





# THE PROPER BOSKONIAN

number two

## Special Fuzzy Pink Issue

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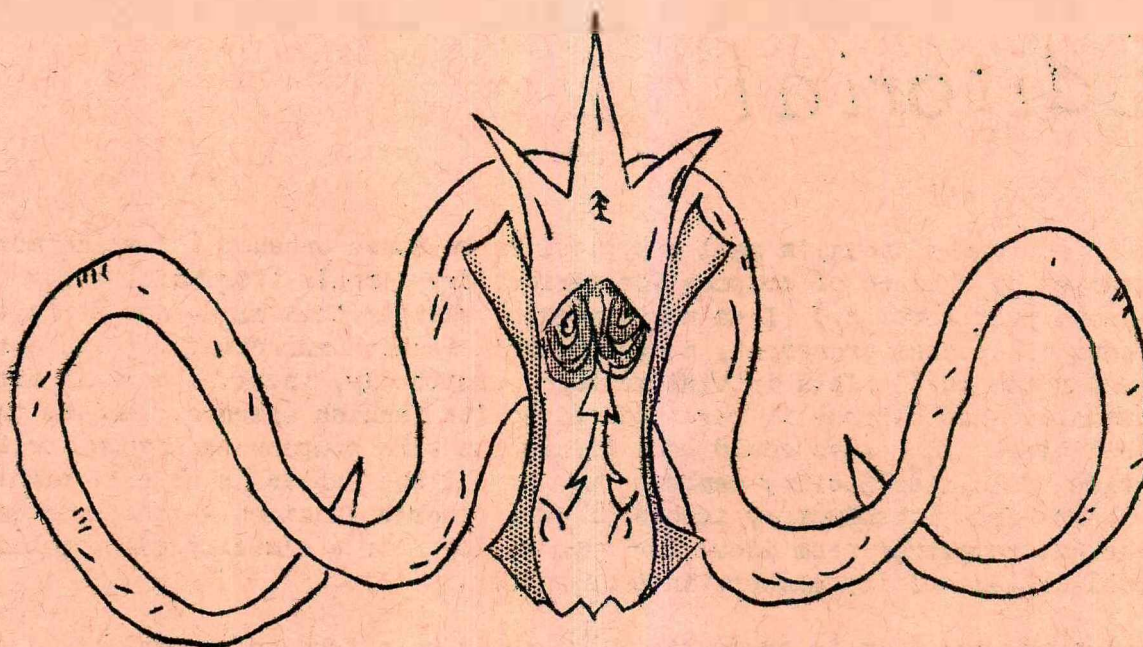
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Hi, welcome to super-colophon. This is issue Number Two of The Proper Boskonian, edited by Cory Seidman for the New England Science Fiction Association and published on the Puissant Pussycat Press by Tony and Sue Lewis. Extra credit for this issue goes to Fuzzy Pink, who typed the letter column, even when it seemed it was going on forever, and Leslie Turek, who has been doing various odd bits of typing, proofreading, art editing, and anything else I can coerce out of her. The usual coolies will probably be collating. This is being typed on Friday, June 14, 1968, and with luck we will be running off tomorrow. However, nothing is likely to get mailed out until after Midwestcon, so don't blame the post office.

Our schedule is roughly quarterly, except when the editor gets pneumonia. There may be another issue out in August -- potential contributors take notice. I am also plotting to write a fourty page Baycon report and publish it in the Association's name around October. So don't wait to reassure yourself of our love. If you are an artist, we always need lots of art. If you'd be willing to contribute articles, great: everyone in the Boston area is either illiterate or publishing his own fanzine and I can't get anything out of them anymore. A sufficiently juicy contribution should keep you in our good graces for several issues. We also accept LOCs, even if not published (I've got to start chopping down the letter column) but **they have to keep coming fairly** regularly. If you are a money type, a subscribing membership for \$2.50 will get you a year's worth of PB, Instant Message (the clerk's biweekly newsletter containing minutes, coming events, and random gossip), and any privileges of membership the Association may decide to extend. Or you can pay for random issues. 30¢ or 35¢ seems to be the going rate these days; follow your conscience. And oh yes, of course we'll trade for almost anything.

I'm sure I've forgotten something, but it can't be all that vital. So we get on to addresses. Mine is:

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And NESFA's is: POBox G  
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# Editorial

I received in today's mail a typical Brown House oneshot (of which more anon) accompanied by a bunch of coupons for various dry cereals (for which I have a well-known predilection.) I am now wondering whether this might not perhaps be some sort of epochal precedent, a new trend in fannish marketing. (Cat, get out from under the rug!) This initial venture, admittedly, involved certain aspects of mundania. But suppose it were reduced to its fannish essence, imagine the possibilities. Ed Maskys could send Niekas out with coupons each good for 25¢ off the price of Tolkien Society membership. Or all the faneds in an area might offer coupons for free introductory issues of each other's fanzines -- the Missouri or Albuquerque complexes seem ideal for such a ploy. Or a clubzine might publicize the publications of its members in this manner.

But why limit it to coupons? There could be a fannish equivalent of green stamps as well -- purple stamps perhaps. For every 5¢ worth of fanzine purchased you receive one purple stamp; completed books of stamps are redeemable at your local Great Ghu Ghift Shamboree Center for bottles of corflu, Star Trek manuscripts, Jay Kay Klein convention annuals, and so forth. Such a scheme would encourage the free movement of the fanzine economy and help to fill the gaps left by the decline of the apas.

But to get back to the oneshot. Entitled Brown Study #7, it purports to be a record of some of the events of this past spring. Now I had planned to write my editorial about these same events until an attack of pneumonia in May resulted in a partial wiping of my memory banks ~~and disintegrated my last decade's fanzine collection~~. Now I providentially receive this oneshot which, while it revives my failing memory, yet does not relieve me of the responsibility of writing my editorial, since I suspect that I may be the only person in the country capable of understanding the oneshot. I therefore present (neatly avoiding the tale of how NESFA went to the St. Patrick's Day Parade, for which the world is not yet ready):

## COMMENTARIES UPON BROWN STUDY #7

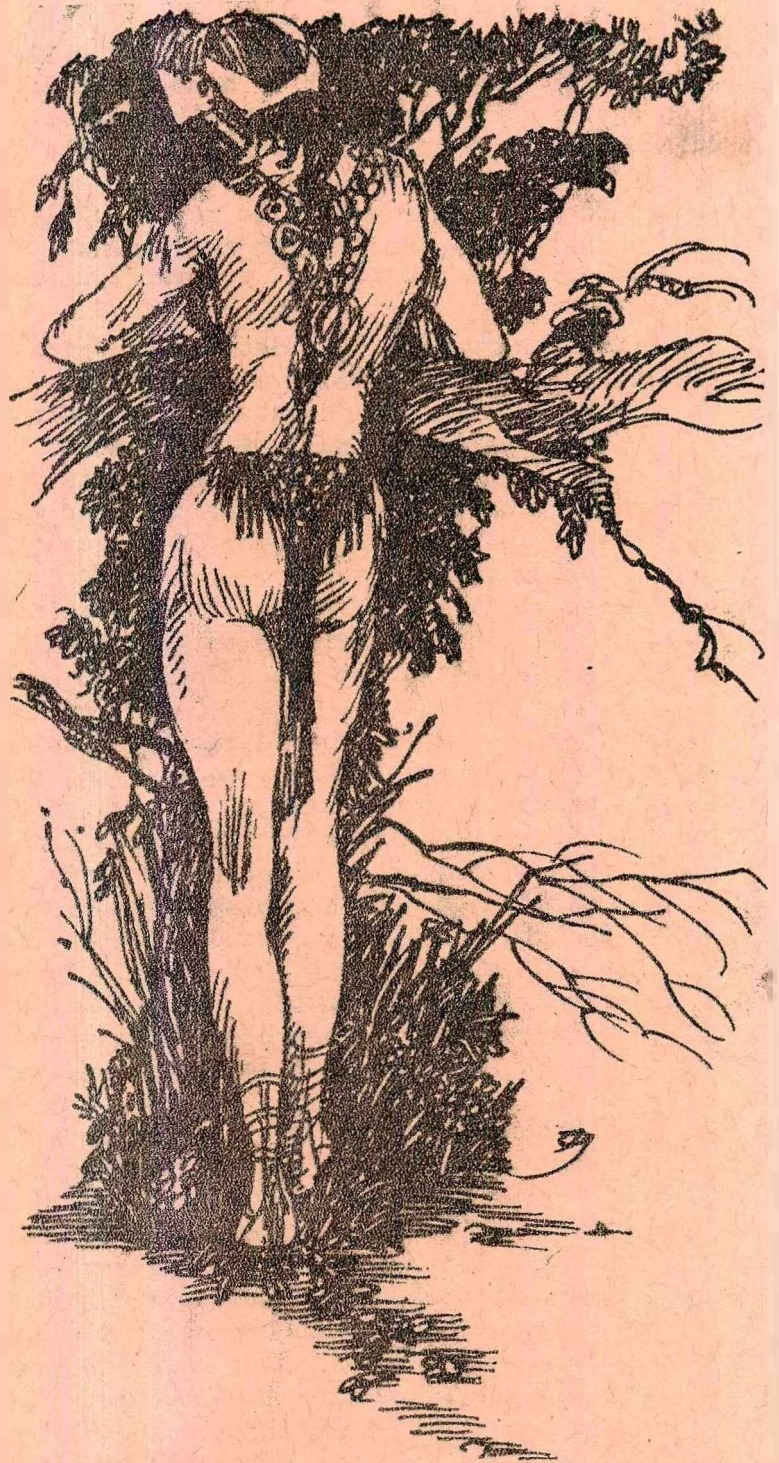
The oneshot begins circa March 22 with the core of the Brown Menage (Charlie, Marsha, Sheila, Cousin Pam, and Alex Panshin) piling into a car and driving up to Boston "in time to meet Cory." This is a base canard, as they were actually about three hours late, having been fogged in on the Connecticut Turnpike or some such nonsense, and I had already gone away, leaving only my astral projection behind me in the hotel lobby to guard my suitcase and bookbag. (Mostly the bookbag, actually, as this was full of ratafia for the Georgette Heyer Tea which I had spent all week infusing and all morning filtering and was consequently guarding with my life.) It had gotten to be between one and two am, Ed Maskys was about to give up for the night and leave, and I was trying to decide between paying for a cab back to Cambridge and falling asleep in the lobby of the Statler-Hilton, when suddenly the place became full of Browns. I pulled myself together, and by the time hordes of other fans had started piling in from all corners of the universe, I was awake again and ready to join in whatever festivities might transpire. Unfortunately, there were no festivities to transpire, and by the time the Brown mob had piled upstairs and unpacked, everyone else was ready to go to sleep. (The convention committee has reserved a room for Friday evening of next year's Boskone, which ought to help that situation.)



The extra sleep proved useful when everybody got dragged out into the world disgustingly early the next morning to go book hunting. I bought a few items, but was mainly preoccupied with making mental lists of the essential items I had forgotten to bring to the hotel. When the total passed seventeen, or some similarly impressive integer, I turned to Sheila and said You never buy books anyway. How would you like the visit the center of the universe and third largest hippie community in the nation, according to Time Magazine? By which I meant Cambridge of course. Sheila, being her usual malleable self, was willingly persuaded, and we set off in search of the nearest MBTA station. The friendly natives assured us we would have no trouble in finding this as it looks precisely like a grove of Aztec temples, but we must have missed our way, because when we finally found an entrance it was but a humble kiosk. Alas.

After perhaps eleven minutes we emerged in the center of Harvard Square (Hævid Squæ to the indigenous population) and I proceeded to give the Grand Guided Tour. As Cambridge was entirely fogged in, this was not a smashing success, but I persevered nonetheless. We shortly arrived at my place, picked up at least half of the items I had forgotten, released the cat from imprisonment in Leslie's room (she claims he was at the other end of the apartment when she started shutting her door), and got back to the hotel neatly at five of one, just in time to register and attempt to find seats in the already crowded meeting room.

You see, no previous Boskone had ever drawn more than 69 people. So we expected about 100, got a room for 120, and found ourselves with 155 members. For next year, we have a room that seats 175, but as it was, things were slightly stiffling, driving large numbers of people into the corridor outside, where they confused the attendants at neighboring festivities and scared several brides ~~into~~ near-miscarriages. However, they had their revenge when the sounds of their band began coming through the cardboard (?) partitions that divided our room from theirs.





(The room next year should be free of that as well.) Anyone who thought The Blue Danube in 2001 was bad ought to hear a Hal Clement presentation of satellite photos against a background of real schmaltz. (It is demonstrably possible for a wedding to exist without an orchestra -- but more of that anon.)

-----  
 It has suddenly been revealed to me, in a blinding flash of inspiration, that the Shire is essentially equivalent to Terminus.  
 -----

After the program, all details of which I have conveniently forgotten, we assembled an expanded version of the mob (about ten or twelve of us), got all prettied up, and tramped downstairs to Trader Vic's for dinner. This is a weird and fantastic refectory, full of such authentic Polynesian trappings as zebra skins on the rest room doors, and serving a variety of exotic and fascinating dishes. Most memorable among these are various intriguing soups, alcoholic drinks served in large bowls with a huge number of long white straws for any quantify of people to drink through, and deserts permeated with alcohol that came to the table exuding blue flames. With all of these, along with the only slightly more mundane main courses, being passed from hand to hand around the table so everyone could sample, we surely presented an appearance quite as exotic as that of the restaurant itself.

We staggered up to the fourth floor to find the Tolkien Society meeting petering out in a highly melodramatic reading/enactment of the battle in Moria and the party standing around waiting for us to arrive, Charlie Brown having obligingly offered to store the liquor in his room. I am not too clear on the rest of the evening, but I do remember a search for private parties ending up with Marsha and Charlie conducting a wine-snobbish discussion with Lester del Rey while Sheila and I sat by feeling insignificant and muttering imprecations under our breath. Some while later, Charlie, Sheila, Don ("I'm a father!") Lundry, and I set out into the cold in search of food (tho Don, who had no jacket, soon chickened out) and discovered that Boston really does close down after midnight on Saturday. But somehow, after that walk, we were just as happy to give up and go to sleep instead.

The next morning was my big moment, namely the Georgette Heyer Tea. I groped my way out of bed at some ridiculous hour, arrayed myself in floor-length skirt and other appropriate trappings, and wandered downstairs with my arms full of tea and ratafia, only to find a mob of people who informed me that the door was locked and the first n levels of management approached were unable to open it. Eventually an official of sufficient magnitude came along and we made the joyous discovery that the room hadnt been cleaned up (since the cleaning men couldnt get in either.) A volunteer clean-up squad of beautiful people pitched in, while I stood graciously by, savoring the advantages of floor-length skirts, and occassionally exerting myself to some effort such as setting out cups and saucers. In this I was joined with Fuzzy Pink, who had provided the tea with little cakes and other goodies, many home-made, Suford, and Marsha Brown, unwillingly drafted as an expert tea-maker. It was at this point that I noticed a mild snowfall outside. This was the only snow of the con, a remarkably good record for us. (Tho it was in the upper seventies last year.)

Unfortunately the attendance at the Tea was too large to conduct any interesting business or discussion, swollen, I suspect, by early-rising fakefans with nothing better to do before the regular program. I did announce that the plans of Georgette Heyer fandom are for infiltration rather than organization and mentioned the multi-part Georgette Heyer article in the forthcoming Niekas as an example. (I myself might just possibly be convinced to collect a mailing list and send out very occassional bulletins on forthcoming publications, ratafia recipes, etc. Try persuading me if you think it would be a good idea.) As a result of this experience,



any Baycon gatherings will be semi-private, but anyone who can identify the Duke of Avon or explain the significance of "sporting one's blunt" is sure to be admitted.

