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# THE PROPER

## BOSKONIAN

#5 August 1969

Tranquility Base Here, The Eagle Has Landed - 20 July 1969

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# The Instrumentality Spieks

— RICHARD HARTER

When NESFA was formed it was tacitly assumed that Cory Seidman would be editor indefinitely. This assumption overlooked the fact that Cory was a young, attractive, single female. Since the last issue Cory and Alexei Panshin have gotten married and have moved to Elephant, Pa. To which all right thinking people will say to them "God Bless You and Good Luck."

Although we are all happy for both of them this did leave NESFA in somewhat of a hole. We neither had an editor nor any prospects of finding one. Leslie was gafiating. Dave is no longer particularly active anymore. Bernie Morris is back in town, but wants some time to get his feet wet in fandom again (Leslie, Dave, and Bernie are all former editors of TZ, the MITSFS publication). At this point I was unwise enough to announce that there would be no problem in getting out an issue of Proper Boskonian. All we would have to do is get a bunch of people together and cut stencils. After all we had enough material for an issue or at least we could produce enough material. Besides we wanted to get an issue out before St. Louiscon and here it was, August already. As you can imagine, in no time at all, Bigmouth was in charge of doing just that little thing.

And, after all, it wasn't too bad. I inspected the files of carefully compiled material that Cory had left. There wasn't enough material - there never is - so I scrounged and thunk, and, Lo, material was forthcoming. Of course, most of the material was scrawled in an assortment of illegible scribblings. There was a tall stack of letters dating back to April, some of which were on Geha stencils. (You see, we have this Geha which we got for twenty dollars. It had not been used for months and months and never by us.) Part of Cory's epic con report was on stencils, and part was not. An article I had scrawled was stashed away in a folder. The Globe article about Seitz was interesting. Etc. Etc. Etc.

The first thing we did was to hold a typing party one Tuesday to cut stencils. Of course, everybody who was experienced in any way (except Tony and Susan) was busy or was gafiating. A good part of the session was spent teaching people how to cut stencils, and typing up rough drafts of material on hand. Still a number of stencils got cut which Tony ran off during the following week. The following Wednesday Tony and Paul tried out the Geha. As you may know a Geha is a silkscreen machine which continuously feeds ink from a big ink tube on the side. As soon as they turned it on the tube of ink exploded. (Seems the piston in the ink pump





THE QUESTION OF WHETHER I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY  
OR NOT IS ONE ONLY YOU CAN ANSWER, MY DEAR...

needed cleaning.) After another day and some labors three stencils were finally run off. These, you will understand, were the only stencils run on the Geha.

It has become traditional to meet at the MITSFS library (which I am informed has something like 13000 volumes) every friday and procede to Chinatown. After Chinatown everybody goes out to Baskin-Robbins for Ice Cream. I reasoned that this would be a good time to snare people for a typing session. After Baskin-Robbins we settled down to get some stencils cut. (We being Morris Keelson, Ed Meyer, Dave Anderson, and I.) Meanwhile Tony cleverly hauled out his collection of Childrens Crusade Against Communism bubble gum cards (the ones with the green Chairman Mao) and diverted the attention of all the people who weren't typing so that we wouldn't be bothered. This produced another load of stencils which Tony ran off late into the night. Saturday I went over to Tony's and finished off the the rest of the stencils and Tony ran them off so that Proper Boskonian could be collated Sunday, Sunday being a week before the Con, and the biweekly NESFA meeting. Somewhere in all this was layout, getting artwork taken care of, and all the other things that an editor is supposed to do. It was all very simple, really. And that Children is why your are reading Proper Boskonian today.

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For the nonce I have agreed to put out the next issue (s?). Coming attractions include Part II of Cory's Con report, some LoC's that never got in (but write one anyway) and ramblings about things in Boston, plus many stellar features yet to be revealed. In general the editorial policy for PB will be much the same as the policy followed by Cory. I have no hopes, of course, of replacing Cory's inimitable reportage of doings in Fandom. Letters of Comment are always welcome and in the future I expect to comment much more extensively on them. We are always looking for interesting and offbeat articles, particularly things in a humorous vein. We generally do not plan to publish fiction unless it is quite good or unless I have been bribed. Nominally Proper Boskonian is supposed to appear on a quarterly schedule. In recent times there has been some slippage on this, but I hope to get back to schedule (I don't promise anything though.)

# FLOWER POWER

— Susan Lewis

"Hello, Boston Flower Exchange."

"Hello. I'm looking to buy a pound of carnation petals."

"You're puttin' me on."

"No, I really want a pound of carnation petals."

"What're you gonna do with a pound of petals?"

"I'm going to make wine with them."

"Do you do much drinking?"

"No."

"How old are you?"

"Ah . . ." (this one always stops me, so running through my quick calculation method -- I was born in an odd year, this year's an odd year, so I'm an even age --)

". . . about 26."

"Himn."

"You see I have a recipe for carnation infused wine. You take 4 bottles of white wine and a pound of carnation petals. Steep for a month, filter, add sugar syrup, filter again and bottle. Do you know where I can buy a pound of carnation petals?"

"I know who can help you. You want the Chinaman." Clickles and buzzes as he gets another fellow with some kind intercom system.

"Chinaman," he answers.

"Chinaman, I got a lady here wants a pound of carnation petals."

"You're kiddin' me."

"Honest. She says she's gonna make wine with 'em."

"Sure. Cut it out."

Now I can tell the first fellow is about to repeat our conversation including the recipe.

"No, no, I really do mean to buy a pound of carnation petals. Can you help me out?"

"Well now, first, you don't want carnations, they're too expensive out of season. You want roses. They got a stronger scent, and they're a heavier flower, so it won't take so many to make a pound of petals. Now, a pound of rose petals is about 200 blooms. You'll have to take the petals off yourself though."

He had me on the ropes, but I had one line left. "How much would 200 roses run me?"

"Eight dollars."

I was sold. "What hours are you open?"

"The Flower Exchange is open from 3 o'clock in the morning till noon."

So I made an appointment to see him the next morning at 7:00. His name was John Ganley and he worked for Johnson Bros Growers. I never did find out why he was called the Chinaman.

The rest of the Ratafia making proceeded uneventfully -- for that was what the flowers were all about -- Ratafia for the Georgette Heyer Tea to be held at St Louiscon. Tasting showed it was ready to bottle ten days later. It was a Saturday.

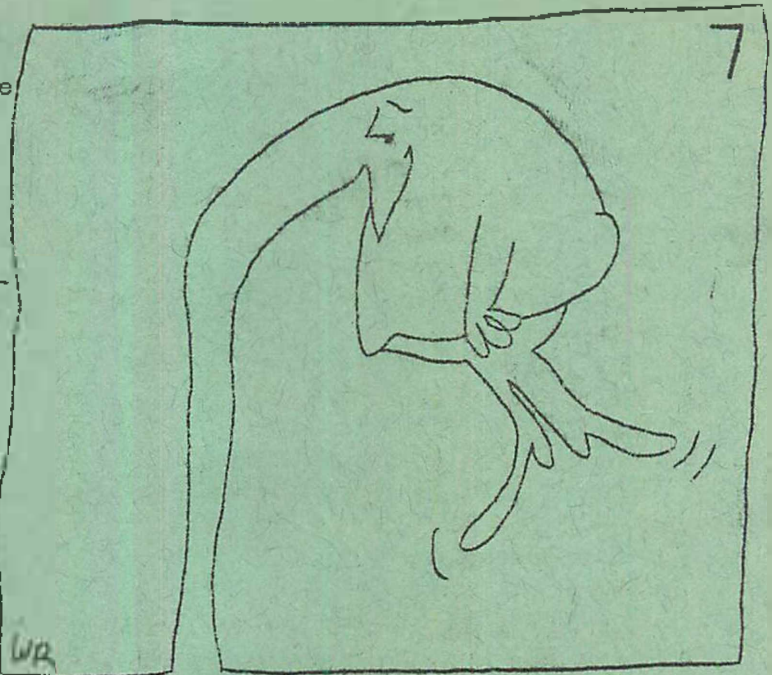
The day before Dick Harter had taken a sudden notion into his head that some homemade ice cream (like back home in South Dakota) would really be nice. Accordingly, he went to Sears and purchased a 4 quart ice cream freezer. Hand crank. An electric would be too new-fangled. After the usual Chinatown expedition, Tony & I & Paul picked him up. Him and his ice cream freezer. Little did we know! Dick hadn't felt up to the emotional strain of Chinatown -- the last 2 times he had sat next to some loud hanger-on.

As we were returning to the car from Baskin-Robbins (home of Vanit judex ice



cream) Mr. Harter delivered himself of his marvelous idea: that WE make ice cream. Now I know that WE in this context meant me and I immediately responded with a long list of things I had to do. Besides, I had promised to work some Saturday afternoon. Naturally, it was decided we would make ice cream Saturday afternoon.

Saturday morning Tony and I picked up the pictures we had had framed -- a beautiful 20"x24" photo of Earthrise over the Moon from the original Apollo 8 negative (courtesy, for \$25, Russell Seitz, King of the Eastern Kingdom and owner of 2/5 of a Titan ICBM), the 4 Red Shadows prints and a Mexican watercolor on tissue paper of La Fiesta



de Las Posadas, given us by the Bovas. Then Tony prowled through the newstands for the latest SF magazines and Gothic Blimp #4. Then shopping for ice cream makings.

After I made lunch Tony took off to get Paul and the two of them were going to pick up the Geha and Proper Boskonian files. I started to squeeze the wine out of what appeared to be 4 quarts solid of rose petals. Using cheesecloth and brute force I accomplished this in about 3/4 hour, added the sugar syrup, VOILA! Rose Ratafia. Well, not quite there were still 2 hours of filtering to go to bottle the stuff. Paper towels make plenty good filter paper.

Meanwhile it occurred to me that we hadn't gotten ice and rock salt. So I called Alexei and asked him to tell Tony and Paul, when they got there to get the PB files &c that we still needed ice and rock salt.

"Oh, you're going to make ice cream!" quoth he.

After stowing the stuff at Paul's, Tony and Paul proceeded to Pill Hardware -- run by the son of Hyman Pill, Cambridge City Councilman for whom is named the Hyman Pill Memorial Escalator of the Central Square MBTA stop.

"I want 10 lbs. of rock salt," said Tony.

"Oh, you're going to make ice cream!" replied the hardware man.

Meanwhile I'm making the mixtures that get cranked into ice cream. I made the rich kind with eggs and heavy cream in it. And cooking. And filtering. Vanilla and chocolate. Beat the eggs, add the milk and flavorings (melt the chocolate), strain, cook (wash the cheese cloth), strain again, (wash the cheesecloth again) add cream and chill. Do this twice. Just as I was finishing the chocolate Paul and Tony arrived, followed half an hour later by Harter. I informed them that THEY could partition out the crank turning any way they wanted, I was pooped.

So the three of them took it all outside. Paul pounded the ice to shavings. (It was said he pretended it was his brother and the pounded bags should be gotten away from him before they were totally obliterated and new bags substituted.) They all cranked.

The ice cream was very very rich. So rich Tony and Paul couldn't finish their bowls.

After that we went to the Chateau for Italian food and to the movies. Eisenstein's Alexander Nevsky. Yay!

Then it was Sunday and there was a NESFA meeting.

# \$750,000 Worth of Trivia

BY JIM SAKLAD

PB 4--answers

1. John Amalfi lived in New York City, and died in the Metagalactic Center (while re-forming the Universe, in Blish's Cities in Flight).
  2. Largo, one of the best of Sturgeon.
  3. "The great, though small, god Eep."
  4. "I trade with you my mind"--in Simak's Time is the Simplest Thing.
  5. Ten dollars; it was haggled up from 50¢ by Jack Entenza. What did you expect from old D.D.?
  6. He is the world's one immortal man--in the world of Isher.
  7. Committee for Welfare Administration and Consumer Control--in a couple of analog stories about the cultivation of quackery.
  8. Vorga-T:1339, piloted, as I said last time, by a Presteigh.
  9. Baitman. "We are all bait," says Carlton, before fishing for Ikky, in Zelazny's slightly rewritten version of Moby Dick.
  10. At the New Year's party to which Gully Foyle came, by steam locomotive behind track-laying machine, and man on a white horse, with a red flag, Presteigh said, "Good God!" twice.
  11. His silencer exploded. (ACClarke's "Silence Please", from the White Hart)
  12. The Betsy B was a small ship that had children (Children of the Betsy B)
- 
1. What is Jason dinAlt's profession?
  2. What was remarkable about the positioning of E-M 3?
  3. Where does Jello (the boy-friend) come from?
  4. What was (probably) Davy's last name?
  5. What is the motto of General Services?
  6. Where were the Martian Crown Jewels hidden?
  7. How was Jan Benes injured?
  8. How else was Kokor Hekkus known.
  9. Who was Helen America? Mr. Gray-no-more?
  10. In that house in Connecticut, what was Petronius the Arbiter looking for?
  11. Who was Supervisor for Earth?
  12. What was Leibowitz' full name?
  13. Translate "Kwisatz Haderach". "Lisan-al-gaib".
  14. Jame Reteif had many adventures on many worlds. What was peculiar to the natives of Quopp?
  15. He rode with Spider, Knife, and Stinky; he played his sword with his feet; how was he called? What was his most obvious physical characteristic?





# The Clement Problem

BY RICHARD HARTER

Hal Clement, L. Sprague De Camp and other writers have implicitly assumed in their stories that there are many worlds in our local patch of the galaxy with intelligent races whose cultures and technologies are at approximately the same level as our own. A casual consideration of the enorm-

ous spans of time involved, the diverse factors affecting the evolution of life, and the shortness of recorded history suggests that even one other intelligent race at our level is staggeringly implausible. The Clement Problem is: Suppose there are - how come?

Actually there are two versions of the problem. The original problem is to account for a number of intelligent races at about the same level of development in our immediate interstellar neighbourhood. The more general version of the problem is to suppose that the entire galaxy is filled with races at about our level and ask why. An example of such a galaxy is Poul Anderson's Van Rijn-Flandry galaxy. There is quite a bit of difference between the two problems since it is a great deal easier to concoct explanations that account for the local star group than it is for the entire galaxy.

Now we know, of course, that the real reason that there are so many intelligent aliens (all conveniently slightly behind us) is that intelligent aliens make for good plot lines and lots of gooey good symbolism. However the rules of the game are that we suppose this most unlikely state of affairs is actually so and try to justify it.

There are two basic ways in which we can account for this apparent miracle. We can either postulate some mechanism whereby there is a sudden increase in intelligence over a wide area or we can postulate some common mechanism which transforms intelligent but uncivilized races into civilized races. The postulated mechanism can, in turn, be one of two types. Either it is a direct consequence of the general laws of physics or it is a local and accidental feature.

As an example of the former type of mechanism suppose that intelligent life is impossible unless some physical constant (say the speed of light) is greater than a critical value which depends on the age of the universe (or something related such as its radius.) Now this has some plausibility. It could easily be the case that biological intelligence of a high order depends on a critical chemical reaction which only recently became possible. One nice thing about a theory like this is that it allows us to populate the entire galaxy with intelligent aliens.

