discerned. The believers in numbered fandoms claim that each of them possesses general characteristics somewhat different from those that precede and follow. But until the 7th Fandom movement, it hadn't occurred to anyone to try to define a new fandom while in progress; you were supposed to proclaim it from the distance of the passing of time. Why did 7th Fandom come into being as a deliberate movement? Nobody has ever answered that question with reasons that explain the failure of 6th Fandom or 8th Fandom to have standardbearers and organizations of their own as they came into reality.

Maybe the very number 7 had something to do with it. Sinbad had 7 voyages; there had been splendid silent and sound movies about the 7th heaven; it was the accepted number to which the deadly sins total; many exciting things about the number appear in Revelations; and wasn't destiny at work when the wildest fan party in history had taken place in room 770 of the Nolacon hotel?

Nowadays, Seventh Fandom gets a rather poor press. For instance, the Fancyclopedia II devotes half of the 15 lines allotted to the phenomenon to disapproving remarks. But for those of us who had lived through Degler and New Fandom and a few other things, Seventh Fandom was something that could be chuckled at from a safe distance, and those who claimed to be Seventh Fandom seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely.

The movement's first important event seems to have been a meeting in Harlan Ellison's Cleveland apartment some time before the 1953 Midwestcon. On hand at this HEcon were a group of youthful fans, many of them still in the neofan status: Dave Ish, Karl Olsen, Norm Browne, Jack Harness, Bill Dignin, John Magnus, Sally Dunn, and Ray Schaffer. Fandom seemed to have come into dark days just then: Quandry had just folded, an event whose magnitude can't be exaggerated, and many people who later became faanish legends had temporarily or permanently begun to gafiate: Shelby Vick, Max Keasler, Ian Macauley, and others. Browne later insisted that the HEcon decision was to create 7th Fandom as a hoax. Ellison remembered it somewhat differently: the movement, he said, "started half in jest, half in folly, with a sort of subconscious eye cocked to the possibility that in it we might establish reputations of lasting worth."

The 1953 Midwestcon was the first major impact of 7th Fandom on the remainder of fandom. Bob Bloch's reaction is interesting: "In Ohio," he wrote in the August, 1953, Piendetta, "as you must know, a number of characters ran around proclaiming themselves to be members of this vague, nebulous group. In recent fanmags received, a number of others come right out in print and admit that they are the vanguards, the heralds, the apostles, or the actual Messianic presences of the Seventh."

Ellison was quite proud of 7th Fandom at the Midwestcon. "In that group there was none of the shame and ridicule and immaturity that showed up later. And showed up not through Seventh Fandomers but through the pack of mad dogs and infuriated left-outers that clung to our heels." The 7th Fandom crowd demonstrated unity by sleeping in two beds pushed together. Ellison found himself in the approximate middle of the slumbering group one night, and when he woke in the morning, he discovered no trace of one of his legs. Hewas trying to decide who might have amputated it when he located it where it had slipped out of sight between the two beds.

This was also the first con that Dean A. Grennell attended, and you will find fans even today who think Grennell was the impetus for good things about 7th Fandom. Joel Nydahl, another non-conspirator who was absent from the HEcon, is linked inextricably with the zeitgeist, too, as publisher of Vega, whose enormous final issue has become so famous that many fans forget the importance of the smaller issues that preceded it. Ted White thinks that Psychotic (yes, the Very Same Psychotic which became SF Review, several centuries later) might have been a separate 7th Fandom of its own.

But those who claimed themselves 7th Fandomites made the biggest splash. Ellison published a couple of issues of

a newsletter, Seventh Fandom, and sought to collect opinions on what 7th Fandom should be by means of a ballot. Some outsiders who sought to become Seventh Fandomites, Harlan once recalled, didn't realize that it "wasn't a club, it was a loose-knit broup of people who had achieved something. It was a select group of fans who were after the brightest things in fandom." He claimed that none of the 25 fans on the mailing list for his newsletter ever published a crudzine.

Norm Browne was perhaps the first to demonstrate deviation from Ellison's intentions. He mimeographed a pamphlet that proposed things like infiltration of FAPA, got angry when others disagreed, and defected from 7th Fandom. And the original 7th Fandom concept didn't jibe very well with the more alarming things that some fans claiming the status began to do. What the Fancyclopedia II delicately describes as "overly public sessions of stewing and wooing" may have contributed to the Midwestcon's forced move from its traditional locale, Beatley's resort hotel on Ohio's Indian Lake. The 7th Fandom label was justly or unjustly attached to the celebrated Harmon-Ellison encounter at the 1954 Midwestcon: Harlan waterbagged Jim, and the latter put his fist through the door to Harlan's room. But Satz would be a forgotten name in fandom if he hadn't had one great moment at a worldcon, when in the presence of some 7th Fandomites he carried out a threat to drink some Wildroot Cream Oil.

Birdbath was a symbol of 7th Fandom. It was used both as a war cry and as a Freudian euphemism. Besides, Harlan took a real one to the 1952 and 1953 Midwestcons at Beatley's. What Pogo had been to the Quandry-dominated 6th Fandomites, Mad Magazine became to 7th Fandom: a mundane professional production which somehow meshed with the fannish spirit. The magazine, it should be remembered, was in those days a much wiser, deeper-biting publication than the masses-oriented magazine which still bears the same title.

Since it wasn't a formal organizaion, 7th Fandom had no official clubzine. But it did create its own apa. There were 3 real mailings of 7APA and an aborted 4th that was never completely distributed; a complete set must be among the rarest of all fannish collector's items today.

Some authorities feel that 7th Fandom remained a real force for 2 years. But its major manifestations didn't last even that long. Before the end of 1953 Nydahl's Disease struck, in the form of an issue of Vega so enormous that its editor never regained strenght for more fanac. Dave Ish vanished around the 1953 Philcon. Olsen and Browne suspended regular publication before that convention. By 1954 a new set of important fans had begun to appear, Peter Vorzimer established

the Cult; Psychotic became an important force; and in May 1954 Silverberg, who had so innocently started the whole thing, daringly announced that 6th Fandom was still in existence. Vernon L. McCain embodied the revulsion to 7th Fandom's more extreme manifestations: "7th Fandom pitchforked us right back into the infancy of 1st fandom and I felt the reason was the idea that 'We are the future. We are 7th Fandom. We inherited the stage and have buried our predecessors.'" By 1955, Charles Weslls was claiming to

have been the originator of the whole 7th Fandom movement and disclaimed all knowledge of hoax intentions on the part of the HEcon group. Silverberg spoke again at the end of that year, suggesting that 7th Fandom was the last of the numbered fandoms, because "the vast expansion of fandom in recent years, the overwhelming decentralization, makes it impossible to characterize it any further." Larry Shaw put it another way: "Simply stacking one fandom on top of another is longer a useful way even to remember events, much less to gain perspective on them. 7th Fandom demolished the numbering system."

