

# THE PROPER BOSKONIAN







RE #4

Beware the Ides of March

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This is Proper Boskonian #4, edited by Cory Seidman and published March 11, 1969 by the New England Science Fiction Association. Mimeography by Anthony Lewis on the Puissant Pussycat Press. Schedule theoretically quarterly, although we haven't been doing better than every four months. 35¢, 3/\$. Or pay \$2.50 for a corresponding membership in NESFA, which gets you a year's worth of Proper Boskonian, the clerk's biweekly newsletter, Instant Message, and all other priveleges of membership.

The reasons for getting this issue are indicated by cryptic symbols on the mailing labels, which I refuse to explain here because I generally make them up as I go along. For those who retain any contact with reality, they should not be too difficult to interpret. If your mailing label does not bear any cryptic symbol, you need not necessarily worry about it. If you have received several issues without any particular reason and do not consider yourself to be a sufficiently BNF, you might consider doing something nice for us one of these days.

WE NEED ARTWORK!!! (Only generous donations by the Browns kept this issue going.)

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BOSTON IN '71

# EDITORIAL

Boskone approaches and needs must I put out another issue of Proper Bosk. This, to be sure, demands another editorial, which is something I do not feel terribly in the mood for. My typewriter is still off in Limbo after five months, which is a tremendous blow to my creative powers. I think I was right, last issue about the dwarves in the Black Forest, only it turns out they were affected by the longshoreman strike like everyone else. So I will just skip lightly over and around the events of this winter, mostly trying to convince you of the grooviness of Boston fandom, and not going in for any great creative effects.

On thinking back, the first notable event after PB#3 came out was Phillycon. Which wans't actually all that notable, being essentially like every other Phillycon. It was pleasant, to be sure, and drew the impressive number of 300 people (most of whom seemed to be wearing BOSTON IN '71 buttons), but very little stands out. I do remember dinner on Saturday, for which Charlie's Cousin Valerie led us to a Polynesian restaurant in the depths of exotic Philadelphia. The decor was rather impressive, with rivers flowing among the tables and papier-maché palm trees, but the food didn't quite live up to it. Alex Panshin and I shared a variety of appetizers, including little curls of steak that you get to cook yourself at the table over a brazier, but the rest of the party was disappointed by the entrees, which were standard Chinese, only overpriced.

The hotel was its same quaint self, and I will rather miss it next fall when Phillycon moves up in the world. Most notable in our room was a segregated water faucet, which resolutely refused to let the hot and cold mix. And a few typical Phillycon features were even missing: It was too cold to use the outdoors stairways, and Jay Kay Klein, not having made it to California, had no Worldcon photos for us to sit around trying to identify. How could you do it to us, Jay Kay?

It was about then that I began systematically avoiding looking for a job. I drove back to New York with the Brown mob (and various other people -- it was a very crowded microbus) and spent an enjoyable week there. I returned to Boston for about a week-and-a-half, then down to my parents in New York for an early Thanksgiving. Tony and Sue Lewis arrived a few days later with Mike Symes for a protracted weekend at Brown House, and Paul Galvin came in by plane on Friday.

It was while driving back from that weekend that we had The Accident. On the Mass Pike just short of Worchester, some idiot hit out left front wheel and we went into the fence. We stood around in the rain for a while and were finally towed to a garage. From there we called Paul, who had just gotten in from the airport, to come and get us. This involved another hour of taking shifts to stand around in the rain so Paul would be able to recognize the *proper garage* when he arrived. We all drove back in the fog and finally arrived in Boston around 5 am.



I managed to remain functional on Monday long enough to order new eye-glasses to replace my smashed ones, then collapsed with a cold that hung on for more than a week. I tried going to a doctor, who told me I didn't have mono, but I continued to run a low-grade fever. About the time I had lost five pounds and run out of clean clothes, I gave up and went down to New York to be coddled by my parents. I stayed there for over a month, recovering my energy, buying clothing, and enjoying the New York fannish holiday season.

I returned to Boston about a week after New Years and promptly came down with the flu. (But not before managing to see *Barbarella*, which I found a marvellously funny movie.) I sighed and flew back to New York, where I remained until after my birthday. I returned again a few days before the end of January and plunged into a paroxysm of job-hunting, fannish movie-going, snowstorms, and thinking about publishing *Proper Bosk*. But I find myself approaching the present, so I might as well slow down and take my time in describing these various phenomena.

The movie-going started on February 1, when about ten of us went off to see *Yojimbo* at the Harvard Square Theater, where it was playing on Saturday Only as part of an intersession program of revivals. Toshiro Mifune is always a pleasure to watch, and Linda Rosenstein had the interesting experience of being able to explain to two little old ladies in the washroom afterwards that the Deep Significance of it all is that it is a transplanted Western. We then reconstituted ourselves into food fandom and adjourned for dinner at Iruna, a pleasant Spanish Restaurant in the Square.

The following Saturday's movie was *Alexander Nevsky*, which one of the local leftwing groups was showing as part of a program of Russian movies. This was slightly more out of the way, being in a Harvard lecture hall, and only six people showed up: Tony and Sue Lewis, Paul Galvin, Mike Symes, Russell Seitz, and myself. It proved to be something of an adventure indeed, for the projector failed after the first reel and we spent about an hour just sitting around and talking to the people in the row behind us, until they procured another one.

But at last all the Teutonic Knights were satisfactorily drowned and we were left with the minor problem of where we could eat at that hour. (All except Mike Symes, who had to beg off on the grounds of being a starving artist. Well, at least he goes to art school and never seems to have any money.) "Let's go to Ken's, so I can walk home," said Seitz. So we drove into Boston, only to discover that, as we might have realized, there was no place to park. We finally ended up at Jack and Marion's, another delicatessen-type place with enormous menus and peculiar desserts.

The NESFA meeting that Sunday was also rather interesting, featuring a blizzard. I like blizzards; they turn me on. Unfortunately, this one also rather effectively turned Boston off and prevented any Bostonians from







getting to Balticon, the weekend of the fifteenth. Instead, about a dozen of us trooped off to the Harvard Square Theater again to see *Yellow Submarine*. I had seen it before but found plenty of interest in the reseeing, concentrating on the dialogue rather than the visual effects. Going in a large group was nice, since some else was always bound to pick up any of the atrocious puns you missed. We got out at about ten, and the hour and the residual snowdrifts made gourmet dining rather difficult. Eventually about half of us ended up at Cronin's, a supposed student hangout with a vaguely archaic, 1950's, collegiate atmosphere. The service is pretty poor too.

By that week, the transportation conditions had improved sufficiently for me to resume job-hunting, and I talked to a couple of insurance companies with computer trainee programs. My considered decision was that I would just as soon not have my soul devoured, thank you, and I got away as quickly as possible. Taking the aptitude tests was fun though.

No interesting movies presented themselves for the twenty-second of February, but there was Seitz's housewarming party instead, which was attended by a mixture of NESFAns and weird scientific dilettante types. The conversation tended to range over such topics as the fact that bulbonic plague is endemic in urban slums and the speculation that tides are actually caused by whales copulating. Seitz's apartment itself is fascinating, being sort of a duplex, only with no floor inbetween. Well, there is a sort of balcony around two sides, but most of it is just one big, forty-foot-high room. It is furnished in things like computer disc memories, chunks of uranium, and Seitz's kilt, which when doubled over is just of a length to hang from the balcony to the lower floor.

The next day there was a NESFA meeting at Mike Symes' parents' place, way down in Mattapan. Afterwards, most of us went up to the Lewis's place and people sat around and talked and ate Armenian pizza and I typed stencils. Tony and Sue have a shiny new Selectric and I had started doing Proper Bosk on it the previous week. Then on Monday we had another blizzard.

That blizzard listed until Wednesday evening, and I kept going out during it to use the Selectric. I also went for another job interview, for a position as technical editor with a computer software company. That one would be nice, but I haven't heard from them about it yet.

By Friday, things had cleared up enough for us to follow through with our plans to go down to New York for the Open ESFA. This was something Boston fandom had never bothered with before, but Fred Lerner had been interested in getting someone to talk about publishing indices at his Conference on the Bibliography of Science Fiction on Saturday. Tony agreed to speak, and that started a bandwagon. In the end, crossing our fingers over the weather, Tony and Sue decided to drive, taking me and Harry Stubbs/Hal Clement. Paul and Ed Galvin and Mike Symes took the train and Drew Whyte missed the train but flew down Saturday morning. (Ed is Paul's twin brother who generally prefers to spend his time making money.) Russell Seitz had said he might appear on his way back from the Apollo launch, but that was delayed from Friday to Monday and we haven't seen him since.

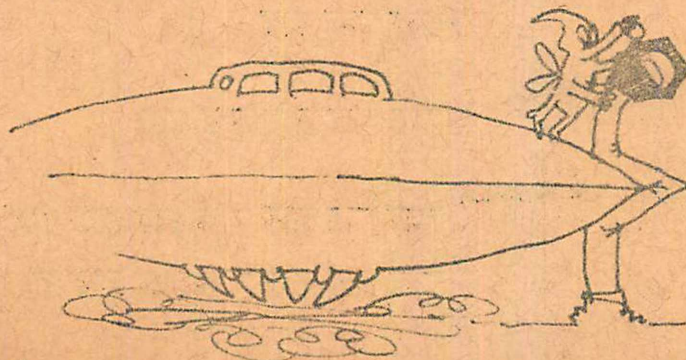


So there we were, early Friday evening, ferrying the Saab along the Mass Pike. The faithful beast had only gotten back from the repair shop a few weeks before, and Tony was determined nothing would happen to it this time. So we had a leisurely drive, with our only small adventure occurring when we missed the turnoff for the Berlin Turnpike and had to navigate through a few miles of rural Connecticut in order to get it back. I ensured a happy conclusion by uttering dire prophecies every mile of the way and demanding that we stop at gas stations to ask directions. We also enjoyed some interesting discussions as we drove, notably the one in which we solved all the problems concerning the mass of Pluto by postulating an interstellar creature that eats planets and spits out the pits.

As to the weekend proper...well, Saturday was the Bibliographic Con and a Star Trek Con, neither of which I went to. I did get to Open ESFA though, and found a moderate amount of interest in it. It's fun just observing people you haven't seen for some months: Fred Lerner has his beard back, Anita Gail Lundry is fourteen months old and walking with authority, Lin Carter is letting his hair grow, Andy Porter has a mustache, and so forth. We sold lots of index supplements and Drew Whyte charmed Andy Porter into selling him the proofs for the forthcoming issue of *Venture*. L. Sprague de Camp gave a Guest of Honor speech on the history of the sword which, since it was on technology, was fairly interesting. Lester del Rey kept fiddling with his medallion and telling people how he didn't want to go to Brazil to be a trained seal. There is a fruit machine on the first floor of the Y and Newark is as depressing as ever.

When we left for the drive back at shortly after five, it was starting to snow/hail and the wind was something terrible. We started creeping slowly northward: Jersey Turnpike, George Washington Bridge (wind and icing very bad), Cross-Bronx, Dewey Thruway, Connecticut Turnpike. We finally outran the snow somewhere about Norwalk and got safely back to Boston. It caught up with us overnight, of course, and dropped another half foot of snow on the city, but that was only what one might expect. Boston is getting used to being closed down on Mondays.

And here I am in the wee hours of Tuesday, March 4, hurrying valiantly to get all sorts of things done before Boskone. Once that's done, we can all relax and enjoy the fruits of other people's efforts. You'll be seeing us at Lunacon, Disclave, Midwestcon... Come to our parties, enjoy our hospitality, and do vote for BOSTON IN '71.



AT 168



## SF - CROSTIC

-- Delle Seidman

(with some kibitzing on definitions by  
her dutiful daughter)A. Vegetable which, colloquially,  
birds might get high on.53 24 63 88 105 44 161 9 109

B. Unrestrained.

99 31 3 201 86

C. Sea cucumber.

29 72 95 159 38 114 62 20 70 146

D. Homeric victim of water pollution.

102 140 197 41 6 202 35

E. Capital orifice.

67 59 48

F. Clean shaven and \_\_\_\_\_. (2 words)

84 116 27 185 2 42 119 132 55 8257 151 173 187G. Trodden by "a puff'd and  
reckless libertine." (2 words)60 47 110 83 203 97 15 154 30 149130 167

H. Superior woman.

17 133 164 121 87 171

I. A manifestation of the white goddess.

138 40 111 199 81 4 156 120 145

J. Since I saw her \_\_\_\_\_. (2 words)

33 77 170 112 13 106 141 39 94 123190 90 207

K. Moist.

78 51 191 175 177

L. Easiest way to get a ride. (4 words)

46 1 166 79 139 58 195 165 186 6518 200 172 8 54 125 104 176

M. Torque.

157 181 66 126 22 131 153 165

N. Throughout. (3 words)

93 143 188 75 103 137 113 10 168 193 26



L1	F2	B3	I4		A5	D6	E7		L8	A9	N10	R11	U12	J13	Q14	
G15	P16	H17	L18		V19	C20	R21	M22		O23	A24		P25	N26	F27	Q28
C29	G30	B31	S32	J33	Q34	D35	U36	R37		G38	G39		I40	D41		F42
	A44	O45		L46	G47	E48	R49	Q50	K51	T52	A53	L54	P55	D56		I57
L58	E59	G60	P61	C62		A63	O64	L65	M66	E67		O68	U69		C70	R71
C72	R73		R74	U75	N76	Q77		J78	K79	L79	P80	I81	F82		G83	F84
O85	B86	H87		A88	R89	J90	T91	O92	N93		J94	C95	R96		G97	R98
B99	Q100		S101	D102	N103	L104	R105	J106	T107	P108		A109	G110	I111	J112	N113
	C114	P115		F116	U117	A118		F119	I120	H121		R122	J123	U124		L125
M126	R127	O128	D129	G130	M131	F132		H133	S134	R135	Q136	N137	I138	L139		D140
J141	T142		N143	P144	I145		C146	R147	O148	G149	R150		F151	S152	M153	G154
	Q155	I156	H157	Q158	C159	Q160	A161		R162	M163	H164	L165		L166	G167	M168
Q169		J170		H171	L172	F173	T174		K175	L176		K177	C178	U179	O180	H181
S182		Q183		R184	F185	L186		F187	N188	G189		J190	K191	T192	N193	Q194
L195		F196	D197		G198	I199	L200		B201	O202	G203	U204	P205	O206	J207	

O. Phenomenon of Centre Harbor.

(2 words)

148 68 85 180 23 129 45 92 178 206

64 7 198 56

P. Dry spell. (2 words)

205 115 16 61 108 144 196 25 80 43

Q. Farnoll milieu. (2 words)

28 14 50 76 160 136 100 34 189 194

155 183 169 158

R. Tit willow rationale? (3 words)

162 96 135 73 118 147 74 11 71 184

37 98 5 49 21 150 127 89 122

S. Slackened.

101 152 32 134 182

T. Turned back on itself.

52 107 91 174 192 142

U. What Nixon gave up. (2 words)

128 117 19 75 204 69 12 179 124 36

# Aethioglyptica

-- J.R.M. Seitz

When Dr. Otue of the Biafran Legation in New York inquired of Professor Jerry Lettvin where he might find persons more or less willing and able to render assistance to the cause of Biafran independence, Lettvin promptly suggested two nutritionalists and, gleefully laying aside his pacifism, me. Having raised my eyebrows to a suitable altitude, I turned to him and inquired why he had suggested me and then said "Umppfh." I had made the error, some months earlier, of mentioning to Lettvin my casual involvement with the US Army Limited Warfare Laboratories and interest in crossbows and other weapon systems requiring only a rudimentary technological basis of production. The Biafrans at this juncture were on the receiving end of a most remarkable exercise in international cooperation, being subject to daily incursions by the Nigerian airforces -- Russian MIG15's with their Egyptian pilots, British armament, and Czechoslovakian avionics. Since the gravest apparant crime of the Biafrans was their refusal to quietly submit to decimation in the south or chattel slavery in the north, and since Lettvin was my faculty adviser, I toyed with my sense of the sardonic and accepted.

