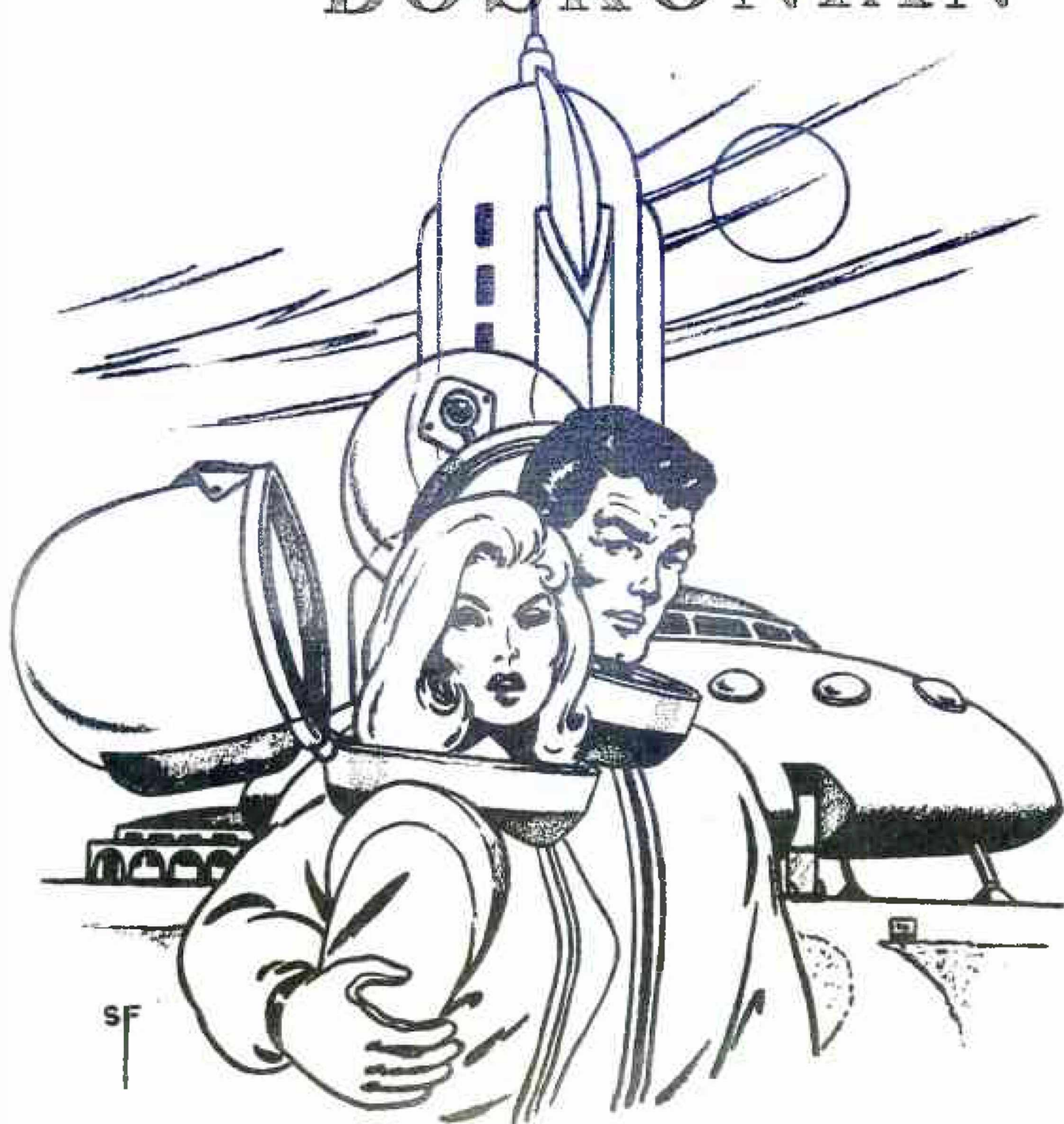
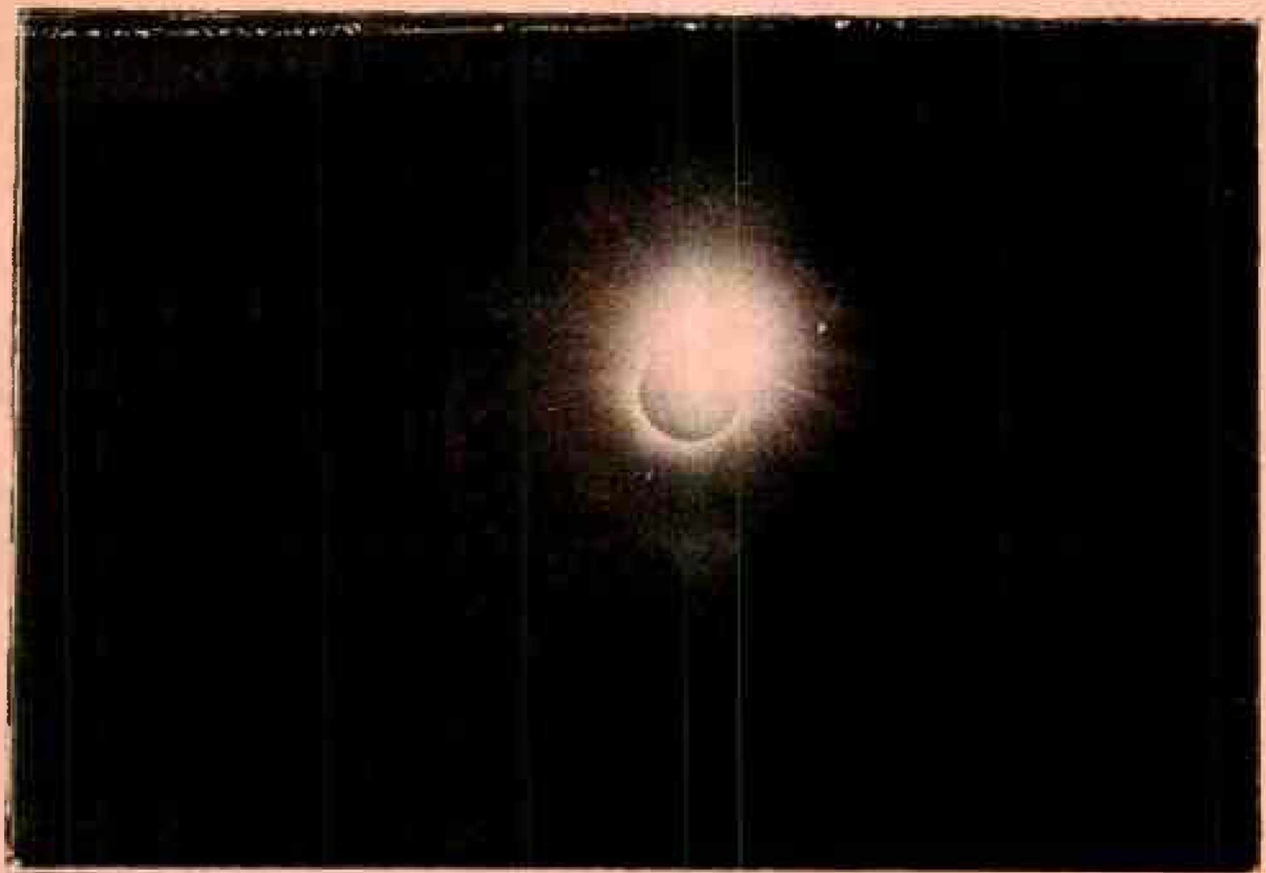


PROPER BOSKONIAN



239305

239305



CONTENTS

On To Baycon - Cory Panshin.....	18
SF Crostic (answers).....	19
Letters - The Readers.....	27
Instructions on the Death of Employees - Anon.....	29
Employee Performance Guide - Anon.....	30
Computer Programmer Evaluation Form - Anon.....	31
Moriarty and the Binomial Theorem - Doug Hoylman.....	35
Two Revolutions - John RB Whittlesey, Jr.....	37
Probability Zero - Richard Harter.....	39
Trivia - Jim Saklad.....	39
SF Crostic (diagram).....	40
360 Mnemonics - Anon.....	41
SF Crostic (definitions) - Delle Seidman.....	43
Book Reviews - Ted Pauls.....	44
Jim Ashe.....	47
Susan Lewis.....	49
Oromocto - Tony Lewis.....	52
Editorial - Dick Harter.....	56

Copyright © 1970 by New England Science Fiction Association, Inc.
All rights assigned to the authors and artists.

=====

PROPER BOSKONIAN NUMBER SIX

=====

Editor.....Dick Harter
Art Editor.....Mike Symes
Chief Mimeographer.....Tony Lewis
Tickled Pussy Cat.....Susan Lewis
Invaluable editorial assistant.....Marsha Brown

=====

Front Cover.....Steve Fabian
Back Cover.....Jim McCloud

Artwork:

George Barr.....3, 45, 52, 55
Steve Fabian.....18, 21
Flinchbaugh.....49
Mike Gilbert.....20
Alexis Gilliland.....4
Rudy Der Hagopian.....36
Eddie Jones.....53, 54
Bill Rotsler.....5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12,
13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 22,
28, 46
Don Simpson.....12
Walt Simonson.....56
Mike Symes.....2, 16, 19, 41, 42

=====

Typists:

Marsha Brown
Harry Stubbs
Chris Bender
Morris Keason
Jacob Bloom
Ted Peak
Dick Harter

=====

This is the Proper Boskonian #6 published under the auspices of the New England Science Fiction Association. PB appears quarterly except for those times that it doesn't. It is available for trade, contributions, artwork, personal friendship with the editor, letters of comment, membership in NESFA, or cash (35¢ per issue or 3 for one dollar.) Correspondance may be addressed to NESFA, Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge MA, 02139. May your house be safe from tygers. Mimeography on the Puissant Pussy Cat press.

=====

THE INSTRUMENTALITY SPIEKS

Oh ye of little faith. Long did ye cry: When will PB be coming out? Know ye by these presents that PB is now out (or at least it will be by the time that you are reading this.) There are a large number of reasons why there has been such a delay in the appearance of a nominally quarterly zine. I have been busy jaunting to Texas (sigh) and with other assorted crash projects. Material has been scarce. I have not pushed sufficiently hard on getting typing done. But most of all the Editor is incredibly lazy.

However I did agree to take the job (it still is not clear to me why.) The mere fact of having taken the job was no incentive for me to do anything in haste. However after a couple of months my incredibly flexible conscience began to bother me. A couple of months after that it began to get to the point where I couldn't ignore it very easily. Eventually it began to dawn on me that it was about time that I started getting PB out on a regular basis which is why you see this issue.

Having stirred myself a bit I am now champing at the bit to get out a whole string of issues full of a finely tuned balance of well written humorus and serious material (if you believe that you will believe anything.) This laudable ambition is more likely of fulfillment because I have a pool of enthusiastic typists at hand (ain't life wonderful.) I particularly want to thank all the wonderful

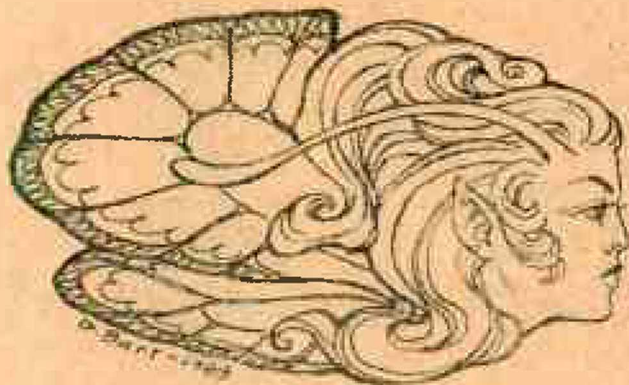


people who have cut stencils for this issue and many issues forthcoming that they don't know about yet. I particularly thank them because I hate to type. A more serious difficulty is that I don't have the slightest idea where I am going to get material for the next issue (I am not in the least interested in questions from wiseacres who want to know where in the Hell I got the material for this issue.) Cory's incredibly long Baycon report is completed in this issue. My plaintive requests to the membership to write some book reviews or some Con reports or some articles or almost anything for God's sake are met with a "Yeah, gee, sure." Unfortunately an entire issue filled with three words and a lot of art work might not go over too well. A hopeful sign for the future is APA:Nesfa (Ed's APA). Starting with this issue I have every intention of stealing as much usable

material as I can. APA:Nesfa is a new APA which is filled with maunderings and great literature generated by the Nesfa members. Ed Meyer is the official Ed. If necessary I will be driven to writing large amounts of material myself. This will be done with my usual mix of Sercon and wild humor. The next issue may have lots of Art work.

.....

When Pat O'Neil was in his late teens in New York he and some of his friends made an expedition out into the boondocks of Long Island to get drunk at the home of one of the group while his parents were gone for the weekend. This expedition was a roaring success (aided, I understand, by drinking straight Vodka out of beer cans) and every body collapsed about four o'clock in the morning. Unfortunately for Pat he had to catch the bus at eight the next morning. Bright and early at seven in the morning he got up and started the mile walk to the bus station. As it happened it was a bright sunny Sunday morning with absolutely nobody around. As Pat walked along he began to get the eerie feeling that he was in the middle of one those SF stories in which everybody except the hero has vanished. (Three hours sleep on a drunk is very good for eerie feelings.) As he walked along this



eerie feeling got stronger and stronger until he got the almost overpowering urge to stop at a door, any door, and try to find some people to reassure himself that everyone hadn't vanished. He managed to convince himself that this was all very foolish and walked on to the bus stop. When he got there there wasn't anybody at the bus stop, of course. No cars, no people, no dogs, no nothing. Just a bright sunny Sunday morning. After about a ten minute wait a bus rolled up to the stop. To his unspeakable relief there was a driver and a passenger in it (at this point he wouldn't have been the least bit surprised if there hadn't been anyone in it.) He climbed aboard, dropped in his fare, and settled down in the seat opposite the other passenger, who was reading a newspaper. Pat leaned back and glanced at the newspaper the other man was reading and then got the worst shock of his life. The paper was a tabloid and was held so that only the headline was visible. The headline?

Superman Commits Suicide.

.....

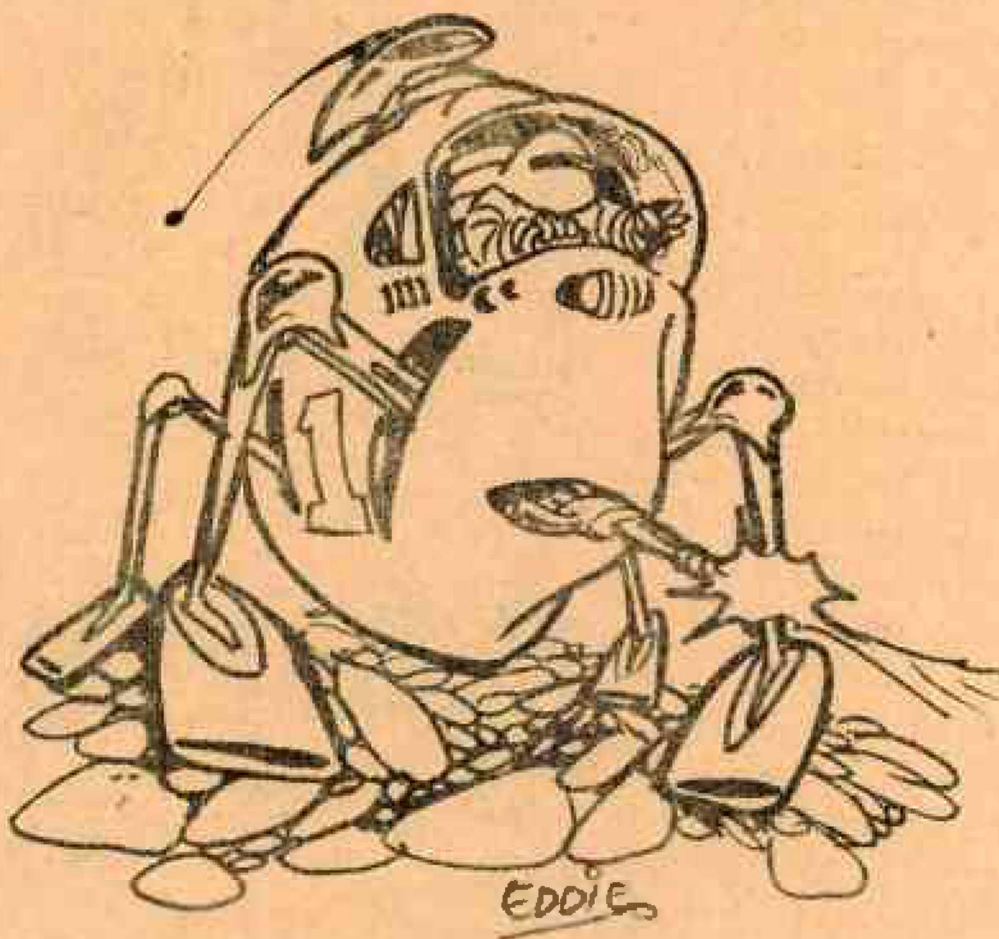
A recent ad in Boston After Dark (a local fanzine devoted to theatre and entertainment) has left me utterly baffled. The ad appeared in the personals column which is devoted to the "male sks f for fn&gms" type of ad. Occasionally an ad seeking partners for the more popular perversions appears, couched in the usual code phrases. I

had always supposed that I was reasonably knowledgeable about such things and what they were talking about. However this one threw me. The ad read as follows: CO-OPERATIVE YOUNG " " ILL BE MANNIKIN FOR STUDENT OR GRAD NURSE, ETC. COMPLETE LOYALTY AND DISCRETION PROMISED.



I have no idea what this young man wants. Nobody I've talked to has any idea what it means. I assume that it is code for something really kinky because he wouldn't be talking about loyalty and discretion if there weren't something fishy going. But why nurses? Is there something special about the nursing profession that makes the term manikin especially meaningful? I don't know of anything but who knows what goes on in a Hospital? I mean really goes on that you never hear about. If anyone can explain this ad to me please do so, preferably with the explanation enclosed in a plain brown wrapper.