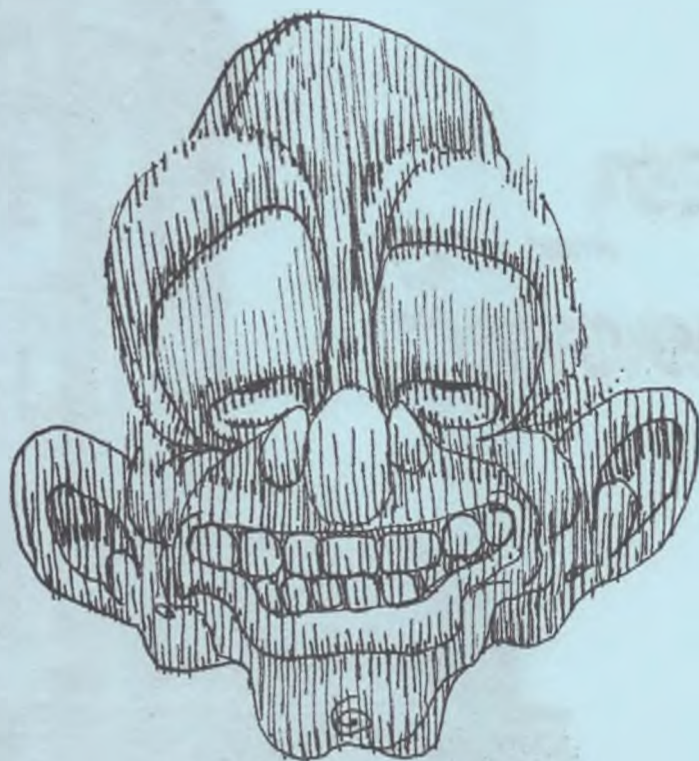
I think it's safe to conclude that 7th Fandom was nothing more than a group of talented young people growing up together simultaneously in fandom. I feel certain that they were better people in later life for having gotten out of their system some of their more exciting bits of behavior during 7th Fandom's brief burst of glory. They provide an example to be kept in mind whenever we find ourselves tempted to grow annoyed at the ways of comics fans or Trekkies: most people mature.

Besides, without 7th Fandom, one of the most famous statements in fandom's history would never have been made. Describing his



emotions when thinking about those who opposed violently the true 7th Fandomites in Psychotic, Harlan Ellison wrote: "7th Fandom could have been a thing of laughter and joy and forward-striding for everyone, like the mammoth composite 7th Fandom fanzine that was to be issued. But the Mad Dogs have kneed us in the groin."

--- Harry Werner, Jr.



Ive had no sleep & I

truste sigote

GIWTER
BUCCMANAN



I'VE HAD NO SLEEP AND I MUST GIGGLE

Limp, the body of Nancy Lambert lay at my feet, sprawled atop a double bed mattress. The mattress was on the floor. Next to her, long black hair all over the place, Jeannie DiModica mewed in her sleep. Linda Eyster pushed past me and threw herself down on the naked grey boxsprings. She twitched in discomfort. Suzanne Tompkins turned her face to the wall, away from the light's glare. Suzle had a whole bed. There was something about Suzle. She always had a whole bed.

I moved past them and groped my way by the tiny, perpetually damp connecting bathroom into the darkened bedroom.

In the corner, the Strange Girl crouched, crying incoherently for sleeping pills. We never knew who she was, or where she came from. She was in the corner all weekend. I circled to avoid her, and my foot touched something soft and warm and damp - Dale Steranka's face. She snapped at my toe and rolled away. From one of the beds came the sound of Sunday Eyster, making small animal noises, taking off her false eyelashes. I found the other bed and fell into sleep, troubled by images of eternal airplane flights, and permanently clogged ears.

It was our first night at Baycon.

* * * * *

There was a rumor that food was to be had in the hotel dining room. I doubted it.

"Look," said Linda, "let's go and see. Maybe this time - " "Uh huh," I shook my head. "Remember the coffee shop? Baycon said there'd be food there, too. So we hike there, and waited. And waited. And waited. We almost blew our minds over that one."

"And what about the water fountain?" Nancy added.

We were silent then, remembering how we had been forced to venture into the guts of the Claremont to find the Water Fountain. Deeper and deeper down unfamiliar corridors, knowing, with heart-stopping certainty, that somewhere down there - somewhere - there was also a Sauna. "It doesn't matter. We've got to try anyway," Linda insisted.

I gave in quicked. It had been quite awhile since I had eaten. Airlines' food. Solid sawdust. What the hell.

We left for the dining room. Things happened. A shaggy, bearded creature swooped upon Sunday and bore her away.

Dale disappeared and later we saw her surrounded by numberless teenage boys. She looked stunned. At the N3F room, we were offered coffee. It tasted like boiled bears' urine. We drank it anyway. When we left there Suzle began hearing voices. The Call of the Pro. She followed them away. Only Linda and I reached the dining room. The scent of food within was overpowering. We began salivating on the rug. There was steak and potatoes and roasts and.... There as, suddenly a monstrous dollar sign, glowing neon green, blocking our way. We turned and ran.

Linda began repeating over and over, "I've got to get to a store. I've got to get to a store." She kept running, toward the hotel entrance.

I grabbed for her. "No Linda. They're rioting out there. You don't want to fight that battle. Stay here with Baycon and worry about medievil problems." I knew she knew what we all knew. Baycon did not want us to see what was outside.

She broke away and vanished into the chill mist. I waited awhile, and then returned to the room. The others were No one mentioned Linda. Later she came back, bearing candy and battered Pepsi cans. A vicious fight broke out over the Neco waffers. We never did thank her.

* * * * *

No light in the room. Blinds drawn, windows down. We lay, clutching blankets and bedspreads. Baycon did not provide heat. Telling stories, laughing. Sense of time distorted, sense of humor likewise.

"Tell us about Baycon, Suzle," I pleaded. We liked that story. It gave us a false sense of reality. "Well, this afternoon..." she began. "No," Nancy pounded the floor. "The beginning, the beginning." "All right. In 1906, Hugo Gernsback..." Jeannie giggled. "Not that far back."