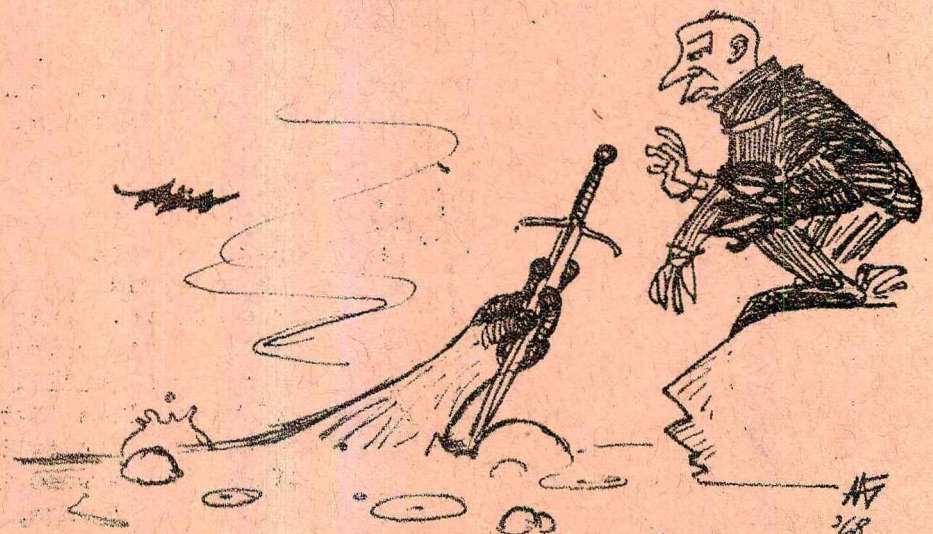
I am struck by a sudden dreadful fear that if there really is a swing back to earlier rock and blues forms, some fool might even try to revive the Lindy.

The rest of the con trailed off gradually, although some mention should be made of Larry Niven's GoH speech on teleportation, which I believe he working up into a non-fact article for Fred Pohl. After the smoke of battle had died, the members of the committee gathered briefly to settle a few financial accounts, then headed to our respective homes for well-deserved rest. Upon our return, I triumphantly exhibited to Leslie the last half-bottle of ratafia and we shared it in civilized comfort. Lovely stuff, ratafia, I suppose that now the summer fruits are out I ought to make up a good supply for the year to come.

After Boskone, the next event of note was the long-awaited and never-quite-expected wedding of Tony Lewis and Sue Hereford on Sunday, April 7. (Tony attributes his sudden capitulation to the vile influence of Georgette Heyer.) Since even between them they have a minimal number of relatives on the east coast, they were able to invite virtually all of the local NESFA members, as well as Ed Meskys and Charlie and Marsha Brown. I therefore flew back from spring vacation on Saturday afternoon and arrived to find a note from Leslie on the kitchen table saying CALL ED MESKYS. Ed Meskys was duly called, to reveal that he would come down from New Hampshire that evening if anything was going on but the next morning otherwise. I told him to stand by further bulletins and went off to unpack while awaiting a call from Charlie Brown.

Eventually the phone rang. I'm in Boston, said Charlie Brown. Entertain me. (Marsha had gone to a bar-mitzvah that afternoon and would be coming in on a later train.) Boston is a maelstrom of rioting and pillage, I said. I dasnt set foot over the Charles River. Why dont you come to Cambridge. I will meet you at the Harvard Square subway station. He agreed to this, and by hurrying directly out, I was able to get to the Square two minutes before he did. Unhappily I lost this advantage by being looking at the magazines on the newsstand when he came up behind me and said Boo. I avenged myself for this loss of face by refusing to give him the special guided tour of Harvard Yard as we walked through, explaining that I had already pointed out all the landmarks to Sheila and it is well known that the Browns possess a joint racial consciousness.

Just about as we got back to my place, Leslie and Dave returned from the Grand Expedition to present Tony and Sue with the mimeograph that fifteen of us had given them as a wedding present. (They had forged my name to the card.) Charlie was still demanding to be entertained, so I declared it to be dinner-time and, when Leslie and Dave claimed excess pizzafulness, invited him to take me into Boston to eat. We had





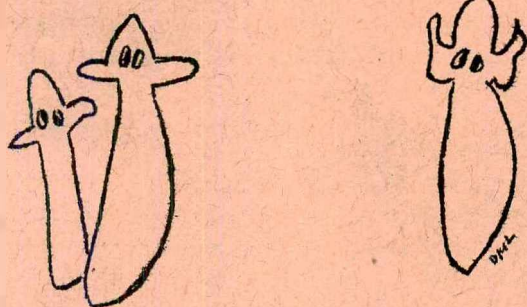
a jolly sort of a meal, and soon after we got back to Cambridge, Marsha called. Im in South Station, she said. Now what do I do? Very well, I said. If you look around you, you ought to espy the entrance to a subway station. Descending thereunto, you will find trains running in two directions. Get on one marked 'Harvard' and remain on it until the last stop. Get out and follow a large mass of people to the nearest exit. With luck you will be in the middle of Harvard Square, and we will be there to meet you. When she indicated that she had fully grasped this complicated set of directions, we hung up and set off into the cold and dark for yet a third round trip to Harvard Square.

Some time in around there Ed Meskys also arrived, having been called and reassured that something was bound to be going on that evening. He thoughtfully brought along a carton of Niekus, so that we were able to entertain ourselves for the rest of the evening by sitting and stuffing envelopes. He also left the carton behind him after the wedding, so Leslie and I had the prolonged pleasure of stuffing mailboxes for the rest of the week. Considerate Ed Meskys!

The next episode was determining where to put everyone for the night. I had suspected I would have Charlie and Marsha to cope with, although I had carefully warned them that I am No Hostess, but Ed was a bit of a problem. He had expected to be put up somewhere by Tony, but when a call to Tony's old place indicated that his former roommates had no notion of this scheme and thought Tony was gone for good, I decided I could probably fit Ed in as well. He was finally relegated to the (bitterly uncomfortable cheap plastic) couch with the warning that there werent enough blankets but if he got cold he could turn the radiator on. Of course, it turned out the next morning that he had apparantly decided he would prefer to freeze. In addition, since I had been away all week and had somehow never gotten up my nerve to tell Leslie we might be invaded, there was nothing to eat for breakfast. Strike one. Oh well, I suppose fannish hospitality, like everything else, is an art that takes practice.

Being deprived of food, we decided to bend our energies to getting dressed instead. Getting dressed for a wedding is not trivial. We had reached a first plateau of chaos when Leona entered, clutching a package of frozen french fried potatoes. (Leona is a friend who was a year behind us at Radcliffe. Since dorms dont serve food over spring vacation, I had invited her to come and cook at my place.) Since we had no use for the kitchen, we cheerfully invited her in. Then the Galvins, who had offered people a lift, showed up. Finally Ed Meyer, who was also going with the Galvins, telephoned wanting to know whether he would be in the way if he came right over. We laughed in his face.


Once all that nonsense was settled, we piled into cars and set merrily off (except Leona, who had finished her potatoes and vanished.) Naturally, Charlie, Marsha, and I were in Ed's Volkswagen. Ed, when queried, said Sure, he could get to the synagogue. It was only a few blocks from Tony's old place, wasnt it? You just go over the bridge, turn at the traffic circle, and so forth. Only somehow he managed to get the wrong bridge. Much to long a time, and several helpful pedestrians, later we arrived to find that we had missed our second opportunity to have breakfast, at a coffee shop across the street. Strike two. (But, for a change, third time would make up for all.)



"Yes, there is something strange about him"



The wedding was pretty much just a wedding, although considerably elevated in tastefulness by the good sense of those officiating. The cantor had given Sue the special package deal -- Bach and Purcell instead of the Wedding March -- and the rabbi managed to talk to just short of the point of tediousness. But the reception -- wow! To enumerate a few points: (1) Sue and Tony had persuaded their parents that since none of their friends dance, they should eliminate the band and spend the money on more food and drink. (2) The catering was superb -- mushrooms, roast pork, lovely pastries, all sorts of wonders. (3) Drink consisted of an inexhaustible supply of a quite good champagne. I know that after the first ten minutes I never touched ground, and I doubt that any of the other guests did either. In addition, there was what appeared at the time, at any rate, to be a steady flow of brilliantly witty conversation. All I really remember, though, is Franny Dyro's description of an old-fashioned three-day Polish wedding: The second day consists largely of close questioning by dirty-minded little old ladies.



Come on out  
Avogadro. Your  
number's up!

Ed had to leave directly from the wedding, so we-all drove back to Cambridge with Fuzzy and Larry Niven (who was left over from Boskone). I was slightly confused when, after dropping us at my door, they started to follow us in. Oh, didnt you know, said Fuzzy. Leslie's invited everyone to a party at your place. So a dozen or so of us continued until well into the evening. Festivities were broken up only by Charlie and Marsha's having to catch the last train at eleven pm or so. So we trooped down to South Station en masse to see them off at the gate -- a most romantic spectacle, marred only by the highly delapidated condition of the premises. I now believe everything they say about the decline of the railroads.

The next few weeks were marked by a succession of mildly interesting incidents. Friday, April 12 was graced by an eclipse of the moon, which had the good grace to occur right after Star Trek. So we all took Fuzzy's telescope up to the roof of her apartment house and observed. Easter Sunday, April 14, was the great migration to see 2001 -- thirty-three fans in Boston? I dont believe it. After the film, about twenty of us had dinner in Chinatown, then all went to Tony and Sue's new (and starkly unfurnished) place to polish off the wedding goodies and attempt to put out a oneshot. Somehow this never quite got going, but the remnants, salvaged by Dick Harter and Mike Symes, appear later in this issue.

The G&S theater party the following Thursday (Ruddigore at MIT) was somewhat marred by the news that Suford would not be there, as she had demolished Tony's car against a convenient tree. Thanks to her seat belt, the sum of her injuries was a cracked palate, a cut lip, and several broken or missing teeth -- but the steering wheel broke as well. We all sent regrets but were sufficiently reassured to set off for Lunacon the next day with untrammelled expectations of enjoyment.

Ah yes, Lunacon. If I were to say everything there is to say, I should be here all night. I will therefore deal only with Selected Topics, and anyone who wants the full story can ask Charlie Brown for a copy of Brown Study (more intelligible here than elsewhere). But first let me feed the cat.

Back again. The first topic worthy of mention is 2001, as this formed most of the formal and virtually all of the informal program. By Saturday, opinions on this film had polarized themselves along a line between Lester del Rey and Chip Delaney (whose opinions may be found in their respective prozine reviews). There was also a third party, consisting largely of Harry Stubbs, that kept muttering about rabbits in vacuum turning into furry footballs and shouldnt a man at least get a nosebleed? We expected that these questions would be authoritatively answered when it was announced that Arthur Clarke would speak on Sunday, but he refused to explain anything, and only counseled everyone to see the picture at least twice and



then form their own interpretation. However, he did admit that the Harvard Crimson review at least has the right approach; since this is not available to a particularly large audience, we are reprinting it in this issue.

The second fun thing was the great clothes swap. This began Friday evening when I realized that we were going out to a more formal restaurant than I had expected and I didn't have an appropriate dress. So Marsha lent me a pair of pantyhose and her tight blue microdress. Since Marsha is two inches shorter and a size smaller than I am, this was quite amusing. Marsha then borrowed Sheila's dress, which was interestingly shortened on her, and Sheila was left with Marsha's coatdress. Since she is the shortest, this was almost decent on her, except when she sat down and you realized there was nothing holding it together below the waist. We kept the dresses on after dinner only long enough to make a grand entrance at the open party (I was getting pretty tired of holding my stomach in anyway), but as soon as we changed into pants, a new round of swapping was inaugurated: Marsha in my frilly Cousin Pam-type blouse, Sheila in my Marsha-type psychedelic pants top, me in Marsha's Harlan Ellison(?) -type velour top, and so forth. And thus it went throughout the con.

Male dress also provoked quite a bit of interest for a change. It seems that New York fandom has gone over rather heavily to the turtleneck-and-medallion routine. Several rather elaborate pairs of cufflinks were also visible, as well as Chip Delaney's ring, which someone had had made up for him following the description in Lines of Power. Only it seems you can't get all those semiprecious stones with the wild names in such small sizes, so he had to substitute diamond, ruby, and emerald chips instead. Pity.

That concludes my Selected Topics. Having been so commendably brief in my discussion of the major portion of the con, I will now give myself the luxury of a full description of the events of Saturday evening. The story begins with the mob getting ready to go out to dinner. I had decided to confuse everyone by wearing a midiskirt, but in order to compensate I was also wearing four different shades of eyeshadow at once. Since I have experience of going out to eat with these people, I carefully checked with them before I began, to make sure I would have time enough to get everything done. Sure you will, they said. So naturally I had to dash out to the elevator still combing my hair. Perhaps a half-hour extra next time...

Dinner was at the same Bavarian restaurant as last year. The great delicacy at this place is Berliner Weise, a drink concocted of a very yeasty German beer with a stick-sweet strawberry syrup. Since I spent my childhood imbibing doses of an antihistamine that tasted like strawberry syrup, I refused the goblets as they were being passed around (the restaurant not having enough for individual servings) and split a half-bottle of wine with Dick Harter instead. To everyone's amazement, when we all started to get up at the end of the meal, I didn't quite make it. No one seems to realize that I possess the secret power of getting drunk on two-and-a-half glasses of wine. Jack Gaughan hastened to support my faltering footsteps, as I poured into his ears the explanation of how I fill an environmental niche in the Brown ecology, left by the absence of Paula.

We all felt much better for a half-mile hike in fresh air and, back at the hotel, hurried upstairs to get back into pants. Except for Cousin Pam, that is, who put on Sheila's dress and my shoes. And she is taller than any of us. We tried the open party first, but were driven out by an excess of 2001. We then headed up to the pro party, where Sheila and I discovered Isaac Asimov discussing Heinlein with Alex Panshin and settled down at their feet to absorb the words of the great masters. (See Alex, I can even be complimentary.) Eventually, Uncle Isaac decided it was time to shepherd his family off to bed, and Sheila and I grabbed chairs and Alex. The three of us sat around there for a while, talking



to such people as chanced to wander by (which wasn't many, as we were in the corner, but I seem to remember Chip Delaney and Terry Carr). Eventually, though, we became aware of John Boardman giving the complete history of the reign of William and Mary, or some similar topic, to a group of people next to us. In addition, one member of his audience first leaned on the edge of Sheila's chair, then gradually began to shove her off the far edge. It seemed to be about time the three of us got out.

We next tried the Boston party, which as usual was in Charlie Brown's room. (We actually had a room of ~~our~~ own reserved this time, but it seems the hotel doesn't necessarily believe in confirmed reservations.) The party was sort of dull at that point (tho it livened up somewhat when all the others died early), so we drifted a ways down the hall and settled on a bench in front of the elevators, Sheila and I bookending Alex. As that bank of elevators had been shut down for the night, we were able to spend a jolly hour or two (1) informing passing fans the elevators were not running, (2) trying to make clever answers when other people told us the elevators were not running, (3) telling everyone we were Marsha, and (4) generally putting-on anybody who came within our reach.

But all good things pass, and by about four am or so Alex had taken his leave (peculiarly enough, he insists on living in Brooklyn), Charlie and Marsha had shown up, and the Boston party had mostly dissolved. However, Dick Harter, Elliot Shorter, and Jay Kay Klein lingered on until six am, and we all sat around on the rug (since one of the beds had broken), picnicking on chianti, cheese, and lemon puffs. Finally, as rosy-fingered dawn began to haul itself over the windowsills, they slunk off into the night, leaving us to camp out on mattresses on the floor.

As Fuzzy and I flew back Sunday evening (the rest of the Boston crew was in Harry Stubbs' bus), Boston greeted us with a dreary downpour and (for me) visions of reading period. We had one last fling that week, namely Harvard G&S's Princess Ida (a perfectly charming production), at which Suford made her first public appearance since the accident. She was being taken care of by Tony's mother, since she claims her own family is too hysterical. (She is now quite restored to health, in the throes of getting new teeth, and will be at all sorts of conventions this summer.) My reading period began May 1, as did a head cold which rapidly turned into pneumonia. This would not have been so bad, except that I spent a week running to the Harvard Health Center every two days, while they determined consecutively that I did not have a strep throat, mono, or infected sinuses. They finally got around to taking a chest X-ray and let me into the infirmary, informing me that they couldn't treat the pneumonia, which was viral, but they would give me things for the head cold. Five days later, they let me out with the pneumonia gone away and the head cold still raging. Such are the wonders of modern medical science.