It transpires that getting into Biafra is almost as dangerous as living there. One proceeds to Lisbon and, after spending a week in establishing one's identity to the satisfaction of the Biafran non-ambassador to Portugal and being adequately perforated by the Portuguese health services, one proceeds to the Lisbon airport, where, after further interrogation and exchange of credentials, one is escorted to the one luxurious aircraft of Trans-Biafra Airways (decrepit cargo conversion Super-Constellation, ex-Lufthansa service) and is introduced to the intrepid crew -- miscellaneous ex-Texans and ex-Luftwaffe types. The aircraft was leased on a full payment basis, since Lloyd's wants a 40% round trip insurance rate. One is informed of this after one is in the air.

Upon becoming airborne, I left my three fellow-passengers and made a casual examination of the cargo stored amidships. As I entered from the rear passenger lounge, whose seating had been left intact, the first thing my eyes fell upon was the sprawled figure of an exhausted Biafran guard fast asleep on a mattress laid atop several crates of small arms ammunition. Moving forward, I was momentarily obliged to flatten myself against the port wall to allow a member of the crew to pass to the rear. He had just paused to knock the ashes from his pipe on one of the PETN crates stowed aft of the somewhat better-packaged 80% dynamite. The guns to butter ratio of cargo was rather more appalling as one approached the cockpit. There were two large drums whose content I did not care to speculate upon. Suffice it to say that I would sooner have had them shipped REA.

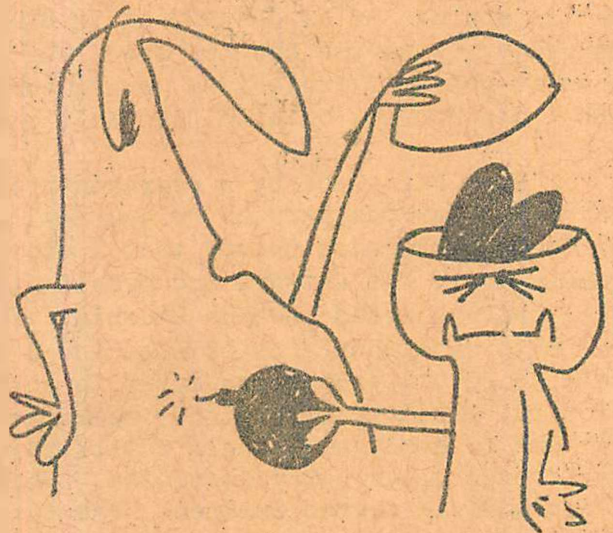


After convincing the forward guard my intentions were honorable, I entered the cockpit, with the crew's permission, and sat down in the unoccupied navigator's chair. The pilot informed me this was his sixteenth trip and a fairly ordinary cargo. He had originally, fearing for the support of his wife and children, of which he had three, attempted to limit his flying activity for Biafra to the food and medical service flights, but had soon discovered that the opposition offered by the Nigerians was independent of the cargo carried or the humanitarian reputation of the sponsoring organization. No attempt was made to apologize for the curious standards of cargo handling safety.

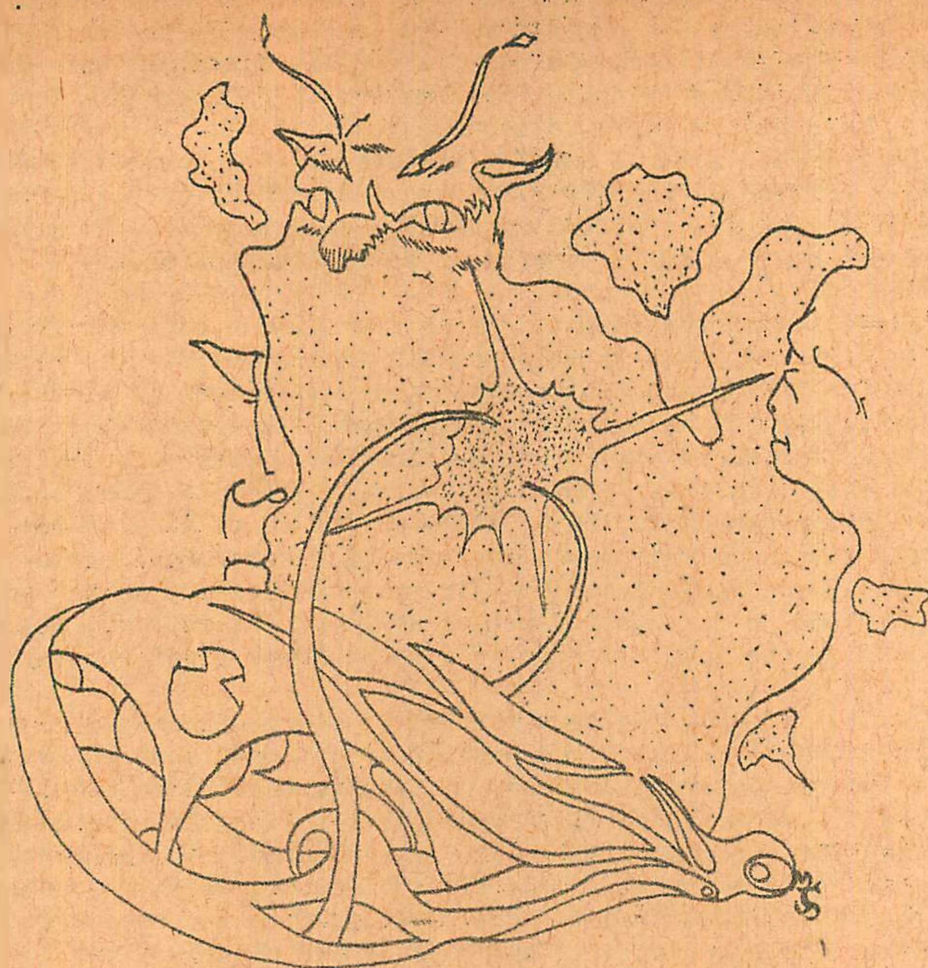
The first leg of the flight took us from Lisbon out over the Atlantic to avoid Islamic airspace, then in over Spanish Sahara and down to Portuguese Guinea. The flight, which had departed at roughly one am, arrived in Bissau in time for brunch. If anything has happened in Portuguese Guinea since the great warehouse fire of 1937, no one there saw fit to mention it. After refueling, we again headed south, this time staying over the water. At about three hours after sunset, we began our approach to the airstrip on the south side of Sao Tome. The Sao Tome field is the primary nexus of Portugal's air communication with her sub-equatorial African colonies. The airstrip was located on the southernmost point of the island, a few hundred meters *north* of the equator, but our landing approach spared me the future indignity of a seaborne first crossing.

Once on the ground, the crew retired to a communications room to be briefed on that night's weather and precipitation conditions on the approach. As my native Biafran informant said to me, in his West Texan drawl, "Fliegerabwehrkannonen." One would be ill-advised to fly in a straight line from Sao Tome to Biafra, for reasons which I will make apparant. Accordingly, we took a circuitous easterly approach to the Biafran border, which we crossed at an altitude in excess of 30 000 feet and a velocity that Lockheed will not soon forgive us for. The opposition to our passage was clearly visible, but fortunately it was detonating several miles below us.

Having entered safe airspace, we entered the traffic hold over Biafra's only functional airstrip. After the two planes preceeding us had landed and the first taken off again, we descended to about 2000 feet -- just under ceiling -- for our final approach to the runway. The approach lighting was somewhat less elaborate than that at the Belmar, New Jersey Airport and the dimensions of the strip about the same. The FAA, in its vast wisdom, has licensed the Belmar strip for daylight landing of single-engined aircraft with a capacity of six or fewer persons. The Biafrans use theirs for Superconstellations, DC7's, and, one now hears, Globemasters. It was produced by removing the larger treestumps from a 200-foot wide area on either side of a 3000-foot long stretch of paved road. We put down on the







extreme end of the runway, having cleared the mahogany trees by an adequate margin, applied full reverse thrust and brakes, and came to a halt with about 400 feet to spare. After descending to Biafran soil via fork-lift, we walked the hundred yards to the customs shed, where I declared my portable library of tracts on do-it-yourself explosives manufacture and other worldly goods and my companions their Scotch, quinine, and salt codfish.

Upon being met by a representative of the Science Group, I proceeded to the most hazardous part of my journey, an hour and twenty minutes in the company of the most maniacal driver that I ever hope never to again encounter. Our armed escort, the driver, and myself piled into a Fiat 800, last overhauled in 1965, and proceeded towards Umuahia. The Biafran driving style was characterized by a superabundance of élan and a dire absence of brakes. The driver's operational philosophy consisted in accelerating until the car reached a terminal velocity, which he maintained, seeking as best he could by the diligent use of his horn to avoid high-angle collisions with pedestrians, cyclists, overturned trucks, and other petty obstacles. Whenever a head-on collision with another moving vehicle seemed imminent, the two cars, by apparent pre-arrangement, swerved to avoid each other, leaving a sufficient gap in passage to limit injury to the passengers to a severe windburn.\* After several changes of fan belt, we arrived

\*((They drive to an inch. -- Ed.))



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unscathed in Umuahia, where, after meeting briefly with the Secretary to the Chief of State, Dr. Ogumbu, who seemed more impressed by my MIT ID than my portfolio, I was picked up by Mr. Emejuawe, Secretary of the Science Group, who escorted me to my quarters at the Doris Casino Inn.

The next three days are classified information. On the fourth day I became ill. I rose up that morning with a mild headache and a temperature of  $100.5^{\circ}$ , and fell down that evening at about  $106^{\circ}$ . I was both lucid and comfortable as long as I remained horizontal. However, upon being stood up, I proceeded to fall over. After a few attempts, I convinced my companions of the permanence of my condition. They proceeded to take me to Queen Elizabeth Hospital, where Dr. Ewe, a resident on night duty like any other, informed me that my condition was fairly common in persons newly arrived in Biafra and attributable in part to the diet, high in deficiency, low in calories, low in nutrients, to which I had been subjected since my arrival. He administered a couple of liters of intravenous glucose, whereupon my metabolism ceased despairing and my temperature returned to a more plausible level. Although obviously an excellent physician, Ewe proved himself a better bureaucrat and kept me confined to bed until the Science Group sent a man from Umidike to pay my hospital bill.

I returned to Umidike and began anew my transmission of the latest in modern military technology, ie, how to fabricate ballistae, crossbows, trebuchets, archaeballisterae, mangonels, and other projectile-throwing engines out of the leafsprings of unfortunate trucks, mahogany trees, hydraulic jacks, steel cable, and whatever else answers for high technology in an agrarian Central African country. My hosts showed considerable interest, since the logistic impossibility of airlifting heavy artillery and ammunition has put them at a great disadvantage in resisting the incursions of the British-equipped Nigerian armored divisions. The dearth of technological materiel rendered some of the explosives production schemes devised by myself and my colleagues in Cambridge impractical, but the projectile throwing engines were easily constructed from materiel on hand.

The influx of refugees from the North and the gradual contraction of Biafra's original boundaries had, as of August, driven the population density of the once-rural area surrounding Umuahia to close to 1000/sqKi. The result was what one might expect if the entire population of New England were driven into the northern half of Vermont and expected to live off the land. The abundance of vegetation in the equatorial climate permits the Biafrans to maintain a fairly high level of caloric sustenance, but the intrinsic protein deficiency of the legume staples results in widespread malnutrition, with symptoms ranging from mere lassitude to fatal kwashiorkor.

My stay was enlivened by sporadic attempts by the Nigerian airforce to kill me, or so it seemed at the time. In addition to the omnipresence of distant heavy artillery fire, creating the impression of a continuous thunderstorm on the horizon, there were brunch and high tea strafing raids of not at all monotonous regularity. In the absence of food, these provided an excellent mnemonic

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The *Roman de Rou* is written in rhyming octosyllables, varied by assonanced alexandrines.

---

aid for differentiating between brunch and high tea. The Egyptian pilots apparently bear a grudge from the Second Crusade, since crosses of any description, though preferably red, seem to be their strafing target of preference. In consequence of this, Umuahia has lost most of its steeples and been forced to repaint all of its first aid vehicles and facilities. Perhaps 15% of the conspicuous buildings in the town had received some strafing or bombing damage.





The high point of Biafran night life during my stay was a banquet held in my honor by the Science Group at its headquarters, then located at Umidike. The main course was roast Biafran partridge (*Neophron Percnapterus*), a dish exceeded in savor and succulence only by braised haunch of Belgian chargé d'affaires à la Léopoldville.

The drive to the airport was somewhat less hectic than my arrival. The only incident of note occurred when the driver failed to notice a Class C roadblock consisting of two oil drums and a length of rattan, the result being that the Volkswagen met the crosspiece windshield

first at about 40 mph. The driver didn't even bother to slow down. After hanging around the airport while a special flight was cleared for landing, I paid the customary exit fee of one Biafran pound (better color lithography may be seen on Kellogg's boxtops), boarded yet another decrepit Superconstellation, and flew in the company of two Swiss journalists and an aging Dominican nun to Sao Tome.

The airport staff, being experienced in such matters, was waiting with ham and eggs, broiled fish, steak, potatoes, a large tossed salad, bread, cheese, fresh pineapple, etc. etc. etc. After two hours of dedicated eating, we were put back on our plane with a few cubic feet of ham and cheese sandwiches, a case of Heinekens, and a half stalk of bananas to tide us over on the nonstop flight to Lisbon. We departed Sao Tome at about 1 am. I awakened around ten the following morning to find myself looking down at the Great Mauretanian Erg. About two hours later, a great circular thing became visible on the ground to starboard. When its perfect coeccentricity became more apparant, I went forward to announce my discovery of a major astrobleme and was informed that the Fort Gerauld Crater had been pretty well known since 1924.

