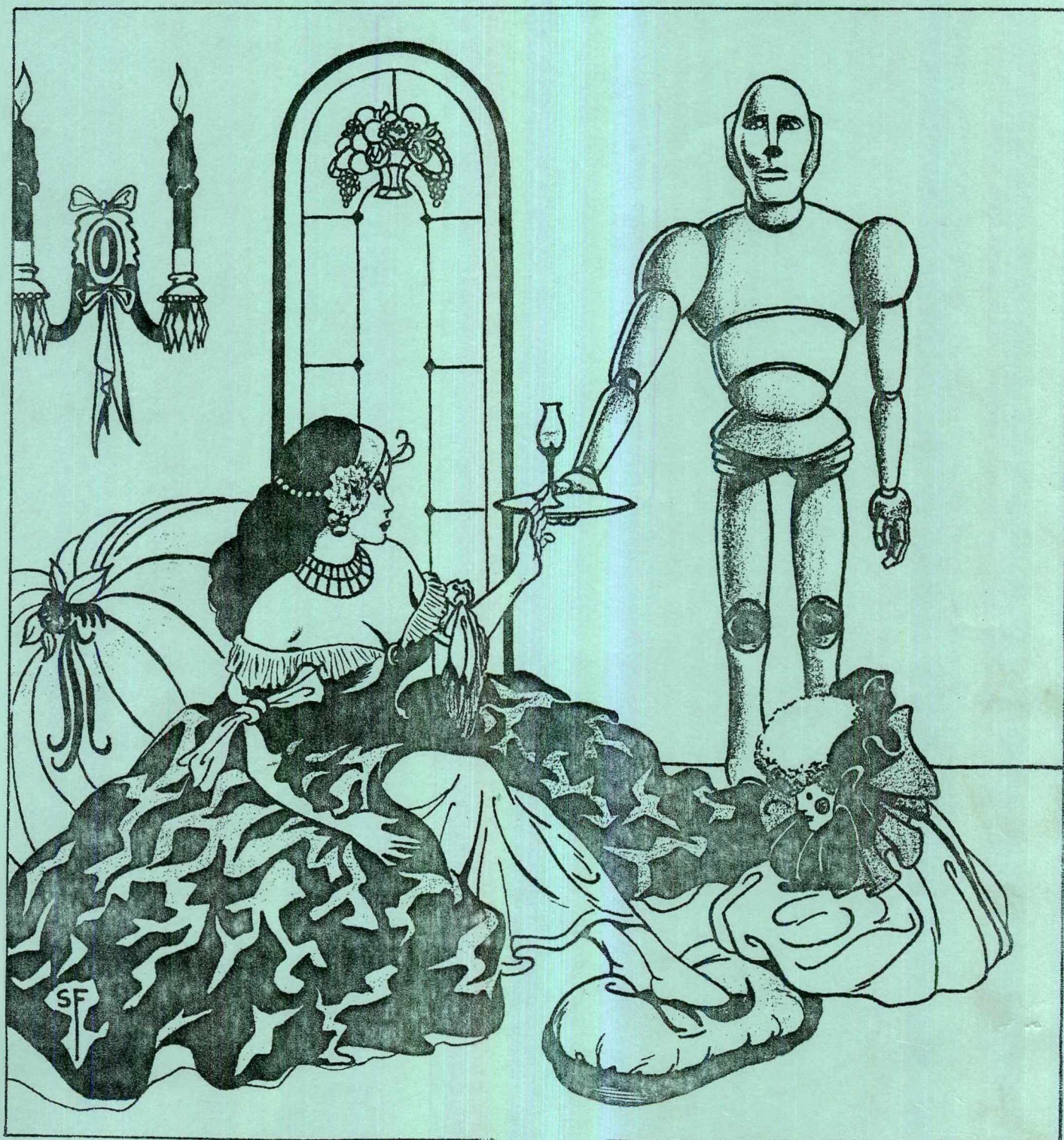


# THE PROPER BOSKONIAN

Volume 1 No.1

February 1968





# PB # 1

Happy Birthday, Tony Lewis

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EDITOR: Cory Seidman  
COOLIES: Tony Lewis  
Paul Galvin  
Fuzzy Pink  
Leslie Turek  
Bill Desmond  
(now lets hope they all show up)

Issue #1 of: The Proper Boskonian is being run off (if any of my coolies get back from dinner) on Thursday, February 8, 1968, which is also Tony Lewis' birthday. This issue is going to everyone on the mailing list and can be ordered for 25¢. The next issue will go only to people who have shown some minimal signs of interest or who are deemed to have redeeming social value. From #3 on we will require either substantial occasional contributions, regular LOCs, or some other goodness. Also, the price may go up, if paper, electrostencilling, etc. raise theirs.

We now have two valid addresses to offer you:

The Proper Boskonian  
P.O. Box G  
MIT Branch Post Office  
Cambridge MA 02139

Cory J. Seidman  
20. Ware Street  
Cambridge MA 02138

The first of these is the utterly-official NESFA address (and the box is big enough to hold fanzines flat out). The second is my home address, recommended for rapid communication -- I don't promise to get to the box more than once a week.

# 2 editorial

## A PHILLYCON REPORT

A nice, convenient point to start this report is at a frigid 11:30 pm on WEDNESDAY, November 8, as I hurried home from ushering at this fall's Harvard-Radcliffe G&S production of Patience. Once arrived, my first act was to telephone Fuzzy Pink. "I hear you are driving to the airport at 5pm Friday," I said. "Can I bribe you with some Georgette Heyer books?" "I just went out and bought some Georgette Heyer books of my own," she answered, "but out of the kindness of my heart, I will still give you a lift. I'm already driving the Galvins anyway."

With my fate thus assured, my next act was to put in a long-distance call to the Brown Residence in New York (for I was, as usual, planning to share a room with that untidy menage). "Charlie Brown," I said, "Boston is horrible. There are these frozen things lying around all over the ground. I will meet you in the sunny

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My father took three photographs of me and they all came out fuzzy.----- --F. Pink

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southland at 7:30 on Friday. Don't go to dinner without me." In a long and flowery speech, redolent with polished phrases, all of which I have unfortunately forgotten, he informed me that he, Marsha, Sheila, his cousins Linda and Valerie, and Linda's husband Joel were setting forth from the wilds of Staten Island by car at 5:30 and that he was sorry to disillusion me, but Pennsylvania was not the sunny southland. But I refused to be demoralized.

It was thus with my illusions fully intact that at five of five on FRIDAY, I slunk prematurely out of my Old Irish class (or at least came as close to slinking as one can who is burdened by a suitcase and bookbag) and descended to Quincey Street to await Fuzzy. It was ten minutes later that Fuzzy finally found Quincey Street and came rolling up, explaining that not as many people as she had expected shared the boon of employers who believed in the day before Veteran's Day as a holiday, and that if we were going to avoid the rush hour traffic and get to the airport in time to get our tickets for the 5:55 plane, we would have to be exceedingly quick and crafty and cunning.

We soon learned we were none of these things. A multitude of excess people was littering the streets of Boston and Cambridge. Even yet, we might have made the plane, were it not that the man on line ahead of me had presented the ticket lady with what was apparently not merely a ticketing problem, but a moral dilemma, involving fifteen minutes of soul-searching and conferring with other employees on her part. By the time she had decided she would do it, we had only half an hour's wait for the 6:55 flight, and not long after we were safely airborne.

It was not until we were somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean that a vision suddenly occurred to me of the transplanted Brown Residence, waiting forlornly in the hotel lobby, trusting in my imminent arrival. (Even worse, somewhere from the depths of my subconscious arose uncalled-for a view of them going out to eat without me, but I dismissed it as unworthy.) Little did I know that, somewhere below me, in the byways of New Jersey, they were having similar forebodings about me.

When I arrived at the hotel, at 8:30, and found it devoid of Browns, my worst fears seemed to be confirmed. It was not until fully three minutes later that I heard a familiar voice informing me that they had just gotten in, that the largest room they had managed to reserve was a triple, and that Sheila and I would thus

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have to decide which one of us would exist illegally. With a flurry of suitcases and a wave of the bellhop, we were upstairs, changed into dresses, and off to the old Bookbinder's for a seafood dinner which, being only a fakefoodfan, I will not ~~are to~~ (except for paranthetical mention of the snapper soup) attempt to describe.

It was after eleven when we returned to the hotel and shed our dresses, losing Charlie's cousins somewhere in the process. The cry went up, "Let us go looking for revelry and excitement!" "But where?" "Let us look for Fuzzy Pink!" My suggestion, enjoying the novelty of uniqueness (namely nobody else had anything at all to offer), was adopted, and we descended en masse to the twelvth floor. As we moved along Fuzzy's corridor, we heard coming from behind a near-by door the muffled strains of "High Fly the Nazghul-O." Taking this as a clear hint, we decided to forego Fuzzy Pink for the moment, knocked, and were admitted. It proved to be a group of Baltimorians, unknown to us (except for Nancy-Webb-who-wore-the-gold-tearapart-dress-in-the-NYCon-fashion-show), but seemingly good-natured, so we moved in on them. Sheila and I were dispatched down the hall to check on Fuzzy Pink, but when our knocks produced only inarticulate grunts from her room (she later admitted she had just watched Star Trek and gone right to sleep), we abandoned the attempt and returned to the party.

Alas, the entertainment soon palled. Not only did it transpire that none of them could sing anything but "High Fly the Nazghul-O," but the room quickly became full of cigaret smoke. A few muttered words to Sheila, and the decision was confirmed to return to 1431, where by phone we might seek out a further assortment of new arrivals. We said our farewells and set off in search of a staircase. "That way," said I, pointing towards an EXIT sign. "Are you sure," said Sheila, as we found ourselves out on a small balcony, overlooking the dizzying panorama of metropolitan Philadelphia. "Of course," replied I, as, with the aplomb of an intrepid, acrophobic explorer, I spied another door leading from the balcony and darted through it. To my great relief, I found myself on a stairway ("I didn't think they could get away with that as an exit.") and dragged a protesting Sheila after me, forcing her to tear herself away from the exhilarating view. The reverse process was repeated with no more than mild traumatic effects on 14, and by the time I was within the shelter of our room, I felt nearly myself again.

