

SPIRITS OF THINGS PAST

A fanzine of
progress for

ditto 14

& FanHistoriCon 11



Jack Speer

Thanks to a grant from the Don Ford Fund, administered by Roger Sims, we are delighted to announce that **Jack F Speer** (a k a John A. Bristol, juffus and the Hily Magnified Woggle Bug) will be the FanHistoriCon speaker.

In 1939, Speer wrote fandom's first history, *Up to Now*, spelling out his theory of Numbered Fandoms, which lasted up till the "Phony Seventh" in the 1950s, and is still used by many of today's fanhistorians to describe early fandom. In 1944, he codified fandom's jargon and institutions in the seminal *Fancylopedia*, much of which is still in use today.

Other Speer innovations include the quasi-quote mark and the interlineation. Where would fanzines be without linos? He also invented FooFoo, the ghod of mimeography, the fearsome foe of Ghu.

A fooful time will be had by all. Buy your membership now.

Spirits of Things Past is published by Dick Smith (rhes@enteract.com) and edited by Leah Zeldes Smith (lazz@enteract.com), 410 W. Willow Road, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-1250, +1 (847) 394-1950. B

Fanzines and fan history? Of course.

The 14th edition of *dittō*, the friendly fanzine fans' convention, will be held in October 2001 ~~at the Tucker Hotel~~ in Bloomington, Ill. This year, *dittō* will be combined with FanHistoriCon for a weekend of festivities fêting fine fannish traditions.

We invite you to join us for discussions of fanzines, fannish history, fandom in general and the best ways to preserve them. Bring us your best zines, your tall tales, your favorite fanecdotes. Bring us your questions about fandom's past and your concerns about its future.

Do good. Avoid evil. Pub your ish.

Who? Your hosts — *Dick Smith, Leah Zeldes Smith, Wilson "Bob" Tucker, Fern Tucker, Henry Welch* and *Letha Welch*.

FanHistoriCon speaker — *Jack F Speer*

Attending members (so far) — *Bill Bowers, Linda Bushyager, Bill Cavin, Cokie Cavin, Catherine Crockett, Howard DeVore, Carolyn Doyle, Beverly Friend, George Flynn, Teddy Harvia, Colin Hinz, Valli Hoski, Cris Kaden, Neil Kaden, Mary Kay Kare, Hope Leibowitz, Eric Lindsay, Sam Long, Murray Moore, Mark Olson, Priscilla Olson, Dave Rowe, Ron Salomon, Peggy Rae Sapienza, Joyce Scrivner, Pat Sims, Roger Sims, David Sooby, Dick Spelman, Keith Stokes, Diana Thayer, Tom Veal, Pat Virzi, Bob Webber, Toni Weisskopf, Art Widner, David Williams, Joel Zakem ... and you, we hope.* (Supporting members — *Harry Andrushak, Karen Cooper, Moshe Feder, Bill Mallardi, Catherine Mintz, Bobb Waller* and *Michael Waite*.)

What? A weekend celebrating science-fiction fandom, fanzines and fanhistory.

dittō is a relaxed, friendly convention for fanzine fans, friends of fanzine fans, and people who might like to be friends of fanzine fans.

With the addition of FanHistoriCon, which focuses on the history of fandom and the preservation of its artifacts, it will become a little more formal, program-wise, but remain just as friendly.

Anybody who likes to hang out and chat about fandom will enjoy it. (However, if your idea of a good convention requires an art show, a hucksters' room, a film program, a masquerade, a video room, an Internet lounge, dances, a science track, lots of big-name pros, tai chi lessons, weaponry or bondage, this probably isn't your sort of con.)

When? Oct. 12-14, 2001.

Where? Jumer's Chateau, 1601 Jumer Drive, Bloomington, IL 61702-0902, www.jumers.com, +1 (309) 662-2020.

Bloomington is located midway between Chicago and St. Louis, at the junction of Interstates 55, 74 and 39, and Routes 9 and 150. It is accessible by air on American Eagle, Transworld Express, Frontier Airlines, AirTran Airways and Northwest AirlinK, as well as by Amtrak rail.

Jumer's is a lovely hotel located across the street from a shopping mall and within walking distance of many restaurants. It features an indoor pool and sauna, free parking and free shuttle service from the Bloomington-Normal airport and train station.