I got my energy back just in time to start studying for finals (all my papers have extensions until the end of next term) and promptly plunged into an orgy of studying Middle Irish and Sanskrit. The former featured a sight translation on the birth of Cu Chulainn -- apparently he didn't make it until the third try. The translation on the latter concerned a king who travels to the mountain from which the sun rises and is so hepped up he immediately decides to set off for the other side of the world to see the palace of night. Thanks to Zelazny's Lord of Light, I may have made minutely less of a fool of myself on this than I would have otherwise, but I'm not convinced.

And I have been writing and typing and editing and typing and now it's almost done. See you at Midwestcon.



## SF - crostic

--Delle Seidman

((My mother claims the quotation is drawn from one of this spring's sf paperbacks.  
Which means for anyone who's been doing his homework properly, the following  
ought to be trivial. -- CJS))

A. Freudian slip (L.) (two words)

~~92~~ ~~8~~ ~~159~~ ~~134~~ ~~33~~ ~~63~~ ~~107~~ ~~57~~ ~~145~~ ~~41~~ ~~71~~  
~~11~~ ~~165~~

B. Form of illumination (two words)

~~179~~ ~~19~~ ~~120~~ ~~49~~ ~~1~~ ~~144~~ ~~170~~ ~~17~~ ~~60~~

C. Disconcerted (colloquial)

~~83~~ ~~3~~ ~~178~~ ~~102~~ ~~169~~ ~~67~~ ~~197~~

D. Sent payment

~~114~~ ~~130~~ ~~2~~ ~~104~~ ~~193~~ ~~42~~ ~~97~~ ~~27~~

E. Short Turkish saber

~~89~~ ~~184~~ ~~31~~ ~~150~~ ~~4~~ ~~194~~ ~~86~~ ~~143~~

F. Most tidy

~~40~~ ~~167~~ ~~95~~ ~~161~~ ~~64~~ ~~98~~ ~~80~~

G. Anti-Calder

~~108~~ ~~84~~ ~~100~~ ~~44~~ ~~125~~ ~~203~~ ~~13~~ ~~113~~

H. Title given to archdeacon in  
Anglican Church

~~96~~ ~~188~~ ~~6~~ ~~139~~ ~~166~~ ~~37~~ ~~182~~ ~~200~~ ~~21~~

I. Resplendent

~~10~~ ~~175~~ ~~199~~ ~~122~~ ~~22~~ ~~106~~ ~~14~~ ~~151~~ ~~50~~

J. Ascot

~~105~~ ~~7~~ ~~147~~ ~~59~~ ~~195~~ ~~74~~ ~~172~~ ~~183~~

K. Seamstress

~~180~~ ~~20~~ ~~115~~ ~~152~~ ~~205~~ ~~124~~ ~~191~~ ~~99~~ ~~133~~ ~~177~~ ~~30~~

L. They keep things moving

~~23~~ ~~202~~ ~~156~~ ~~101~~ ~~88~~ ~~5~~ ~~153~~ ~~61~~ ~~164~~ ~~53~~

M. No one hardly sleeps here any  
more (two words)

~~91~~ ~~158~~ ~~73~~ ~~146~~ ~~34~~ ~~204~~ ~~46~~ ~~65~~ ~~111~~ ~~9~~ ~~149~~

N. Florida city

~~69~~ ~~140~~ ~~93~~ ~~207~~ ~~55~~ ~~18~~ ~~163~~ ~~210~~ ~~190~~ ~~26~~ ~~171~~

O. These come after bankruptcies

~~38~~ ~~198~~ ~~47~~ ~~155~~ ~~208~~ ~~141~~ ~~110~~ ~~123~~ ~~76~~ ~~51~~ ~~196~~  
~~70~~ ~~162~~



B 1	D 2	C 3	E 4	L 5	H 6	J 7	A 8	M 9	I 10	A 11	R 12	G 13	E 14	U 15	R 16
B 17	N 18	B 19	K 20	H 21	I 22	L 23	P 24	R 25	N 26	D 27	T 28	U 29	K 30	E 31	
T 32	A 33	M 34	A 35	R 36	H 37	O 38	U 39	F 40	A 41	D 42	S 43	L 44	A 45	M 46	
O 47	I 48	O 49	I 50	O 51	S 52	L 53	Q 54	N 55	S 56	A 57	U 58	B 59	L 60	L 61	
T 62	A 63	F 64	H 65	T 66	C 67	Q 68	N 69	O 70	A 71	Q 72	M 73	S 74	S 75	O 76	
P 77	R 78	F 79	F 80	E 81	U 82	C 83	G 84	U 85	E 86	U 87	L 88	E 89	U 90		
M 91	A 92	N 93	P 94	F 95	N 96	D 97	F 98	K 99	L 100	L 101	C 102	S 103	D 104	J 105	E 106
G 107	G 108	K 109	C 110	H 111	R 112	G 113	D 114	K 115	U 116	T 117	A 118	U 119	B 120		
P 121	I 122	O 123	G 124	G 125	R 126	T 127	U 128	Q 129	D 130	T 131	T 132	K 133	A 134		
S 135	U 136	P 137	P 138	H 139	N 140	O 141	U 142	B 143	B 144	M 145	M 146	J 147	U 148	M 149	
E 150	L 151	L 152	L 153	T 154	O 155	L 156	P 157	M 158	A 159	T 160	F 161	O 162	N 163	L 164	
R 165	H 166	F 167	R 168	C 169	B 170	N 171	J 172	P 173	U 174	I 175	T 176	K 177	E 178		
B 179	K 180	U 181	H 182	E 183	R 184	U 185	S 186	H 187	Q 188	N 189	K 190	R 191	D 192	E 193	
D 194	O 195	O 196	C 197	B 198	I 199	H 200	P 201	L 202	G 203	M 204	K 205	U 206	O 207	T 208	N 209

P. Had more significance

77 157 121 138 137 43 24 91 201 173

Q. Certain relatives

58 206 72 129 54 35 189

R. Start of a numbers game? (3 words)

16 112 168 109 185 75 25 126 118 12 192

45 30

S. Unchangeable, in a way

75 103 135 43 187 52 30 81

T. Uranium is happy to do without this (two words)

131 117 66 154 62 209 32 132 127 79 28

176 160

U. Disease of the future? (two words)

136 116 181 119 82 128 142 90 87 15 39

58 148 186 29 85 174



# "Some Words About Isaac Asimov"

-- translated by Dainis Bisenieks

The Good Doctor needs no introduction to American readers. All his work is accessible to them; they can read it and draw their own conclusions. Readers in Soviet Latvia are not so lucky. A few stories have appeared in periodicals, and I, Robot is now available in book form. Bradbury's The Martian Chronicles and Pohl and Kornbluth's The Space Merchants are appearing in the same series. Printings are 50,000 copies each, pretty good for a nation of about two and a half million. The books are inexpensive, at least when measured by the official rate of exchange. Sixty-four kopecks for this one, a hardcover about the size of our paperbacks and on the same quality of paper.

The introductions that are a standard feature of Soviet books have, in common with most introductions, the function of telling the reader what to think of the author. What the result can be, with their presuppositions, is presented here. I find "Some Words About Isaac Asimov" an interesting blend of information, misinformation, and commentary. Asimov's words have been retranslated from the Latvian.

-- Dainis Bisenieks

Azimovs, Aizeks, Es, Robots, Riga, Latvian S.S.R., Izdevnieciba "Zinatne," 1968, 320 pp. Trans. by R. Kova and N. Krilova; introduction by N. Krilova.

"History has reached the point where humanity may no longer be allowed to quarrel. All of Earth's people must be friends. I have always tried to emphasize this in my works."

These are the words of Isaac Asimov, the noted American science fiction writer and scientist. In his opinion, science fiction is one of the forces helping to unite humanity. It offers solutions to problems that are important to all the world's inhabitants.

I. Asimov, professor of biochemistry at Harvard University, has devoted twenty years of his life to this genre. Several dozen novels and stories have been the result. They are stories of adventure, of the fantastic. Nevertheless, his fiction has a theme. Asimov is interested most of all in sociological problems, in the destiny of humanity. How does he portray the future?

Asimov once said: "To the man who is accustomed to see the world from the American point of view, an optimistic view of contemporary society is impossible. I use science fiction to criticize society." Asimov's real stature is revealed in his more significant works, those devoted to sociological problems. Among them are the story cycles I, Robot, The Stars Like Dust, and Earth Isn't Room Enough ((sic!)) as well as the magnificent utopia -- the author's finest work -- The End of Eternity. This great science fiction writer reveals here, in a grotesque and paradoxical guise, the gloomy panorama of the contemporary capitalistic world and deals with the moral and philosophical problems of today's humanity. His subject matter does not let him take an optimistic view of the future of humanity, for everything bears witness to the fact that the colossal achievements of science may lead to the destruction of humanity.



This is why Isaac Asimov was so astounded at the social optimism of Soviet science fiction writers. "...Soviet science fiction foresees that the progress of science will sooner or later bring about a great flowering of humanity. We thought that way fifty years ago. I was once that kind of optimist myself... ."

But even today Asimov longs for optimism. He himself confesses: if he lived in the Soviet Union, he would probably write such works as Soviet science fiction writers do.

It is interesting to note that Asimov, who has dealt with a wide variety of problems in his fiction -- space flight, robotics, education, and many others -- has in recent years turned to popular science writing.

How is this to be explained? The author himself offers the following explanation. After the launching of the first artificial satellite, he became embarrassed at not having shown in his books the marvelous achievements of today's science and technology. Asimov also says that he is not capable of describing feelings and human experience and that therefore he is ill equipped as a writer of fiction.

We must say that Asimov is condemning himself without any reason. As a deeply learned and profound writer -- a classic figure in science fiction -- he is ranked among the five best writers in the genre. But it must be emphasized that his popular science works are written just as brilliantly, with the same dazzling sweep of imagination and broad insight as his science fiction.

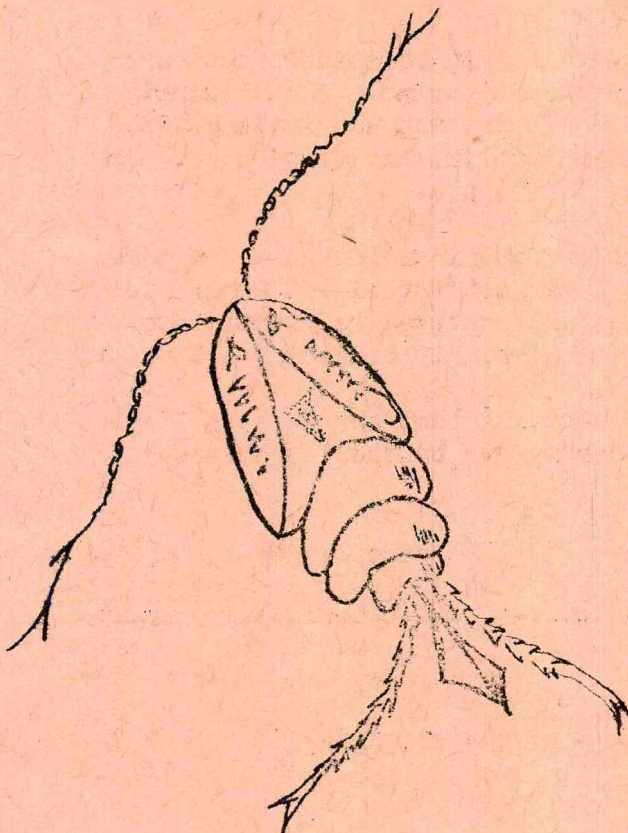
Since we are introducing the Latvian reader to Isaac Asimov's science fiction through this collection, we would like to close with his own views of the principal aim of the genre and of its writers. In a preface addressed to his Japanese readers, he said:

"I have not ceased to hope that human cooperation will extend to the great work of conquering the Moon. But if people fail to cooperate in conquering the Moon, then, by the time we explore Mars, humanity will have gained enough common sense to understand that this task must be undertaken in common.

"Science fiction writers predict that this day will come, and they write in order to make it come sooner. In this way the science fiction writer, the reader, and science fiction itself serve humanity."

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I wonder how Dr. Asimov likes the interpretation that is put on his words? The question that I would ask is this: is Soviet optimism justified? They seem to view capitalism only in terms of its past errors and present shortcomings, but they do not allow the errors and shortcomings of Communism to reflect





on their system in the same way. The debris of past errors is simply swept under the rug. That the consequences of these errors will continue to affect society is something they will not admit. Their record of human fallibility is incomplete and distorted. Can that be why the optimistically regard society as perfectible?

-- Dainis Bisenieks

\* \* \* \* \*

Isaac Asimov  
45 Greenough Street  
West Newton  
Massachusetts 02165

Mr. Dainis Bisenieks  
542 County, Apt 1  
New Bedford, Mass. 02740

Dear Mr. Bisenieks,

If you really intend to publish the translation of that ridiculous Latvian introduction, I must ask you to publish, also, the following statement from me:

In my life I have written so much that it is possible to make selective quotations from my writings to support any viewpoint you care to choose. I have written so much that I can't always remember whether I have said a particular thing or not.

However, let me say that some of the quotations in this introduction to Es Robots, by one Aizeks Azimovs, are completely strange to me. I have simply never said them. For instance, I have never said "To the man who is accustomed to see the world from the American point of view, an optimistic view of contemporary society is impossible." I just never have, that's all.

Any anyone who knows me even slightly knows that I am incapable of saying anything that can be construed as implying that I am "not capable of describing feelings and human experience and therefore he is ill equipped as a writer of fiction." I am charmingly modest but I am not as charmingly modest as all that.

In short, I disclaim responsibility for anything that anyone says I said. If you want to know what I said, look for it under my own byline. Otherwise forget it.

Isaac Asimov

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BUT WHY SHOULD I LET ED COX DOODLE IN MY EMPTY SPACES?



2001:

# A Space Odyssey

--Tim Hunter, with Stephen Kaplan  
and Peter Jaszi

As a film about progress--physical, social, and technological--Stanley Kubrick's huge and provocative 2001: A Space Odyssey remains essentially linear until its extraordinary ending. In the final transfiguration, director Kubrick and co-author Arthur Clarke (Childhood's End) suggest that evolutionary progress may in fact be cyclical, perhaps in the shape of a helix formation. Man progresses to a certain point in evolution, then begins again from scratch on a higher level. Much of 2001's conceptual originality derives from its being both anti-Christian and anti-evolutionary in its theme of man's progress controlled by an ambiguous extra-terrestrial force, possibly both capricious and destructive.

If the above seems a roundabout way to open a discussion of an eleven-million dollar Cinerama spectacular, it can only be said that Kubrick's film is as personal as it is expensive, and as ambitious an attempt at metaphysical philosophy as it is at creating a superb science-fiction genre film. Consequently, 2001 is probable commercial poison. A sure-fire audience baffler guaranteed to empty any theatre of ten per cent of its audience, 2001 is even now being re-edited by Kubrick to shorten the 165 minute length by 15-odd minutes. 2001, as it is being shown in Boston now, is in a transitional state, the theatre currently exhibiting a splice-ridden rough-cut while awaiting new prints from the MGM labs.

Although some sequences are gone, most of the cutting consists of shortening lengthy shots which dwelled on slow and difficult operation of space-age machinery. Kubrick probably regrets his current job of attempting to satisfy future audiences: the trimming of two sequences involving the mechanics of entering and controlling "space pods," one-man space ships launched from the larger craft, may emphasize plot action but only at the expense of the eerie and important continuity of technology that dominates most of the film. 2001 is, among other things, a slow-paced intricate stab at creating an aesthetic from natural and material things we have never seen before: the film's opening, "The Dawn of Man," takes place four million years ago (with a cast composed solely of australopithecines, tapirs, and a pre-historic leopard), and a quick cut takes us past the history of man into the future.

Kubrick's dilemma in terms of satisfying an audience is that his best work in 2001 is plotless slow-paced material, an always successful creation of often ritualistic behavior of apes, men, and machines with whom we are totally unfamiliar. In the longer version, the opening of Astronaut Poole's (Gary Lockwood) pod scene is shot identically to the preceding pod scene with Astronaut Bowman (Keir Dullea), stressing standardized operational method by duplicating camera setups. This laborious preparation may appear initially repetitive until Poole's computer-controlled pod turns on him and murders him in space, thus justifying the prior duplication by undercutting it with a



terrifyingly different conclusion. Throughout 2001, Kubrick suggests a constantly shifting balance between man and his tools, a dimension which largely vanishes from this particular scene in cutting the first half and making the murder more abrupt dramatically than any other single action in the film.