We cut out over the Atlantic just south of the Moroccan border and looped uneventfully into Lisbon, putting down late that afternoon. After a few brief visits in Lisbon, mostly to buy old Madeira and convince colleagues that I was back, thin but imperforate, I boarded a TWA flight for Boston and, after explaining to Customs why there was apparantly no correlation in appearance between the 184 lb individual illustrated in my passport and the sunburned, 162 lb ectomorph standing before them, was duly readmitted to full participation in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. This being a Friday evening, I proceeded to the MITSFS/NESFA eat-in at the House of Roy to continue the heroic weight-gaining effort I had begun upon returning to Lisbon.

This exercise in applied military anachronism has apparantly been not entirely unsuccessful. The Biafrans, at least, are still there, despite the Nigerian "final overwhelming assaults" that have been coming on fortnightly for the last nineteenth months. The main benefit derived from increasing the Biafrans' on-site capacity to produce defensive ordnance is the freeing of precious air cargo space for food and medical supplies. Since August the food situation has nonetheless become more critical; you simply can't feed 14 000 000 people from one rural airstrip. If the gentle reader feels inclined to do anything about the present situation, I would advise him





first to do everything within his competence to browbeat the State Department into disposing of the Nigerian blockade of the Biafran coast. The blockade, at last accounts, consisted of four frigates, one British and three Russian, the whole bunch of which would be an afternoon's work for an escort destroyer, but which nonetheless suffice to render probable the imminent starvation of 8 000 000 people. And second, to contact any one of the religious and charitable organizations that are lending support to the airlift of food and arms to the besieged Biafrans.

I must, alas, report that there is no fandom in Biafra, or no doubt this business would have been cleared up much earlier. Were it not for the climate, absence of any native fandom, Jihad in progress, and absence of hotels, Biafra might give Highmore, South Dakota serious competition for selection for the 1989 Worldcon site.

Thus spoke J.R.M. Seitz to his omnicompetant secretary ((your ubiquitous editor, who else?)) upon the 366th anniversary of the Glencoe Massacre, being St. Valentine's Day, the Year of Our Lord MCMLXIX.

## A SHORT ESSAY ON THE DECLINE OF CLASSICAL LEARNING IN OUR TIMES

-- Susan H. Lewis

As a young and eager high school student my two loves were mathematics and the classics -- at least insofar as my favorite subjects were Modern Algebra and Latin IV. I remember the satisfaction I had in gratifying both these passions by memorizing the Greek alphabet, using Classical American rather than Mathematical or English pronunciation of the letters. In mathematics one had the aberration of 'fee' instead of 'phi' for  $\phi$ ; the English pronounce  $\beta$ ,  $\eta$ ,  $\zeta$ , and  $\theta$  as 'beeta,' 'eeta,' 'zeeta,' and 'theeta.' (They also say epSilon.) Since no one is quite sure how the Greeks pronounced them, I could feel I was right in using the Classical American version without much fear of contradiction -- after all I was a Greek (my school was divided into Greeks and Romans for athletic purposes) and that's how I pronounced them.

However, I notice more and more lately how casually these beloved old letters are thrown around.  $\Xi$ ,  $\xi$  pronounced 'xi,' is often used in mathematics as an unknown when all the x's, y's, and z's have been used up. But it is becoming written more and more like  $\gamma$  and often even pronounced that way as 'squiggle.'

Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!

# Department of Gloomy Panoramas of the Contemporary Capitalist World, Part 2

-- Dainis Bisenieks

Bredberijs, Rejs, MARSIESU HRONIKAS, Riga, Latvian S.S.R., Izd. "Zinatne", 1967, 336 pp. Trans. by M. Andersone and I. Veide; introduction by M. Andersone.

A translation of the introduction follows.

- - - - -

Ray Bradbury is one of the most popular science fiction writers in America today, the author of a whole row of science fiction novels, stories, and lately also plays. Nevertheless, *The Martian Chronicles* cannot be classed with ordinary works of this genre. Though it uses elements of modern popular science fiction -- robots, telepathy, the materialization of memories and wishes -- the writer's aim is not to portray what the Earth and Mars will be like in the twenty-first century, or what science will achieve by then, or what technological changes will occur. *The Martian Chronicles* is not science fiction in the usual sense of the word, for it often lacks the rigorous logic of science. Though the writer takes his readers into the next century, he is grappling with the painful problems of our own twentieth-century world. The idiom of science fiction is employed here not by a scientist but by a humanist, who uses it to warn the world against the horrors of atomic war and to express his concern about our cultural values and the destiny of civilization.

*The Martian Chronicles* was written in the 1950's and published in the magazines as separate stories and episodes, which were united in a book only later. The work thus lacks the effect of a united whole; it is unified largely by its theme, and only a few persons -- Captain Wilder and Sam Parkhill -- make several appearances.

Nor do all the stories have the same artistic worth. Alongside such a splendid piece as "...And the Moon Be Still As Bright", which most strongly expresses the theme of the book: alongside such gems as "The Green Morning" and "The Musicians" there are less vivid passages. But they do not diminish the effect of the whole.

I would especially like to draw the reader's attention to "Usher II." It contains allusions to several Edgar Allan Poe stories which have not yet been translated into Latvian and will not be familiar to our readers.

Mr. Stendahl's huge library has been burned by the Supervisors of Moral Climates. They had consigned to the ovens the entire works of Edgar Allan Poe without even having read them thoroughly. After many years, Mr. Stendahl flies



to Mars and there accomplishes his long-nurtured plan of revenge -- to stage a series of Poe stories ("The Fall of the House of Usher", "The Cask of Amontillado", "The Premature Burial", "The Pit and the Pendulum", etc.) with the hated barbarians from Earth as the victims.

The story strikes one as an indignant protest against governmental policies that limit the writer's freedom of creation. It all starts with "a grain of sand" in the 1950's and '60's and leads to the Great Burning of 1975. To Ray Bradbury's credit it must be said that if history were to repeat itself and bonfires of books once more blazed in the streets, *The Martian Chronicles* would be among those consigned to the flames.

Alongside the main theme -- concern over the future of our planet -- runs another: what will become of the civilization of Mars when Earthmen (in this case Americans) arrive there? Will those who failed to preserve the cultural treasures of their own land feel any concern toward those of another planet? Or will empty whiskey bottles float in the canals of Mars and tin cans litter the temples? And how will the people of the two worlds get along with each other?

Every page of the book is informed by the author's deep sense of responsibility for everything that is happening in the world today. He sees it as his duty to warn the world before it is too late.

Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* is not just a fascinating story like the majority of science fiction novels. It is moving and thought-provoking, so that the reader, turning the last page, is given the feeling that this book was written about us, about our time, our problems.

- - - - -

Ray, are you *quite* the Serious Constructive writer that they make you out to be?

- - - - -

Ray Bradbury  
10265 Cheviot Drive  
Los Angeles 64, Cal.

Dear Dainis:

The answer is Yes, I am the Serious Constructive writer they make me out to be. But, with a sense of humor about the whole. I believe life is too serious to be taken seriously. Therefore, my favorite intellectual magazine, every month, is MAD, and my favorite breakfast reading is B.C. and the Wizard of Id.

The translation you sent me is fascinating and a fairly good description of some of my work. But I feel I must add I do not predict futures, I write Cautionary Fables so that the Future will NOT happen. With luck this small David may infrequently and by accident perhaps hit that great Goliath TOMORROW on the side of the head.

Best to you and yours.

(Signed)

Ray B

October 19, 1968

# A CHESS GAME

-- Richard Harter

Recently I had the opportunity to play chess with the Greenblatt chess program. This program is, by far, the best chess playing program in the world. It is, by the way, not the program that was used in the recent Russian-American computer chess match (won by Russia). Both programs used in that match were markedly inferior to the Greenblatt program. His program is the only program that is regularly used in tournament chess. It currently plays at about a low B or high C rating in tournaments.

One of the features of the program is that you can control how many moves it looks ahead (the depth) and how many moves it analyzes at each depth (the width). This means, in effect, one can select how well it is to play. Unfortunately for its tournament record, it is a little bit too slow to play its best game in the time limits (forty moves in two hours) required for tournament play. In the following game we upped the playing depth and let it take somewhat longer. At this level it plays a game that is somewhere around the master level. It also took four hours to play thirty moves.

The computer tends to play a fairly tough game with a very odd style. I understand that its endgames are still rather weak. In the middle game it never gives up and it is always tough. Its principal weakness is antipositional moves; its principal strength is its impeccable tactics.

## Harter vs. Computer

1. P-K4	P-K4
2. P-KB4	PxP
3. N-KB3	P-Q3
4. P-Q4	P-KN4
5. P-KR4	P-KN5 (1)
6. B-QB4 (2)	PxN
7. QxP	B-KR3 (3)
8. P-KN4	P-QB4 (4)
9. P-KN5	B-KN2
10. BxP/B4	BxP (5)
11. B-K5 (6)	Q-R4ch (7)
12. N-QB3 (8)	BxB



13. QxPch	K-Q1
14. Q-B8ch	K-Q2
15. O-O	N-K2 (9)
16. B-K6ch (10)	KxB
17. R-B6ch	K-Q2 (11)
18. QxR	Q-N5 (12)
19. R-Q1 (13)	QxNP (14)
20. R/B6xPch (15)	BxR
21. P-K5	N-B4 (16)
22. N-K4 (17)	QxBP (18)
23. N-B6ch	K-K3
24. QxBch	KxP
25. R-K1ch	K-Q5
26. R-K4ch	K-B6
27. QxN/B5 (19)	Q-KR7ch
28. K-B1	Q-KR8ch (20)
29. K-B2	N-B3 (21)
30. N-Q5ch	K-N7
31. R-K2ch	K-R6
32. Q-Q3ch	K-R5
33. N-B3ch	Drawn (22)

#### Notes

(1) The first five moves are book moves which the computer has prestored. P-Q3 is a suggestion of Bobby Fisher's.

(2) At this point white is committed to sacrificing the knight at KB3. White is playing a variant of the Muzio variation of the King's Gambit, which is probably the wildest and most aggressive opening in the book.

(3) This is the first real move the computer had to find; it took it about fifteen minutes. This move is not book, but it is better than it looks. The point is that white cannot take the gambit pawn immediately and hence must waste time chasing the bishop back to its natural square.

(4) This move took twenty-five minutes. It is a prime example of the "out of left field" kind of move that the computer will produce. A human being might well consider pushing the BP to open up the check at R4. However he would tend to look at P-B3 and not consider P-B4 because of the weakness at Q3. Nonetheless, I think that the computer may be right; the attack on white's queen pawn is more important than the weakness at Q3.

(5) I am not so sure that this is good. True enough, it worked O.K., but what is the reply to N-B3?

(6) This is a typical human error. The idea was that since mate was being threatened the Queen would have to move, allowing white to pick up the exchange while retaining the attack. The Computer would not have overlooked the reply. Even so, the move makes white's attack very dangerous.

(7) Of course. Black wins a piece, leaving white two pieces down. At this point I realized that I was underestimating my opponent and that the Computer was very dangerous. One must remember that at this level the computer makes no tactical mistakes and that every move it makes has a point.

(8) P-B3 would be a mistake. White's only chance is in the attack; he will need the knight later.

(9) This is a clever move which a human might miss by worrying about the undeveloped queenside. One of the characteristics of this kind of position is that black can't develop normally. White's queen is now under attack by the guarded rook.

(10) White offers his third piece. This sacrifice and the following offer are practically forced if white's attack is not to die on its feet. Being three pieces down is practically like making a positional queen sacrifice.

(11) I didn't understand this move then and I don't understand it now. What is wrong with BxR?

(12) This move took a while. It has two points -- the attack on N7 and, more importantly, the check at Q5.

(13) Forced, but good. The check at Q5 would be fatal.

(14) Can this be good? The attack on the knight is superficial and the pawn is unimportant. I think that N-R3 is the move here.

(15) White is three pieces down again. Black's King, however, is in a rather drafty position and is in severe danger of coming down with pneumonia.

(16) Forced. Any other move leads to a quick mate or loss of the queen. It is essential to guard the bishop.

(17) This move attacks both B6 and Q6.

(18) At the time I thought this move was bad. Afterwards I realized that it is much better than it looks. The double attack on the knight and the rook is unimportant since black does not have time enough to take either one. The pawn is also unimportant. The important thing is that an attack on White's King is opened up, and that the attack on Q6 is stopped. Combinations based on a discovered attack on the queen are stopped.



(19) White's attack has come to a temporary halt. Taking the knight pawn so as to win the rook would lead to a quick mate. White still has numerous threats on black's King and Queen.

(20) This is the only move to save the Queen. At this point the computer has a draw by repetition of moves if it wants it. I offered the computer a draw and it declined, mostly because of the following move.

(21) This move is Black's only prospect of a win. Black is still a piece up and if it can get its rook into play it should win. However the open position of black's King assures white a draw. There may be a win for white in this position, but if there is I missed it.

(22) White has a draw by repetition of moves. The computer will accept an offer of a draw if it is forced or if the computer is too far behind in materiel.

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#### A LIST OF RECOMMENDATIONS FOR HUGO NOMINATIONS IN THE SHORTER FICTION CATEGORIES COLLED BY A.R. LEWIS FROM EXTENSIVE READING AND REREADING OF THE PROFESSIONAL SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES

##### Short Stories

The Ultimate Danger	W. MacFarlane	Analog	Nov '68
When Brahma Wakes	Fritz Leiber	Fantastic	Jan '68
Cage of Brass	Samuel R. Delany	If	Jun '68
A Sense of Beauty	Robert Taylor	F&SF	Aug '68
Young Girl at an Open Half-Door	Fred Saberhagan	F&SF	Nov '68
The Man Who Liked	Robert Hoskins	Worlds of Fantasy	#1

##### Novelette and Novella

The Pirate	Poul Anderson	Analog	Oct '68
Total Environment	Brian Aldiss	Galaxy	Feb '68
Nightwings	Robert Silverberg	Galaxy	Sep '68
Sunbeam Caress	David Redd	If	Mar '68
Lines of Power	Samuel R. Delany	F&SF	May '68
Once There Was a Giant	Keith Laumer	F&SF	Nov '68
The Custodians	James H. Schmitz	Analog	Dec '68
The Reluctant Ambassador	Stanley Schmidt	Analog	Dec '68
Pipeline	Joe Poyer	Analog	Dec '68
Eeeetz Ch	H.H. Hollis	Galaxy	Nov '68
The Sharing of Flesh	Poul Anderson	Galaxy	Dec '68

((Criticisms of this list and additional suggestions, especially from other than the regular prozines, are welcome, as is discussion of other categories.))

Novels: Anthony, *Sos the Rope, Omnivore*; Brunner, *Stand on Zanzibar*; Cooper, *Far Sunset*; Delany, *Nova*; Harness, *The Ring of Ritornel*; McCaffry, *Dragonrider*; Niven, *Gift from Earth/Slowboat Cargo*; Panshin, *Rite of Passage, Thurb Revolution*; Silverberg, *Man in the Maze*; Simak, *Goblin Reservation*; Smith, *The Underpeople*.