Suzle began again. "A year ago, in New York City, there was NYcon III, the 25th Annual World Science Fiction Convention. At NYcon, two groups struggled for the control of the 2th Annual World Convention. Baycon was one of these groups. Baycon won the struggle. Baycon began issuing progress reports. It had Joan Baez and Bishop Pike, but it dropped them in favor of Maid Marion and Robin Hood. It added this feature and that feature, until now it has two art shows, two light shows, four bands, a giant huckster room, a costume ball, a medievil fashion show, a medievil tournament and Gene Roddenberry. Some people believe it may even be sentient."

"And why are we here, Suzle?"

"We're here because we're neo-fen seeking to become true fen. We're here because we're creating our own scene. We're here to meet and be met. We're here because we believed the goddamn progress reports."

In the darkness, one of us began giggling. Someone else picked it up. One by one, each of us laughing.

Then we heard...I don't know...something moving behind the connecting door. The door opened. Dim light in the room. Huge, shambling, hairy, semi-nude and possibly moist, it came toward us. It spoke.

"Has anyone seen my nightgown?"

"Linda, we can barely see you," I heard myself say. They laughed. But I knew why they were laughing. They were surely against me. Baycon had brought us together here, but it had not affected me at all.

I knew. God, how I knew. Linda had been a brilliant klutz. Baycon had given her Earl, and she hadn't locked herself in a bathroom in hours. Nancy had been lucid and content; now she roamed the halls in a daze, dragging her guitar behind her. Dale had been a Shy Young Thing. Baycon and a pair of black tights ruined that image. Jeannie was the quiet one, friendly and interested. Now she seemed to be fading away like a Sylvania blue-dot flashbulb. Baycon had made her insecure. Suzle went off for long periods of time. I don't know what she did out there, and she never let us know. But whatever it was, she always came back, flying high. And Sunday. Baycon hadn't changed Sunday much, maybe. But the more men there were around, the more problems Sunday had. And Baycon had given her plenty of men.

I was the only one still sane and whole and untouched. I'd only paid \$36 for half of Harlan Ellison. Baycon hadn't affected my mind.

* * * * *

Baycon appeared to us as a tarnished knight, flickering with phosphorescent colors, playing electronic music from his breastplate. He said we should take the elevator, if we wanted to get to the lobby - and food. Those of us who had been to worldcons before shrugged, and smiled grimly.

The Elevator. Small. The words old, battered, cramped, dirty, inefficient beyond description. There, at the controls, the operator, wrinkled belligerent spinster, two malignant ice-blue eyes, hating everyone under thirty.

One operator. Four elevators. We stared. And turned, and started for the stairs. As we walked the lunatic voice of the operator rang out behind us.
 "I don't want people like you on my elevator."

* * * * *

The hurricane hit us as soon as we entered the lobby. Odors, some sweetly illegal. Chill air. Food somewhere. Sounds. Clinking and clattering of bells and beads. rattleclang of chainmail and swords. Raucous. Caucaphony. Ear shattering, mindblasting, music, music, MUSIC! And much later, hushed, silent halls, with secret sounds of secret parties from behind closed doors. Sights. Faces, bizarre, familiar or both. Ellison, Silverberg, Bradbury, Bloch, Harrison, Carr, Panshin, White, Anderson, Zelazny, Farmer, Pohl - even Campbell. The Fishers, Couches, Woods, and Trimbles - Fanatics, Olentangy, Lunarians, Fanoclasts. GRAS. - even the SCA east and west. A rioting, tinkling, flashing montage of mad events that whirled us from day to day, to where some of us had never been before -

* * * * *

We moved with it, sometimes slowly, sometimes in a frenzy. Sometimes together, more often separated. One day Dale and Jeannie spoke of the coffee shop. They disappeared, and were gone for a time. Later, they returned to us having been thrown out of the coffee shop for causing a disturbance by asking to be waited on. They were no worse for wear. But now Jeannie snarled whenever food was mentioned. Baycon had left her that.

It was a long weekend. The others kept talking and dreaming of smorgasbords and blog, and wine-tasting, but I tried not to think about it. Meanwhile, a voice from deep inside whined "Why are you doing this to me?" My stomach. Talking back.

And we passed through the panel discussions.
 And we passed through the D.O.M.'s.
 And we passed through the auctions.
 And we passed through the business meeting.
 And we passed through the open parties.
 And we finally came to the Hugo Awards Banquet. The ballroom. Hundreds of tables, packed together, aa patchwork scene of white cloth from one end of the room to the other. Hundreds. But not enough. We pushed and shoved and fought for seats.

In the distance, beyond and behind the many massive pillars which rose from floor to ceiling like parodies of redwood trees, effectively blocking everyone's view - in the distance stood the speaker's table. Someone was there. A voice droned on and on and out into the lobby. Silverware clinked. Bodies stirred. All around us food began appearing. Roasted tribble. The sounds of gnawing and slurping oozed in our skulls. Someone cried, piteously, and began chewing on a plate.

In that instant, I became terribly calm. Surrounded by Baycon: surrounded by fandom. I knew what had to be done. And I had to do it quickly. I noted someone snapping at flies.

I half-turned to the right, grabbed the nearest waitress and got a large bottle of wine. Ripping out the cork savagely, I quickly poured the icy liquid into waiting glasses. Suzle must have realized what I'd realized that I'd decided. She'd gotten a bottle also.

All in an instant. We drank and poured and drank and poured. Again and again. Before long, I could not read meaning into anyone's expression. But the others were at last at peace; they were all giggling again. At something.

* * * * *

Many hours must have passed. I do not know. Baycon has done things to my sense of time. Now I think it is Tuesday morning.

Baycon changed after the banquet. Became quiet, dull, dead. We walked endless dark hallways, searching for rumored parties, drifting aimlessly. And found nothing.

It doesn't matter now. I am alone. On a plane, flying back to Pittsburgh. I am beyond Baycon. Yet Baycon is still with me.

There is a reflective surface--called a mirror--in the washroom here. I will describe myself as I see myself:

I am a great white blobby thing. Hari, greasy and stringy; skin, oily and blotched; eyes, dark circled and puffed; clothes, wrinkled and untidy.

I need sleep. I need Alka-Seltzer. I need a bath.

I am beyond Baycon. Yet Baycon has won! When the plane lands, I must go directly to work. To my very serious office.

Serious.

And I've had no sleep. And I must giggle.

--- Ginjer Buchanan



MEET THE PEST

Sunday- WFAN-TV presents MEET THE PEST, a weekly interview program with individuals of note. This week representatives of the Fan Press interrogate Stu Shiffman, bon vivant and botulist, fanartist and chairperson of Flushing in 1980.

Members of the fan press today include MacGregor of Northwest Review of Splunge, Mike Glycer of File:770 Peter Roberts of Checkpoint and Victoria Vayne of DNQ.