.....



OROMOCTO

AR Lewis

For quite a while, despite the best efforts of John Mansfield, I had come to think of Oromocto as a quasi-mythic locale similar to Oxnard, CA; Spearfish, SD or Bemidji MN. Thus it was with some misgivings that NESFA accepted his offer to host a meeting there in conjunction with the Base Gagetown Science Fiction club. However noon on Friday 12 June found ten of us assembled in the municipal parking lot at Harvard Square loading up the van we had rented from National Car Rental. Surprisingly, it costs less to rent a truck than a large auto or a station wagon. I had asked the agent about this and gotten the response that: a higher class of people rent trucks than cars and they are returned with less damage. However our vehicle was equipped with side windows so we were registered as a passenger vehicle and not as a truck. The rear of the van was covered with a mattress (there being no seats); luggage in; people in; and off.

This seems the proper place to enumerate the crew: me, Sue Lewis, Charlie Brown, Dena Benatan, Dave Anderson, Sue Albert, Bob Wiener, Don Eastlake, Selina Lovett, and Jean Berman. The trip north was uneventful until we reached the Canadian border at Houlton ME. There the Canadian officials asked us where we were going. To a Science Fiction meeting in Oromocto, we said. Now border guards are not used to that sort of thing and we were requested to pull over to the side and I had to go inside and talk to the head man. It took about twenty minutes to convince him that we were kosher. The main points in our favour were that we were not students, had lots of money and were not trying to smuggle cigarettes into Canada. At the van the customs officers made a desultory check of luggage except for Selina's which they looked at carefully (remember that). So, with about a half hour lost we were on our way again.



By now it was dark and it had started to rain and none of the roads we needed to take were, according to the

signs, on the road map that John had sent us. In spite of these problems we managed to pull into Oromocto and the Oromocto Seaway Hotel at a reasonably fannish hour. After checking in we collared John Mansfield in room 209 where he was showing movies, met John Langman (very pleasant fellow) and went off to the A and W Root Beer store for hamburgers, root beer, and other assorted goodies.

Saturday morning I arose early to go to a book sale being held at the shopping center. We then assembled in the van and started off for Base Gagetown - or tried to. The van wouldn't start. After a bit of trouble Dena managed to get us going and to the Base we went. The Canadian Dragoon Regiment was leaving for Germany and was having a parade, so we stood by the side of the road and watched the APC's and World War II Centurions roll by. Gad, do those things make a lot of noise at a three foot distance. They also chew up a concrete road something fierce. All the time Bob Wiener was snapping photos and muttering that this wasn't as impressive as the May Day parades that he had seen in Moscow. Since the van was giving us more trouble we took it into a garage near the hotel to be looked at by a mechanic. He put in new points and advised us to use premium gas in Canada as the octane rating of Canadian gas is generally lower than that of comparable US grades. This seemed to have cleared things up and a few of us drove the thing into Frederickton to test it out; it seemed to be okay (but on Sunday dire things were to happen.)

The Beaverbrook Art Museum in town is excellent and well worth the trip by itself; it has artwork of the type that is not expected in such a small out of the way place. My major criticism is that the magnificent Dali is not hung properly - one can't get far enough away from it to properly appreciate it.

After the banquet at the hotel (which was quite good and was inexpensive) John, Charlie, Sue, and I spoke on divers aspects of fandom, publishing, cons, etc. We got in about an hour of swimming at the base until the pool closed. John showed a plethora of educational movies, some of which were interesting.

The hotel, by the way, was excellent. The room rates were very low, the service was courteous, and the food at the coffee shop was good. The rooms were clean and large - some even had ice boxes and stoves. However with 47 rooms I don't think anyone will be holding a worldcon there. A regional, now -

Sunday morning we left early in order to make a leisurely drive along the coast. Things were going quite well until we missed the turn off for St. Stephen just before Fredericton (bad road markings again.) The engine died while we were turning around via a cloverleaf. About half an hour later we made the top of the hill, mainly by using the starter motor, and got moving again, this time onto the correct road. The road was almost deserted and went through some lovely country. It was fortunate that it was almost deserted since it suffered from a disease which we dubbed lep-road-sy; the edges of the road had crumbled and flaked away, leaving it, in some places, less than one lane wide - TOTAL. Nothing further untoward occured until we crossed the bridge from St. Stephen N.B. into Calais ME. At the U.S. customs station the engine died again.

Since we were obviously a large group of disreputable persons we were going to be checked again. This time, however, was much less detailed than the check going into Canada and consisted mainly

of opening Selina's bag. We speculated idly over the positive tropism of customs officials for Selina's luggage. Having been certified virtuous and that we were carrying no deadly contraband such as North Korean postage stamps we started up the hill...but we never made it. After establishing that no mechanics were on duty on Sunday by the simple expedient of calling all three of the service stations in the area we had a brief lunch and bemoaned our fate. [note - one of the small general stores in the area had MAD 137 for sale about two weeks before the Boston stores.] Finally one of the garage men took pity on us, looked at the engine, and noted that the choke spring had been tightened so that the engine was always being choked and, as a result, we were running terribly fuel rich. He cut the spring and from that time on we had absolutely no trouble with the vehicle.

We took US 1 along the coast. In some small town we got caught in a speed trap doing a few miles per hour over the limit. Maybe we weren't even doing that since I never saw the speed limit signs that the sheriff claimed were there. However speed traps are a stacked deck and the house always wins. We just chalked it up as an additional travel expense to be shared.

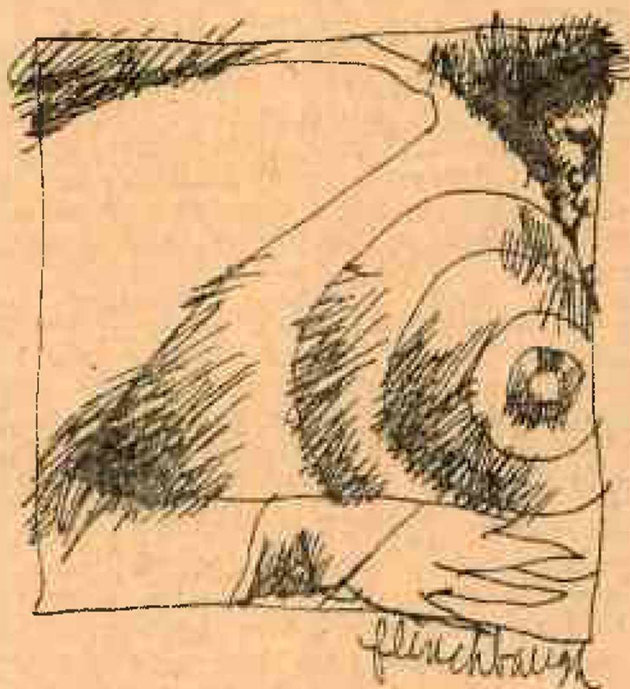
The next stop was the Acadia National Park. This is the quintessence of the rock bound coasts of Maine and is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful spots in the eastern US. After driving the Loop Road through the mountains for a while we stopped at Sand Beach to do a bit of swimming. We didn't stay in very long because the water was extremely cold, but we did clamber around the rocks quite a bit. One could spend at least a week in the park doing nothing but looking at rocks and cliffs.

After leaving the park we stopped for food at the Trenton Bridge Lobster Pound - HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. Lobster was greedily gobbled there by most of the party. The lobster is boiled live (freshly caught lobster.) While you are waiting you can assuage your hunger with a quart of steamed clams for 75 cents. The lobster was fantastically cheap - only 1.45 a pound. If it were not a five hour drive from Boston I would be eating there every other day.

We kept along the coast until Belfast where, because it was getting dark, we headed west to Augusta to pick up the Maine Turnpike and I-95. Nothing startling occurred for the rest of the trip. We made a brief rest and ice cream stop at the Portsmouth Traffic Rotary and then continued on to Boston where we dropped off Charlie and Dena at the Greyhound terminal to catch the NY bus. The rest of the party was variously distributed.

Upon arriving at home I fed the cats. They claimed that they hadn't been fed since I left them but, since my landlady had promised to feed them, I told them that they were unabashed liars. My landlady probably fed them too often; she belongs to the Eastern Mediterranean school of mothers who think that children and cats must be fed almost constantly. The cats agree, especially Yon.

The whole weekend was rather pleasant and was, with the minor exception of our automotive problems, without a hitch. Maritime fandom is unorganized (what there is of it) but it does have quite a number of very nice people. It is unfortunate that many of the people are in the military and are subject to being posted elsewhere anytime. Still, John Mansfield has done a damn good job and provided us with a very enjoyable weekend. Thank you, John.



The action centers about a company of psi-nullifiers and for most of the novel one is likely to think that the plot concerns their conflict with the corporation of the psis. Nothing so reasonable. Their real antagonist is a soul-eater. We never find out exactly why but perhaps the soul-eaters are in league with the psi corporation. We never find out much of anything about why any of the events happen. All of a sudden it's over. Round one to the bad guys (whoever they are).

This in itself is annoying enough, but Dick has amused himself, at his characters' expense, by attributing the most ludicrous taste in clothing to all his creations. Apparently clothing styles have ceased developing and we are to believe that people dress in a grabbag of this and that from other periods, usually in synthetic copies.

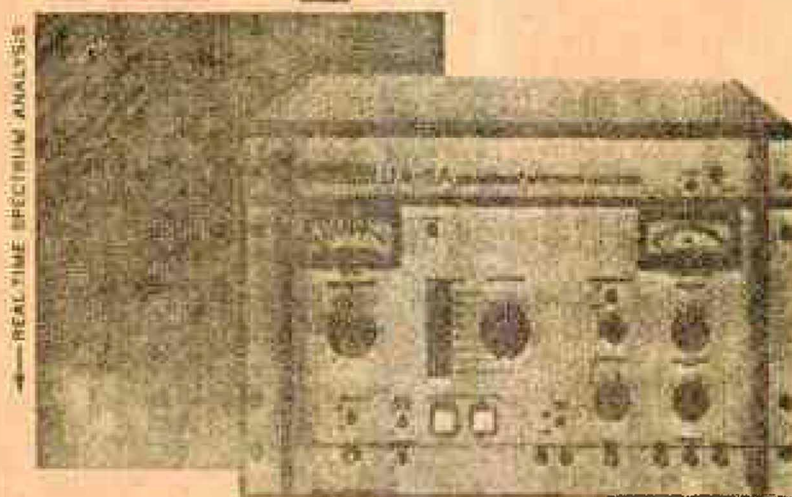
The life pattern of the protagonist, Joe Chip, who, we are supposed to believe, is a responsible, talented and highly paid member of

psi-nullifier company is similarly ludicrous. His personal affairs are such a muddle no service will take his credit cards and he seldom has the cash to operate his apartment. The world Dick has set this novel in isn't too attractive, either. Apartments are furnished with an incredible assortment of appliances and conveniences, all of which are actuated not by a switch but by the insertion of coins. Some incredible technical advance has enabled them to speak, usually to give backtalk, but apparently the same technology has not made them cheap enough to manufacture so that they could be bought outright. However, the idea of a machine which one could not afford to buy but yet could afford to use daily as its sole user for its lifetime does seem like a contradiction in terms. Dick wishes us to believe in a society so credit ridden that virtually nothing is bought. Well, it's his novel, and he can postulate what he pleases, but the crazy economy, ridiculous clothing, and bumbling protagonist all put a strain on the verisimilitude. The plotless plot is the final straw.

If Dick wants to write depressing philosophy, let him write depressing philosophy instead of non-novels. One could claim that Dick is merely speaking figuratively of the present but I do wish he would speak more coherently. I don't think it's particularly edifying to be told that the world is confusing, meaningless, and stupid, and besides, the bad guys are winning. So the world isn't perfect. Since when is this new?

Those Flat Earth people are all a bunch of nuts.
Somebody should take them all and push them off the edge.

Son of Ubiquitous



The Precision Ubiquitous

The most accurate real-time SFC-TRUM ANALYZER for every job... wider coverage to 40 kHz... built-in expansion capability.

Newest of our analyzers employing digital time compression to perform 800 point analysis of a signal completely as it occurs. For underwater acoustic signals, radar doppler, speech, noise and vibration data. Much faster than digital computers using fast Fourier transforms, is smaller, less expensive, easier to use, with complete input signal conditioning.

Features: 10 ranges from 0.10 Hz to 0.40 kHz with a choice of bandwidths from 0.02 Hz to 80 Hz to match the signal dynamics (optional range translation). Precision frequency calibration with a digital marker, stable and accurate to better than one resolution element (0.2% FS) over every frequency range. Spectrum tracking for signature analysis of rotating machine-

ry. Built-in test signals for complete system calibration, setup and recordings. Flexible power spectral density analysis with the companion dual-memory digital averager. Built-in expansion capability to add correlation, cross-PSD, and system transfer function at any time... the UA-8A cannot become obsolete.

Write for detailed specifications... also technical papers on correlation and PSD-calibration. Federal Scientific Corporation, a subsidiary of Elgin National Industries Inc., 615 West 131st Street, New York, N.Y. 10027 Tel. 212-266-4400.

federal scientific

Federal Scientific Corporation is the originator of the Ubiquitous Spectrum Analyzer and the Son-of-Ubiquitous, the Precision Ubiquitous.

BOOK REVIEW

Light A Last Candle

Ballantine 01654

Vincent King

Review by Jim Ashe

This is the story of a man who, caught up in a life of isolation and combat, winds his way through several interesting societies to -- a life of isolation and combat. In this book, Vincent King manages to make a remarkably clear picture of the darkness that must descend upon a world whose people continually war with each other.

This story is written in the first person, and the writer's name does not appear at all. He is sometimes known as Ice Lover, because of his origin in the arctic regions of the planet. At the beginning of his account, he fights one more battle with some Aliens, and then decides to investigate the South.

After an interlude in some backwoods he discovers the little empire of Craghead. Craghead, apparently a tough, competent leader of men, turns out to be a senile, crafty old man with a passionate interest in a certain old, impressive ruin.

From here, Ice Lover proceeds South still further, where he comes into the city of the Aliens. After a lotus-flower experience he finds the Aliens -- at least, these aliens, are dying. He finishes them off and returns to Craghead's city, hoping for some improvement. There is none.

His next trip takes him into a great fallen starship, but he finds no answers there. Returning to the city, he finds Craghead's passion for getting under things has led to the discovery of a great cave system under Craghead's ruins. This cave system turns out to contain the original people of the planet, or their descendants, who have been waiting for things to stabilize on the surface before returning to it. Their account of history explains many curious things.

After returning from these caves, Ice Lover learns a girl he has been relying on is really an agent of some he

believed to be one kind of aliens -- and these are really true men. But after he enlists in the ranks of the man, he discovers they are as brutal and destructive as any other group on the planet, or more so, because of their technology.

At last he retreats to the Northern wastes again, where he plans the destruction of these men. He hopes after they are gone his world may become a better place to live in. The book ends on a curiously ambiguous note.

I thought King's style was annoying, at first, but by the time I finished the book it seemed really to be a first-hand account by somebody who was there. Not a very nice somebody, or a particularly literate one. It all comes out remarkably well, and if you tried the first few pages before turning to another book, I'd recommend you give it a more persistent try.



BOOK REVIEW

46

The Deadly Image
Ballantine 01577
Edmund Cooper
Review by Jim Ashe

John Markham, a twentieth century refrigeration engineer, is trapped in one of his own huge freezers at the beginning of World War 3. Frozen, he continues in viable condition for a hundred forty-six years. Then he is found and revived, and must seek a place in the new world. And it is a very new world indeed. Its impact upon him is considerable, and his impact upon its new humanity is even greater.

As the book begins Markham is just being unfrozen. Life and mentality return in small, slow bits and fragments which acquaint the reader with Markham's relatively short and ordinary past. By the time Markham is thawed, the reader knows something about him.

He awakes in the new world and is introduced to its culture. Freezing is now an accepted method of waiting for investments to mature, etc., and methods of reorienting such displaced people are well developed. This is really quite an ideal society, he learns. Or is it? Even before he leaves the hospital he finds at least one member of the new culture who is very dissatisfied with it. But finally he goes out to find his place in this very changed world.

He immediately learns there is a class of outcasts known as "Runners." These men and women, and anybody who associates with them, are all slated for one complete mental overhaul. This will improve their "adjustment" to society, Markham learns from his companion.

His companion is not human--she is an android. That is, although a robot she appears to be a living woman. Supplied as Markham's companion and instructor, she is also meant to check his possible anti-social inclinations. She may even turn him in for the same mental revisions reserved for the Runners, if she thinks that is necessary.

As Markham meets its members and learns his way around, this fine new society looks less and less attractive. He finds it is polarized into two extremes. At one, the more competent androids think humans are obsolete. And at the other, the Runners are convinced society needs big changes now. They make a strong case for it, too.

Tensions escalate. As conflict appears increasingly likely, Markham goes to the Runners' side. He is assisted by his android, who through Markham's doing has developed some very human inclinations. A typical British type war develops, with stiff-upper-lip etc., and finally the appropriate victory. This leaves the way open for the real human type female who hasn't been too much in the background anyway. Then the story ends on a somehow brave note, but weakly.



STARMIND

Ballantine Books, 01626

Dave Van Arnam

Review by Jim Ashe



There are men today with two personalities in one head. These men are not insane. Their difference follows surgical work, usually after severe accidental damage, which severs certain connections between the right and left halves of the brain. It turns out each half naturally equals one personality, and deprived of the co-ordinating connections each develops independently.

Van Arnam has supposed something like this, but he carries it to an extreme. He puts three personalities in one skull: that of the sociable but stupid fellow who provides the body; the key half brain of a businesswoman, and the key half brain of a "multiwave" engineer.

A period of adaptation follows. Then the trio discover they are being held in the hospital beyond medical need, and after a while they get out. They soon find their individual resources are kept from them, and are forced to retreat to the country.

Travelling, they meet a remarkable old man who introduces them to a drug experience. This enables them to gain a new perspective on their unusual experience. They return to the engineer's "multiwave" mechanism, and there achieve a new level of personal integration and power. This is Van Arnam's "Starmind."