The main lines of this theory are:

- a) The physical "constants" of the universe change slowly with time.
- b) As a consequence the energy required for chemical reactions changes slightly over time.
- c) There is essentially only one possible biochemistry for life.
- d) There is a chemical reaction which is critical for constructing high order organic brains. We have to be careful on this point. The thing that characterizes a high order brain is its information transfer characteristics -- an abstract property that is independent of biochemistry. It is quite plausible, however, that organic brains have to be constructed in a very specific way because of biochemical restrictions.

It is also plausible that there is a critical factor in constructing brains. Low order organic brains have been around for a long time; high order brains are quite new and there seems to be a difference in kind. (Skeptics who say that high order brains have not shown up yet speak for themselves.) If there is a critical factor it could be a specific chemical reaction.

- e) This critical chemical reaction has only recently become possible. This is plausible; any such reaction would be quite complex and hence sensitive to slight variations in the physical constants.

It is worth noting that this variation in physical constants might be relatively local. With a few modifications of the above theory we have something like the mechanism postulated in Brain Wave.

The theory outlined above operates by postulating a sudden increase in intelligence. The main things required for such theories is some mechanism which accounts for increased intelligence and which operates over a large region of space.

There are at least three general ways for accounting for a sudden increase in intelligence. The first of these is by mutations, the second is the presence of a critical factor, and the third is that it is the consequence of the introduction of tools.



Theories which postulate increased intelligence due to mutations assume that at some time in the past there was an event that caused a lot of mutations, including intelligence. Examples of such possible events are a supernova in the immediate neighbourhood, pass age of the solar system through an energetic dust cloud, and artificial mutation induced by galactic dogooders.

We have already discussed a theory depending on a critical factor. Another theory would be that intelligence depends on a chemical that was not present on Earth until it drifted in from space, presumably borne by a life form that can survive in space. Still another theory is that the critical factor was supplied by our old friend, the intergalactic Johnny Appleseed.

The tool theory says that our present type of intelligence is a consequence of our using tools and seeks to account for our using tools. A good example of this theory is given in 2001.

There is one basic objection to theories depending on increased intelligence; they don't account for enough. There is every indication that the race became intelligent some millions of years ago. In fact it is quite reasonable to assume that prehistoric man lived an existence something like that of the American Indian and did so for a very long time.

If that is the case one not only has to account for intelligence but also why Man all of a sudden stopped being a stone age nomad and became civilized. In this line of thinking we can assume that it is normal for an intelligent race to remain in a precivilized nomadic existence (complete with clothing, language, religion, and stone tools, but without agriculture, metal, and cities.) We then ask what happened to jar the race from its normal state. What is the cultural event that accounts for civilization.

One possibility, of course, is our ubiquitous friends, the interstellar missionaries of the good life and the cocktail hour.

Another possibility is that the solar constant for all the stars in our immediate neighbourhood has changed recently. There are a lot of ways that this could have happened, such as the local star group having emerged from a dense dust cloud.

The assumption here is that the change in solar constant would result in major climactic changes, with a consequent cultural shock. A strong point in favor of this hypothesis is that this actually seems to have been what happened. The ice ages were a major climactic event and they did seem to have had a strong bearing on the development of civilization.

If we put some of these theories together we get the following scenario: Some millions of years ago the local star group entered a dense dust cloud. As a result a supernova was triggered in one of the stars in the star group. The radiation burst from this supernova caused large numbers of mutations in the local life forms and, in particular, caused the development of intelligence on many worlds. Recently the local star group has crossed the edge of the dust cloud causing variation in the solar constant for most of the stars in the group. These variations were responsible for widespread climactic changes which provided the cultural shock that started the development of civilization on a number of worlds.

In conclusion there are a number of possible solutions for the Clement problem, some of which are discussed here. No doubt an ingenious mind could concoct many more. It seems, therefore, that a scrupulous SF writer need have no real qualms about assuming the concurrent development of civilization in the worlds nearby.

# MINICON REPORT

## TONY LEWIS



On Friday night 4 April 1969 two intrepid explorers ventured west of the Allegheny Mountains, yea, even beyond the Mississippi (by the Greeks called *Okeanos*). Upon landing at the Minneapolis-St. Paul Airport we made the depressing discovery that every airport is the same. It is all part of a van Vogtian plot -- if they can be made similar to more than 19 decimals the airplanes will no longer be necessary.

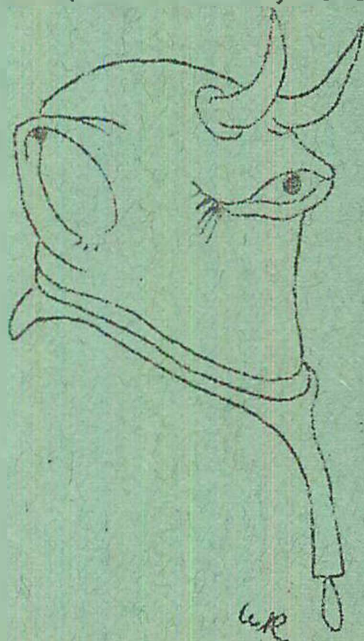
Upon arriving at the hotel we were informed that we should register for the con prior to getting a room in order to avail ourselves of the lower con rates. This we did. The Andrews Hotel is somewhat reminiscent of the Sylvania in Philadelphia but it has been kept up better; it is cleaner, the rates are lower, the rooms larger, and the staff friendlier. Also, room service and other facilities are open during the weekend. (N.B. the PhilCon will be at the Warwick this year so neos will be hard put to compare the Andrews to the Sylvania). All in all, it's a very good hotel for a regional. Going up in the elevator we noticed that there was no inside folding gate in the lift. When queried about this the operator replied that such was not required by law. It's a good thing that there are elevator operators else some ~~drunken~~ happy fan might lose a toe, etc.

We raced back downstairs to catch the ending of *Metropolis*, I enjoyed it as I have before. During the movie I caught sight of a vast bulk in front of me and, during reel change, was greatly pleased to find that it was Ivor Rogers from Green Bay WI who had come to the con with a contingent of UWGB fans. After *Metropolis* we were "treated" to a showing of a local effort - *The Monster that Devoured Cleveland*. The leader, which consisted of Al Kuhfeld walking on the catwalk around a particle accelerator, was more interesting. Al was there and I went over to say hello; he's an old MITSFS member who is now working for his doctorate in Minnesota. I met Jim Young and gave him some ditto masters Mike Symes (*Locus* artist, Boston fan, etc.) had drawn up for *Hoop*, Jim's fanzine.

Jim was one of the con co-chairmen and played the piano during *Metropolis*. The movies being ended and there being nothing else to do in the room, everyone went upstairs to the Minn-Stf suite for a party.

I was chatting with someone at the party when Ray and Joyce Fisher came in with some other St. Louis fans (Pam Janisch was one, if I spelled her name right.) They explained that they had to get away from Worldcon business for one weekend. Since that was the case, it is not suprising that we spent most of the weekend talking about worldcons in general and St. Louiscon in particular.

Saturday morning Sue and I routed the Fishers out of bed (or they woke us up - none of us could remember at that time in the morning) and we trooped down to breakfast in the hotel coffee shop where matters of great import were discussed *vide* why did Ray get fried eggs when he ordered scrambled, how can a dropped egg served in a cup be distinguished from





a soft-boiled egg, why midwesterners insist in calling tonic 'pop', and how the coffee shop could turn out buckwheat pancakes that had absolutely no taste at all.

The program opened slightly late (suprise!) due to the microphone head disappearing during the night. Another was procured and a trio of Minn-Stf'ers opened the con by singing (?) *Mention My Name in MinneApolis*. Fortunately, this did not last long; among the obvious virtues and talents of Jim Young, Ken Fletcher, and Fred Haskell we cannot number singing. The audience sensed this. However, this was quickly followed by a very interesting informal discussion panel consisting of Clifford Simak, Gordon Dickson, and Charles de Vet. Among the topics discussed were: money and editors, the economics of writing in general and sf in particular, the general undesireability of collaborative writing, series collections, real style changes, and the new waves. Simak said essentially that the present new wave is probably less significant than the earlier change from "mad-scientist" stories to "people" stories and the transition from hard science to soft science. The present "new wave" will merge into the main body of sf and 5-10 years after that another new wave will arise.

A long period of informal discussion followed this. I left when Jim Young announced that the tour of the Leamington Hotel was about to begin. Susan said she had had enough of walking during the morning when she was out buying party supplies and that she and Clifford Simak would wait for me in the Andrews Hotel bar. The tour party consisted of Jim, Ray and Joyce Fisher, myself and one or two other fans from Minn-Stf and St. Louis. Jim Young led the party through the streets of downtown Minneapolis. The Leamington is the hotel that the Minneapolis group is using for its 1973 Worldcon bid. On the way there we passed through the Foshay Tower - the tallest building in town - which is in such exquisite bad taste that one is immediately enamoured of it.

The Leamington is certainly adequate to handle a Worldcon as regards both function and sleeping rooms; I shall leave more detailed analyses of its facilities to the Minn-Stf'ers. We had walked from the Andrews to the Leamington and Ray complained that such activity was detrimental to his carefully nurtured ~~front~~ image so Jim Young got his car and drove us back to the Andrews. Since the car was small and there were seven of us, it was necessary (and pleasant) for Joyce to sit on my lap thereby maintaining my reputation as a letch.

Back at the Andrews I entered the bar to find my wife with Cliff Simak and a local fan, Ken Gray. After a brief discussion of the Holy Roman Empire we adjourned to Schiek's, a good German restaurant nearby, for supper. I gorged myself on Idaho Rainbow trout stuffed with crabmeat while the others filled up on such prosaic items as steak and duck a la orange.

After a digestive rest we forged on to the party. Due to the small size of the con (small = less than 200) all the parties were consolidated so that the Boston in 71 and the Heidelberg in 70 parties were also held in the Minn-Stf suite. Re: Heidelberg, there were Heicon 70 buttons being distributed at the Minicon. Interestingly enough, the pins pointed to the left. Since our ancestral memories and general folk wisdom tell us that pins point to the right, a large number of people were initially wearing their buttons upside down. However, Boston in 71 buttons were worn right side up. Over the party floated, or rather hung, the zeppelin *von Zagat* (Z9M9Z), flagship of the Minn-Stf fleet, an attractive model about 2-3 feet long.

It was a most enjoyable party and I spent most of my time talking to Cliff Simak, Don Blyly (editor of the Peoria HS SF Newsletter), Ken Fletcher, Jim Young, the Fishers, and many others whose names escape me at present. Gordon Dickson lead the filksingers in filksinging in the filksinging room a little ways down the



hall from the party rooms.

About 1.30 or so, the con committee passed out colored Easter eggs stamped with divers slogans and pictures - a nice touch, I thought and quite welcome as food at that time. (Aside to Jim Dorr: go eat an hard-boiled egg)

Sunday's program opened with a Star Trek slide show run by Ruth Berman. This was better than I had expected as Ruth had been able to cull the best film clips from the files of Star Trek Enterprises' stock. During the changeover of slide circles we went into Stubbs condition one - a brief problem with the slide projector that was speedily cleared up. The show continued apace.

Jim Young announced that total registration at the con was 120 with about 105 people attending. The total profit (after the auction later in the day) was slightly in excess of \$100. The \$10 prize for best art exhibited at the con was awarded to Jim Odbert for his ink line drawing "Falling Flower". An auction followed but we had to cut out near the end to catch our plane home.

While waiting to change planes at O'Hare the man ahead of us in line said, "Your briefcase is leaking." And so it was; a bottle of unopened vodka had broken and was rapidly disappearing - fortunately it wasn't the rum. Coming home from Baycon Susan had broken a bottle of Concannon Cabernet Sauvignon in the same way and I reacted instantly in my calm manner just as I had then. "Susan, take care of this." I sat down to read an sf mag. "Try to get back before the plane leaves," I called after her. She made it. It wasn't too bad all things considered.

In Boston we had a little problem getting a cab as many of the drivers took Easter Sunday off. Our driver told us most of his life story on the way back to Belmont. He concentrated upon his wartime experiences hauling nitro and explosives from Boston to Norfolk VA for the Navy. Feed the cats and go to bed. ---ARLewis





# department of Gloomy Panoramas of Contemporary Capitalism

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—DAINIS BISENIEKS

Vormsers, Ricards, *Pans Satiruss*, Riga, Izd. "Zinātne", 1968, 215 pp. Trans. by Z. Inesis; introduction by Z. Inesis.

"Some Brief Words About This Book"

Fantastic, topical, satirical, exciting: it seems to me that these four adjectives will suffice to sum up the book before you, *Pan Satyrus* by the American writer Richard Wormser.

The emblem of the "Worlds of Fantasy" series on the cover identifies this novel as an exercise in fantasy.

Even though this novel appeared in the early 1960's, a person having any idea of the state of affairs in the world today will soon become aware of its topicality. The author does not say a word about any real or imagined political event, but the relevance of his story is apparent throughout. It warns that imperialism is not dead, that the Pentagon still eats up billions of dollars, and that the threat of war therefore persists. The author is in favor of progress and of the use of scientific discoveries for noble ends. He thereby puts himself among those men of good will who in many of the world's nations, among them the U. S., are protesting against bloodshed and interference in the internal affairs of other nations. ((Like Czechoslovakia??? -- ARL))

*Pan Satyrus* is satirical from the first page to the last. The satire appears in Richard Wormser's treatment of characters and setting both. This is something new in our science fiction series.

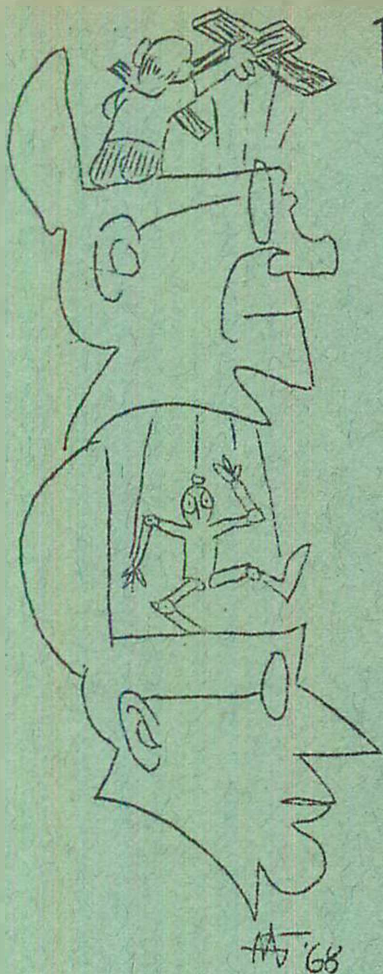
To conclude this brief introduction, some words on what makes this novel exciting. First of all, its fascinating subject, second, the striking characters, beginning with the hero, a chimpanzee who is more intelligent and more humane than many a member of our species. Third, the vividly drawn setting, unmasking the mores of that great nation across the ocean. Fourth...but enough. We are convinced that you will find in this novel all that we promised and much that we have deliberately left unmentioned. ---- The Translator

Hmm. If Mr. Wormser teases the U. S. military and the FBI in his book, I would call it a sign that he does not consider them totally vicious and corrupt.