MACGREGOR: Welcom to MEET THE PEST, Mr. Shiffman.

SHIFFMAN: 'M glad to be here, Lor--uh, Mr. MacGregor. I've always been happy to speak to members of the Fan Press, even though you're not one of them.

ROBERTS: Enough of this gert sling slang splung, Shiffman! Wot's all this then about Flushing in 1980?

SHIFFMAN: Well, naturally the whole thing was inspired by all the fun people seemed to be having with the Minneapolis in '73 bid. So in 1975, right before the Disclave where THE MIMEO MAN was performed, I started tossing the idea of a Long Island Hoax Bid around in my head.

GLYER: Evidently you showed Freff your first membership card dummy at the con, as I hear it.

SHIFFMAN: Very good point, Mike. Several people actually have Flushing in '80 badges made from that dummy--myself, Moshe Feder, Dave Romm and some others.

VAYNE: Your amazement at the literal acceptance of the bid has been wonderful to behold. Why do you think so many people thought that it was a real bid?

SHIFFMAN: Well, communication across the often ragged terrain of Fandom, particularly to the West Coast, was a major factor. Quite a few people heard vaguely about Flushing, and assumed it to be genuine. Also, although the Flushing Newsheets contained the most outrageous plans, they were put forward with a straight face. The same applies to the Bid Prospectus. And only a limited number of people saw the literature. The rest of fandom, unless a friend straightened them out, was left with the usual fannish source of information: Rumor and Innuendo. I suppose

Flushing in 1980

BID PROSPECTUS



Pog/10-76

that the Iguanacon Committee putting Flushing in '80 on the Site Selection Ballot is the capper to all this misunderstanding.

MACGREGOR: But didn't the Committee know that it wasn't a real bid?

SHIFFMAN: Of course, and, since they feel impecably faanish, this seemed the fannish thing to do.

VAYNE: Could you describe your Bid, Mr. Shiffman? It's been good satire of real bids in your opinion?

SHIFFMAN: Rather a fractured mirror image Simulacrum, really ...

ROBERTS: ARGH! (Throws carrot at Shiffman.)

SHIFFMAN: The 1980 worldcon--a veñtable World's Fair of SF ((C)1976, Moshe Feder)--would be held in Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, site of two world's fairs, and Shea Stadium, home of the NY Mets and Jets. Programming in the main would be in the Stadium, with plenty of counter-programming in the Harry Warner Jr. Museum of Fanhistory, the Queens Playhouse in the Park, and the Art Show and Day Film Program in the NY City Pavilion. Pro Guest of Honor is planned to be Noah Ward, popular local SF writer with Sino-Illinois fanhumorist Hoy Ping Pong as Fan GoH. Susan Wood has kindly consented to be our Toaster--pop-up of course! The life-size D&D is now being planned, Larry Carmody is doing the daily crudsheet, and my assistant Chair Moshe Feder and I have everything well in hand.

VAYNE: Besides, Jon Singer said he'd take over if it became a real bid.

SHIFFMAN: Yes, but this time I said, "I have slugged you, Tom Swift."

MACGREGOR: Thank for being with us, Mr. Shiffman. Next week we will interview Randy Bathurst to find out if there really are two people in there.

SHIFFMAN: ...Be seeing you...

--- Stu Shiffman.

THE SPIRIT OF '73

There have been those who have accused the Minneapolis in '73 worldcon bid of not being completely frivolous. Just the other day, I was reading some of my fanmail before lunch (I tend to read my lunch later) when I encountered such a sentiment in one of the Regress Reports sent in by a post-supporting member. Needless to say, I was cut to the quiche.

Later that night, I was watching DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS in the mirror before by television set, and, upon Mature reflection, I decided my correspondent had a case. But (it occurred to me) so did I--and, after drinking part of it, I decided to once again made as ass of myself--and so began a rebuttal.

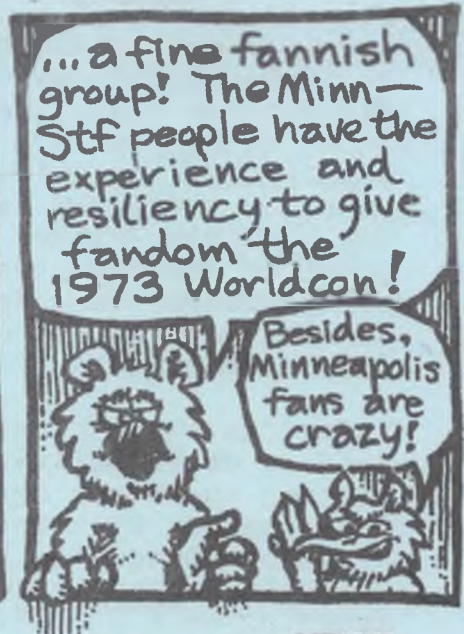
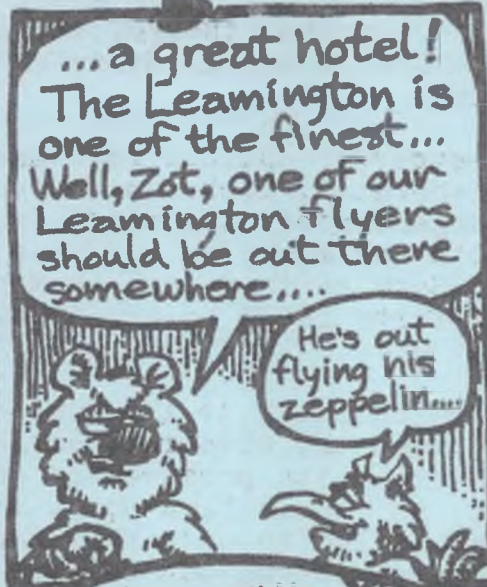
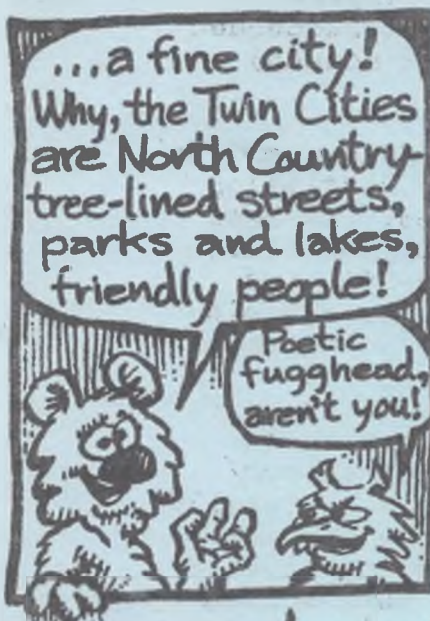
The Minneapolis in '73 committee is unwilling to yield to anyone in the matters of existential silliness, cosmic bozo, or Galactic Moose. (We'll settle for a negotiated draw with Flushing in '80 on the issue of Diana Rigg and plan to plea-bargain with the Secret Masters on the charges of simple petty fraud.) Our rallying cry has always been "Hoo-hah!" (unfortunately, this is also our mating call, which has led to some embarrassing contretemps at our rallies. But I digress.). We have never succumbed to blandishments, tear ul pleadings, bribes, or pleas to come up to someone else's bidding party to see their funny animal etchings. And we are sure that if we were ever offered any of the above, our response would be more or less the same. Somewhat. As it is, we do not feel we have to lead the voters about like cattle (yes, let us kowtow no longer) to win their votes, when an appeal to sweet reason and a threat of upchucking the Minneapolis Blog all over the original Freas cover they just bought can do the same sort of thing without compromising our historic apolitical fannish gambolings. (We begin gamboling best when high: jags or better to open.)