Even compromised in order to placate audiences, Kubrick's handling of the visual relationship between time and space is more than impressive. He has discovered that slow movement (of space crafts, for example) is as impressive on a Cinerama screen as fast movement (the famous Cinerama roller-coaster approach), also that properly timed sequences of slow movement actually appear more real--sometimes even faster--than equally long long sequences of fast motion shots. No film in history achieves the degree of three-dimensional depth maintained consistently in 2001 (and climaxed rhapsodically in a shot of a pulsating stellar galaxy); Kubrick frequently focuses our attention to one side of the wide screen, then introduces an element from the opposite corner, forcing a re-orientation which heightens our sense of personal observation of spontaneous reality.

His triumph, both in terms of film technique and directorial approach, is in the audience's almost immediate acceptance of special effects as reality: after we have seen a stewardess walk up a wall and across the ceiling early in the film, we no longer question similar amazements and accept Kubrick's new world without question. The credibility of the special effects established, we can suspend disbelief, to use a justifiable cliché, and revel in the beauty and imagination of Kubrick/Clarke's space. And turn to the challenging substance of the excellent screenplay.

2001 begins with a shot of an eclipse condition: the earth, moon, and sun in orbital conjunction, shown on a single vertical plane in center screen. The image is central and becomes one of three prerequisites for each major progression made in the film.

The initial act of progress is evolutionary. A series of brief scenes establishes the life cycle of the australopithecine before its division into what became both ape and man--they eat grass, are victimized by carnivores, huddle together defensively. One morning they awake to find in their midst a tall, thin, black rectangular monolith, its base embedded in the ground, towering monumentally above them, plainly not a natural formation. They touch it and we note at that moment that the moon and sun are in orbital conjunction.



In the following scene, an australopithecine discovers what we will call the tool, a bone from a skeleton which, when used as an extension of the arm, adds considerably to the creature's strength. The discovery is executed in brilliant slow motion montage of the pre-ape destroying the skeleton with the bone, establishing Kubrick and Clarke's subjective anthropological notion that the discovery of the tool was identical to that of the weapon. The "dawn of man," then is represented by a coupling of progress and destruction; a theme of murder runs through 2001 simultaneously with that of progress. Ultimately, Kubrick shows an ambiguous spiritual growth through physical death.



The transition from pre-history to future becomes a simple cut from the bone descending in the air to a rocket preparing to land at a space station midway between earth and moon. A classic example of Bazin's "associative montage," the cut proves an effective, if simplistic, method of by-passing history and setting-up the link between bone and rocket as the spectral tools of man, one primitive and one incredibly sophisticated.

On the moon, American scientists discover an identical black monolith, apparently buried over four million years before, completely inert save for the constant emission of a powerful radio signal directed toward Jupiter. The scientists examine it (touching it tentively as the apes did) at a moment when the earth and sun are in conjunctive orbit. They conclude that some form of life on Jupiter may have placed the monolith there and, fourteen months later, an expedition is sent to Jupiter to investigate.

Two major progressions have been made: an evolutionary progression in the discovery of the tool, and a technological progression inherent in the trip to Jupiter. The discovery of the monolith has preceded each advance, and with it the conjunction of the sun and moons of a given planet, as well as the presence of ape or human at a stage of development where they are ready to make the significant progression. The monolith, then, begins to represent something of a deity; for our own purposes, we will assume that, given the three conditions, the inert monolith actually teaches or ~~inspires~~ inspires ape and man to make the crucial advance. Therefore, it becomes a major force in man's evolution: man is not responsible for his own development, and perhaps the monolith even brings the men to it at the precise moment of the conjunctive orbits.

To Kubrick, this dehumanization is more than the result of the undefined force exerted by the monolith and proves a direct consequence of advanced technology. Kubrick is no stranger to the subject: The Killings and Lolita both involve man's self-expression through the automobile; Spartacus's defeat comes because he is not adequately prepared to meet the advanced military technology of the Roman army; Dr. Strangelove, of course, contains a running motif of machines assuming human characteristics (the machine sexuality of its opening titles) while humans become machinelike, a theme carried further in 2001. The central portion of 2001, the trip to Jupiter, can, as an odyssey toward a final progression of man, concern itself largely with Kubrick's persistent preoccupation of the relationship between man and his tools.

Kubrick prepares us for the ultimate emotional detachment of Bowman and Poole; his characterization of Dr. Floyd, the protagonist of the moon sequence and the initiator of the Jupiter expedition, stresses his coldness, noticeably in a telephone conversation with his young daughter, a dialogue which suggests a reliance on manipulating her more than it demonstrates any love for her. These men, all professional, are no longer excited by space travel: they sleep during flights and pay no attention to what-we-consider extraordinary phenomenon occurring before their eyes (the rapid rotation of the earth in the background during the telephone scene).

Bowman and Poole are inhuman. Their faces register no emotion and they show no tension; their few decisions are always logical and the two always agree; Poole greets a televised birthday message from his gauche middle-class parents on Earth with complete lack of interest--he is, for practical purposes, no longer their child. With subtle humor, Kubrick separates one from the other only in their choice of food from the dispensing machine: Poole chooses



food with clashing colors and Bowman selects a meal composed entirely within the ochre-to-dark brown range. In a fascinating selection of material, Kubrick omits the actual act of Poole's murder, cutting to his body in space directly after the mechanical pod-hands sever his air hose, thus taking emphasis off any identification we might suddenly feel and turning the murder into cold, further dehumanized abstraction.

The only human in the film is HAL 9000, the super-computer that runs the ship and exhibits all the emotional traits lacking in Bowman and Poole. The script development is, again, linear: the accepted relationship of man using machine is presented initially, then discarded in favor of an equal balance between the two (HAL, for example, asks Bowman to show him some sketches, then comments on them). This equilibrium where men and machine perversely share characteristics shatters only when HAL mistakenly detects a fault in the communications system. The HAL computers cannot make mistakes and a confirmation of the error would necessitate disconnection. At this point the balance shifts again: Bowman asks HAL to explain his mistake and HAL denies it, attributing it to "human error"; we are reminded of the maxim, "a bad workman blames his tools," and realize HAL is acting from a distinctly human point-of-view in trying to cover up his error.



As the only human in the film HAL proves a greater murderer than any of the men. Returning 2001 to the theme of inherent destruction in social and technological progress, Kubrick's chilling last-shot-before-the-intermission (a shot from HAL's point-of-view, lip-reading a conversation of Bowman and Poole deciding to dismantle him if the mistake is confirmed) suggests the potential of machine to control man, the ultimate reversal of roles in a situation where man makes machines in his own image. HAL's success is partial; he murders Poole, then three doctors on the ship in a state of induced hibernation. The murder of the sleeping doctors is filmed almost entirely as close-ups of electronically controlled charts, a pulsating coordination of respiration regulators, cardiographs, and encephalographs. HAL shuts his power off gradually and we experience the ultimate dehumanization of watching men die not in their bed-coffins but in the diminished activity of the lines on the charts.

In attempting to re-enter the ship from the pod he has used to retrieve Poole's corpse, Bowman must improvise for the first time, ad-lib emergency procedures to break-in against HAL's wishes. His determination is perhaps motivated by the first anger he has shown, and is certainly indicative of a crucial re-assertion of man over machine, again shifting the film's balance concerning the relationship between man and tool. In a brilliant and indiscrutable sequence, preceded by some stunning low-angle camera gyrations as Bowman makes his way toward HAL's controls, the man performs a lobotomy on the computer, dismantling all but its mechanical functions. Symbolically, it is the murder of an equal, and HAL's "death" becomes the only empathy-evoking scene in 2001. Unlike any of the humans, HAL dies a natural human death at Bowman's hand, slowing down into senility and second childhood, until he remembers only his first programmed memory, the song Daisy, which he sings until his final expiration.

Bowman's complex act parallels that of the australopithecus: his use of the pod ejector to re-enter the craft was improvisational, the mechanism was undoubtedly designed for a different purpose--this referring to the use of bone as weapon-tool. Finally in committing murder, Bowman has essentially lost his dehumanization and become an archetypal new being: one worthy of the



transcendental experience that follows. For the last part of the film, we must assume Bowman an individual by virtue of his improvised triumph over the complex computer.

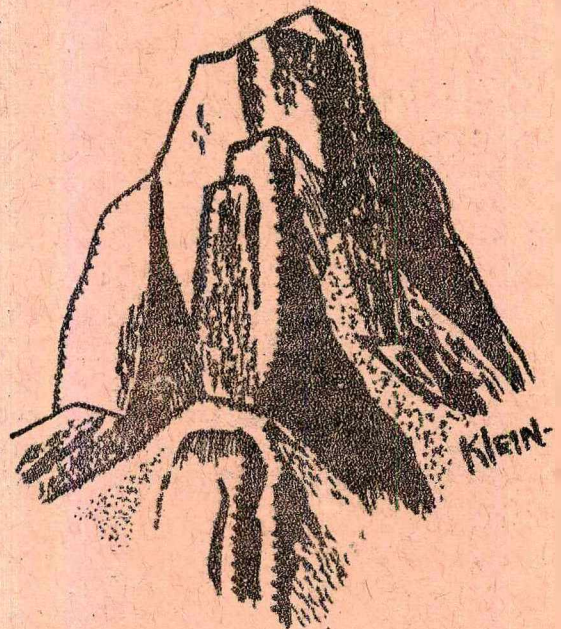
Left alone in the space ship, Bowman sees the monolith slab floating in space in Jupiter's atmosphere and takes off in a pod to follow it; knowing by now the properties of the pod, we can conjure images of the mechanical arms controlled by Bowman reaching to touch the monolith as did the australopithicines and the humans. The nine moons of Jupiter are in orbital conjunction (a near-impossible astronomical occurrence) and the monolith floats into that orbit and disappears. Bowman follows it and enters what Clarke calls the time-space warp, a zone "beyond the infinite" conceived cinematically as a five-minute three-part light show, and intercut with frozen details of Bowman's reactions.

If the monolith has previously guided man to major evolutionary and technological progression, it leads Bowman now into a realm of perception man cannot conceive, an experience unbearable for him to endure while simultaneously marking a new level in his progress. The frozen shots intercut with the light sequences show, debatably, Bowman's horror in terms of perception and physical ordeal, and his physical death: the last of many multi-colored solarized close-ups of his eye appears entirely flesh-colored and, if we are justified in creating a color metaphor, the eye is totally wasted, almost subsumed into a pallid flesh. When man journeys far enough into time and space, Kubrick and Clarke are saying, man will find things he has no right to see.

But this is not, as Clarke suggests in Life, the end of an Ahab-like quest on the part of men driven to seek the outer reaches of the universe. Bowman is led into the time warp by the monolith. The moon monolith's radio signals directed toward Jupiter were not indicative of life as we know it on Jupiter, but were a roadmap, in effect, to show Bowman how to find his way to the monolith that guides him toward transcendent experience.

At the end, Bowman, probably dead (if we are to interpret make-up in conventional terms) finds himself in a room decorated with Louis XVI period furniture with fluorescent-light floors. He sees himself at different stages of old age and physical decay. Perhaps he is seeing representative stages of what his life would have been had he not been drawn into the infinite. As a bed-ridden dying man, the monolith appears before him and he reaches out to it. He is replaced by a glowing embryo on the bed and, presumably, reborn or transfigured into an embryo-baby enclosed in a sphere in our own solar system, watching Earth. He has plainly become an integral part of the cosmos, perhaps as Life suggests, as a "starchild" or, as Penelope Gilliatt suggests, as the first of a species of mutants that will inhabit the Earth and begin to grow. What seemed a linear progression may ultimately be cyclical, in that the final effect of the monolith on man can be interpreted as a progression ending in the beginning of a new revolutionary cycle on a vastly higher plane. But the intrinsic suggestiveness of the final image is such that any consistent theory about the nature of 2001 can be extended to apply to the last shot: there are no clear answers.

Severely less-than-affirmative ideas can be advanced. The monolith is a





representation of an extraterrestrial force which keeps mankind (and finally Bowman) under observation, and manipulates it at will. Man's progress is not of his own making, but a function of the monolith -- man cannot predict, therefore, the ensuing stages of his own evolution. That the initiation of man into higher states of development involves murder casts ambiguity as to the nature of the monolith force. In its statement that man cannot control his destiny, 2001 is anti-humanistic -- this also in the concept that what we consider humanity is actually a finite set of traits reproducible by machines.

The final appearance of the Louis XVI room suggests that Bowman was, in fact, being observed as if he were a rat in a maze, perhaps to test his readiness for a further progression, this time a transcendence. The decor of the room is probably not significant, and is either an arbitrary choice made by the observers, or else a projection of Bowman's own personality (the floor and the food are specifically within Bowman's immediate frame of reference).

If Kubrick's superb film has a problem, it may simply be that great philosophical-metaphysical films about human progress and man's relationship to the cosmos have one strike against them when they attempt to be literally just that. Rossellini's radiant religious films or Bresson's meditative asceticism ultimately say far more, I think, than Kubrick's far-more-ambitious attempt at synthesizing genre and meaning.

Nevertheless, 2001: A Space Odyssey cannot be easily judged if only because of its dazzling technical perfection. To be able to see beyond that may take a few years. When we have grown used to beautiful strange machines, and the wonder of Kubrick's special effects wears off by duplication in other Hollywood films, then we can probe confidently beyond 2001's initial fascination and decide what kind of a film it really is.

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#### A F A B L E

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful princess who lived in an enchanted castle made out of boxes of manila mailing envelopes. She had always been content there, and it was not until she reached the age of seventeen and tried to run off to Greenwich Village and become a hippie that she realized it was impossible for her to leave. Suddenly, a wicked witch appeared and informed her that she had been cursed to remain in the castle until every one of the envelopes had been used in mailing out fanzines. She was in despair. Surely that would take a lifetime! (Or at least until she was over thirty, which amounted to the same thing.)

Then a gallant knight, looking strangely like a combination of Drew Whyte and Dave Vanderwerf, rode by and handed her a copy of the Stupendous NESFA Address List. She was saved! The list included the names and addresses of all the fans she knew, plus thousands no one had ever heard of. She dashed down to the mimeograph in the basement and set to work at once. By the time she had reached her annish, the castle was demolished and she was free to go wherever she wished. (Unfortunately, for her, hippies were now out, but that was her tough luck.)

Soon you too will be able to get a copy of the Stupendous NESFA Address List. Since (like everything else around here) this list is kept on IBM cards, every copy sent out is completely up-to-date, run off specifically for you. Lists may be arranged alphabetically, by Zip Code, or in any other computer-comprehensible manner you can think of. More than a thousand names and addresses have already been punched, and additions and corrections are coming in all the time. Each copy will sell for \$1. Checks should be made out to New England Science Fiction Association and sent to:

Directory Committee  
NESFA  
POBox G - MIT Station  
Cambridge MA02139



# .007 - SHOT

-- Dick Harter

Once upon a time, a bunch of ~~people~~ NESFA members went to see 2001. Someone or something (I forget whose idea it was) got the idea of putting out a one-shot. So we all trooped over to Tony's and consumed goodies. Somehow very little got typed and most of that was misspelled. We are pleased, however, to present the irreducible residue of that aborted effort, the .007 shot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having solved all of the major problems of the world in previous brilliant and scintillating conversations we focused the awesome might of our collective minds on the problem of devising a new and more effective bidding procedure for determining the next worldcon site. A few of the ungodly and less enlightned were wont to waste our time with trivial suggestions concerning restricted voting lists and such like. These rather impractical and trite suggestions were quickly abandoned in favor of a few wise, sane, and emotionally sound modest proposals which are detailed below.





The first proposals revolved around the notion of restricting the franchise by means of a poll tax. There was some small debate whether a seven foot poll would be sufficient or whether a fifteen foot poll would be necessary. These discussions were cut short when some fink pointed out that poll taxes were unconstitutional.

A second proposal was that the voting should be done by state with each state having as many votes as it has fans. Naturally each state's vote would be cast by one fan selected by chance.