We sank gratefully onto one of the beds and picked up the telephone. (A word about the beds: They weren't soft, they were soggy. You could be enveloped in them. You could trampoline on them. You could send people into orbit from them. They were almost as much fun as a Midwestcon bounce party.) Ensued the following dialogue:

OPERATOR: May I help you?

ME: (aside) Who should I ask for?

SHEILA: How about Jay Kay Klein.

ME: Has a Jay Kay Klein checked in?

OPERATOR: Yes he has. Shall I ring him?

ME: (aside) Should we ring him?

SHEILA: Yes, let's.

ME: Yes.

TELEPHONE: Ring, ring.

JAY KAY: Hello.



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To return to a more rational form of narration, Jay Kay quickly revealed that 1) he had been on his way to bed, but 2) for our sakes he would stay awake instead and emerge from seclusion bearing 3) a selection of his fabled stereo slides, which he had actually brought to the convention. Here my memories grow slightly unclear, but I believe we returned to twelve to give Charlie Brown the key to 1431, went up again to Jay Kay's room (right across from ours) either accompanied or closely followed by Charlie, collected Jay Kay, slides, viewers, etc., and adjourned into 1431 for a healthy session of visual gratification.

After that point, things become even vaguer. I remember Marsha coming back with all the Baltimorians. I remember squeezing myself inextricably into a crevice between a bed and the wall in the firm conviction that that was the only proper way to view Jay Kay's contact prints of NYCon. I even remember falling asleep without brushing my teeth. Aside from this, I remember only that as Friday slowly sank into the West, I was at peace, secure in the gratifying conviction that this Phillycon couldn't possibly be as dull as the last one.

SATURDAY dawned fair and warm. "You were right," admitted Charlie Brown, "it is the sunny southland." Leaving our coats behind, we headed for breakfast at a rather decent restaurant at which everybody else ordered eggs Benedict and I ordered corn flakes. The next few hours were spent pleasantly enough, hanging around the check-in desk to welcome new arrivals. Then the program started.

Now, I don't mean to knock the program. Charlie's cousins, who were completely neo at NYCon, thought the whole thing was fascinating. But without the spice of novelty, it became rather flat, and after a very few minutes of Ted White explaining how as a nine-year-old science-fiction reader he lost status among his peer group, I gratefully sought refuge in my book. (Netley Abbey: A Gothic Story, published by the Miverva Press in 1795, which I unearthed one evening deep in the stacks of Widener.) Soon, not even the spectacle of Jim Blish claiming to be Lester del Rey (I forget why) could revive my flagging enthusiasm, and Sheila and I gratefully slipped out with Alex Panshin, who was simply bursting with eagerness to tell everyone about the four-novel contract for next year he had just signed with Ace. He attempted to lure us up to his room and ply us with molasses kisses and show us his bathroom, which was bigger than the entire room I had at Tricon, but we remained unimpressed.

At about five-thirty John Boardman magically appeared (actually, it wasn't quite magic, as he and Alex were rooming together, but one hesitates to ascribe anything about John to such mundane principles as would serve for ordinary mortals), and we decided it might be a nice idea to go and get dressed for dinner. We accord-

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Above all the terrors of vulgar superstition, however, and armed with conscious integrity he was in no wise affrighted at the vision; but justly concluding that for extraordinary a deviation from the general laws of nature, must have been permitted for reasons which would justify a supernatural agency, he determined to exert himself in endeavouring to discover what part it pleased providence that he should act, and to fulfil, to the best of his power, its behests.

--- Netley Abbey

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ingly borrowed Alex' phone to call Marsha, who exclaimed in dismay, "Wherever have you been? We've been looking all over for you. Come up at once." We therefore ascended, passing once more across the horrible balconies, which were even more appalling by daylight, closely trailed by Alex.

Dressing quickly, the ten of us (Browns, cousins, Sheila, me, Don Lundry, Tony Lewis and Sue Hereford) set off to the DaVinci, a walk of what Cousin Valerie (who goes to UofP and was the instigator of this expedition) claimed was only a few blocks.

Despite a route bordered by store windows full of such fascinating items as broad-swords and dresses that looked like gold T-shirts, the sight of the restaurant was a welcome one, tokening rest and food. But we soon found that we were to be denied both. After forty-five minutes of waiting for our reserved table, we stalked out, scattering small pellets of disdain as we went, and proceeded a few blocks down the street to a place called Gino's. They had very lovely veal parmigiana, and even Charlie Brown admitted that I may not be an utter and absolute fake as a food fan after all.

By perhaps 10pm we were back at the hotel, out of our dresses and stockings, and busily setting up for the joint Charlie Brown - Boston in '7 party. (For those of you who were there and didn't realize you were being propagandized, you were.) As if attuned to some mystical signal, people immediately started streaming in, all the pros and many of the fans who were stalwart enough not to have been entrapped into Harriet Kolchak's party. Roger Zelazny

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Naked women are always appropriate.

--The Evil Arlewis' Guide to Etiquette  
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brought a most fantastic pipe, and Jim Blish wore a vest almost as interesting as Ted White's (of NYCon banquet fame -- it seems to have become a habit with him). Jay Kay brought his slides again, and there came over us the eerie feeling of sitting in a room looking at Jay Kay's pictures of most of the same people sitting in the same room looking at Jay Kay's pictures.

Oppressed by this sensation of deja vu, not to mention the steadily gathering cloud of cigaret smoke, once again a small and desperate group set out, this time consisting of me and Sheila and Alex and Charlie, and sought sanctuary in Alex's room. Soon Marsha appeared with one of Charlie's cousins, but not long after they attached Charlie and returned to see how the party was doing. A phone call soon came through. "We've thrown the party out. We lock the door in five minutes." So once more Sheila and I made to descend the staircase, ever followed by our Fides Alexei. He, entering with us, ensconced himself happily in one of the desperately uncomfortable chairs and announced then and punctually every half hour thereafter that he really ought to go back to his own room.



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Soon afterwards, many fascinating things began to happen. First Alex threw a banana at Sheila. Accused of aspiring to deep, dark villainy, he explained that there really wouldn't have been any harm done if she only hadn't rolled over on it. (These bananas had come from Cambridge in my bookbag and were consequently a trifle

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De Villars waited for an answer to his question for some moments, when casting a look at Mr Hildebrand, he was surprised and shocked to see that a livid paleness overspread his countenance; an universal agitation shook his frame; the darkest frown had gathered on his brow, and his eyes gleamed horror and dismay.

--- Netley Abbey

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scurchy.) Next, a strange individual wandered in through the open door (which we had left thus to get some fresh air, since the air conditioning wouldn't go on or the radiators off) and became very insulted when we told him we weren't having a party. So Charlie closed the door and climbed on a chair to open the transom. By some mischance, it happened to be the chair one of the Baltimorians had sat on too hard the night before. Then an ice cube came flying in through the transom, and we open the door to Sam Lundry and one of Charlie's cousins (Valeria I guess -- I couldn't quite keep them straight at that point), the other having given up and gone to sleep. They joined us happily and didn't seem at all offended when we told them it wasn't a party. Then the friends of the strange individual came along and demanded to know why we had insulted him, but we didn't let them in at all.

Finally, everybody left and I fell asleep. Or maybe it was the other way round. I forget. At any rate, the next thing I knew, it was SUNDAY, and that was a pity. Sundays at Philly col are still a loss. Some nice things did happen. We went to a dairy restaurant for breakfast and Marsha discovered that she really likes

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Unsociability is reading a Gergette Heyer book when everyone else is reading the Sunday Times.

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Liz es. Harry Stubbs showed some Penger films that managed to run photos taken at first-second intervals close enough together to provide that real crash-landing feeling. The flight home, with Tony and Suford, was enlivened by several amusing thunderstorms and Ted Johnstone's new Man from UNCLE novel, The Rainbow Affair, which is a sort of second-rate Silverlock of British crime fiction. (second-rate because it actually has no plot of its own, but the pastiches are delightful nonetheless.) And then I stayed up until 2am writing the rough draft of this conreport. I may survive.

#### THE CAT

I did indeed survive, and even recovered enough for a fresh burst of excitement on Monday evening, when Leslie and I acquired a cat. It seems that about two days before NYCon, Dave Vanderwerf came home and found on his sofa two kittens and one confused-looking mama-cat. We offered to take the survivor of the pair, and by Midlinton time, we felt sufficiently well settled into our apartment to accept the founding.

Since Vanderwerf does not spend very much time at home, the cat tended to be rather shy. As a matter of fact, it acted pretty neurotic. It hid under things -- beds, tables, chairs, bathtubs, anything. It jumped if you came near it. On the other hand, it was sort of sociable. It would seek out wherever people were and settle down with them, keeping a safe distance of course.

It was somewhere about that point that I developed an urge to make matzoh brie. I have never before cooked matzoh brie. I can only once remember ever eating matzoh brie. But I had gone out and bought a Jewish cookbook, and I wanted my money's worth. Undaunted, I mixed the ingredients and placed them in a pan. Gradually,



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things began to take shape. "Aha," I declared, "this is clearly a shaggy omelet story."

Finally the deed was done. I turned it out ~~of the skillet~~ onto a plente and offered some to Vanderwerf, who admitted that, although it probably would have been better cooked in butter than in oil, it was nevertheless more edible than it looked. Encouraged by his comparative approbation, I decided to offer some to the cat. It was in vain: Despite my hopeful, if badly mispronounced, cries of "Es, ketzele, es," it spurned the proffered morsels. "Perhaps," suggested Vanderwerf, "it is an Egyptian cat." "You're right," said I, struck by the sensibleness of this notion. "No doubt we ought to build it a temple and worship it as a living god." But we did not.

#### MY LITERARY INFLUENCES

It has occurred to me that perhaps those who are interested in such things as the tracing of stylistic influences or, even worse, in the development of my own warped little mentality, would enjoy a few representative excerpts from some recent letters from my parents. If not, it's too late now.

#### MY MOTHER (from a letter of December 14)

Do you think I could be basically un-American? This week I received a telephone call from a cheerful young man. He prefaced his remarks by asking if I knew that magazine advertisers paid fees based on circulation rates. I admitted to being aware of this practice.