Could a Russian write in this way about the NKVD? -- Dainis Bisenieks

\$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$ \$\$\$  
Dep't. of, etc. Part 4. Pols, F., & Kornbluts, S. M., *Kosmosa Tirgoni*, Riga, Izd. "Zinātne", 1968, 300 pp. Tr. by M. Andersone & V. Jansēvics.

This edition of *The Space Merchants* has no preface. They must have thought that the book spoke for itself. --- DB



16

## RONK

Mike Symes

## NOT JUST CRUDZINES THIS TIME, GANG

Starling #13 -- January '69, 50¢, the usual.

Hank Luttrell (home) 2936 Barrett Station Road,

Kirkwood, Mo. 63122

(school) The Basement, 1108 Locust St.

Columbia, Mo. 65201

Lesleigh Couch (home) Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo.  
63010(school) 361A Johnston, Columbia, Mo.  
65201

Mostly excellent material, though I'm not interested in some of the subjects (zum beispiel: 2001, fan history, book reviews, and the morality of the draft). I skipped the fiction by Leo Kelley, but, surprisingly, the poetry, especially Joyce Fisher's, is pretty good.

Banks Mebane's column is fairly interesting.

I enjoyed the letter column and the excellent rock music column most. The artwork, which isn't all electrostencilled, unfortunately, is generally good, but even for Jack Gaughan, Mike Gilbert, and Doug Louvenstein, uneven in quality.

ID #3 -- 50¢, the usual

Jim Reuss, 304 South Belt West, Belleville, Illinois, 62221

Competent book, fanzine, and movie reviews. Interesting editorial by Jim Reuss and a very good column by Jim Dorr. An article on the local (St. Louis) underground which turned me off, possibly because of its intensity. Mediocre poetry and a good LoColumn.

Artwork is generally good with Connie Reich doing some excellent, fascinating work, while Richard Delap's superficial art nouveaux graphics things turned me off.

CORR #1 -- 50¢ in stamps, future issues 20¢ or 4/75¢. Quarterly.

Perri Corrick, 1317 Spring St. #110, Madison, Wis. 53715

Jim Corrick, Shelbourne Towers, 860 20th st. Apt. 805, Knoxville, Tenn. 37916

Typical first issue, but ignoring the fiction and poetry, the reviews and editorials are fairly pleasant and fun.

HARPIES #1 == Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich. 48234

Howard DeVore, 4705 Weddel, Dearborn Heights, Mich.

Mediocre reviews and editorials, bad art and repro, obviously hastily thrown together. Best described as very mediocre, (whatever that means).

GORE CREATURES #15 -- Feb '69, 30¢

Gary J. Swehla, 5906 Kavon Avenue, Baltimore, Md. 21026

"Gore Creatures is dedicated to the fact that there is beauty in horror" ((horror movies mostly.)) - the editor. That's where it is.

SANCTUM #11 -- 15¢, 2/25¢, the usual.

Steve Johnson, 1018 North 31st Street, Corvallis, Oregon 97330

Editorial natterings, reviews, and ingroup jokes. Somewhat uneven, but fun. Typically Flinchbaugh cover (weird), but good.



REASON AND KNOWLEDGE #1 -- 35¢, 4/\$1

Lostman's Lake Press, Box 126, Simpsonville, S.C. 29618

It's lithoed, and it's a sort of super-crudzine. I really can't think of anything nasty enough to say ... too much.

SCOTTISHE 51 -- 4/\$1 or 8/-

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langely Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey

American agent: Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkely, Calif. 94701

Columns (really just natterings) by Ethel Lindsay and Terry Jeeves, that are interesting and enjoyable. Good LoColumn and art by Atom, Alexis Gilliland and Terry Jeeves. Well produced.

SPECULATION #20 -- December '68 2/6d, 3 for 7/6d; U.S. readers please remit directly to the editor (currency, not checks) 35¢, 3/\$1, the usual.

This is all sercon, but interesting, even to me, and I don't read the stuff anymore.

GRANFALLOON #6 == 50¢, 3/\$1, the usual.

Linda Eyster and Suzanne Tompkins, Apt. 103, 4921 Forbes Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. 15213

Contents is standard genzine fare, somewhat uneven, but some of it very good. Lots of fun. Very interesting art by Mike Gilbert, Connie Reich, and Jack Gaughan. Mad graphics by Bill Bowers and Richard Delap.

PERIHELION #6 -- Jan/Feb '69, 50¢, 6/\$3

Sam Bellotto, 40-46B 77th Street, Elmhurst, N.Y. 11373

Eric M. Jones co-editor

Slightly pretentious in form and content. Fairly good sercon articles and fiction that I skipped, an excellent folio by Derek Carter and a typical Vaughn Bode comic strip which I didn't really like. His technique is excellent, but what he's saying turns me off.

NARGOTHROND double issue 384 -- Jan '69, 30¢, 4/\$1, the usual

Articles and subs to Rick Brooks - PO Box 5465, Milwaukee, Wis. 53211

Art and fiction to Alan G. Thompson - Box 72, N. Aurora, Ill. 60542

Nothing in this issue, except perhaps the lettercol, interested or impressed me. And the artwork was terrible. A complete miss. Sorry. I'll cop out and give you the contents:

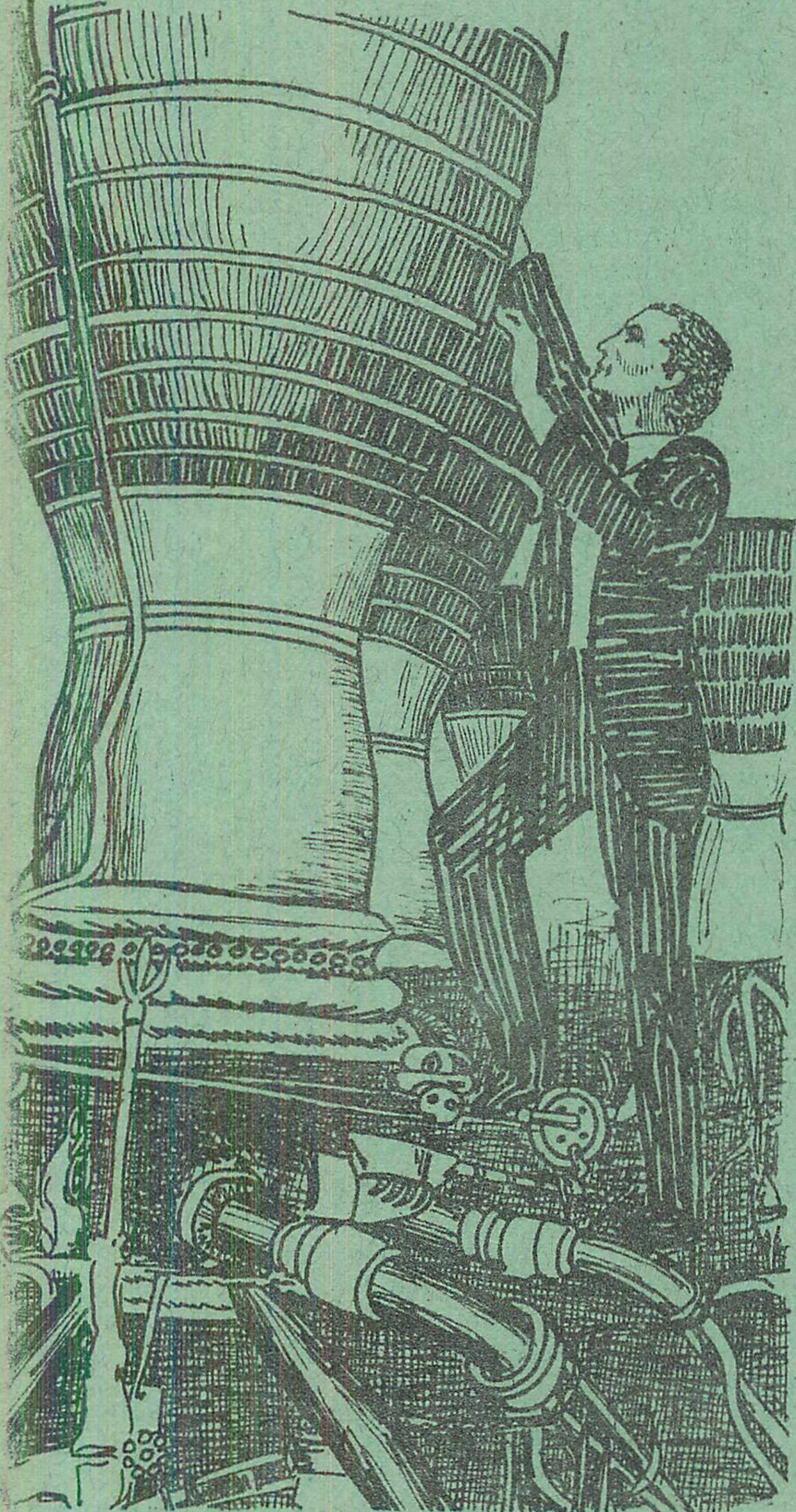
Ramblings on Baycon and Other Related Subjects by Rick Brooks, Of Mersians and Persians by Sandra Miesal, the Captain Future Series by Rick Brooks (who almost takes it seriously), a trekkie crud article by Billie Paul Thompson, record reviews by Kevin Maul, The Psycho Reader by Kay Wilson and some typical fanzine poetry. Plus a bunch of regular features.

MIDPENINSULA FREE UNIVERSITY - biweekly, \$3 for 6 months, \$5 for 1 year

1061 El Camino Real, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025

Publication of a rather strange fan group which is concerned with such fannish things as Primitive Body Movement, Zombie Drawing, The Art of Giving Away Bread, Radical Singing, Old Timey String Band, Fiction, Madness and Personal Growth, Patchwork Quilting, Drum Making, Huckleberry Encounter, Eros and Sympathy, Fight Training for Couples, Coexisting With the Police, More Anarchy, and such mundane things as Macrobiotic Cookery, Dream Interpretation and Hatha Yoga. Typical Fans.





IS M.I.T.  
STUDENT  
6<sup>th</sup>  
NUCLEAR  
POWER ?

by Charles L. Whipple,  
Staff Writer, Boston Globe

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Joseph Russell MacGregor Seitz, 21, is in a position to become the world's nuclear power.

A do-it-yourself whiz kid at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he has accumulated most of the parts, and has access to the rest, needed to build his own intercontinental ballistic missile.

Russell Seitz, who will be 22 Monday, told the Globe he found the parts, mostly in whole subassemblies, at various dumps, scrap yards, salvage depots and surplus agencies within a 20 mile radius of Boston.

It is possible for an agent of almost any small country, let alone a large one, to do the same thing, he said.

Seitz, who lives at 187 Warren av., South End, in a two-story apartment cluttered with parts of missiles and other scientific gadgets, was interviewed after the Globe's attention was called to his story by Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, provost of M.I.T. and a former scientific adviser to Presidents John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson.

The fantastic story of young Russell Seitz, who comes from Elberston, N.J., was given during a half-hour tape-recorded interview.

Asked whether he had enough components to make an entire ICBM, he replied "The better two-thirds of one" and said he knew where he could get the other parts.

They had been obtained, he said, from dumps in Dorchester, North Cambridge, Salem, Taunton and a warehouse in New Bedford.

He said he had found "a complete first-stage engine assembly of the Titan II-C, three guidance platforms, six re-entry shields (and) four umbilical assemblies." There is "a large pile" of the latter in a warehouse at Taunton, he added.

Seitz called the umbilical assembly one of which he displayed, and which disconnects the missile at the moment of launching, "about the hairiest and the most fail-safe disconnecter made by man. They don't armor the cable in jest."

What prompted young Seitz to put himself in a position to become the world's first one-man nuclear power? (That question is oversensational, but read on.)

Seitz said he had done it out of "idle curiosity" and to show some ordnance and security people he knows "who pretend such things can't happen. All you have to do is go out to the surplus yards and look."

The security people in Washington, he said, would assert that this "just couldn't happen."

To be sure Seitz has not actually put together a whole ICBM and wouldn't dream of doing it, but he says, it is possible, given enough time and manpower, and it is "a 500-man-year job."

No classified knowledge is necessary for it, he stated.



"I've got all the critical sub assemblies for an ICBM," he added. "...The rest is plumbing." He said he would also need a stainless steel or titanium tank 30 feet long and ten feet in diameter, "miles of piping and wire" and the work of hundreds of men for a year.

What all this will do the Pentagon and to the think tanks around the country is anybody's guess. But here, for the record, is the transcript of the Globes interview with Seitz, complete except for certain deletions he made for security reasons.

Q - Now, can you tell me a little bit about yourself, where you came from and where you are now at MIT?

A - I came from Elberon, N.J. I came to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and M.I.T., where I am a special student, on and off. I have also been a research affiliate in the Research Laboratory for Electronics.

Q - That's at M.I.T.?

A - Yes, and, as you know I have been a consultant to practically everybody, including the Biafrans.

Q - Yes. I remember that. Did you ever do anything - what was it Jerry Lettwin told me - with that idea for converting peanut oil into high explosives?

A - Well, I did give them some advice on that. It involved highly peculiar methods and technology. Also on crossbows and other suitable.

Q - Crossbows, did you say?

A - Yes, crossbows.

Q - Did you ever learn that the Biafran government was ever able to utilize any of this?

A - The crossbow, with great advantage, for the simple reason that they were able to make their own ammunition. You can't make the average howitzer. By crossbows I am referring to projectile-throwing engines in general. If you take a medieval siege engine and apply the technology that you can find laying around Boston you can make very hairy gadgets. By crossbows, the device Col. Aganaya of their artillery has been fooling around with, consists of a leaf spring from a 10 ton truck attached to a mahogany log, two hydraulic jacks,



it has a four or five thousand pound pull, a range of a thousand yards, for a 20 pound load.

Q- That would be pretty lethal.

A- Well, the idea was to approximate the recoilless rifle or a large mortar.

Q- Well, that's interesting. Now, let's get around to this new development, at least it's new to me and I think to the public, and in your answers please don't tell me anything we shouldn't print, for security reasons.

A- Well, I don't know what you shouldn't print for security reasons.

Q- Well, that remains to be seen in whatever is written . . . Is it true that in general, is it a true general statement, that you have been able by going to dumps where trash has been left by various--

A- Mostly material used in research and development programs, rather than end-of-production line stuff.

Q- I see, but is it true that by doing that and going to these various places with which you are familiar, you have been able to bring together enough components to make an entire ICBM?

A- Oh, the better two thirds of one.

Q- Two-thirds of one.

A- I've avoided, scrupulously avoided getting hold of things like fuel tanks and exterior structures which are 25 feet long and 10 feet in diameter, but I know where I can get them. It's been more a matter of location, and occasional purchase, than purposeful assembly, obviously. Though, I'm certain there is no law against buying things in scrap yards and assembling ICBM's -- it strikes me as being, to put it mildly, a misdemeanor.

Q- Well, you say occasional purchase, you do then go to some surplus supply shops?

A- I regularly visit a half-dozen or so.

Q- Are they all in the Boston area?

A- Within a 20-mile radius, yes.