Some held forth that the consite selection should be made by trial by combat between the bidding committees. Some held out for quarterstiffs and others supported short swords. One of the difficulties is that bidding committees would bring in ringers.

A piquant suggestion was that lead weights be attached to the members of the various bidding committees, who would all be thrown in the nearest large body of water, it being obvious that those who floated would be witches and would therefore be best qualified to put on a con. This proposal has great merit in that it would considerably simplify future con bidding.

Still another proposal that has a certain merit is that every fan who wishes to vote must first take a comprehensive written examination to be taken at his nearby handy neighbourhood computer time-sharing system.

Perhaps the best (and certainly the most simple) of the methods proposed was that the consite selection should be made by drawing straws, the con going to the committee which draws the best straw. Representational drawing only.

Even simpler would be flipping coins. It was unanimously agreed, with only 70% dissenting, that flipping coins was better and fairer than the present system.

These clever and eminently practical ideas were some of the profusion of ideas advanced and represent a most useful contribution to the literature on the state of the art of consite bidding. It is our humble opinion that these proposals and suggestions should be considered. You may imagine what the membership considers them.

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Has anyone noticed lately that TVGuide is turning into a sort of underground fanzine? Consider the case of the Good Doctor, for example. When writing for any non-sf publication, The Sunday Times Magazine Section for example, Asimov is apt to be learned, scholarly, imbued with a kind of profound wit perhaps, but fundamentally serious. Yet the moment TVGuide asked him to write on scientific errors in TV sf, he came with a discussion of how galaxies taste like grapefruits. That was a year ago. Then last month, in an article purportedly on the evils of Saturday morning cartoon shows, he started off talking about silver champagne buckets, went from there to a logical proof of how said cartoons are obviously a form of Zoroastrian propaganda, and concluded by accusing the mothers of America of being agents of Ahriman. Is this not fanzine material? Now, in this week's issue, we find an article having no connection with Asimov, purportedly a serious study of how television alienates its writers. And yet most of the first page is devoted to...a Harlan Ellison story! Not one of the best perhaps, but I do enjoy the concept of Harlan punching a network executive in the nose at a story conference. Furthermore, the rest of the article contains many relevant quotations, of which the largest number are from Gene Roddenberry. Strange forces are at work here, my friends.

# Fanzine Reviews

--Anthony R. Lewis

ALGOL #13 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd Street, New York, NY, 10028; for the usual or 75¢) Beautiful front and back covers. The best in this issue is Delaney's "Some Architectural Sketches for 'The Towers.'" Some of the other items would be the best if they had appeared in any other zine. Of humorous note is rich brown's "A Story for Trufans." A must.

ANUBIS #3 (The Golden Goblin Press, PO Box 323, Arlington, VA, 22216; quarterly, 60¢ each or \$2/year) Superb weird fiction and fantasy by professional authors. A. E. Rothovius contributes a Lovecraft pastiche and Zelazny has a diller of a short-short. My own cavil is that the artwork could be improved and increased. Surely Jack Gaughan and Virgil Finlay could have some fun illustrating the stories. Obligatory.

ARGH! #1 (Chester Malon, Jr., 4413 Blair Avenue, St. Louis, MO 63107; quarterly, for the usual) Very neofannish zine shot through with in-group jokes--perhaps known only to St. Louis fandom. Good repro. I won't commit myself until I have seen a few more issues.

DYNATRON #34,35 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM, 87107; irregular, for the usual or 25¢) Don Franson reports on Westercon XX. A smattering of otherness fills the zine, but by far the winner is Roytac's visit to an underground cinema in Albuquerque (don't forget the drunk--he lost with good sportsmanship).

#35 A long serious review of Dangerous Visions by ol' Roytac in which he asserts that what was good in DV was the SCIENCE fiction stories and what was bad were the SPECULATIVE fiction stories--I agree with him. More of Don Franson's Westercon XX report and some letters finish up. Why are two sheets of the lettercol in my issue printed on a different color paper?

FOOLSCAP #3 (John D. Berry, Box 6801, Stanford, California, 94305; for 25¢, trade, loc, contribution) Most of this issue is a NYCon III review, being one of the subjective kind--however, there wasn't much one could say about most of the program. The rest is taken up by fanzine reviews and letters. Good mimeo repro.

GOLANA #9 (Science Fiction Club, Box 439, Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, 333 Jay Street, Brooklyn, NY, 11201; for cash (60¢ ?), loc, trade, etc.) Photo offset with multicolour cover (grrr) --financed by the school--it must cost. Better than average fan fiction, a neoish NYCon report. Strangely, for the quality of reproduction Golana lacks an adequate supply of good artwork. A worthwhile issue.

GORE CREATURES #11 (Gary Srehla, 5906 Karon Avenue, Baltimore, MD, 21206; 25¢) Devoted to monster and horror films. Good artwork--average repro.

GREEN DRAGON #4 (Tolkien Society of America, Belknap College, Center Harbor, NH, 03226; free to TSA members, 10¢ to others) Newsletter of the TSA, meetings,



things for sale, Tolkien news, etc.

HAVERINGS #29,31 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton Surrey, UK, US Agent-Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, CA, 94701; bimonthly, \$1 or 7/- for 6)

#29 Fanzine reviews--highly recommended.

#31 Compendium of fanzine reviews. Good to keep up on what's being published.

HECK MECK #16 English Edition (Mario Kwiat, 44 Münster/Westf. Stettiner Str.38, Germany or Manfred Kage, Schaesberg/Limburg, Achter de Winkel'41, Netherlands; for the usual) This issue is by Manfred Kage. There is a short report on the 67 Helcon and some arguments for the 70 Worldcon in Germany. Also some fanzine reviews, movie reviews and the ubiquitous letter column.

HUGIN AND MUNIN #3,4 (Richard Labonte, 971 Wilkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario; for the usual or 25¢) This is the QO of ACUSECOS at Carleton University.

#3 has a good cover and an article on European prozines (reprinted from COSIGN) by Labonte. The rest of the issue isn't much. Labonte wants a continental-con in '70. This is a bad idea. It is basically an attempt to undercut the Worldcon in Germany (assuming they get it, which is very likely). I am in favor of a Canadian national Convention and a Worldcon in Canada, but a Worldcon gotten by the same means as any other city--not through the back door. What many people fail to realize is, that in terms of attendance and area fans are drawn from, the US regional cons are equivalent to national conventions in most other countries.

#4 has a well-produced cover which, for some reason, is cut smaller than the interior page size. Labonte continues his call for an organization of Canadian fandom (sort of C3F ??) I am afraid this issue is sercon in the perjorative sense of the word.

MONSTERS & HEROES #3 (Larry Ivie, Box 505, Ansonia NY, NY, 10023; \$3/6) Professional fanzine. Most of this issue is devoted to King Kong and Captain Video (separate articles). M&H seems to be going in more and more for pictures as opposed to written articles.

THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS #3 (Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News, VA, 23605; irregular, for the usual) Ditto repro much improved from previous issues. Good artwork (especially front cover), poor poetry, some fan fiction and fmz reviews.

NIEKAS #19 (Ed Meskys, Center Harbor, NH, 03226; irregular, 50¢ each or 5/\$2) Ah, a nice thick fanzine full of all manner of goodies. NIEKAS is devoted to fantasy, with especial emphases on Tolkien and children's books (i.e. books ostensibly written for children). Very good poem on dragons by Nan Braude, well illustrated by Diana Paxson. Another installment of the glossary of Middle Earth (Geography Section M-R) Other things of import are some musings by Poul Anderson and some damn good book reviews by Larry Janifer. Buy it.

ODD #18 (Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, MO, 63108; 75¢ or 4/\$2) Photo-offset=beautiful reproduction. There is a Jack Gaughan comique strip in his usual fey style anent Dragons. There is a poem which says much about cats--in little space--perhaps too much. We (the cats) will kill the poet--and eat him. Excellent art work--not only recommended but mandatory. St. Louis in '69.

QUARBER MERKUR #13,14 (Franz Rottensteiner, A-2762 Ortman, Felsen str. 20, Österreich; for trades, locs, contributions)

#13 articles about SF including a number translated in German by Herr Rottensteiner.

#14 More of the same. Good repro in general and interesting ATOM covers. Highly recommended if you read German.

QRM #2 (Ed Meyer, POBox 3, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge MA 02139; free but ZIP Code necessary) This is the October 1967 issue, published 4 February 1968, and collated March 1968. Nicely reproed cover by Steve Fabian. Ed spends most of this issue apologizing for the delay in getting it out. There is a good talk by Fred Pohl given a year ago at the South Boston Branch Public Library, mostly saying nice things about E.E. Smith. A -- well -- interesting short by Anne Dilon (whose work will be appearing in STROON) and a dated article by ARL about the formation of NESFA round out this issue.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS 1967 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson TX 77566) Dittoed listing of the sf books published in 1967. Admittedly incomplete, the compiler is trying to get info as to books left out. CB please note. Very useful.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #451, 452 (PO Box 216, Syracuse NY 13209; monthly, 12/\$3) News of magazines, Star Trek, calendar of events, book reviews, etc. Highly recommended.

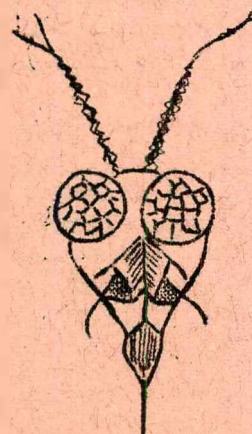
SIRRUISH Winter 67/68 (Leigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold MO 63410; quarterly, 25¢ or the usual) Another excellent zine from OSFA. Jim Dorr is infiltrating with a review of "Metropolis." Some well thought out book reviews. There is an interesting story by W.G. Bliss; I think it would have come off better if the characters didn't speak English with a pseudo-German accent. Highly recommended.

STEFANTASY Vol 24 No 1, Whole #62 (Wm. M. Danner, RD 1, Kennerdell PA 16374; irregular, available (perhaps) upon request, trade, or contribution) One of the few printed fanzines, this marvelous vehicle for the editor's grotches is truly worthwhile. This issue continues the vendetta against the P.O.D., junk mail and the mail order houses. Other veterans of this war supplying info are D.A. Grennell, E.M. Pittaro, Rick Sneary & Harry Warner, Jr. Mr. Danner hates ZIP codes.

SYNCOM #2 (Jeff D. Evans and James P. Sampson, 11290 SW 43rd Lanes, Miami FL 33165; irregular) Poor mirror repro which I assume is due to the inexperience of the publishers. A bit of bad poetry and fan fiction. This is possibly the beginning of FL fandom and it has possibilities with some work and some judicious editing.

TOURNAMENTS ILLUMINATED I: 4, 4.1, 5 (Chronicle of the Society for Creative Anachronism, 1585 Arch Street, Berkeley CA 94708; 35¢ or \$1.50/year) News on revels, tournaments, concerts, etc. Advice on mediaeval costume-making.

WHERE NO FAN HAS GONE BEFORE #2 (Bjo Trimble, 417 North Kenmore Avenue, Los Angeles CA 90004; I don't see a price, but you could send postage plus as Bjo has been fighting the good fight) "We won" issue includes details of victory. Also included is a F-UN Con flyer and info from VOICE -- an attempt to fight the Nielsens. To protest 10 pm Friday slot write: Julian Goodman, President, NBC and Mort Werner, Head of Programming, NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York NY 10026. Along with WNFHGB #2 came SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN, which is mainly about ST stuff for sale: scripts, film clips, concordance, etc.





WSFA JOURNAL #54 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton MD 20906; tri-weekly, 5/\$1.25, 10/\$2, 20/\$3.75) This is more a genzine than a strict clubzine, containing con listings, club meetings, book reviews, con reports (open ESFA), and all good things.

YOUR FEDERAL INCOME TAX 1968 (Government Printing Office, Washington DC 20402, annual, 50¢) Chock-full of barely believable fantasy. Poor artwork and no lettercol mar this publication. However, it is a must for any serious collector -- of money.

#### AND YET MORE REVIEWS BY YOUR ROVING EDITOR

CINDER #5,6,7 and PHOENIX #3,4,5 (Jim Ashe, 301 Dryden Road, Ithaca NY 14850; monthly, 20¢, 6/\$1, contributions, LoCs, "special goodness") Cinder contains various informal musings, fmz reviews, and a rather free-form Epic #1, in which currently three superintelligent kittens are off to explore the universe in a borrowed spaceship. Phoenix is more news-oriented. Both packed into four photo-offset pages. A very personal zine and a nice, friendly thing to find warming up a cold doorstep in the morning.

COSIGN #15 (Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St. Columbus, Ohio 43202; rest as above) An interminable parody of Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea and ten infinitely sercon pages on B.F. Skinner's Walden Two make this issue slightly leaden, but as a general rule Cosign is worth getting.

CRABAPPLE GAZETTE #1 (Martin M. Horvat, POBox 286, Tangent, Oregon 97389) Reprints of mainstream views of sf. Interesting and well-produced. If Horvat doesn't expend his apparently vast store of neofannish energy within the year, he can probably be look<sup>ed</sup> to as a continued producer of Good Things.

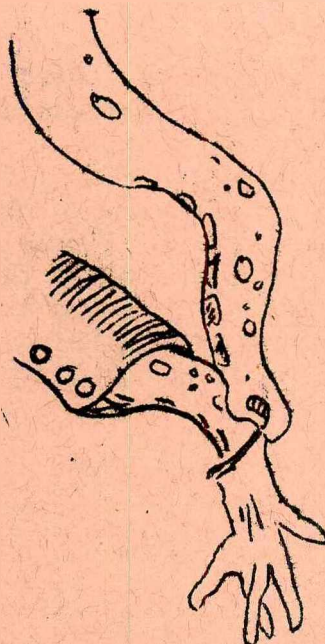
EN GARDE #3 (Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan 48234 and Gary Crowdus, 27 West 11 Street, New York NY 10011; irregular) Purely for Avengers (specifically Diana Rigg) nuts -- and what will they find to write about now?

EXILE #3 (Seth Dogramajian, 32-66 80th Street, Jackson Heights, NY 11370; irregular? anything but money) Crudzine of the month -- he even managed to spell my name wrong on the address.

FAUN #13 (formerly Cosmostillette) (Gene Klein, 33-51 84th Street, Jackson Heights NY 11372, irregular, 25¢ or the usual) Mainly a superhero comic strip and reviews. Not quite a crudzine, but nothing to really recommend it for either.

GLAMDRING #6 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles CA 90024; monthly, 15¢, 2/25¢, trades 1-for-1) Listing of fmz's received, including apas. Capsule reviews of genzines and a fascinating assortment of cryptic symbols for page-count, type of repro, etc. Surely worth a trade-copy of anyone's zine.

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 Oops, I guess we don't have any earlier reviews of Cosign. Very well then, the rates are 35¢, 8/\$2.50, published LoCs, contributions, trades. Everyone happy?



ME  
'68

GRANFALLOON #2,3 (Linda Eyster, 1610 Belvedere Blvd, Silver Spring MD20902; 30¢, 4/\$1, trade, contributions, printed LoCs) This the the produce of two highly enthusiastic, barely-post-neo-femmesfans, who have been doing such highly impressive things as reviving Pittsburgh fandom singlehanded and publishing during finals. #2 is a bit slight and #3 rather overloaded with reviews and conreports, but the general spirit is amusing and future issues ought to balance out enjoyably.

HOLLAND SF #2 (Leo Kindt, Heilostroaat 206, 's Gravenhage, Nederland, 30¢ or trade) Twenty pages in Dutch with a two-page English summary -- very frustrating. But they seem very anxious to receive US zines, so try trading with them anyway.

HOOP #3 (Jim Young, 1943 Ulysses St NE, Minneapolis MN55418; 5/\$1, contributions, trades, published 1981) Garishly (!) dittoed with lots of news of Minneapolis fandom, reviews, etc. Moderately amusing.

LEFTOVERS #4 (John Boardman, 592 16 Street, Brooklyn NY11218, 5/\$1, trades, LoCs) Grand amalgamation of all his other zines, with apologies to the sf-fans for inflicting his politics on them. He promises a "general coverage zine" in the near future.

OSFAN #33, 34, 35 (OSFA, Hank Luttrell, whose summer address I cant find at the moment but I'll try to get it in someplace, 15¢, 12/\$1.50, contributions, Locs) Missouri and general news, reviews, etc. Recommended.