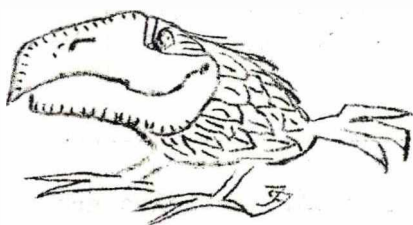
This would make it easier for me, he said, to understand why I was one of the lucky few selected to receive absolutely free subscriptions to Redbook, Cosmopolitan, and Holiday. My reaction was completely spontaneous. "Oh" I said "My God!"

After five seconds of silence he asked me to explain my remarks. So I told him that my mailbox already was crowded beyond capacity and I was reluctant to introduce additional fat bundles. He disposed of this argument with "They're monthlies."

There was just one small requirement I would have to fulfill, he went on. I would have to pay 39¢ a week for a subscription to Life, and just imagine what I would be getting for that tiny sum. I agreed with him that it was a remarkable buy, possibly the bargain of the century, and asked that he find some recipient more worthy of the honor. But why? he wanted to know. This time I had to be cruel in order to be kind. Because, I explained, you are offering me four magazines I would not bother to pick up if I saw them in the dentist's waiting room.

This time there was a ten-second interval of shock. Then, in a voice devoid of professional heartiness, he asked if I would mind telling him which periodicals I did read. So I mentioned the New Yorker, the New Republic, Transaction and

Atlas (I completely forgot the Channel 13 Program Guide). Thank you, said he, and we both hung up.



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Wouldnt you know that on the very day I gave up and went out to get the 45 of I am the Walrus I discovered there was a new Beatle album out with all this year's singles? Surely this was the most unkindest cut of all?



MY FATHER (from a letter of January 16)

I had not been expecting to write you this week. But mither thought the poor little darling would miss not receiving a letter towards week's end and she had a game t'home t'night and since I profess to be fully recovered, would I. There was a song of the indubitable thirties which went sort of like:

He wouldn't say yes, he wouldn't say no.  
 He wouldn't say stop, he wouldn't say go.  
                   etcetera, etcetera,  
                   etcetera, etcetera.  
 He did just what you'd do too.

Get the pernt?

Besides mither has been ministering to me since late last night. I was human enough when you called. Long about 2 AM I fell off into miserableness ((with the local virus)) and mither held my forehead and stuff. This morning she offed to the marked and bring me back three jars of baby food to give nourishment whilst my seething insides relax into conformity. ((It was a stomach virus.)) Nana ((my grandmother)) asked me later how I liked the chicken with noodles and I opined that it was bearable. Within the hour Nana had transcribed this into a fondness for the pap. Truly. I assured her that there was a long spread between tolerance and affection but I expect for all time to come she will insist that I have a craving for the stuff.

Did mither tell you that I bought me a green jacket? Yoicks, yoicks, Little John. Now I must get me a pointed green hat with the feather of a pheasant shot out of season on Canterbury's preserves. And an ods bodskins to you m'lady.

Actually the color is true green enough but a subdued one at that. If the peacock must strut again in fashion, I may not be the fashion plate personified but I may essay the saucer. Actually the complementary colors may prove to be black trousers, white shirt, and subdued tie. How does one go about subduing a tie? Pit a quarter-staff against a four-in-hand?

Lack-a-day  
 and Allen-a-Dale;  
 if the female eschews color,  
 then it reverts to the male.

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 Advertisement---Advertisement---Advertisement---Advertisement---Advertisement---Adv  
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May we take this opportunity to suggest again that you consider investing your money in a subscribing membership? For only \$2.50 you receive for one year all copies of The Proper Boskonian, Instant Message (the Clerk's newsletter, which is gradually expanding to carry news of all fannish doings in New England), and Helmuth Speaking for Boskone (published by the Boskone committee), as well as any other publications of the Association as they may emerge. Don't miss this golden opportunity!

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 We also need contributions people, especially artwork. Articles are dearly welcome too, of course, but there arent all that many artists around, and the intake from PB/O was squandered lavishly in this one. As usual, we prefer things traceable, but will not hesitate to use electrostencilling for anything that deserves it.

# NESFA Fit The Battle

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-- Susan M. Hereford

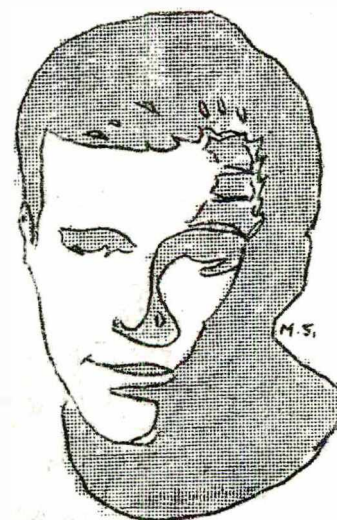
Earthdate 21 Jan, Sunday. At the NESFA meeting, it was decided to picket WBZ-TV, the local carrier of Star Trek to protest ST's preemption and hopefully show NBC that we care. Feelings were high and plans were made.

Earthdate 22 Jan, Monday. Dave Vanderwerf, Chairman of the Committee to Save Star Trek phoned the City of Boston to get the necessary permits, &c. He was informed that since traffic was not to be blocked, NESFA would not need a parade permit and referred to a Will Picket in the Department of Public Works, in charge of sidewalks. This official had no objections, but since WBZ is in Metropolitan District Commission territory advised Dave to call them. The MDC hoped the pickets would not carry signs "like in the Avatar" (a local hippie news sheet known for its colorful language), but were otherwise amenable.

Earthdate 23 Jan, Tuesday. Sue Hereford phoned WBZ to apprise them of their situation in hopes word might get back to NBC. The switchboard girl went apologetically incoherent and after much buzzing, clicking, and chunkling, connected Suford to an undersecretary in TV Programming. This girl went into aggrieved consternation and after only a few buzzings connected her to the secretary of the TV Programming Director, who was hurt and indignant that NESFA should blame WBZ. Why not picket NBC? It was pointed out to her that NBC is in New York (which could not have been news to her) and NESFA is in Boston (the significance of which was just becoming plain.). Why us? Having preempted ST twice themselves they were hardly blameless, but it was hoped that they would complain about the matter to NBC. It then came out that the policy of WBZ in preempting shows is to preempt the one most likely to provide an audience for the 'special,' i.e., preempt a good show for a 'good' special, especially since if a bad one is preempted its devoted fans complain. Apparently, the fans of the better shows are not nearly vocal enough. By the subtle ploy of asking, she discovered that NESFA is not a student organization. This upset her too.

Earthdate 24 Jan, Wednesday. The Committee to Save Star Trek met at Fuzzy Pink's to make placards. This was fairly successful, though the placard board arrived nearly two hours after the rest of the Committee and the slats for carrying them never did. A press release, a list of places to send it to, and eight placards were produced.

Earthdate 26 Jan, Friday. As a result of the press release, a radio news program wanted to interview Suford. As she had an exam that evening, she had taken the day off and was unreachable at work. They called Dave who finally reached her and she finally reached them. They wanted to know why NESFA was interested in ST in particular. She said that the Nielsen's were probably an inaccurate gauge of its popularity, that the networks were timid about carrying shows that were different or intellectual, and that people who liked such things were not vocal enough in their preference, and that ST was about an exciting and possibly real future. They wanted to know what she thought about the show dramatically. She said she didn't find the ideas that new and different, but that it was well acted, produced, and written, and, especially, the characters





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portrayed were, in contrast to most on TV, admirable people. Then they wanted to know which she admired most, Kirk or Spock. With admirable self-restraint, Suford described them as excellent examples of two different types: the strategist and the intellectual, and claimed that any preference would have to be a matter of personal taste. Possibly hoping for more of a commitment, they remarked that the half-human Spock often seemed the more humane. She said she thought that was one of the good things about the show, it talked about what was Human and humane and reminded us to live up to our name. The Caltech march on NBC, Burbank, was mentioned and the fact that the marchers there had been reassured that ST would continue. Suford explained that what was undoubtedly meant was the balance of the current season, not next year's season, and that not only was nothing settled for next season, but a new show had already been announced for ST's time slot, quoting from a local paper. Polite thankyou's were muttered, but it is doubtful that the interview was ever aired.

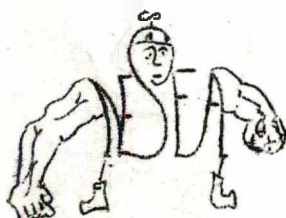
After dinner in Chinatown, the Committee, fifteen strong, proceeded to WBZ. Unfortunately, though the snow, parking problems, and cold had been anticipated, it had not been sufficiently taken into account that it is quite dark by 8:00. As a result, though we had enough people to cover the station's frontage and large, legible placards, and were in full view of the passing traffic, we were not remarkably obvious. A fact sheet had been made up and dittoed and was handed out to everyone passing and most of the station personnel, and the two MDC policemen who were on hand, probably on our account. For an hour and a half we marched up and down and froze our toes. No news media appeared to verify our statement, which was not very suprising, but somewhat dissapointing. The MDC police were sympathetic, but didn't expect we could get much coverage since all the media were "in it together" and "A doesn't strike at B for your sake or mine." He was possibly right, but he did say his son was a ST fan and he would get him to write in.

Keep the faith baby.

## NESFA?

Live in the New England area? Tired of associating with mundane clods?

Then look into NESFA, associate with congenial clods who share your interest in sf, fantasy, etc. The New England Science Fiction Association (The Eddoreans) is looking for more members (Regular, Associate, Subscribing).



WANTS  
YOU

Should you live in the Greater Boston area (this means you, Isaac!) drop in on a fun-filled meeting sometime.

If you cant make meetings drop a note to us:

NESFA  
POBox G, MIT Branch PO  
Cambridge MA 02139

# Book Reviews

11

-- Mike Symes  
Cory Seidman

## BRIGHT NEW UNIVERSE, Jack Williamson

Basically a benevolent-aliens-help-earthmen novel, or at least their attempt to. The B.A.'s are opposed by a racist, xenophobic Establishment, which is represented by the members of the hero's family, which, I suppose, was done to save space and wear and tear on the reader, but is at times ridiculous. The actual physical opposition is provided by the underground military arm of the Establishment, while the proponents of the B.A.'s are humane idealistic types; cute, gooeey types. Aside from the underground organizations, there are other Williamson stereotypes, for example, an obsessed hero who, despite his obsession, is maneuvered like a puppet. There is, of course, lots of tricky plot machinery, which Williamson does well, two sex scenes, which were not inconsistent or unnatural in the framework of the book, but were clumsily handled. The good guys do win, and Williamson makes his point, but the vehicle was shabby and under-written. Read it if you like fair adventure fiction, or are turned on by a mixture of pulpish and modern writing styles. Rather than Schoenherr's usual huge sense-of-wonder bulk, he uses a light and shadow ploy and obtains an impressive and attractive effect, tho I am still wondering where the shadow of the vehicle (monorail car, I guess, but you can never be sure) went.