The book seems to have a few dim overtones of George Smith's "The Fourth R." The differences between this and Van Arnam's book clearly illustrate the major weakness of Starmind.

That is, Smith supposes one exceptional idea, a very effective teaching machine. Adding a few minor ones to secure the necessary adjustments to present knowledge, he proceeds with a well-integrated, coherent, and thoroughly interesting story.

By contrast, Van Arnam plugs in so many major assumptions, and at so many places in the story, and integrated development is simply not possible. A good book could come from each of these: that a surgical operation could put two new minds in one body; that a drug experience could lead to superior levels of personal integration or power; that a machine called a "multiwave" might show some interesting side effects. It is a bit much.

And the other key weakness appears in Van Arnam's "drug" scenes, which seem to be favored by a small New York City group. It never was certain these chemicals were any improvement on a rational approach to life; negative facts have accumulated rapidly in this field. It is past time the mind drugs concept, like psionics, is scratched off the writers bag of tricks.

THE WIZARDS OF SENECHURIA, by Kenneth Bulmer, Ace Double 12140, 75¢,
(with 'Cradle of the Sun', by Brian M. Stableford).

This is not one of the all-time classics of science fantasy, he said quietly.

As a matter of fact, it's pretty much of a mess. The introductory lines on the page before the title page give the identity of the hero, note that "when someone materialized in his apartment with the Trugs in hot pursuit, it all seemed sort of a funny game" but soon said hero was running from world to world 'just to keep one jump ahead of the Trugs'. So this novel is about a Terran and his desperate struggle against the odious and alien Trugs? Wrong.

The hero, Scobie Redfern, stumbles into a conflict between some Trugs and a group of anti-Trugs while trying to get a taxicab on a wintry Manhattan evening (nobody materializes in his apartment, with or without Trugs in hot pursuit.) He joins the anti-Trug faction, gets rescued from the nasties by being zipped into another dimension, then promptly gets captured by the Trugs and yanked into still another dimension. Redfern becomes part of slave labor force in the mines of the Contessa Perdita Francesca Camachia di Montevarchi, whose henchmen the Trugs are. Scobie joins a group of slaves in escaping from the mines and fleeing through several more dimensions, and that, except for a brief scene later in the book, is the last we ever see of the Contessa and her Trugs.

Beginning on page 39, they are supplanted as the principal nasties by the Wizards of Senchuria, who feed on human emotions and whose minions include hate radiating crystals, gigantic cockroaches, the walking dead and flowers that attempt to flay you alive. Scobie incurs their enmity by refusing to make love to a beautiful girl whom he loves (he doesn't like to be pushed into anything, even something he wants to do in the first place,) and proceeds to battle through all obstacles and break through their final defenses, inspired by his desire to wreak vengeance on the Wizards.

Only he doesn't. Instead he discovers that the Wizards of Senchuria aren't such a bad bunch after all, especially in comparison to the Infalgon hordes that are just now pounding away at the gates. (And none of the previous baddies are so bad as the Porvone, who are mentioned occasionally as the ultimate nasties but never appear.) So Scobie and his companions from the Contessa's mines (remember her?) decide to aid the Wizards against the Infalgon invaders, and thus once again one set of nasties is supplanted by another.

No doubt if Bulmer had had a few thousand more words to work with the Porvone would have appeared and Scobie, slaves, Contessa, Wizards, cockroaches and Infalgon would have all joined forces against them. Fortunately this novel is only 113 pages long. It ends rather abruptly, to put it mildly, and with a lot of loose ends hanging; the suddenness of the ending made me feel like a turtle who'd just walked over the edge of a table. The loose ends weren't surprising - all through the book people keep disappearing with no indication of what's happened to them. It should hardly be necessary to add, after all this, that the characterization is cardboard, the construction is indifferent, and the writing threadbare.

This is not one of the all-time classics of science fantasy, he repeated with more emphasis.

Delle Seidman
SF-Croctic #3

- A. Callisto, in relation to Jupiter (three words) 92 156 38 165 112 61 44 123 32 244 129 86
- B. Enchanted 33 93 4 232 53 146 167 134 23
- C. The Lizard Slayer (Statue by Praxiteles) 68 219 171 151 27 50 120 236 95 5 163
- D. Russian-born expressionist (1866-1944) full name 108 76 192 89 220 26 106 17 204 223 160
97 47 119 133 67
- E. Fortified upper part of an ancient Greek city 85 49 202 180 103 231 19 161 121
- F. This looks like leather? 205 62 79 183 159 2 225 217 137
- G. Hades (two words) 80 64 195 99 12 239 51 150 172 191 208
- H. Slaver; drool 58 6 126 115 55 111 177
- I. Person appointed to act for another 42 107 59 175 81 22 241 157
- J. Charles Edward Stuart (two words) 210 83 28 216 206 139 203 3 70 222 128
37 185 190
- K. Superfluous plenty 35 176 238 242 10 142 73 182 221 57 187
169 31
- L. Addlepatented 174 140 24 130 66 7 226 178 245 102 52 152
46 14
- M. -- -- -- Tripoli (three words) 20 214 162 29 54 87 227 186 233 72 196



- N. Adriatic coast of the Italian
boot (two words) 247 109 117 110 1 145 235 15
- O. Ahusourus' queen 30 148 211 240 124 16
- P. English Critic and Poet
Full name (1822-1888) 224 8 135 166 71 147 181 229 179 113 170 199
41
- Q. Treatise on fishes 90 188 136 43 228 77 164 114 184 21 230 212
154
- R. Safely returned Catholic
Whaling men went here (2 wds) 13 234 96 25 248 127 243 60 116 250 84 201
100 122
- S. Destrey, crush; bury 138 11 94 194 149 75 207 105 218
- T. Variety of wood (anemone) 173 45 132 63 153 9 246 82 40 104 144
- U. A joy forever (4 wds) 215 155 101 36 141 74 78 88 209 48 118 197
69 200
- V. Underground movie queen
Full name (2 words) 189 198 98 39 249 237 18 143 131 213 65
- W. Your stato, if this hasn't
been too frustrating 34 168 158 193 91 56 125

MEMO: To All Interested Persons

RE: Extended S/360 Mnemonics

MNEMONICMEANING

BBI	Brach on blinking indicator
BH	Branch and hang
BCEF	Branch on chip box full
BPØ	Branch on power off
BSØ	Branch on sleepy operator
IIB	Ignore inquiry and branch
RPB	Reverse parity and branch
TDB	Transfer and drop bits
AI	Add improper
DO	Divide and Overflow
SRZ	Subtract and reset to zero
ARZ	Add and reset to zero
PI	Punch invalid
RCSD	Read card and scramble data
SSJ	Select stacker and jam
RI	Read invalid
RCR	Rewind card reader
BCR	Backspace card reader
RP	Read printer
FSRA	Forms skip and run away
BSP	Backspace printer
RASC	Read and shred card
WWLR	Write wrong length record
RNR	Read noise record
SRSD	Seek record and scar disk
ED	Eject disk
RD	Rewind disk
BD	Backspace disk
PD	Punch disk
DGST	Degauss system tape
WROM	Write in Read Only Memory
RBT	Rewind and break tape
BST	Backspace and stretch tape
MTI	Make tape invalid
RIRG	Read inter-record-gap
UER	Update and erase record
MDB	Move and drop bits
CM	Circulate memory
MLR	Move and lose record
MWC	Move and wrap core
MC	Move continous
HCF	Halt and catch fire
CVV	Convert to Unary
CRN	Convert to Roman Numerals (IBM Italy only)
RRB	Read Rubber Band



\$15 0000 WORTH OF JELLY BEANS

By Jim Saklad

1. (I'll practically give you a point here.) What story begins, "it is 3000 light years to the Vatican."?
2. What is an "offog"?
3. Who said, "Don't move so loud.", and why?
4. Who is "Robin Hood, F.R.S."?
5. The Castor's crew played that of the Pollux; Bullard captained the winning team. What was the game?
6. What happened on the 19th of April in (19)75?
7. Who used to shave corpses?
8. What is the relationship between the Doshes and the Gostak?
9. What was happening overhead, without any fuss?
10. What was Oddy's last name?
11. Where was the Nigger in Flames?
12. What is Solon Aquila?
13. What was T assigned to do? What did he do? What did he fail to do?
14. What did Col. Sebastian Mac Maine have the kerothi do on Houston's World?
15. What marks the grave of the camel?

PROBABILITY ZERO

A major restructuring of the US defense posture can be expected as soon as certain technological developments currently under way at MIT are perfected. An invulnerable defense against ICBM's is expected to be announced shortly. The Heisenberg uncertainty principle states that the more accurately the velocity of an object is known the less accurate is its position. The defense consists of measuring the velocity of incoming ICBM's so accurately that their uncertainty in position is more than three thousand miles, with the result that the missile misses the North American continent entirely. There are some minor difficulties with making sufficiently accurate measurements, however this is only an engineering detail

- R. H.

PB 5--answers

1. Gambler (Deathworld stories, if you didn't remember)
2. Andrew Jackson Libby was remarkable -- he replaced a broken-down computer for ballistics calculations.
3. Cincinnello -- "My Boy Friend's Name is Jello" by Avram Davidson.
4. Loomis, although he was never sure. (Who's Davy?! Ask Edgar Pangborn.)
5. "We also walk dogs." And make antigravity gizmi.
6. In a nook in the external superstructure of the ship that took both the thief and the lawman to earth.
7. In a car "accident" (He was supposed to be killed, but a submarine (and Raquel Welch?) were miniaturized and saved him.)
8. The Killing Machine (by Jack Vance)
9. Helen America was the lady who sailed the Soul (Cordwainer Smith) and Mr. Gray-no-more was the reason.
10. The Door into Summer.
11. Karellen -- in Childhood's End (I know -- you really know, but it's been so long since you read it, you just couldn't recall the name. I had that trouble, too.)
12. Isaac Edwar Leibowitz (I really expect fans to know such basic details from Hugo winners, at least.)
13. "Kwisatz Haderach" is literally "the shortening of the way," referring to that genetically manipulated product who would bring the goal of the Bene Gesserit centuries closer. "Lisan-al-gaib" means "the voice from the outer world", the prophet who would come to Arrakis from another planet. Both, of course, are Paul Muad'Dib, Duke Atreides, in Dune.
14. The folks on Quopp rolled -- most of the dominant species had wheels but no legs (Reteif's War).
15. Lo Lobey -- the lower half of his body was built to a much larger scale than the upper -- huge, thick legs, small chest. In Einstein Intersection, of course

=====

The difference between the old wave and the new wave is that the new wave uses thicker cardboard for its characters.

=====

REASON VERSUS MADNESS: THE RELATEDNESS AND PARALLEL GROWTH OF TWO REVOLUTIONS

by John R B Whittlesey

In the year 1938 these two revolutions both reached an embryonic stage. Let me trace briefly their early histories.

In 1937, Dr. George Stibitz working with Sam Williams, under Dr. T. C. Fry at Bell Telephone Labs, had begun experimentally connecting electro-mechanical relays together to form the first elementary binary logic circuits. The relays operated at about ten milliseconds. Two seconds were allowed for each eight-digit multiplication. In 1938, the first operational digital relay computer had been designed on paper, and was under construction at the Bell Labs.

In this same year, the chemist, Dr. Albert Hofmann, working at the Sandoz Laboratories in Switzerland, added a diethylamide group to a certain well known ergot alkaloid and together with Dr. A. Stoll published a description of the resulting compound in a journal of physiological chemistry.

That was in 1938. Half a decade later, the years 1943 and '45 marked the actual births of the two revolutions. In 1945, the first all-electronic digital computer, the ENIAC, became operational at the Army Ordnance proving grounds at Aberdeen, Maryland.

The other revolution came to birth on the 16th of April, 1943, when Dr. Hofmann again working in Basle, Switzerland, accidentally inhaled or swallowed a minute amount of the chemical which by then had become known as the dextro-rotary optical isomer of lysergic acid diethylamide-25. The results were frightening and dramatic.

A few days later, to test his assumptions concerning which substance he had actually ingested, Dr. Hofmann again, this time intentionally, swallowed an extremely small amount (250 micrograms) of this alkaloid. After forty minutes he noted "mild dizziness, restlessness, inability to concentrate, visual disturbance, and uncontrollable laughter." At this point the entries in the laboratory notebook ended. The last words were written only with the greatest difficulty.

The accidental ingestion of this compound by a perceptive chemist initiated a chain of investigation of chemically-induced mental alterations that has extended into every psychiatric research center. Within 20 years, more than two thousand scientific articles had been written about this substance -- articles ranging all the way -- from studies in spider web-building activities to the religious implications of the state of mind brought about by this compound.

By this time, the name of the compound had been shortened to LSD.

The two revolutions progressed relatively slowly for the first few years following 1945. However, by 1953 a number of university, government, and commercial computers had been constructed. (It was in 1953 that I first programmed one of these at the University of Michigan.) By 1955, U.S. industry had begun to make use of IBM's then newly marketed 650 magnetic drum computer.

A couple of years later, in 1957, I began working as a research assistant in the Department of Psychiatry at the UCLA Medical Center. Part of my time that year

was spent programming the Medical Center's new IBM-650. But part of it was also spent designing experiments and supervising subjects who had received standard doses of LSD in the experimental setting of our laboratory. These experiments were financed by the State of California.

My colleague, Dr. Keith S. Ditman, and I subsequently published several research papers concerning the clinical effects of the drug. These papers have been widely referenced in the rapidly expanding psychopharmacologic and psychedelic literatures.

Having outlined the parallel growth of the early stages of these two revolutions, I would now like to discuss their interrelatedness.

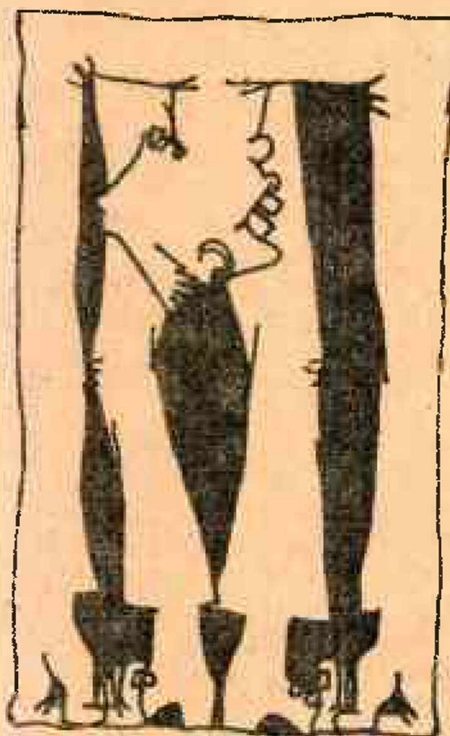
I intend now to show that these two revolutions are complementary poles of one axis: Two aspects of a more general contemporary revolution effecting man's attitudes toward his multi-faceted intellectual and emotional functioning.

Western man since the time of Descartes has increasingly based his self evaluation (as a unique entity in the universe) on his claim to rationality. "I think, therefore I am" has come to imply "I think rationally and with words, therefore, I am different from all other creatures." The Copernican revolution dethroned man from his geocentric position, and the Darwinian revolution dethroned him, in the eyes of many, from his divine origins. Now the computer revolution shows promise of dethroning him from his position as the world's only rational, thinking, language-manipulating species.

Suddenly a need arises for man's egocentricity to be bolstered by a re-evaluation of other aspects of his nature. In particular, his long neglected, irrational -- poetic, emotional, unconscious, empathetic -- talents begin to receive emphasis, not necessarily from within the computer community itself, but as part of this other parallel revolution. This second revolution received its early impetus from psychopharmacology. It began with a study of "madness", but soon spread to include an appraisal of creativity, psychotherapy, and even to some aspects of religious experience. One phase of it has led to a popular fad among the younger generation. But more pertinent implications involve a reconsideration of the role of human beings in relation to the computer in disciplines such as teaching, where empathy, creativity, inspiration, etc., can play a major role.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Braden, William. The Private Sea LSD and the Search for God. Chicago: Quadrangle Books, Inc. 1967.
- Cohen, Sidney. The Beyond Within - The L.S.D. Story. New York: Atheneum, 1964.
- Blum, Richard & Associates. Utopiates - The Use & Users of LSD-25. New York: Atherton Press, 1964.
- Solomon, David (ed.). LSD - The Consciousness-Expanding Drug. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1964.
- Stibitz, George R. (as told to Mrs. Evelyn Loveday). The Relay Computers at Bell Labs. Datamation. v. 13(April, 1967), p. 35-44.



MORIARTY AND THE BINOMIAL THEOREM

--Doug Hoylman

Of the mathematical works of that "Napoleon of modern crime", Professor James Moriarty, we know of but two: in The Valley of Fear, Sherlock Holmes tells Dr. Watson, "Is he not the celebrated author of The Dynamics of an Asteroid--a book which ascends to such rarefied heights of pure mathematics that it is said that there was no man in the scientific press capable of criticising it?"¹, and in the fortunately misnamed The Final Problem, Holmes says, "At the age of twenty-one he wrote a treatise upon the binomial theorem which has had a European vogue. On the strength of it, he won the Mathematical Chair at one of our smaller Universities." A paper purporting to be the former work appeared in STROON #8,² so perhaps some discussion as to the possible nature of the latter treatise would be in order.

A binomial is the algebraic sum of two terms, as $a+b$. If a binomial is raised to a power, $(a+b)^n$, the resulting polynomial can be computed by multiplication, but for large values of n this becomes cumbersome. The binomial theorem gives an explicit formula for writing down this product term by term:

$$(1) \quad (a+b)^n = a^n + na^{n-1}b + \dots + \frac{n(n-1)(n-2)\dots(n-r+1)}{1 \cdot 2 \cdot 3 \cdot \dots \cdot r} a^{n-r}b^r + \dots + b^n$$

If a is not zero (and if it is, the theorem is devoid of interest), we may write $(a+b)^n$ as $a^n(1+\frac{b}{a})^n$. Then, making the substitution $x=\frac{b}{a}$, the theorem may be written more simply as

$$(2) \quad (1+x)^n = 1 + nx + \dots + \frac{n(n-1)(n-2)\dots(n-r+1)}{1 \cdot 2 \cdot 3 \cdot \dots \cdot r} x^r + \dots$$

If n is a positive integer, there is no need to indicate the last term in the expression, as it "shuts off" automatically after $n+1$ terms, i. e. the coefficients become zero. The definition of the exponential notation a^n may be extended to allow n to be any complex number. In this case (2) may still be valid, but in general does not terminate, becoming an infinite series. Then the additional question arises of whether the series converges, i. e. whether it may be said to have a sum.

