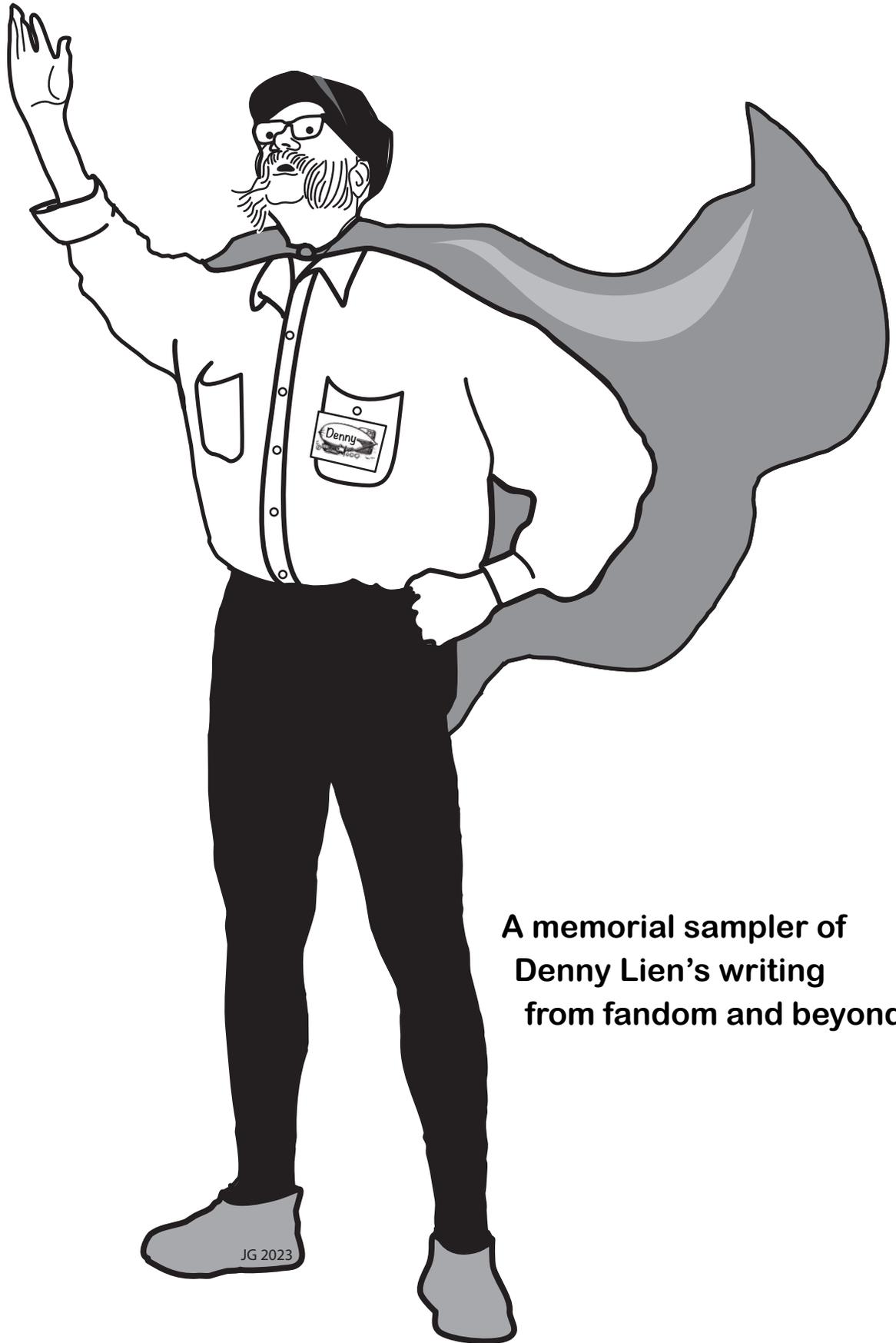


LienZine



**A memorial sampler of
Denny Lien's writing
from fandom and beyond**

Denny Lien was Minneapolis fandom's gentle giant. He was a research librarian at the University of Minnesota, and a mainstay of Minneapolis fandom back in the day. His height and impressive muttonchops could be intimidating on first encounter, but his quiet and calm demeanor was reassuring. He was also a prolific, erudite, and funny writer, with a fondness for parodies, puns, and imaginative flights of speculation. His letters to newspapers range from stern factual corrections to delightful skewering of logical fallacies. He wrote columns and articles for science fiction fanzines and APAs (Amateur Press Associations). He exercised his skill for parody in musical lyrics, especially in the beloved local production of Midwest Side Story. He even enlivened the minutes from the local science fiction club Minn-StF during his times as secretary.

For this memorial fanzine, we have tried to include a representative cross section of his prodigious output, though we undoubtedly missed many gems. Perhaps you, the reader, will discover more someday.

Our thanks to the people who helped us locate and transcribe material for creating this zine: Spike, Mike Ward, Karen Cooper, David Emerson, Fred Levy Haskell, Nancy Herther, Peg Kerr Ihinger, Dave Langford, Jim Stemper, Edie Stern, Matt Strait, John Purcell, Sandra Bond, Mark Plummer, and Bruce Gillespie. Plus great thanks to Fanac.org and eFanzines.com who have scanned and preserved thousands of issues of fanzines.

– Karen Schaffer, co-editor

LienZine

2 June 2023

**A memorial sampler of Denny Lien's writing
from fandom and beyond**

Edited by Karen Schaffer & Geri Sullivan

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Minneapolis in '73!

fwa

A SMOTHRA publication

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Inaugural Message

From Rune 48

Since some people, not least myself, may have been surprised to find me Minn-StF President as of 27 March 1976, it is perhaps only ~~right left~~ center of me to explain what it is that I stand for, other than the National Anthem (or, when in Australia, the Notional Anthem).

I believe that Minn-StF is a collection of strange but interesting people who for whatever neurotic reasons of their own find it worth their while to gather together on at least occasional alternate Saturday afternoons to giggle at each other. This being so, it will be the policy of my administration to oppose all forces which tend to prevent such people from gathering at such times. Said forces include floods, earthquakes, riots, and thermonuclear warfare. My administration is strongly in disapproval of floods, earthquakes, and thermonuclear warfare and approves of riots only when they are operating under their alternate name of “Minicon room parties.” My administration will thus use every means at its disposal to end forever the menace of floods, earthquakes, and thermonuclear warfare. My administration has, however, no means of any sort at its disposal.

I believe that said strange but interesting people having gathered, they can be trusted to decide among themselves what if anything they wish to do other than giggle at each other. Bagpipe practice, arson, recruiting guerilla forces for the liberation and occupation of Iowa, armed robbery, and use of the term “sci-fi” will be Frowned Upon. Almost everything else will be at worst tolerated and at best ignored. Consumption of beer will be encouraged by the “good example” method.

I believe that that government governs best that governs least and that Impeachment is Nature’s Way of Telling You That You’re Taking Yourself Too Seriously. I encourage impeachment attempts against the Presidency and may even circulate a few petitions in that direction myself. Let me make this perfectly murky.

While we seek no wider war, I cannot sit by idly (~~being too nervous~~) while Our Boys in the Change War are fighting and fanning and feuding trying to ensure that we win the 1973 Worldcon bid. Those defeatists who have been gaining media notoriety by burning their “Minneapolis in ’73” buttons, flying the Toronto flag, or lying across the atmosphere in an attempt to block troop zeppelins have been led astray by the caterwauling caliphs of chronology and other pointy-eared intellectuals who have tried to convince us that our cause is both hopeless and unjust. What they have failed to consider is that while it *is* both hopeless and unjust, it’s also fun.

Ask not what Minn-StF can do for you, nor what you can do for Minn-StF. Also, ask not what I can do for you or what I can do for Minn-StF. If you should for some reason however care to ask what *you* can do for *me*, I’m willing to think it over.

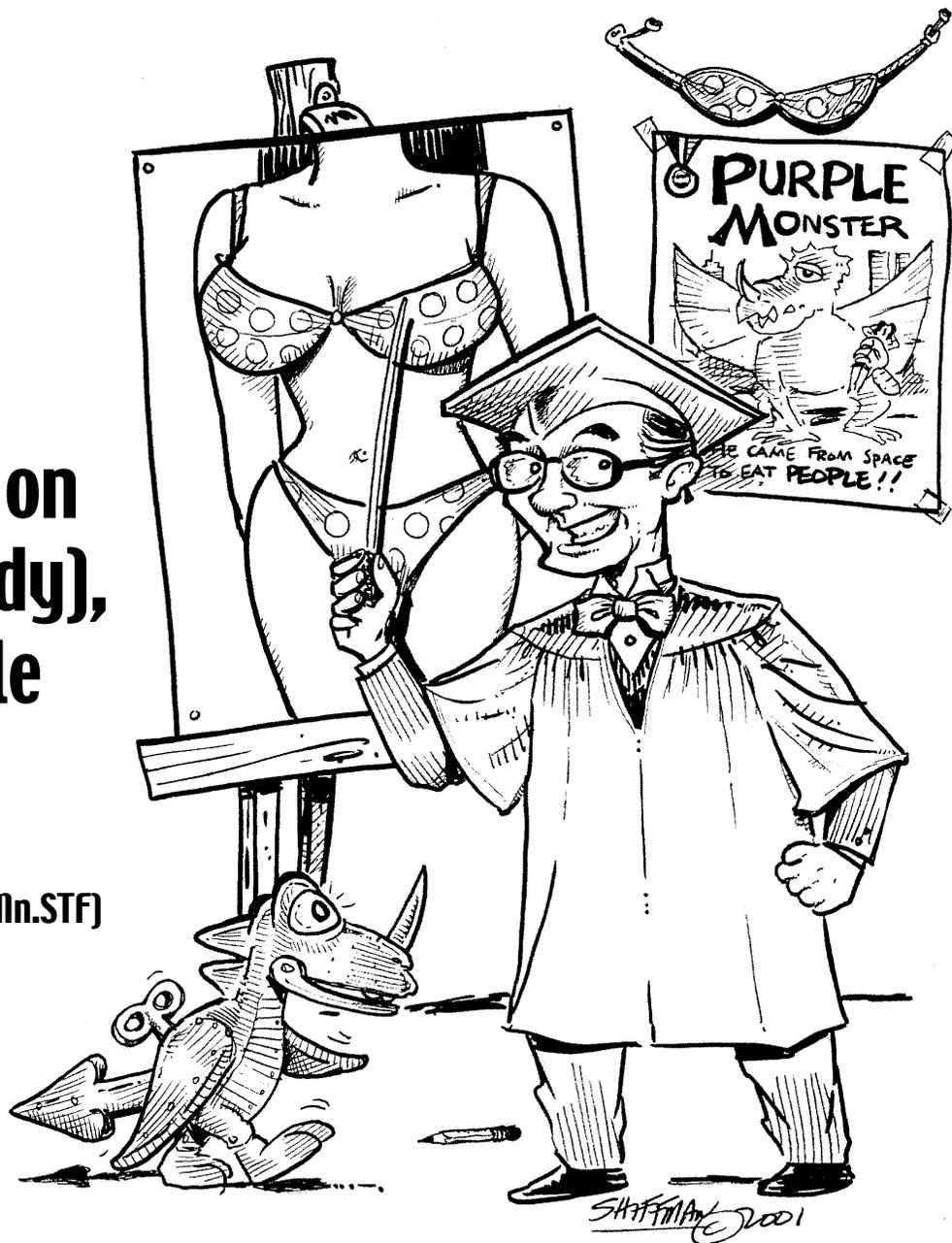
Slush funds are encouraged, but you have to mop up after yourself.