PERVERTION #4 (Sam Bellotto Jr., 190 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn NY11201; semi-annual; 40¢) Another beautifully produced college-supported zine consisting mostly of fan fiction. Alas. However their articles are often quite rewarding.

PLAK-TOW #5 (Shirly Meech, Apt B-8, 250 Elkton Road, Newark, Delaware 19711, semi-monthly, 5/\$1, trades?) This Star Trek newsletter is well-produced and illustrated, but the contents are purely for the fanatic. (Tho some of the interlino-3 parts ~~are~~ just be worth it.)

PSYCHOTIC #4 (Edward E. Geis, 5 Westminster Avenue, Venice CA90291, monthly? trades, contributions, 25¢) A lovely, juicy issue -- 49 pages of which 23 are lettercol. The rule for this year seems to be: If its not in Psychotic, its not in fandom. A necessity.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY III:2 (Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada; 50¢, \$1.50/year, trades, contributions) With rare exceptions, the critical articles in this publication range from tedious to superficial. Poetry, artwork, and fan fiction are mediocre. Harry Warners fanzine reviews are the only worthwhile feature, and even he's not worth 50¢ for four pages.

SANDWORM #4 (Bob Vardeman, POBox 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112; quarterly, 20¢, 4/\$1 (huh?), trades) I'm beginning to believe there really is an Albuquerque fandom... Sandworm seems to be mostly the usual features, but the touch is light and the allover flavor most enjoyable. Still, I wish his margins were a bit wider.

SFOPINION #7 (Dean R. Koontz, 528 Walnut Street, Apt 5, Lemoyne PA17043; 35¢, 3/\$1, usual) A carefully dittoed and beautifully laid-out zine. The contents are mostly by the editor and wife; it's rather un-fannish and somehow very impressive.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #72 (Ken Rudolph, 735 North Sycamore Avenue #14, Los Angeles CA90038) After three years of navel-contemplation, the new generation of LA fandom has brought Shaggy back to life just bursting with goodies: doings of LA fandom, relationship of sf to G&S' (mostly on plot borrowing -- I'd prefer something on subtler references), long ~~theoretical~~ review columns, etc. Get it.



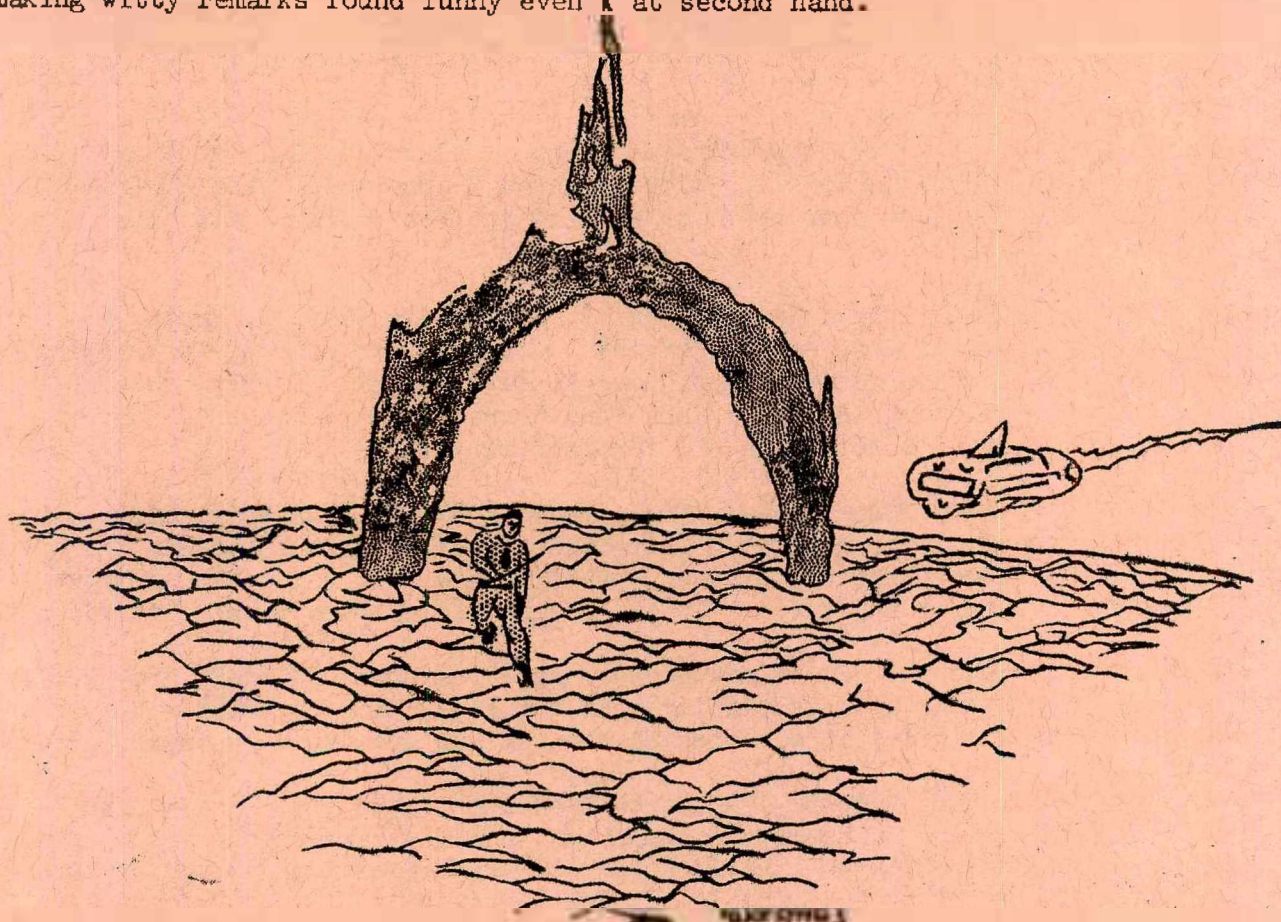
<sup>32</sup> SOME HARMFUL PLANTS OF SOUTHEAST ASIA (Superintendent of Documents, US Government Printing Office, Washington DC 20402; 45¢) Most noteworthy here is the artwork, which is both plentiful and well reproduced, although rather lacking in variety. The prose, however, is consistently dull, and the appendix, on plants used by Virgin Islanders as home remedies, can be of interest only to a specialized sub-fandom. The use of only one staple per issue is another grave fault. Since the publisher refuses to trade, best skip this one.

LES SPINGE #20 Darroll Pardoe, 95 E 12 Avenue, Columbus OH 43201, semiannual, trades, Locs, occasional goodwill) It's near the end of the pile, and I may be getting jaded, but the only outstanding thing I can find about this zine is the peculiarly noxious shade of reddish-purple in which it is reproduced. Ellen Griffin's poems are better than most, but the issue as a whole is peculiarly inconclusive.

SPOCKANALIA #2 (Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn NY 11225) This is a Star Trek zine that goes in for secondary universe construction rather than mere gushing over Spock and as such is of interest even to casual watchers of the show. Most notable are some of the articles on individual characters, such as EA Oddstad's demolition of Kirk's character and Ruth Berman tracing the stereotype of the "Dour Scots Engineer" up from Kipling. Be sure to get a copy of this one.

TWO SHOT (Albuquerque SFS, Gordon Benson, PO Box 8124, Albuquerque NM 87108) This is an everybody-go-home-and-type-a-stencil-and-we'll-all-run-them-off-together (as opposed to the drunken brawl variety) oneshot, and the contents are accordingly very irregular in quality. But I did like EdCo's mutterings on being a fannish ghod.

WEFA Journal #55,56 (address, etc. above) Solid and dependable as ever, #55 features Phil Muldowney on last year's British Proazines and Alexis Gilliland on how Gengis Khan is subtler than Conan. #56 is an extra-fat Disclave issue (with a coverillo, even). Among its many goodies, JKKlein's Nebula Awards Banquet report deserves special mention. JK is developing a truly Boswellian talent for making witty remarks found funny even at second hand.





# LETTERS

Jay Kay Klein  
302 Sandra Drive  
North Syracuse  
New York 13212  
24 February 1968

The P. Boskonian arrived today. Your con report on the Phillycon was read with interest. For your delectation, I am attaching a couple of photos of you - just a sample of the many pictures I have taken of you in various attitudes and positions.

The photos are a bit small, but with a handlens, you can see the most minute detail. In fact, you can tell from your wristwatch that the photo of you looking at my stereo slides was taken at 10 minutes to one (a.m. obviously). ((That's not fair--I even get up by 11 a.m. sometimes these days.))

You might like to know of an amusing incident that occurred Friday night (actually near 3 a.m. Saturday) after you fell asleep. You, Sheila, and Marsha had fallen asleep on each of the three available beds. I was the last person to leave, and as I started to depart, Charlie Brown pointed his finger at each of the beds in turn, saying "Eenie, meenie, miny...."

...and I left without knowing the winner. ((Isn't the illusion of free will marvelous?))

Also, one of the strange characters that you had a hard time getting rid of on Saturday night was Charles McNamara. He wrote a quite detailed, and very excellent, con report for the Philadelphia Magazine. The report is by far the best and fairest ever to appear in a general circulation publication. (December, 1967)

And I might mention that there is one more pronunciation of LOC: George Heap's. A couple of years ago, at a Disclave, George introduced a new song, based on the tune and rhyme scheme of "Twelve Days of Christmas." For example, one of the items endlessly repeated was "a suit by Chris and Sam". This, everyone understood. However, one item was "Yellow Sea." After the finish of the song, George was asked what a "Yellow Sea" was. He explained it was an L.O.C....

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Doug Hoylman  
1304 N. Cherry  
Tucson  
Arizona 85719  
29 February 1968  
(Birthday of Little Orphan  
Annie; also of the hero in  
Penance, whatever his name is)

when I have my degree, so I can go out and start getting an education.) I shall now be on the lookout for the screamingly funny social comedy which you describe. ((But I thought the point was that you learn history from historical novels, then take courses to imbibe learned theories.))

I apologize for my misconceptions (misconceptions?) about the nature of Miss Heyer's work. I looked today at the city library for some of her writings, but found only a historical novel about the flight of Charles II from England. My prejudice against historical novels, unlike my prejudice against Gothic novels, is well-founded; I don't know enough history to appreciate them. (I'll be glad

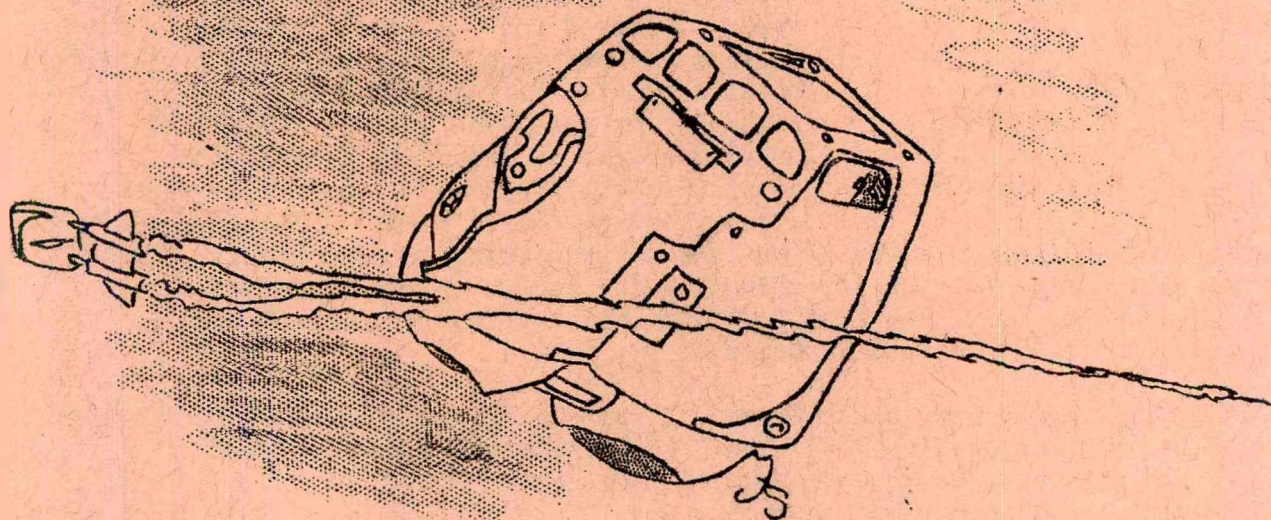
Concerning Tony's Hugo suggestions: I approve of his list of short stories and novelets, insofar as I've read them. (I still haven't found a copy of Dangerous Visions.) I too am something of a Miven fan (though I can't quite accept his organ banks--see Budrys in the April Galaxy), and can't understand why



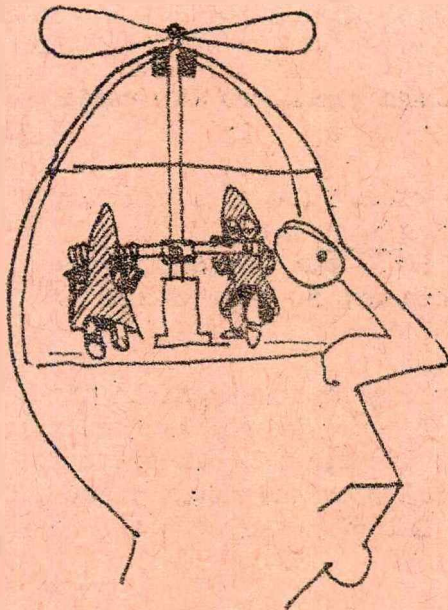
Alexei Panshin (according to Ted White's Yandro article) sought to include him as a horrible example. I agree with Ythion and Dragonrider, didn't think Lord of Light was all that good, haven't read Lords of the Starship. Faust Aleph-Mull started out fairly entertainingly, but ended up as just a gag story, practically a pun (an expression that's meant figuratively is taken literally). Fred Brown used to do this sort of thing better in two pages or less. No comment on the artists; I know nothing about art and, in contrast to the cliché, don't even know what I like. If and Galaxy are likewise my choices one and two, though both Analog and F&SF have improved this year. Haven't seen any of the fanzines listed except Yandro; I sent in subscription money for Niekas, but haven't gotten anything yet. Certainly Star Trek is the only contender for the drama award, but I didn't like "Amok Time" that well. ((Mirror, Mirror, the parallel universe thing with the bearded Spock, also seems to be getting much support, including probably mine.))

Cory, why do you leave the apostrophes out of such words as dont and wasnt? I presume there's some logical reason, but I can't think what it might be. (Seems to me Bernard Shaw did the same thing.) It's only a minor annoyance, and a possible source of confusion with the nouns cant and wont, but I'm curious. If there is any apostrophe in English which could logically or etymologically be omitted, it's the one in the possessive suffix 's, which is derived from the unapostrophied genitive suffix of German. ((Kotru--the apostrophe represents the lost -e- in Old English -es.)) Lewis Carroll, in Sylvie and Bruno, went to the other extreme and wrote ca'n't and wo'n't with two apostrophes, since in each case there are letters omitted from both places. (He seemed to think that won't comes from would not, whereas it's actually from Middle English woll not, or so says my dictionary; but this doesn't affect his reasoning.) I guess the logic is valid, but it looks silly. ((In my pronunciation, cant, dont, and wont have different vowel sounds from can, do and woll. (Yes, woll is part of my vocabulary. I use it everytime I have to remind myself that vr. is Sanskrit for 'choose'.)) Therefore I think of and write them as separate words, not just contractions of cannot, do not and woll not. However, I do generally write I'll and he'll to distinguish them from ill, Hell. Since the capitalization would suffice, this must be because they are still I+ll and he+ll.)

Is Harter's piece for real or is it a parody of Cochran's stuff in Infinite Fanac? It's no less believable than the latter. (Incidentally, have there been any I-F's since #9? Or any BF/F's since August?) ((The many people seem to doubt it, Eliza is for real. A careful analysis will reveal a small number of stock replies. "No" or "not" gives "You're being rather negative aren't you" "You" gives "We were talking about you, not me" or "You're not really talking about me are you." "My X" gives "What about your X." "There is..." gives "Did you think there might







not be...." When no key word appears, you get "Please go on," or perhaps "Before you said...." And so forth. Plans are afoot to make Eliza available in the NESFA suite at Baycon. Stay tuned for further news.))