Forms of the binomial theorem were known in ancient times to the Egyptians and Arabs. Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727) used it for

arbitrary values of n , though without proof. It remained for the Norwegian mathematician Niels Henrik Abel³ (1802-1829) to give a complete proof of equation (2) for all complex values of x and n , including the question of convergence.⁴

Thus in Moriarty's time (Bering-Gould⁵ dates this treatise about 1865) there were no remaining problems concerning the proof of the binomial theorem itself. So what was the subject of Moriarty's paper? Poul Anderson⁶ says, "It seems probable... that he was working on the basic idea of number itself, and that he developed a general binomial theorem applicable to other algebras than the one we know." Presumably Anderson does not mean "algebra" in the technical sense (a vector space with multiplication) but "algebraic structure". Now the simplest algebraic structure having both addition and multiplication (raising a quantity to a positive integral power is simply repeated multiplication) is a ring. Rings may be either commutative ($ab=ba$) or noncommutative. In a commutative ring the standard proofs of (1), for n a positive integer, are valid without alteration, so the generalization is of no interest (here na , for example, is not a product, since n need not represent an element of the ring, but simply $a+a+\dots+a$); while in a noncommutative ring no simplification of the expansion of $(a+b)^n$ such as the binomial theorem represents is possible. If, on the other hand, n is allowed to represent an arbitrary element of the algebraic structure, then in general we obtain an infinite series and the problem of convergence arises. The concept of convergence requires that of limit, which in turn necessitates a topological structure as well as an algebraic one. But this combination of algebra and topology was unknown until the 1920's, so it could scarcely have been included in a paper which had a "European Vogue" circa 1865.

Of course, there is the possibility that the sort of abstract algebra developed by Moriarty was altogether different from that in use today. Whether this development came to naught because only Moriarty was capable of handling it or because it proved to be a dead end is a matter for conjecture. The second supposition would seem more consistent with the term "vogue".

Without rejecting Mr. Anderson's thesis outright, I would like to put forward my own suggestions as to the nature of this lost work. The first is that it constituted a new method of teaching the binomial theorem. Moriarty was, after all, a professor, and apparently a good teacher. The traditional proof of the theorem, involving mathematical induction and some cumbersome algebraic manipulations, is difficult to understand and almost totally uninteresting, as anyone who has taught college algebra can testify. A better proof would certainly be welcome.

But I have a second conjecture which I consider more satisfactory. The clue for this was the discovery that Holmes knew very little mathematics. Yes, despite his knowledge of European literature, ancient languages, and other fields seemingly unrelated to the science of detection, Holmes' acquaintance with mathematics did not go beyond elementary geometry.

He had indeed studied geometry, which was probably the minimum mathematics required for graduation from Cambridge Oxford (check

one); and, like almost every geometry student from the Middle Ages to the beginning of the present century, his text was Euclid's Elements, written circa 325 B. C. As evidence of this we have The Sign of the Four wherein Holmes complains to Watson, "You have attempted /in A Study in Scarlet/ to tinge it /The science of detection/ with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love-story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid."?

And Holmes could apply his knowledge of geometry to practical problems, as in this use of similar triangles from "The Musgrave Ritual": "Of course the calculation was now a simple one. If a rod of six feet threw a shadow of 9 feet, a tree of 64 feet would throw one of 96 feet, and the line of one would of course be the line of the other." (In mathematical circles, anyone who repeatedly says "of course" is suspected of not being able to prove his assertions.)

But his ignorance of any higher mathematics is betrayed in "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane", an account which he wrote himself--there's no blaming Watson's bad memory for this one. Holmes is describing Ian Murdoch, a mathematical coach at The Gables: "He seemed to live in some high, abstract region of surds and conic sections with little to connect him with ordinary life." Now anyone who regards "surds and conic sections" (about either of which Newton could have told you everything worth knowing) as belonging to a "high, abstract region", or imagine them to be of major concern to a twentieth century mathematician manifestly does not know very much about mathematics.

Thus we have the following picture: Holmes, nearly innocent of mathematics, is attempting anyhow to read a paper of Moriarty's on the principle of "Know your enemy." Suddenly among all the strange words and symbols, "binomial theorem", a familiar phrase (though he probably could not tell you what it means) catches his eye. Henceforth the paper is tagged in Holmes' haphazard mental filing system as "Moriarty's treatise on the binomial theorem", though the actual relationship may be quite incidental.

Now the binomial coefficients, the numbers which appear in the binomial theorem, are very important in mathematics, important enough to have a special abbreviation:

$$(3) \quad \frac{n(n-1)(n-2)\dots(n-r+1)}{1 \cdot 2 \cdot 3 \cdot \dots \cdot r} = \binom{n}{r}$$

where r must be a positive integer but n may be any number. If n is a positive integer as well then surprisingly $\binom{n}{r}$ is always an

integer. The principal use of the binomial coefficients in mathematics is in the theory of combinations. If you are given n objects and want to select r of them, in how many different ways can this be done? Or, how many combinations are there of n things taken r at a time? The answer turns out to be just $\binom{n}{r}$.

The theory of combinations and its close relative, the theory of probability, have direct applications to gambling games; indeed, this is what motivated Blaise Pascal (1623-1662) and Pierre de Fermat (1601-1665) to develop the theory. As an example, there

are $\binom{52}{5}$ possible poker hands, $\binom{13}{5}$ possible flushes in any suit, $4\binom{13}{5}$ flushes altogether; hence the probability of being dealt flush is $4\binom{13}{5}/\binom{52}{5}$.

So it seems quite possible that Moriarty's treatise was on the theory of probability. As old as this theory is, it was in the nineteenth century, and is today, an open field with many unsolved problems available for study. And not only does this agree with Holmes' description (in view of his limitations), but a paper with applications to gambling would be an appropriate foreshadowing of Moriarty's career to come (Holmes tells us in The Valley of Fear that Moriarty's criminal empire includes "card-sharpers", and undoubtedly other gambling enterprises were involved), if indeed he had not already begun it at the age of twenty-one.

Notes:

(1) One may ask how anything with applications to astrophysics can be classed as pure mathematics, but, as we shall see later, Holmes was no authority in such matters.

(2) This paper gives rise to much speculation, as it contains references published as recently as 1962. Did Moriarty have a time machine, or total precognition? Having, like Holmes, survived Reichenbach and the ravages of time, did he revise his article just recently? Or is this the work of a contemporary namesake, perhaps a descendant of the Colonel or the station-master?

Speaking of namesakes, much ink has been spilled over the names of Professor James Moriarty and Colonel James Moriarty. But there is one explanation that nobody seems to have thought of, namely that "James Moriarty" is one of those annoying unhyphenated double surnames found so often in England--like, e. g. White Mason in The Valley of Fear. The professor, being a practical-minded man, would have considered one surname enough for anybody and have gone simply by "Moriarty."

(3) Oeuvres completes, Christiania, 1839, pp. 66-92

(4) For anyone who's interested, the series is absolutely convergent when $x \neq 1$ or when $x = 1$ and $\text{Re } n$ (the real part of n) is positive; conditionally convergent when $x = 1$, $x \neq -1$, and $-\text{Re } n > 0$; and divergent otherwise.

(5) Watson, John H. et al, The Annotated Sherlock Holmes, William S. Baring-Gould, ed., Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., New York, 1967. Librarians being an unimaginative lot, you will probably find this catalogues under Baring-Gould or Doyle. All Holmes quotations in the present paper are taken from this edition.

(6) "A Treatise on the Binomial Theorem", Baker Street Journal V, 1 (new series) January 1955, pp. 13-18. Unfortunately I have not had access to this publication, so my quotation is at second hand from Baring-Gould, op. cit.

(7) The fifth proposition states that if two sides of a triangle are equal, then the angles opposite those sides are equal. Euclid's roundabout proof is much more difficult than those given

in modern texts, and this proposition "was to become known as the pons asinorum [Latin, "asses' bridge"] (a slighting commentary upon the alleged inability of medieval students to progress beyond it)". (Reichmann, W. J., The Speel of Mathematics, Methuen & Co., London, 1967, p. 29) Baring-Gould (op. cit.) says that there is no apparent reason for Holmes to have chosen this proposition over any other for his illustration, but I suspect that he was making a subtle comment on Watson's reasoning ability, without, as usual, the doctor's being aware of it.

The fifth proposition should not be confused with the fifth postulate, the "parallel postulate", omission of which gave rise to the so-called non-Euclidean geometries.

COMPUTER PROGRAMMER EVALUATION FORM

1. Have you commuted to New Jersey? YES _____ NO _____

2. Are you willing to commute to New Jersey? YES _____ NO _____

(If you answered N. 2 "No" do not complete the rest of this form.)

3. How long have you commuted to New Jersey? _____

4. In what places in New Jersey have you commuted to? _____

5. What computers have you programmed in New Jersey? _____

6. Which airlines do you prefer to fly to New Jersey on? _____

7. Will you commute from Alaska to New Jersey? YES _____ NO _____

8. Can you program on an airplane? YES _____ NO _____

9. Explain in 25 words or less why you like to program computers in New Jersey. _____

GUIDE TO EMPLOYEE PERFORMANCE APPRAISAL

PERFORMANCE FACTORS	PERFORMANCE DEGREES				
	FAR EXCEEDS JOB REQUIREMENTS	EXCEEDS JOB REQUIREMENTS	MEETS JOB REQUIREMENTS	NEEDS SOME IMPROVEMENT	DOES NOT MEET MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS
QUALITY	Leaps tall buildings with a single bound	Must take running start to leap over tall buildings	Can only leap over a short building or medium with no spurs.	Crashes into buildings when attempting to jump over them	Cannot recognize buildings at all much less jump
TIMELINESS	Is faster than a speeding bullet	Is as fast as a speeding bullet	Not quite as fast as a speeding bullet	Would you believe a slow bullet	Wounds self with attempting to shoot gun
INITIATIVE	Is stronger than a locomotive	Is stronger than a bull elephant	Is stronger than a bull	Shoots the bull	Smells like a bull
ADAPTABILITY	Walks on water consistently	Walks on water in emergencies	Washes with water	Drinks water	Passes water in emergencies
COMMUNICATION	Talks with God	Talks with the angels	Talks to himself	Argues with himself	Looses those arguments

OUR LATEST THINKING ON CAREER EVALUATION

MEMORANDUM TO: All Personnel

SUBJECT: Standard Procedure - Instructions on Death of Employees

It has been brought to the attention of this office that many employees have been dying while on duty, for no good reason. Furthermore, that some employees are refusing to fall over after they are dead. This, in some cases, has resulted in unearned over-time payments which do not fit into our company program.

EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY this practice must be discontinued.

On and after today, any employee found sitting up after he has died, will be dropped from the payroll at once, without investigation, under regulation no. 20 (Non Productive Labor.)

When it can be proven that the employee is being held up by a desk, typewriter, drawing board, telephone or any other means of support which is the property of the company, a 90 day period of grace will be granted.

The following will be strictly adhered to:

If, after several hours, it is noted that any employee has not moved or opened at least one eye, the department head will investigate, because of the highly sensitive nature and origin of some employees and the close resemblance between death and their normal working attitude, the investigation will be made quietly to avoid waking the employee if he or she is asleep (which is permitted under the present regime).

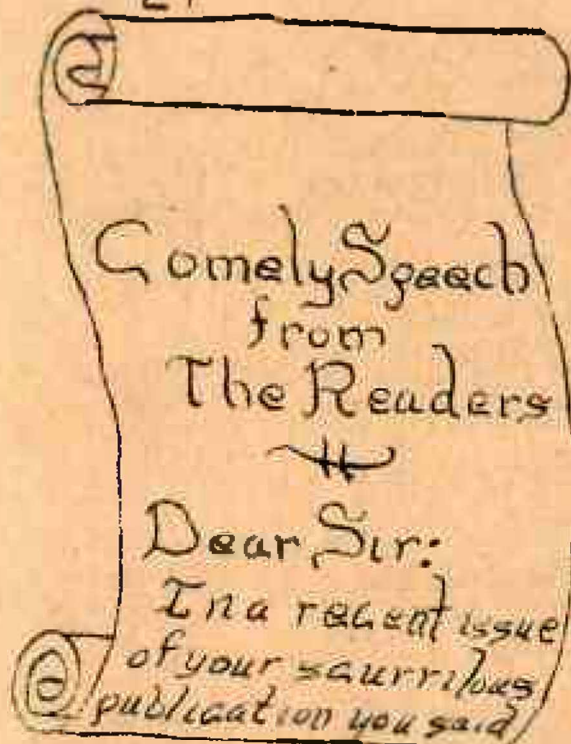
If some doubt exists as to the true condition of the employee, a pay check will be used as a final test. If the employee fails to reach for the check it is reasonable to assume that death has occurred. Note: in some cases, the instinct is so strongly developed that a spastic clutching action may occur. Do not be misled by this manifestation.

In the event that an employee fails to abandon whatever he is doing at coffee-break time no investigation is necessary. This is conclusive proof that rigormortis has already set in.

=====

VIET NAM: Love it or Leave it.

=====



Alpajpuri / 1690 E. 26 Ave. / Eugene OR 9740
97403

Dear Richard Harter & NESFA,

I was struck by one little Boskonian Impropriety this time: I don't know the name of the artist you unwittingly disparaged by buttoning my name to his work, but I strongly advise that you correct the error before whoever it is sues you for defamation of character... As a matter of fact you didn't print the artwork I did send in, though that may have been slightly more intentional -- in any case I shall submit more in the near future. *Very sorry about that -- but don't feel inhibited about sending in more artwork.*

Most of the wordgame-words are compounds, I presume? I only found one that wasn't ... Anyway I held the list up to the light and squinted and pondered a little (too much pondering can result in severe brainburn) and eventually came up with some possible answers and a great multitude of highly unlikely ones:

6 LETTERS: Watchstrap

5 LETTERS: Rockscrape, Quickstreak, Spiffspray (an aerosol), Nightclothes, Lightdrive (for starships), Eighthlap (*pant*), Fightprize, Lightship (for the sea), Nightsmells (alas, Weyerhaeuser pollution here):

Lightspot, Twelfthlap (*pantpant*), Drillspeed, Willstruggle (a la psionics), Bombscream, Windspray, Wingspread, Angstrom (!), Lengthly (?);

Lengthwise, Corkscrew, Birthplace, Hearthstand, Heartstrings, Batchblend (or Witchblack), Wretchcringe, and Downstream (or Yawnstretch).

In return, can anyone guess (or figure out) what word contains the consonant combination CHTSW?

Richard, I thought your article on The Clement Problem was quite well-written, but I showed it to an Eminent Biologist and Professor of Human Genetics (my pa) and he read it and then looked at me over the tops of his spectacles, raised his eyebrows, and suggested that what you need is a high school course in physics. Apparently, Things Just Don't Work Like That.

However the theories you expound would still be useful in juvenile fiction, where the emphasis on fantastic ideas is much more important than scientific accuracy. First psychedelice the imagination, then teach it Fax.

I'm awaiting the rest of Cory's Baycon report with considerable anticipation, not only because I missed the convention itself, but as well because Cory is one of the most exciting fanwriters I've ever come across. Her flowing, laughing style is a great pleasure to read.

Yours in Peace,

My first reaction to your fathers comment was indignation -- after all I earn my living as a consulting mathematician solving problems for engineers and physicists. However I decided on second thought that his point is well taken; some (but not all) of the science in the article does not work. This brings up an interesting point. Elementary physics is not really required or relevant to most of the advanced science and technology of the day. When you do need something that appears in a basic science book you usually need much more than the basics so you go into it in full gory detail. As a result, a practicing scientist can be and often is scientifically illiterate. For this reason the typical Hal Clement story, which is very solidly based on hard science, can well miss the spirit of modern science. --RH

Ken Nahigan / 6220 Jansen Drive / Sacramento CA 95824

Dear Richard,

Greetings! I got your letter informing me that Nos. 1, 3, 4, & 5 of PB are on their way.

I may or may not be interested in getting No. 2. I'll have to see what kind of zine PB is first. But if you're still willing to make an announcement at a NESFA meeting for me, then I would like you to say that "Ken Nahigan (address above) is rather desperately looking for the following zines: Ilmarin, Pegasus 1-5, Mythlore 1, Trumpet 1-4, 6, I Palantir 2-4. And if anyone has any of these issues and would be willing to sell or trade, then please contact him through the mail as soon as possible."

Say, I happen to be a student of fantasy as well as of science fiction and, though I don't know if you are one too, I would like to have some help on a Master Fantasy Catalog I'm drawing up for publication in Carandaith.

So if you have any of the following info, please let me know:

1) Who publishes THE WEIRDSTONE OF BRISINGAMEN by Alan Garner, and for how much?

Ace publishes the paperback of that and its sequel MOON OF GOMRATH and will also be publishing ELIDOR eventually (a non-connected fantasy) but they will not, in all probability, be publishing his Carnegie Medal winner (also a fantasy) OWL SERVICE. I believe the hard cover editions of all his books are published in the U.S. by Walck. The English hard covers (he is English) are all published by Collins. --MB

2) I hear that Robert E. Howard wrote a novel about the Picts. Is this so? Who publishes it, and how much does it cost?

3) Michael Moorcock wrote STORMBRINGER, of course, but again I must know who publishes it and its price. I would also like to know if he has published any subsequent volumes to The History of the Runestaff other than THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL.

4) Can you give me the names of the publishers of THE PURPLE ISLAND by Phineas Fletcher or THE DIAMOND IN THE WINDOW by Jane Langdon?

Well, that's it. I hope you can help me. Frodo Lives!