There is no seventh point. Or any other sort of point. Aren’t you a little old to be believing in mystic numbers?

– President Dennis Lien

A Treatise on Dot.Com(edy), With Purple Prose

By Denny Lien
(B.A., M.A., M.S.L.S., Mn.STF)



The Stumpers-L list <<http://www.cuis.edu/~stumpers/>> is intended mostly for reference librarians and such to pool their minds and resources on complex reference questions. Somehow, between the questions passed along from clients (some of which by chance will be Rather Silly) and the personalities of the list members (some of whom by design have at least spates of being Very Silly Indeed), the ambience bears very little resemblance to outsiders' views of what would be expected of a thousand or so librarians talking among themselves. The following, for instance --

In July 2000 someone posted to the list the following query:

"Does anyone know what the 'yellow' in the song "Itsy bitsy teeny weeny yellow polka dot bikini" refers to -- the color of the polka-dots or the color of the bikini? Several websites give song lyrics but without punctuation."

and received, among others, this reply:

"Similar to the "One-eyed, one-horned, flying purple people eater," is it a people eater that's one-eyed, one-horned, purple, and flies, or is it an eater of one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people? . . . I think the interpretation is meant to be in the mind of the listener."

And obviously I couldn't let so sweeping a statement pass. The following was the result:

Bearing in mind Sir Thomas Browne's dictum that

"What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture,"

I make bold to think that my esteemed fellow lyrics scholar is confusing the issue here by asserting that the crux of Mr. Wooley's narrative is a locus classicus of uncertainty at the same complexity level as the ur-Bikinitext.

Within the context of "Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini," the inherent ambiguity of the received text and the lack of independent evidence of a substantive nature (see note 1) make a universally-accepted answer impossible. Does the "yellow" refer (a) to the bikini in toto or (b) merely to that bikini subset described as the "polka dot" segment?

The title can be parsed either way; the accompanying lyrics are ambiguous. It is likely, though even this is logically not determinable beyond a reasonable doubt, that the "itsy bitsy" refers to the bikini (im)proper rather than to the dots, as this assumption supports the usual interpretation that "she was afraid to come out of the water" because of a conflict between 1950s modesty mores and the self-perceived "itsy-bityness" of the specified attire. A minority opinion, however, might hold this as unproven and postulate instead that she finds the itsy bityness of the polka dots to be deeply offensive to her fashion sense and that she is, as it were, organizing a "sink-down strike" to protest polka-dot downsizing. The jury is out; the case is unproven and unprovable.

But surely this is **not** the case with "One Eyed, One Horned Flying Purple People Eater," where a close analysis of the lyrics will prove far more fruitful. Notice what we learn in the very first verse:

Well I saw the thing comin' out of the sky
It had the one long horn, one big eye.
I commenced to shakin' and I said "ooh-eee"
It looks like a purple people eater to me.

Thus (a) the Eater comes "out of the sky" (suggesting that it can indeed fly, and is indeed flying (see note 2), and (b) thus it does indeed have one horn and one eye. (A minority opinion again might argue that stating that it has **one** horn does not preclude it having more than one, and that the same is true of eyes; but surely this is quibbling -- see note 3)

.
"I don't want to get married anyway -- I want to buy a Gestetner."
.

We can thus accept that the "one-eyed, one-horned, flyin'" part of the description, at least, applies to Entity A (the Eater) rather than to the postulated Entity B (the Eatee, or "People"). There remains the question: do which entity does the adjective "purple" pertain?

Logically, in graphing purpleness relations, there are four possibilities:

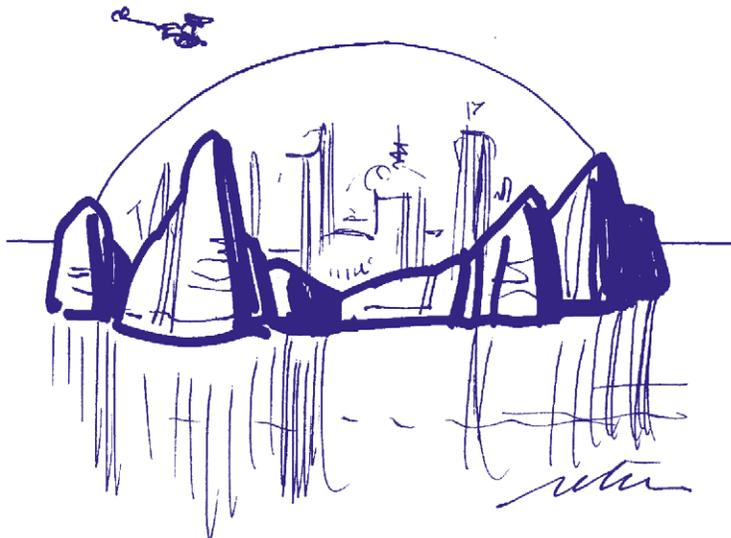
- (a) Neither Eater nor Eatee is Purple;
- (b) Eater is Purple; Eatee is not
- (c) Eatee is Purple; Eater is not
- (d) Both Eater and Eatee are Purple

The song itself clearly contradicts postulate (a), which can be discarded. Postulate (d), while not directly contradicted by anything in the song, is counterindicated by Occam's Razor: why multiple Purple Entities? (Arguably an even greater attack upon Fashion Sense.) We thus need only to distinguish between choices (b) and (c).

In support of (b) -- "Eater is Purple" -- we note that the narrator of the song identifies the Eater correctly while it is still distance away, "coming out of the sky." Since coloration is one of the major factors used by bird watchers to classify their finds, it seems likely that it would also be a major factor in classification and identification among freelance monster watchers, or whatever Mr. Wooley is; e.g., he describes it as "purple" because he sees (from a distance) that it *is* indeed purple. (See note 4). There is also the possibly significant datum that, so far as we know, Purple People do not exist; the significance of said datum is, however, compromised by the notation that, by the same token, so far as we know Purple People Eaters do not either.

We also note that Mr. Wooley expressed concern that the Eater might be inclined to eat him (e.g., Mr. Wooley, a presumptively non-Purple prospective meal), and the Eater explicitly denies any such intention, not on the basis of lack of appropriate Wooley pigmentation, but because of inappropriate Wooley texture:

Well he came down to earth and lit in a tree
I said Mr. Purple People Eater don't eat me
I heard him say in a voice so gruff
I wouldn't eat you 'cos you're so tough



It seems clear, then, neither Mr. Wooley nor the Eater are defining potential Eatees on the primary basis of coloration. Ergo, this supports postulate (b).

Postulate (c), on the other hand, has only one point of evidence in its favor, but that point is admittedly a strong one: the Eater himself claims Purpleitude to be the deciding factor in his gastronomic triage:

I said Mr. Purple People Eater, what's your line
He said it's eatin' purple people and it sure is fine

Against this seemingly direct testimony, however, it should be noted that there is some reason to believe this a jape: he seems a rather genial sort of monster. The "gruff" voice is presumably a put-on attribute, since if genuine it would seem ill-sorted with the vocal demands of his impromptu audition and Mr. Wooley's apparent approbation thereof:

And then he swung from the tree and lit on the ground.
He started to rock, really rockin' around
It was a crazy little ditty with a swingin' tune
(sing awop bop aloo bop lop bam boom)

Furthermore, it is well-known that in matters of food coloration, rock stars are more likely to concern themselves less with the Purpleitude of meat (an increasing number of them being vegetarians in any case) than with the presence or absence of blue M&Ms in their hotel rooms.

Quod erat awop bop aloo bop.
Ipso facto, bam boom.

Note 1: It has been asserted that the bikini of the song is based upon that once owned by the daughter of the composer. There's a dissertation topic in that for some lucky graduate student somewhere (probably in California).

Note 2: Technically, the fact that the Eater is "comin' out of the sky" does not necessarily mean that it is flying *as such*; we all remember the cautionary counterexample of the Monty Python sheep who do not so much fly as plummet. However, the subsequent relation that the Eater "came down to earth and lit in a tree" seems to indicate a matter of controlled flight (or, possibly, of uncontrolled pyromaniac tendencies).