Am now hard(ly) at work on my dissertation, which is to find the densest possible lattice packing of regular tetrahedra. It's a tedious sort of thing with lots of special cases to check out, and I seem to spend most of my time correcting my own arithmetic. (The indignity of it all! Me, a mathematician, actually adding and multiplying numbers, some of three and four digits! But I enjoy it.) The problem is one that's been laying around unsolved for thirty years or more, which is sort of disturbing. But the reason is probably simply that nobody but my advisor and I gives a damn about it. ((What happens when you become Dr. Hoylman? Or does that depend on who hires you?))

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Joanne Burger  
55 Blue Bonnet Ct  
Lake Jackson  
Texas 77566  
13 March 1968

To see what you had said about Georgette Heyer. I have all of her books but 2. One of them was loaned to a friend and I haven't seen it since. You wouldn't know of an extra copy of The Unknown Ajax floating around somewhere, would you? I have even been known to pay extra for books that I really want. If a Georgette Heyer fan club ever starts, put me

down as a charter member. Her version of Regency England is so good it makes me think I might even be able to live there with just her stories as a guide. But have you ever compared her setting with John Dickson Carr's stories about the same time period. I don't know if it is just a different class of people, or what, but Carr's Regency England is quite different. ((I don't know Carr, but have you ever tried Jeffery Farnol? His version of the Regency is totally unconnected with anyone else's.))

+ + + + +

Jim Ashe  
301 Dryden Road  
Ithaca,  
New York 14850  
14 March 1968

I enjoyed your description of the Phillycon (I missed it) but I think the #1 spot has to go to Susan Hereford's NESFA/BATTLE story. That is a thought provoker for sure. I never realized a picketing operation could involve so much organizational work. It seems to sum up as 'controversy by agreement' and somehow it struck me as all a bit hopeless. Well, it's a new

world we're living in, and a rather odd one. Wish Pohl and Kornbluth were still thinking about the future.

Recently read the last ANALOG. Didn't think much of it. I think (as against Harlan Ellison, for example) there is a greater place for science in science fiction than there ever was before. Campbell doesn't seem to feel that way. The stories mostly have an odd flavor I cannot quite put a name to, but I think they are



Sherma Comerford  
83 Lincoln Avenue  
Newark  
New Jersey 07104  
17 March. 1968

Hi! Hey! Hello there!

(And a tip of the hat to any fan who remembers the radio show that opening was taken from.)

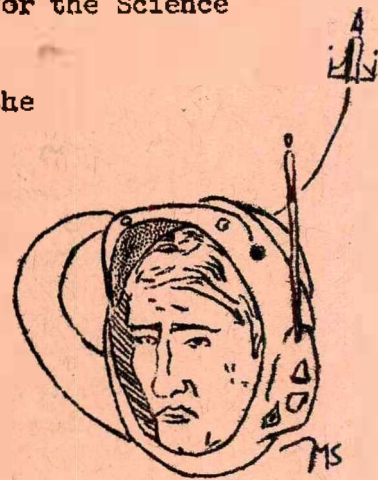
Gee, this must be a first of some kind. You misspelled my name four times and two different ways. Is my handwriting that bad? It is? Baww! ((I'd like to apologize for all the typos, but PB #1 got put out in one rather traumatic week and somehow I just didn't have the heart to beat enough proofreaders out of the bush.))

Enjoyed Boskonian very much indeed. That Phillycon report is especially interesting, because we (Devra Langsam, Brian Burley, and I) were there, and did a couple of things you didn't get to. Brian and I, for instance, are on the JCon Committee (Columbus in '69!). There was a very successful JCon hospitality room, run by Brian, and committee members Bob Hillis and Mike Lalor, as well as the chairman, Larry Smith.

Devra is neutral in the '69 campaign, but we spent much time together in another group. Chuck Rein had planned a presentation of Karen Anderson's H.M.S. Trek-A-Star. He had her blessings, and the cast had worked pretty hard on the production. It was cancelled late Saturday afternoon because a member of the cast (who shall remain nameless) failed to show and couldn't be replaced. We weren't in the cast, but we promptly joined ourselves to the group, which spent the rest of the convention wandering around singing "Give 3.1416 cheers / for the Science Officer with pointed ears," and other goodies.

Eventually the production got put on tape, thanks to the checkout time extension on Sunday afternoon. It's a shame it never got on stage, though. The cast was good, and Chuck makes a marvelous Vulcan!

Congrats on your fortitude in the successful fight for Star Trek. We picketed NBC here in New York ('We' means Devra, her cousin Debbie Langsam, a delegation from a club called 'Vulcanian Enterprises,' and Yhos.) under the leadership of Wanda Kendall, who came out here from Cal Tech as a member of a committee for the promotion of quality television. (Star Trek is their first project. Wanda, who'd seen snow once before, found the weather colder than she'd thought possible. It was in the teens. California, here I come).



Mist close now. See you at Boskone (and, hopefully, Marcon, the following week in Columbus). Congrats to Suford on her impending transmogrification to Sue Lewis (Sulis? Sulnis - as in Mr. Sulu of the Enterprise? Sluis? no that sounds too much like the city.) ((Try Suford Lewis.))

Sherma, not Sherma or Sheila.

+ + + + +

Alexis Gilliland  
2126 Penna Avenue NW  
Washington  
D. C. 20037  
19 March 1968

Enclosed is a spattering of art work which may or may not be tractable to tracing.

Also a ~~few~~ ~~more~~ ~~art~~ ~~work~~ ~~which~~ ~~may~~ ~~or~~ ~~may~~ ~~not~~ ~~be~~ ~~tractable~~ ~~to~~ ~~tracing~~.

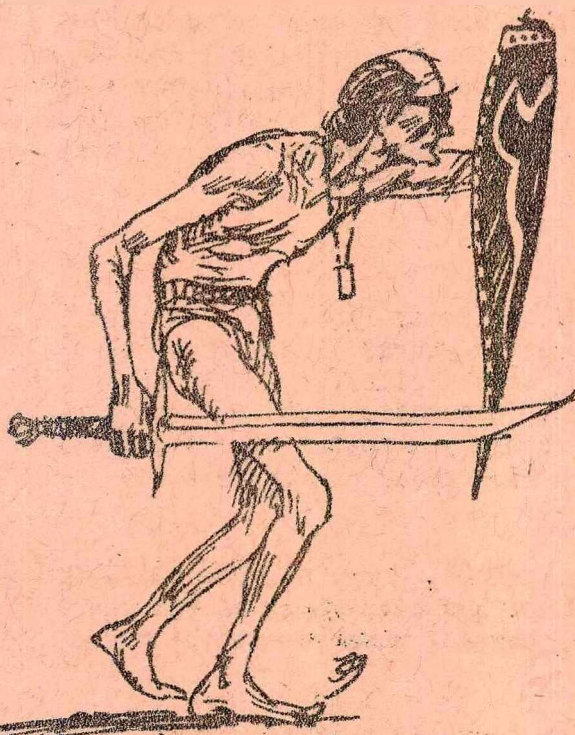
Oh we are marching to Eddoria  
 Eddoria,  
 Eddoria  
 Oh we are marching to Eddoria  
 Eddoria, Hooray!

Oh, waltz with me  
 I'll waltz with you  
 And so we will waltz together  
 So we will waltz together  
 So we will waltz together  
 Waltz with me, I'll waltz with you  
 And so we will waltz together  
 Waltzing all the way

Repeat first verse, then change waltz for skip, flit, zap, tromp etc ad nausea. This is derived from the South African protest (white labor in the early 20's) song "We are marching to Pretoria" with the incredibly minor change of substituting Eddoria for Pretoria. Just read it out loud and pretend you are walking and you pick up the tune.

The Proper Boskonian #1 (and #0) came into my fell purview via Don Miller, who gave them to my wife to review. I indolently read her review copies and mislay them, and as a result lag behind in my stern duty of reviewing paperbacks for TWJ. Worse yet, I write letters of comment, frivolous and full of drivility, for no good reason, getting further behind.

How come you left the Einstein Intersection by Delaney off your list of Hugo nominees? Also, Thorns by Silverberg? I read very little short fiction (except \*ech\*fan fiction) and so have no other comment. ((Complain to Tony Lewis, not me.))



We have a siamese tom, Morlake Walden-Pond, age 1 year, weight 12 pounds, disposition bouncy. He does not frequent other dimensions, but once in awhile he will charge around with his ears back, tail fluffed and back up for no visible reason, so the presumption is that he has seen the ghost of his predecessor. He gets a lot of play, some of it pretty rough. The result is that he is a people cat, friendly, and generally well disposed to strangers. Still, it is a bit startling to walk down the hall and have him pounce-left, pounce-right, pounce-left from (of course) behind, even if he does make velvet paws. ((Then there is our Ozymandias, who'll grab you around the ankle and try to drag you into the kitchen, if he thinks its dinnertime.))

In the daytime, of course, he harrasses the nursemaid and plays with Michael (age 4) and Charles (age 2). Sometimes I wonder about his doglike devotion. Perhaps he is a were-spaniel.



As far as being one of the bad guys is concerned, I'm all for it. Rather than viewing a villain as a sick hero, I incline to the notion that a hero is a fathead villain.

For night picketing, wear miner's cap reversed.



To really show up, letter with reflecting tape.

You could also use torches and carry the picket signs like shields and walk around chanting and pounding on a snare drum or a field drum with mallets.

"Ramadinga! Ramadinga! Kong, Kong!" That would shake up those TV types.

As the police cars drive up, you could shift to: "Cancel Startrek? Cancel Startrek? Kill! Kill!" And as they load you into the paddy wagons go limp and start singing "We Shall Overcome" and the TV newsmen will start shooting by conditioned reflex.

Well, supper is immanent, so I bid you a fond farewell.

+ + + + +

Roy Tackett  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque  
New Mexico 87107  
21 March 1968

Ah, but it is nice to know that you there in NESFA believe in me. Finally some one does. Remarkable. For years, you know, no one did. They all felt that I could only be the product of an imagination--a diseased imagination. Ummm. Quick--identify the story in which the protagonist's last words were: "Can it be that I am the product of my own imagi-----".

Fakefan if you can't.

I note among the list of coolies the name of one Fuzzy Pink. Do you realize that one Fuzzy Pink has been a coolie around there for years? Fuzzy Pink was a coolie on the early TWILIGHT ZINES and, according to the files, there is an F. Pink listed in the register of Salem for the year 1678. Occupation listed as coolie. One becomes suspicious of Fuzzy Pink. ((Let me assure you that I am, of course, above suspicion. But I must take offense, even a Tech co-ed can be sensitive about her age. --FP))

Great Klono (in keeping with the title of the zine), Cory, are you still in that same Old Irish Class? Why that Old Irish Class has been going on for years. Let us not confuse this with the New Irish Class, most of whom seem to be named Kennedy.

My dear Cory, I am sure that you realize that there is a multitude of excess

people littering the streets of every city, town and hamlet of this nation. Verily. But I have a plan. Yes. We shall gather at the river. The Mississippi River, that is. And use this great multitude of excess people as a dam at the mouth of the river and the water, being then unable to flow into the Gulf, will back up and form a vast inland lake thereby moderating weather conditions in the northern tier of states. Yes.

I giggled over the encounter of your mother with the magazine salesman. 39¢ a week for LIFE. Indeed. And at your friendly neighborhood newsstand it is only 35¢ per week. The usual discount subscription rate is about 9¢ per copy. Magazine salesmen. Or women. We get them around here in the summer. Young girl types. One approached last year. Could you help me? she asked. Perhaps, I said, figuring maybe she was lost as this is an easy area to get lost in. Why not too long ago Bob Vardeman, trying to find this place in the dark, even after he'd been here several times, spent hours wandering around the streets looking for Green Valley Road. It is dark, you see. Quite. I'm trying to get some special equipment for the crippled children, she said. A most noble purpose, I said. We need public spirited citizens to assist the poor crippled children who are handicapped through no fault of their own I said. I admire you for your efforts, I said. You can help me in this worthy enterprise, she said, by purchasing some of these magazine subscriptions. For every subscription I sell, she said, I get a certain number of points and when I have accumulated 172,349 points a barbell will be presented in my name to the crippled children. Be off with you, I said. I am not interested in magazine subscriptions. Don't you want to help the crippled children? she asked. Crippled children, I said, are a drudge on society which must take time off from useful pursuits to care for them. They should be left out on the prairie to be eaten by the wolves. The young girl fled sobbing down the street.

Nonononononono! One does not, when confronted with space left over at the bottom of a stencil, write: EEK! AN EMPTY SPACE. No. One writes: "Ed Cox, doodle in this space." Yes. Ed Cox collects doodling space, you see. No fanzine of repute can call itself a fanzine of repute without leaving doodling space for Ed Cox. I trust you will take corrective action in the future. One must always leave doodling space for Ed Cox somewhere in one's fanzine. Otherwise he will have idle time and send you reviews of ancient science fiction magazines.

Question for Sherna Comerford on cats: What are the cat's pajamas?

I find ARLewis's listing of Hugo possibilities most interesting although there are some quibbles. Weyr Search, for example, certainly deserves to be on the list, however, Dragonrider was inferior to the novelet and I don't think it up to Hugo caliber. I am dismayed that he omits Swann's The Weirwoods from the novel category. This is certainly worthy of consideration. (And one should make a note of the Swords of Lankmar for consideration when it is time to consider the awarding of Hugos for this year's books.) Bode? Bode? Nonsense! As for drama: there is only one choice--No Award.

NET's presentation of Home should be kept in mind for 1968, however. Flawed and not exactly my cup of gin but quite well done.

I am amused. Yes. ARLewis's abbreviation for IF is no longer than the title of the magazine. ((Tony claims it is not an abbreviation, its a code. To be punched into columns 54-6 of your Hollerith cards, for example.))

I hope this is enough for now. I have no more to say on this subject.



Gene Klein  
33-51 84 Street  
Jackson Heights  
New York 11372

Much thanx for PB...

The first thing I turn to in a  
fanzine is the lettercol (this  
due to my insatiable appetite

for egoboo -- not that I have heard of the Proper  
Boskonian before, but then, I don't remember  
the titles of any of the fanzines I loc) --  
but then I asked myself how/why a first  
issue fanzine had a lettercol - thus, to  
satisfy my curiosity, I read the lettercol  
closely and found that a PB feeler was  
pubbed, which answered my quiry. All of  
which makes this paragraph quite unnecess-  
ary....i.e. I answered my own question.  
Silly.



The MIT group has given me the most trouble since I've been in fandom (ap-  
proaching my 8th year, I think).....

1) About a year ago, I received something from Ed Meyers - a newsletter and  
Login (I think)...Well sir, I wrote back (locing the thing, as I do with all fan-  
zines) and never heard from the guy. But I took a chance and sent him the next  
issue of my fanzine -- and the guy saw fit to at least send me a postcard, which  
earned him at least another issue -- but I have not heard from him since...is he  
still alive?

2) Then I somehow started trading with the Twilight Zine (starting with #21),  
but have never heard from Leslie Turek, who I take it, is the editor of said pub.  
Anyway, I wanted to send her faun 13, because I liked TZ -- a month later, and  
I get it back with a note on it that Turek's address is yours.....So, like,  
what's going on???? ((As explained in PB #0, after Leslie and I graduated from  
Radcliffe, we decided to let TZ revert to the MITSFS. Then NESFA happened and I  
became editor of PB, which I've been sending to most of the TZ mailing list. TZ  
may yet start regular publication again, but don't hold your breath.))

And thank you for electro-stenning me.

Would have liked to be at the Boskone ( and again thank you for thinking of  
me and sending me the flyer) but I have to spend more time on the books so I  
won't have trouble in college, which is the only reason I didn't go....but, see  
you at Lunacon?

Re Hugos: For some reason Jack Gaughan is always winning both the pro and  
amateur 'best artist' -- and this is just not so. Oh, Gaughan is a good artist,  
but Jeff Jones and Frank Frazetta are much better. Why then, is Gaughan winning  
constantly?

+ + + + +

James R. Saklad  
34 Union Park  
Boston  
Massachusetts 02118  
All Fool's Day  
(what else?)