## BOOK

## REVIEWS

## SOME RUSSIAN SF (IN TRANSLATION)

*Path into the Unknown* with an introduction by Judith Merrill (Dell paperback 6862, sixty cents, New York, November 1968) is a collection of eight short stories translated from Russian by unidentified translators.

Merrill's introduction attempts to give a broad analysis of Soviet SF based, apparently, on British criticism and (?) wide reading of Soviet SF. On the cover of the book appears the claim "The Best of Soviet Science Fiction." Since it is clear neither who chose these stories nor why, that claim is best ignored. Also, these stories should not be taken as evidence to support any sweeping review of Soviet SF, including Merrill's introduction, since there are so few of them, and also because they represent what is published in the Soviet Union, not necessarily what is being written.

No one should buy this book, therefore, with the expectation that more than a modicum of insight into a small facet of Soviet life will be gained. The stories presented impressed this reviewer as being average or slightly below. Any of them could appear in this country without attracting attention. The level of technical competence displayed in some of these stories, especially "Robby," is below average compared to American SF. In conclusion, the sixty cent value of this book works out to about 30¢ for the SF and 30¢ for the curiosity value.

G. Gladfelter  
Rapid City SD

Michael Moorcock, THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL, SORCERER'S AMULET, SWORD OF THE DAWN

In these, the first three books of a series, Michael Moorcock displays a fantastic lack of effort and a tremendous ability to collect clichés. The books are part of the history of the Runestaff, "that lost artifact said to contain all the secrets of destiny," and also, it turns out, to control and guide destiny. However, its dominance over destiny is threatened by the Dark Empire of Granbretan, whose members are possessed by a psychosis which expresses itself through evil and perverseness. Unfortunately, none of this ever appears, except in hearsay, and Baron Meliadus and the Dark Empire are lacking in sufficient craftiness to be really evil.

Dorian Hawkmoon, foremost opponent of the Dark Empire (for personal reasons) is a reluctant servant of the Runestaff, prodded on and guided by the Warrior in Jet and Gold, who is a continually recurring deus ex machina, who has, so far, Saved the Day at the end of two books and is also a real servant, almost spokesman, of the Runestaff.



## THONGOR STRIKES AGAIN!



The background of the books is a future post-atomic-and/or-bacteriological-war-Earth, which isn't at all unusual or ingenious (except for England's domination and rape of Europe), and is even less interesting than the standard S&S background world. All three books are generally under-written. Nothing is fully or interestingly described. The apparent boredom and disinterest of the author are reflected in his style.

Characterizations are generally shallow. Some characters are merely stereotypes, and interesting ones (Huilliam D'Avero) aren't developed sufficiently. Dorian Hawkmoon is, perhaps, an attempt at a more realistic S&S hero, ranging from extreme apathy to acute paranoia. He does function as protagonist. Hawkmoon, however, does serve the Runestaff, although only for his own interests. He takes the powerful Sorcerer's Amulet away from the man it has driven mad (an episode which is very disappointing) and wears it himself; he is the only man capable of wearing it and, at the same time, he needs its power. Hawkmoon also gains the Sword of the Dawn, with which he is supposed to obtain the Runestaff, although he isn't interested in doing so.

Viewed solely from the viewpoint of matters concerning the Runestaff, the books follow a pattern. The first book introduces Hawkmoon's first contact with the Warrior in Jet and Gold and hints at his future service of the Runestaff. In the second book he serves the Runestaff by obtaining the Sorcerer's Amulet, likewise in the third through his acquisition of the Sword of the Dawn, and his seeking of the Runestaff itself in the fourth is hinted at.

Mike Symes

### Michael Moorcock, THE SECRET OF THE RUNESTAFF

This does not live up to the quality of the other Runestaff books. The fourth and last book destroys the Empire of Granbretan in a civil war, killing both heroes and villains, without explaining what the Runestaff is.

Paul Galvin

((One can view the entire series as Moorcock's reaction to France's denial of Britain's Common Market bid. -- ARL))

SURVIVAL MARGIN by Charles E. Maine, Fawcett Books #R1918, 60¢.

At least a few people seem to think if we all had foresight as good as a very average hindsight, we would realize some statistically certain doom is upon us. Something is going to go terribly wrong: an earthquake disaster in California, a runaway flu bug, an Armageddon, or some disaster dimly realized in a writer's work. Would you like to read a well-written, plausible development of this theme? Then read SURVIVAL MARGIN.

This isn't really a forecast, of course, but it is carefully thought out and based on thoroughly reasonable premises. Maine supposes an unusual virus disease appears in the East. I think he definitely eliminates the possibility some human agency developed it for war purposes, though he suggests it might have been an accidental result of some human activity.

As the epidemic develops a statistic gradually appears. The virus strikes everybody, but there are two forms. One kills reliably, the other confers immunity to both forms. Maine works this out nicely, based upon a fact familiar to organic chemists.

Governments and some people see the disaster that is coming. There are tremendous efforts to attain various goals, or at least to survive. The hero, if you can call him that, is Clive Brant. Clive is not entirely certain about what he wants to do (which is a human enough characteristic). Since Maine describes a world full of the real uncertainties often left out by writers who find them hard to deal with, as you read along you wonder how the slightly amoral Clive Brant is going to come out. Too bad Maine didn't wrap up the story of the epidemic more completely, but that wasn't the story, was it...? A very fine and enjoyable piece of writing, which will arouse interesting comment long after reading.

Ignore the nice cover, despoiled by garish white print.

THE MASKS OF TIME by Robert Silverberg, Ballantine Books #U6121, 75¢.

Ours is not a very nice world. Could it become more complicated, harsh, irrational, and frightening? Silverberg seems to think so, and he introduces a startling concept of what a man from the future might do, upon returning to the past. It is a sound idea, too, as we can see by imagining some person from our own time traveling back to the simpler, less complicated world of say 1890. Would that world then become simpler because of the new knowledge brought into it? It would probably become more complicated. It might even go into convulsions, if the modern man making the trip happened to be the appropriate kind of a nut.

This is what Silverberg imagines. His visitor turns out to have an unbelievable talent for generating trouble. The purest, nastiest kinds of upsets, in talented variation and with fiendish effectiveness. There is uproar after uproar, and at last some suggestion that the structure of society is upset by this visitor and will come tumbling down.

In the course of the story some of the things the visitor says and does turn out to be interesting and thought-provoking commentaries on our own times and beliefs. Could it be...could it be, life on Earth originated from a can of garbage dropped from a visiting alien spaceship?



Here is still another world of fantasy. It is a curiously balanced world, harsh and real and full of conflicting human elements. The imagery is wonderfully sharp and clear.

This story is based upon elements of folklore and mythology from England and Western Europe. In time it falls near to *Beowulf*, and indeed a character named Beowulf appears in the story to play a small but central role. Also mentioned is a Duke Arthur, who does not take a part in the story.

This is the story of Amleth, the son of the King of Jutland. He thinks that one day he will fill that chair, but his life does not go in that way. Somehow his plans are frustrated, although he tries to do well in a turbulent crazy quilt of a primitive world.

Were our predecessors something like this? A stuff of life shows through here that never appeared in the history books. On first reading you may miss some of it, since Treece is a careful workman and uses his scenery in subtle ways. Startled (or appalled) by the action, you may well miss the background that serves to make that special world very real. Treece shows a remarkable easy familiarity with his subject and writes in a well-knit scholarly style. His work suggests that, like Tolkien, he has strong academic experience in the appropriate fields.

Sword and sorcery enthusiasts may choose a new perspective after reading this book. Many who might read it will pass it by because of its rich, tight style. But this is clearly a very good bit of writing and I expect most readers will enjoy it greatly.

THE MAKING OF STAR TREK by Stephen Whitfield, Ballantine Books, #73004, 95¢.

At last we have a book about that unusual and interesting series, STAR TREK. This well-written, fascinating, and quite complete volume is divided into five parts. They are, a discussion of the show's origin; the conceptual universe in which STAR TREK exists; the development of the show since its inception; a close (and fascinating) look at its production; and thoughts about its present status in the TV industry. The writing is very well done and workmanlike, and I was impressed by the writer's evident serious interest in the show. He clearly believes (as I do) that the STAR TREK effort has a considerable cultural value beyond its brief weekly appearances. It deserves a careful and sympathetic documentation, he thinks, and so do I. And I believe he has achieved his goal.

This paperback volume is small only in perspective. It runs 414 pages, including a large number of well-chosen photographs. It should be interesting to STAR TREK viewers in general, as a source of background information for improving their enjoyment of the show. Science fiction readers will find tantalizing suggestions here that maybe one day we will see better shows on our TV screens (probably in about two generations). And if your business involves the development of fascinating new concepts to the general public and its representatives, perhaps you will find a moderate encouragement here.

THE MAKING OF STAR TREK is an unusual volume, of more than a passing interest. It should be published in hardcover, on very good paper. But whatever form it comes in, I think it deserves a place in your library.

# THE SPIRIT OF '76

-- Morton Pestal

It was P.J.'s idea to begin with, so he had only himself to blame. That's what everyone said afterwards, that P.J. brought it down upon himself. The parade was his idea.

About two weeks before the bicentennial celebration P.J. went down to Moriarty's, the second largest stationery store in town, to see his friend Harmon Henderson who worked at the rubber stamp counter. Both Harmon and P.J. were retired Navy Lieutenant Commanders, with partial disability. It was pretty well known that Harmon had been in charge of an intelligence office in Saigon about ten years before and had been driven numb and feeble by the paperwork. The hospital let him out for therapy a couple of months every year. Moriarty was a cousin or something.

P.J. had been a helicopter driver. He wouldn't talk much about it, but some of the fellows who were in the know said that his tail rotor gave out once, and instead of the body holding still and the main rotor going around, the main rotor held still and the body went around. P.J. was supposed to have been pretty dizzy afterwards. He was on partial disability, but the only disability that was really evident was his spelling. P.J. couldn't spell worth a damn.

When P.J. was done at Moriarty's he went over to the police station to have a talk with Chief Gridley. Oscar T. Gridley was also a retired Navy Lieutenant Commander, with partial disability. He had been an explosive ordnance disposal man and had been inside a sewer pipe in Saigon reaching for a mine when the mine went off. It was mostly a dud, but it blew garbage so far up his nose that it got stuck in his ears, and ever since he had been mostly deaf.

"Good morning, Oscar," P.J. said.

"Eh?" said Oscar. Oscar often said "eh?" whether he could hear or not. He said it gave him inscrutability, and police officers should have inscrutability. Oscar was a very good police officer, not so much because he was inscrutable, but because he was good with a rubber hose. He had a whole collection of rubber hoses, ranging from half inch surgical tubing to six inch pumping hose. When questioning a suspect he would turn his hearing aid down real low so that even if the suspect confessed, he wouldn't be able to hear it.

"I said 'Good morning, Oscar,' Oscar," P.J. said.

"No need to repeat yourself," Oscar said. "I heard. What's this about a parade?"

"You heard about it already? I thought we should have a parade to celebrate the centennial," P.J. said. "The idea I had was that the three of us, you, me, and Henderson, should dress up like those three men in the Spirit of '76. You play the drums and I'm going to buy a fife."



"You're going to find a wife?"

"To buy a fife, Oscar."

"Oh. A fife. I didn't know they still made fifes."

"Well, a flute. It's the same thing. Henderson will carry the flag."

"Henderson will marry a hag?"

"He'll carry the flag, Oscar. Have you been having trouble with your wife again?"

"How could you tell?"

At Veterans of Vietnam Wars Post Number 1336 the members, of course, were all anxious for a parade. It was a chance to get into uniform again. Two men volunteered to teach Harmon how to carry the flag, and then when it became necessary, two more men volunteered. P.J. sat down right away to send off for the flute he had seen advertised in *Patriotism* magazine. He had cut out the ad and put it in his wallet.

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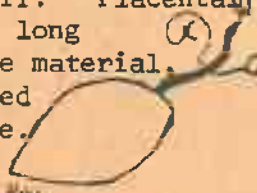
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It was the headline "Navel Instruments" that had caught P.J.'s eye. P.J. couldn't spell worth a damn.

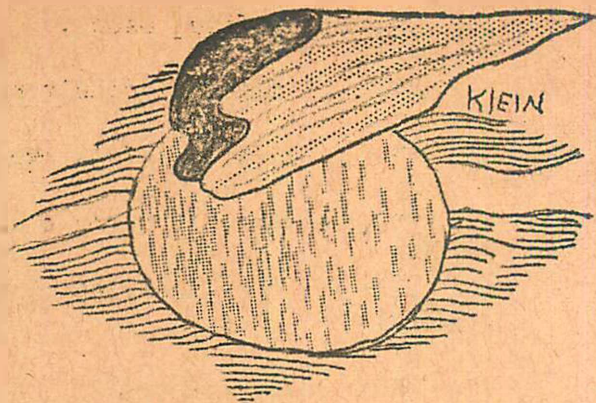
Three days later P.J. got his free questionnaire and order form. The questionnaire was nine pages long and requested his height, weight, standard IQ, color of eyes and diameter of belly button. P.J. was confused, of course. He filled out the questionnaire, and down at the bottom where it asked for signature he added LCDR, USN, Retired, just to let them know they weren't fooling around with an enlisted man. The flute came a week later.

It was in a long thin box wrapped in brown paper. P.J. was very excited when he got it. He had been going down to the post office every day. The parade was only a few days away, and he had been afraid that it would not arrive in time.

In the privacy of his living room he ripped the wrapping off. "Placental Flute" said the label on the box. P.J. opened it and removed a long thin grey plastic instrument. There was also a tube of the same material, but quite flexible, about a half inch in diameter. P.J. examined the instrument and the tube. The instrument looked like a flute. He held one end of the tube up to his eye and found he could see out the other end quite easily. The tube was hollow. The tube was also coiled around twice. He uncoiled it and he could see through it. He bent the tube in three places, and he could still see through it. Very interesting, he thought. It could be used for a periscope.



There was an instruction manual printed in large clear letters. "Stick end A in receptacle A," the manual said. There were pictures. P.J. found end A and stuck it into the flute. "Screw end B into receptacle B," the manual said. There was a picture of a belly button. P.J. tried to stick the other end of the tube into his belly button, but it wouldn't go. "Screw," the instruction manual said, not "stick." P.J. twisted the tube and found that it screwed in quite nicely. It screwed in far deeper than he had expected. "You are now ready to play," said the manual. There was sheet music. Two pieces were listed for beginners. P.J. was upset to find that neither was *Yankee Doodle*. They were the *Post Partem Blues* and the *Parturition Polka*. He began to play. It was easy.



Two days before the parade Chief Gridley was nervous. The parade had received a lot of publicity, what with three Navy Lieutenant Commanders, Retired, on partial disability leading it. Normally Chief Gridley liked publicity, but it was rumored that the Genies were going to picket. Anything with a lot of publicity the Genies would picket. The Genies were the grandsons and granddaughters of the beat generation. The genial generation, they called themselves. Anarchists, said Chief Gridley. Anybody who wasn't a member of the Veterans of Vietnam Wars was an anarchist. He was probably right.