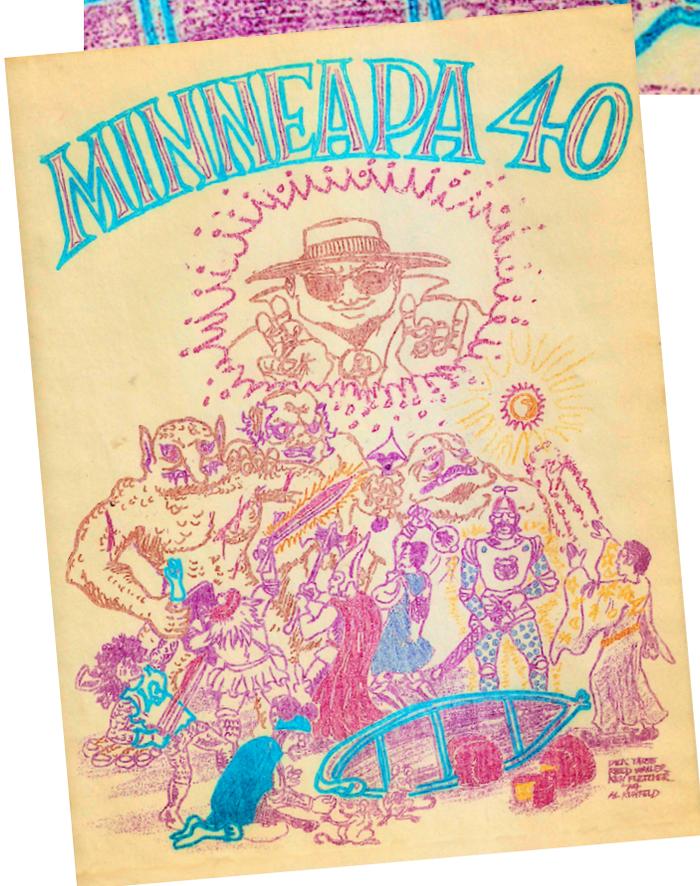
Note 3: So nagging a quibble, indeed, that if this were a Talmudic text one might define the argument as "Purple Pilpul."

Note 4: Mr. Wooley's excellent eyesight is further attested to by the fact that, while the Eater in descent is described as "it," Wooley has identified same as "he" by the time the Eater achieves tree-lighting status. This is either somewhat or extremely impressive, depending on how tall the tree was (or how prominent the gender-differentiating Eater characteristic were). Both are unknown, and thus are possibly another dissertation topic. (Or two such topics.)



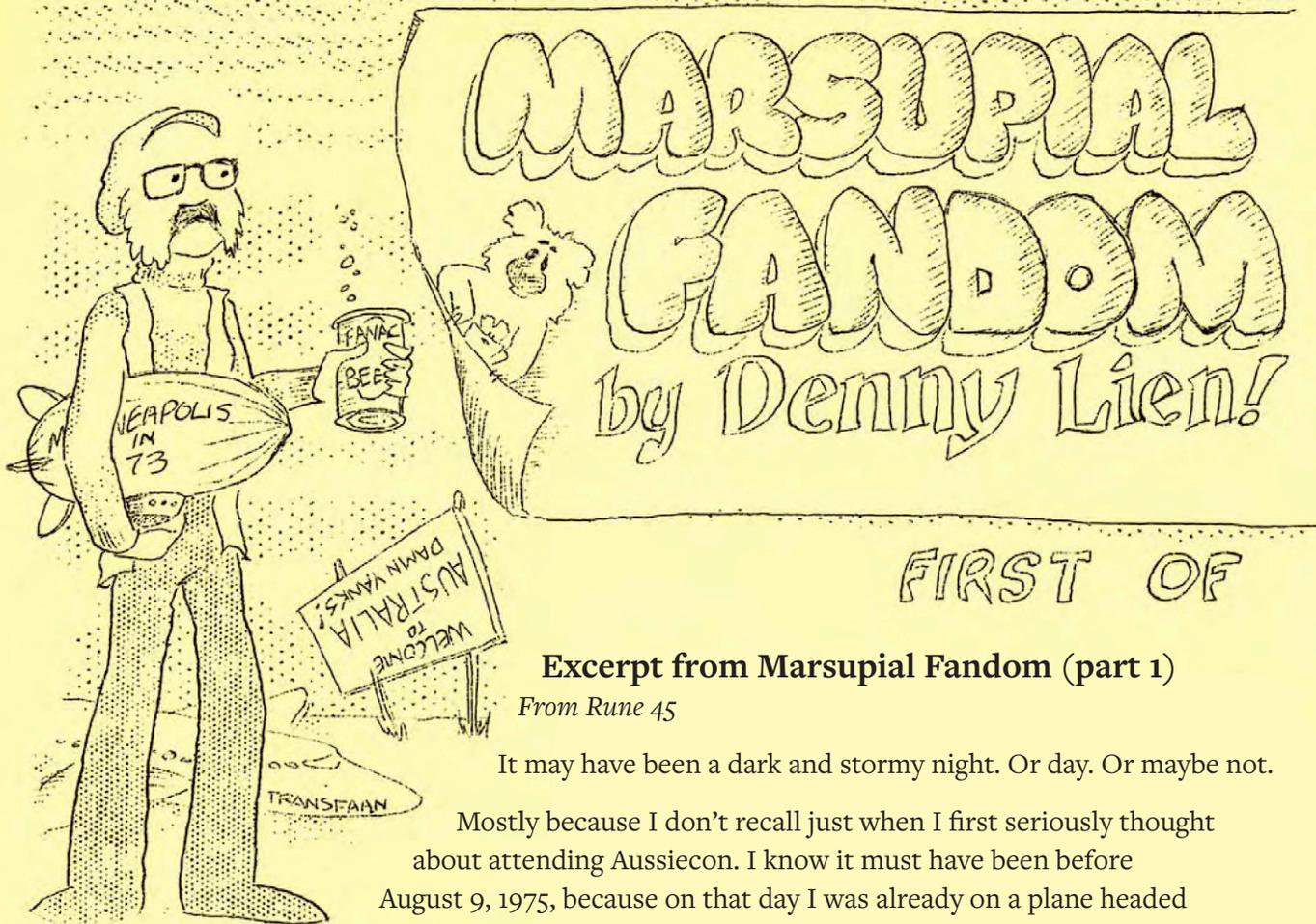
The image of Denny as a fannish knight is from the cover of Minneapa 40. The art is an interpretation of events from one of the actual home-grown Minn-StF fantasy roleplaying games, early in 1974. This was about the time that the D&D game was published, but the rules were mostly home-grown.

Originally printed by "Ditto" machine (spirit-duplicator), which allowed the use of some primitive colors.



Artists were Ellen (Al) Kuhfeld, Richard Tatge, Reed Waller, & Ken Fletcher. The ideas & layout were collaborative, and the cartooners traded off doing "penciling", "inking", and adding the areas of color & texture. All four artists were shown as players in the game, plus "Jan" Appelbaum, Larry Brommer, (plus one or two more?). And the gamesmaster, "Blue Petal" (Louis Fallert) is shown looming above.

– Ken Fletcher



Excerpt from Marsupial Fandom (part 1)

From Rune 45

It may have been a dark and stormy night. Or day. Or maybe not.

Mostly because I don't recall just when I first seriously thought about attending Aussiecon. I know it must have been before August 9, 1975, because on that day I was already on a plane headed out over the Pacific, and I suppose it must have been after the Labor Day weekend of 1973, because previous to that time the Aussiecon was only a gleam in the collective eye of various fans. But that still leaves a couple of years to narrow down, and I can't quite do it. Somewhere in that period I slipped from thinking about Aussiecon as a nice daydream to an outside possibility to a half-hearted plan worth the investment of a refundable deposit. Somewhere around spring of '75 I began to realize I might actually make the trip instead of simply being The First Fan on My Block to try to impress the others by talking about it. In early summer the Second Fan on My Block, Don Bailey, decided Australia seemed somewhat more interesting than his previously-selected vacation spot of Nebraska, and I suddenly had a traveling companion and a roommate and a commitment to throw the Minneapolis in '73 party.

Which explains what I was doing on August 9 on a plane headed out over the Pacific. (At least everyone assured me it was the Pacific; all oceans look alike to me.)

* * * * *

On the night of the Mpls in '73 party:

This evening we didn't have to ask where the party was.

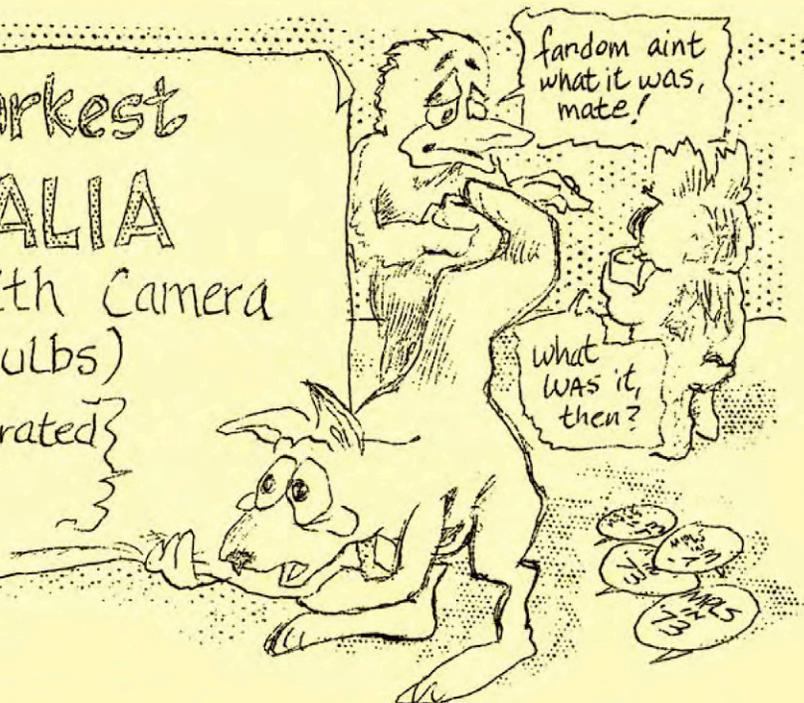
Quotation from the next day's issue (#2) of THE DAILY CON:

"Yesterday evening two fans from Minneapolis held the traditional 'Minneapolis in '73' bidding party. 'Minneapolis in '73' is a very strange thing and the only person who can explain it properly is somebody from that city - if you see a tall gentleman (*sic*) with

OR: Through Darkest AUSTRALIA

Without Gun But With Camera
(But without flashbulbs)

{... profusely illustrated}
by Reed Waller }



TWO PARTS

a mustache and the name tag which says Denny Lein (also sic) he is the person to ask about it. Anyhow...back to the party. When your humble editor arrived the room was packed. As time passed it became even more overcrowded until there was hardly standing room and the bathroom was holding its own party at which at least seven people were attending. As other parties collapsed the 'Minneapolis in '73' party went from strength to strength and all the best people were seen there at one time or another. Late on in the evening it was impossible to move so everyone moved up to the State Suite where the party lasted well on into the early and/or late hours of the morning."