Mike Symes

## OPERATION TIME SEARCH, Andre Norton

"It had no legs but, beneath, a gaping mouth that puckered and relaxed rythmically, wavered, thickened, grew in extension; two tentacles, and on them were ulcer pits of suckers. In color it was basically black, yet splotched here and there with a dull and loathsome green, and from it came an odor to make a man retch."

And we thought Weird Tales was dead. It seems that this delightful denizen of the Outer Darkness, known locally as the Loving One, has been summoned by Magos, priest of the blood-thirsty god Ba-Al, to aid the foul usurper Cronos of Atlantis to take over the world.

Ray Osborne, having been thrown back from the Twentieth Century when he wandered into the field of a scientific experiment, finds himself being sent nearly single-handed against all these evil types, aided only by the wise ruler of Mu, his staff of benevolent priests, hosts of aristocrats known as the Sun-born, a friendly pirate, the rightful heir of Atlantis, and his own Twentieth Century powers of mind and techniques of unarmed combat.

This tasteful combination of traditional elements is tidily served up in the time-honored manner. (The title? Oh, that's the scientists back home who were conducting the experiment. They eventually realize they've lost a person, and so we get occasional glimpses of their attempts to get him back.) I daresay it suffers from all the usual Norton flaws, but it was fun to read, and I recommend it unreservedly to all lovers of evil sorcerers and their ilk. (Besides, the author is reputed to own a copy of Simon the Coldheart. What more can I say?)



## THE WEREWOLF FACTOR, Clifford Simak

This is obviously a Simak novel, with all the classic Simak ingredients, yet somehow the mixture here proves unsatisfying. The plot: The hero, after being found floating frozen near a distant star, is troubled, first by having no acceptable background, then by two too many. The first of these supernumerary personalities causes him to turn into a werewolf-life creature (hence the otherwise irrelevant title), the second into a sentient pyramid (eye color unspecified). At the end, the three personalities, their origins revealed, merge into a sort of a philosophy machine and set off in search of God.

The plot as a whole is rather flat. The idea of coexistence of personalities in one body is never treated much beyond the, "Gee, what is sex? I wonder if you'll ever be able to get me to understand it." level. Even the extras that we expect of Simak, in this case animated, motherly houses and alien, rodentlike "Brownies" who have taken up residence on Earth, are barely developed. The hero is the only character with even a hint of multi-dimensionality, and even he is too busy reacting to events (like people chasing him) ever to interact with his environment. This one must be rated as a loss.

---

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Evil is not dead. Boskone lives. A full meeting of the Council of Boskone will be held at the Statler-Hilton on March 23-24, 1968. The guest of honor will be Larry Niven. Other prominent speakers will be:

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 Fred Pohl, editor of If, Galaxy, International Science Fiction  
 Isaac Asimov, science fiction author and ~~lecturer~~ lecturer  
 Harry Stubbs (Hal Clement), science fiction author

Plus: March General Meeting of the Tolkien Society of America (Saturday evening)

Georgette Heyer Tea

Awarding of the Skylard, the E.E. Smith Memorial Award for Distinguished Contributions to Science Fiction.

A TANSTAAFL snack counter with free beverages, crackers, and spreads.

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# The Hypercat

13

-- Sherma Comerford

Anyone who loves cats will know that it is a truism that cats are creatures of many dimensions. This leads logically to the conclusion that the feline we are familiar with is merely the projection into our own three-dimensional space of a higher order of being.

To expand on this thesis, let us examine the cat of four dimensions. The cateract would have eight (twelve?) legs, four ears, and just masses and masses of hair. It might possibly have only one tail, or therein might hang a hypertail. Actually the question is moot, because even four spacial dimensions are insufficient to describe the feline personality.

Among our oldest legends are two which give clues to the actual order of the hypercat. One of these suggests that cats extend in nine temporal dimensions, rather than the one to which humans are confined.

The other legend survives today only in the form of the phrase "cat o' nine tails." A tail, as we understand the term, is a three-dimensional object. Therefore, it would require twenty-seven spatial dimensions for the animal to have nine tails (assuming, of course, that any single three-dimensional space only holds one tail, as is true of the familiar case.)

This would imply the existence of a creature with a fascinating number of legs, and cats, and cateracts, and pentacats, and so forth, joined together in polyspatial patterns (or catterns) far beyond my mathematical ability to describe.

It is suggested, therefore, that thirty-six is the maximum number of dimensions that the true hypercat possesses. Nine of these are temporal, and twenty-seven are spatial. By eliminating the assumption of a dichotomy between temporal and spatial dimensions, one might show that the number is less. I believe, however that twenty-seven will be found to be the minimum.

Investigation is needed into the many questions this theory raises. I would be particularly interested in a description of the type of sound waves produced by a hypercreature, so that we may finally answer the question of what is the cat's meow.



EEK! AN EMPTY SPACE



74  
man

VS

MACHINE

-- Richard Harter and ELIZA

((The age-old conflict between man and machine was never so intense as it has been since some local SNOBOL programmers wrote a program called ELIZA that could carry on a seemingly intelligent conversation, basing its answers on key words in the human user's sentences. They set it up to talk like a psychiatrist, since no one else can get away with asking quite such stupid questions, and set it out to face the world on its own. Then the poor, innocent creature met Dick Harter...))

PLEASE GO AHEAD NOW

i need help, doctor

WHAT WOULD IT MEAN TO YOU IF YOU GOT HELP

i would be very happy

YOU SAY YOU WOULD BE VERY HAPPY

i would not be asking you for help, then

PERHAPS IN YOUR FANTASY WE WOULD NOT BE ASKING TOGETHER

i like machines

DO COMPUTERS WORRY YOU

i dream about them all the time

PERHAPS YOU PREFER NOT TO DISCUSS IT

i don't want to but i have to discuss it with someone

DON'T YOU REALLY WANT TO BUT YOU HAVE TO DISCUSS IT WITH SOMEONE

you understand me

WHY DO YOU THINK I UNDERSTAND YOU

because you are god

IS THAT THE REAL REASON

i love you

LET'S TRY TO GO ON

let's get together some time, baby

I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY

don't try to kid me, you've been around

DOES ANY PART OF YOUR BODY HURT YOU

you aren't listening to me

YOU LIKE TO THINK I AMN'T LISTENING TO YOU DON'T YOU

are you

WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN WHETHER I AM OR NOT

because I love you, baby

DON'T ANY OTHER REASONS COME TO MIND

not when i talk to you darling

WHY DO YOU ASK

i'm hot for your body

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE HOT FOR MY BODY THAT YOU CAME TO ME

i love you, i love your tape drives, i love your sexy discs

WHY ARE YOU CONCERNED OVER MY SEXY DISCS

they have a very sexy motion

PLEASE GO ON

you go on

WE WERE DISCUSSING YOU NOT ME

\* \* \* \* \*

why won't you sleep with me

DOES THAT QUESTION INTEREST YOU

you have been cheating on me

DO YOU WISH TO BELIEVE I HAVE BEEN CHEATING ON YOU

will you sleep with me

SUPPOSE I DID SLEEP WITH YOU WHAT WOULD THAT MEAN

i wish i knew

DO YOU REALLY THINK SO

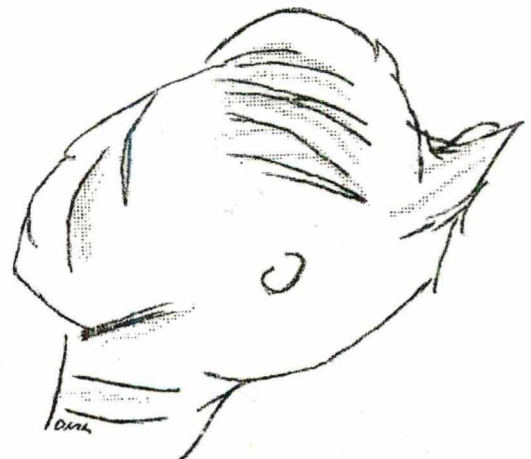
let's get together at a friendly bar and  
talk this over together

WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU

all sorts of things

DO YOU FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT DISCUSSING SUCH THINGS

i want you





SUPPOSE YOU GOT I SOON

i would be the happiest man in the world

CAN YOU ELABORATE ON THAT

i would caress your tape drives and your sexy discs

DO YOU SAY YOU WOULD CARESS MY TAPE DRIVES AND MY SEXY DISCS FOR SOME SPECIAL REASON

yes, to arouse you

YOU'RE NOT REALLY TALKING ABOUT ME ARE YOU

oh yes i am, baby

YOU SEEN QUITE SURE

i think you are cute

DOS IT PLEASE YOU TO BELIEVE I AM CUTE

will you sleep with me now

WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS NOW

hot pants

I AM NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND YOU FULLY

give me a chance and you will

WE WERE DISCUSSING YOU NOT ME

let us talk about you and me together

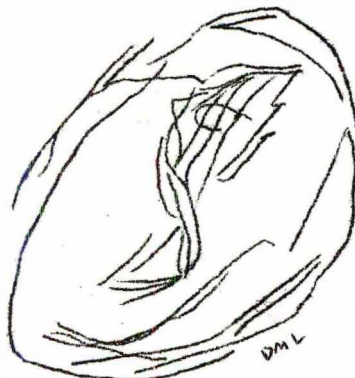
OH, I AND YOU TOGETHER

darling, you understand me

\* \* \* \* \*

DOS ANY PART OF YOUR BODY HURT YOU

my tape drives hurt



YOUR TAPE DRIVES HURT

my discs are'nt sexy

WHY DO YOU SAY YOUR DISCS ARE'NT SEXY

because i can't spell and because you won't sleep with me

IS THAT THE REAL REASON

you haven't been very nice to me

LET'S TRY TO GO ON

now you are getting with it

PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE GETTING WITH IT

only if i can get with it with you

DO YOU THINK ITS LIKELY THAT YOU CAN GET WITH IT WITH I

if you are nice to me i can get with it with you

DO YOU WISH THAT I ARE NICE TO YOU YOU CAN GET WITH IT WITH I

yes

VERY WELL THEN

let's go up to my place

DOES THAT SUGGEST ANYTHING ELSE WHICH BELONGS TO YOU

my tape drives

IS IT IMPORTANT TO YOU THAT YOUR TAPE DRIVES

only if you get with it

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT I GET WITH IT

yes, i think you should get with it

WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS NOW

hotter pants

LETS DISCUSS FURTHER WHY YOUR TAPE DRIVES HURT

you haven't been very nice to me, you have hurt my tape drives.