Rooms are \$79 **if reserved by Sept. 20, 2001**; rack rates will apply to rooms booked after that date. If you aren't sure whether or not you'll be able to attend, we advise booking a room just in case. (Please note that while the con suite will be smoke-free, it is on a smoking floor — so if you book a nonsmoking room, you will not be blocked with other con members. The hotel says its smoking rooms aren't too stinky.)

How much? Attending memberships are \$45 through Sept. 3, 2001. A half-price rate applies to fans who can document fanac in 1951 or earlier. Supporting memberships are \$20, and include convention publications. (See membership form, page 10.)

Make checks payable to Richard Smith and send them to ditto 14, c/o Richard Smith, P.O. Box 266, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0266. (We can also accept credit-card payments via PayPal.com; e-mail rhes@enteract.com for details.)

Programming: We are still working on ideas, especially for the FanHistoriCon end of things. We welcome your suggestions. For ditto, you can expect such traditional items as:

Fanzine Swap Meet and Show-and-Tell: Fanzines. Bring us fanzines. There never seem to be enough fanzines around at these fanzine conventions. Got any really keen old zines? Bring them and show them off. Got some old crudzines? Bring them so we can all have a good laugh. Need to clean out your attic? Bring old zines to sell or trade or give away. Faneds: Bring a sample copy (or more than one) of a fanzine you published -- no matter how long ago -- and be prepared to talk about it. Of course, if anyone's actually gotten around to pubbing anything lately, bring that too.

Auction: Donations are welcomed for an auction to benefit ditto, which is all we're up to organizing. If anyone wants to run a fan fund auction, please let us know.

On-site publishing: We'll have a variety of printing equipment on hand. Anyone who wants to bring publishing equipment is welcome. Let's try to generate some fanpubbing fever! Fair warning: Everyone will be expected to contribute to a ditto 14 fanzine. In the interests of ending up with something better than the usual convention one-shot, we encourage you to prepare your material ahead of time, but if you don't do so, you'll be handed a ditto master at the door.

Don't Wait!

Book your hotel room now!!

Our block of rooms at the \$79 convention rate expires **Sept. 20**.

After that, you will be charged higher rack rates.

Reserve a room even if you aren't sure you can attend.

You can always cancel or transfer it later.

Savoring Sneary



Traveling Jiants and Other Neolalia

By **BOB TUCKER**

I failed to remember that he wasn't born yet.

In a recent fanzine article I used the headline "Traveling Jiants" to describe how several fans stopped by to visit me as they were traveling to Chicago to see that gaudy circus called the World Science Fiction Convention. My visitors included three fans from St. Louis, four others from Chattanooga, and one from far away exotic Perth, Western Australia. One of my loyal readers was sorely puzzled, asking me to explain the phrase. Was it an in-joke? Was it an esoteric reference to some early fannish activity he failed to grasp? What, what, what?

I had failed to remember that the loyal reader and others like him were not yet born when Rick Sneary was the Number One Fan Face of South Gate, Calif., and they lacked copies of Fancyclopedia I or II, and they had not read Harry Warner's two splendid histories of the early years. Sneary was one of our beloved legends.

Walter Willis called him "the Great Illiterateur" and his spellings became known as "Snearyisms."

He had physical difficulties that prevented his getting a normal schooling and so he was taught at home. Rick never mastered spelling and never met a keyboard he couldn't attack. The results were horrendous typos and atrocious spelling that became jewels of fannish lore. Fan editors adopted the happy habit of printing his letters verbatim so that all of us could share in the treasures from his typewriter (*stet*), while the sharpest of editors printed his articles just as he had written and submitted them. Those fans who traveled frequently, or traveled to far conventions were called *traveling jiants* and some of us Old Farts still use that coinage today. The fans who visited me — and certainly that one who came to Bloomington from Australia — are traveling jiants.

Rick's other claim to fame was in capturing a Worldcon for his own hometown, South Gate, Calif..

In 1948 Rick Sneary received a letter from a fan-friend named Rex Ward that contained a drawing (possibly a banner or a cartoon) reading South Gate in '58! Rick was duly captivated and began a campaign to bring a Worldcon to his city in 1958. There followed a 10-year campaign to win that Worldcon bid, with large numbers of enthusiastic fans hopping on the bandwagon. He won. The convention was named Solarcon and it was held at the Alexandria hotel, an inn located on what was said to be the edge of Los Angeles at that time. The mayor of South Gate gleefully joined the show and issued a proclamation making the hotel a part of the city of South Gate for the duration of the convention. Rick's Worldcon had come home to him.