It perhaps remains to be noted that the affair was conducted in Minneapolis Formal Wear on the part of the hosts consisting mostly of propeller beanies and such items as a "Moosylvania Farkling Squad" t-shirt and Minneapolis in '73 buttons; that the soft drinks as usual gave out first; and that the transfer to the 15th floor was courtesy of Robin Johnson and probably about one jump ahead of the hotel moving in to shut down the party altogether after various warnings to pull people in from the hall and keep the door closed. I began to feel like calling room service for 12 hard-boiled eggs and one duck egg, but kept getting distracted by people and bottles instead.



A Feghooting

From *Beabohema* 5, p. 23

By Denny Lien (with apologies to L. Sprague de Camp and the shade of Fletcher Pratt)

In 1950, Reginald Ragweed landed on Earth, and, being rather thirsty, went immediately to Gavigan's Bar.

Mr. Cohen, upon seeing him enter, broke out a jug of Xeno. Reginald, whose Keen Powers of Observation missed naught, saw that the bartender was looking extremely gloomy, and asked why.

"It's that genie," he explained. "An Arabian fellow came in here yesterday and offered to trade me an old lamp for a sandwich and some beer nuts. Said he was a devout Moslem and couldn't drink.

"I made the trade—suspecting what was in the lamp—and after he left I rubbed it. Sure enough; out came a genie."

"The mythical Arabian genie, or jinn..." began Mr. Witherwax, further down the bar. No one listened to him.

"I thought a thing like that would come in handy around the place," Mr. Cohen went on, "so I tried him out by ordering him to mix me a Singapore Sling to mail to Ron Bennett."

"He couldn't do it?" Reginald Ragweed suggested.

"Oh, he did it all right. But he did it so *slowly*. It took him six hours to finish, and by that time the bar was closed. And the ice was melted, too," the bartender added sadly.

"Not very speedy, eh?"

"Hardly! He said he was old and senile—twelve hundred next Thursday—and making that drink used up the last of his energy. Now he's dying."

"How do jinns die?"

"This one is standing over in the corner, bubbling." Mr. Cohen answered. "As each bubble pops, a little bit of him vanishes. But it's taking him quite a while, and in the meantime he's scaring the customers. I'd stand you another round of Xeno if you could do something about it, Mr. Ragweed."

Reginald Ragweed headed for the corner in question and was just in time to intercept a bleary-eyed toper heading for the door. "It's unnatural!" the customer shrieked. "Pink elephants I'm used to, but this...! I've never seen anything like it in a bar before!"

"Calm down," Reginald Ragweed murmured soothingly. "Surely this is not the first time you've ever seen a slow jinn fizz?"

.....
Ipso facto, bam boom
.....

Denny's Frozen Pizza Recipe

The University of Minnesota Libraries staff would occasionally publish cookbooks of favorite recipes to share and perhaps sell to benefit some cause. In December 1978, the *University Libraries' Cookbook* was published and included this recipe from Denny.

FROZEN PIZZA

1. Remove box and individual wrapper, if any, from around pizza.
2. Heat oven to whatever temperature it says on the box.
3. Insert frozen pizza and heat for as many minutes as it says on the box.
4. Remove and eat.

“This recipe is a favorite of mine and is used frequently. I’ve never known it to fail.”

*Submitted by Nancy Herther
via the Kudoboard*

letters

Marginal Obscurity

Published in the Minnesota Daily Student Newspaper, 06 July 1984

In their June 27 “marginal release” column (“Vice presidents: Ascending to obscurity”), Roger Larson and John Plomondon attempt to prove the obscurity of the office of U.S. vice president by pointing out that Historical Statistics of the United States contains no list of past holders of that office.

Of course, in some senses (and in some censuses) all of us are “statistics,” but vice presidents seem to me no more so than the rest of us. The idea of going to a statistical compendium for non-statistical information readily available in any number of almanacs, handbooks, historical dictionaries, biographical collections and encyclopedias (the authors profess to have been surprised to find no article on the subject in the Britannica; if they had looked one shelf over to the Americana—which as its name suggests is a better prospect for many American subjects—they would have had much better luck) seems to me a strange one.

As a reference librarian, I find the technique of proving the obscurity of a subject on the basis of its nonappearance in a totally inappropriate reference work a new and exciting one, but note that Larson and Plomondon have barely scratched the surface. Using their techniques of evidence selection, I can likewise prove the obscurity of any subject you wish to name: the Tyrone Guthrie Theater (never mentioned in Spevak’s Shakespeare Concordance); Chairman Mao (who makes no appearance in the Hotel and Motel Red Book); Bugs Bunny (left out of the Fieldbook of Natural History). For that matter, the Wilson Reference room contains some 20,000 volumes and I would wager that at least 19,950 of them contain no mention of the Minnesota Daily. Obscurely yours (I’m not in them either).

Dennis Lien
Reference Librarian
Wilson Library

*Submitted by Jim Stemper via the Kudoboard.
Transcribed by Peg Kerr Ihinger.*

letters

continued

Denny's letters to the editor spanned decades. The letters reprinted below are our favorites from the 17 letters published in Twin Cities newspapers that Karen Cooper found in archives and sent our way.

Summer Report Card

Jeff Pike (*Zines for Teens*, 6/12) is off by two decades and one subculture when he claims that "the roots of the fanzine lie somewhere in the '50s, when EC Comics flourished with such unapproved-for-children titles as 'Tales from the Crypt' and 'Tales of Horror and Suspense'." Fanzines have been a part of science fiction fandom since 1930. For that matter, EC never published a title called "Tales of Horror and Suspense" either.

Coming in the same issue in which Michael Phillips assures us that "Moorhead is about four hours due west of Minneapolis," I'd have to give your June 12 issue a C minus in popular culture and an F in geography. Let's not think summer vacation *quite* yet.

Dennis Lien
Mpls.

City Pages
26 June 1985

Could Have Fooled Him

Re: D.L. Mabery's story on Peter Allen in the 30 November *Reader*. If Allen's "I Still Call Australia Home" has indeed "all but replaced 'Waltzing Matilda' as the national anthem," this is a neat trick indeed.

"Waltzing Matilda" is not Australia's national anthem.

Next week, perhaps, Mabery can do an interview with Kate Smith and tell us all how her "God Bless America" has almost replaced Jay and the Americans' "Only in America" as the official U.S. national anthem, hmmm?

—Dennis Lien
Minneapolis

Twin Cities Reader
14 December 1983

'Insensitive' comics

I am informed that editorial censorship is responsible for the deletion of "Doonesbury" from the Dec. 28 Tribune: A character in the strip told a Polish joke, and the guardians of our taste, feeling that some in the audience would be offended, dropped the strip for the day. While your touching concern for the self-image of those hypothetical few so thin-skinned as to feel threatened by the insensitivity of a comic-strip character is, of course, to be applauded, I do feel that you haven't gone nearly far enough in your pursuit of wholesome blandness.

For instance, the same comic section features a portrayal of a Viking as a clumsy oaf, which I as a Norwegian-American find unspeakably insulting ("Hagar the Horrible"); the sight of a cook smoking a cigarette as he bends over his food, which repulses me as a non-smoker ("Beetle Bailey"); a panel showing a person named "Dennis" behaving in a manner both untidy and hypocritical, which infuriates me as a person named "Dennis" ("Dennis the Menace"), and a strip depicting women as poor cooks of roasts, which should offend both my feminist and vegetarian friends ("Blondie"). — **Dennis Lien, Minneapolis.**

The word 'feminist'

A front-page story on the GOP platform in the July 10 Tribune refers to "feminists and their male supporters." Are we to presume from this that it is the Tribune's opinion that "feminist" is a sex-specific word that must be applied only to females? — **Dennis Lien, Minneapolis.**

Minneapolis Star Tribune
22 July 1980

Minneapolis Star Tribune
6 January 1978

Intro for A Bidding Party

By Karen Schaffer & Geri Sullivan

Minneapolis in '73 was originally a real bid for holding the 1973 Worldcon in Minneapolis. But life intervened, and the group wisely withdrew the bid. However, they had had so much fun throwing the bid parties that they decided to hold a Minneapolis in '73 party at the winning Toronto Worldcon in 1973. Denny was the first post-supporting bid chair and served until the mid-1980s when he bequeathed the job to Geri Sullivan.

Minneapolis fans near and far continued to throw Minneapolis in '73 bid parties at conventions for decades afterwards. Membership costs -1¢; we give new supporters a 1973 penny. We like to say that Minneapolis in '73 is an idea whose time has come ... and gone ... and gotten silly.