Whenever Chief Gridley became nervous, he would turn down his hearing aid and call P.J. They would have long conversations, and Chief Gridley would talk out all of his troubles. P.J. knew, of course, that the Chief had turned his hearing aid down. He would just leave the receiver sitting on the table and go back and watch television. Two days before the parade Chief Gridley called P.J. There was no answer. He called again later in the day, still later, and still later. There was no answer. In the evening he walked over to P.J.'s place to see if he was home, but all of the lights were out, and there was no answer. So Chief Gridley had to keep his troubles to himself, unless, of course, he wanted to talk them out to Henderson, but Henderson was still going through his crash program of learning how to carry the flag. The Chief was a Lieutenant Commander, Retired, and he wouldn't think of talking freely to anyone of lower rank. There was a Marine Major in town, but he wouldn't talk to a grunt either.

The morning of the parade the Chief went early over to the Veterans of Vietnam Wars Post Number 1336, as had been planned. The three of them had to get into their costumes. There were lots of Genies about, the Chief noticed. The parks were full of them. He believed he could smell them when he walked downwind of them. They were out in force.

The Chief had prepared a special costume of appropriate rags, but at the last minute he decided not to wear it. He stayed in his police uniform and put an old camouflage poncho over it, thinking a quick transition might be necessary. Henderson showed up, carrying his flag. He had learned how, and once he had started doing it right, his teachers wouldn't let him stop, for fear he might forget. They dressed him in his rag costume, which was no simple task with him still holding the flag. There was only a half hour until the parade when they were done, and P.J. had not come.



The Chief called P.J.'s home, and when there was no answer, drove over to P.J.'s house. It still seemed to be deserted. The Chief pounded and screamed and applied his foot to the lock with a little bit of weight behind it and walked in. P.J. was on the living room floor, his knees curved up to touch his elbows, the flute just touching his lips. The Chief couldn't hear anything, but that wasn't unusual.

"Hey P.J.," he asked, "are you all right?"

No answer.

"Hey P.J." He gave him a kick in the side with his toe.

No response.

"Hey P.J.!" He bent and grabbed him by the shoulders and lifted him upright. He saw the tube hanging from the instrument.

"Hey man," P.J. said, dodging backward, "don't touch."

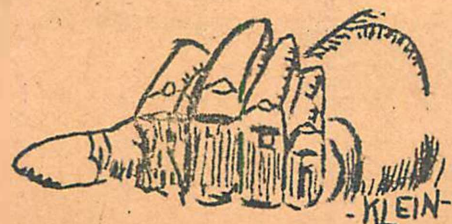
"Come on, P.J.," the Chief said, "the parade starts in half an hour." He looked at his watch. "Hell, the parade starts in fifteen minutes."

He took P.J. by the shoulders and forced him outside into the police car. Even with the siren blaring it took twelve minutes to get through the crowd to the post. The Genies were everywhere. One or two threw flowers as the police car passed. One of the flowers had thorns, the Chief noticed. It was not a good omen.

There was no time to get P.J. dressed in his uniform, so they ripped up his clothes some, and sure enough, they looked like rags. There were some cheers from the old timers as the flag came out into sight. Some of the Genies shouted "Get out of Pago Pago," their current anti-Kennedy administration slogan. It was just something to yell, of course, because since the last French hydrogen bomb test Pago Pago was uninhabitable.

The shouts stopped however when the crowds heard the music. Chief Gridley had turned down his hearing aid so he wouldn't have to hear the noise of his own drum. He didn't hear the sound of the flute, but the drums couldn't drown it out. "Hey man," someone said. "That cat can play!" The man who said it wasn't a Genie. "Soul music," said another. The crowd moved in to listen.

P.J. marched with his eyes closed. He found that as long as he kept the flute to his lips, he could see. His fingers filled the holes like a professional's. He started off with the *Post Partem Blues*, spiced it up a bit, changed key and went right into the *Parturition Polka*. The crowd dug, literally. Those who came equipped with flowers threw them, and those who came without dug them up in the parks, rushed up, threw them, and went back for more. It was too much. P.J., the Chief, and Henderson were covered with daffodils, dandelions, and clods of earth. Henderson looked around in doubt, but he wouldn't let go of his flag. He had learned that much. In fact, three days afterwards he was still holding onto the flag. Moriarty wouldn't let him into the store with it, so the boys from Bethesda had to take him back for observation.



The Chief, of course, was furious. Finally someone threw the daisy that broke Gridley's back. In one eloquent motion he threw off his poncho and stood resplendent in his policeman's uniform right in the middle of the crowd. The parade had stopped marching. There was no place to march to. In fact, there was no parade. All of the veterans except P.J., Henderson, and the Chief had joined the crowd.

"All right!" the Chief bellowed, with no visible effect. "Disperse!" No one moved away. Everyone was looking at P.J., so the Chief looked as well. P.J.'s eyes were tightly closed, so tight that there were wrinkles, as if he were trying to blot out the last bit of external light. He had his shoulders far back, his arms up with the flute. He had gone back to the *Post Partem Blues*, in waltz time. Couples began to dance.

"Enough!" said the Chief. His face was red, and there was an angry line around his neck where the poncho had been too tight. "Knock it off, P.J.," he said. "That's an order." P.J., of course, did nothing of the sort.

Then the Chief made his move. He reached forward, grabbed the tube and pulled viciously. There was a pop, something louder than a champagne cork but less than a howitzer. P.J.'s eyes snapped open and his jaw dropped. The flute fell from his hands and bounced freely on the pavement. The tube coiled and uncoiled as if it were alive. "You," the Chief said, pointing his finger at P.J. with determination, "are under arrest for creating a public disturbance."

P.J. said nothing. He did not move. He tried to blink and found that he could. He blinked again.

"You are under arrest!" the Chief said. "Do you hear me?" He looked about nervously at the crowd, expecting trouble, but everyone seemed to be in a state of euphoria. "Do you hear me?" the Chief asked again.

P.J. nodded. "Give me a moment to catch my breath," he said. But the Chief, who had his hearing aid turned down low, heard it differently.

"Give me liberty or give me death," the Chief heard, so, of course, he drew his revolver and shot him.

## 66 supplement issued!

The 1966 Supplement to the Index to the Science Fiction Magazines is now available from the New England Science Fiction Assn. This is a new listing of all stories, articles, and features published in 1966, compiled from the original magazines, and with a cover by Stephen Fabian.

Work is proceeding on the 1968 Supplement, which should be out in a month or two.

The Index to the Science Fiction Magazines, 1951-1965 sells for \$8.00 and the Supplements for 1966, 1967, and 1968 for \$1.00 each. Order from:

Index Committee  
New England Science Fiction Association  
Post Office Box G, MIT Branch Station  
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139



# TRIVIA QUIZ

-- Jim Saklad

First, the answers to last issue's quiz... (For #s 11, 12, 15, 16, 17 see letters)

1. PyrE, that explosive from *Stars My Destination* that is detonated by Will and Idea.
2. Chomir is an Askanam hunting hound, built by Jim Schmitz to protect Telzey Amberdon from nasty men.
3. Nöys Lambent, from *The End of Eternity*.
4. The question, in spite of appearances, was "Who Plinglot?" Sufficient answer is, "I Plinglot; who you?" which was the title of the Fred Pohl story.
5. 9 months and 2 days after he and 29 women landed on Mars, Maxon was the father of 30 children (one pair of twins). Mighty enough?
6. Why, conquest of the universe and subjugation or elimination of all other "intelligent" races, of course; which goal Doc Smith was born to squelch.
7. Pharmacist's mate -- on *Vorga*, piloted by a Presteign.
8. Aldous Worp, on infrequent, random occasions, both before and after the manifestations of the Worp Effect.
9. A stiff-fingered jab and squeeze at the suspected location intended to queer the slug (or puppetmaster) in question.
10. Nebiros, nephew of Satan.
11. Free association.
12. Serial number of a \$1 bill; decisions in a life; number on a vial of serum; cell number; number of times the question was asked; number of virgins in the world (with one potent man); etc. in "The Starcomber."
1. Where did John Amalfi live? Die?
2. What did Vernon Dricksall compose?
3. Who, in his own words, stood only 1.98 inches high?
4. What did the Pinkness say?
5. What did D.D. Harriman pay Gaston P. Jones for his share of the moon?
6. What is unique about Robert Hedrock?
7. What is CWACC?
8. What was described as "a spaceship, stern rockets flaring as it accelerated on a sunward course which must pass him"?
9. For what job did Jean Luharich hire Carlton Davits?
10. On what one occasion was Presteign known to swear?
11. How did Fenton die?
12. What was unusual about the *Betsy B*?

# FANZINE REVIEWS

RONK.....Mike Symes

Apparantly this installment of my column will consist mostly of Constructive Criticism. Last issue's column was best described to me by ~~WY TADZAT~~ Alan Shaw at the Philcon: "Read your reviews last night. Real nice." Aside from this, Alan Shaw is also distinguished by actually knowing of the existence of Mattapan, after a relatively short stay in the Cambridge-Boston area. But Mattapan is another story....

## Packaging And...

The age of the ditto crudzine is almost past. Now mimeo crudzines dominate, with offset crudzines on the upswing. Two of the best laid-out and produced fanzines at present are dittoed, namely Jim Young's Hoop and Andy Porter's Algol. Although Ed Reed's L'Ange Jacque still suffers from production problems (Ed told me he once had a master tear apart on the drum of his duper during a run), Gene Klein's Faun (formerly Cosmostilletto) has folded and Sleepy Dusk has gone offset. To give you an idea of the appearance of Sleepy Dusk, I'll quote one of the editors.

"I find that I prefer crummy looking fanzines as opposed to great luxurious offset magazines...and ditto is the crummiest and weirdest of all reproduction methods. It's beautiful and honest."

-- Nick Felman, Asst. Editor  
Sleepy Dusk #5

I can't specifically recommend anything to do about dirty and/or faded mimeo repro aside from general things like neatness and patience. The editors should realize the importance of producing something at least visually acceptable in layout, especially if their content isn't particularly fascinating (either way). Lettering guides help and aren't very expensive (even I can afford them). They aren't used in Avernus, Tanstaafl, A Bleeding Rose, Infinity Limited, and Zine-Ophobia. One of the best things to see in a fanzine is lots of open space. Text shouldn't be crowded. Monstrosities vol. I #2 and Beabohema #2 are crowded and hard to read. Tanstaafl #6 is nicely laid out, with generally good repro, flawed only by hand lettering. On the other hand are Don Cochran's Decal #1 and David Malone's DMSFF #1, both of which are immaculately but unimaginatively produced.

## Content

I was going to include my comments on fanart under Packaging, but I've come to regard it as (and it should be to some extent) content. Illos should be planned from definite ideas and finished well. Originality of style and content is very important. Unfortunately it appears that most of these editors feel they must fill a certain amount of space with illos and in desperation use whatever they can get. This also holds true for written material, the emphasis here being on page count rather than quality of material. Most of the written



material just doesn't say anything, has been said before, or is so outrageous that it raises a storm of comments. Beabohema #2 is a prime example of this. 2001 is still making waves; some of the misinterpretations are almost unbelievable. Dan Hatch, in Infinity Limited #2, misses completely a certain cinematic narrative cliché which I thought was patently obvious: "I also neglected to mention the presence of a great eye which filled the screen during the 'trip.' Its nature is also debatable." Oh well, it's all Scott Bartlett's Fault. (I don't think I can get more esoteric than that.)

Four fanzines deal with *The Prisoner* teleseries (Flip #2, Avernus #1, Sleepy Dusk #5, and Zine-Ophobia #2), Kevin Maul's attempt in the latter being the most ambitious and interesting. Sleepy Dusk and Monstrosities #2 deal mostly with movies. Horror movies. If you're interested in a thirty-nine page full tapescript of *Planet of the Apes*, only Monstrosities has it. Yes, only a Northern Song....\*

Randy Williams' Ecco #5 is mostly a comics fanzine, with comments on comics and a comics con report (no parties), most of which interested me since I'm into comics to some extent. Except for the cover, it's well produced.

Decal #1 has a good short story by Larry Niven. (Editor Don Cochran is paying better than prozine rates -- 5¢ a word.) But there's not much besides that.

David Malone's Science Fiction Fanzine -- that's the title -- has no really interesting material, except perhaps the editorial, but promises to improve.

Michel Barnes' A Bleeding Rose #4 is actually a high school underground newspaper; if you like the type of poetry that runs in the underground sheets, you'll like this. I've been bored with the New Left (or whatever it is) for some time now; unfortunately, there's lots of it here. I *would* like to see, however, the graphics of the defunct L.A. Oracle, the irreverency of the Realist, and the scumminess of the East Village Other.

L'Ange Jacque #2, although suffering from dull political material and fan fiction, has very lively fannish and sf material. Production is bad though. Ed Reed needs coolies.

Beabohema #2 carries material which ranges widely in quality. Some of it is definitely very interesting and comment-provoking. Frank Lunney should edit it more extensively.

The editorial personalities of Avernus and Infinity Limited turn me off.

\*Refers to original trade slogan use of phrase



Personal taste, or maybe the editors just talk about themselves too much....

Tanstaaf1 #6, Zine-Ophobia #2, and Flip #2 are mediocre; the first two lack much outside material but show potential; the third has outside material, but the editor is unable to distinguish between good and bad.

The major problem of most of these editors is that they don't.

#### Fanzines Reviewed

AVERNUS #1 - 35¢ - quarterly - mimeo - 35pp.

Michael E. Dobson, 214 Lafayette Street, Decatur AL 35601

BEABOHEMA #2 - 40¢ - irregular - mimeo - 62pp.

Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper Street, Quakertown PA 18951

Bill Marsh, P.O.Box 785, Sparks NV 89431

A BLEEDING ROSE #4 - 35¢ or 25¢ - irregular - mimeo - 34pp.

Michel Barnes, 1716 Summerlane SE, Decatur AL 35601

DMSFF #1 - 30¢ - no schedule - ditto and offset - 29pp.

David T. Malone, Bacon Road, Roxbury CT 06783

DECAL #1 - 35¢ - semiannual - mimeo - 12pp.

Don Cochran, 151 Valley Street, Jackson MS 39209

ECCO #4 - 25¢ - 3 times a year - mimeo - 32pp.

Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty NC 27298

FLIP #2 - 35¢ - quarterly - mimeo - 52pp.

Edward R. Smith, 1315 Lexington Avenue, Charlotte NC 28203

INFINITY LIMITED #2 - 30¢ - no schedule - mimeo - 33pp.

Daniel Hatch, 13 Donna Street, Thompsonville CT 06082

L'ANGE JACQUE #2 - 35¢ - quarterly - ditto with offset covers - 41pp.