He struck one more blow for life, liberty and the right to be fannish. At some point during the convention he walked across the stage carrying a sign: South Gate Again in 2010! Now let us wait and watch to learn if those who were not yet born will do what is expected of them.

A Brick for Bob



Art by Larry Tucker

In this heartfelt tribute to Tucker, written for the Aug. 4 Tucker fanquet in Bob's hometown of Bloomington, Earl Kemp shares some memories of Midwestern fandom, Tucker, Bloch and a lot of bricks in the 1950s.

Just Another Brick in the Wall....

By **EARL KEMP**

Pink Floyd was playing on my stereo when I heard the news that some misguided souls calling themselves Dawn Patrol were planning a Tucker Tribute. My initial reaction was surprisingly quick: *Oh, God ...another legend in his own imagination. Tribute! Tucker my ass! With all the truly deserving people out there, you're picking him ...?*

Only I couldn't think of any, not a one ... only Bob Tucker....

Pink Floyd made it definite by reminding me that I was just another one of Tucker's bricks myself, holding up the mythical walls of his Bloomington bordello or alleged fan hotel. My second initial reaction was just as quick and as surprising. I had the oddest compulsion to juice up the old hectograph and press out some one-shots urging everyone to send more bricks. I figured that if I worked it right, by Aug. 4, I could have semi loads of flats of bricks hitting Bloomington from all directions.

Timing is critical, naturally, to make sure those bricks overflow the Ramada Inn parking lot and that the semis are lined up for blocks just trying to unload ... that way I could keep everyone from getting there on time. Only I realized that I don't do things like that any more ... and miss out.

I first met Bob Tucker 50 years ago and that's hard to believe because, together, both of us aren't nearly that old. It was 1952 and ChiCon II, and Bob Tucker was half a set of bookends; the other half was Bob Bloch. I thought they had somehow been hired just for my personal enjoyment ... a sort of Future Circuit Frick and Frack ... Olsen and Johnson ... Bobsalot.

It must have been mortifying for them having me tag along behind them like a Radio Flyer shackled to their waists. I didn't know either of them, or who they were. I had a vague feeling that Bloch had written something for my favorite magazine, *Weird Tales*, but Tucker was just a fan, like me. I had never even heard of Wilson Tucker, the writer ...or Arthur Wilson Tucker the husband, father, and projectionist. Only this man ... these two men in combination ... were something special indeed, and I cherished every moment of it that I was privileged enough to share.

Because I lived in Chicago, between Milwaukee and downstate Bloomington, I got to be the baloney in Bobwiches now and then ... whenever it was my time to score. Also, because my in-laws lived in Milwaukee and I was there often, I saw Bloch much more than I did his identical twin, only we talked about Tucker so much (his face is still red at some of those revelations) he might as well have been right there with the two of us all the time.

In short order I did discover Wilson Tucker the writer, and kept him close. I also discovered daddy and the projectionist, in time, when I made my own obligatory pilgrimage to Bloomington

Mecca (in e-mail dated April 27, 2001, Bob Tucker reminded me that I “stopped in to say hello when ... [Tucker] lived in Hayworth 40 years ago.”) to seek out the site of the future brick outhouse.

It was sometime in the 1950s, my best guess. Elvis Presley in “Blue Hawaii” was playing at the Crystal; I watched parts of it through the portholes, then watched the professional at work, changing reels and checking for switch-over marks. He made it look like he knew what he was doing; he was that good. And Fern was better, and growing better looking by the day. How very gracious she was to allow me, and the uncountable thousands of straggly neofans before me who came unannounced to her door, to rob her of her personal, private time. And for allowing Bob to come out and play with the boys now and then, and with the boy toys.

I never thanked her, and I am so sorry about that. I never thanked her for me, or for all the others who, like me, invaded her territory. And, still now, the right words aren’t there, and “thank you” is insufficient....

There are Tucker snapshots aplenty from the ’50s, ’60s, and ’70s in my memory book and in my memory. Old Fox prints streaked with yellow with borders that are fading away, and old Kodachromes discoloring just as rapidly. What lean, skinny, good-looking immortals all....

Tucker assisting Doc Barrett with an emergency medical procedure for Evelyn Gold’s “awful” hangnail then, later, herding the resident bats toward Reva Smiley at Beastley’s on the Lake.

Tucker hustling copies of his books “for gasoline money” out of his car trunk in the North Plaza Motel parking lot in Cincinnati then, later, in a basement meeting room after everyone else folded up, with Bloch and me, too tired or too reluctant to say “good night” ... “good-bye....”