In this alternate history piece, Denny combines his love of Minneapolis in 1973, anthologies, and parody. An academic researcher from 2073 is examining an anthology of stories written about the Minneapolis 1973 Worldcon, as seen through the eyes of fannish archetype, Jerry Cornyne. Clues in the text suggest that the authors included H.P. Lovecraft, Philip K. Dick, Ron Goulart, and more, but all that survives are these tantalizing snippets.



© Ken Fletcher '86

- A PAID AD -



A BIDDING PARTY: 1973: A Minneapolis Odyssey

Edited by Denny Lien, Ben'Zine 2, pp10-15

(A reprint from the June, 2073 issue of EXPOSTULATION, the journal of the combined SF Seminar of the Moderately Languid Association; Science Fiction Rerun Association; and Fourteenth Foundation)

... The 1970s saw, in science fiction, a plethora of theme anthologies organized around increasingly improbable postulates: science fiction stories set in 2020, stories dealing with religion or sex or business or Judaism; stories written by sf authors living in Australia or in Texas. One of the most interesting of these, heretofore inexplicably overlooked by the previous scores of writers on this very topic in this very journal, was an anthology (including contributions from a number of well-known authors, living and/or dead) containing stories featuring the well-known archetype Jerry Cornyneo and set at the BozoCon—the Minneapolis in 1973 WorldCon.

This collection, 1973: A MINNEAPOLIS ODYSSEY, has a checkered publishing history and the attempt to sort out the true first edition may be forever doomed. The earliest definite reference to it occurs in the second and last issue of Ben Zuhl's 1977 fanzine, BEN'ZINE, published just before Zuhl succumbed to terminal con-lag and split himself into five parts under the delusion that he was a panel. On this occasion, it is reported as having been published in 1973 (or possibly, in keeping with the generally paradoxical nature of the bid, even earlier, with most of the stories having been written even later.) Later references to the collection occur in such unimpeachable sources as RUNE, MINNEAPA, VOOTIE, NOCRES, a Sam Moskowitz footnote, and a Lin Carter introduction. The actual book seems, unfortunately, to have vanished, and we are left only with the story excerpts as originally published in BEN'ZINE. These are reprinted below:

THE LURKER AT THE REGISTRATION DESK

A wan and gibbous florescent light cast hellish shadows over the visages looming in front of me. Perhaps the faces had once been Aryan, but unspeakable rites and charnal delvings had clearly left their stamp upon the shattered countenances: sick pallors, unkempt hair, eyes of an abhuman tinge of reddishness...

Between me and the abominations in the strange aeroplane-like headgear there was only a long wooden table laden with strange and eldritch plastic rectangles, embedded in which were pins of a dull metal hue at whose function I could only shudderingly guess; untidy stacks of papers from which foul odors wafted their way toward me; and colorful overgarments whose surfaces depicted beasts and birds performing acts—and speaking human speech—such as no sane mind could long contemplate. With a sickening shock, I realized that said overgarments lacked buttons!!! What this said about the bodily configurations—or dimensional travels—of the beings expected to wear them could not be gainsaid.

The creatures behind the desk spoke constantly in a language which, mercifully, I could not comprehend, though I had the uncanny feeling that they were discussing the blasphemous rites that had made them what they were:

“Aiii! Mah hed hurtz!”

“Sonly t’be eck-spek-tad; atwas wan helluva pre’con part-tee las nite...”

Gathering all my courage, I stepped directly in front of the nearest creature, proffering the green slips of paper that the adept who had survived the previous year’s sabbath had assured me would vouchsafe my entrance. This ploy succeeded: the creature—speaking a human tongue only with obvious effort—took my sigil, performed arcane numerological operations upon my name, and leeringly holding out to me a foul tome and one of the eldritch rectangles, lapsed back into its own speech: “Alwaze gladda C-ah nu fan; ho’pya enjoi th’con.”

I attempted to respond in kind, but unluckily the title of the vile monograph defiling my hands at this moment impinged upon my perception, and I retreated in confusion, sickened to the quick of my being, my mind tottering, my vocal apparatus emitting involuntary shrieks.

For it was none other than that notorious OPUS of the Mad Minnesotans, the program book of the MINNEAPOLICON!!!!!!!!!!

* * * * *

CORNYNEO THE CONQUEROR

The room shimmered before the gaze of Cornyneo. The long corridors, barren of all sustenance—their soda pop machines long since cleaned out by wandering tribes of con attendees: SCAfolk in their colorful attire; Burroughs Bibliophiles in their loincloths with acorn motif; the TrekFen with their malformed ears bespeaking a pre-human origin; the occasional despised and feared Mundane Reporter—all lay behind him. The coffee oasis, upon which he had at last stumbled, had revived his spirits, and given him the strength needed to go on to the Forbidden Room of Hucksta.

A pale, sickly-skinned room dweller appeared at the door, mouthing words: “See your I.D. badge, please...” Cornyneo, instead of pointing to the I.D. badge pinned to his left bicep, swept the feeble slug aside with the swing of his mighty right arm; his victim described an arc into the midst of the room and collided with the bazaar of a dealer in four-color comic artwork, spilling Big Little Books in a polychromatic fountain as his body twitched, then lay still.

All action ceased. The Hucksta-dwellers, interrupted in the middle of their vile transactions, seemed to shrink from the brawny-muscled neo who strode into the room, dominating the weak merchants with his steely glint. A chill wind of mortality blew over them. One, braver than most, or perhaps only made more foolhardy by the flagon of blog by his side, spoke up:

“Looking for anything in particular?” Then, as if it were a signal, they were on him, and Cornyneo, swinging his great two-handed wallet from side to side, knew that his quest for the December 1955 GALAXY would not be an easy one.

* * * * *

NOW WAIT FOR THE YEAR BEFORE THE YEAR PREVIOUS TO LAST YEAR'S LAST YEAR

“But it doesn't make any *sense*,” Cornyneo insisted. “I know that Toronto put on the convention that year. Besides, it's 1977 already, so not only does this bid alter the entire framework of reality, but it does it backwards...”

“And upside down and sideways. On the other hand, what is reality, and where have we heard that before?” responded Bob Ferris. “Still, The Oracle”—he gestured at the book in front of him—“says it is definitely on, and since The Oracle has never been known to be wrong, we must investigate. I know I don't have to tell you what this means.”

“What does this all *mean*?” Cornyneo asked himself. There was no answer. Briefly, the scene in front of him flickered, and for a second he realized the illusion: he was not a Philip K. Dick character good for another 180 pages of meaningless, but interesting actions; he was instead only a character in a piece of lousy fan fiction, who would wink out of existence within a few lines. A chill wind of mortality blew over him. “Just what does the I CHING say?”

“I CHING? That was an *old* oracle,” scoffed Farris as he threw the traditional Village Wok *dim sum* chopsticks. “Nowadays we use bound volumes of RUNE.” The sticks indicated the usual message: THIS ISSUE IS A LITTLE LATE. NO PRAISE, NO BLAME. MINNEAPOLIS IN 73!

“I'll leave at once,” said Cronyneo, wondering if God was still dead.

* * * * *



**"THIS ISSUE IS A LITTLE LATE.
NO PRAISE, NO BLAME. MINNE-
APOLIS IN '73!"**

THE BOZOCON ZEPPELIN RACE CONSIDERED AS A DOWNHILL ASSASSINATION
OF PARANOID FALLING ZEPPELIN PILOTS, OR, WHY I DON'T WANT TO FUCK
J.G. MALZBERG

((Editor's note: this segment deleted in the interest of good taste, and in the firm assurance that nobody ever attends the program items anyway.))

* * * * *

WHAT'S BECOME OF ENTREE?

or

AFTER THE RUBBER CHICKEN FELL APART

"You're probably thinking we're a little inefficient here at the Andrews Hotel," said the robot cat-man as he swept the butterscotch pudding off the floor and into Cornyneo's finger bowl.

"Not at all. By the way, what happened to my previous waiter, the robot lizard-man?"

"He's out basking in the sun," the banquet waiter explained. "Whoops! Sorry about that; I just dropped my robot amoeba-man assistant into your Spam Casserole."

"Gosh, I'm sorry, there goes your blog glass. I guess maybe we *are* a little inefficient, but then we've never had a real WorldCon banquet to run here before. Whoops! Gee, that's a shame; I hope the stain comes out—it looks like you're wearing Real Semi-Pseudo Imitation Fake Near-Dacron."

"That's all right, I'm on an expense account," replied Cornyneo, flicking away the bug that the robot bug-man hiding in the pudding was trying to plant on him. "By the way, when do the guest of honor speeches start?"

"Claude Degler's should be starting any minute now, and Zagat's will be right after that. Oops; goshwowoboyoboy; gee whiz; I'm sorry."