PRAY FOR HAL 9000

I am informed that Hal 9000 was reincarnated as an 029 keypunch and must work through thirty-three reincarnations before it (he?, she?, ??) can become a general purpose computer again. However if HAL behaves badly as a keypunch and offpunches cards he (choose your own pronoun) may just become a coding sheet. --RH

Harry Warner Jr. / 423 Summit Ave. / Hagerstown MD 21740

Dear Dick:

I am happy to find The Proper Boskonian resuming full activity, and I was startled to discover in this latest incarnation a strange hint of Shaggy. Boston fandom is obviously much different from Los Angeles fandom, your fanzine doesn't look like Shaggy or contain the same sort of material that appeared in the Los Angeles club fanzine, and nevertheless I scent some kind of mysterious relationship which will probably turn out in the last chapter to have been the result of incredible coincidences which cause every Boston fan to be the long lost siblings of Los Angeles fans. Since rumor terms Shaggy suspended for a year or two, I may just be imagining things and wanting to make the best of two worlds. Anyway, no Los Angeles fanzine ever had a cover quite like Jack Gaughan's for you and it's all the more surprising that I get this odd impression when something so firm and positive is one the cover.

Now what can I possibly say to that!

You could have worked from another direction to find causes for the technology non-gap between cultures that you discuss. Maybe this postulated condition exists because the alien cultures have little chance of getting further along than that possessed by Earth, and the nature of interplanetary distances make it rare for us to contact the less advanced races. I can think of two possibilities. One is that in 1969 we may be close to the limits imposed by the nature of the universe on the advance of science and technology. Understand, I don't believe this for a minute, but it's conceivable that these natural limits cause other planets' races to get to our approximate level and stick there. This theory assumes that the speed of light really does represent a limit which cannot be defeated in any way, that something in the makeup of matter causes all living things to age and obviates any hope of immortality, that time travel is only a verbal dream that cannot be translated into real technology, and so forth. The other possibility is somewhat more likely. Maybe all life on all planets evolves as a result of the same struggle for existence through which we came into our present situation, and no race that reaches intelligent civilization lasts more than a few centuries after it acquires the ability to destroy itself; it does so, inevitably, and the alien races who meet in stories by Clement and Camp are those enjoying the brief interlude between the annihilation implied in their violent ancestry and their attainment of real civilization. *The general difficulty with this theory is that the probability that we hit a technological race in its few centuries of existence is vanishingly small.*

The Minicon sounds attractive, with that low registration and the novelty of walking somewhere for fannish purposes. Walking is the only physical activity in which I can keep up with most people, and it is fine to read about a con activity without wondering half-consciously how badly I would have done.

I hadn't realized that Boston newspapers ever published anything except arguments about the new stadium's location and financing. *I believe arguments about the new stadium started sometime in 1710. You cannot expect these things to be settled overnight, you know.* Dumps have always fascinated me, because I used to live only a block away from one, and I'm not surprised as the average person at the news about their nuclear capabilities. Moreover, I've always thought that a future generation will want to know what an ICBM looked like in reality, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if an antique dealer or two go collecting, at this news item's appearance. *Maybe the ICBM is the Mickey Mouse watch of 1990?*

I can't remember what I said about outdoor sports in that letter, but I do have a great taste for one of them. Baseball. I have a near complete file of The Sporting News for the past three decades, tapes of play by play descriptions of all sorts of famous baseball games of recent years, a slide tray full of pictures of major league stadiums, and many other evidences of this absolute passion for the sport. I used to like football, but the T formation ruined it for me. I suspect that I would also like cricket if I could see it consistently. But the only place in this area where it's played is in Washington, and the games there conflict with the baseball telecasts in time.

The new worldcon will probably work out some kind of awards for fanzines in various languages to provide the kind of egoboo that French and German and publishers of other nations deserve. I voted in the Hugo nominations one year for Munich Round-Up as one of the best fanzines, not because I wanted to be different but because I really think it's one of the best, but I doubt that more than a dozen fans in the U.S. realize its merits. What we need very badly is a lot of translating into English of the best stuff in fanzines published in other languages. Fanzines over here are desperate for unusual material, and I can guarantee that this would be a source for it. But I don't have the time, most fans don't have the ability to read other tongues fluently, and I see no solution to the problem unless we can find a lot of fans among the people who handle translation work at the UN. They must have lots of time for fanac on weekend.

I enjoyed immensely the start of Cory's odyssey, despite a feeling that it really should have gone on at greater length within this issue, instead of breaking off so abruptly even before the con starts. Curiously, this is the first item I remember in

any fanzine that makes the Shibanos seem real. The TOFF guests were virtually ignored in a lot of reports on the con and associated events and were made to seem like inscrutable Orientals in the remainder. And nobody has even hinted, as far as I can remember, at the natural sequel, in the form of sending a North American fan to Japan. Such a venture might be the very thing needed to break down the isolation between the two fandoms that Roy Tackett tried for so long to destroy. Preferably, it should be a separate drive, not a TAFF venture, to make sure we got a person with the right personality, ability to pick up the rudiments of a difficult language, and plenty of time for a leisurely tour of fannish outposts in Japan.

There is one slight mistake in your back page. Nobody lives in Hagerstown. One vegetates, is, exists, endures, remains imprisoned, decays, take your pick, but please don't misuse a perfectly good verb like "live" on a city like this one.

Yrs., &c.,

Doug Hoylman / 65 Tonnele Ave., Rm. 412 / Jersey City NJ 07306

Dear Dick,

My copy of PB5 came today, after I'd already read it at Tony's place. There are some illustrious names in that list of collators. I wonder which one of them slipped me a blank page 4. But then it serves me right for not writing an LoC for the previous issue. (I couldn't think of much to say about it, and I knew I'd get the next issue anyway. How ironic that becoming a corresponding member makes it unnecessary to correspond.)

I managed to get most of the words in your game. (Can you give me a nine-letter English word with only one vowel? Strengths. How about a seven letter, two syllable English word with only one vowel?) If you were playing the string of consonants fame in German it'd be ridiculously easy: on one page of a small German dictionary I found Schlingpflanze, Schlittschuh, and Schmähchrift, each with five in a row. I'm sure there must be a German word with seven successive consonants. Yes, I just found one: Durchschnitt. Means cross-section. Getting back to English, how about strings of vowels? there must be some compound such as "paleoeugenetic" or "neocautocratic" with four in a row, but I can't locate any in my small dictionary. Or palaeoeugenio?

Cory's article reminded me that I belong to what may well be the last minority group in the U.S. that can still legally be discriminated against: fat people. Not only the mules in Disneyland, but the ones that go to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, refuse to take anyone over 200 pounds. And did you ever try to argue with a mule? The prospect of the Grand Canyon trip (I've seen it twice, but only from the South Rim) is one of the few things that could induce me to lose weight. (Maybe if I walked down, I'd lose enough weight so that I could ride back up?)

I seem to have reentered fandom in a big way as a result of my weekend in Boston just completed. During the past five years, while I was in Arizona, my fan activity consisted of: an abortive attempt to organize a Tucson SFS; LoCs to various Boston fanzines; writing The Boojum Tree for the tiny and short-lived TAPA; attending Nycon III; subscribing to Yandro, Neikas, and SFTimes; becoming a corresponding member of NESFA; joining but not attending a couple of other cons; and writing one article, "Moriarty and the Binomial Theorem," which you say will be in the next PB. Now, in one weekend, I've helped to collate Locus, subscribed to same, joined Noreascon, decided to attend Phillycon, found out about a group called ESFA in Newark which I hope to join, and promised articles to PB and the oft-dormant, never dead Twilight Zine. I should get off the TZ article pretty soon; the one I have in mind for PB will take a bit of research. It's an expansion of something I did in Boojum Tree, and concerns a mathematical paper published a couple of years ago, on the existence of an outer product of vectors, which I believe has profound implications for science fiction.

John W. Campbell / Analog / Conde Nast Publications Inc. / 420 Lexington Ave. / New York, N.Y. 10017

Dear Mr. Harter:

Now as to what you've called "The Clement Problem," let us consider this:-

Once upon a time an Intelligent Alien arrived on Earth, and before an assemblage of scientists, presented two pieces of string. One, he said, was proof against any but the most appalling violence, due to nuclear processing that bound its atoms together. The other, he said, you'll find quite normal, save that you won't be able to cut it.

The proof-against-destruction string, call it #1, immediately attracted attention because of its peculiar dull sheen. Although it looked unfit to wrap a three-pound bag of coffee, it was immediately determined that scissors couldn't cut it, a knife made no impression, and strong men couldn't break it.

They moved it to the testing labs, where it was found that no clamp could hold it, since it readily cut its way through tungsten carbide mandrels. It was easy enough to tie a nonslip knot in the string--but anything it was tied around simply moved out of its way when the strain was on. Moreover, no flame could burn it, even a plasma torch proved ineffective. More and more studies were made; everything was tried. Finally, in a 1st test, it was wrapped around a ten-megaton fusion bomb. Whether it parted or not was somewhat indeterminate; it may simply have been lost.

The #2 piece of string, however, didn't interest anyone. Just an ordinary piece of light twine, it was finally used to tie up some old letters in a dead storage file where, for all anybody knows, it'll probably be for the next few centuries at least. Universities are very reluctant to throw out what might someday be historic correspondence.

Now please note that the truly indestructible string is the one you can't get interested in.

Now let us apply this concept to the Clement Problem of how come the races inhabiting nearby planets are all at or about our own level of technological development.

When a culture at a high level is next door to a culture at a lower level, the Hie people find the Lows add gammed nuisance. The Lows are forever jealous, angry, and trying to conquer or steal what the Hies have produced. This keeps the Hies busy brushing the pests off, while hopelessly lousing up the development of the Lows. When the Europeans came to America, they were perfectly willing to let the Indians go their way, while the colonists went theirs--but the Indians weren't. They wanted guns without industry. They wanted fire-water, without learning to raise grain, ferment and distill it. They preferred acquisition by conquest to earning by industry. The colonists had a hell of a time living a peaceful life. While the Indian culture held that no real man would work for a living. Manly occupations were hunting, fishing, and raiding the neighboring tribe.

Now this situation being an inevitable consequence of the interaction of two cultures at widely separated levels of development, what can a highly developed interstellar culture do about the nuisance of jealous lower-level cultures? You can't ignore the brats--they won't let you. You can't help them, without lousing up their own development. And if they find you, they'll demand the right to the goods and services your people have developed over the last half-dozen millenia of technology.

Which they will, of course, promptly adapt to military application.

The answer seems to me to be----the #2 piece of string.

It's just a case that there are plenty of higher-level cultures around--but we'll never know it!

With a hundred million start to investigate, would we realize that there were a few million suns nobody could manage to get interested enough in to visit them and investigate? And their Nousologists (studiers of conscious minds) would, of course, make markedly more primitive cultures "uninteresting" enough so that we wouldn't bother interfering with their development.

In other words, the Clement Problem is strictly a case of "That's What YOU Think!"

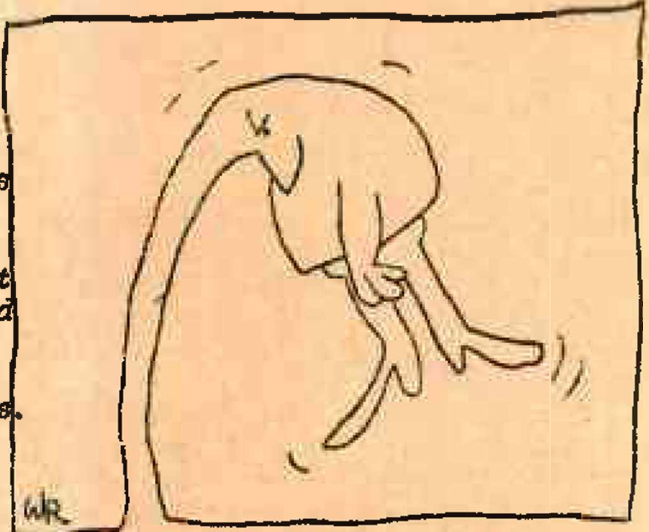
After all, any culture that can produce interstellar space-warpers for super-gee transport ought to be able to develop a minor mind bender.

Sincerely,

It does seem reasonable that we aren't going to meet any high level cultures until they decide we should meet them.

Actually the most plausible solution of the Clement problem is that an advanced civilization has stimulated a number of races in a given area into developing. One reason for starting a number of races off on the road to civilization at the same time is that their interaction will teach them manners and respect for other races, thus hastening the day when they are ready to become citizens in the greater community of intelligent races.

One of the old chestnuts is the problem of where the aliens. Why aren't they here? Most of the suggested solutions seem to have holes in them. The probability that we are the first intelligent race does seem to be staggeringly improbable. The existence or nonexistence of a FTL drive does not affect the question. A race using an STL drive with a speed of .001c could still explore and colonize the galaxy in a couple of hundred million years. This is a substantial hunk of time but it is still modest (although respectable) compared to the estimated five to ten billion years of galactic history.



The most plausible solution is that aliens have been here long ago, many millions of years ago, and have marked our system off limits. We cannot really hope to analyze their motives - after all they are much more advanced than we are. However it is fun to speculate. One possibility is that they simply can't use our system. Quite likely Earth would be deadly poison to them because of incompatible biochemistries. Presumably Mars and Venus might be usable with a little terraforming (or the alien equivalent) since they are (presumably) dead worlds. However the presence of Earth nearby would mean that sooner or later a bunch of "Lows" would develop next door and start to make obnoxious nuisances of themselves. A star traveling race with the long view would not settle into such a potential slum neighbourhood.

L. Sprague de Camp / 278 Hothorpe Lane / Villanova, Pa. 19085

Many thanks for TPB 5. Re the movie ALEXANDER NEVSKY (Mr. Tackett, Letters, p.4), some may not know the story of its first exhibition in the USA. It was released in 1938 - a good movie despite some obvious propagandistic touches, e. g. the footmen of the Teutonic Knights were dressed in helmets suspiciously like those of the Wehrmacht. It was first shown in an arty-lefty movie house in Manhattan, then when the World's Fair of 1939 opened in Flushing Meadows, it was moved thither as a part of the USSR's exhibits. Then Stalin signed a non-aggression pact with Hitler, thus giving him a tacit go-ahead to attack the capitalist powers of Europe. NEVSKY, although it had been drawing large audiences, was instantly withdrawn from showing, while those in charge of the USSR exhibition uttered embarrassed and quite unconvincing excuses.

Another propaganda touch is the difference in attitude Nevsky takes towards the Mongols and the Teutonic Knights. The Germans were viewed with holy xenophobia and were treated as aliens to be beaten and utterly destroyed. The Mongols, who were also predatory conquerors, were treated with equanimity. Curiously enough, part of modern asiatic Russia is Mongolian.

Gary Woodman / 164 Como Pde West / Parkdale / Victoria 3194, Aust.

Dear Cory

I guess I've been freeloading long enough ... three issues gratis for an Australian fanzine. To tell the truth I'd lost practically all of my fanzines in transit while moving about one hundred yards in changing houses (No, I didn't move house - everything except the bloody house.) I knew they were around somewhere, but one collects an incredible volume of buggert when one lives in the same house for fifteen years. To get on with yamug, I was spurred by your fourth Boskonian to find the lot. Swelp me if they weren't under the house.

Your art is very variable in quality compared with the home grown product. No, kangaroos do not make a great proportion of our artwork, but they might as well since Australian faneds are strangely averse to it. There ain't none to speak of. What there is is just what it is supposed to be, a relief from a page of print. Most of your art is also just this, but worse, oh far worse, oh far worse, than the local product. I realize that you cant print what you haven't got but surely there are bounds of taste...(all those who wish to flail that colonial bushman with Eagles please form a queue on the left.)

Mike Symes, the masked scourge of Mattapan, will meet you at dawn for them words, Stranger. But seriously free feel to tell us what is wrong with the mag. True, we won't pay any attention, but do feel free. - RH

Everytime time I read a PB editorial it contains an account of at least one Con. Boy, US fandom must be a travelling fandom. Strike me pink, we're lucky to fit one con per year over here. I still don't understand.

If you think Andorra was hot stuff you should try Australia. There is probably no other place in the world that has New SA and North Africa so close together. *I am quite sure you are right, but I'll be damned if I know what you are talking about.* A friend of a friend of mine described Melbourne (my home town) as a poor man's Boston. I don't know whether to belt him or kiss him. *I would think it would depend on the gender of the friend.*



2001 was the last storm in the Kangaroo's pouch. No one could make any sense out of it, so there are as many theories as there are fen. Personally I think it's all a plot. a All this symbolism is included so that we go back and see it over and over and over again while trying to work the bloody thing out.

Let me enlighten both Kay Anderson and the rest of US fandom: it is unwritten Austfandom policy to pronounce loc "loke". Anyone pronouncing it any other way is either a neo or something. There ain't no discord here, MATE.

I used to have two cats, but they decided not to move when we move house (not the house, buggert it - everything except the house.) and haven't been seen since.

Let me compliment you - join the company of fanzines I possess whose bacover did not detach during reading. That makes three fanzines I

own with the bacovers still attached. Maybe it is due to those queer staples.

Thanks for the St. Louiscon flier but I will be neither joining nor going - the first because I don't believe that a non-attending membership is worth its price, and the second because 1970 is my final year with a pharmacology major. If it is I might hitchhike over for the '71 Con, where ever it may be (*Boston, as you no doubt have heard. It should be obvious to most readers that this letter is a little late in being published.*) That is, if my girlfriend is going to the Oulde Dart like she thinks she is. I'm sufficiently pernicious to beat her there and propose on the dock.



I croggle. Without counting the localized Italian milk bars (which I reckon to you would be drug stores) there are three (3) flavours of icecream available in Melbourne: Vanilla, Strawberry, and verguzz. (*Huh? Verguza? Verguza???*) And have you ever considered how long it takes just to choose between these three.

The total exercise at the two Australian cons I have been to has been climbing the two flights of stairs to the MSFC clubrooms and the third flight up to the nuclear powered toilet (atomic john to you). Ther's a pub across the road but everyone drives. My fondest memory of this year's Austcon is sitting in the back seat of a six-up Volkswagen just after 10pm (Melbourne pubs close at 10 pm), waiting to cross Melbourne's main street on a Saturday night after having been at the pub since 7 pm. All six of us snookered (even Australians cannot become accustomed to Australian beer) and laughing our fool heads off.