Ed Reed, 668 Westover Road, Stamford CT 06902

MONSTROSITIES #2 - no cash - irregular - mimeo with offset covers - 72pp.

Doug Smith, 302 Murray Lane, Richardson TX 75080

SLEEPY DUSK #5,6 - 15¢ - monthly - ditto, offset - 19pp., 8pp.

William R. Schubert, 144 Ferne Court, Palo Alto CA 94306

TANSTAFL #6 - 25¢ - irregular - mimeo - 21pp.

John Godwin, 2426 Belvedere Drive, Wilmington NC 28401

ZINE-OPHOBIA #2 - 10¢ - irregular - mimeo - 28pp.

Kevin Maul, 7688 Marine Drive, South Glens Falls NY 12801

Ed Cox, where are you now that we need you?



GENZINES.....Cory Seidman

I really have to do a little housecleaning around here -- some of these zines go back to last May -- so reviews are necessarily brief. Ratings are along a logarithmic scale from zero to one.

AMPHIPOXI #8 7/68 - future issues unlikely

Billy H. Pettit, Control Data Ltd., 22A St. James Square, London SW1 ENGLAND

COSIGN #16 6/68 - 35¢, 4/\$1.50 - quarterly

Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy Street, Columbus OH 43202

2001 discussions, fannish nostalgia, and reviews. Solid and dull. .7

CRY 178 12/68 - CRY 179 2/69 - 40¢ - 8 times a year

subs, trades: Vera Heminger, 30214 108 Ave SE, Auburn WA 98002

letters, etc: Elinor Busby, 2852 14 Avenue W, Seattle WA 98119

Cry is groovy, but somehow it doesn't quite live up to its legend. .88

DYNATRON #36 5/68 - DYNATRON #37 8/68 - 25¢ - quarterly

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107

Actually, Dynatron is a sloppy little apazine that comes wandering in a few months after publication, but Roy is one of the Good People of fandom and Dynatron is always fun. .75

FOOLSCAP #6 12/68

John D. Berry, Mayfield House, Stanford CA 94305

Foolscap is a typical faanish/nostalgic New York fanzine. The contents seem individually excellent but collectively deadening -- perhaps I shouldn't have tried to read it during all those New York New Years' parties. .75

GRANFALLOON #4 9/68 - GRANFALLOON #5 11/68 - 50¢, 3/\$ - bimonthly

Linda Eyster and Suzanne Tompkins, Apt 103, 4921 Forbes Ave, Pittsburgh PA

Granfalloon is a cheerful, enthusiastic zine with its own stable 15213 of good writers. Cheers for Ginjer's Baycon report! .8

INFINITE FANAC #10 9/68 - 3/\$ - quarterly

Mike Ward, Box 45, Mountain View CA 94040

Mainly a Randy Garrett speech and yet more of Dorr's "Vorpal Sword." Mildly amusing. .65

KALLIKANZAROS #5 6/68 - 4/\$2 - quarterly

John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Avenue,  
Columbus OH 43224

This 60-page annish contains good sercon articles and reasonable fan fiction and poetry, but the zine seems to lack editorial personality. .8

NIEKAS #20 12/68 - 60¢, 4/\$2

Ed Meskys, Box 233, Centre  
Harbor NH 03226

This is the issue with the 16-page section on Georgette Heyer -- everyone run out and get it. The Browns have been doing gaudy things with Ed's newly rediscovered color change kits. .9



## NIEKAS CRUDSHEETS

Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Avenue, Bronx NY 10457

Crudsheets for various issues of Niekas, Locus, Brown Study #7, Sheila's Room #8, and lists of books for sale. A mind-blowing experience, even if you don't actually read it. Charlie might produce more issues if coaxed.

## NO-EYED MONSTER #14 Summer 68 - 30¢, 4/\$ - quarterly

Norm Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Lake Road, Ortonville MI 48462

Norm has already taken enough lambasting on this one.

.4

## NYARLATHOTEP #6 9/68 - 30¢ - irregular

Ben Solon, 3933 N Janssen, Chicago IL 60613

Nyarlathotep is a well-edited, well-laid out, well balanced fanzine. The sercon articles are significant and the humor is amusing. I wish it came out more often.

.9

## ODD #19 Summer 68 - 75¢, 4/\$2

Ray and Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis MO 63108

Odd is a beautifully produced fanzine with gorgeous art and layout, though I find the contents a trifle heavy to take all at once.

.92

## PEGASUS #2 9/68 - PEGASUS #3 11/68

Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson TX 77566

An amiable dittozine, still depending mostly on the usual features, transcriptions of con speeches, and reviews of Georgette Heyer books.

.6

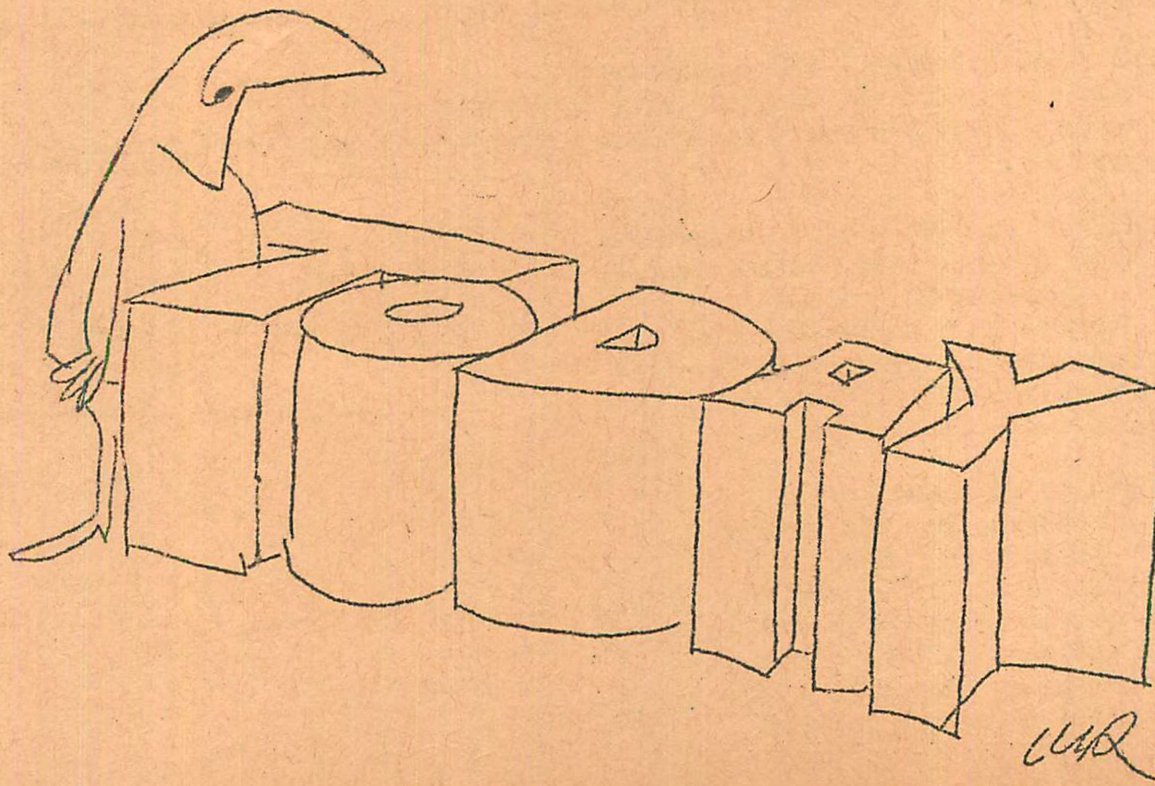
## PSYCHOTIC/SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #25-28 5/68-1/69 - 50¢, \$3/year - bimonthly

Dick Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica CA 90403

Considered perfectly objectively, the actual contents of Psy/SFR tend to be a little thin and overly review-centered.

.85

But the lettercolumn is the best buy around for the fannish dollar. .95





QUIP #8 5/68 - QUIP #10 10/68 - 50¢ - bimonthly

Arnie Katz, Apt 3-J, 55 Pineapple Street, Brooklyn NY 11201

Well-produced and generally entertaining, but, like Foolscap, too New York-faanish for my entire liking. .8

SANDWORM #5 8/68 - SANDWORM #6 12/68 - 20¢ (no subs) - quarterly

Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112

Sandworm seems a trifle under-edited, but the contents are frequently quite enjoyable. .7

THE SCARR #121 6/68

Geo. L. Charters, 3 Lancaster Avenue, Bangor NORTHERN IRELAND

Puns, ATomillos, and a conreport. Slim but amusing. .7

SCOTTISHE #48 6/68 - SCOTTISHE #49 9/69 - SCOTTISHE #50 12/68 - 4/\$ - quarterly

Lilol Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey UK

US Agent: Padd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley CA 94701

A friendly, informal little zine, always worth reading. .75

STARLING #12 6/68 - 25¢

Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood MO 63122

Lesleigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold MO 63010

Some lovely makeup experiments in multicolor mimeo. Contents are adequate but not outstanding. .75

STEFANTASY #63 - 8/68

William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell PA

A very amusing little humorzine, available at the editor's whim. .8

TAPEWORM #7 8/68 - 25¢, 5/\$

Jack Haldeman, 1244 Woodbourne Avenue, Baltimore MD 21212

The Washington fans are very amusing people, and Tapeworm is an untidily pleasant fanzine. .85

# A DOUBLE DACTYL

-- J.R.M. Seitz

Aghast iconoclast,  
Analog's editor,  
Wroth at some seditors'  
Kindling of flags;

Leapt he up painedly,  
Gout-ankle-sprainedly,  
Shredded said seditors'  
Trotskyite mags.

# LETTERS

Jerry Kaufman  
Rm907 161 Curl Dr  
Columbus OH 43210  
15 November 1968

I suppose Charlie Brown is not going to Love Me, if my current plans work out well. I'm to go for a conference with the dorm director Monday to find out about breaking my contract and leaving the dorm. You see, at State sophomores are supposed to live in the dorms because the University loses money otherwise. There are ways, though, of escaping, one of them being to plead financial distress. It is cheaper to live in a rooming house or apartment with a roommate, than it is to live in a dorm (which suggests that the dorm is screwing us poor students). If all Works Out, I'll have a new address after New Year. Which means that Charlie will have to print another change of address for me.

The cover of PB3 is great. I like Stephen Fabian, being easily overcome by technique as I am. Which is indirectly the reason I don't care for Steve Stiles. I can't see what technique he has.

I don't know any of the answers to the Trivia quiz, except for the last question, which is unmistakably Harvey Purvis, from one of my favorite humorous stories.

I think that Del Rey has started the sort of thing that sends the Burroughs nuts into ecstasies -- rewriting the Author. I'd sooner ignore the inconsistencies, which I never noticed in the first place, and simply enjoy LotR as it stands. I am interested though in seeing what the Harvard Lampoon does to Prof. T\*ok\*\*n.

What Kay Anderson doesn't mention about that Les Crane Show is that after Harlan finished stumbling over the bit about the slot machine and "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes", Robert Bloch corrected him.

"That's a slut machine," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mike Zaharakis  
525 NW 23rd St  
Minot ND 58701

It seems as if PB is becoming very much like a letter apa (almost half the issue was letters) but I liked #3.

By the way, Minot now has two sf groups (and a third forming) the address of the college group being:

Minot State Science Fiction Society  
Minot State College  
c/o Harold Nelson  
Minot ND 58701

Along with our formation into a coherent group on campus our status rose considerably to the point where we'll be the subject of an hour long radio program Saturday 7 Dec68.

The local station has decided that fandom and sf can't be too well ignored when we've become two of the most active groups in town.



I've always sort of wondered what would happen if Joe Pyne came up against Harlan Ellison...probably the same thing that happened to Les Crane.

Dan Hatches comments on the lack of fen in suburbia strike a rather false note. Even if you're decentralized (And who is more decentralized than NDak?) you're bound to find fen lurking in many places.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dainis Bisenieks  
542 County Apt 1  
New Bedford MA 02740

I didn't know mimeo machines were, like bicycles, bisexual. How do you tell the difference between a male and a female mimeo? ((Only by their behavior.)) And what would the larval (or embryonic) form be? A rubber stamp?

Trivia time. #11: I believe it was a robot named Joe who vastened.  
#12: I suppose that was the time of Dr. Pinero's death, as he had foreseen.  
#14: You have 5,271,009 decisions to make in your lifetime. #16: You spell his name with an S.

I subscribed to *The Journal of Irreproducible Results*, but I was left with the impression that they're hard up for material. Shucks, better stuff gets published in fanzines all the time. Well I recall "The Quantum Mechanics of Sex" in TZ the other year, and here are the filk song and "Incantation Emergency," both of which are better than anything I've seen in *J.I.R.* yet.

Who is Vargo Statten? One of the many pseudonyms of John Russell Fearn, hack author supreme. There was at one time in England a Vargo Statten S.F. magazine.

("So you've named your little boy Vargo, Mrs. Statten? How nice!")

I confess to a fascination with the universe of *Dune*, but an organization? a magazine? What would you call them? I suggest *Dune Zanies* for (1) and *Dune Buggy* for (2). Or perhaps *Dunederheads*...or *Frefen*?

Georgette Heyer fans will doubtless be pleased with the following quotation from a letter by T.H. White to David Garnett, October '1, 1944:

"...Friday's Child by Georgette Heyer. It is supposed to be a 'period' piece of the Regency. As I have just finished Horry Walpole in nine volumes and Greville in five I am rather well up in the Georges for the time being, which increases the agony. The first, amazing sentence is: '"Do not, I beg of you, my lord, say more!" uttered Miss Milborne, in imploring accents, slightly averting her lovely countenance, and clasping both hands at her bosom.' Now the astonishing thing about this is, that it *does* to some extent capture the Regency idiom. The only thing it doesn't capture is the way the regency thought. All the characters are dukes and earls, slightly P.G. Wodehouse, who fight duels in an insane travesty of some bastard misalliance between Rafael Sabatini and Jane Austen. Do not, Bunny, I implore you, read it, uttered Mr. White, clasping his grubby hands and slightly averting his hirsute countenance, because convalescents are notoriously unbalanced and you may think it is the best book you ever read."

Letters-3

L. Sprague de Camp      Many thanks for BOSKONIAN I, 3. I'm glad to learn that I  
278 Hothorpe Lane      "have the air of a gentleman." Been working at that for  
Villanova PA 19085      years. When Mr. Desmond undertakes to cure his mono-  
12 December 1968      glotism, of all the languages I have fooled around with  
                             (I won't say learned) Dutch is much the easiest, being  
the nearest to English. On the other hand, unless one is going to the Netherlands,  
it won't take one very far, as will French or Spanish.

\* \* \* \* \*

Doug Hoylman      You sent me the wrong copy. It has "You might contribute  
1304 N. Cherry      artwork" checked, which is about the only one that doesn't  
Tucson AZ 85719      apply. It is within the realm of possibility that I could  
12 December 1968      contribute articles, reviews or lousy puns; I don't think  
                             I left either a heart or a raincoat in San Francisco --  
perhaps some less vital organ -- but I'm going back during Christmas to make  
sure (there's a possible article for you); and I shall certainly vote for  
Boston in '71 if I happen to be wherever it is in '70.