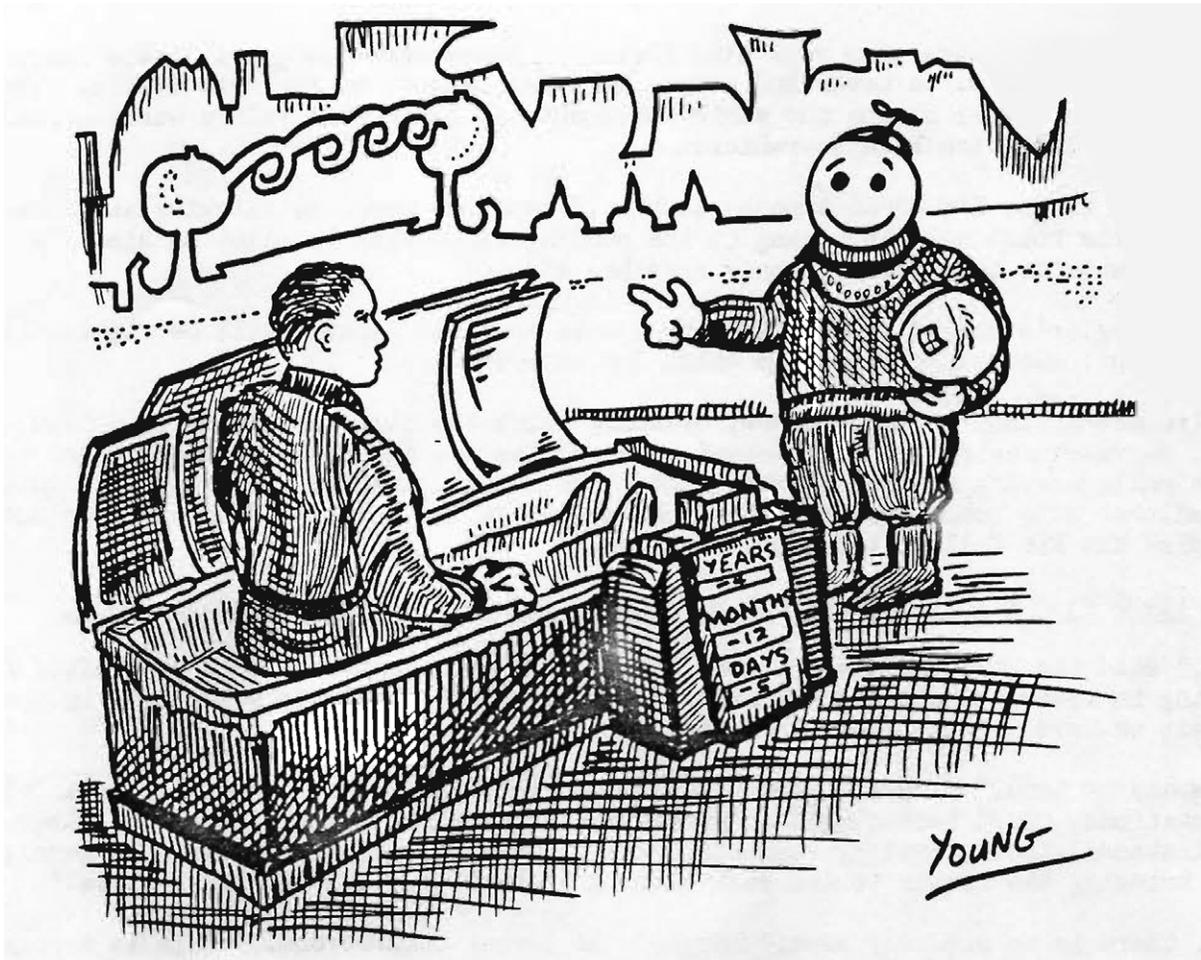
"You're overacting," said Cornyneo, brushing aside the clumsily proffered poison dart, nerve-squeezing the robot-agent into submission, and vaulting the banquet table, while drawing his gun on the Zagat-clone. Unfortunately, his trajectory intersected that of a robot bird-man bringing in dessert, and as the 3000 custard pies hit him full in the face, Cornyneo....

* * * * *

BOZO 124C4 73: A SCIENTIFICTIONAL ROMANCE OF THE YEARS TO HAVE
ALREADY PASSED

"Yes," said the Wise Con Chairperson, "it is only to be expected that you, after remaining in reverse suspended animation for four years, should be awe-struck by the regress we have made in that short time."

"This may be true," responded the puzzled Cornyneo, "but this exceeds all rational expectations. Such technological innovations argue a skill little short of wizardry! For instance, these revelry rooms which are capable of moving from level to level, thus bringing the revels to the participants, instead of requiring the reverse!"



“Why, there is no wizardry here,” laughed the jovial Chairperson. “This is merely a sociological advance; you had such devices in your own time, though you generally made use of them only for the transport of gross matter. You called them *elevators*.*”

“But did not the very winning of the selection election require a massive advance?” persisted the visitor from the primitive future. “In my time, the wisest heads professed this to be but a *hoax***, not worthy of serious attention.”

“Surely that says more about the nature of your savants than about that of our conclave,” came the reply. “A brief examination of our logic would have shown the most pernicious of doubters that reverse progress would bring about this utopia. And, consider our logic: our experience in bidding for the 1973 world conclave was undoubtedly greater than that of other groups in bidding for any other single year. Sending agents to Australia secured the all-important International Date Line vote, while encouraging some of our members to pretend to move to California enabled us at the proper moment to retrospectively take over the 1971 conclave and deliver a resounding vote in favor of the Minneapolis-Winnipeg-Denver-St. Louis metropolitan area in spite of the dissident St. Paul-Toronto-Cleveland-Chicago metropolitan area bid mounted against us.”

“Still,” persisted Cornyneo, “you will not attempt to claim that *these* are not innovations of a high order.” So saying, he indicated the plastic nametag pinned to his t-shirt. “At the last conclave I attended before this, identification was provided by a primitive system requiring

the immobilization of the wrist, productive of sundry allergies and outbreaks. In just four short years, you have discovered a form of identification which not only obviates these inconveniences, but provides space for the drawing thereon of funny animals!”

“Perhaps, perhaps,” nodded the Chairperson. “However, we must now cease this illuminating discussion and resume a plot of sorts. It is time for the Zeppelin race videotapes to be displayed.”

FOOTNOTES:

* Elevators: from the fannish “to elevate,” i.e., to get high.

** Hoax: a fraud dismissable by laughter; a portmanteau word formed from the amalgamation of “ho-ho” and “give’em the ax”.

*** T-shirt: so called because they “fit to a t,” coming as they do in a variety of sizes as well as colors, and at very reasonable prices too. For further details contact... ((suppressed as unpaid-for advertising matter)).

* * * * *

MINNEAPOLIS ALIVE: THE APOPLECTIC LIFE OF THE UNKNOWN BEAST

A chill wind of mortality blew over the Minneapolis party suite. Jerry Cornyneo stepped in, his grey eyes sweeping over the scene in front of him. It was as he had long suspected: everyone in the room was his long-lost relative. He had found his roots, and now only the nagging question remained: could he squeeze another book out of it? He stepped over a pair of snogging second cousins, copulating noisily in front of the party suite door and pushed his glass at Falstaff, who was staffing the Blog Room, with Giles Habibula, and Galloway Gallagher as assistants. Refreshed, he stepped around the sercon discussion that Richard Seaton, Arcot, Wade, and Morey were having with Werner Van Braun and Willy Ley and headed for the filksinging room where Rhysling and Fred Haskell were trading off choruses of “Marsupial Fandom.” SHE was there: Black Margot, Jirel of Joiry, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and Sheena Queen of the Jungle trying to amuse her and failing. Her grey eyes lit up as HE entered.

Unfortunately, at that moment, IT appeared, its un-grey eyes flashing hatred as its assistants, Coeurl, the Creature from the Black Lagoon, the Id Monster, Blacky Du Quesne, and Richard Nixon, teleported into sight and began drinking up all of the Grain Belt Premium in the bathtubs, leaving only the offbrands for the party attendees. Jerry’s third cousins, Hawk Carse, John Carter, Tros of Samothrace, Perry Rhodan, Captain Future, and Doc Savage, attempted to stop them, and were battered into insensibility.

HE turned to HIS faithful pets, Krypto, Cecil the Sea-Serpent, Za-Bu the Saber-Tooth, Atta the Giant Ant, and the Hounds of Skaith, and commanded THEM to attack THOSE which THEY did to no avail. Meanwhile, HE attacked IT with every weapon at HIS disposal: the atomic bomb (c 1944 by Cleve Cartmill); Cat’s Claw and Scalpel, a Martian fighting tripod, Dianetic Auditing, and the Cosmic Cube. At this point, IT, THEY, THEM, and THOSE making no progress against each other, HE and SHE decided to drop the archetypal family tree and turn to their other standby of sex. A chill wind of mortality blew him, and...

((At this point the manuscript breaks off; leaving unanswered several questions of extreme interest to the scholar attempting to research the otherwise scantily recorded Minneapolis in '73 world convention. For instance:

Why the Andrews Hotel (rather than, say, the Greyhound bus station)?

Aren't Zagat and Degler supposed to be dead?

And, if so, how can you tell?

Did Toronto really exist, or is it merely legendary?

What makes one zeppelin better than another one?

Is God really dead, and if not, did he/she/it get a BozoCon membership?

Why is there air?