* * * * *

The Minnesota science fiction club began planning for the Mpls in '73 bid long ago. Just when is a matter of dispute: some scholars hold to the theory that it was in 1926 (coinciding with the invention of science fiction) while others argue that it was in 1858 (coinciding with the invention of Minnesota). Most local fans, however, trace it back to the Old Stone Age (coinciding with the invention of clubs). The last theory is substantiated by one of Richard Shaver's rock photos which bears an unmistakable picture of zeppelins, loons, and the Foshay Tower superimposed upon a doodle in Old Stonish runes (or RUNES) which translates roughly as "Land Beneath the Big Glacier in 1973 B.C.!"

© Denny Lien, 1978.

Minneapolis is:



MFS ★

MINNEAPOLIS
FANTASY
SOCIETY
and friends.



the happy Worldcon!
Minneapolis '73

What happened to this bid is uncertain: the likeliest outcome is that given the long lead time of the bid and the short attention span of your average Old Stone Ager, everyone simply forgot about it. Somehow, though, it first succeeded in implanting itself (which is not as dirty as it sounds) in the Fannish Racial Memory.

Time passed, humanity evolved, nations rose and fell, empires crumbled, unranium degenerated, Tucker was born, distilling was invented, Tucker degenerated, and ditto faded. At some point in the late 1960's the memories surfaced in the minds of the Powers That Be (Such As They Are) or Minn-Stf, and as soon as a supply of furbs could be acquired, the old bid was refurbished.

Unfortunately, things which float to the surface after years tend to do so belly-up, and the bidders, concentrating on winning the Stone Age vote (with promises of good con com/ cave complex relations, an indoor lava pool, and a--literally --mammoth banquet), had failed to note that fandom at large (as well as those who had been rounded up) was automatically assuming an A.D. bid. Not until early 1971 was this broken to us, and continuing the Minn-Stf tradition of doing things backward, as soon as it was broken, we dropped it.

Eager to exit with grace, who had to leave early, the Powers That Be instructed their agents to search out other cities interested in holding the con. The word that a certain "Toronto"--obviously an alias--might be interested was surreptitiously passed along by one of these agents, a female U-boat commander. The Sub Rosa information proved correct and Toronto went on to win the bid.

* * * * *

Unfortunately, having won the bid, Toronto immediately began to devote all of the energies to actually holding the convention instead of continuing to bid for it. For the first time in eons, there was no functioning '73 bid. The Racial Memories were not happy. The anima began displaying animosity. The fertility deities stopped trying. Something Had To Be Done to restore silliness to the land. We pondered sacrificing a whoopie cushion, choosing a dodo as sun king, convincing the Little People to bring us bowls of milk. All the while, we knew in our innermost beings (ID required for entrance; or at least IV) that there was only one real solution.

Besides, we'd sort of gotten used to holding bidding parties. They're a lot of fun. Some might even call them intoxicating. So, once the site selection was over, we resumed dizziness as usual.

* * * * *

The pitch:

Minneapolis is bidding for the 1973 world SF convention. We feel we are the obvious choice: we have much more experience bidding for this convention than any other fan group can claim. (Rumored rival bids on the part of Chicago and/or St. Paul will be met with dignified silence, punctuated with dignified raspberries.)

We want YOU! (But we'll settle for you. In fact, we'll settle for your vote.) At the moment, post-supporting memberships are very reasonably set at minus one cent. (a 1973 penny, of course.) Simply send a SASE to Mpls. in '73/ P.O. Box 2128/ Loop Station/ Minneapolis MN 55402 and your penny will soon be in your hands or whatever you use to open your mail with). But do not delay--memberships may later go up to minus two cents, minus five, ten... (And of course there are special charges for tables in the Buyers Room and for tickets allowing you to not eat the banquet.)

Practical considerations:

Travel, Geographic: Minneapolis is reachable from anywhere on earth. Eventually.

Travel, Temporal: Our Time Travel Committee is looking into possibilities of using the International Date Line and/or some sort of calendar reform to get everyone back into 1973. However, our best hope perhaps lies in some mad scientist inventing a time machine. To this end, we are doing all in power to madden scientists with hotfoots, dribble glasses, etc.

Accommodations: Given functioning time travel, there should be no need for expensive hotel rooms. A twist of the dial sends you back to the Old Stone Age, where sleeping is free. (Wake up service provided by cave bears.) For those insistent upon conventional rooms, we will oblige with our hotel, the Leamington (which is a fine hotel except for its neurotic habit of jumping off Norwegian cliffs into the sea once a year).

Programming: Since our attendees will arrive living backwards, we have tailored the convention to them. Thursday afternoon opens with a dead dog party and follows with closing ceremonies. (Check out time is ordinarily 3 p.m., but by special arrangement with the hotel we have gotten it changed to noon.) Several hours of nursing hangovers and complaining about the speeches at tomorrow's banquet follow, and so on.

The last major event on Monday aside from the opening ceremonies is the Meet the Prose party (in which everyone sits around and reads for a hile .