Q- And without naming any firms, where would the dumps be?

A- Dorchester, North Cambridge, Salem, Taunton.

Q- Now, there would not be any of this fissionable material for warheads to be found in any such places?

A- Unfortunately, yes, but I would be very reticent to discuss that.

Q- Well, then, we won't discuss it.

A- I have informed Jerry Wiesner and steps are being taken to improve security in that area, although I have never come upon enough material to fabricate a fission device . . .

Q- I forgot to ask you how old you were, Russell

A- I'll be 22 Aug 4.

Q- How many parts would this involve, roughly, that you've gotten together?

A- Oh, I've been collecting sub-assemblies, rather than separate parts. I found a complete first-stage engine assembly of the Titan II-C, three guidance platforms, six reentry shields, four umbilical assemblies.

(Here Seitz demonstrated one of the umbilical assemblies).

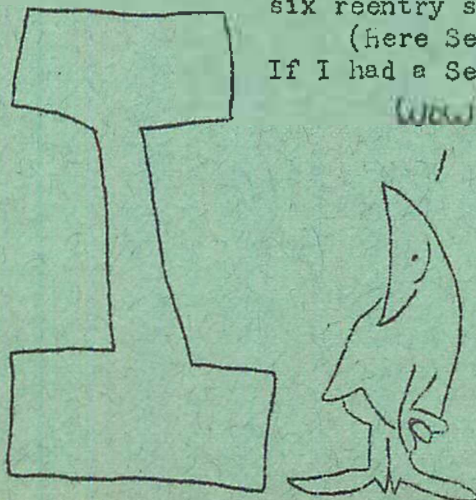
If I had a Sergeant missile here, this is the one part which no one for love or money could produce. There's a pile of them at Taunton, a large pile.

Q- At Taunton?

A- Yes. It's about the hairiest and the most fail-safe disconnecter made by man. They don't armor the cable in jest.

Q- Now, you said earlier that it might be possible for a small country, let alone a large one, to pick up these parts, and it might be possible that --

A- By small country, I meant something about -- anything 20 percent larger than Rindge Technical High School in facilities. And as to something as simple as the Titan II-C, which is one of the more



simpleminded and failsafe of the ICBM's, is a 500 man-year job, if you have all the parts on hand. Even if you had them tested and subassembled, you see, you have to put them together, you have to build a gantry around them, and fuel it, and recheck every subsystem, to have any hope of it working.

Q - So that you haven't put together an ICBM?

A - God forbid, no.

Q - But you think that it is possible if enough manpower were available?

A - Anyone with the mind to do it, and a thousand strong backs, and a couple of years.

Q - And the knowledge of what you're looking for.

A - Well, there's the point. You don't have to have access to any classified material. I haven't been doing classified work for nearly a year. It's just that it becomes obvious after a while what is part of a missile. The materials technology is so exotic that you can reason that almost anything made of beryllium comes out of a missile. Nobody else has the money. Nobody else is that worried about weight.

A - Ah...There is built into this, although I know it goes to argue with your paper's editorial policy, a very cogent argument for having ABM's. If anybody -- anybody -- can go down to a scrapyard and scrape an ICBM, then one of Safeguard's functions --destroying unsophisticated ICBM's from parts unknown, is absolutely necessary.

Q - yes, it would have to be either that, or an effective and controllable disarmament program, which again would prevent it.

A - On, well, disarmament programs I've seen many of. Boy, if you've seen OUR military-industrial establishment, wait till you see theirs.

Q - Whose?

A - Theirs, in a perjorative sense. The main reason that the Russians aren't beating us to the moon is that they're busily building the SS-9 to fly against us.

Q - Would it, from your point of view, be a bad thing or a good thing if security measures were taken to prevent such items from being left in places like dumps where anyone could pick them up?

A - Well, I would suggest the following. We're talking about scrap metal in the eyes of the government. The fact that it's still armed and dangerous is of interest. The fact that it serves a very important function in providing parts for the competent amateur inventor and for his impoverished professional counterpart is enough to merit the existence of these places. But if someone could at least take a fire axe to the thrust chamber on the engines, or suitably demobilize them, I'd be much happier.

Q - From a personal point of view it might crimp your work, wouldn't it?

A - Oh, definitely. Not just mine.

Q - Are there many other people do you think doing this kind of thing?

A - Ah, spin-off corporations in the Cambridge-Rt. 128 area generally function simply by buying surplus equipment. Surplus equipment dealers have rendered a service that is just Edisonian in proportion to the mass technology in this country. I'm happy to find this kind of stuff. You know, this is very sophisticated material, and it has numerous other applications. And it's certainly the only source of exotic metal parts at reasonable prices in the public domain.

The Titan II-C engines I've got access to - by the way, if you're going to send a photographer, send him to photograph them - they're magnificent, really.

Q - Where are they, over at your lab?

A - No, they're in New Bedford. I'm having one moved up, I don't know where - it's 16 feet tall or so, but it is truly a magnificent thing, both esthetically and as a device.

Q - Did you find that in a dump, or in a surplus -

A - Just sitting, you know, in a warehouse. There were three of them, all esthetically superior to any piece of sculpture the Institute has purchased in the last twenty years. (Continued after letters.)



# WORD GAMES

23

DEPT.

R. HARTER + A. LEWIS

One evening while idly filling in a crossword puzzle I was struck by the fact that one of the words had five consonants in a row. This fact intrigued me and I forthwith invented a word game -- one person supplies a string of consonants and the other tries to figure out a word they are in. Under the circumstances there was obviously only one thing to do -- sit down and compile a list of words with lots of consonants. Straightaway I ruled out bothering with words with four consonants in a row; they are much too common. After a bit of thought and with the aid of a dictionary (abridged, unfortunately) I came up with a list of twenty combinations of consonants.

While paying my respects at the Lewis residence one evening I appraised Tony of my invention. He immediately pulled out an unabridged dictionary and we sat around thinking up more words. We added several more, including a word having six consonants in a row (due to Tony). No doubt there is some monstrosity of a word in the English language that has seven consonants in a row but we haven't found it yet.

If one has the resources of an unabridged dictionary there is always the question of what words to count. The usual rules seem to be fair enough, i.e. no foreign words, no proper names, no hyphens, and archaisms and obscurities count, but only as second-class citizens.

Below is a list of combinations of letters. As a courtesy to the reader I have only listed the strings of consonants and have not included the words they occur in.

6 letter

TCHSTR

5 letter

CKSCR	CKSTR	FFSPR	GHTCL	GHTDR	GHTHL	GHTPR	GHTSH	GHTSM
GHTSP	LFTHL	LLSPR	LLSTR	MBSCR	NDSPR	NGSPR	NGSTR	NGTHL
NGTHW	RKSCR	RTHPL	RTNST	RTSTR	TCHBL	TCHCR	WASTR	

(rare, plant name, etc.)

NDSCR NDTHR NGTHF RCLSH RTHBR

\*\*\*\*\*

Lost: Gray and white kitten; answers to "electric light bulb".



Margaret Dominick I wonder if  
55 Plum Street Gene Klein  
New Brunswick NJ and artist  
30 March 1969 Klein is the  
same person

whos small filler illos are in  
the last two issue of your zine...?  
In that case all I can say he  
has a remarkable nerve to point  
out faults or play game with  
other people name. I like to  
ask him to look up on his own  
work in PB# 3 page L3. There  
is a properly drawn flying cigar  
with a large eye on the top. Oh  
the eye is cute but the eyelashes  
so few also more shading in the  
corner might helped to give a  
more sexier look. No? But I  
like original thing in a not so  
seriously slanted zine. I duno...  
It has a ZZZang.

John Boardman The chess  
592 16 Street game with  
Brooklyn NY 11218 the com-  
April 1969 puter was  
surprisingly  
strong; I hadn't realized how far  
along computer chess had come.

The "book" the computer is using is a rather old one; the  
moves

1. P-K4	P-K4	3. N-KB3	P-Q3
2. P-KB4	PxP	4. P-Q4	P-KN4
		5. P-KR4	P-KN5

appear in the last (1916) edition of the classic Handbuch des Schachspiels. It is interesting to note that the machine feels that Black can safely accept the King's Gambit and try to hang on to the Pawn with P-KN4; most Masters abandoned this viewpoint about 50 years ago. Incidentally, the Handbuch gives a question mark to Black's 3rd move.

As Harter points out, this position can also be reached in the Muzio Gambit. The sequence given in the Handbuch is:

1. P-K4	P-K4	4. B-B4	P-N5
2. P-KB4	PxP	5. P-Q4	PxN
3. N-KB3	P-KN4	6. QxP	P-Q3

The Handbuch gives the edge to Black here.

It seems ironic to me that a computer, the epitome of technological modernity, should play classical 19th-century themes in the King's Gambit!

((This whole line has been reanalyzed in the past ten years. Bobby Fischer analyzed the P-Q3 line in the 1961 Chess Life and



refers to it as "a high class waiting move." Also see M.C.O., 10th edition. The Handbuch is right though; this variation of the Muzio is particularly dubious. --RH))

The Secret of the Runestaff. "does not live up to the quality of the other Runestaff books". That's one of the lowest blows I've ever seen in a review!

Kay Anderson  
4530 Hamilton Avenue  
Oxnard CA 93030  
7 April 1969

Pumpkin-pie ice cream is great. The Baskin-Robbins flavor that appalls me just to look at is Licorice Ice. Looks exactly like azle grease...black, shiny, faintly gritty-looking, like old axle grease.

I'm no good on trivia quizzes. Wasn't much good on quizzes (or even on spelling them, it seems) on big thundering important facts in school. I don't seem geared to remembering facts when I want them. Like I watch COLLEGE BOWL and mutter the answers four questions behind the participants. I'm much more apt to suddenly sit up and say "Did you know that fornicate is derived from fornices, the spaces under the arches of aquaducts, where the very cheapest shores took their customers?" or "Did you know that the chemical used for typing human blood is derived from lima beans?" Actually I've found that knowing hooky bits of trivia like those often makes people think I am lots smarter and better educated than I am, because they assume I know these things in addition to the facts everyone supposedly absorbs in a standard education, like who the tenth president of the US was and the date of the Battle at Fallen Timbers, and what ablative absolute is. Little do they know I learned my trivia instead of the standard facts.

It rained a lot here in January. One day I met a duck walking up the middle of the street. The backyard turned to quicksand and it kept on raining. Bridges washed out till the bridge on Highway 101 between Oxnard and Ventura was one of two left intact in the whole county. The other was intact, all right, but the road was washed away on both sides of it. Certainly is different from New Mexico.

Garry Anderson My wife was reading your 'zine and came upon Richard Harter's chess game with the computer, mentioned it, and promptly had 'zine expropriated.

Referencing Harter's notes in parentheses, and game moves in normal notation, I'll toss in the following comments:

2. P-KB4 -- You're going to have to teach that computer not to reply with 1. ...P-K4. And a King's Gambit yet! Not only that, but an Accepted. Ah, wild youth.

8. ... P-QB4. Antipositional and weakening, surrendering the minor diagonal to White's King Bishop. Why not N-QB3? The check at R4 is nice to remove the Queen from the field of battle, but not particularly advantageous otherwise. Now after 9. P-N5, B-N2; 10. QBxP is bad because of NxP, and Black has enough development to return the piece for a pawn or two, plus some counterchances.

11. E-K5. Yeah, I know, I've been that route too. Why once, in the..... but perhaps better left untold. P-QB3 looks fair.

### Letters-3

17. ... K-Q2. The computer probably didn't like the idea of 18. BxR, QxBch; 19. K-Q2, P-K5. Now R-Q1 is met by P-K6ch and the situation is somewhat unclear. QN-QB3 is also somewhat complicated. Not being familiar with this program, it is difficult to make statements about computer alternatives, but it might have simply been avoiding what were construed to be complications.

19. ... QxNP (14). Is kind of strange. QN-B3 doesn't look that bad.

23. ... K-K3. Puzzling. What is so wrong with K-B3. Voluntarily surrender some of the ill-gotten gains in order to maintain an advantage.

33. Drawn?? White wins: After 33. ... K-R6 (if ....K-R4, Q-N5 mate; if K-N5, R-N2ch; mate next move) 34. N-Q1ch, K-R5 (K-N5; R-N2ch, mate next move) 35. N-N2ch, K-R4 (...K-N5, Q-N3ch; K-R4; N-B4ch, K-R3; Q-R4ch, N-R4; QxN mate) 36. N-B4ch, etc. White wins the Bishop with check and, although the situation is somewhat unclear, maintains an advantage and can prevent perpetual check.

((The noise you hear is me kicking myself. It's bad enough to be stupid but it's horrible to expose it blatantly in print. At the time I thought there must be a win but I just didn't see it. The trouble is, I guess, that I had mate on the brain and didn't even think about the bishop being loose.

((As far as I know the program does not have any positional judgment at all. What it does is to score the position on the basis of about 50 factors (rooks on open file, backwards pawns, center control, etc.) and selects moves leading to the highest scoring position. Consequently it does not take into account such considerations as complicatedness of position. I suspect from its play what when it has an advantage in material that it assigns smaller weights to further material gain.

((It may or may not have been obvious from this game but the machine just does not play chess the way humans do; the difference being that the computer does not form plans. As a result it seldom makes outright blunders, but it does tend to play a rather disjointed game. --RH))

-----  
Fred Patten  
8943 E Arcadia Avenue  
Apt. 14  
San Gabriel CA 91775  
14 April 1969

I read your comments about snow/hail etc., after just returning from a trip to the desert. It's hard to imagine blizzards after coming out of the desert heat; it's hard even to remember that we just finished the wettest winter on record in Southern California a month ago. I think I'd rather drive through a sandstorm, as we did on the San Bernardino Fwy on our way home, than through a blizzard. ((But I'd much rather walk through a blizzard than through a sandstorm. --CSP)) I was in the snow once, and it's an experience I'm in no hurry to repeat. Give me Death Valley in summer over New York City in winter any time. (Did you know there are orchids growing along some of the riverbeds in Death Valley? Sa fact. Small and pale, but they are orchids.

You really pack the references from The Stars, My Destination into your Trivia Quizzes, don't you? ((Blame Jim Saklad, not me.))



I wonder if the Georgette Heyer fans are familiar with the works of Joan Aiken, The Wolves of Willoughby Chase, Black Hearts in Battersea, and Nightbirds on Nantucket, in particular? They're also period pieces set approximately during the Regency times, though in an alternate universe in which the Stuarts are still on the throne. As a reductio ad absurdum, they shouldn't be missed.

Roy Tackett  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

Here I am full of pizza and warm, red wine with the 4th issue of THE PROPER BOSKONIAN in front of me and the thought in mind that I should write an LoC.