Tucker and me on the couch in my living room on Whipple Street in Chicago ... Harlan Ellison expounding on one side of us and Ted Cogswell, with a firm clutch on an empty Cuervo bottle, passing out on the other.

Tucker adroitly smiling through some of Heinlein’s prima donna routines while MCing, in grand style, portions of ChiCon III....

Tucker and me and Catherine Moore, at sunset, seated on the steps of a Hollywood hills house reliving old loves....

Definitely a man for all science fiction seasons. A First Class A-1 fan. A First Class A-1 writer. A First Class A-1 person. Always there, always helping, and always giving.... *A Tribute! No way in hell.* Besides, when the worshipping is over and the wounds heal, he won’t care anyway...trust me. Always keep in mind that, when trading science-fiction cards, it takes six Heinleins to score one Tucker.

Arthur Wilson Tucker is the bubbles ... the life and spirit ... of the reserve bottle of select champagne labeled “science fiction.” Fern Tucker is the flawless Lalique crystal saucer holding the elixir ...every drop ...out to us in offering.

Our glasses are all filled; it is nearing time for a toast....

I will not be there with you on Aug. 4, though I want to be ...I should be ... my presence is mandatory ... I still can not. But I will.

Bob Bloch will not be there with you either. But he will.

We’re conspiring already to meet on the dark side of the moon and make final plans for how we’re going to *get you good*, and polish up our claws and fangs for appearance’s sake. At the right time Scotty’ll beam both of us down to the Ramada Inn.

When we get there, you’re going to know it, Bob. We’re going to surround you and hug you and stroke you like you deserve. As you look around yourself into that abyss of faces of nuevo fake fans and entry-level hack wannabe writers staring at you and wondering who the hell the relic is anyway ... listen closely:

That’s Bloch and me in your ears, in your head, trying to make sure you remember when science fiction was something *real* instead of blockbuster flop after blockbuster flop on the big

screen. When we had decades, generations, lifetimes even to look forward to before those dire, distant threats materialized ... things like Orwell's "1984" and Clarke's "2001." We're going to whisper e-words into your ears like "Mahaffey" or "Tabakow" and spell your name with an F ... anything to try to get that damned sober, dignified pose off your face and force you, just once, to unleash a goofy grin.

Then we'll lift those champagne glasses to you, Bob, all of us, the real ones you can see and the realer ones who can see you. Listen very closely, Bob, to the voices in your head because intermixed among all those Thank Yous are an awful lot of Love Yous, and it's not just me and Bloch putting another one over on you, either.

We are many and we are right and we are the bricks beneath your feet and we are here by our own choice. Together we make up the yellow brick road that leads, in all directions, to the source of it all ... to you....

That's about the best we can do ... some of us ... by way of a toast. A hush has fallen over the room. We're standing in your honor. Our glasses are lifted now, our heads turned toward you, bowing, as we should be....

We drink to you....

"Shine on, you crazy diamond...."



Tucker at work on an issue of *Le Zombie*.

Locs



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Fanspeak comments.

Consuite. I know Don Ford referred to Room 101 as the consuite in 1949 and (without digging up a copy) I'm fairly sure I used the term in "The C invention Scene Dimly," my con report. I believe the CFG history page <<http://www.cfg.org>> has that on the net.

For what it's worth, I defined the difference between *Sci Fi* and *science fiction* on my home page <<http://home.earthlink.net/~roylavender/web3.html>>. To my satisfaction, at least.

The *smooooth* story has many variations, including more than one from Tucker. The earliest one I can remember (late one night in Doc Barrette's room at Beatley's) concerned two moonshiners from very far back in the hills. One of them has just rebuilt his still after a visit from the revenuers and brings his friend Zeke a Mason jar full of his first run. After they discuss the clarity and beading and the almost complete lack of fusel oil on top, Zeke takes a swig.

Very carefully, he sets the jar back on the table, then slowly goes to his knees and finally rests his forehead on the rug. His face turns blue, he claws the rug and struggles for breath. Finally, he catches his breath and sits up, waves his arm in a broad gesture and in a hoarse voice, proclaims, "Smooooth."

I doubt this predates the Red Skelton bit.

DAVID S. BRATMAN

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The Fanspeak lexicon caught my attention. It may well be true that few fannish terms, at least in our microvocabulary, have originated since the date of *Fancy 2*, and if so then the whole idea of a third edition may be needless. But as with the Oxford Dictionary of New English, the new terms, however few, are captivating to read about.