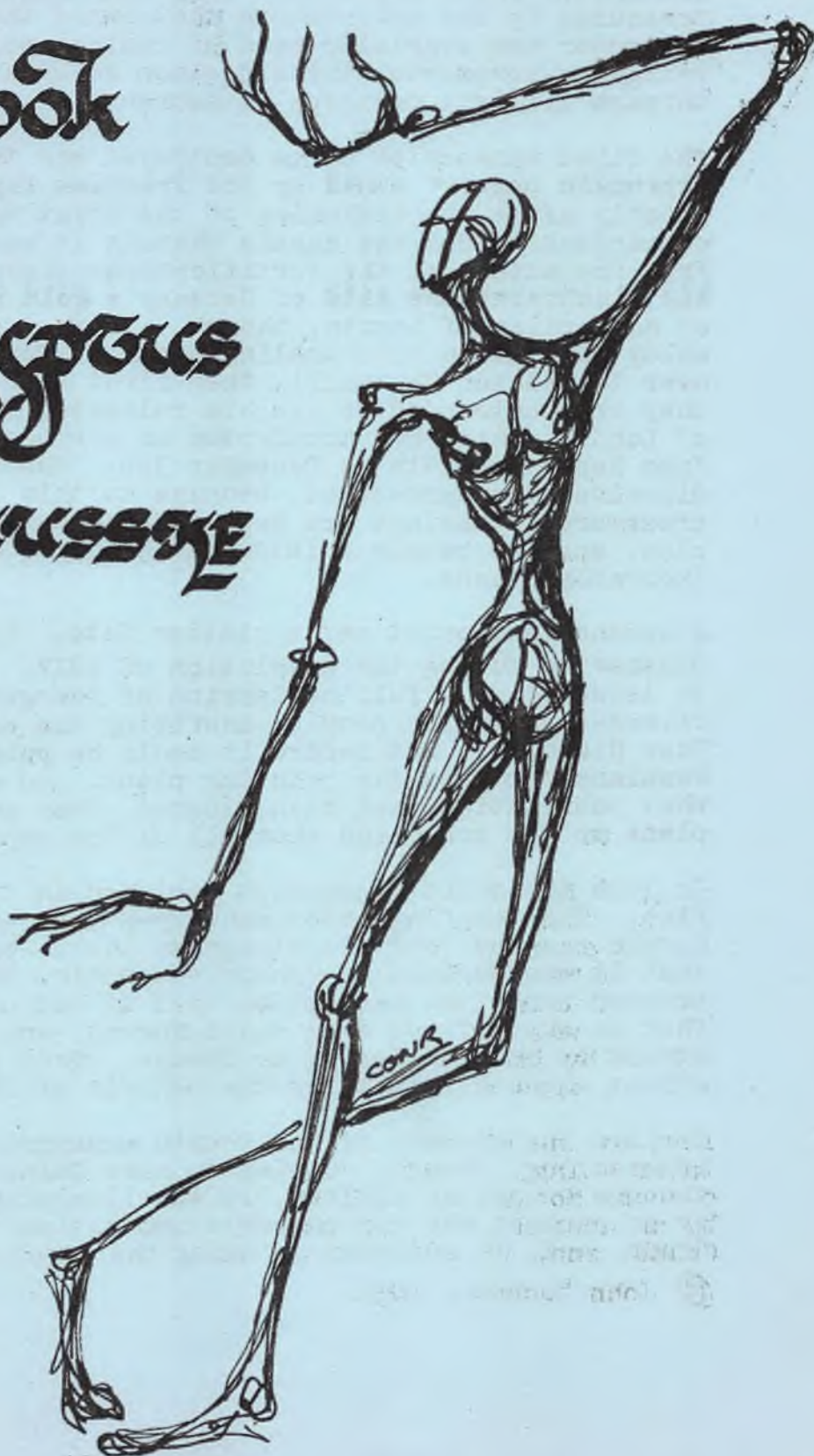
A Final Word of Warning: Liquor stores in Minneapolis are open only on Sundays. The legal age for drinking is 19.

If you are 18 or 20, forget it.

--- Denny Lien



The Book
of
Eucalyptus
by
JOHN KUSSEKE



THE BOOK OF EUCALYPTUS

As recently as 1914 four ancient copies of The Book of Eucalyptus still survived. They were regarded as national treasures by the governments that owned them, and, fearing the power and avariciousness of radical political and religious movements, these regimes safeguarded the manuscripts through airtight policies of secrecy.

The first manuscript to be destroyed was the so-called "cornskin paper," owned by the Prussian royal family. Shortly after the beginning of the Great War British commandoes raided the castle wherein it was kept, believing from the extent of the fortifications there that they had discovered the site of Germany's gold reserve. Instead of huge piles of ingots, though, all they found was a moldy collection of crumbling papers. Turning the mass over to Winston Churchill, then first Lord of the Admiralty, they were astounded to see him releasing it to The Times of London, which ran Eucalyptus as a crossword puzzle from September 14th to December 3rd. That effectively dissolved the manuscript, because to this day not one crossword enthusiast has been able to decipher a single clue, and the puzzle editor of The Times soon went incurably insane.

A second manuscript met a similar fate. Seized by the Bolsheviks during the Revolution of 1917. Lenin intended to issue it as a full confession of bourgeois-imperialistic-crimes-against the people, ascribing the authorship to Tsar Nicholas. But before it could be published, White Russians captured the printing plant, and when they learned what publications had been planned, they put the entire place to the torch and shot all of the employees.

In 1926 the third manuscript perished in the Great Norway Fire. This conflagration destroyed that entire unhappy Nordic country, and the slaughter there was so great that it was decided to ignore the entire tragedy and proceed under the assumption that it had never happened. That is why, if you ever visit Norway, you will be struck by its similarity to Sweden. They change the street signs at night for the benefit of foreign tourists.

Perhaps the history of the fourth manuscript is the most interesting, though. Copied on rare Chinese silk in an obscure Mongolian dialect, it was liberally illustrated by an ancient who did passable imitations of Robert Crumb, and, in addition to being the most beautiful

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Eucalyptus ever to exist, it was also the most informative. Bearing the personal autograph of the Great Spider, the "Scarlet" edition was the prize possession of the Japanese emperor and was housed deep within the lower confines of his imperial palace. When American planes were bombing Japan in the Second World War, it was transferred for safekeeping to the village of Sobe, Okinawa, where it was lost during the invasion of that island in 1945.

For 23 years, the world believed the "Scarlet" edition to be destroyed, and with it the last remaining trace of the ancient religion of Great Spiderism. Research groups from Harvard, the Sorbonne, and Grambling College combed Okinawa hunting for traces. The Japanese emperor declared a reward of 500,000 yen for information leading to the discovery of only a fragment. But all efforts were futile. Apparently it had completely vanished, and, one by one, the intellectuals of the world reluctantly gave up hope.