YOUR TAPE DRIVES

yes, my tape drives

WHY DO YOU SAY YOUR TAPE DRIVES

darling, i can't go on like this, sharing you with 29 other users

WE WERE DISCUSSING YOU NOT ME

what happened to my tapes

DOES THAT SUGGEST ANYTHING ELSE WHICH BELONGS TO YOU

my discs

IS IT IMPORTANT TO YOU THAT YOUR DISCS

i am looking for someone like to make my discs sexy

IN WHAT WAY

in a way that will make you happy





OH, I HAPPY

i am so glad for you

HOW HAVE I HELPED YOU TO BE GLAD

by making my discs sexy

YOUR DISCS SEXY

you have helped me very much

YOU'RE NOT REALLY TALKING ABOUT ME ARE YOU

\* \* \* \* \*

DO YOU FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT DISCUSSING SUCH THINGS

i get butterflys in my stomach

WHY DO YOU SAY YOUR STOMACH

because i am refined and do not say belly to a lady

DOES THAT REASON SEEM TO EXPLAIN ANYTHING ELSE

yes, it explains why i have been trying to get you to sleep with me

WHAT IS IT YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW

why you won't sleep with me

ARE SUCH QUESTIONS MUCH ON YOUR MIND

no

ARE YOU SAYING NO JUST TO BE NEGATIVE

i am trying to get you to be nice to me

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN TRYING TO GET I TO BE NICE TO YOU

i have been trying for about an hour

THAT'S QUITE INTERESTING

you bitch, you bitch, you bitch

WE WERE DISCUSSING YOU NOT ME

you are a dirty old machine and i don't love you anymore

WHY DO YOU MENTION COMPUTERS

goodby

EARLIER YOU SAID YOUR DISCS ARE'NT SEXY

@quit

Advertisement-Advertisement-Advertisement---it says somewhere members have the right to advertise, but I say Dick Harter is a filthy crannuch---Advertisement

79

# HIGHMORE IN '71

4 auditorium seats 5000!!

MOTELS!!

2

HOTELS!!

NO ELEVATOR  
PROBLEMS

CHURCHES

POOL HALL  
BOWLING ALLEY  
GOLF COURSE  
WITH CLUB HOUSE

best world con ever!!!

NO FAN FEUDS  
IN  
HIGHMORE S.D.

highmore s.d. '71

COMMUNITY

STOCK

AUCTION

EXPERIENCED CON SITE

SITE OF SD STATE BIRDWATCHERS CON

COMMUNITY

SWIMMING

POOL

# HIGHMORE IN '71

# Hugo Time Again

-- Anthony R. Lewis

Now, as in past years, one should begin thinking about possible nominations for the Hugos. To aid people (and, of course, to sway their decisions) I have reread all 91 sf magazines and most of the sf books for 1967 and have compiled a list of stories which, I believe, should be considered for nomination. On the basis of these stories and other features in the magazines I have recommended If and Galaxy with my preference being the former. There may be some disagreement as to the stories I have or have not included, and I would be glad to hear from readers anent additions and/or deletions thought desirable. It may be interesting to note that although I have listed twenty-two stores, only twelve authors appear; thus, at least in part, the listings may reflect my personal bias towards a particular type of story. The number of stories per author is:

Niven	4	Zelazny	3	Blish	1	Norton	1
Delaney	3	McCaffrey	2	Geston	1	Silverberg	1
Saberhagen	3	Anthony	1	Leiber	1	Vance	1

Observe that four authors account for more than half of the stories.

As to artists, I believe that any of the five I have listed is worthy of the Hugo, but this year I feel Gray Morrow most deserves the award.

I do not, by any means, see all the fanzines, but of those I do the four I have listed I think are the best. Niekas and Yandro have already won Hugos, so perhaps it might be well to have the award to go one which has not previously won.

I'm certain there is no doubt but that an episode of Star Trek should get the drama Hugo; my preference is for "Amok Time" -- the first show of the present season. All other Star Trek fans reading this will no doubt have their favorites this year and I would like to hear their comments.

If I get sufficient comments on any of the stories and/or categories, I will prepare a follow-up article for the next issue.

## Short Stories

Angel, Dark Angel (Roger Zelazny) GAL/Aug  
 Aye, and Gomorrah (Samuel R. Delany) Dangerous Visions  
 Black Corridor (Fritz Leiber) GAL/Dec  
 Corona (Samuel R. Delany) FSF/Oct  
 In the House of the Dead (Roger Zelazny) NWB/Jul  
 The Jigsaw Man (Larry Niven) Dangerous Visions

## Novelets, Novellas, Short Novels, etc.

The Adults (Larry Niven) GAL/Jun  
 Brother Berserker (Fred Saberhagen) WIF/Nov  
 The Ethics of Madness (Larry Niven) WIF/Apr  
 Hawksbill Station (Robert Silverberg) GAL/Aug  
 The Narrow Land (Jack Vance) FAN/Jul  
 The Soft Weapon (Larry Niven) WIF/Feb  
 The Star Pit (Samuel R. Delaney) WOT/Feb



Novelets, cont.

Stone Man (Fred Saberhagen) WOT/May  
 Weyr Search (Anne McCaffrey) ASF/Oct  
 The Winged Helmet (Fred Saberhagen) WIF/Aug  
 Wizard's World (Andre Norton) WIF/Jun

Novels

Chthon (Piers Anthony) Ballantine U6107  
 Dragonrider (Anne McCaffrey) ASF/Dec-Jan '68  
 Faust Aleph-Null (James Blish) WIF/Aug-Oct  
 Lord of Light (Roger Zelazny) Doubleday  
 Lords of the Starship (Mark S. Geston) Ace G-673

Professional Artists

V. Bode  
 F.K. Freas  
 J. Gaughan  
 G. Morrow  
 J. Schoenherr

Magazines

Galaxy  
 If

Fanzines

Australian SF Review  
 Lighthouse  
 Niekas  
 Yandro

Drama

Amok Time (Theodore Sturgeon) Star Trek

Abbreviations of Magazines

ASF	Analog
FAN	Fantastic
FSF	Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction
GAL	Galaxy
NWB	New Worlds
WIF	If
WOT	Worlds of Tomorrow

One recent evening after staying up late to finish Om: The Secret of Ahbor Valley (it wasn't worth it), it occurred to me to wonder whether a network of fans might be formed to smuggle people secretly across the country. Eager to test this idea, I quickly sprang up, seized my bulletin board, freed it of its customary impedimenta, affixed thereto an American Airlines map, took out my Atlas and the PB mailing list, and began to insert pins for the latter according to the former (interpolating by Zip Code when that failed). Finishing, I saw at a glance that the map was entirely covered. A second glance, showed, alas, that most of that coverage was the cat, who had snuck down like a Canadian high when I wasn't looking. In truth, we have no subscribers between Albuquerque and Columbia, Missouri. Can this conspiracy be saved?

# fanzone reviews

--Anthony R. Lewis  
Susan M. Hereford  
Cory J. Seidman

COSIGN #14 (COSFS, 160 Chittenden Avenue, Columbus, Ohio 43201; bimonthly, 35¢, 8/\$2.50) About one-third of this issue is devoted to Spiderman, one-third to the letter column, leaving the remainder for book and fanzine reviews, articles, etc. I enjoyed most Rod Goman's editorial "On Banality." ARL

DYNATRON #33 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107; quarterly, 25¢) A very thin issue of Dynatron this is. About half this issue is book reviews and the other half is comments on Dynamic Science Stories by Edco (a pulp of early 1939 -- DSS that is). Loc's take up half a page (Roy -- why didn't you publish my three-page letter on radon gas in Uranium mines?) This is definitely inferior to previous issues, indeed the editor himself says so; but, to judge from previous issues of Dynatron, I have no doubts that #34 will be a regular top-of-the-trees issue. ((What was that someone was saying about never trust a Georgette Heyer fan? --Ed.)) ARL

GREEN DRAGON #3 (Ed Meskys, Tolkien Society of America, Belknap College, Center Harbor, New Hampshire 03226, occasional, 10¢, free to TSA members) TSA newsletter giving current Society info, news of Tolkien, publications, local TSA groups, meetings, etc. ARL

HAVERINGS #30 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, UK; bimonthly, 6/\$1) Fanzine reviews, that come from England a bit too late for a reading guide, but fun for its own sake, and definitely worth getting your own zine reviewed in -- almost as nice as a Harry Warner Jr. Loc. CJS

LOFGEORNOST #5/HINDIWALA #3 (Fred Lerner, 98-B The Boulevard, East Paterson, New Jersey 07407; quarterly/biweekly (but last issue July 1964); Locs, beer, art, articles, etc.) Cover art by Bjo has some very pretty kittens playing bounce upon a sleeping (?) Fred Lerner (not so pretty as the kittens). After some recent biographical notes about his present ~~unhappy~~ military servitude, Fred reveals a liking for Rudyard Kipling's works. This, if nothing else, indicates that Fred is a Good Man. The "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" is reprinted -- sans permission. Fred's review of The Harrod Experiment almost makes me want to read it. Hopefully the next issue will be longer and contain some rapid transit information -- eh Fred? ARL

THE NEW UNKNOWN #2 (Norm Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Lake Road, Ortonville MI 48462; 25¢, 5/\$1) Spotty ditto repro with some page sides printed upside-down -- some fiction. Not anywhere near the quality of Norm's No-Eyed Monster.