Pumpkin pie ice cream cakes. That must be the ultimate dessert. I didn't  
realize that Baskin-Robbins extended that far east. Baskin-Robbins is just the  
opposite of Howard Johnson's: the latter advertise 28 flavors and usually have  
a dozen or so; B-R advertise 31 and usually have over forty.

The trivia is getting more trivial, or at least more obscure. Only four  
of this batch are at all familiar, and I can only answer one. Oh yes, the  
Vonnegut story I mentioned is "Harrison Bergeron".

I accept only one of the three criticisms laid (not lain) by William  
Danner against my grammar. I did indeed mean "lying" instead of "laying".  
But my dictionary lists both "adviser" and "advisor" as acceptable spellings,  
and the "me" which he says should be "I" is not the subject of the sentence  
since that isn't a sentence.

I still haven't seen *2001*, but it's playing in Tucson now (not Cinerama)  
and I may go this Saturday. It'll be my last chance to use the Tucson busses,  
since the company is going out of business at the end of the year. I suppose  
the city will keep the service going somehow, though.

Back to Danner's letter: how can the abbreviation for the name of a  
state be described as a "meaningless symbol"?

If the word "Fargo" appeared in a crossword puzzle, that automatically  
makes it weird.

I'm eagerly awaiting your Baycon report, as I haven't seen anything on  
that con yet beyond lists of awards and so on. Did they come up with a sensible  
solution to the problem of the dramatic award this year? I'm against the  
practice of naming individual series episodes, and would like to see separate  
awards for best TV series and best movie. In this, the year of *2001*, *Planet  
of the Apes*, *Rosemary's Baby*, *Barbarella*, *Charly* and several others, *Star Trek*  
may be crowded off the ballot altogether



Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown MD 21740  
14 December 1968

Come to think of it, this loc will go of necessity to the NESFA address, since I can't quite make out your number Somewhere on Ware Street on the index page of the third Proper Boskonian. It would be nice if I could enclose in the same envelope one loc for each issue of Instant Message that has reached me in recent months, but I'll have to wait until I get them written, and if that doesn't happen soon, the only way to show my appreciation will be by forming the Hagerstown Futurian Federation of the World and sending its biweekly news publication to you people.

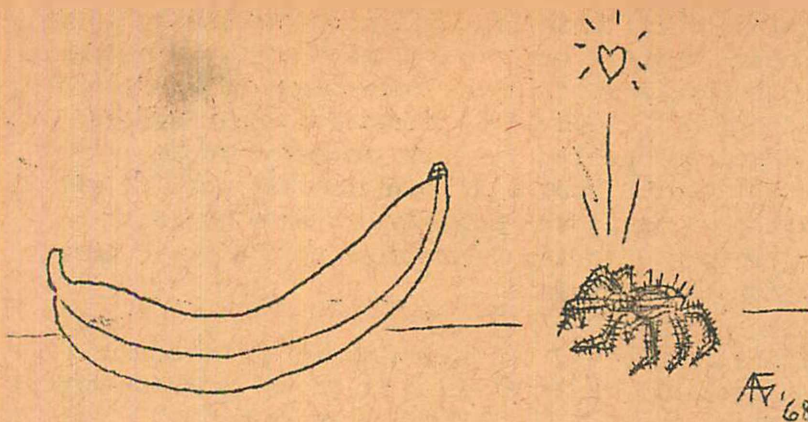
The editorial was entertaining, edifying, and alarming in about equal quantities. The fright-making involves all these river challenges and mountain ascents, and the similar feats in which fans Up North have been engaging. The like hasn't been seen since worldcons used to end with softball games many years ago. I'm a whiz at walking but totally unsuited for any other form of exercise, after a life spent poring over fanzines, breaking hips, and getting rejected at the last possible moment from induction during each war the nation encounters. (They haven't gotten around to me again since Vietnam came up, but the way things look now, I'm not going to burn my draft card until the act will have some personal significance.) If fans in general become physically fit as a result of all these outdoor excursions, they'll never find it necessary to go to sleep during worldcons and they'll be able to sit through Moskowitz speeches, and I frankly don't think I'll be able to keep up the new pace.

William H. Desmond's article came at the right time, because I've been collecting information on various European nations, just in case I decide to extract myself from this particular nation, if things continue to worsen in the next year or two. I'd been advised by someone who has been all over the continent that Yugoslavia is the place to go, because a person can live like a king on even less money than I would have available, and could also provide employment to a couple of servants in case he finds himself too busy writing locs to answer the doorbell and frighten away the wolves. But Andorra sounds just as enticing. The fact that you must pay \$53 to have the council-general do what you wish is particularly interesting. I'm sure that this indicates a high level of probity on the part of Andorra's politicians, because in most nations, a much smaller bribe in an office-holder's hands will usually get results. The porro wouldn't create any problems for me, since I'm a non-drinker, and I've had limited experience with sheep-herding, as a photographer of 4-H club events, just in case I should move over there and find it necessary to supplement my retirement income. I might even start collecting stamps again. Come to think of it, the other nation is probably spelled Yugoslavia now, but I think of it the other way, because that's how it is in my old Scott's postage stamp album.

Mike Symes blunts his axe pretty well in his preliminary







remarks; otherwise, I'd complain that he's too hard on fanzines that are that way because that's the way they like it. I'm quite fond of crudzines, when they're not pretentious and when the editors and contributors don't get too vicious in their feuding. They're the modern equivalents of the old Planet Stories letter column, where literacy was a handicap, and

of the earliest years of SAPS, whose founders were determined to keep out anything resembling the seriousness of FAPA. One personal value I find in many crudzines is their way of keeping me in touch with the youngest generation. Only a few of the first-rate fanzines publish enough about horror movies and comic books and rock groups to give an older person a good look into the interests of teen-agers. It's easier to penetrate those interests through fanzines than by trying to talk to the kids in the block where you live.

Doug Hoylman should investigate a little more before he credits the post office with getting a fanzine from Baltimore to Arizona in one day. I have an awful suspicion that some post offices are faking the date on their postmarks, to try to make service appear better than it is. Either that, or mail lies around a long time before it runs through the cancellation machine. I've noticed some 36-hour delays through the evidence which comes from Montgomery Ward's habit of sending back the envelope with the original order among the papers it returns to the purchaser. If I mail an order in a box a block from the post office in the morning, it shouldn't be postmarked the following day's p.m. ((But then how explain things like the fact that, even starting with the postmark date, it can take letters anything from one to five days to travel from New York to Boston?))

The loc from Elliot Shorter was the outstanding thing about the letter section. Dare we hope that another convention fan has finally been converted to fanzine fandom? I thought for a while that there would never be another following in the footsteps of Jay Kay Klein, and I hope that Elliot begins to write as frequently and entertainingly as Jay has done.

The front cover is splendid, even though it violates all the rules of composition and also pays no attention to the old theory that you shouldn't look into the camera while someone is taking your picture. I have my doubts about how well the girl will get along in combat, unless she has had long practice in avoiding pratfalls from tripping over her skirt. As for the back cover, I suppose the artist meant the lines to be a bit imprecise, but I wonder if absolutely straight lines where they are a trifle wavering, and fewer lumps in the hulls of the spaceships wouldn't have improved the effect mightily. But I like the general layout of the drawing for its imaginative mixture of old and new, big and little things. Inside, I liked best the simple little sketch on page 18 by Gene Klein. It's different from the normal patterns of fanzine art, and it suggests far away worlds much better than a lot of elaborate full-pagers crowded with monsters.

Please pardon the exceptionally bad typing. Cold waves cause my fingertips to split open and make me wonder if I shouldn't start every letter "Dear John" because they're so painful to write.



Roy Tackett  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque NM 87107  
14 December 1968

Ah, there Bostonians, proper and otherwise....

I note that some misguided soul has checked "You have the air of a gentleman" on my copy of PB3; some coolie, no doubt, who has never met me and is unaware that, as a retired Sergeant of Marines, I am not now and never have been a gentleman. Gentlemen are, after all, created by Act of Congress and have a little piece of paper to prove it. Being a barbarian, if I were given a piece of such paper I would most likely eat it -- or use it for a more practical purpose. Neither have I the soul of a poet -- unless you count the one I captured in a bit of crystal one midsummer evening at a sabbat. The brain of a genius.. ah, I have one of those. I keep it in a jar. I have two mimeos but neither belongs to a Lithuanian although I'd gladly sell one to a Lithuanian. The only Lithuanian I know, though, was a permanent resident of the lobby of the Hotel Claremont and I'm not going back there.....

Let us, then, get on to other things. For instance Jerry Kaufman who asks "Is there really a Fuzzy Pink?" It is interesting to note that the Reverend George Montford asked the very same question at Salem in the year 1649 shortly before his cow, his well, and his wife all went dry. Again it is recorded that the question, "Is there really a Fuzzy Pink?" was asked at Arkham in 1884 by a certain Mr. Charles Dexter Roebuck who shortly after found himself with a wife, a mistress, and a note from the bank all a month overdue. I, myself, would never ask such a question.

That is a fine cover illo by Steve Fabian although the subjects appear to be a duo of improper Boskonians -- or Cimmerians even. On the other hand one can assume that they are, indeed, proper Boskonians.

Why did you climb only half way up Mount Washington? Why did you tip over the canoe? Do you customarily tip over canoes? Did you know that with only very few portages you could canoe from the east coast, yea, into the far reaches of the far west? How far can a dog run into the forest?

The Trivia Quiz stumped me mostly. The subjects of the various questions are familiar and I'm sure that with a slight bit of research I could find the answers, however, the only two of which I am certain are what happened to Dr. Pinero at 1313 -- he was terminated -- and the real name of Lazarus Long: it was Woodrow Wilson Smith, or so he claimed.

The only reason I am certain of these two is that I have just finished THE PAST THROUGH TOMORROW.

I first heard of Andorra in Richard Halliburton's THE ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE. Halliburton visited that republic in the early 1920s and reported:

On arrival at Ax, the nearest point to Andorra reached by rail, I found I had disastrously lost my race with winter. Snow and ice were two inches deep at this two thousand five hundred foot town. What would they be in the eight thousand five hundred foot pass! The hotel proprietor seemed aghast at my contemplated expedition. "It is never done at this season," he assured me. "You are a month too late. You will find the mule trail impassable with snow."

However, Halliburton took the mail truck from Ax to l'Hospitalet. From there it was ten hours by mule up to Soldeau and the next day another eight hours by mule to Andorra City.

Boston in 71? Denver in 72?

((Roy, in the unlikely event that you and Harry Warner ever get to the same Worldcon, I think the two of you should get together and have a nice long discussion of outdoor sports. It might broaden both your outlooks.))

Letters-7

Rick Brooks  
P.O. Box 5465  
Milwaukee WI 53211  
2 January 1969

Thanks for THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #3. Since I have a keen mind, I'll answer the question from the Trivia Quiz in #2. In "Shipping Clerk" by Morrison (GALAXY 11/52), the loser in a battle of wits ended up hauling fertilizer of Iapetus run. Now the answers to the quiz in #2 are so interesting that I wish I had the questions. I can pick out the books for seven or eight of the questions, but I can only answer two without looking. 6. The ultimate goal of the Fenachrone (Skylark books -- EE Smith) was to conquer the universe. 12. Dr. Pinero was murdered at 1.13 Pm in "Lifeline" by Heinlein. Be good and I might submit a trivia quiz. I know some good ones.

You ought to have a good typer like this one. It is a 1920 (or so) Remington. And I honestly think that the building could cave in on it without damaging it. Of course, carrying it up or down stairs (erratic weather (12 below two nights ago) and no central heating) keeps me from getting out of shape. If a Model T was constructed that strongly, I can see why people still love them. And as an added bonus, this typer is simple enough for a man of my modest mechanical abilities to tinker with. The "q" key doesn't work right and the thing has a 3/4 as shift for the - instead of an asterick, but it works quite well at the moment.

Damn, you should have voted Prohibitionist. The younger Munn had offered me an ambassadorship if they won. And if you had to waste your vote (one of the fond memories my brother in Houston (much to the left of me) had from the campaign was hearing of Strom Thurmond's lecture at Houston on the evils of voting for a third party candidate), why not vote for Pat Paulson or Snoopy? ((They weren't on the ballot. The spectacle of a paper ballot that I had to mark with a pencil and place in a wooden ballot box had so unnerved me that I didn't dare to inquire into the mechanisms of write-in votes.))

Liked Desmond's trip report. If I hadn't already decided to dissapate my new-found wealth in con hopping, I'd go to Barcelona and Andorra.

Bruce Baumgart has a good filk song. And from what I know of computer nuts, it fits well. I personally love computers, but not for what I can do with them as much as what they can do for me.

Gilliland did a better job for you than he did for PLAYBOY. Quite nice, and verra verra military.

Vargo Statton is a pseudonym of John Russell Fearn, a sort of Dumas of sf (in reference to his productivity) who, in the lamented good old days, ran three stories in the same Tremaine ASTOUNDING (Fearn, Cross, and Ayre as author's names, I believe), and who may have hacked out most of the English VARGO STATTON SF mag.

I'm not sure that I can agree with your analysis of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. However, as literary analysis is not something I've paid much attention to, I don't know as I can tell if a write-up is superficial or not. However, I do think that in slamming "Edgar Rice Burroughs and the Heroic Epic," you do attack the slightest item that I've ever seen in RQ.

Dan Hatch should get together with Bob Vardeman, who puts out SANDWORM.

GOBLIN RESERVATION is my Hugo choice. I really don't feel wild about any short fiction, except the excerpt in IF from Zelazny's CREATURES OF LIGHT AND DARK.



It doesn't hang together worth a damn, but what beautiful passages. The man makes me see...and there is too little beauty in my world. Possible because SF and SFy give me perfection.

I have never read any Heyer, but my little sister dotes on her. So I promised her a copy of the next NIEKAS. Sounds like just what she wants. May bum a copy of hers myself and see what the fuss is about.

Don't keep asking for artwork, or I'll send some of mine. I did a nice set of possible alien arm and hand configurations in my mis-spent youth, but I can only find one now.

And remember that one octogillion has 10 to the 243rd zeros while one nonogillion has 10 to the 273 zeros.

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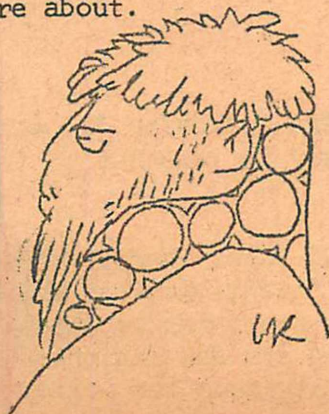
Gene Klein  
155-07 59th Avenue  
Flushing NY

The page I'm writing on doesn't mean another faun is coming out (as if it matters) but rather it's a shame to waste paper that was to be put to good use (like the cover of faun 15?)...