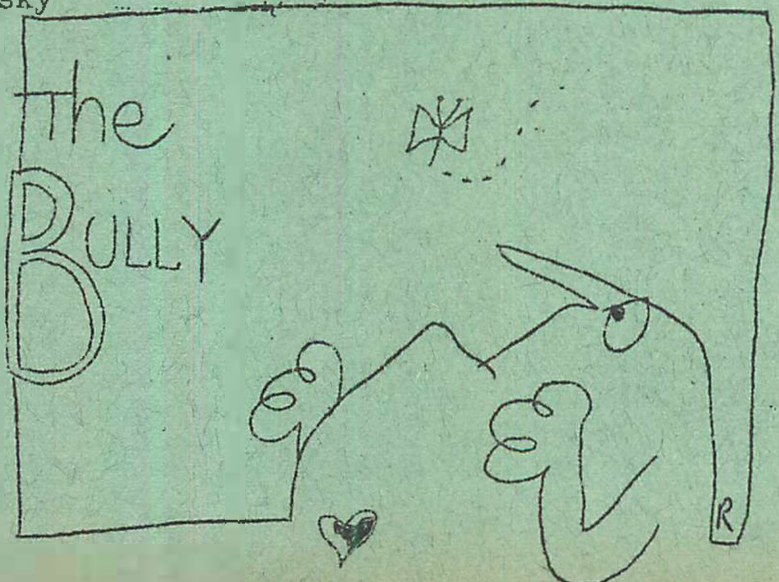
The secret to eating pizza is, of course, to have one heavily laden with anchovies which produce a mighty thirst and give one an excuse for consuming the gallon of Dago Red one was going to drink anyway. ((Somehow Dago Red seems very appropriate for Anchovy Pizza - RH))

Which brings up the question of why should I discuss outdoor sports with Harry Warner? Harry, seemingly, has no taste for outdoor sports. What gives you the impression, if you have the impression, that is, that I do? I don't really. I profess to a great admiration for track and field because this is man against man competition (one does not count the girls because any junior high school boy can beat the best girl athletes and have time left over for a game of mumbly-peg) ((I should think that that would depend on the event - RH)) but I am certainly not a participant in any of these things. If I make comments about the outdoors it is because the greater portion of my adult life, up until now, had been spent there. I admit, though, that the years of sleeping on the ground are beginning to catch up to me in the form of assorted aches and pains. Or perhaps that is just normal old age creeping up.

Again there is a delightful Fabian cover on PB and one that leads to all sorts of questions. Will the BEM be able to grab the girl before she discovers it isn't dead? Will she be able to get off another shot before the BEM tears her to pieces? Will she get her just reward (which is not a stuffed BEM but being stuffed into the BEM?)

Mighod. Is Alexander Nevsky still being shown? Amusing that it should be shown by a leftwing group these days. Lessee, I first saw the film in, hmmm, 1947 or 48 as part of an indoctrination program on knowing the "enemy". ((I don't understand. Were we at war with the Teutonic Knights in 1947? - RH))

I rather envy all the fannish activity taking place in the larger population centers like Boston and New York and Los Angeles. The Albuquerque group considers



itself active by getting together once a month to talk about books and Star Trek.

Yes, I suppose Plague would be endemic in the urban slums. Interesting. We keep rather close track of Plague out here, you know, and not a summer goes by without a few cases being reported. Fortunately, they are all the bubonic form so present no really great problem. The plague is an interesting subject of study and one gets an overall picture of advance and retreat. At the present we seem to be in the early stages of an advance period. Reported number of cases are few but each year become more widespread. If the form should change from bubonic to pneumonic, a possibility never to be discounted, the results should be, ah, very interesting.

J.R.M. Seitz's article was also very interesting. The amazing thing is that the Biafrans have been able to hold out this long. The situation there is one of those stupid, lamentable things that no one wants to do anything about. What can one say? The agony of Biafra is the agony of the whole stupid human race. Sometimes I think it is a pity that the Neanderthals didn't win. Homo Saps is a disgusting species.

Oh, now, I must object. DYNATRON is not a sloppy little apazine. DYNATRON is a sloppy little genzine. I dump 65 copies into FAPA which is, oh, 30% of the zine's circulation. DYNATRON was around long before I became a member of FAPA and is not apa-oriented. I fully admit that the zine is sloppy, the layout nonexistent, and the repro oft-times leaves much to be desired. Still, 'tis mine, you know.

423 Summit Avenue,  
Hagerstown, Maryland,  
21740

Aethioglyptica is for real, I assume?  
((Yes - CJP)) It has particular interest  
for me, because of the peculiar embar-

rassment in which Hagerstown finds itself in Africa. This county's public school system pioneered in closed-circuit educational television under a Ford Foundation grant, still has one of the most elaborate facilities of any local school system in the nation, and its school system seemed like a natural choice when Nigeria asked a few years ago where it could find help in improving its educational programs through the airwaves and cables. So the State Department or some such group made arrangements and school teachers, principals, supervisors, and other people have been commuting between Nigeria and Hagerstown ever since. Everything was fine for a while until Nigeria began to have civil wars and people in Hagerstown just couldn't believe the reassurance that their relatives weren't in danger because the Nigerians were mad at each other, not at us. Now the Biafra mess has come up and all of a sudden letters to the editor are starting to charge the school system with retroactive disloyalty to the cause of humanity by aiding and abetting those oppressors. The assistance to Nigerian education had already been near its conclusion when Biafra came into the news, most of the Hagerstonians are back home, and still some people think the school system should have had the foresight of Noah and Mr. Farnham combined four or five years ago.



The introduction to the Bradbury translation impresses me as quite good, almost unbelievable for a Latvian to create, unless M. Andersone actually lived in this nation and read most of its science fiction for a quarter-century or so. Compare the specific judgements and elucidations with the vaguenesses which G. Gladfelter is forced to put into his review of the Russian translations, and you can get a pretty good idea of how great an achievement appears at the start of Marsiesu Hronikas. I'm going to feel awfully foolish now, if some other perceptive reader of The Proper Boskonian reports that this is a slightly altered reprint of a review of the The Martian Chronicles that appeared in some obscure American fanzine fifteen years ago.

It's been so long since I played chess that I couldn't follow properly the Richard Harter article. (The other Hagerstonian who played chess moved away in disgust after winning 7,684 consecutive games from me.) I'd like to know more about this computer program though. It sounds much more sophisticated than any other computer achievement that I've run across, and it leads me to hope that eventually a computer really will be able to do a good job of completing the unfinished compositions of Mozart and proving whether Joe Louis could have whumped Jack Dempsey. ((The more I learn about Artificial Intelligence, the more I suspect that eventually is going to be a long, long time. - RH))

The Spirit of '76 tickled me immensely. This is the first such reaction to any writing which mentioned Vietnam in at least a year. Either I've grown numb and no longer react properly to the name of that nation or Morton Pestal is a genius. Both are undoubtedly true.

Mike Symes seems quite reasonable this time in his attitude toward the less elegant-appearing fanzines. I still don't have enough aesthetic sense to fault a fanzine because it lacks beautiful makeup and imaginative format, but I might suggest that the recent emphasis on such matters may be one reason why the prose in most fanzines leaves something to be desired. If the editor spends so much time working at his dummies, digging up vast quantities of small pictures, and working out complicated new letterings, he may not have much opportunity to look in the right places for unusual, high-quality articles and stories. ((Mike is talking about very basic layout, neatness, organization, etc. - CJP))

The only thing disappointing about your editorial is the lack of a terrible struggle against a blizzard. Several times I was sure that a lengthy and harrowing description was coming up, and each time you just waited until the weather improved and continued from there.

Of course, I can give lessons in letter commenting. The first lesson is to put fanzines awaiting comments on shelving in your bedroom where you see them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. You worry about the size of the backlog as you try to get to sleep and your entire day is spoiled by realization upon arising that you're another day late on each publication, or nine months or so behind your duty in combined delays every 24 hours. Soon you find yourself writing from desperation. End of Lesson.

LUNATIQUE                      Merci pour THE PROPER BOSKONIAN, que je vien, de recevoir.  
Jacqueline H. Osterrath      Par le même courrier, je vous envoie "Lunatique", un  
D 5929 Sassmannhausen      fanzine (en français) que j'édite depuis près de six ans.

Votre cahier contenait la feuille de vote pour les HUGO.  
Les fanzines de langue anglaise peuvent-ils, seuls, participer à ce concours ?  
Ou pourrais-je, pour l'année prochaine, vous soumettre mes cahiers ? "Lunatique" est  
uniquement littéraire, publiant des contes et des nouvelles, des interviews d'auteurs  
et des critiques de livres, dans le domaine de la science-fiction et du fantastique.

J'ai écrit d'assez nombreuses nouvelles (certaines ont paru dans l'édition française  
de THE MAGAZINE OF SF & FANTASY), et je traduis en français la série de SF allemande  
"Perry Rhodan", qui commence à être publiée également en Amérique.

Sincèrement à vous.

(( En principe, pour qualifier comme candidat pour le Hugo, il n'y a aucune limitation  
sur la langue dans laquelle doivent être écrits les fanzines, ni sur leur pays  
d'origine. Tout le monde est éligible. Cependant, puisque les nominateurs (qui,  
d'ailleurs, n'ont pas d'autre qualification que d'être des fans et d'être devenus  
membres du Congrès Mondial de Science-Fiction (i.e. WorldCon) ) n'ont, pour la  
plupart, pas la maîtrise d'une autre langue que l'anglais, ils se considèrent comme  
incapable de juger des textes étrangers qui n'ont pas été traduits. De plus, avec  
quelques exceptions, très peu est connu des fans européens. Il n'est donc pas du  
tout étonnant que, jusqu'à ce jour, au moins, nul fanzine français, ni allemand (ni  
même japonais) n'a pas reçu le Hugo. Cette situation pourrait bien changer avec le  
temps.

(( Si l'on est permis de vous offrir un conseil, il faut dire que nous sommes d'avis  
que vous feriez mieux de faire créer un concours semblable chez vous, s'il n'existe  
pas déjà ou simplement d'établir des Hugos européens qui pourraient être dévoilés  
(ou même attribués en personne) au WorldCon par le représentant du TAFF, par exemple.  
Si vous tenez à gagner le Hugo "Anglo-Américain", vous seriez le mieux avisée  
d'envoyer "LUNATIQUE" régulièrement à tous les fans dont vous avez l'adresse, en  
commençant avec ceux qui sont mentionnés au-dessus, à fin qu'ils  
puissent en devenir familiers. Nous, l'équipe de rédaction du "PROPER BOSKONIAN",  
vous souhaitons bonne chance. -- Andrew Adams Whyte))

-----  
Rick Brooks                      It seems that everytime I write to comment on  
Box 5465                      The Proper Boskonian I include a change of  
Milwaukee, Wisc.              address. New address as of sometime between  
53211                      (copulating red tape) June 13th and June 30th:  
                                PO Box 1057, Huntington, Ind. 46750.

A fascinating theory that tides are caused by whales copulating.  
However, before I take it too seriously, I would like to see an  
explanation of the biological mechanism that gets all these whales  
"in step". And why the ultraslow rhythm? Nothing can be that  
patient. I do like the theory very much, tho. It carries out per-  
fectly the screwed up motif of this world of ours.

Being one of the great employed is rather hard on me physically.  
I have gained about 15 pounds on my own cooking despite walking over  
a mile to work. For example, this morning, I had bacon and scrambled  
eggs for breakfast, topped off by a slab of angel food cake topped  
with a slab of French Vanilla ice cream topped off with strawberries.  
And two more to top off dinner.



Incidentally NARGOTHROND is folding after annish (No. 5) as Al is getting tired of pubbing and we both are getting tired of each other.

---

Dan Hatch  
13 Donna St.  
Thompsonville,  
Conn., 06082

I appreciate all the people who told me where to find out about Dune Fandom. I've gotten copies of Sandworm and a loc from Bob. I am putting a large (??) Dune Section in Non Sequitur (which is the phoenix which will arise from the ashes of IL)

Speaking of IL - I feel that as one of those who have been "throttled" I should have a chance to speak. Mike Symes' remarks were meant as criticism (at least I thought so) and as such they are meant to point out areas for improvement. He pointed out flaws in writing ability and style, repro quality, artwork, and myriad other things. And these things are flaws - at least in my case. I hope I have corrected them; I've tried. I probably wouldn't have noticed them any later without Mike's reviews, but some of the faneds might have missed the flaws. If enough people point out the flaws, you're bound to notice them eventually.

One more comment about Mike's reviews in no. 4 -

He said, "The major problem of most of these editors is that they don't." He doesn't make the statement, however, that most of the material that is used in some of these zines is exclusively the editor's, and it is hard to take the axe to your own material. The true sign of editorial ability is knowing which of your writing is good and which isn't, and how to improve what isn't. ((I suggest to you that editing ability and writing ability are complementary functions and one need not imply the other. The great difficulty for the beginning faned is that he has developed neither and it trying to exercise both. - RH))

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Because of the exigencies of attempting to publish PB in a short time we have had to cut the letter column short this issue. Two long letters by Alpajpuri, Esq. and Gary Woodman will appear in PB 6. We also heard from George Foster, Ted Tom, H.T.F. Nolte, Louis Morra, Louis Fallert, Mike Horvat, Mike Weber, Gabe Eisenstein, J. Kaufman, and Vincent Kohler. One further note - please, if at all possible, use a typewriter. Even the best of handwritten letters is a lot of trouble to transcribe and edit.

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Acknowledgement should be made to Patrick O'Neil who supplied the console that the chess game was played on. Pat is one of the fortunate of IBM who rates a computer console in his den. Pat also co-analyzed the game with me (although I actually made the final selection of moves.) After several games, some of which he won, he concluded that the computer plays at about a Class A rating. - RH

(Russell Seitz, continued from page 22)

Q - How much of the material actually, apart from the surplus stores, do you get, roughly, from public dumps.

A - What do you mean by public dumps?

Q - Dumps that the public has access to.

A - Well there are dumps, and there are dumps.

Q - Yes.

A - Those that specialize in Army hardware are, of course, the prime targets for advanced stuff like this. Those that specialize in scrap metal have exercised some degree of discretion in dealing with exotic metal at the checking point. One salvage yard in Dorchester, for example, carefully segregates beryllium and other exotic metals from other metals you find in scrap, and that's where you find your pile of Atlas nose cones.

Q - Well he wouldn't, I suppose, just sell them to anyone?

A - Sure he would.

Q - He doesn't know what they are but he'll sell them to anyone?

A - He'll sell you an Atlas nose cone for 40 cents a pound. He doesn't know what they are, unless you bother to tell him.

A - That's interesting. And what is it he operates over there, is it a dump, or what?

A - It's a metal salvage place, not just a place for disabled refrigerators.

Q - Well, did you in your search for parts ever go to any public dump?

A - You mean like Cambridge city dump?

Q - Right.

A - No. The more exotic stuff is recognized by the contractors as of sufficient intrinsic value to sell, and all of them are large enough to have a surplus disposal office of some sort.

Q - I see. Well that's fascinating. How many of these places are there around Boston?

A - That regularly deal with high technology surplus?

Q - Right.

A - Twenty or thirty. Cambridge is - I don't know about those areas around, oh, well Sandia complex in New Mexico or around Los Angeles, but this has got to be one of the world's most technologically enriched areas.

Q - Sure.

A - That is, the scrap yards here contain a considerable percentage of artifacts you couldn't reproduce with access to the normal sources of technology. It's one reason why there is so much technology in the area. It's a self-feeding process.