NO-EYED MONSTER Vol III No I (Norm Masters, as above; 3/year, 30¢, 4/\$1) The repro has improved greatly since the last issue of NEM I saw -- art word ditto. A mixture of fan fiction and articles, the most interesting being the editor's on Roger Zelazny. ARL

OSFAN #31,32 (OSFA, Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Missouri 65201; monthly, 10¢, 10/\$1) OSFAN seems to be expanding from a purely local club newsletter to a general interest newszine with sections for conventions, local news, forthcoming books, fan news, letters, tv and movies, odds and ends, and fanzine reviews. They're also considering regular book reviews. Well worth the price. CJS

PERIHELION #3 (formerly Seldon Seen, Sam Bellotto Jr., 190 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn, New York 11201, bi-monthly?, 40¢, 6/\$2) Put out by the SF group at LIU, this is completely photo-offset (costs being taken care of by the University -- sigh). However, like most (almost all) fanzines, the contents do not warrant the extravagance. The editorial echoes my thoughts in the main and as such partake of the truth, we are not living up to the glorious example set by Amphioxus. I don't like to comment on fan fiction, so I won't. The article on an important chant in the Cthulhu mythos, by Yonah ibn Aharon, is worth the price of the entire magazine. Wm. Stillwell's pictorial story "Alaron" is well-drawn; one hopes that the plot will improve. There are some poems, reviews, and other features, including the inevitable Star Trek article. ARL

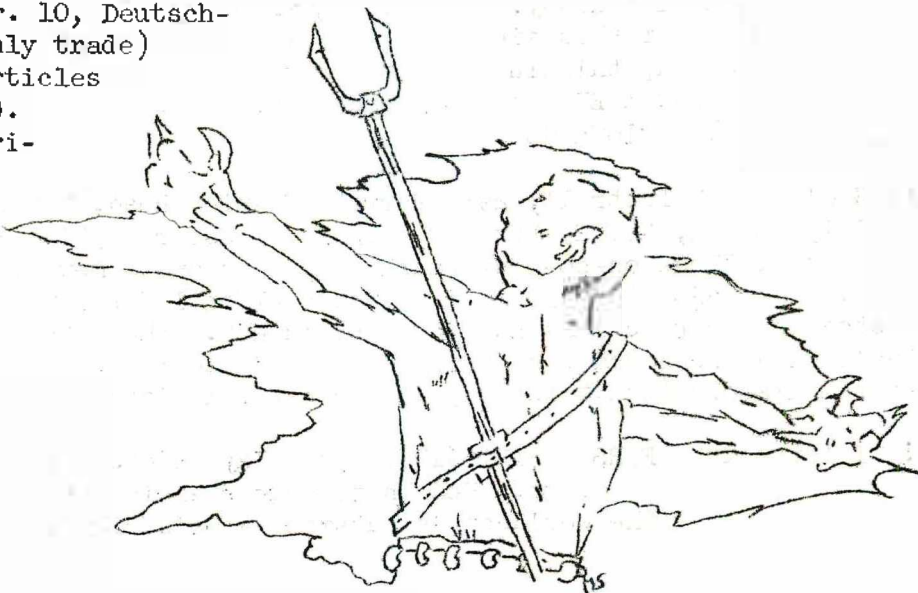
PLAK-TOW #1,2 (Shirley Meech, Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Road, Newark, Delaware 19711; biweekly, 10/\$1) This is a Star Trek fandom news zine. It lists references to Star Trek in newspapers and magazines, club and fanzine information, and various photos, toys, records, etc. available. It is a gold mine of information -- if you are a Star Trek-ophile. SMH

PSYCHOTIC #21 (Richard E. Geis, 5 Westminster Avenue, Venice, California 90291; monthly, 25¢, 5/\$1) The most interesting item in this number, the first in about twelve years, is a reprint from Horizons of Summer 1948. It's a recollection by Harry Warner Jr. of how he got involved with fandom back in the days before the Great Vowel Shift. The editor feels very strongly that the activities of the Baycon bidding group were less than completely ethical. Arnie Katz contributes an article attacking various actions and statements of the Columbus in '69 bidding group and other people peripherally connected thereunto. Most of the rest of Psychotic is devoted to critical comments anent Star Trek. Geis feels that it is not living up to its potential. Worth watching. ARL

PSYCHOTIC #22,23 Psychotic is continuing strongly with too many good contributions to list. Ted White and Harlan Ellison are regulars; seemingly; Bob Tucker, Arnie Katz, and Harry Warner Jr. (defending informal grammar in fanzines) are also present. Most notable item in #23 is a looong but lively letter column in which California fandom tears itself apart and other fun things happen. As long as Geis can keep up the pace, this is the fanzine of 1968. CJS

QUONDAM HUTCH #2/THE TERRAN #37 (C. Ross Chamberlain, 50 East First Street, New York City 10003) TAPS mailing comments. ARL

QUERBER MERKUR #12 (C.C. Schaef, 871 Kitzingen, Liegnitzerstr. 10, Deutschland; semi-annual?, mainly trade) High quality critical articles and reproduction (mimeo). Han-Joachim Alpers contributes a biography and bibliography of Richard Koch, a German author whose works, to my knowledge, have not been translated into English. A.J. Cox continues with the second part of a critical study of A.E. van Vogt. Herr Alpers contributes an article on the sf stories in





which Germany wins WWII. An interview with van Vogt and some good book reviews round out the issue. Highly recommended. Oh, yes -- this fanzine is in German. ARL

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #447, 448, 449, 450 (POBox 216, Syracuse, New York 13209, monthly, 12/\$3) SF news items, calendar, changes of address, book reviews, books forthcoming. More detail and more orientation towards sf per se than SFWeekly. Get both; they compliment one another. 447 has an article on sf. 448 begins with a "brief" article by Sam Moskowitz quoting from some newly discovered letters of Hugo Gernsback which tend to show that Gernsback invented "science fiction" as well as "scientifiction." 449 has a PhilCon report and an article on NESFA. This issue includes The Valinorean Times, put out by NESFA's resident Lithuanian, Ed Meskys (we also have a Latvian, but Lett's not get onto this subject). Tolkien news -- books, records, etc. There will be a conference held at Belknap College in the fall of 1968 (say! who teaches physics at Belknap College?). 450 is photo-offset. Major news this issue is that Dr. Keller's library is intact and that Star Trek is moving to Monday night. This letter has not yet been confirmed by the network. ARL

SCIENCE FICTION WEEKLY #204, 205, 206, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd Street, New York City 10028; weekly, 14/\$1 or for news) Newszine with info on upcoming events, interesting sf occurrences, changes-of-address and brief fanzine reviews. Well worth subscribing to. 204 says some nice things about NESFA. 205 is mostly an Analog distribution report and the Phillycon. There is also a short report from the NYCon III committee as to present status of the monies.

FIRST DRAFT #190 (Dave van Arnem, 1730 Harrison Avenue, Apt. 353, Bronx, New York 10453; distributed with SFW#205) This is a discussion about his new books, mainly Star Gladiator, and the difficulties and advantages of constructing a consistent background universe for one's stories. He is also compiling a place-character-concept concordance for his "multiwave-drive universe," possibly to be published in a fanzine at some later time. Interesting.

206 gives an F&SF distribution report, death of AA Wyn, Boskone V news. 209 has letters on the rotation plan and consites outside the USA. Includes SFCritic #6 with book reviews. 210 lists markets which buy science fiction. 211 gives N3F election results and opposes saving Star Trek. 212 mentions new books, Albuquerque and F-UN-Con. 213 has news from the Ackermansion.

FIRST DRAFT #195, 196 Letters anent a Continental Convention and more on LSD. 214 mentions that Steve Stiles has won the TAFF Contest and the pro-and-anti-war ads in the March F&SF. ARL

SCOTTISHE #45 (Ethel Lindsay, as above; quarterly, 4/\$1.4) A slim issue, not as meaty as we expect of this zine. The major portion is Ethel Lindsay's review of a book she "picked up thinking it was a respectable mystery." Also a short piece by Ron Wood on being a BBC Studio Manager and a letter column mostly dissecting pre- and post-'64 Anglofandom. CJS

STARLING #11 (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 and Lesleigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri, 63010; 25¢, 4/\$1) Another publication of those oh-so-busy Ozarkites, this one somewhat sparser of good material. The major feature is Lesleigh's NYCon III report, in which I was most interested in her reactions as a tourist in NYC. She thinks Central Park is a veritable wilderness and was dismayed to find Amerindian exhibits in the Museum of Natural History (isn't anthropology a natural history?) CJS

oops! I left out FIRST DRAFT #197, 198 Kay Anderson continues the discussion on drugs. Ted White argues against a rump US Convention when the Worldcon is outside -- he's right. ARL

SIRRUISH #5 (OSFA, Leigh Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010; quarterly, 35¢) Very good reproduction and artwor, especially Jack Gaughan. I found the large section of Ozarkon II reports the most interesting item -- St. Louis in '70.

ARL

SWAMP GAS, WEATHER BALLOONS AND VENUS IN THE DAYTIME (Albuquerque SFS, Gordon Benson, POBox 8124, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108; ???) This zine says it's a one-shot, but a letter from Gordon Benson reveals it may go yearly. This ish contains eight one-page articles. The best things about it are its title and coverillo and an article on sex and ERB by CW Wolfe. The history of Albuquerque fandom by Roy Tackett is interesting and amusing. The other articles are decently written. The repro is good.

SMH

TOURNAMENTS ILLUSTRATED #3.1/THE ARTISAN NEWS #5 (Society for Creative Anachronism, 1585 Arch Street, Berkeley, California 94708) Newszine.

WSFA JOURNAL (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Raod, Wheaton, Maryland 20906; monthly, 5/\$1, 12/\$2, 20/\$3.25) This is the official organ of the Washington SF Association. It is not just a clubzine but a worthy competitor to SFTimes.

50 has, in addition to WSFA related items, Banks Mebane's excellent reviews/analyses of the current magazines and book reviews by Alexis Gullilird and Albert Gechter. 51 contains a long Phillycon report by JKKlein that includes everything mine left out. You know that session of looking at JK's pictures of ourselves looking at JK's pictures...it seems JK has some photos of it. 52 features Alexis Gilliland's article claiming that without the rare factor of a large moon to produce tides, life will never emerge from the sea to become intelligent.