It did occur to me to comment on when some of these terms first appeared on my radar screen, in an effort to add a mite of information as to more precisely when they originated. As a fan, like yourself, of mid-'70s origin, I learned a certain vocabulary as a neo, and terms I did not learn then have a different flavor in my mind.

AKICIF — the original phrase predates my time, but the acronym was certainly not in widespread use, at least outside rasff, until very recently.

bow-tie — as a word this still isn't used where I am, but I remember the advent of T-shirts with the bow-tie inside an international No sign, pronounced "No smoffing," which was probably very early '80s. It was recognized immediately, because the bow-tie was already Ben's



trademark, but up until then the tie had not symbolized Ben's interests. The charm of the shirts lay in the novelty of this equation.

consuite — well, of course, the Room 770 party was not a consuite but a private party. I believe the concept of consuites as we know them began with relatively small, relatively non-fannish cons in the late '70s and moved up from there, and only gradually became universal. For some time it was considered either impractical, or unnecessary, for a large con to host an open party in addition to the ones sponsored by bidders. Nor did the term standardize for a while. Norwescon in the early '80s called it the *Hospitality Suite*, usually pronounced "hostility suite."

[*Hospitality suite* was and still is the mundane term, used for all sorts of conventions and trade shows.]

furry — I have never yet heard this used as a noun, but the term *furry fandom* to refer to these people collectively dates back to the mid-'70s at the very least.

ghost — this is, as you guess, fairly recent. *Crashers* was used in my circles at least until 10 years ago.

I disagree, by the way, that ghosts are necessarily stealing. If they take publications or nosh in the consuite, yes, but when I appear as a ghost briefly at certain local cons, I do none of these things and I assure you that if I had to pay I would not be there at all, so they're not losing any money from me.

[My guess is that the term may have switched from *crasher* to the less-derogatory *ghost* because of people who feel as you do. My feeling is that even if you consume nothing, you are still taking advantage of the convention's resources because the reason you attend — people you want to see, I assume — wouldn't be there if it weren't for the committee's efforts in putting on the con. It's an intangible — but I believe that the people a con attracts are the most important resource it has.

[By analogy: A rabbi once told me that special CO₂ is used in making kosher-for-Passover soda pop. "You may say it's only a gas," he said. "But I ask you, would you drink Coca-Cola without that gas?" I never decide to go to a con because of what they serve in the consuite or what the program book is like, but because of who's going to be there.

[I won't say that I've never briefly visited a local con without buying a membership, but it's almost always been the case that registration was closed when I arrived and didn't reopen before I left.]

gopher — I believe this was a new term to fandom in the mid '70s, as it occasionally needed to be glossed at that time.

goh — crogglement that this acronym isn't older than that.

The Great Spider — I believe that what introduced this character to fandom at large was an article by Kusske in a Haskell *Rune*, circa 1975, though it may have floating around Mpls earlier than that.

Holy Floor Plans — my guess, and it's only a guess, is that this term was modeled after the Holy Hand Grenade from "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975) and therefore postdates that film, probably by quite some time.

KTF — I'm not entirely certain about the term, but the concept is early '70s British.

literary — in this sense, originated circa 1990, in the course of the discussions of the state of conventions which soon gave rise to the literary specialty cons.

media — in this sense, I think it originated after the rise of Star Wars in 1977, when trekkies (as they were called then) were first joined by appreciable enough quantities of fans of other movies and TV shows to make a general term useful.

skiffy — the origin of this term was discussed in a couple recent issues of File 770. Perhaps it was further popularized by the existence of SCIFI, but Glycer confirms that the group was named in awareness of the term. The impression I had is that it spread like wildfire, and if so I can pin its origin date down fairly precisely: just about 1978. It was used, at least originally,

with an exact meaning: bad sf. The idea was that this was the kind of sf that people who said *sci-fi* were usually referring to, and the different pronunciation was used to signal that the speaker intended this deliberately. The pronunciation predates the spelling. I vaguely recall an article, probably by Harlan Ellison, referring in this sense to “*sci-fi* (and you pronounce that *skiffy*).”