Q - Well, then, the upshot of it is, check me if I'm wrong, that it is possible for a knowledgeable person, knowing what he is after, to accumulate from these various sources, enough or almost enough to build his own ICBM, but only a very few people could do it?

A - Well, no one person could do it, fortunately.

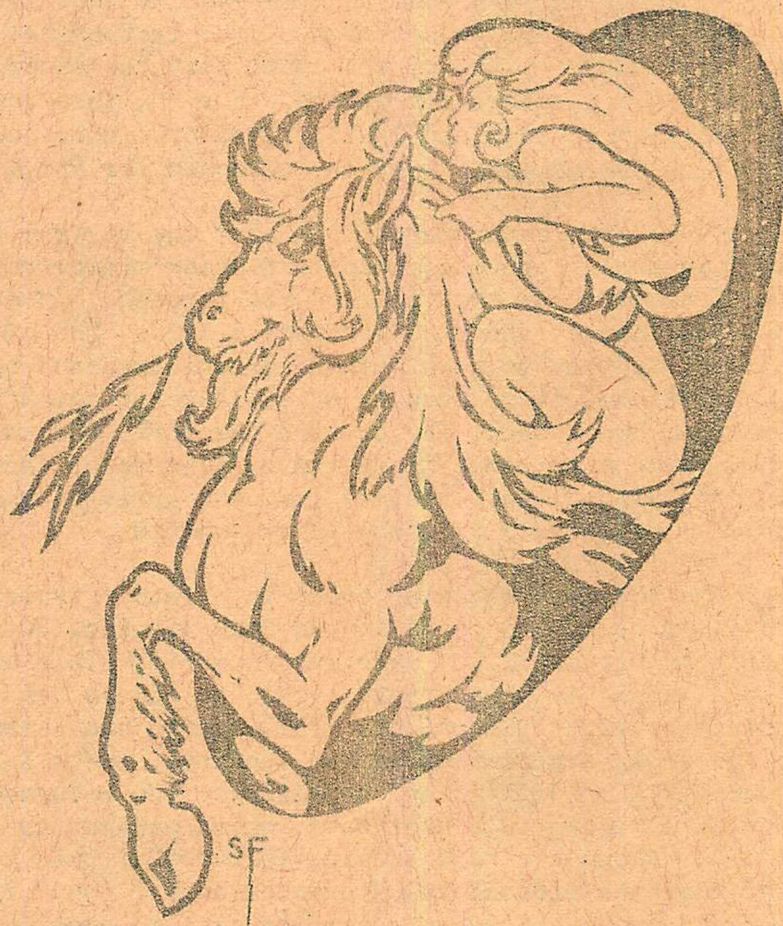
Q - How many man-hours did you say it would take to assemble an ICBM?

A - Well, I've got all the critical sub-assemblies for an ICBM - a very hybrid sort of beast. Now, the rest is plumbing. The plumbing is on a monumental scale. I'd have to get stainless steel or titanium tanks 30 feet in length, 10 feet in diameter, miles of piping, miles of wire, decipher circuitry dotted in solid blocks of plastic and mount a sizable systems analysis effort to try to figure out what I was doing.

Q - Yes.

A - There's also of course a built-in safety factor - the completed ICBM would stand 108 feet tall by 11 feet in diameter, and would weigh 200 metric tons - most of it fuel and oxidizer. Still, with its storable oxidizer, Titan II-C is the most plausible bird for clandestine assembly.





A

CAMBRIDGE

SUMMER

I



As I begin the writing of this report, it is three am on September 17, I am two-thirds of the way through *Moon is a Harsh Mistress*, the thermometer reads 55°F, the cat is looking at me resentfully for disturbing his sleep, and my poison oak is finally starting to dry up and may even go away if I can keep from scratching it. With the hoped-for completion of the last event, the summer of 1968 will be vanished into the mists of the past, lost to posterity except as I and other scribes of the era record its events. For me, this recording will be a purely personal and fannish one, and I will therefore commence it when I last left off, on June 14, with the writing of the colophon for *Proper Boskonian* #2.

That issue was, as promised, run off the next day at Tony Lewis's: a disgustingly long and exhausting process, despite a break midway to watch the second installment of *The Prisoner*. By the time we were through, I had barely enough strength to go home, collapse, and read *Rosemary's Baby*. The sloppily sentimental ending to this book (I *try* not to be a sucker for children-and-religion, but this one struck from behind) brought me back to a semblance of animation, which lasted long enough for me to shower, pack, fly down to New York, and sneak into my parents' apartment before conking out. Since the exigencies of fan-pubbing had prevented me from notifying my mother of my imminent arrival, she was interestingly croggled to find me peacefully sleeping in my own bed.

This was perhaps the most exciting event in a rather typical two weeks in New York spent in shopping, Shakespeare-in-the-Park-viewing, Brown-visiting, and generally convincing my parents I was over my pneumonia. This was, however, capped by Midwestcon, a highly pleasurable event, as always, and one which brought a turnout of some six or eight Bostonians. The weekend was characterized by much chaos-playing in the pool, a number of wicked sunburns, and a luxuriant display of male finery, mainly Nehru jackets and medallions. We returned to the East Coast in the midst of an incredible heat wave, which managed to last for the entire month of July. Among the more amusing features of this period in Cambridge was that at whatever ridiculously advanced hour I found it cool enough to go to sleep, the cats decided it was the perfect time to come out of their day-time torpor and start playing tag across my body.

The cats, plural? you say. Well, yes. Ozymandias you know about from earlier PB's of course. (If you haven't been reading earlier PB's you have no right to ask questions.) But then there was Semiramis. What happened was that shortly after I arrived at Midwestcon, all fresh and unsuspecting from two weeks in New York, Leslie wandered over to me saying "How would you like a kitten." "A kitten," I replied perceptively. "Ozymandias is full grown now," said she. "He is no longer cute and fuzzy and playful. Moreover, he is getting fat and lazy. We need a kitten to liven things up!" Resignedly, I asked, "Whence deriveth the beast?" And she went on to explain about this friend of Vanderwerf's who was departing Cambridge, leaving behind one small, sugar-and-cinnamon, female, two-month-old, agile, intelligent, and lovable kitten. "Since," continued Leslie, "I will be visiting my parents next week, you can pick her up and get her settled in. We've already had her visiting, and I can assure you that Ozymandias isn't *really* trying to murder her, even when he pretends to."

So we had a kitten, exactly as advertised. Well, not quite exactly. It turned out that she was the one who usually attacked Ozymandias. She was fascinated by his tail and would constantly be trying to sneak up from behind and pounce on it. At which point he would fell her with a single blow and she would grovel at his feet whimpering, "But I'm just an innocent little kitten. You don't want to hurt me." And he would turn his back in disgust at such servility and she would pounce on his tail again.



But I had scant time to observe such things, for it was then that began a frantic whirl of fannish festivity. The first two weekends were devoted to the first and second weekly Meskons -- held at the home of Ed Meskys in Centre Harbor, New Hampshire -- at the second one of which we managed to squeeze some thirty people into Ed's one bedroom house for the night. It was on the Thursday before the latter occasion that occurred the Quest of the Egg. Alas, that I have not the space here to do justice to this truly epic wandering, sparked by my discovery halfway through a batch of brownies that Leslie had eaten all the eggs and the supermarket had closed half an hour before. The tale of how I set out in search of a late-closing grocery; of how I encountered Art (a rock group practicing in the window of a fabric shop), Industry (Thursday is late closing night in Cambridge -- except for groceries), and Goodness-of-Heart (some salespeople who appeared willing to drive me over half of Cambridge in search of an egg as soon as they could close up shop, but I declined); of how I returned home in despair, only to find fulfillment at last in the form of the one remaining egg in my next-door-neighbor's refrigerator; this is a tale I cannot do justice to and will therefore not demean by the trying.

It was on the weekend after all these events, that of July 19-21, that occurred the great descent upon New York. "Are you coming with us on the expedition to see the Browns?" asked Tony and Sue Lewis. "I guess so," said I. "What expedition?" "We're flying down this Friday evening after Chinatown," they explained. And sure enough, eight-thirty or so Friday found us in the terminal of Eastern Airlines, face to face with a closed-circuit tv proclaiming no more flights for the duration of the evening. It seems Congress had tried to cut the appropriations and there was this slowdown...

Nine-thirty found us in the Greyhound Terminal, buying tickets for the ten o'clock bus. "Why don't you call the Browns to tell them we'll be late," said Tony. "I don't have any change," said I. "Call collect," he said. After some business with the operator, I got a hold of Charlie Brown. "The planes aren't flying," I said. "How would you like to meet us at the Port Authority Terminal at 2:30?" Charlie was slightly confused at hearing my voice, since he wasn't expecting me along and had no idea of what "us" represented. But he soon recovered enough to inform me that if we wanted to arrive at 2:30 we could damn well take the subway by ourselves.

The rest of that night becomes increasingly hazy in my mind, so let us jump to bright and early Saturday morning, when we all staggered out of the house on the annual Coney Island expedition. Since this journey pretty much spans the length of New York City, stretching from the nethermost fastnesses of the Bronx to the ditto of Brooklyn, it was decided to refresh ourselves with a waystop at the fabled abode of Alexei Panshin. (Fabled to me at least, because I had never been there -- it was rumored to be too far out of the way for anyone ever to get to, besides being a Fifth floor walkup.) We drank his soft drinks, admired his collection of records and medallions, and swept him inexorably on with us to Coney Island.

Iy, but that was a colorful and panoramic day! The Aquarium, where we admired psychedelically fluorescing fish and Alex introduced us to the joys of penguin-sniffing. The flume ride, a kind of aquatic roller coaster, where we all got thoroughly splashed, except Alex, who had stayed out because he wasn't sure that his dashiki wouldn't run. The bump cars, that Tony, Sue, Alex, and I viciously attacked one another in while the Browns (Charlie, Marsha, and Sheila, if you've lost track) relaxed aloft on the swinging cars of a ferris wheel. The incredible quantities of indigestible goop we consumed betweentimes. Oh, the joys of childhood!



After that splendor, the summer dips rapidly into the gravity well of Worldcon time. The Browns came up to Boston one weekend, and the next week Tony, Sue, and Paul Galvin went down there lugging a case of champagne, but I stayed at home being exhausted. It was also about then that I went to see a very lovely experimental *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Harvard. The fairies were beautifully soulless -- as capriciously cruel as any of Poul Anderson's, but with an air of supernaturally aided decadence more reminiscent of Fritz Leiber -- while Bottom and his cronies made their first entrance in bowling shirts with their names embroidered on the back. All very fannish.

It was perhaps a week later, say about Monday, August 12, that I suddenly realized I had only a week and a half left in Boston and was seized with a frenzy of virtuous activity. This directed itself towards producing both mediaeval and masquerade costumes and losing my crucial four pounds again (the ones I had regained since Midwestcon that made all the difference between me curving voluptuously into a bikini and sagging over the edge of it). My masquerade costume would be simple, consisting mainly of a blue bikini-type affair, and since I am not a fervent Anachronist, I decided to do the mediaeval deal first, while I was still so full of virtue.

As of Wednesday, August 21, my last full day in Cambridge, I was still working on the accessories. That day, I arose at two pm, staggered out to the bathroom until I felt a semblance of alertness, fed the cats, fixed my own breakfast, and read Leslie's *TV Guide* (lured on by the *Star Trek* cover) and *Time Magazine*. This was all fairly normal. But then, realizing how little time I had left, I was stirred to a brief spurt of activity. This consisted of cleaning out the catbox and restoring an immense load of soon-to-be-overdue books to the Harvard Library System. Returning home, I relapsed into a little puddle, reading the newly arrived copy of *Sandworm*. At five pm I was on my way to wash my hair when I heard that Czechoslovakia had been invaded. Ah well, I thought. Maybe this really is the Year of the Jackpot.

The rest of the night I more or less frittered away, although I did finish my mediaeval costume and make a feeble start on that for the costume ball. Finally, at five am, I could no longer stand the waiting. I packed the last odds and ends into my suitcases and called a cab. Then, bidding the cats an affectionate, not to say maudlin, farewell, I slipped out on the Great Adventure.





# LOS ANGELES

2





As I take up once more the telling of my tale, over two months have passed, during which my typewriter has languished in the repair shop and I have been in an unhistorical mood. The latter has ceased, however, and I find myself minded to resume my saga.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22

It finds me standing on the steps outside my apartment building, enjoying the crisp morning air, admiring the very un-Cantabrigian abundance of stars above, and wondering how I managed to be leaving Cambridge on the first day that summer that gave promise of being clear and dry. (I really shouldn't have wondered, of course -- this was obviously the normal course of events.) Just then the cab came by and I loaded myself and my impedimenta into it. As we rounded the first corner, a most disquieting spectacle met my eyes: "the new moone wi the auld moone in hir arme." I managed to fret over this most of the way to the airport (when it comes to cross-continental flights, I am not yet incredibly blase), but finally decided that if it portended disaster, it could only be to ships at sea, and I was luckily going in the opposite direction.

With my mind thus at rest, I settled down comfortably at Logan Airport and waited for the ticket counter to open up, passing the time by watching the dawn and trying to pick up intra-airport communications on my portable fm radio. I was able to check in at six and had only three interminable hours to wait before boarding my flight. (Perhaps I should explain the reason for this sunrise idiocy, namely that I was flying standby and am insecure by nature.) The first useful thing I did was to hike down to gate B8, at the far end of a maze of corridors, and attempt to go back to sleep, curled up on a couple of the manifoldly uncomfortable seats in the waiting area. But a man with a broom kept asking me if I was all right, so I had to give up the idea. I next tried alternately listening to my radio and reading a copy of the *Avatar*, the current Boston underground newspaper. That consumed a fairish amount of time (the paper had temporarily been taken over by an insurgent group that believed in printing articles instead of revealing their souls on paper), but by eight even that expedient was exhausted.

At that point I went a little mad -- I hadn't had any sleep that night, you must remember. I started exploring the corridors, but the candy machine was empty and you can go to the bathroom only so often and still get any amusement value from it. Finally I was reduced to counting the veins in the potted plants. Another result of my deranged state was that I had failed to take account of the fact that it was nearly boarding time and yet no one but me and a few other standby types were in the waiting area. Just then an airport official arrived, informed us the flight was leaving from a different gate, and herded us all off. But he did us the kindness of first giving us our seat assignments, so we all got window seats when regular passengers (who had arrived at reasonable times and gone to the proper place) were doing without.

Then, finally, at last, it was nine am, and we were up, up, and away. The first five hundred miles or so I knew would be pretty familiar, so, after trying to listen to Mahler's Fourth and being discouraged by a buzz in my earphones, I allowed myself to fall asleep. I must have slept for a good hour, since when I awoke the movie was nearly over and the plane was somewhere in the vicinity of Kansas. I glanced out the window and saw to my horror that the universe had become patchwork. After giving myself a few minutes to wake up, I thought the matter over again and came to the conclusion that that part of the world simply came in that flavor and I would have to get used to it.