Our combined breathing had fogged up the windows; one bloke had the gearstick between his legs (he was sitting crosswise); and there were two heads through the sunroof pretending to direct us. I was either steering or trying to climb out the driver's window. All of a sudden we took off in a cloud of clutch lining like a snail towing a caravan, and managed to pile the bloody thing into a city council rubbish bin. We became paralytic with laughter and the rest of the con left us there to sober up and pry ourselves out.

The above is fair dinkum unless I was drunker than I thought which is likely. Come to think of it, that's about all that I can remember of the 8th Austcon.

The fact that Elliot Shorter might be converted from convention fandom to fanzine fandom indicates something about US fandom; possibly that SF fandom is splitting. Now I already know that comic fandom and SF fandom in the US are very far removed with practically no contact. It seems that the same is true of apadom and SFandom, artdom and SFandom, fiction fandom and SFandom. (*Fandom in the US was permanently split from the very beginning. However Elliot does not seem to have gafiated from convention fandom particularly. Actually most of the Fandoms did not split off from SFandom - they were completely separate to begin with and are gradually being annexed.*)

Meanwhile in beautiful downtown Parkdale a move for a Triple Fandom Congress was defeated as it was felt that the numbers were too few to even imply diversification.

Remember there are about 28 gpm of nitrogen in LSD.

Yours Sincerely, Gary Woodman

She wore a lavender kilt and a blouse embroidered at the neck with beads of amethyst. Though a young woman of sixteen, with shapely swelling breasts, she did not like the open bodices worn by the ladies of the court. Five brown-green curls artfully arranged by the handmaiden Myrrha poised over her forehead.

- A. The fifth moon
- B. Bewitched
- C. Sauroktonos
- D. Wassily Kandinsky
- E. Acropolis
- F. Nether world
- G. Dribble
- H. Assignee
- I. Young Pretender
- J. Overabundance
- K. Featherbrained
- L. The shores of
- M. Peel side
- N. Esther
- O. Matthew Arnold
- P. Ichthyography
- Q. New Bedford Mass
- R. Overwhelm
- S. Thimbleweed
- T. A thing of beauty
- U. Ultra Violet
- V. Relaxed



ON TO BAYCON



WEDNESDAY 28 and THURSDAY 29 AUGUST 1968 - INTERLUDE

Wednesday started out slowly, as Charlie and I, the only one who hadn't caught The Cold by this point, headed for the shopping center to buy aspirin and antihistamin for the rest of the gang. I had also decided it would also be nice to be able to eat a quick breakfast in the hotel room before having to face the world so I picked up a variety pack of Post cereal, some Carnation Instant Milk, and an hundred blue plastic spoons. I also acquired some sewing supplies for use on my costume. Back at the Trimble's, packing was going on apace, and by 4 pm, we were ready to set out. And this was the order of our going:

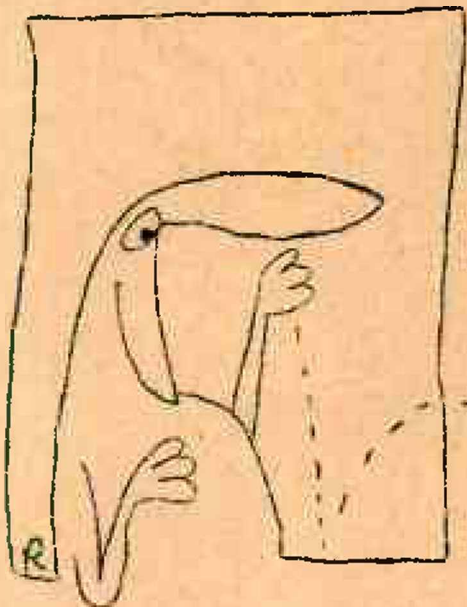
In Fred Patten's auto, temporarily rechristened the Dying Swans' Car, were those most heavily afflicted with The Cold - Bjo, Marsha, and Paul. The rest of us were in the Gak: John driving, Charlie on the other front seat, Sheila on the radiator between them, Tony, Sue, and me in the center seat, and Katwen and Lore in the playpen in back. The Trimble's left their own car behind for Al Lewis, who was expected back from England for the con. The children both had The Cold, of course, and we had to feed them periodic aspirin. It was Tony who proved to be most expert at this. He gave a graphic demonstration of human psychology as he showed that:

- 1) If you say "Come take your aspirin" the child will just stand there and look at you
- 2) If you dangle a ragdoll at it and say "Nice dolly" it will back away from you in terror
- 3) If you clutch the doll to you and proclaim "Mine" it will dash up and you can plop an aspirin into it.

But, though I did get a little sewing done, most of the trip was spent just looking at things; after all, that is why we had taken the Coast Road, which is scenic but leisurely. For most of the route it clings precariously to the edge of the sea-cliff - I'm glad we were driving North and not South on it. What fascinated me most was how *different* everything is in California. The hills are different: They look like miniature mountains, with pointy tops and ravines and all. The Pacific Ocean is different: it's blue, and the sun sets *into* it. Even the blue jays are different, although just as greedy, as we noticed when we stopped for a picnic.

The night was well-advanced when we pulled up at the last attraction: The

Madonna Inn. This unique hostelry is the work of a crackpot millionaire who has apparently decided that no surface shall go undecorated. Any window that isn't stained glass is etched. Every stair banister is either carved wood or wrought iron, usually in a pattern of vines. No room is symmetrical: the walls abound in nooks and alcoves. And every nook and alcove has its own chandelier, all of them different.



A proper introduction to the place is its gas station, which you pass on the road going in: the pumps are pink and the office has stained glass windows. But the supreme attraction is the downstairs restrooms. The ladies room is done in Nineteenth Century New Orleans Bordello, all red plush and gold fixtures and handpainted Italian tiles on the floor. The mens room is basically plainer (we traded surreptitious peeks) but features a urinal where an electric eye causes a waterfall to come down from the ceiling the moment any unwary male comes

16
within an appropriate distance.

Just for the hell of it, we sent John and Charlie off to inquire about room rates. They came back with Charlie looking rather crestfallen. They had offered us a special rate on the wedding suite he said. Wall-to-wall beds, surely room enough for the twelve of us. But John had chickened out. The chance of a lifetime and it might never come our way again, he said. The rest of us were not overly sympathetic.

We found a more conventional motel by midnight and all settled happily down. By 9 am Thursday we were up and out, ready for fresh adventures. And an adventure indeed we had. The Adventure of the Sea Lions.

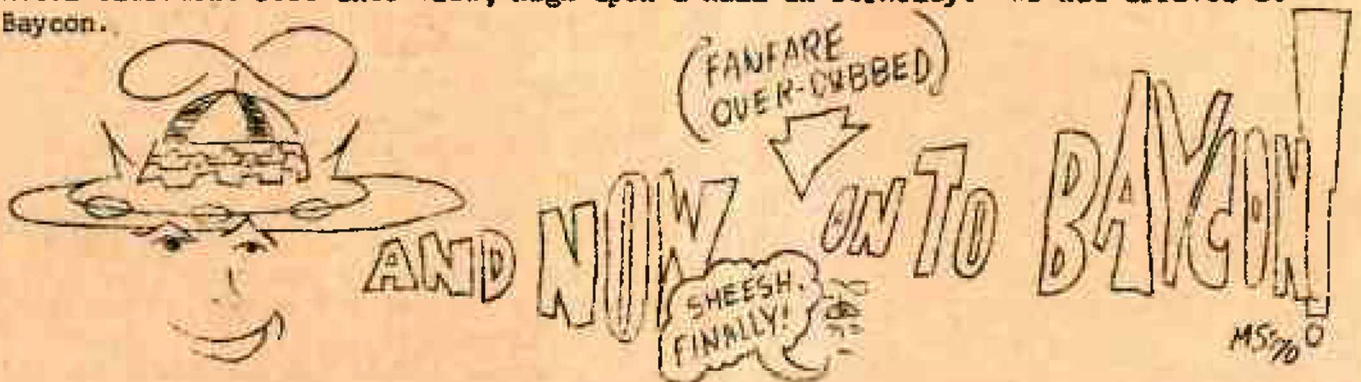


For me it started with being suddenly wakened out of a light doze and asked if I wanted to see the sea otters. It seems there was a sign by the road that muttered things about molesting the sea otters being punishable by fine, so naturally we had all stopped to investigate. I agreed grogily to the plan and we set off into a morass of briars and brambles, John carrying Katwen on his shoulders. Before long I was awake enough to notice that I was wearing sandals and short shorts (the pink ones I had bought in LA). I bravely refrained from moaning about the situation any more than anyone else (which was plenty) and concentrated on navigating the steep downward trail.

Finally we emerged on the ocean. More precisely, we emerged at the top of a steep cliff at the bottom of which lay an ocean. Way down there, could be seen the local fauna - not sea otters but sea lions. (Or perhaps seals. None of us felt like attempting a descent just to look for their ears.) Having gazed our fill, we turned to make our way back. This was intrinsically worse, being uphill, but at least we had the Gak to aim for towards the end.

We made one more stop on the way, where the road led down to a small beach. The water was too cold for more than tentative wading, but we were able to enjoy playing with the seaweed, water snakes and pretty rocks, which are all cleared away from most public bathing beaches.

Finally, the scenery took a turn towards urbanity again and the names of San Francisco suburbs began to flash past. They kept flashing for an inordinately long period of time (or so it seemed to an Easterner), but finally, at about 7.30 pm the Hotel Claremont rose into view, high upon a hill in Berkeley. We had arrived at Baycon.



THURSDAY 29 - BAYCON

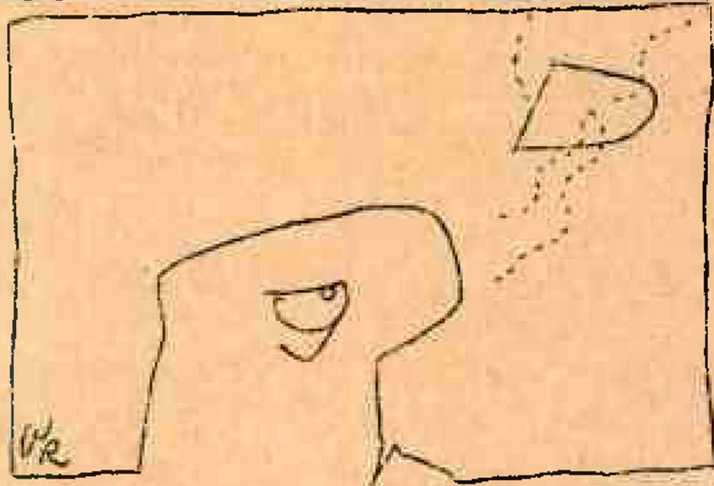
At last, we had arrived at Baycon, and such a hustle and bustle then arose as can rarely have been seen, everyone scrambling to collect their possessions and themselves. Somebody mentioned to me that short shorts and bikini top were not quite appropriate attire for the occasion, so I cooperatively thrust my arms into the sleeves of my shirt before grabbing my suitcase. We all tumbled out of the Gak, passed by a conglomeration of similarly unpacking Rolfses, and subsided within the hotel. The first thing that happened to me in the lobby was that I found myself briefly enveloped by Elliot Shorter, who praised my outfit. The second thing was that I was left alone with the pile of luggage while everyone else went off to check into their rooms and move us upstairs little by little. I sat forlornly on a suitcase not my own, feeling vaguely in limbo and wondering how I would get my other bag back from Forry Ackerman.

Finally, the last detachment of luggage handling came along and I went upstairs with it. Browns (including me) and Trimbles had a dormitory set-up, two bedrooms and an enormous bathroom, with lots of cots. We quickly unpacked and showered, then hurried downstairs in order that we might become official regular attending members of the XXVth World Science Fiction Convention.

It was a strange convention. You've heard that before? Well, it's true. The Baycon Bidding Committee had promised us at Nycon 3 that their convention would not be dominated by Star Trek and indeed it wasn't. Instead it was dominated by the Creative Anachronists and the hippies, two groups which combined splendidly to give the convention an invigorating atmosphere of holiday, masquerade, and paranoia.

Then there were the daily headlines. Nobody reads newspapers during Worldcon, of course, but there was a paper rack in the lobby, and it was hard to avoid being hit in the face by some species of violence as soon as you ventured down for breakfast. A variety of different reactions was possible. When it was Czechoslovakia, the proper response was "At least it's them and not us." When it was Chicago, "Well, we're 2000 miles away." And when it was Berkeley, you just crossed your fingers and hoped you would be able to get through the day on the hotel's food (a highly chancy proposition). If, as might happen, nothing was going wrong, people would sit around speculating on how soon the earthquake was coming.

But all this was then still in the future, and at the moment our only thought was to get ourselves registered and join the milling throng in uttering such catchy remarks as "Resort hotel? Last resort hotel!" The major complaint at that time was the heat. We hadn't particularly noticed the weather during the drive since it had simply remained constant as we travelled north. But apparently San Francisco doesn't normally have Los Angeles weather. It doesn't even have Boston weather. And the hotel wasn't air-conditioned.



After a while I left off grouching about the hotel to go up to the mezzanine for the performance of *H.M.S. Trek-a-Star*. I found this rather disappointing, for the cast was notably unrehearsed, and all the best lines had already been quoted in fanzines. Also it was even hotter there than in the lobby, and as soon as the show was over I was eager to dash off to the coffee shop for some lemonade. But it seemed everyone I knew had already done

just that instead of watching *Trek-a-Star*. Finally I chanced on a thirsty Gay Haldeman and the two of us went off together to acquaint ourselves with the friendly, courteous service so characteristic of the Hotel Claremont.

Finally we obtained service, consumed, and emerged again into the main lobby. There I found that Elliot, the dear, had gotten my suitcase from Forry and brought it upstairs. Emboldened by this, I seized on Earl Thompson, who was waiting for his fiancée to arrive, and sent him off to get the piece of silver foil I needed for my costume. Earl has a way with hotels, and we returned with the foil in only a few minutes. Meanwhile a clutch of people was accumulating in the middle of the lobby floor, which was the coolest spot in the hotel. This included most of our group, Elliot, Earl, Ed Meskys, Don Lundry, Lee Klingstein, Ken Rudolph (who was distributing *Shaggy*) and a selection of others. I sat in the middle and collected signatures on a postcard for my mother.

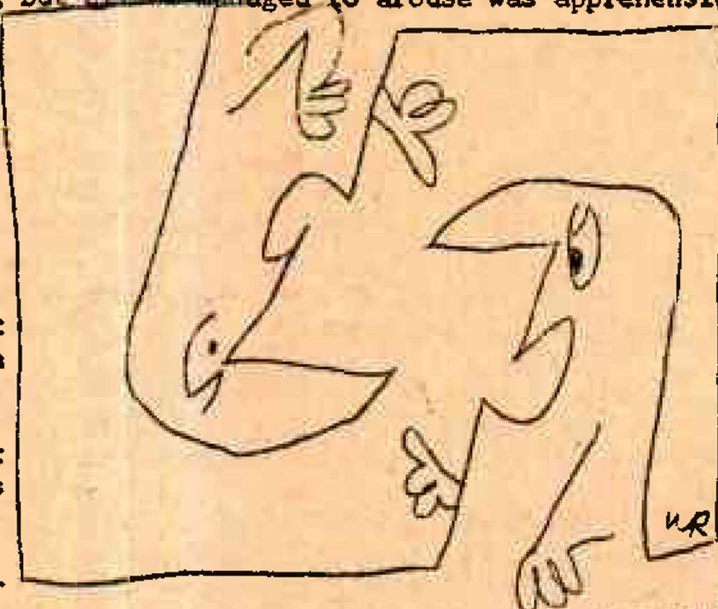
A few of us went out onto the lawn for a while, but retreated inside as it gradually became cold and damp. We tried going up to the open Columbus party, but it was just being closed by the rent-a-fuzz. This phenomenon kept recurring through the con. Since the general paranoia discouraged random attempts to find a friendly private party, the result was lots of aimless wandering.

My little black notebook records that after Columbus died, we went to the Anderson's party. But we soon gave up on that and all went to bed fairly early. It had been a long day, after all.

FRIDAY AUGUST 30

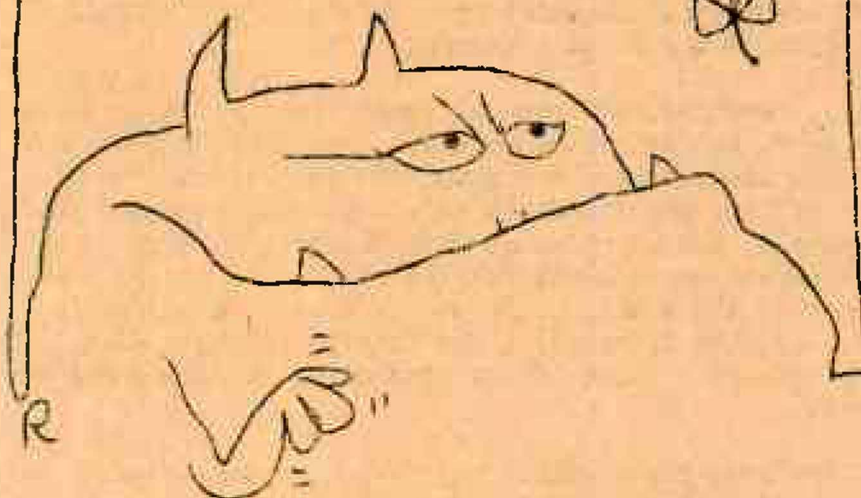
Friday dawned bright and clear, a perfect day for swimming. I ingested a box of dry cereal and went downstairs with the Browns for more substantial nourishment. After breakfast, or more appropriately brunch, I looked in briefly on the opening session - met the Gillilands (lovely people), listened to Bill Donaho mutter an incomprehensible blessing, and left. Then we all set off wandering through the art show and hucksters room, telling everyone we met to put on their bathing suits and join us. We went upstairs to do the same, but returned to find ourselves unaccompanied. Sheila and I tried tossing the beach ball around in the hucksters room for a while, in order to arouse enthusiasm, but all we managed to arouse was apprehension among the nearby hucksters. So we all trooped out to the pool anyway and attempted to do some sunbathing. At this point the sun vanished, not to be seen again for the duration of the convention.