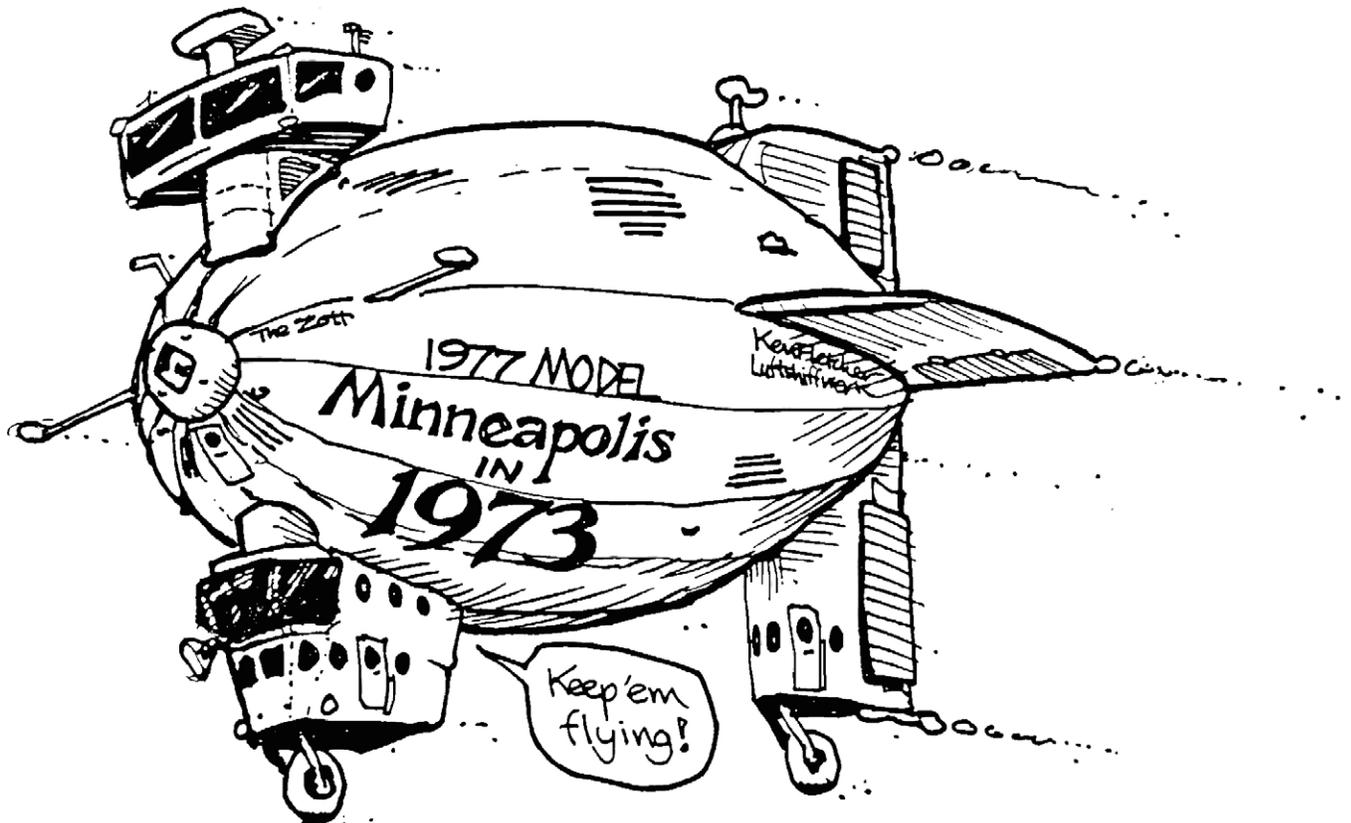
And what of Naomi?

Why is the sun out during the banquet?

Could Ben Zuhl have been saved by modern techniques of applied gafia?

Why *isn't* there air?

What is reality?



Gee, Editor Bova

From Midwest Side Story

COLOPHON:

Dear kindly Mr. Bova
I've got this manuscript
If you'll just look it over
You'll see that it's a hit.
It's full of sex and violence
And relevance and art—
Golly Gernsback! What a way to start!

ALL:

Gee, Editor Bova, we're doing so well
Been writing for a week now and we're
ready to sell,
We used to do fanfic, we're starting
to grow—
Deep down inside us is a pro!

COLOPHON:

Is a pro!

ALL:

There's a pro, there's a pro,
There's a dirty pro,
Like, inside us each there is a pro!

BOVA: That's an interesting-sounding story...

COLOPHON: Let me tell you about the plot!

BOVA: Just tell it to my slushpile reader!

COLOPHON (to UMPKIN):

My hero flies a starship
It keeps him on the run
He's got four hundred crewmen
But he has all the fun;
He goes on landing parties
Explores uncharted worlds

ALL:

It's his duty!

COLOPHON:

Also, he meets girls!

UMPKIN:

AAAGGGHHH!
Editor Bova, I don't like to nag
But she's written it in pencil on a
brown paper bag!

It may be a winner—it's certainly
hyped—
But we can't read it till it's typed!

COLOPHON:

Till it's typed?

ALL:

Till it's typed, till it's typed,
Till it's typed, typed, typed,
Till it's double-spaced on bond and typed!

UMPKIN: It is the opinion of me, the
slushpile reader, that we can't even
consider this story until she supplies us
with a legible copy!

COLOPHON: Hey! I'm ineligible on account
of I'm illegible!

UMPKIN: So, take her to a Kelly Girl.

COLOPHON (to UTILITY BILL):

My penmanship is lousy
My spelling's rather punk
I write when I'm inspired
Which mostly means when drunk;
Type me a clean copy
This one is a wreck
And I'll pay you
When I get the check!



Excerpts from Minn-StF Board Minutes

Minn-StF Minutes Conquer the Universe—December 29, 1973

Mark Hansen got the floor again and moved that Secretary Denny Lien be impeached. Denny Lien seconded. Someone called for a speedy trial, but was ignored. Chuck Holst announced that under an ancient and honorable Minn-StF tradition which he had just invented, anyone calling for and succeeding in the impeachment of an officer had to take over the job. Someone else suggested that Lien be impeached, tried, and convicted; then renominated and reappointed—he or she was ignored. (There was a lot of ignoring going around.) Mark Hansen explained why: in the previous minutes, Lien had twice referred to Mark Hanson as “Mark Hanselo,” thereby insulting both himself and Bruce Hanselo. Furthermore, Lien had listed a movie upcoming at Walker Art Center as being shown instead at Xanadu Film Society, possibly causing hordes of Buster Keaton fans to be trapped into watching Buster Crabbe instead. Also, he doesn’t spell so good sometimes. Dick Tatge, ignoring the whole mess, suggested that we form a theatre party to go see SLEEPER, and Frank Stodolka cautioned us that he had seen it and thought it only fair. Mark Hansonelo, noting himself again being ignored, cried out that there was a motion on the floor and stamped his foot to gain attention. Al (Ellen) Kuhfeld then pointed out that he had just accidentally squooshed the motion with said foot and that Lien would have to remain secretary. So it goes.

mnstf.org/records/membership-minutes/membership-minutes-19731229.txt

And then in the next set of minutes...

Minn-StF Minutes Have Risen from the Grave!

Minutes of Meeting of January 26, 1974, at the Hobbitat

Chuck Holst asked for a volunteer to chair the elections (volunteer to supply own chair, though the club might spring for the rental of the whip and pistol loaded with blanks). Mark Hansen stupidly opened his mouth and was thus appointed to volunteer; he indicated that he would form a committee consisting of himself, Mark Hanson, Mark Hanselo, Mark Hansenelo, and any other misspellings of himself created by the Secretary over the last year.

mnstf.org/records/membership-minutes/membership-minutes-19740126.txt

Minn-stf Minutes of July 23, 1974—Meeting held at Hobbitat

Mark Hansen reported for Don Blyly: there will be on July 28 (Sunday) at 2 p.m. a Secret Masters of Minicon meeting for committee people and willing helpers. Among the topics for

discussion will be Guest of Honor. Jim Young caused a sensation by describing the serious possibility that we might be able to convince ((at this point the secretary, while carefully taking these notes, had to bend over to tie his shoe while scratching his back, kicking a dog, answering the phone, and getting a refill on his coke. Somehow, while so doing, the pencil with which they were being recorded must accidentally have been flipped over to “Erase,” as an eighteen-line gap exists in the notes here. It could have happened to anyone.)) And Jim Young then concluded by saying, “Well, if (inaudible) is willing to come to our (deleted) con, then for Roscoe’s sake, get it!”



Minn-StF Movers at Toad Hall: unidentified leg, Karen Johnson, Jan Appelbaum, Judie A.C. Cilcain, Denny Lien, and Don Bailey. July 1983. Photo by Geri Sullivan.

mnstf.org/records/membership-minutes/membership-minutes-19740723.txt

AGAIN, DANGEROUS MINN-STF MINUTES—1 March 75

Dave Wixon brought up a point of order which was pointedly ignored in an orderly fashion.

Denny Lien briefly appointed Mark K. Digre to chair the meeting, while he (Denny Lien) nominated Don Bailey, 2d by Ken Fletcher; Lein then resumed the chair before Mark K. Digre realized what was going on, upon muttering of an instant coup.

mnstf.org/records/membership-minutes/membership-minutes-19750301.txt

THE LAST DANGEROUS MINN-STF MINUTES (of 1974/75)

Meeting of 15 March 1975 at the Bucklins’ (last meeting of voting year 1974/75)

Jim Young complained that “Why doesn’t somebody *tell* me these things; I have a Calculus test on Monday.”

Lien obligingly announced to Young that Young had a Calculus test on Monday.

mnstf.org/records/membership-minutes/membership-minutes-19750315.txt

Minn-StF Board minutes, 8 December 1988

Various theories had the meeting due to start at 7 pm or at 7:30 pm, so we compromised by actually starting at 7:45 pm. An Agenda accreted itself, pearl-like, around the irritant of asking for agenda items.

mnstf.org/records/board-minutes/minutes-19881208.txt

Minn-StF Board minutes, 16 Feb 1988

(Three excerpts)

RUNE Mass Mailing: Previous suggestion was to do a mass mailing of RUNE to all Minicon attendees as a prize to the editors for getting RUNE (gee, three lines in a row) back on track and as a way to use RUNE to further socialize new con attendees into fandom. However, RUNE editors in fact have other priorities, which do not envision RUNE (six in a row!) being so much a prize as Rather a Pain. RUNE editors not present to discuss. Important to decide this soon. RUNE issue sent to many, many new fans would need special editing. RUNE sent to fewer TrueFen could be silly (like this paragraph). As RUNE decision needed soon, Cargo will call Romm and/or Mealy and ask RUNE editor(s) be present at next Board Meeting. Tabled until then.

...so final, final really truly final for sure financial report is still tentative.

Minn-StF Hotline Answering Machine: Replacement not yet bought (nor bartered for, nor stolen, nor created from scratch by a young mutant electronics genius out of a few old paper clips 'n' stuff).

mnstf.org/records/board-minutes/minutes-19880216.txt

I know about these things

Oh I mentioned the con. This is being really produced at the Minneapolis in 73 worldcon here at the Andrews hotel; its Friday night as I type this and its a great con job we're doing if I do type so myself we've got everybody here and blog and beer and Ben Bova who edits things and while I think of it i've got this story I really oughta show him but I don't think he'll mind if I print it here first so I will (I have n't quite finished it yet but I think you'll find that what I have will affect you enough to make the wait OK if it has to be that way.