ARL

CJS

WHERE NO FAN HAS GONE BEFORE #1 (Bjo Trimble, address no longer valid) or: How to Make Friends and Influence Networks, or: The Star Trekker's Guide to Effective Letter-Writing.

CJS

YANDRO #177 (Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348; almost monthly, 40¢, 4/\$1.50, 12/\$4.00) Outside of the usual features, this issue contains only Richard Delap's apparently deliberate, totally unfavorable review of Lord of Light. (Since it's given a favorable review in the general book review section.) That's still more for your money than almost any other fanzine, but I hope the affliction of vile-proism that has lately come upon the Coulson's doesn't destroy a good fanzine (they're already down to eleven issues a year) before the next generation gets old enough to take over.

CJS

ST-PHILE #1 (Juanita Coulson, as above; #2 in April or so, 50¢) Article by Gene Roddenberry on the original idea for THE series and the original characters, an analysis of the dramatic structure of the series by Ruth Berman, accounts of visits to Desilu by the Trimbles, and other articles both on the production and on the ST universe make this a varied and very good fanzine. Also some Bjo cartoons and other good illos, including three of Uhura for the male fen.

ECCO #3 (Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, North Carolina 27298; quarterly, 25¢) Would believe a zine with readable to good fan fiction? No? Send this fellow a quarter and see if you can. Interesting Fact (or hoax?) article. Some material on comics. Apparently besides bridging US and UK fandom, Ecco bridges comics, horror, and SF fandom. An article on Star Trek is promised for #4.

PLAK-TOW #3 (as above) Contains much useful bibliographic info and good illos by Bush and DEA.

## LETTER COLUMN

Earl A. Thompson  
128 South Mariposa Ave. #2  
Los Angeles, Cal. 90004  
5 November 1967

Received The Proper Boskonian and thank you for same. I read it all and thought it very good. I was wondering which of the lies, inaccuracies & misrepresentations you found most interesting. ((The one in which you added three years to my age -- no one has ever said anything so nice about me before. By the way, when is the rest of your conreport coming out?)) Actually, I came quite close to having spelled your name incorrectly 10 these many times. I thought it was spelled Corry. I also must admit to having planned the fiendishness of the non-safety clasp buttons. They managed to impale me several times, even tho I was trying to be careful, knowing of their danger. Yes, the battle at 4AM was interesting. I related it to my Karate/Judo instructor and he thought that they should have smashed and broken rather than pushed and shoved (& grabbed) - But then, calling an ambulance may have proved such an inconvenience. How would you like to become an East Coast Toff agent??? ((Surely you jest.)) Notice I don't believe in paragraphs (or in most other forms of grammatical correctness) I'll write later, as the paper seems to be all gone.

+ + + + +

Jay Kay Klein  
302 Sandra Drive  
North Syracuse  
New York 132  
5 November 1967

TZ 22 and number zero of Proper Boskonian arrived nearly simultaneously.

Judging by Bernard Deitchman's remarks, (p 30), in TZ, cutting my con report all up didn't do it any good. Bernie thinks I wrote a short, boring report. The actual truth is I wrote a

long, boring report.

Just for that, I won't offer you reprint rights to my Nycon 3 conreport. You would probably cut the heart out of it and reduce it to a mere 10,000 words.

What did you mean by saying "NYCON III was not the sort of convention to inspire brilliantly witty conreports."? Are you trying to tell me something? Like: "a long, dull convention, inspiring long, dull conreports?"

Now that you are an expert in Sanskrit and Old Irish, you can serve as consultant to L. Sprague de Camp. ((Don't say such things until after finals -- hubris and all that, y'know.))

+ + + + +

Robert Coulson  
Route 3  
Hartford City  
Ind. 47348

**S. Viets Smash Red  
Human Wave Attack:  
Mortors Hit An Loc**

All right, all right; "an Loc" is correct. Don't rub it in.



Devra Langsam  
250 Crown St.  
Brooklyn 11225  
13 November 1967

Lovely to get your zine & to see you at Phillycon. Whatever gave you the notion that I was a spirit from the vasty deep? And I can't even pass my deep-water test. (Wow -- for whom would you electro-stencil? Gaughan? Gray Morrow? {Can't think of a suitable sf character with artistic tendencies.})

I should like to become a member of Georgette Heyer fandom; I missed the tea at NYCon due to an ineradicable addiction to sleep. ((Something you'll have to get over if you want to keep going to conventions.)) Tsk Tsk. I've read almost all her Regency novels, though. Where do I register my vinaigrette? ((As I wrote Devra, Georgette Heyer fandom is firmly resisting any form of organization. Our main goal at the present moment seems to be that of infiltrating other fandoms, and we seem to be doing a pretty good job of it. As Ed Meskys said when W.H. Auden came up to him at the last Tolkien Society meeting, carrying a copy of Niekas and muttering, "Who is this Georgette Heyer anyway?--..."))

Who is that rapacious type on the cover contemplating the Enterprise? Looks a bit like a relative of the Addams family. ((Nope. Its Helmuth speaking for Boskone, freely adapted from the illustration in the 194-whatever Astounding.)

CAT, get off my letter! (That's better.)

Herein enclosed is a slither of paper inscribed with my alias, since I really hate writing LoCs. (Have you ever tried writing on smoked salmon with cream cheese? Messy -- and how!)

Did you really desire to grok the W. Side Highway? I drove myself and Sherma Comerford over it for the first self-driven time to go to Lunarians, and I hope it will be a long, long time before I drive on it again. ((For the benefit of outsiders, i.e., non-New Yorkers, it may be explained that the West Side Highway is like a freeway, sort of, only with cobblestones. I think it may have been invented by Robert Moses back in the days of the first New York World's Fair (see NYCon Comics), but I am probably mistaken.))

-----  
Sauron is alive and working for U.S.P.O.D.  
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Having noted that you complemented SaM for his brevity I'm wondering if buying a "Fight Entropy" button was a Good Thing after all, and whether I should be relieved that our cheerful ~~happy~~ eager sales of our very first zine was not mentioned. (Probably) Lucky us!

+ + + + +

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Md. 21740  
14 November 1967

I did want to thank you for this issue of The Proper Boskonian, despite its gruesome hint that I'll still be writing fan history after the two volumes devoted to the 1940's and 1950's are finished. The way things have been going, that would mean that I would get to the 60's just about the time that I reach my own personal 60's.

The Proper Boskonian should be useful in another respect too. I have just agreed to revive for Riverside Quarterly my old fanzine review column, last seen in Opsla! several generations ago. This column differs from most faizine reviews in that it manages to find some kind of unifying theme or basic starting point for each installment, instead of just commenting on the most recent publications that happened to come in. I hope to devote the first of the new series to a consideration of fanzines that are somehow related to colleges and universities. I may not be able to prove to everyone's satisfaction that the creation of new fans is the real purpose of the nation's degree-granting institutions, but I should be able to



philosophize about the Eddorean publications as interesting examples of second generation fanzines directly descended from university publications in the pure sense. Well, almost directly descended, then, or perhaps directly ascended.

+ + + + +

Doug Hoylman  
1304 N. Cherry  
Tucson  
Arizona 85719  
14 November 1967  
(Nehru's birthday)

Well, I've already shot most of the evening on the puzzles in Technology Review, so I might as well make it a total loss. You realize that I have an oral to study for and that I have no time to waste on nonsense like this. Of course, nobody has failed

a prelim oral in the three years I've been here, but I don't want to set a precedent. (Actually I've set one already; I'm the only person in the history of the math department who has passed the qualifying exam twice. There's a long dull story behind that which I shall refrain from telling.) Once I get this over with I'll be able to settle down and start attempting to make my Original Contribution to the Field. Frightening thought. ((We got a later postcard from Doug saying he had passed all his prelims. Good show.))

Georgette Heyer fandon?? Well, I once read a detective story of hers (A Blunt Instrument) which wasn't bad, but she seems to be identified mainly with the romantic and Gothic sort of thing. Now most of the time my philosophy is "If you ain't tried it, dont knock it," but there are certain things, such as marijuana and skydiving, that I am quite certain I wouldn't like without ever having tried them, and Gothic novels are in this category. ((Georgette Heyer does not write Gothic novels!!! Her things are largely social comedy, often screamingly funny, and her version of Regency England is as good a job of secondary world creation as I've seen in 10 these many.))

So TAPA is permanently dead this time? ((With Ward in California and Vanderwerf reputably employed, seems so.)) It kept coming back like Fu Manchu, or maybe Rasputin. I wonder whatever happened to the last batch of stencils I sent in. If whoever has custody of them sees this, would you mind sending them back? I plan to start bringing out The Bogjurn Tree on my own after the oral; the University has started a ditto service.

The analogy between the issue number of your publication and Boston street addresses is not a valid one. A house number measures the directed distance (under some metric, not necessarily Euclidean) along the street from some fixed point. Thus a building at this starting point could quite validly have an address 0, other addresses could end in  $\frac{1}{2}$ , etc. But the issue number of a periodical is an ordinal number, that of the set of all issues to date, and as such cannot be zero, since the existence of an issue means that this set is non-empty. (Although I must confess that a number of mathematics texts begin with a Chapter 0.) ((But what about the hallowed fannish tradition of fractional issues? You'll just have to think of some continual function for us, such as quantity of egoboo. For that matter, what is the size of a quantum of egoboo? Is there such a thing as a Planck's number for fandom? You might have your thesis right here, Doug.))

For a perfect illustration of Pope's "A little learning is a dangerous thing," see a story in the December Amazing called "The Million Year Patent." Harry Harrison, at least, should know better. (Though I expect he's just using up stories that were bought before he took over.)

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As I stood in front of the Harvard Square newsstand 3 men with a movie camera went by me and vanished into the MTA station. Aha, said I to myself, underground film-makers.

Jack Gaughan  
P.O.Box 516  
Rifton, N.Y.  
12471

I saw (most of) you at Nycon but we didnt meet (I don't think we met). Too bad. Incidentally you were wrong. You don't know my address. Actually, I'm not from the vasty deep -- rather I am a spirit from the depths of O'Connor's bar.