The rest of the trip was a varying panorama of gradually westering scenery. The patchwork faded from green to beige and finally expired with a gasp in the desert. After that, nothing spectacular happened for a while: We missed the Grand Canyon and the Rocky Mountains seemed lost in clouds. What did blow my mind was the Sierra Nevada range, which we crossed near El Paso. Those are *real* mountains, tall, stern, jagged, and probably infested by orcs; just the way I had always known mountains should be. I was croggled in a different way by the rest of the flight, for the coastal plain from San Diego up to Los Angeles is, amazingly, nothing but one continuous city from sea to mountains. I found it fascinating, although I *did* miss my cozy green Northeast. Then we landed in LA.

Let me say right now, to get it out of the way, that I didn't *like* Los Angeles. For one thing, I was never able to tell which way was north: The city is generally flat, looks the same all over, and is mostly occluded by smog anyway. I was unable to get functioning in the mornings without antihistamines and eyedrops and got headaches anyway. And the palm trees kept me in a constant state of disorientation; nothing that looks like that can possibly be real. But I had a great time anyway and plan to be back as soon as I have the money.

So there I was at the Los Angeles airport. I disembarked from the plane and went off in search of my suitcases. They have a very interesting system for baggage there: You can take anything off the baggage claim table that you like; you merely have to prove it's yours before they'll let you out of the terminal. Very clever these Angelenos. My next interesting discovery concerned the phone system. I put a dime into a pay phone and, as the Browns had instructed me, dialed the Trimble's number. The phone had rung perhaps six or eight times without response when a recorded voice broke in and told me it was a fifteen cent zone and I should give them another nickle. At the same time, my dime was returned, so I hung up and tried again with fifteen cents. Once more the phone rang repeatedly, the operator broke in, and my money was returned. With no evidence to go on as to how to interpret this strange phenomenon, I made the wrong choice and decided it meant the Trimble's weren't at home.

Having come to a temporary decision, I thereupon initiated the appropriate course of action and panicked. Namely, I telephoned my mother in New York, reassured her that I had arrived safely, and then informed her of my predicament. I suggested she try to get a hold of the Browns and find out from them what was going on and what I should do. After a few minutes, she called me back at the phone booth with the information that Marsha's place didn't answer and nobody at Charlie's had seen him for several hours. She advised that I try the Trimble's again. By this time, I had been at the airport for half an hour, making it close to noon. This was the time I had written Bjo that I expected to arrive, so I decided to take the suggestion. This time, instead of hanging up when the operator sent my money back, I immediately inserted it in the phone again. Lo and behold, I suddenly found myself talking to John Trimble. This was something of a blow to my self-esteem, but I managed to salve my ego in traditional American fashion by deciding I had been screwed by the system.

John said that he had a few things to finish up doing but could be at the airport in about an hour. And sure enough, promptly at three pm the Gak hove into view. (The Gak is Al Lewis' non-VW Microbus, which some of you may remember my grokking the West Side Highway from in PB#0. He had left it with the Trimble's while he was in England.) I had spent the three hours intervening in further panicking, playing with my radio, falling half asleep, phoning the Trimble's again in the proper fashion but not getting any answer, and trying to come to terms with the palm trees. By three pm I was nearly ready to go back to Boston, but then ~~came~~ the Gak, bearing John Trimble, Dave Kyle, Katwen and Lorie Trimble, and A.C. and Carey Kyle, and I was instantly restored to cheerfulness.

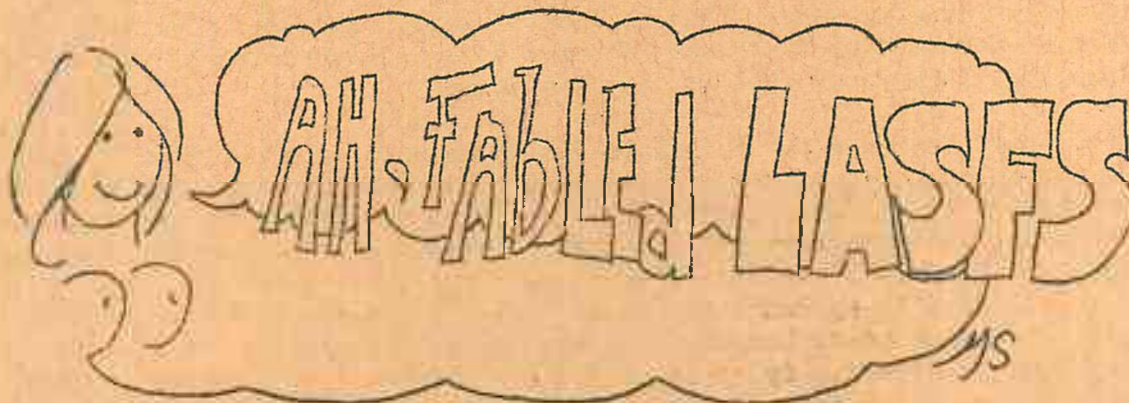
I was loaded into the back of the bus together with the kiddies. The three little girls were safely in a play pen and demanded nothing more involved of me than to believe that they were mad bulls. A.C., however, who is six, insisted on carrying on with me a discussion about the marvels of Disneyland, and especially the wonders of the Pirates of the Caribbean ride. This was slightly more intellectual than I was prepared to handle in my current state, but by making conventional noises of appreciation and astonishment, I was able to get by fairly gracefully.

All through that trip, my one thought had been of finally getting somewhere where I could go to sleep. So naturally the next thing I found myself doing after arriving at the Trimbles was tossing a frisbee around with A.C. This was particularly humiliating because he was better at it than I was. But the activity did wake me up somewhat, and by the time Bjo and Ruth Kyle had returned from shopping and a dinner of sent-out-for fried chicked had been consumed, I felt relatively up to attending my first LASFS meeting.

Ah LASFS, jewel of the west! Despite repeated warnings that the New LASFS was something else again, I looked forward to this meeting with high hopes. And they were indeed justified, for all the world, it seemed, had turned out for this grand pre-convention meeting. I had expected to be lost in the crowd and not be able to meet anyone, but I soon found all sorts of familiar faces (NYCon acquaintances and some early-arrived New Yorkers) and even met a few new faces. Lee Klingstein, for example, who brought me up to date on the past month of Dark Shadows in great detail.

I spent most of the evening on the front steps of the Hill, since inside was exceedingly stuffy and offered only a choice of Bruce Pelz showing slides of people I didn't know or a variety of poker games. The temperature was down around eighty, the architecture on that street was not terribly Spanish, and I could almost feel as if I were back in Boston. That is, until I caught a glance of a palm tree and the world would start to spin around my head again. I tried to explain my predicament to a few people, but somehow none of them showed very much sympathy.

When the meeting began to thin out, we headed back to the Trimbles. A sort of informal party had sprung up there, full of West Coast luminaries. (Yes, Virginia, there is a Forry Ackerman.) I should have been snowed out of my mind, like unto the veriest neofan, but by then I was far too dead to notice. My outstanding memory consists of Takumi Shibano's lengthy explanation of how to interpret Japanese addresses and why it probably isn't worth it. Finally, at two am, I was able to tumble into bed, feeling that, all things considered, I had acquitted myself reasonably well on my first day in California.





FRIDAY, AUGUST 23

Friday morning, I woke up at ten am and staggered downstairs to beg an aspirin from Bjo. I then collapsed on the living room couch, where I soon accumulated enough energy to grope my way back upstairs and crawl back under the covers for another three hours of sleep. When I finally came to, I felt cheerful, well rested, and perfectly adjusted to Pacific Daylight Time. By Saturday afternoon, Bjo had turned this minor incident into a major epic and attempted to titillate the Browns with an exegesis upon the peculiar vice of sleeping under two blankets in ninety degree weather. The Browns, who know me, remained unimpressed.

The early afternoon I spent just settling into the Los Angeles ambience and meeting some of the strange people who sometimes accumulate around Bjo. Some really rabid Trekkies for one, and for another a girl named Kim who talked about astrology more than she had the knowledge to substantiate and put my back up by assuming that just because I'm an Aquarius I share all her sexual hangups.

The major event of that day was a tour of the box factory where Len Moffatt works. This was basically part of the Shibano's itinerary, but Bjo and I had great fun tagging along. After getting all the proper passes and things (the identification badges, being simply rectangles of cardboard designed to stick up out of a man's breast pocket, proved a bit of a conundrum), we went through the executive and design area. There we met a confusing array of Len's co-workers and witnessed various stages in the design of boxes.

Then we went through the factory proper, a truly awesome spectacle. Huge, revolving tubs of pulp, machines to make the paper and cardboard, whole series of presses to print multicolor patterns, folding machines, stapling machines, machines to paste in plastic windows. As we went, we began to accumulate burdens: Bjo picked up a few rejected Kleenex boxes she thought she could use to mail art show items, Takumi had seized upon a rejected six pack carton on which he was now exercising all the legendary Japanese skill at paper folding in the attempt to assemble it, and Len had an entire dolly of things he had decided belonged in the executive wing. This last endeavor was complicated by the fact that it was after five when we got to the end of the factory area, and all the doors large enough for the cart to go through were locked for the night. Well, not quite all, because we managed to get it through, but it took some contriving. And, as we all collapsed in the (air-conditioned) office exulting in that triumph, Takumi held up his completely folded six pack.

By this time, we were all ready to head off to the Moffatt's, where June was waiting with a lasagna dinner. Unfortunately, this involved going outdoors. The weather forecast had been for a continued cool spell, but I wasn't convinced. "This doesn't feel like a *Boston* 85," I said morosely. "Could it be the subtropical sun?" Since no one contradicted me, I resigned myself to prolonged suffering and thought of nice, cool San Francisco a week away. (Actually, it later turned out to have been the hottest day of the year, but I suppose Angelenos are too proud to admit that sort of thing.)

We collected Len's mother? mother-in-law? a friendly grandmotherly type whichever, and headed off to the Moffatt house. On the way, I concentrated very hard and finally managed to adjust myself to the presence of palm trees by deciding that they were all made out of papier mache except the ones which were painted on the sky. When we got to the Moffatt's, Rick Sneary was already there, as well as John Trimble with the children. We all settled down to a hearty repast, especially Lorie, who managed to swipe a little bit from everyone. After dinner, we watched Len's Funcon slides and Takumi's of Japanese fandom, which looks like American fandom used to -- white shirts and no girls. We returned to the Trimbles' around eleven and everyone else went to sleep early while I stayed up reading. I really was onto PDT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25

My notebook records that my rest that night was broken by a nightmare compounded of the grislier elements of Heinlein and Lovecraft. 'Tis a pity, because that was the last relatively peaceful night of the vacation. After all, there were only seven people in the house: four Trimbles, two Shibanos, and myself. I arose at ten, fixed myself some breakfast, and wandered into the living room to watch the children's cartoon shows. Then people began to get busy around me. John took the Gak off to the airport. Takumi was out TOFFing somewhere. Sachiko was cooking up a concoction of Japanese vegetables for the party that night. And Bjo vanished into her study. I began to get the feeling I should be doing something more useful than watching George of the Jungle do his thing. Luckily, Katwen and Lorie got the same idea right about then, providing me with the ready-made activity of keeping them out of Bjo's hair.

Then people began to arrive. First Don and Grace Lundry turned up with Anita Gail (age eight months), marveling over how humid LA was compared with the desert. I groaned and took another antihistimine. Then the mob were Gakked in from the airport. This group remained fairly constant for the next two weeks, so here are their names set down in fair order; attend them closely because you are not going to get another chance:

From New York: Charlie Brown  
Marsha Brown  
Sheila Elkin

From Boston: Tony Lewis  
Sue Lewis  
Paul Galvin

If this leaves you confused, consider the state of poor Bjo, who wasn't even sure Paul was one of us until he started bedding down on her dining room floor that night.

The afternoon was spent in preparing for the party and catching up on gossip. We went to a buffet restaurant for lunch, and it was here that I observed the first of many excellent public rest rooms in California. During the entire vacation, I never saw a ladies' room that was dirty, out of toilet paper, or contaminated by the leprous affliction of pay toilets. It was this above all else that struck me as distinctive about the West Coast.

Then came the party. My memories of this are blurred kaleidoscopically, but a few moments do stand out. There was the point at which I wandered up to Don Lundry saying, "Don, you're a sucker. Have some grapes," and left him staring in confusion at a rather large bunch. "Is *that* what you think of me?" he asked. There was Earl Thompson, just after pulling off some interesting coup, smugly saying, "Never let go of one girl until you have a hold of another." (But later on, Bjo got hold of his fiancée, Lexy, and told her she had Rights. Earl hasn't been the same since.) There was a glorious trip to Baskin-Robbins for ice cream, during which Bruce Pelz fell dramatically backwards out of the Gak while attempting to climb in. There was a St. Pantony rehearsal that turned out to be real, as Rick Sneary, who couldn't make the con, was raised to full knighthood. And there was a horde of lovely new people to meet and talk to and get to know.

Finally the party ended. Well, it didn't exactly end. But some of the people went home and the rest went to sleep. There were eighteen people and a cat there that night. Fannish hospitality is just marvelout. Thank you Bjo.



SUNDAY, AUGUST 25

Sunday morning we spent in pulling ourselves gently together. The schedule of activities called for most of us going on an expedition to Marineland, while the Trimbles stayed home to hold a birthday party for Katwen. We all joined in preparing for the party, cleaning up the litter of the night before and hanging crepe paper and balloons. I managed to blow up three balloons before turning pale and sinking slowly to the floor. I then discovered an unexpected talent for tying knots in balloons other people had blown up and thereafter confined myself to this praiseworthy activity.

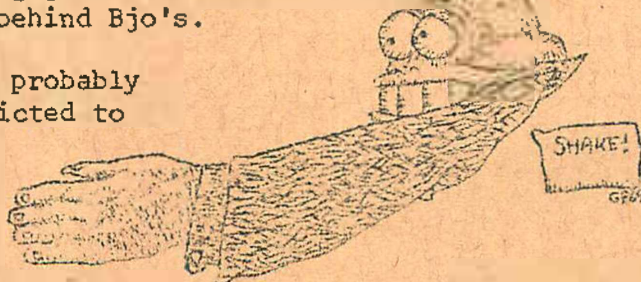
At about one, the eight of us set off in the Gak: Takumi, Sachiko, Charlie, Marsha, Sue, Paul, Sheila and me. Tony was asleep back at the Trimbles, as he had contracted *The Cold*. (Make a note of that cold; you'll be seeing a lot of it.) We spent the trip explaining idioms to the Shibanos. (Trimble Dictum: He who uses idiom explains it.) I remember getting all entangled in the various usages of "breathing down one's neck". The really difficult one was the sign outside Marineland which read "Have a whale of a time". Finally it was settled that this was an "Idiomatic whale", an expression which for a short time became a recurring gag line.

We entered Marineland and applied ourselves to such preliminary activities as the purchase of inferior food and the seeking of sunglasses. Sue bought a pair for herself, but I was unable to find a place that had clipons. I thought I might manage without at the price of only mild eyestrain, but I found I couldn't even see the porpoises through the glare off the water. Finally Sheila, who had her contacts in lent me her prescription sunglasses. Since we are about equally blind, this worked pretty well, but looking at the world through another person's lenses is still a basically freaky experience.