Dear linguist: Consider the verb 'to LoC': "I LoC", in  
Latin, is "LoCo". Appropriate?

One--background. While I have been in SF for some time--  
over 360 paperbacks or hardbacks under my belt, and much  
of my brother's Astounding collection (over 8 years worth)  
--and while I have attended 3 MITSFS MayDay picnics with

Dr. A et al.--I am just entering organized fandom for the first time at Boskone V.  
Which leaves me confused. I have been introduced, or had pointed out to me, to  
(forgive the syntax) most of the Important People of NESFA: the evil ARLewis,

Cory, Leslie, Pink, Suford, Dave V., ... But there are certain background items which make me feel like an actor with some of the blue pages missing from the script. I never found out what TANSTAAFL is; I, like nearly everyone else in the world, know nothing about G. Heyer; "egoboo" means less to me than "grok" does (but doesn't bother me in the least); NIEKAS; whatever became of E.S. ("F.P.") Strauss?; and so weiter. Canst illumine these arcane subjects? ((TANSTAAFL= There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Lunch (from Heinlein's Moon is a Harsh Mistress) the slogan of Boskone's free refreshment table; 'egoboo' is whatever boosts the ego; NIEKAS is Ed Meskys Hugo-winning fanzine (that description counts as egoboo); Filthy is a former MITSFS member, now mercifully consigned to White Sands.))

The other thing conceivably of interest to ye ed is a project I halfheartedly began a couple of ~~summers~~ ago: an SF trivia list. It's now up to 165 questions, some easy, some hard, many on Dune, many on Stranger in a Strange Land; many, many on a separate list, on Tolkien. I'll give you ten for samples; maybe you can use 'em.

1. (This is the first one I thought of, I think from a story in Analog, but I can't remember the story or author). What was hauled on the Japetus run?
2. Who or what was "Mahrud, Bull be his name"?
3. What is the rotation period of Mesklin?
4. What was the hull material of the Skylark II?
5. What grew in the F & O bike shop?
6. Who was Diana Moon Glampers?
7. Who was Everett C. Marm?
8. In what issue of what journal did Dynkowski publish, "Some notes on the stability of G-type stars with especial reference to Sol"?
9. What was Jaunte's full name?
10. "First there were two planets looted of their ores, mined and gutted and left naked for the crows of space to pick." What did the other two planets look like?

((Why is everybody this month asking me questions I can't answer? The combined forces of NESFA answer:

1. ???
2. local deity - The God Business by Farmer - Drew Whyte
3. 17.8 minutes - Harry Stubbs
4. Arenak - Harry Stuhbs
5. coat hangers
6. Handicapper General of the U.S. in Sirens of Titan - Seitz
7. ???
8. Day of the Jackpot, Astrophysical Journal, last one - Tony Lewis
9. Stars My Destination - Charles ~~Forte Jaunte~~ - ???
10. Computer Planet in Limiting Factor by Simak - Drew Whyte  
Temporary camp - Don Cochran))

's could go on ad nauseam, with 155 more on the list already, and I haven't even been thinking about it much lately. There are some I can't answer off-hand.

The best part of TFB, or of TZ, for that matter, is that last page, with possible reasons for having received this issue. Hollerith cards were a possibility--and there are a couple of ?relevant? rejects from my collection. Oh? I didn't mention that, did I? I have a 6000 card listing (by author, by title, by anthology) of the entire SF coll. Why? I don't know. I didn't know whether 'The Sirens of Titan', 'The Teeth of Deapair', or 'ASSEMBLE' was more appropriate. Perhaps 'MacIstrom 22' .... I definitely \_\_\_\_\_ fanzines. I believe in you (plural). I do not believe in massachusetts. If I had a cat (If a cat had me), it would ('scuse me--he or she would) NOT use Windsor Creme! I'm hardly anything in fandom, but I am a member in good standing of IWW (International Witches and Warlocks). D'ye think NESFA & IWW ought to get together for Walpurgisnacht ceremonies? I



am a friend of the editor! Well, we'll see.... I have no insteps. At all. I am also: an imperfect biological unit; an up-and-coming Editorian; a native informant; have big feet; antidote, hell!--I alone possess the disease--chuckle, chuckle, snort; I am wonderful; spirits from the vasty deep; would you believe from the Deeping Coomb?

+ + + + +

Joyce Fisher  
4404 Forest Park  
St. Louis  
Missouri 63108  
10 April, 1968

Up until now, I've not felt strongly enough to enter the discussion about "a LoC" or "an L.O.C." However, upon reading your letter col., I have become more concerned, and feel that this entire subject could be Highly Significant. Please: if "an L.O.C." is to be hit by mortars, I request, for safety's sake, permission to continue saying "a LoC".

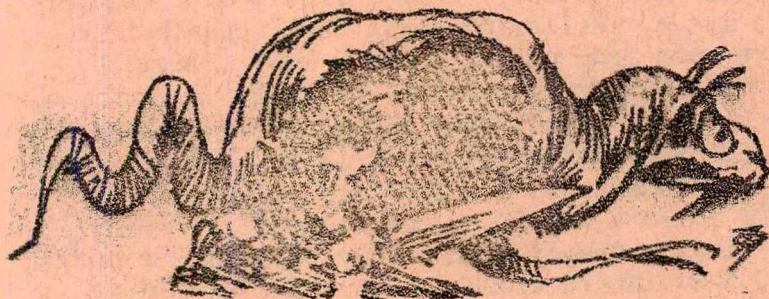
I'm enclosing \$2.50 for a years-worth of all those Good Things. --Perhaps before I do this, I should inquire just who you're planning to smuggle cross-country via your P.B. subscriber's Underground Railroad. But - What the hell.... ((I'm not sure yet--but since I'm counting on you to get them to Albuquerque you might make suggestions.))

+ + + + +

Leigh Couch  
Route 2, Box 889  
Arnold  
Missouri 63010  
21 April, 1968

All resident Couches enjoyed The Proper Boskonian very much! We especially liked - the editorial - my cop out to all salesmen of whatever variety is that my husband or father is in the very same business and I buy magazines, aluminum siding, pot & pans, frozen food, etc. etc. at wholesale prices. That stops it right there. I have been using this routine for years. Living in a semi-rural area with a looong driveway and a phone that costs, I am remarkably free from this nuisance. Once a very personable young lady arrived on the doorstep with the scholarship-magazine pitch and said "You mean you aren't going to buy anything after I walked all this way?" Choking back tears I told her that I really wasn't. I hate to think what she called me all the way back down the looong driveway! Onward - we like 'the demonstration' - we are now going to write protesting the graveyard time-slot. We especially liked The Hypercat since we have 13 adult, or half-grown cats and 5 kittens as of this date, also 3 dogs, 1 chipmunk, 1 turtle, and three tanks of guppies. I am reminded of the poem in F&SF concerning cats which theorized that they were the pets of aliens who stopped on earth for Rest & Recreation and when ready to leave, could not get the cats back in the spaceship. The line went something like "and when did a cat ever come to someone if it didn't want to", how true! I believe that the male cat's spring serenade could be used for human birth control. Record it and pipe it into homes and human romance would vanish in a shower of old shoes.

Have bought a Georgette Heyer book and at the end of next month when I surface from the flood of homework papers perpetrated on me by my sixth graders I may even find time to read it. ((Fandom is so wonderfully full of Star Trek, cat and Georgette Heyer fans.))



Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown  
Maryland 21740  
28 April, 1968

Loc production has slowed during recent weeks, while I was attempting to convert to full automation. Unfortunately, some kinks developed, including high consumption of fuses every time the scanning mechanism encountered a violent reaction to a Ted White remark. So I'm trying to catch up on back duties with no other help than the usual three stenographers and two parttime post office department employees, who naturally are unable to do much more than search for the portions of each fanzine that got detached while in the mails. All this accounts for my failure to write sooner about the first issue of Proper Boskonian and my boorish silence in the face of such ticktock regularity in arrivals of Instant Message.

I'm not at all sure what I can do about Instant Message except to thank whoever has kept me on the mailing list and to promise to try to make the thoughtfulness bear fruit in fan history or the formulation of a new science of fanac or something similar. I am impressed by the fact that the NESFA has gone along this long with no apparent schisms or litigation more serious than the upset coffeemaker. You should also know that the entire Boston area has begun to assume in my mind a form that bears no relation to its real existence. Too much looking at the diagrams on how to get to meetings, and too much meditation on the more picturesque names of things on those maps, have split me off from reality as far as your territory is concerned. Everything up there has taken on the aspect of an enormous Christmas tree underground, with many flashing lights, ornate but fragile buildings, noisy rapid transit vehicles, and over to one side, where the Atlantic should be, an enormous box where a visitor drops a few coins to help the builder purchase new models for next Christmas's edition. In any event, I hope you can get the word to whoever makes decisions on such things that I'm grateful, and if fans keep turning up not far from Hagerstown, maybe I can start a club and issue a regular publication for trade purposes. Hagerstown is in Appalachia, so Office of Economic Opportunity funds might be available for building a clubhouse and sending officers to conventions; OEO money has been spent on less useful things around here in the past.

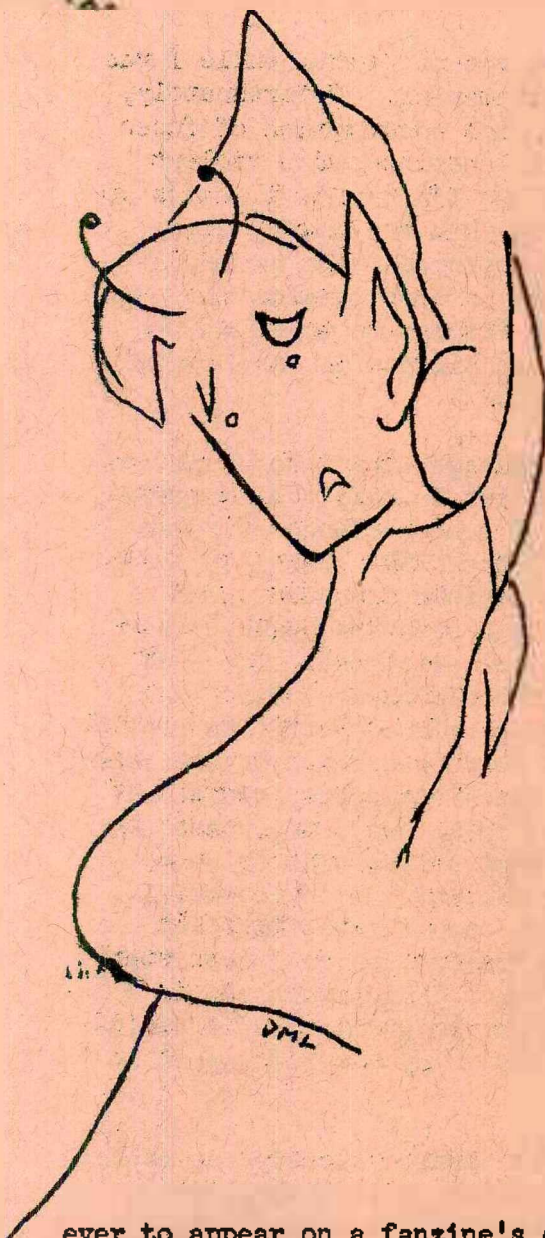
In Proper Boskonian, man vs. MACHINE seems to have assumed already the status of a minor classic, if I may trust the unanimity with which it is signalled in fanzine reviews. I liked it immensely, even though I haven't had the personal experience with these machines that you younger tads are apt to have enjoyed. The most intimate acquaintance for me was with an imposing console which was being demonstrated to local educators, as an example of how pretty soon high school students could be hooked up via telephone to a computer in another city for help with their studies. This demonstration was less than it might have been, because the man in charge couldn't find the telephone number in Schenectady where the mechanical brain had its answering service. He didn't like at all the suggestions from the audience that it might be an unlisted number.

I liked very much your conreport and the succeeding topics in the editorial. It never occurred to me that someone could find something to do in Philadelphia on a Sunday, and your accomplishments in this respect make the Phillycon activities quite impressive.

Isn't it possible that a cat becomes a hypercat while pregnant? In that condition, the cat seems to possess most of the physical characteristics and patterns that Sherma Comerford demands.

My reading in 1967 was not sufficient to qualify me for remarks on Tony Lewis' article. So I'd better confine this paragraph to another expression of puzzlement over the logic of allowing votes for a professional magazine as a magazine while votes for a dramatic picture must be to individual episodes of





that series. It obviously isn't accomplishing the intended purpose, that of preventing the best television series from winning each year. All it does is encourage bloc voting to make sure that a lot of fans will choose the same episode or two. I would greatly prefer to see this category changed back to its original procedure, even if it meant Star Trek won for the next dozen years, as Twilight Zone once threatened to do. The present system makes it almost impossible to vote without prompting from the sidelines: how many non-ardent Star Trek fans can remember which episodes were shown before December 31 and can recall the title that went with a favorite episode, without help?

There is one absolutely unforgettable moment in the letter column: where you or someone tells about W. H. Auden seeking the identity of Georgette Heyer while carrying a copy of Niekas. I am absolutely unable to visualize Auden with a fanzine in his hand, and after this failure, I am even more bewildered that he should ignore all the fannish slang and abbreviations in Niekas and express concern instead over an unknown name from mundania. Well, if fandom saves Star Trek and if Auden seeks help from a fan, all that remains is for fandom somehow to play the decisive role in the 1968 presidential election.

I liked immensely the front cover. It has an odd precision and formal order, odd because it's so seldom you find those particular items in a fanzine illustration. It also occurs to me that this might be the most fully clothed female

ever to appear on a fanzine's cover, but I've been in fandom so long that even a woman on the cover whose bellybutton is concealed no longer surprises me very much.

Highmore in '71 causes me to wonder if the Hagerstown livestock auction building might not be even better for a worldcon. There are ample seating facilities around a central area suitable for parading pros or Galaxy fashions, even though it's now used for cattle. Ample living quarters within easy walking distance are about equal in size and sleeping accommodations to those at the Statler-Hilton. The neighbors are accustomed to the noise of cows and would hardly mind a few parties. Unlike any con I've ever attended, the public address system is in good operating condition.

#### WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

LARRY ST. CYR JR., who liked the hypercat.

STEPHEN FABIAN, with more juicy artwork.

DEVRA LANGSAM, with some more sketches.

SHERNA COMERFORD again, who is advertising her engagement to Brian Burley (wedding August 10), frantically working on Spockanalia ("I make daily sacrifices of corflu to Ghu and Devra has killed several fatted stencils").

JIM DOER, who's passed his PhD written quals and was disappointed to find there were so many spirits from the vasty deep--actually I don't think there were that many, they just all locced.



## YOU ARE GETTING THIS ISSUE BECAUSE:

- ☒ We trade/received an issue from you -- are we trading?/would like to trade.
- ☐ You are a contributing artist, oh tarice-belovéd of the gods.
- ☐ You are rumored to be an artist; how about sending us some art?
- ☐ You are interested in NESFA, maybe.
- ☒ You ~~are~~ are a member of NESFA.
- ☐ You ~~are~~ are a member and you do nice things for us.
- ☐ I keep seeing your name in lettercols. You seem to be a useful person.
- ☐ You make us feel wanted.
- ☐ You send us lots of mail.
- ☐ You looced #0. Its time for a little more show of enthusiasm.
- ☒ You are a member of Georgette Heyer fandom.
- ☒ You are a member of Jeffery Farnoll fandom.
- ☐ You are a member of cat fandom.
- ☐ You ~~are~~ are a former Tech coed.
- ☒ You ~~are~~ are a fannish oracle.
- ☒ You ~~are~~ are a secret master of fandom.
- ☒ You ~~are~~ are a secret slave of fandom.
- ☐ You are a slave of duty.
- ☐ You are a slave.
- ☐ You are a Slaver.
- ☐ You are a relic of the empire.
- ☐ You ~~are~~ are Larry Niven.
- ☐ You have vast redeeming social value.
- ☐ You have some r.s.v. but our patience grows thin. Beware.
- ☐ You have a refreshing lack of r.s.v.
- ☐ It would be unthinkable ~~for~~ you not to get it.
- ☐ We like you ~~already~~, but we thought you might also like to contribute something.