This situation remained static until 1968 when your author, on an expedition financed by the United States Army, stumbled over the manuscript in a sugar cane field three miles north of Tori, Okinawa. Realizing at once the importance of my discovery, I tried to have it copied, but for some reason--perhaps having to do with the exact chemical composition of the ink employed on the "Scarlet" edition--a Xerox machine refused to reproduce the pages. Nevertheless, I memorized it as much as possible, and, on returning to this country, immediately began the laborious process of translation. Owing to the battered quality of the manuscript and the difficulty of the language, I have been able to complete only one chapter at the present. Additionally, my progress has been hampered by the final destruction only four months ago, of the "Scarlet" edition itself in a gay rights demonstration at the University of Minnesota. From now on I will have to proceed using only the resources of my fantastic memory. However, from the amount I have already translated and from the notes I've gathered on the rest of the book, it is possible to comment on Eucalyptus as a whole. (Other commentaries include Eucalyptus, its Life and Times, Myth and Reality in Eucalyptus, Eucalyptus and the Unborn Child, and The Joy of Eucalyptus. All four works were destroyed during the sack of Carthage.)

Eucalyptus is as fine a work of history as it is of religion, encompassing, as it does, the origin of the universe, the creation of mankind, the rise of agriculture and the eventual industrial revolution, the atomic age, star travel, and the ultimate fate of the cosmos; mixed in with specific day-to-day predictions and including

twelve appendices explaining the language of the elves, dwarves, hobbits, and orcs. It is filled with poetry and passion. Great men enter and exit through its pages Eucalyptus is divinely inspired, every word being written by the Great Spider himself.

Central to the work is the character of the Great Spider and His friends and relations. There is Greenwald, His half-brother, who floats within the gigantic well surrounding paradese, paddling in circles because he has only one flipper which he uses as an oar. There is "God," His cousin, who lives in a padded cell because he believes he created the universe and occasionally gets violent about it. There is Hura, who lays eggs and tries at odd times to unsuccessfully seduce the Great Spider. She usually fails and therefore lays a prodigious quantity of fertile ones. But dominating them all is the personality of the Great Spider.

Creating Himself on a whim, He sat around in isolation for an undetermined length of time until He got bored. It wasn't exactly company that the Great Spider desired, just activity. So he made matter and watched it float around, combining according to laws He didn't even know He had established. It formed into atoms and then into molecules and pretty soon into suns and planets and galaxies. For a while that was interesting. But then just about every possibility for matter had been accomplished, and the Great Spider got bored again.

So he created the various being around him--half brothers and cousins and even His own mothers and fathers. But they were all predictable, and His interest in them didn't last long. Greenwald never stopped paddling, "God" never stopped raving, and Hura was just too unseccessful. But then He became aware of a process which had started called "evolution" and a creature called "man" who was developing, and from that moment on the Great Spider has never again been bored. He just sits back and watches the show.

Man was such an interesting fellow that the Great Spider grew fond of him. He used to roar with laughter at the wars and break into tears during the famines and plagues. It was like watching a soap opera 24 hours a day. Eventually He became so fond of man that He gave the species an immortal soul so that man could share paradise with Him. For a while that provided a good show also. Individuals died, their friends and family weeping up a storm, and in an instant their souls would be transmitted to paradise. At first they would be scared of the huge black thing, but soon they'd see He meant no harm, and they'd settle back to watch the circus along with Him.

It all started on day when somebody got pushy. The Great Spider had noticed that paradise was getting crowded -- a fellow didn't even have room to stretch His eight legs anymore -- and He planned to enlarge the place. But the Egyptians were invading Babylonia again, and He didn't want to miss any of the action. Naturally as the invasion progressed paradise got more crowded. People kept popping in all the time, and it was getting so there wasn't any place to pop into. Finally this rather large Etruscan fellow became cramped and decided to change his position. Only trouble was that he didn't have the space. He shoved a bit here and a bit there and finally got desperate and really pushed. A little kid was standing right in front of the Great Spider then. He got shoved just when the Great Spider was yawning and ended up right in His mouth.

The Great Spider had never eaten anything before. He didn't digest and He didn't excrete. He just existed, and He had never felt the need for nourishment. If He hadn't been so interested in the invasion, the Great Spider would probably have spit the child out, and that would have been the end of it. But His interest, at the moment, was overwhelming. Before the Great Spider knew it, He had closed and opened His mouth several times, and the poor boy was mashed into a pulp. Worse yet, the Great Spider loved the taste. It was fabulous. The paste, which had been the boy, spread all over the inside of His mouth, and the sensation was exquisite. Forgetting entirely about the invasion of Babylonia, the Great Spider began stuffing Himself with gobs of humans, and before long paradise was considerably less crowded.

Even the vilest have a conscience, though. Soon the Great Spider had eaten and eaten and eaten and was about full. As a matter of fact, He couldn't have swallowed another infant, even. His stomach hurt. Just as He had never before experienced sensual pleasure, so too He had never felt pain. I mean His stomach ached. So the Great Spider began feeling guilty. Poor people, He thought. During mortal life all they had ever known was pain, and now too, after they had died, He was torturing them. He had a veritable orgy of self-recrimination.

For a while He was good. Since paradise had a lot more room now, the people had huddled together into the fringes, shaking and trembling and wailing. For a long time they wouldn't come near Him, even though the Great Spider offered them all kinds of things. He had really made up His mind to stop eating people, and He was terribly sorry for what He had done and wanted to make amends. Mankind has a short memory, and after a few days of shaking and trembling and wailing in the corners, most of the people came out. The new arrivals had helped things too. They didn't know about the Great Spider's peculiar gustatory habits and consequently showed no fear of him. So what the hell, the veterans thought. Maybe I'll escape next time too.

Things went on like this for a few hundred years. The Great Spider would stuff Himself and then feel guilty. He'd vow to kick the habit. The people would hide from him and eventually return. Then He'd get hungry again. It was getting to be a sad situation, and some of the originals became pretty tired of it. Finally one man decided to do something. Waiting until the Great Spider was in a fairly good mood, he approached. "Oh Illustrious One!" the man said. "For too long have you been vexing my people!" And the Great Spider said yeah, He had been vexing the people, but He couldn't seem to help Himself. "It is not right that all meet the same fate!" the man said. "What you need is a system."

The Great Spider thought this was very interesting, for while He enjoyed His feasts, the spells of remorse afterwards really hurt Him. So He listened to the fellow, who was explaining how it was right that the Evil People should be eaten, because they deserved it. But the Good People merited a reward, not a punishment, after they had cast aside the cares and worries of the world. The Great Spider decided this was a fine idea. Only how, He asked, could He tell the good people from the bad ones. So the guy explained the principles of religion. Those people who truly believed in the Great Spider and who supported His church should be blessed after they died, and those people who did not should be eaten. The Great Spider thought the system was fantastic.