CHAPTER ONE

I GUESS I OUGHT To (sorrow I forgot the capitals there) I guess I ought to center thatuh,

CHAPTER ONE

IT WAS a dark and stormy night the horseman gallumped down the rode and his horse did too, except it wasn't really a horse it's just an a-line beast that happens to look like it is cuz it has four legs and a place to ride and a tale and it eats apples or what would be apples if they existed on this alien planet but it eats things that look and taste like apples except their green and are called qazabls. And the horse-thing is also green and they are called smerfs because I forgot to mention they also got long ears like these alien things from this other planet that look like rabbits only they are called smerfs and so are these. And this smerf is named Dobbin.

Excerpt from Idea #1, Tony Confan's first fanzine. Denny wrote and produced the 4-page crudzine to distribute at the performance of Midwest Side Story at Minicon 12.

Letters of Comment

New York Review of Science Fiction, May 1991, p. 22

...Sorry to see in the same issue of your otherwise literate magazine a review (Tony Daniel, p. 7) containing my current pet language blood boiler:

“One of his only acts of courage is when he confronts the leader...”

In context it is clear that “one of his few” is meant – so why not say so?

This quotation is from one of the only pages included in one of the only issues you have published so far. It brought about one of the only letters you’ve gotten so far from Minnesota (but then, I’m one of the only people who lives in Minnesota, which is one of the only political subdivisions on the Earth, which is one of the only planets in our galaxy).

New York Review of Science Fiction, April 1999, p. 23

...In the “Short Autobiography of Alice Sheldon” (a fascinating piece), the name mangled on page 4 as “Earl Akaley” – representing the person with whom Tiptree’s parents sought gorillas in the 1920s – has got to be naturalist Carl Akeley. I read and reread his books (and those of Martin and Osa Johnson) decades ago as a kid going through an African Exploration period); not having looked at them since, I don’t recall if Tiptree’s parents (Herbert and Mary Bradley) were mentioned by name or not – or if Alice herself was – but I would think it probable.

In checking on the names of her parents, I noted a couple of other points of possible interest: her mother, Mary Hastings Bradley (1883-1976) was a far more prolific writer herself than I’d realized, with some thirty books to her credit (jungle travelogues, short stories, historical and contemporary novels, and a number of murder mysteries, plus *I Passed for White* as “Reba Lee”); the 1931 and 1943 reissues of her 1927 *Alice in Jungleland* was illustrated by “Alice Hastings Bradley,” who I presume to be Tiptree herself (I’ve not seen the book). Also, Alice Sheldon describes her first husband as “a beautiful, poetic alcoholic”; her entry in *Contemporary Authors* supplies a name, William Davey, and describes him as a “poet and polo player.” Sounds like a character out of a minor English drawing-room comedy.

[I really thought I had double-checked “Carl Akeley.” Thanks for the correction. – KJM, for the Eds.]

*Love to the all of you Things out there,
from Thing 1 Terry and Thing 2 Denny
and from the cats, who are probably
not at the moment in the hat*

New York Review of Science Fiction, October 2000, p.23

A couple of notes on Mark W. Tiedemann's review of *The Compleat Boucher* in your March issue (I admit it; I fell behind on my reading of NYRSF...)

That Boucher was clever at "Holmesian mysteries" is true enough, but the fact that he used the pseudonym "H. H. Holmes" has nothing to do with Mr. Doyle and/or the immortal Sherlock.

H. H. Holmes (1858-1896) was the original pseudonym of perhaps the most notorious mass murderer/thrill killer of the 1890s (real name Herman Mudgett) – proprietor of the Chicago "Murder Castle," whose career was lightly fictionalized in Robert Bloch's 1974 novel *American Gothic*. Among Boucher's other pseudonyms are "Herman Mudgett" and "Theo Durrant" (another famed 1890s murderer, the San Francisco churchman and "Demon of the Belfry").

Also, while it is true that Ray Bradbury is not a name one associates with the Golden Age Astounding, it is not the case that Bradbury "never published" there: he had a short story ("Doodad") in the September 1943 issue, along with two "Probability Zero" short-shorts (one also in September 1943, the other in July 1942).

Finally, I'll note for the record that Boucher/White/Holmes/Mudgett/Durrant should be credited with not a mere 46 but rather (at least) 47 published sf/fantasy stories, NESFA having missed his first appearance in the January 1927 *Weird Tales*, which (unlike all his others) was published under his real name, William A. White, and which (I've not read it) is reportedly as dreadful as its title would indicate: "Ye Goode Olde Ghoste Storie."

Idea 12, November 2000

Excerpt from a LoC by Joseph Nicholas:

(There's an apocryphal story* of Australian fan Kevin Dillon, who was so addicted to collecting paper that his house became so full of it that it was declared a fire hazard by the local council. Several deadlines for him to resolve the situation were missed, since every time he set about clearing the stacks he'd discover a piece of paper from which he couldn't bear to be parted. Other fans eventually came in and threw everything away for him—presumably allowing him to start collecting all over again.)

** Proofreader's note: "Not 'apocryphal.' July of 1981, and I was there — Denny Lien*

Ansible® 381, April 2019

Denny Lien, ace library researcher, reports on his early copy of *New Maps*: 'Just a note to confirm that I received the new Sladek book in the mail yesterday, and it looks fine, though I haven't yet had time to scrutinize it with an intense scrute. (I assume the frequent typos of the name "John Sladek" as "Festus Fanthorpe Jr" are just some sort of private joke which will eventually become clear, so I'm not worrying about that or about the various pages printed upside down or the footnotes in Hindi or the live cobra that sprang out at me. These things *will* happen, I hear.)'

– Submitted by Dave Langford, who said about it, "Here he is giving a heart attack to a small-press publisher (me)."

Sources and Links for Further Exploration...

Inaugural Message

Rune 48, p. 2

drive.google.com/drive/folders/1A3Aba4C04mGux6cx7_d6aV3tXH1GWq8M

Also at fanac.org/fanzines/RUNE/RUNE48.pdf

Excerpt from Marsupial Fandom by Denny Lien (part 1)

Rune 45, pp. 2–12

drive.google.com/drive/folders/1A3Aba4C04mGux6cx7_d6aV3tXH1GWq8M

Also at fanac.org/fanzines/RUNE/RUNE45.pdf

A Feghootng

Beabohema 5, p. 23

fanac.org/fanzines/Beabohema/Beabohema05.pdf

Marginal Obscurity

Minnesota Daily student newspaper 6 July 1984, p. 4

conservancy.umn.edu/bitstream/handle/11299/244899/19840706.pdf

A BIDDING PARTY: 1973: A Minneapolis Odyssey

Ben'Zine 2, pp. 10–15

efanzines.com/BenZine/BenZine-02.pdf

Gee, Editor Bova

Midwest Side Story, pp. 14–16

mnstf.org/minicon12/mwss2.pdf

LoC: Proofreader's Comment

Idea 12, p. 51

fanac.org/fanzines/Idea/Idea12-cv.html

Idea #1

Minn-StF Records

mnstf.org/minicon12/IDEA-1--Midwestside-story-crudzine.pdf

The Ballad of Marsupial Fandom

Conscription Program Book, p. 7

mnstf.org/conscription/program_book/conscription_programbook.pdf

We recommend Denny's full Aussiecon trip report – “Marsupial Fandom” – published in Rune 45 (links above) and Rune 46, pp. 2–15, in the same Google drive folder and also at fanac.org/fanzines/RUNE/RUNE46.pdf

The entire Midwest Side Story script is fun, and we bring special attention to “Minicon.” The lyrics start on page 20 and feature Antifan, the role Denny performed in the 1977 debut.

Three installments of Denny's column “And That's True Too” were published in Yandro 235, 236, and 238, April 1975–December 1976.

fanac.org/fanzines/alphabetical_listing_of_fanzines.html#Y

Denny was a Minn-StF Secretary from 1973–75 and again from April 30, 1987–February 21, 1989. Minn-StF Archivist Matt Strait has scanned many of these minutes and put them online.

Scroll down for Board minutes and up for rare minutes of Minn-StF meetings.

mnstf.org/records/#m1973

A final excerpt from Minn-StF Board minutes, 2 February 1989

At this point it was 9:10 and Board could not face hours of By-Laws revision. Session set 24 Feb 89 at Toad Hall for same (followed by one on 4 March at Johnson's, and signing on 7 March at Bailey's). Not with a bang, or even much of a whimper, the last meeting after two years of same Board & Secretary faded into history, and not a moment too soon.

[handwritten: It's been real – 'bye now – Denny Lien]

mnstf.org/records/board-minutes/minutes-19890221.txt

The Ballad of Marsupial Fandom

by Denny Lien, Ellen (AI) Kuhfeld, & Richard Tatge

(To “The Temperance Union Song”)

We’re coming, we’re coming, our strange little band.
Adoring marsupials, we do take our stand.
We do not like reptiles because we do think
That once you like reptiles you must love a skink!

CHORUS: Hooray, hooray for kangaroos,
For kangaroos,
For kangaroos!
Hooray, hooray for kangaroos!
That’s the song of Marsupial Fandom!

We do not bug wombats ‘cause wombats bug back.
And no one can live through a wombat attack.
Oh, can you imagine a scarier scene
Than bugging a wombat until he turns mean? CHORUS.

Tasmanian devils are mean as can be.
They’ll gladly bite you and they’ll gladly bite me.
Can you imagine a gorier sight
Than Tasmanian devils a’spoilin’ to fight? CHORUS.

The furry koala is gentler than these,
He doesn’t bite people, he just climbs in trees.
Oh, can you imagine a scene with less grief
Than a koala turning over a new leaf? CHORUS.

We’re coming, we’re coming our strange little band.
Adoring marsupials, we do take our stand.
We also like monotremes, but feel a song
About them would only be two verses long.