A period of aimless wandering in and out of the hotel followed, during which we grew increasingly bitter about the whole thing; but finally redemption dawned - we discovered the Whirlpool bath. Or perhaps, as my notes seem to indicate, the Silverbergs discovered it and invited us in. At any rate, it was bliss. Surely you have seen it described in other conreports - a small square poollet, kept at a constant temperature of 105° F, a whirlpool device under the center and a broad shelf around the edge placed at a height where you could sit in comfort with water swirling just under your nose. It was heaven.



THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU!

HELLO, PRETTY THING...



13
On the following days we discovered lots of groovy things to do with that whirlpool bath, but at the moment we were content simply to sprawl there and enjoy it. Finally we all decided to rouse ourselves and try the sauna. The sauna had two obvious disadvantages: it was sexually segregated and it was overcrowded. The rare sunshine had brought out all the locals who pay for pool privileges at the hotel, and the locker rooms were full of little girls who kept opening the door to look for

their mothers, or vice versa, and letting in cold air. Also, as a result of all this Malthusian ill-contrivance, we were getting wet heat instead of dry. Determined to salvage something from this situation, I said vaguely to the world at large "Gee, maybe this will help my LA-blasted sinuses" And sure enough it did: I had a running nose for the rest of the convention, and Sheila and I kept borrowing tissues back and forth. (She was still suffering from The Cold.)

We emerged from the sauna shortly before 5 pm so we could get dressed for the wine-tasting. Just then Elliot Shorter arrived.

As far as I was concerned, the wine-tasting was a bit of a fiasco. I ran around for a while, sampling the offerings of various vineyards and passing judgment on them feeling terribly, terribly sophisticated. After about the sixth half-glass of wine, I began to feel a bit woozy, so I prudently decided I had reached my limit and sat down in a chair by the side of the room. And proceeded to get drunker and drunker and drunker. I spent the next half hour feeling miserable and bemoaning to passers-by my failure as a wine snob. It was all very sad.

Finally I recovered and the party ended and we all went to dinner at Spenglers, a truly excellent seafood restaurant. *Everybody* was on that expedition - Browns, Lewises, Trimbles, Shibanos, and so forth. There were so many of us that by some strange alchemy we got a table before all the smaller groups. Yummy.

We got back well in time for the St. Fantony initiation at eleven. I had heard that the Anachronists would be out in full force for this and thought I might wear my mediaeval costume as well. After all, I had spent all that time making it. So I asked Bjo, who is a Dame of St. Fantony, and she said "Sure, why not." It was thus I found myself part of an Anachronist honour guard. This was one of the several noticeably mind-blowing experiences at the con.

I'd previously met fans for whom the mediaeval affectations are a fun hobby, but the hard-core Anachronists take it seriously (Way of Life, one might say). Shudder. The initiate, by the way, was Forry Ackerman, but I fail to remember details.

I resumed civilian dress and joined the mob for a few hours of partying that lasted until the descent of the rent-a-fuzz. Most of that time we spent at the St. Louis suite, with only brief look-ins at the pro party and others. Two memories in particular stand out from that evening. One is of Ed Meskys perpetually surrounded by hippies - Tolkien fans, of course - a delightful study in contrasts. The second is of meeting Don Simpson and Cindy van Arnem in the St. Louis bathroom. "Oh, I promised you some artwork at Tricon,, didn't I," said Don. "That's all right", I



said. "As long as you're feeling so guilty, you can decorate my name badge." (Marsha had a Rotsler and I was jealous.) So he took it and produced a typical Simpson creature for it, and I went off feeling happy.

By three am or so the open parties were all dead. We wandered around for a bit feeling out of things and finally ended up in the N3F room, where the hotel ran a rather limited snack bar at night. Charlie, Elliot, Sheila, and I all sat around one of the little circular tables there, discussing the sorrows of being not where it's at. At some point Hank Stine

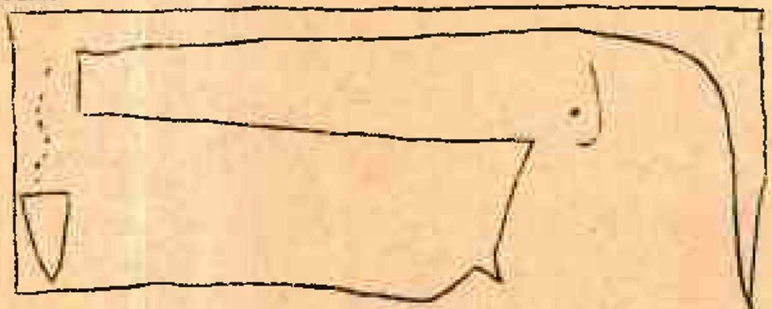
wandered by. We squeezed in a chair for him and continued to talk and watch the passing scene.

One of the more interesting incidents of the latter was a character in a Black Panther outfit who came in and demanded a pack of cigarettes. When the waiters informed him they had none to sell, he delivered a beautiful tirade in a West Indian accent, jumping up and down and dashing his beret on the floor. When he saw he had them thoroughly nonplussed, he let out a burst of laughter and went off arm in arm with Sidney Rogers.

At about 5 am Hank decided he wanted to go to sleep and said his farewells. He returned a while later, but soon jumped up again and vanished in a flash crying out the word "Tomorrow". By that time everything seemed strange enough that this held no particular incongruity. We did feel somewhat hungry, and since the stale sandwiches for sale there held no allure, I offered my dry cereal. To my surprise I was taken up on it. We all tromped up stairs (elevators? What's an elevator?) and returned with the dry cereal, the Carnation Instant Milk, and the ninety-nine blue plastic spoons. On the way we met Hank who gladly rejoined us and even suggested that we buy milk in the N3F room instead of laboriously adding water to the powered stuff.

We each took a box containing the variety of our choice and feasted right royally. Since I had eaten one that morning, and there were five of us partaking, this left two over, which we decided to share equally. There followed a brief debate on whether we should count out the Trix to make sure everyone got the same number of each color, but we decided to dispense with such niceties.

That was the high point of the evening. Shortly after, Hank vanished for good - for the remainder of the con, as far as we were concerned - and the rest of us were running out of energy as well. Sometime before seven am we crept off with the Carnation Instant Milk and the ninety-four blue plastic spoons, to sleep feeling that perhaps we could make some thing of this con after all.



SATURDAY AUGUST 31

Amazingly, we all managed to get up around noon and downstairs in time for the Mediaeval Fashion Show. This

proved basically good fun, although it seemed to go on too long and to become repetitious. The high spot was Jerry Jacks playing moderator. He has brought his oily Byzantine act to a high pitch of refinement and was simply rife with wretched puns. A most commendable autocrat!

After the fashion show, we went out foraging in Oakland for lunch. That was a losing scene. After driving around in circles for some time, we found a stomach-wrenching diner and there gingerly appeased the worst pangs of hunger. After all this seeking, it was four pm when we got back to the Claremont, and we all dashed to get into our swimsuits and out to the pool.

Ah yes, the pool. This was the really good day for pool activities and has gotten into several other conreports, so skip if it sounds too familiar. But... The first sight to meet our eyes when we got to poolside was Andy Porter. "We can't take beachballs into the pool", he said. "What sort of nonsense is that" we said. "We want to play Chaos" "Wait and see," he said. "The lifeguard won't let us." "We'd like to test that ourselves," we replied, and started to take the beachball into the pool. Sure enough, the lifeguard stopped us. It seems if they let one beachball in the pool, everyone will want them, and pretty soon the entire surface of the pool will be covered with beachballs. Oh well.

We sat around for a while pondering subtle subterfuges, such as smuggling a deflated beachball into the pool and inflating it there. Somehow this idea lacked credibility, so we decided instead to try to find out all the other things the lifeguard wouldn't let us do. "How about chicken fights," someone asked, and, sure enough, they were illegal too. I think a bounce party came next in the succession, but I can't remember whether we were actually enjoined from this or whether we just gave it up because the pool was too large for it to have any effect. At any rate, what we ended up playing was tag, which, strangely enough, seemed to be acceptable.

Perhaps at this point I should stop and define "we". To the best of my memory it consisted of: Charlie and Marsha Brown, Sheila Elkin, me, Elliot Shorter, Ted White, Johnnie Berry, Andy Porter, Bruce Pelz, Al Lewis, and a couple of little girls who happened to be in the pool. Strangely like a typical Midwescon pool party, you say? Apparently, no one else in fandom goes swimming.

Tag can be a bit of a drag, though, and when I noticed that Marsha and Bruce had quietly faded away and were enjoying a chat near the side of the pool, it seemed the logical thing to join them. One by one the rest of the players came to the same conclusion and snuck over to the edge. Finally Ted White, who was "it", noticed the lack of potential victims. Turning, he spied us and advanced menacingly against our little coffee clutch crying out 'up against the wall, mothers".

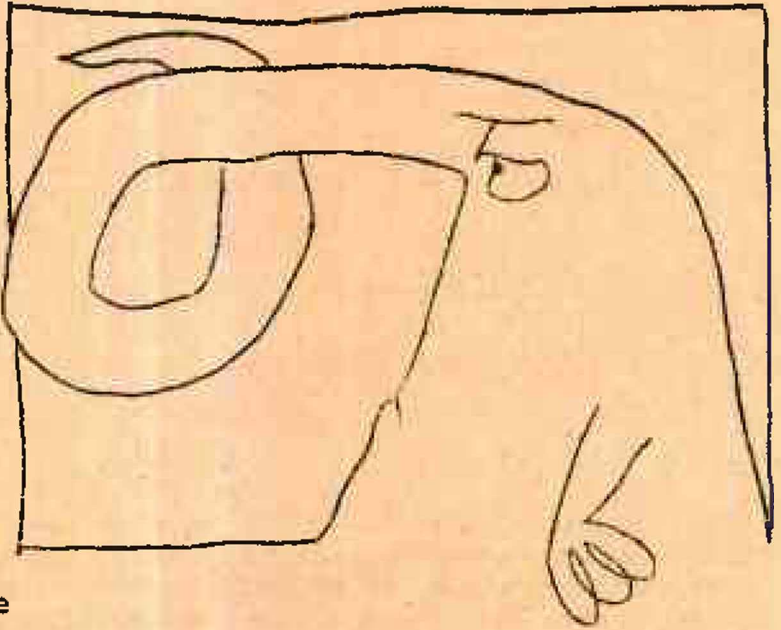
This got the game going again, but not for long, and eventually we all wound up

in the whirlpool bath discovering something else the lifeguard couldn't keep us from doing: overflow parties. The idea is that you take as many large fans as possible - Elliot, Bruce and Charlie are go for a starter - place them in the whirlpool and fill in the spaces with as many small fans as possible. At this point, Archimedes' Principle takes over and the water level begins to rise. If you are lucky, the pool may actually overflow a little, and there is



nothing the lifeguard can do about it.

This lasted until 6 pm when we remembered that the Masquerade was due to start at eight. I, in particular, was slightly nervous, since my costume was not yet ready. I had finished the bottom some time before despite Marsha's gloomy forebodings that it would be too small, and had stared forlornly for a time at Bjo's projected designs for the top - Finally I had made the miraculous discovery that the lining and ties of the top of my bathing suit were exactly the right shade of blue. The only hitch was that the red-and-blue-



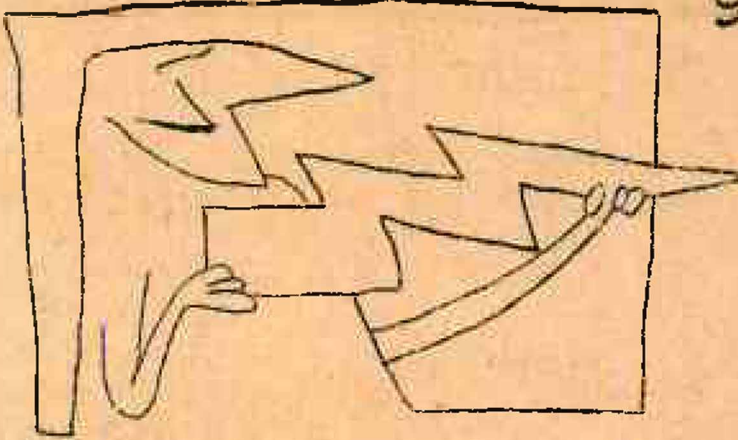
striped material of the *Outside* was hemmed up on the *inside* of the bottom edge and would have to be basted back so as not to show when the top was turned inside out. (Is that perfectly clear?) It was to do this that I now hastened back to the room. Ever try to sew through a wet swimsuit? Ush.

Marsha came up with me and started to examine my remaining piece of blue material to see how it could best be made into a hat. Marsha is a dear, kind, selfless soul, and without her aid I would never have made it to the Masquerade. Meanwhile, I finished my sewing and tried on the completed thing. I found to my dismay that Marsha had been right: The bottom was *too small*. "That's all right," she said. "When you're painted the same color blue it is, no one will even notice that it's indecent." (Oh, dear, haven't I mentioned? I was going as the Fan's Best friend, a bottle of corflu.) I found that blue paint also covered the funny insect-bite like thing which had appeared on my ankle and seemed to be spreading.

Shortly after the painting of me had started, Charlie and Sheila appeared. They were given the aluminum foil Earl Thompson had procured and a blue magic marker and told to find someone who could make a convincing corflu bottle label for me. They soon returned with a genuine Ed Meskys label; it was, however, done on the back of a St. Louis flyer since magic marker doesn't write very well on aluminum foil. Marsha was then called off to help Bruce Pelz fix his broken zipper, and Charlie and Sheila took over the painting. I was turning blue at a delicious rate though by the photos I've seen since I fear it isn't my most flattering color.

Marsha then returned with Bruce, now properly zipped into his Dragon Master costume. She began to put up my hair and attach the hat to it - blue cloth draped over a frame made of the cardboard from packages of underpants. Meanwhile, we sent Sheila off to borrow Suford's surgical adhesive. But she was instead co-opted into using it to attach spangles to Sue for her Ariel costume. As compensation we got Elliot Shorter, who arrived with camera and started taking pictures. We immediately imposed on his good nature and persuaded him to carry my body paint and cosmetic sponges around in his camera bag, in case I needed touch-ups. Finally Sheila returned with the surgical adhesive, my label was affixed, and off we went.

I tripped merrily downstairs shivering my way past every open window and found that despite all the confusions, we were actually early. I had fun watching people's double takes at me for a while, but soon the surgical adhesive began to itch as intolerably as Sue said it would. I decided that I *couldn't* scratch inconspicuously and that I still had enough time to fix things. So I made my way back up past the open windows and replaced the worst patches of adhesive with sweet, soothing Elmer's Glue.



By the third time along the stairs, I had started generating adrenalin and was no longer cold. This was a trifle weird and things came to seem increasingly weirder. For one thing I found that my senses were simultaneously blurred and sharpened. I was blinded without my glasses, deafened by the rock bands unable to smell after what San Francisco had done to my sinuses, and forbidden to touch anything for fear of turning it blue.

On the other hand, such portions of my senses as remained to me, as well as other, subtler perceptions, were roused to animal alertness. Deprived of redundancy in recognizing friends or following conversations, I had to use all my discriminatory powers on what limited information was available to me. And the effort to move through increasingly denser crowds without bodily contact was like some nightmare parody of a subway rush hour. My movements became quick, jerky, erratic. And always Elliot followed me, ready to hand over a blue-tinged sponge for me to dab gingerly at the skin that had become exposed by unavoidable contact, by a wash of perspiration, or by the cracking of an overthick initial application of paint.

There was a long wait for the start of the actual costume show, while the first rock group played. I spent most of that time among the milling throngs in the lobby being admired, photographed, and warned. The warnings were of two kinds. There were the Goldfinger fans, who were sure that I was about to suffocate. And there were Jon and Joni Stopa and their friends who wanted to tell me about the year they'd Painted themselves blue and how I'd never get it off. Somehow, I failed to become particularly alarmed over either eventuality.

I tried going in to hear the rock group at one point, but I couldn't get close enough to see the light show, and the non-acoustics of the place turned everything into white noise, and there were just too many people. So I went back out to the lobby and didn't return until it was time to line up for the grand march. That was another long wait, which I spent worrying about the way the yellow lighting made me look grey and talking to Betsy Wolheim and Noel Carter, who were near me in line.

With 300-odd costumes, the first run-through took forever, but finally it was over and I returned to the lobby to freshen up my paint job and wait out the second rock group. They finished up a bit more quickly, and I went back into the hall for the run-through of the semi-finalists. As I was waiting to hear whether my number would be called, I noticed Ed Meskys standing near me. Now, the first time I went across the stage, someone had called out "Ed Meskys' dream girl" and gotten a laugh. So I figured there was still some life left in the old Ed Meskys conflu joke. I went up to Ed, flashed a smile at him (and when you're painted blue, your smile really *flashes*), and said, "Ed, if I get into the semi-finals, how would you like to go across the stage with me?" "You mean chase you across or something?" he leered. "That would be fine" I said.

And indeed thus it happened, and came off very well too, judging by the response. I then went back to the lobby, while the third rock band was on. (Yes *three*. If you hire any musicians, union rules say you have to hire *lots* of musicians). I was getting pretty tired by then and had stopped caring about my paint job sufficiently to perch on the edge of a seat and try to rest my legs. At 11.45 our mob realized we hadn't eaten dinner and tried to get something from the snack shop. We then discovered that a midnight closing means that's when they throw people out. No one gets *in* after 11.30. This was the last straw and we retired upstairs feeling

disgruntled.

8

I spent the next two hours in the shower. The body paint came off easily enough, but there was so damned much of it, and I had to wash some out of my hair. I was just drying myself off when the phone rang in the room. "You won for most humorous," Marsha called out. "They want you to come down and get your trophy." "Eek," I said "What shall I wear." "Here, take this," she said, and brought me a sleeveless orange dress of her own. I slipped into it, ran a comb through my hair and hurried downstairs.