Much speculation has centered on the character and origin of this first of the Chief Prophets of the Spiderist Church. Plato asserted that he was a twig from the mythical Tree of Life which had been blown off in a windstorm and taken root and somehow survived on the barren and rocky soil of earth. Nietzsche claimed he was the original German Overman who had, by his actions, established the foundation for the German Empire. More recently a popular poet has stated that he was the spirit of Young Love who inhabits seashores and gaily tinkling waterfalls when the moon is right. The only facts we have are those handed down by the Chief Prophet himself, and they are slightly less than credible.

He maintained that he had been a famous and victorious general who, between brilliant victories against overwhelming odds, composed the Iliad and the Odyssey, constructed the Taj Mahal, formulated the laws of Hammurabi, and invented 203 new positions for sexual intercourse. After achieving everything possible in life, the Chief Prophet maintained, he noted that his body was becoming old at 27 years, and, despairing at the limitations of both the human form and creative spark, stoically surrendered himself to 726 poisonous bumblebees.

Many scholars have doubted that one man could invent 203 new positions for sexual intercourse, so they have tended to disbelieve the more astounding claims that the Chief Prophet put forward, but the immediate success of the Spiderist Church testifies that this man's abilities were by no means ordinary. After persuading the Great Spider to reincarnate him, the fel-

low went to work converting the population of earth away from their old gods. It was certainly not easy in those days to establish a new religion. The priesthoods of those already in existence were jealous, and they resented any newcomer sneaking into the action. After his reincarnation, the Chief Prophet ended up being sacrificed a number of times, but he always popped back into existence shortly thereafter, much to the consternation of the priests. One time, in desperation, the High Priest of Baal caused him to be trampled by elephants, drawn and quartered, and burned at the stake. His ashes were then dissolved in wine, which was drunk by the assembled multitude, and after the process of digestion had taken place his remains were expelled into the Tigris river. Shortly thereafter, the Chief Prophet presented himself to the crowd and asked how he had tasted.

Great Spiderism received much of its success from the simplicity of its teaching. The glorious "two-fold path" was so elementary that even the most stupid of humans could understand it. To be saved, the Chief Prophet taught, one had merely to say that he believed in the Great Spider and, in addition, pay a bribe to the Chief Prophet himself. Of course, as time wore on and the entire populations of the ancient world became believers, additional bribes became necessary -- which caused some individuals to renounce their belief in the Great Spider. Pleasing the Great Spider while saving the largest number of human beings from His wrath turned out to be a delicate task indeed, and the accomplishment of this can be said to be the Chief Prophet's greatest achievement. It is surprising that he managed to balance the tension for so long.

As more and more people became believers, the Great Spider's meals became sparser and sparser. He complained to the Chief Prophet, ordering him to subdue his efforts for several centuries until an adequate stock of souls had been built up. But the Chief Prophet could not bear to lose such a large source of income for such a long period of time, and he suggested that the Great Spider merely regenerate those souls which he had already consumed and eat them again. This appealed to the Great Spider's love of justice, for being eaten many times is certainly worse than being eaten once, and those people evil enough to refuse to believe in Him deserved the most terrible of punishments, in His opinion. But then an even more difficult dilemma threatened.

Since being converted to Great Spiderism, humans lost their love of warfare, and no longer did the Great Spider have gigantic spectacles to watch. Why fight the Huns when they already worship the same Deity that you do? Antagonistic traits disappeared from the human soul, and people discontinued their bad habit of invading neighboring territories and putting the entire countryside to the torch. As a matter of fact, bad habits of all kinds began to disappear. Nothing was forbidden anymore. The "two-fold path" taught that a person had only to believe and pay in order to achieve salvation. With their

sins receiving, so to speak, official sanction from the church, they soon ceased to be exciting. Men stayed home and raised huge families of believers, none of whom would ever grace the Great Spider's table, and He became discontented again. The world had become an unexciting place for the Great Spider to watch.

What thoughts passed through the Chief Prophet's mind at this moment? How did he feel seeing his generations of labor on the verge of being wasted? What agony stabbed his breast as he contemplated the fate which his fellow human beings would presently suffer? We have his words, recorded by a temple janitor, as the Chief Prophet addressed a convention of his various underlings. "I fear," he said, "that the number of bribes will drop off sharply in the near future, and I advise stringent economy measures."

He made a number of half-hearted attempts, apparently, to regain the Great Spider's interest. He encouraged the "Black Widowite" heretics and did his best to build up a crusade against them. But since all of the heretics were beautiful women, it was rather difficult to persuade the men to hate them. He renounced the faith himself and attempted to form a rival religion, which paid particular attention to human sacrifice and conquest, but the people were so happy with Great Spiderism that he was unable to find followers. Finally the Chief Prophet surrendered to disgust. He bought a farm in the country and retired to write his memoirs. It is this autobiography, distilled from the bitterness and failure of the Chief Prophet, which forms the basis for THE BOOK OF EUCLYPTUS.

As the years rolled by, people remembered less and less of the Golden Age which had held sway under the tender and beneficial rule of the Great Spider. New prophets arose with greater public relations skill, and they gradually weaned the population away from the True Faith. Warfare began again, and, because of intemperate personal habits, so did disease and hunger. All knowledge of the True Faith died, except for the sacred documents stored in the holiest of holy places in each temple, basilica, mosque, synagogue and cathedral. The Great Spider was again happy. And the former Chief Prophet of the Spiderist, now poor and heartsick, endured reincarnation after reincarnation, given to him out of the gratitude of the Great Spider's heart.

While I translated the pages of this astounding book, a strange feeling of sadness and frustration came over me. I began to pity the poor creatures that we all are. I felt anger that there is nothing we can do to better our lot. At times I surrendered to marathon bouts of despair, during which time I hardly spoke to anybody. It was during one of these black times that I felt the memories return. I forgot what my name is this time, which century this is, or where I am living.

Scenes from my past lives filled my brain. I recalled the Spiderist Church as it had been during its days of glory, and all the secret rituals and signs that had been parts of its worship. I remembered the Golden Age of mankind and how war had been ended, as well as hunger, disease, and cheating at cards. I recollected the achievements of my first life, the brilliant victories, the fantastic poems. I especially recalled the 203 positions for sexual intercourse.

Maybe this time, I thought, the Great Spider will do better. He's older now, and perhaps He has seen everything. Perhaps the fullness of time has changed his nature. Perhaps he is once again ready to share His paradise in peace with the creatures He loves so well. Why not? It's worth a try.

In case any of you are willing to end war and disease and death, to eliminate sickness and hunger and human rapacity, to institute a new golden age for the people of this sad planet, send your bribes in care of the New First Arachnid Church.

--- John Kusske



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Joyce Scrivner