SMOF — the acronym dates to the '60s. The change in meaning definitely postdates my arrival in fandom.

standlee — I believe Kevin introduced this at a relatively late stage of planning for ConFrancisco (1993). I recall that the original term was “Standlee Units.”

techies — I have heard this in a third sense, meaning “persons involved with science programming at a con,” or more generally people of that type.

trekkie/trekker — the first term was universal in fandom until the late '70s. The second term was introduced by trekfen (itself a third term occasionally used by people wishing to avoid the debate over the first two terms) in fandom, originally to differentiate what they considered the sober, thoughtful cadres (themselves, trekkers), from the Spock groupies, who were (they said) the real trekkies. Others were more skeptical as to whether there was a difference at all.

I recall a joke. Q: What are trekkies? A: People who call themselves trekkers.

CONTRIBUTORS

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ditt_o 14, October 12-14, 2001, Bloomington, Illinois

Membership Form

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Province _____

Code _____

Country _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

Prices through Sept. 3: \$45 Attending \$22.50 Fans active since 1951 \$20 Supporting

Make checks payable to Richard Smith and send them to ditt_o 14,
c/o Richard Smith, P.O. Box 266, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0266.

I'm not interested in helping at the convention. If someone asks me to haul ice, I'll tell them to go to blazes. (Note: Persons checking this box will be assessed \$5 extra for their memberships. Otherwise, we assume anyone attending a small convention such as this is willing to lend a hand when needed.)

I intend to spend the weekend being a lump. Don't expect me to participate in any programming. (See note above. We expect everyone to participate. If you want passive entertainment, go to Dragoncon.)

I might buy a ditt_o t-shirt. I'd be interested in size: S M L XL XXL XXXL XXXXL

Here's my idea for programming, or anything else _____

Con Briefs

Roommate matching

Several people have asked about others looking for roommates. If you're interested in finding a roommate for **ditto**, let us know (preferably by e-mail at <rhes@enteract.com>) and we will forward the information to other people who've asked. Please include such information as whether gender, smoking and snoring matters.

ditto wear

So far nobody's expressed any interest in commemorative shirts. If you think you might be interested in having a wearable souvenir of the con, please let us know soon, or we won't order any. (We aren't expecting commitments to buy, just trying to gauge interest.)

ditto 14 fanzine

It's not too early to start working on your contribution to the **ditto14** fanzine, the final issue of *Spirits of Things Past*. Unlike the typical convention one-shot, we hope to make this a worthwhile project, readable by people who weren't at the con, much like the final *Spirits in the Night* produced by members of **ditto 3**.

While you can write about anything you like, topics connected with fanhistory are particularly suitable.

You may bring your contribution on disk or paper or send it to us in advance. (Note: Unless you bring your contribution already repro'd, it will be subject to editing. If you prefer to retain editorial control and repro your effort yourself, bring 100 copies. We also expect to have publishing equipment at the con.)

But please don't wait till then to start thinking about what you're going to do.

We would like everyone to participate, so if you don't bring something with you, be prepared to be nagged throughout the weekend.

Supporting members — we expect entries from you, too!

Contact

When and how were you first struck by the Wand of Contact? Who introduced you to fandom and what did you think of it at the time?

In connection with **ditto14/FanHistoryCon 11**, we'd like to produce a special fanthology. If you'd like to contribute, please write an account of your very first contact with fandom and send it to us by Sept. 10.

The account can be as long or short as your story requires. If you've already written about this elsewhere, we'll be happy to include a reprint. Artists: Feel free to draw a representation of your story.

We hope to have this ready to distribute at the con, so **the Sept. 10 deadline is a firm one.**

Other deadlines

Speaking of deadlines, **Sept. 10** is it for contributions to the next *Spirits of Things Past*, the final pre-con issue. If you have anything you want to say to your fellow members before the con, a fanhistory article, a loc on thish, etc., get it to us by then.

Also, don't forget that you *MUST* reserve your room by Sept. 20, if you want the \$79 con rate.

Schedule

Although the con officially opens Friday evening and closes Sunday, we expect to have the consuite open Thursday night and there'll be some kind of dead dog party Sunday night. Setup and tear-down volunteers welcome.

Climate

Average temperatures in Bloomington in October are a high of 69 degrees F., and a low of 47. Earthquakes are unlikely.

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ditto 14 &
FanHistoriCon 11

October 12-14, 2001
Bloomington, Illinois

PRE-1950 FAN HISTORICA?
TWENTY DOLLARS AN
ARTICLE. LATER
STUFF'S CHEAPER,
OF COURSE.



Art by Linda Michaels

ditto 14

c/o Richard Smith

P.O. Box 266

Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0266

Traveling jiants wanted!

FIRST CLASS