Marineland was more fun than not, but also a little bit depressing, as animal shows always are. We watched fish-eating porpoises jumping through hoops of fire, and seals delivering political addresses. We looked at fluorescent fish and the genitals of whales. We smelled the penguins (while thinking of Alexei) and imitated flamingoes. We took a boat ride along the California coast. We spent the whole afternoon there, and on our way out I finally managed to mail the postcard I had written to my mother while on the plane. (There are no mailboxes on the side streets in Los Angeles. This is probably to compensate for the toilets.)

We arrived back at the Trimbles well after the end of the kiddie party and were soon joined by a host of Canadians - mainly Maureen Bournes and the Cartel, I think. The sixteen of us went off to an excellent Mexican restaurant for dinner and, upon return, coalesced into an informal party. As I remember, Marsha and I spent most of the time discussing great bad books with Hank Stine, who was then living in the fractional house behind Bjo's.

The party broke up disgustingly early, probably since so much of it was still hopelessly addicted to EDT, but Hank invited someone who might have been Phil Sallen - I was losing track of names by then - and me back to his place to talk for a while. We sat around discussing such topics as the generation gap and the problems of the over-20's, until Phil, if it was he, had to leave to get the last bus for UCLA. Hank took him to the



Los Angeles--7

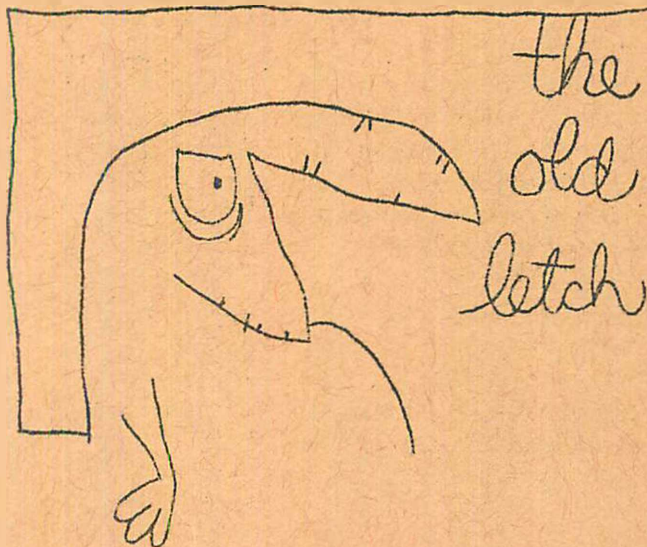
busstop on his motorcycle, then picked me up to go for something to eat. I do love riding motorcycles through deserted city streets, although it is a pleasure I rarely get to enjoy. By the time that was over, it was 3 am, and even I was ready to call it a night and stagger back into Bjo's. I hope I didn't step on *too* many sleeping bodies in the process.

MONDAY, AUGUST 26

Naturally, such profligate behavior would have to be paid for, and I found myself totally unable to arise early with the rest of the mob to go out used book hunting on Hollywood Boulevard. So I slept relatively late and spent the morning doing such useful things as washing my hair and meandering down to the local shopping centre for clip-on sunglasses. On the way back I passed a mail box and immediately sat down on the curb to write a postcard to my mother and mail it off. California mailboxes are *such* elusive things.

When I returned to the Trimbles, John had just showed up and volunteered to drive me and Grace Lundry to rejoin the mob, who were then eating lunch. At about one pm I had my first sight of fabulous Hollywood Boulevard. Fabulous indeed! A wild, fantastic melange of styles and usages. Fantastic gaudy 20's-type movie palaces, staid department stores, dingy little book stores, and swanky modern boutiques. Marsha and Sheila and Sue and Bjo had all bought variously colored pairs of stretch shorts on sale at Frederick's that morning, and Bjo offered to lead me thither to do the same. So I found myself the proud possessor of a pair of pink short shorts (they were out of my size in anything else by then) and, via a side trip, a bottle of blue Max Factor body paint for the masquerade. (Max Factor's is an incredible place for feeling outswanked in. Plush decor, thick carpets, haughty salesgirls - and me dressed appropriately for pawing through dusty piles of books. So I just stayed close to Bjo, who can carry *anything* off, and tried not to breathe too loud.)

The rest of the afternoon we passed unexceptionably enough, popping in and out of bookstores, with an occasional boutique thrown in for good luck, and we were back at the Trimbles by dinnertime. The evening looked to be a quiet one, so I got out the bottom of my masquerade costume and started sewing. Marsha wandered by. "That won't be big enough," she said. "They never are." I looked at it dubiously. "I admit there isn't very much of it, but I measured carefully and allowed for hems and all and I think at least it ought to cover everything essential." "Wait and see," she said, and moved on.



"Hey Bjo," I asked. "How do you make a bikini-type top?"  
"Oh, that's very easy," she said, and quickly sketched a pattern. ((see illo))  
"Gee thanks," I said. "I'll be sure to study it carefully."

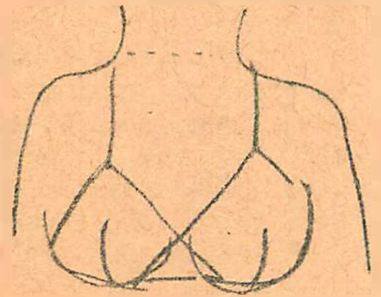
At some point, the Moffatts showed up, as well as Earl and Lexy, and the evening turned into a slide show. I had seen most of those slides on Friday, so I stayed out in the dining room and kept sewing. Sue went upstairs and collapsed with The Cold. People trickled off and the rest of us went to sleep early. After all,



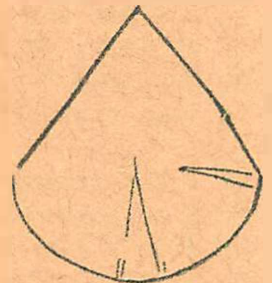
we had to get up at all sorts of ridiculous hours the next morning for the grand and glorious expedition to Disneyland.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27                      Disneyland!

Despite Walt Disney, Disneyland is a gas and we were all eager to go. Paul, Sheila, and I had never been there. Tony had been once, but wearing a business suit and carrying an umbrella. And no one had been often enough. Besides on this trip we were being guided by the Master, himself, Bruce Pelz.



We started the day off in a mad scramble, since Bruce had warned us to expect him at 7:30 am. (One can't just go to Disneyland, one has to spend the day there.) In addition to our normal preparations, we had to get ready a few suitcases and bundles for taking advantage of Forry Ackerman's kind offer to do some of our schlepping to San Francisco for us. And Bjo was wandering through it all, intoning direly that her mother-who-doesn't-like-fans was due to arrive that day and if she decided to stay over we might all find ourselves without a home for the night.



But we still managed to be ready by 7:35, and at 8:30 we all -- Sue and Tony, and Charlie and Marsha, and me and Sheila and Paul -- piled into Bruce's microbus and were off. Now, Bruce has the sort of bus without windows in back, and it was warm and dark in there, and there was a nice soft pile of Project Art Show hangings in one corner (which I have a guilty feeling I hogged more than my share of), and we all fell at least halfway back to sleep. By the time we arrived at Disneyland we were feeling a little more rested and fairly well equal to the busy day ahead of us. Except for Marsha, that is, who had come down with The Cold but was plowing gamely onward nonetheless.

We entered the gates at 9:10 am (forgive the pedantry of all the times -- they are intended to give a Sense of Scale and may be ignored at will) and proceeded directly to Main Street, an incredibly quaint reproduction of the center of a small town in the 1890's. Our first stop there was the train station, where a batch of loudspeakers anachronistically appeared and began to inform us, in the second person future, as to exactly how we would go about boarding the train. "Has anyone been watching *The Prisoner*?" asked Bruce.

But the train ride, which circles the park for an allover view, was fun, and after catching a bite back on Main Street, we were ready for Tomorrowland. Tomorrowland was groovy too, although it gives the impression of having all been transported wholesale from the New York World's Fair. (This is unfair. Only *some* of it was imported wholesale from the New York World's Fair.) Many of the rides have industrial sponsors and are therefore free. The one we all enjoyed most, and went back to in the evening, was Monsanto's incredible-shrinking-man-type exhibition. In a little car, you ride through a microscope into a snowflake, descending successively through the crystalline, molecular, atomic, and nuclear stages of perspective. As science it may be laughable, but the cream of it is the narration, which insinuates itself stereophonically into your ears. Proceeding in a first person style somewhere between Edgar Allen Poe and head rock lyrics, it relies largely on such phrases as, "I am the first man ever to enter these realms," "Can these be *electrons*?"



and "Do I dare go on?" Of course in the end this obviously deranged mentality can take no more and flees shrieking from the prospect of entering the nucleus, but it's been a great trip all the same.

Our next stop was Fantasyland, which is a good place for getting rid of lower-valued coupons. You see, one admission gets you a book of tickets with values from A to E, and each ride has its own value. Since tickets are not additive, the A's and B's had to be used up on such things as King Arthur's Carousel and Mister Toad's Wild Ride. But we were ready to enjoy anything at that point, and after grabbing some more food, we zapped happily off to Frontierland and Tom Sawyer's island.

By that time the Fannish Presence in Disneyland was beginning to make itself felt. We had already acquired Lee Klingstein, Gail Thompson, and one other female whom I didn't know. And as we entered Frontierland, we met Leigh Couch with Chris and Mike. Lesleigh, she explained, was flying out directly to the con and Norb was sleeping in the car. (Or rather, trying to sleep, as we later found out, since people would keep coming over and asking whether he was dead.) We also picked up Ted Johnstone and Cindy Van Arnam, but I believe that was after we got off the island.

The island itself was a juicy thing, approachable only by raft and crammed full of forts, secret passages, treehouses, and balancing rocks. But even so, we didn't give it an excess of time, since our agenda called for the next stop to be at Pirates of the Caribbean. Despite my earlier skepticism at A.C.Kyle III, Pirates of the Caribbean is the best ride in Disneyland, a true Experience, and I am not going to spoil anything for anyone by describing it here. But if any of you out there who haven't gotten to Disneyland do, don't let yourselves be put off by the long lines (which really move very quickly) - GO.

SHIP AHoy!

We ate dinner at the restaurant built into the Pirates of the Caribbean building. It is beautifully set up as the terrace of a southern mansion overlooking a bayou, along which the boats enter the ride. The illusion is almost perfect (although the fireflies do start to repeat eventually) and the food is excellent. Poor Marsha couldn't eat anything because of The Cold and became exceedingly envious.

Around then we went on the mule train, or at least those of us who were under the weight limit did. Charlie, Tony, and Bruce had to stay behind, but compensated by taking pictures of the rest of us with our stomachs sticking out.

The group then broke up to visit various different rides and agreed to meet again for the Matterhorn bobsled. But somehow we never did get coordinated until near the end of the evening, so the next few hours I spent with Charlie, Sheila, Paul, and sometimes Ted and Cindy. Everything became rather surrealistic after sunset. I don't intend to report on this period in detail.





Most of it was spent in Frontierland and Adventureland. The latter seems to be the underdeveloped area of Disneyland, with very few rides and no new ones. There were fireworks and things. We did a repeat on Pirates of the Caribbean, but it was rather less mind-blowing the second time.

Finally, we were all reunited and staggered out of the park at about 11 pm. after fourteen hours of - gasp - fun. The drive back was slightly revivifying - the Art Show hangings were shared more equitably this time - and the Trimble House proved still ready to accept us. We were comfortably flaking out all over the living room when Hank Stine wandered in and proceeded to describe his Fascinating Adventure for us.

He claimed he had been cycling happily along at 3 am the night before when a cop had stopped him for a burnt-out taillight and discovered him to be a vile violator with a long-unpaid traffic ticket. So he spent two hours in jail, meeting weird characters, until John Trimble came down and bailed him out.

Things became rather partyish for a while, but none of us had the strength to sustain it, and we were all eager to crawl off to bed. After all, the next morning we would have to pull ourselves together in good time to start for San Francisco via the Coast Road.

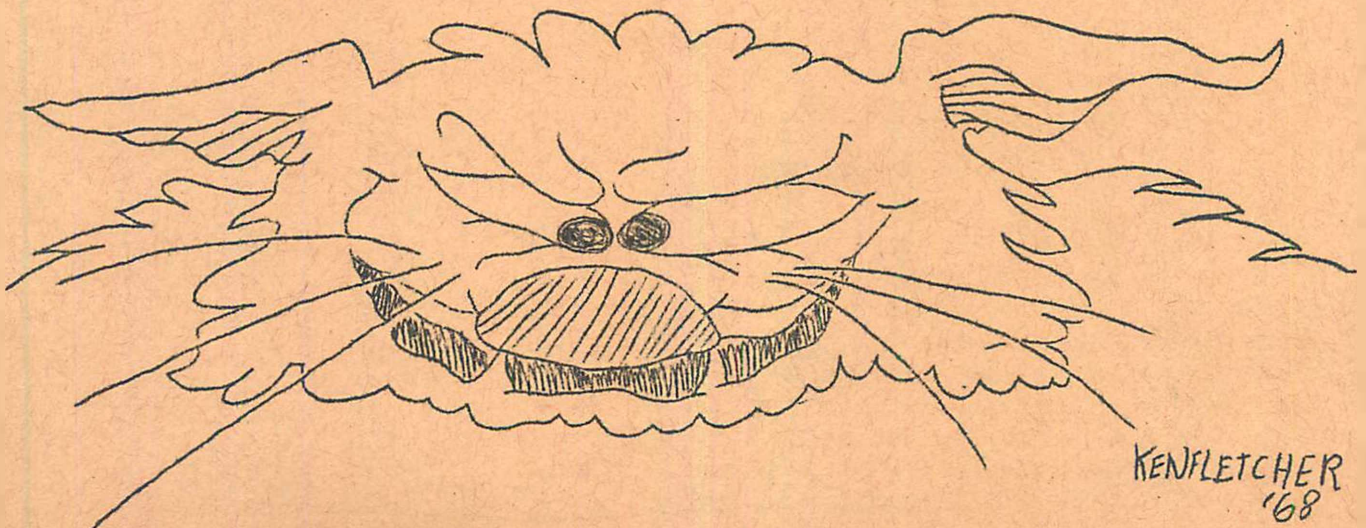
*This stirring saga of the Old West will be continued in the next issue*

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# BOSTON IN '71





# LAST PAGE

YOU ARE GETTING THIS ISSUE BECAUSE

- ☐ You are a well known pro, and we like you.
- ☐ You are a proud and illustrious fan.
- ☐ You are a humble and obscure fan.
- ☐ You did something.
- ☐ You did something, or you might do something.
- ☐ You did something, or you might do something, or you might have done something
- ☐ Beats me, you tell us.
- ☐ You eat anchovy pizzas.
- ☐ This is a complimentary issue - please compliment us.
- ☐ You posed for a Heironymous Bosch painting.
- ☐ You live in Hagerstown, Maryland.
- ☐ You eat gherkins.
- ☐ You paid good money for this issue.
- ☐ You paid american money for this issue.
- ☐ You eat hard boiled eggs.
- ☐ You are one of 257 known communists in the state department.
- ☐ Your name was on our laundry list.
- ☐ Your words are pearls of wisdom, please send an LoC.
- ☐ Please send an LoC anyway.
- ☐ You are the world's seventh nuclear power.