Fabian is magnificent (speaking of potato chips). The influences that come to mind right off though, are these: The swordman's mough strangely resembles that of John Carter of Mars (the Gold Key comics version). Too, this resembles the mouth of Jesse Marsh (the guy who used to draw the terrible Tarzans for Dell comics 'They're Good Comics'). But the rest has Frazetta and possibly Morrow influences (or traces of same). The stance in particular is striking.

Hmmm. Gaughan's dragon: I seem to remember commenting something about one of Gaughan's other dragons (perhaps to you?.), nothing of which has to do with this, of course...

I scored an absolute zero in the Trivia Quiz -- this, probably because the questions dealt with literature which admittedly plays a smaller role in my spare time than it should. My reading habits are limited to a select few preferences which I happen to enjoy and which satisfy my reading demands. Unfortunately as of late, this particular form of literature has come under heavy attack in fandom -- I like sword and sorcery. For some reason I don't get tired of grunts and magic and this pretty well sums up my reading knowledge. Perhaps I could do better on the next quiz if you broadened the scope to include movies, music and radio -- fields I happen to know a bit more about.



The Incantation thing didn't attract my attention at first. I thought it was for the benefit of those going into the armed forces and that it provided information regarding rules and regulations but was relieved to find the contents were deviants from the norm. Fine stuff, but I remember past Boskonians dealt with computers and such...

Mike Symes fanzine reviews must be a first. I've never seen crudzines put into one pile. The sympathetic reviewer will try to go about labelling crudzines as such with some degree of subtlety. But, Mike must have his reasons. Trouble is, I happen to disagree with most of what he says.

Like, of all the zines mentioned (I receive Bea, Dreegh, Exile, and Infinity Lim of the group) the only one that really struck me as crud was Infinity and in that case only because of the first issue. The second one has arrived and while there isn't much improvement here, at least I'm in the contents (er..). The cover art happens to be good looking as well (looks somewhat Bode-ish)...

With regard to Exile: I happen to think Dogramajian has improved it immensely since the first issue. The fifth number will have among other things - a Gilbert folio (something you don't see often), stuff from Bloch, Gaughan and letters from Asimov, Ted White as well as art by JG, Al Williamson, and Jim Cawthorn (which I gave him). I don't think it's a crudzine by any means.

The fact that you thought Dave Szurek didn't know what he was talking about (with regard to the movie reviews) just shows that you thought Szurek didn't know what he was talking about - this has little if no bearing on the zine. The quality of the zine (to me) comes in appearance, and what the editor produces (his comments and such). Everything else is something to be considered as an outside factor. ((Huh??))

What I said about DeA goes for the bacover. It is atrocious. Again, the basic fault here is not the lack of anything going on, but rather simple bad drawing. The shading is terrible and the figure (s) are as simple as cartoon work, for that matter, the anatomy seems childish. Sometimes, DeA can produce very nice work but other times (as in this case) the work is junk. Dea is a mystery.

Regarding Riverside Quarterly - I know people who honestly feel it is boring reading. RQ is good reading when you're in the mood for something serious but what bothers me is that it's so hard to loc. I can knock off half a page on Harry Warner's fanzine reviews (a recent addition) or on Jim Harmon's nostalgia things, but otherwise, the lettercol and articles are hardly the type of things one can ramble on (unless one is a student of literature in which case that person would have a holiday).

\* \* \* \* \*

Buck Coulson Just reviewed the 3rd PROPER BOSKONIAN and noted that I hadn't commented on it. An oversight, obviously. Then I read it carefully and could come up with no comments to make.

I wonder if Harry Warner would consider giving lessons in letter-commenting?

Anyway, I think kindly of you, if that helps.

\* \* \* \* \*

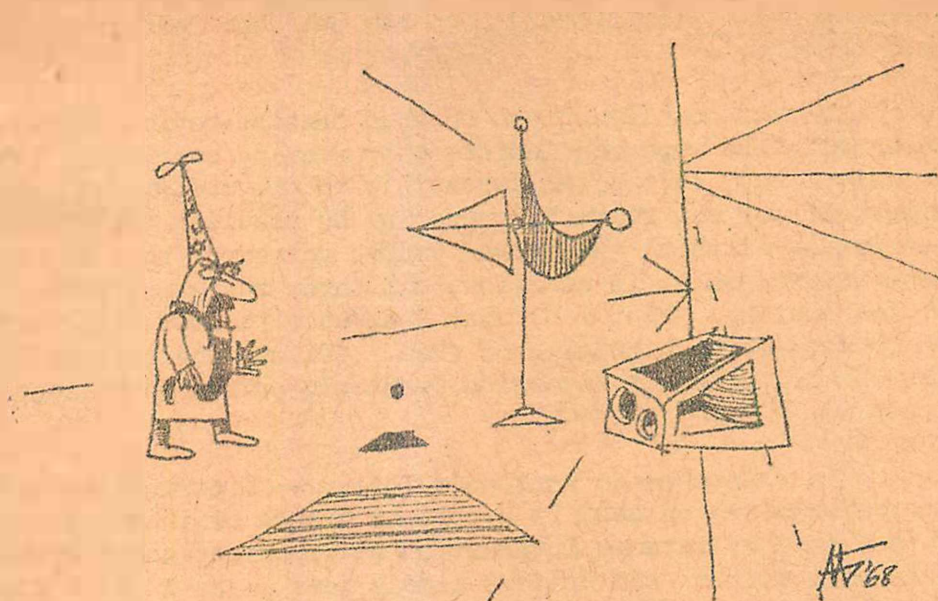
Al Snider

Box 2319, Brown Station Just received a copy of THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #3, and  
Providence RI 02912 I had a few things I wanted to say in response to  
18 February 1969 Mike Symes.

First off, as a potential convention bidder I should think that it would behoove you to make friends. Obviously Symes has no such intentions, and while throttling several people just because they don't meet his standards he alienates them very well. You see, a few of the zines mentioned are New England zines, and with Boston running around as an underdog bid, it seems bad policy to have several local genzines against you from the start.



Second, a few words to Symes himself. I'm not really trying to play the role of the cosmic castigator, but I think his stuff was done in very bad taste. Don Fitch made an interesting point that it is usually those who are insecure in their fannishness who run around taking great delight in pointing out the faults of young neofans. It seems like that is what Symes is doing.



Also, it is dangerous to cry "neofan" against, say, Frank Lunney, in the pages of PB. Compare this issue of PB to Frank's BEABOHEMA. Granted, PB is neater, with better artwork, but I think there was more to be said about the substance of Frank's zine than yours, at least for this issue. Besides that, look at the controversy that has been chased up by BAB in comparison with PB. ((Oh, I see. I should be controversial, but just not offend anyone doing it.))

Not that I want to bomb out PB, since I like it, but I do want to stress the unwise position taken by Symes, and also point a few of these things out to you, Cory, since you thought of the idea. Besides that, what kind of an elucidating feature is a crudzine review column?

So, If you'll excuse my saying nasty things, I guess that's all I have to say. I received and read BEABOHEMA, DREEGH, FLIP, IT AIN'T ME BABE, L'ANGE JACQUE, and ZINE-OFOBIA, and while I do admit that they aren't the best things around, don't you agree with Frank when he writes, "I suppose all zines must have gone through their cruddy stage." I mean, look at the old issues of PB (as I look to my old fanzines) and see if he isn't write.

The major question is, will any of us ever come out of the crud stage? Let's hope so.

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Jerry Lapidus  
54 Clearview Drive  
Pittsford NY 14534  
6 March 1969

One of the weirdest things about this crazy world is getting a magazine reviewing a fanzine you put out nearly a year ago. Tomorrow And...2, the last issue Tony reviews in PB 3, came out at the end of May, 1968. The first offset issue (3, which you should have seen by now) was mailed out around the middle of November, so it's understandable that it's not included in the November PB. But since I didn't GET that issue until early February -- this means it's almost been a year since I put out that last magazine. ((Sorry about the late mailing. The various crises detailed in my editorial provide some explanation, if not an excuse.))

I do thank Tony for his comments (alas, all too true); you'll be getting Tomorrow And... (in trade?) from now on. The next issue is due out any day now, from Chicago.

I must compliment you on your fanzine review set-up. Unless you're personally the type who insists on reviewing everything that comes along (as, I fear, I am), it's often impossible to do specific magazines justice. Many zines, of course, solve this problem by handling just two or three magazines per issue. I think the method you've got here, tho, is both interesting to read and valuable; in addition, all three reviewers write well enough to make it interesting. That fact that I agree with most of the reviews has nothing to do with my high opinion of them. ((I owe the idea to Harry Warner, from when he did a recent Riverside Quarterly column on college and college-derived zines.))

In reference to Kaufman's letter -- I certainly don't feel the emphasis (overemphasis?) on 2001 is a case of a lack of things to write about, so much as it's a case of intense interest in an important achievement in the field. I'm sure many editors and writers simply feel -- as I do -- that 2001 represents the best visual sf they've ever seen, and beyond this is still an excellent movie and artistic work. Because this work is so important, and because so many people WILL see it, many of us want to make our own comments -- want to get our own two cents worth in! Perhaps the proliferation of useless plot summaries has gone a little far, but I at least feel all the comments have been worthwhile.

Y'know, it's funny, but while I like and do read Riverside Quarterly, I've seen RQ-type articles done better in other magazines. Sandra Miesel's Delany/Zelazny articles in Kallikanzaros, and many of the articles in Speculation have been similar, but have been considerably more readable. I could easily mention many other cases, altho the one that comes to mind immediately is Warhoon.

The point is, for most of these magazines, these are special features. For RQ, this is the standard fare. It's understandably difficult to get enough, good, well-thought-out, scholarly, unsuperficial articles to fill a magazine, and I imagine Mr. Sapiro is sometimes forced to use material he'd rather not use.

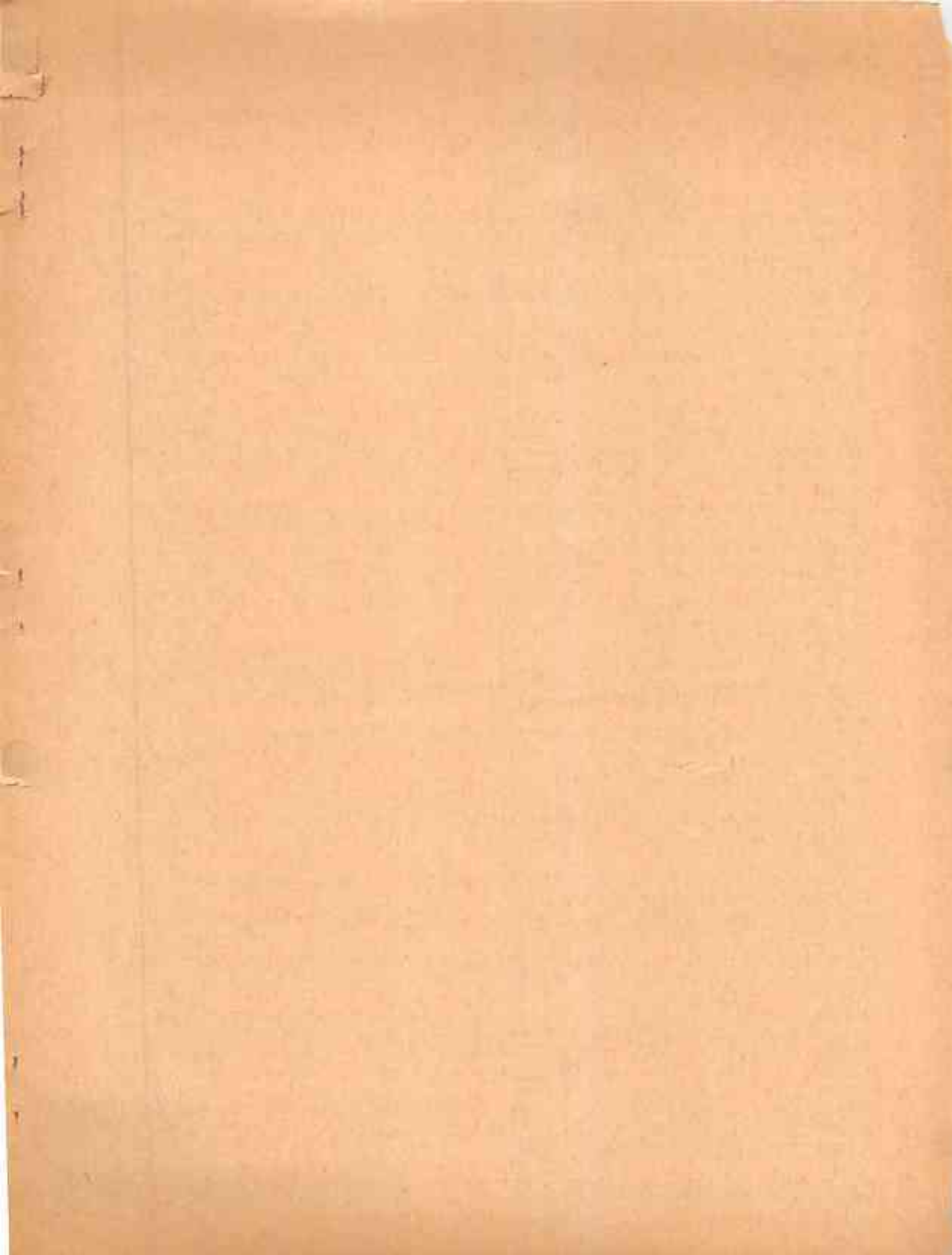
The best bet for Hatch (why didn't you mention this, Cory?) would be Bob Vardeman, whose Sandworm is at least loosely based on an interest in Dune. Bob's probably come in contact with others through the magazine, and might be able to point out some names. ((I'd thought Bob just took Sandworm as a good name for a New Mexico fanzine and didn't realize he was a Dune fan.))

Can't agree much on Smith and the Hugos. Novel should probably go to Brunner's Stand on Zanzibar, one of the greatest total works I've seen since Dune. I didn't like A Gift From Earth (serialized as Slowboat Cargo) at all, and wouldn't even consider it; for me, at least, only Black Easter (serialized as Faust-Aleph-Null) and The Masks of Time Would give the Brunner/Delany entries a run. I do agree about short fiction, tho; either "Nightwings" or "Lines of Power" for novella, possibly one of the Harlan things ("Try a Dull Knife," "I See a Man...", "The Beast that Shouted Love") for ss. Nothing up to last year's contenders, tho.

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We also heard from Steve Fabian and Joanne Burger.







asafoetida othelas basil black pepper booster spice fennel buffalo chips capiscum

cardamon cassia catnip chelery chemil cinnamon condamine coriander

cumin fennel fenugreek hilly joraleon marjoran mandragora melange

momea murphness ogee quassia rashomon savory sesame ground spase

stroon tana leaves tarragon thio- tinoline thionite thyle turmeric wolfs- bone