As I emerged into the lobby I came face to face with Gruen and Steffie and found myself with an armful of kittens. Dick Gruen and Steffie Rosenbaum, let me explain, are very fringe-fans of my acquaintance. They both happened to be living in the Bay area and had shown up at the con to try to give away kittens.

"Did you see me in my costume," I asked. "No" "That's too bad; it was obscene" "You're always obscene" said Gruen. I decided the conversation was degenerating rapidly and trotted off in search of Don Studebaker/Bill Donaho/anyone else who might know something about the whereabouts of my reputed award. After some scrambling, I was finally informed that Alexis Gilliland had taken custody of it for me. I returned to the lobby in a somewhat dazed state, wondering where to proceed from there. Just then Alexis ran up and presented me with the trophy. I thanked him kindly and may have presented him with a kitten in return - or maybe not, reality being a little shaky by then.

The Browns all clustered around to congratulate me and swept me off to seek food in the VW bus of some Seattle types Charlie and Marsha had accumulated. After all, we hadn't eaten since our lunch in the cruddy diner. We circled around Berkeley for quite some time, occasionally sending Charlie out to make inquiry of late-night workers in liquor stores and gas stations. He reported reactions ranging from incredulity to profanity. Finally we ended up back at the same old diner.

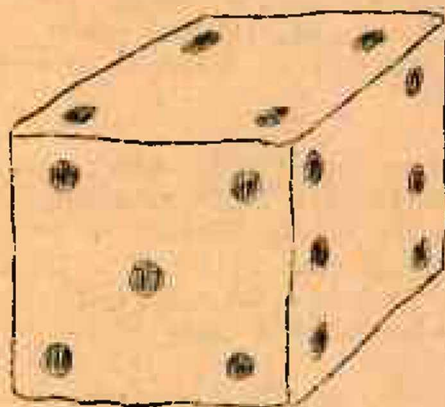
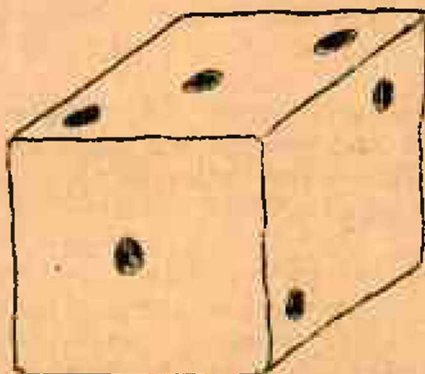
It was there that I finally came down from the Masquerade and became violently chilled. They draped coats over me, told me to have courage, and continued eating. When I got back to the hotel I changed into warmer clothes but the evening never regained its zest. The St. Louis party was dying when we got to it, so a small group of us set off wandering through the corridors, finally ending up in a corner of the lobby that was amazingly free of sleeping bodies. (The Claremont was very reasonable in some ways) That party broke up at six, but by then I was feeling extraordinarily uptight and simply couldn't bear the thought of going to sleep in a room full of other people. So I spent an hour sitting in the ladies room, which was the only warmplace on the first floor, and finally relaxed enough to go upstairs and collapse.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 1

The next morning (or rather, later that same morning), the mob dragged itself out of bed at 11 am for the consite voting. I need not elaborate on the results, of course, so we skip forward some two hours, to after the meeting. At this point I was feeling a need for both sleep - which I decided to ignore - and solitude - which I decided to cosset. I therefor got into my bathing suit



and went out into the cold for a solitary swim. After a while, I got to feeling much more awake and happy and the sun came out, and lots of people showed up, and it was all very cheerful.



At one point we were standing around in the shallow water when we somehow fell into an informal underwater breath-holding competition. Slipping easily into the patterns of my childhood, I prepared myself by breathing deeply in and out. "Ah, yes," said Charlie, "So you've read Arthur Clarke too." He then explained to the others, who were looking confused, that the idea is to inhale and exhale steadily for a while until you flood your blood with oxygen, then exhale and submerge. I had never tried the ultimate exhalation part, but it sounded like a sensible way of reducing pressure against the ears or something, so I breathed out one last time, then let myself go. To my surprise, the black stripe on the bottom of the pool started to get wider. I didn't realize what was happening until I bumped my nose on it, at which point I panicked and

came up sputtering. "Didn't you realize you would sink?" asked Charlie.

But by then we were all too busy watching Elliot to do much else. Elliot, as you may readily believe, had never before been able to stay underwater. Now he was just lying on his stomach on the bottom of the pool, chin propped in hand and a beatific expression on his face. By the time he emerged, after what seemed like several minutes, the rest of us were ready to go back under. I sank placidly to the bottom this time and stayed there on my knees, bent over, with my hair floating around me, feeling oceanic. Wow!

After a period of this, we began to feel rather chilled, so we adjourned to the whirlpool and told everyone about our exciting discovery. "Oh, hyperventilation," said Bob Silverberg. "That shouldn't be too dangerous under these circumstances." I carefully forebore asking whether he meant danger of drowning, of ruining our lungs or of blowing our minds. I stayed peacefully on the shelf for a while, but the lure became too great, and I began to breathe again, surreptitiously. Then I plunged off into the center of the whirlpool.

Oh Wow

Green bubbles, pale shapes of legs. Pulsing, throbbing, roaring. Floating, drifting, turning. Hair, seized, bubbles, whirled, legs, groping, moving, rising. Finally emerging at the other side, more than a little hysterical, among a lot of surprised people. Then everyone had to try, of course, but most of them couldn't take the noise. For me however, it was the third Great Event of the con.

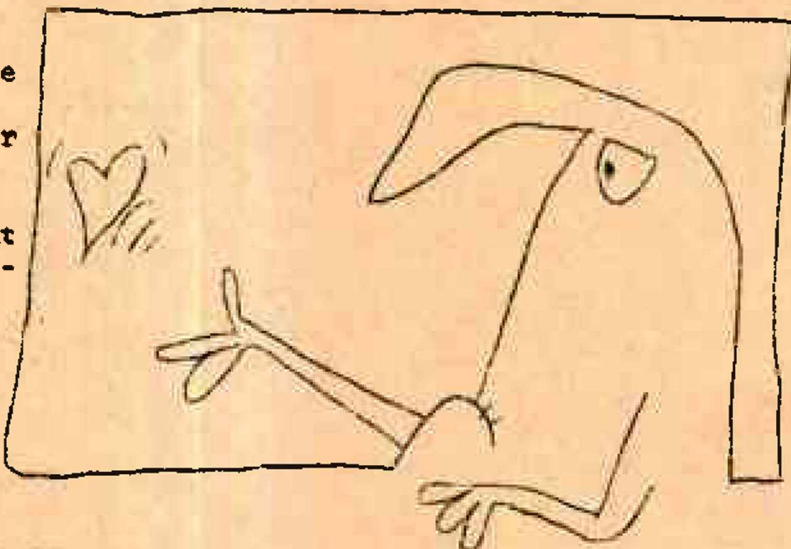
That evening was entirely devoted to the Banquet. I don't have to say very much about the banquet, do I? We had a good table - tanks to Gruen and Steffie, whom we miraculously discovered at the head of the waiting line - with only one row of pillars between us and the dais. The plastic chicken was inedible, which was a pity, because it was our only meal of the day. We spent most of the program making faces at each other and watching Sheila make a mish-mash out of the remains of her dessert throwing in a little of everything on the table. Some people won Hugos.

We were finally released at midnight and I spent the next hour or so at the Boston in 71 party. It was probably at that point that I fell into discussion of M. Lewis's *The Monk* with Nan Braude. I had read this marvellously atrocious 1790's gothick horror novel a few weeks before and been faunching for someone to exclaim over it with ever since. [It has since come out in paperback from Grove Press. I recommend it, sort of] But then things fell into a temporary lull and Sheila and I decided to set off in search of adventure.

The first thing we did was climb up several flights of stairs to the SMOffing session in Bruce Pelz's room, where motions were drawn up for submission at the next day's business meeting. The climb was something of an adventure in itself, since the staircases seemed to be in a different position on every floor, but the SMOffing itself looked rather dull and did not hold us for long. The next stop was the pro party, where I got one whiff of the atmosphere and retreated choking. Sheila elected to remain for a while, so I continued the downward trend by myself. I looked in on the mezzanine, where a group of people was sitting on the floor of a small room and listening to Beatle records with Jock-Root-light-show-device accompaniment. I investigated the first floor, where a rather different group of people was watching *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*. Finally, I settled down in the lobby and wrote a postcard to my mother.

At this point Sheila rejoined me and we decided to take a walk and explore the supposedly spacious hotel grounds. After getting our jackets, we went out the side entrance and made our way around to the back of the hotel. There we were regaled by the exotic sight of an expanse of concrete punctuated by vents - presumably the roof of the kitchens. (Since the Claremont is built on a hillside, the mezzanine is at ground level in back and the first floor entirely subterranean). As we walked, we discoursed on various topics having to do with the strangeness of Baycon and our relation to it. "We are alienated from everyone," said Sheila, "especially our own generation." "Indeed, it is so," I replied. "There are four groups of people at this convention: those who get drunk, those who get stoned, those who go to sleep early, and us."

By this time we had worked our way around to the other side of the hotel and saw no spacious acres opening before us. We did, however find a back road, which we proceeded to follow. There were lots of weird people out driving on that road, considering that it was probably after 3 am by then. There was the taxi that kept going back and forth at a ridiculously high velocity forcing us to leap for the bushes. And there was the car full of local youths that kept going by at ver-r-ry leisurely speeds. That one eventually forced us to flee altogether.



By the time that we got back to the concrete and vents we were tired of walking and we wondered whether we could find a back door to spare ourselves the necessity of going all around the hotel. We spotted a path leading across the roof and followed it, but to our disappointment, it led only to the fire escape.

Let me explain about the fire escape. Imagine to yourself a metal, silo-like fixture, set a few yards away from the hotel but connected to it at every floor by flying-buttress-like bridges. Within the silo, a slide spirals downward to safety. We had been warned when we got to the Claremont that the early arrivals had spent Wednesday night sending empty liquor bottles down the slide and had therefore prudently refrained from testing its capacities. We were now wondering vaguely whether there might not be some way of climbing up it, when a shadowy figure appeared on a flying buttress some number of stories above us and proceeded to urinate. We fled precipitously across the roof.

In our flight, we were attracted by the sound of rock music. We followed it to its source and found ourselves looking in on the light-show room. With lightning-like dexterity we made our way in through the window and across the room. None of the music-lovers seemed to notice us particularly, even the ones we stepped on. On our way out the door we encountered Jock Root looking cheerful. We smiled at him and hurried on.

We made our way back to the Boston party, which had livened up again, and subsided comfortably onto one of the beds. The SMOFFing session had broken up by then, and most of it - Charlie, Bruce, Tony, Elliot - joined us on the bed (or does that sound too implausible?) to tell us of its decisions. These consisted essentially of most of the motions that were eventually passed - five year rotation, two-year lead time, and other goodnesses. The party proceeded in this general fashion for the rest of the night, finally breaking up at six or so.

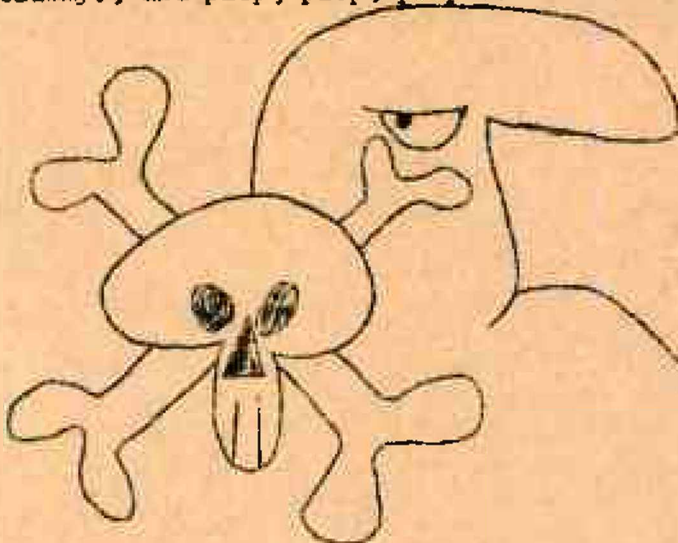
MONDAY SEPTEMBER 2

Monday I got up - or rather was roused by the mob - in an extraordinary grumpy mood. I didn't want to go to the tournament; I didn't want to go to breakfast; I just wanted to stay alone in the room and be miserable. Five or ten minutes of this proved to be plenty. I got the bright idea that a swim might do me good. So I got dressed, went out to the pool, and jumped (1) out of my jeans and sweatshirt, (2) into the pool (once across, once back), (3) out of the pool (4) into the whirlpool (heavenly warmth), (5) out of the whirlpool, (6) into my jeans and sweatshirt (ugh, clammy), and plop, plop, plop back to the hotel. (Hey, I feel alive again?) Such

was the extent of my invigoration that I was able to put on my mediaeval costume and get to the tournament before it started at 1.30.

Tournaments are all the same, so we skip to 4 pm when I returned to the room to change for the Georgette Hayer tea: ankle-length brown velvet skirt, pink blouse, tortoise-shell cameo medallion. Consider me as being thus attired until further notice; you may find the concept amusing.

Georgette Hayer teas are all the same, so we skip to 7 pm, where a group of hungry people found itself in the lobby launching for dinner and was led off to Chinatown by Gruen and Steffie.



Strangely enough, none of my usual mob was present, but rather such people as Elliot Shorter, Al Lewis, Ed Meskys, and Nan Braude. Thirteen of us in all. Naturally, we followed usual Chinatown practice of ordering thirteen dishes and sharing equally. Somehow, this time it didn't work; we all felt unsatisfied. So we got to comparing notes and discovered none of us had had a real meal since Friday. We didn't want to spend any more money than we could help. What to do? "There's always Lo Mein," I suggested. And indeed there was. Like happy peasants, we filled up on noodles and returned replete to the convention.

That evening is one of the vague ones. I wandered around with Elliot at first, looking in for a while on the mediaeval revels: singing and dancing, the Anachronists at their most attractive and in a highly-appropriate, mediaevally decorated room. Then to the Boston and St. Louis parties, where I spent several hours just being sociable and relaxed, talking to nice people like the Fishers and Gillilands. That last St. Louis victory celebration was probably the most successful formal party I attended at the convention.

At 5 am, the party closed down, and I found myself down in the lobby with Elliot discussing the topic of the strangeness of Baycon. He was primarily freaked out by finding himself a BNF through no apparant effort on his part: seconding Westercon bids, attending SMOffing sessions, all kinds of crazy things. My hang-up was just with being hung up. Worldcons are a horrible place to suddenly become anti-social.

At about 7 am Al Lewis wandered by and we sat around speaking of more mundane topics and bidding farewell to early-morning travellers, as they passed us by. It got to be 8 am, and the idea of sleep began to seem attractive. Suddenly, we realized that the dining room was opened and all trooped in to breakfast.

We were joined in the dining room by Bill Sarill, who claimed Randy Garrett was wandering around asking people the date of the Battle of Clontarf. Sure enough, Randy himself soon appeared, still in his herlad's outfit; his wife had run away with all his clothing he explained. So we sat around eating and discussing the Earthquake and like topics, and the morning wore on.

Eventually Randy proclaimed that he was going to reclaim his clothes from some friends who lived nearby and dragged Elliot and me off into the streets of Berkeley. Consider the scene, Randy in tunic and tights, me in ankle-length skirt, Elliot just being Elliot, wandering cheerfully along at 9.30, the morning after a riot. Luckily we didn't meet up with any passing fuzz, but we did disrupt traffic somewhat.

The friends were not fans, but apparantly British computer programmers and possessed of two small children. The two small children were possessed of a riddle book of the "what made more noise than the pig on the Ark" variety. Elliot made a very good straightman of the "Ah doan know, Mr. Interlocutor, what did make more noise than the pig on the Ark" variety. I sat discreetly on the sidelines and tried to stay awake.

A lot of lengthy phone calls and other procrastinations followed. I got back to the Claremont at 11.30 and discovered to my amazement that the mob was all up and about and annoyed with me for having vanished. I yawned at them in a conversational manner and went upstairs to change



my clothes. I then rejoined the group in waiting for Frank Prieto to return with a rented bus so we could all turn into tourists and go off to explore San Francisco.

At this point the Convention degenerates into other things, which, although enjoyable, are not truly conreport material. I will therefore merely close by saying that it is now midnight-plus on August 10, 1969! I haven't read any science fiction in months, the thermometer reads 82°F, the cat (Semiramis, that is) is managing to stay asleep, and the radio is playing Biff Rose's saga of Alice B. and Buzz the Fuzz. Alexei married me despite my poison oak scars and we are about to head off into the wilds of Pennsylvania, leaving Tony and Sue (also Dick and Mike) to produce this opus. May you all live so well.





YOU GOT THIS BECAUSE:

- You know the secret of the ages.
- You are willing to disclose the secret of the ages.
- You have a soft nose.
- You blew your mind on pot.
- You tried to blow your mind on pot but lacked the necessary equipment.
- You know how to point your leaders.
- You understand what is meant by pointing your leaders.
- You are the sort of person who gets this sort of thing.
- We like you anyway.
- We thought you might like to have this.
- You vegetate/decay/exist/are imprisoned/endure in Hagerstown.
- You are Sargeant Saturn
- You know who Sargeant Saturn was.
- You never heard of Sargeant Saturn.
- You did something.
- You did something and we're going to tell.
- Your mother wears combat boots.
- We ran off too many copies.
- This is a graft copy.
- You love cats.
- You despise cats.
- You are sort of wishy washy about cats.
- You had a legitimate reason for getting this. You know what it is so we aren't going to bother to tell you.
- You are a member of the Captain Bligh club.
- You're not eligible for the Captain Bligh club because your first mate wasn't Christian.
- Your mother was frightened by a mimeo.
- You are supposed to get this.
- Trotsky lives.
- And will never die.
- You are a dirty old man.
- I am a dirty old man.