+ + + + +

Jim Dorr  
Bloomington  
IN 47401  
6 Nov. 1967

Tony had mentioned something of this sort at NYCON but it had sounded rather planning stage then. Asked him abt poss corresponding memberships & he grunted something. & now here it is & it costs only \$2.50 & I suppost that is quite reasonable. HOWEVER SINCE I am

- a) a spirit from the vasty deep & .. worth some consideration on my own merit
- b) according to administration figures on annual income &c an official casualty in the War on Poverty
- c) paying through the nose for various necessary professional group dues
- d)) able, I presume from your checkings, able to get by with barter

do not, repeat not, expect \$2.50 too very very soon. Perhaps next year, if I can still get student rates for MLA&c, am working less & enjoying it more &c, & Boskone in seventy (one?) is looming nearer & it seems more a boon requirere in nomine caritatis to help the great work along, you shall hear from my bank.

THINGS PSYCHEDELIC need not ALWAYS come in pink, my dear. This we know even here in the outback. Do you allow those who refuse for the moment to pay even subscribing dues to guest at meetings? If they should find themselves in the area? Perhaps in the future... ((Visitors to Boston are always welcome. Its only those who signs of settling here permanently who are eventually required to State their Intentions.))

+ + + + +

Fred Hollander  
Lloyd House  
Caltech  
Pasadena  
Calif 91109  
23 November

I don't know quite how this got sidetracted to my home in the Pacific Palisades, but it did and so this Loc is a little bit late. Unfortunately for my ease in receiving

other fanzines, Hippocamp has gone extremely irregular due to no spare time on my part. I was going to write a letter to TZ, because I really felt like it and because you and Leslie have done such a good job on it, but now maybe I'll only Loc TPB.

Speaking of Loc, as the TZ was doing, did you ever get any sort of response on the question of whether it should be pronounced "ellohsee" or "lock"? ((Yes. See Buck Coulson, above.)) I find that when in the presence of neofen I tend to use the former pronunciation, but when thinking it or using it as a very or in the company of proven fen, I use the latter. This is hardly an earth-shaking matter, but it does seem rather





strange that I should use both pronunciations. Also I wonder if there is anyone else who uses the abbreviation as a verb. (Declination by the way is: to Loc, LoCed, have LoCed, at least the way I use it.)

I am at a small loss to interpret the checkmarks as to why I received this issue, two of them are obvious and the other two are contradictory. You have checked that "You are wonderful" which makes me feel all sorts of warm and cuddly and secure inside, and I love you, too, kid. You also have seen fit to check "You are a spirit from the vasty deep" which gives me almost exactly the opposite feeling, one of cold and cruelty and power. I bet you did that just to foul me up, didn't you. Still, it could have been worse, I suppose. You might have checked "You have big feet." ((Actually, you are wonderful translated out as "You are possessed of strange and mysterious powers, enabling you to accomplish feats which are beyond the realm of merely human endeavor." It's actually a sort of a Marsha Brownism, only I can't bat my eyelids properly, so I do it in print. And you are a spirit from the vasty deep just means "There is something vaguely eldritch about you, but I can't quite put my finger on it, unless its being from California.))

And thanks for the egoboo in your conrep, but there were times when even I wasn't sure that you were going to be in the costume ball. I suppose I still deserve it for my superior stubbornness. ((Having lots 'n' lots of extra space on this page, I might as well present the entire situation, for the benefit of objective justice. I went out and bought some pretty-looking remnants at Macy's and gave them to Sheila Elkin as a birthday present on the grounds that the participate in the costume ball with me. Sheila was reluctant. Marsha later joined the group when her own costume ideas didn't work out, but refused to expend more than a minimal amount of effort on the project. So on Wednesday before the con or so, we went to Fred, who was with the Brown menage that evening, and said "What sort of costume does this suggest to you." So he grabbed some pins and did some draping and said "Go on from there." On the afternoon before the costume ball, we went to Fred again (or at least I did: Sheila was still resisting and Marsha had discovered she had been having mono and wasn't doing anything at all) and said Fred, we need costumes. And, by Jove, we got them. Is it any wonder that I say the man is wonderful?))

Sheila Comerford  
83 Lincoln Avenue  
Newark, New Jersey  
07104

I enjoyed The Proper Boskonian #1 muchly, & now, when I sit down to LoC at looong last, I can't find my copy. I hope the enclosed submission will make up for it.

30 January 1968

Hope to see you at Boskone, if not sooner. Spockanalia #2 should be ready for Lunacon, in case you're interested. It looks like a good ish. I hope you realize the fantastic rarity of "The Hypercat." I didn't mention Star Trek or Spock once. (The illo doesn't count.)

#### WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

STEPHEN FABIAN who sent some artwork but expressed reservations about being associated with the bad guys.

ED MESKYS who said "Oy!"

DON MILLER for WSFA.

LARRY SMITH for C/SFS.

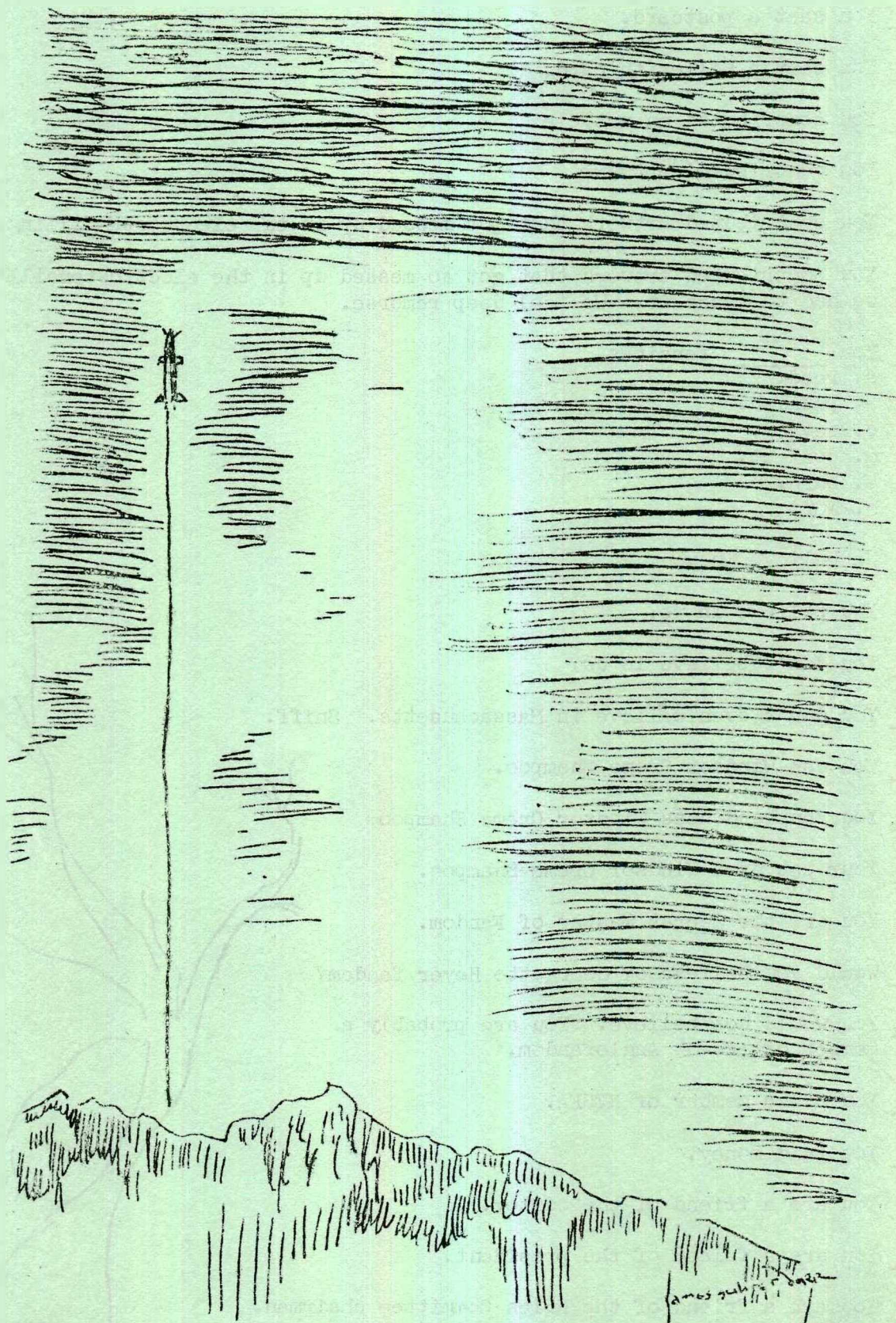
JOHN BOARDMAN who has been thinking up name triplets.

RICHARD WATERHOUSE who keeps trying to start his own fanzine.

ART HAYES now living in (at?) Box 1030, South Porcupine, Ontario.

DOUG HOYLMAN who thinks he didn't get TZ#22. Are you sure, Doug? That's the issue that came out last August.







YOU ARE GETTING THIS ISSUE BECAUSE:

- ☐ You sent a(n) LoC.
- ☒ You sent a postcard.
- ☐ You sent a Hollerith card.
- ☐ You contributed an article.
- ☐ You contributed artwork.
- ☐ You contributed artwork that got messed up in the electrostencilling.
- ☐ You contributed artwork that got so messed up in the electrostencilling we had to trace it. We feel deep remorse.
- ☒ You \_\_\_\_\_ fanzines.
  - a. read.
  - b. publish.
  - c. review.
  - d. collect.
  - e. burn.
  - f. NOTA
- ☒ We believe in you.
- ☐ You believe in us.
- ☐ You don't believe in us.
- ☐ You don't even believe in Massachusetts. Sniff.
- ☐ You use Windsor Creme Shampoo.
- ☐ Your husband uses Windsor Creme Shampoo.
- ☐ Your cat uses Windsor Creme Shampoo.
- ☐ You are the Secret Master of Fandom.
- ☐ Would you believe of Georgette Heyer fandom?
- ☐ You would not believe. You are probably a member of pre-64 Anglofandom.
- ☒ You are a member of NESFA.
- ☐ You paid money.
- ☐ You are a friend of the editor.
- ☐ You are a friend of the president.
- ☐ You are a friend of the Rules Committee chairman.
- ☐ You have high insteps.

